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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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TRUMP**

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THE WOMEN  
THE MONEY  
THE HAIR**

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GIRLS  
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ACC  
COEDS  
GO  
WILD**

**PLUS  
JIMMY FALLON  
RAELIAN WOMEN  
JOHN DEAN  
COLLEGE FICTION  
THE GREAT CAVIAR  
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His name synonymous with fortune and success, **Donald Trump** held a place in the public eye as prominent as his real estate. Then came *The Apprentice*, which added another dimension of fame to his empire. "He loves being spotted on the street, meeting the press and having people ask him questions," explains **David Hochman**, who filled a coveted seat in Trump's sumptuous office for this month's *Playboy Interview*. "He's just so enthralled with himself." He's also more approachable than his brazen *Apprentice* persona suggests. "Because Donald Trump is such a caricature, you feel comfortable with him. And once he's past quoting the *Guinness Book* about himself, you discover something bordering on a real person. No question was off-limits, and he wasn't shy about anything. He's heard it all."



"As open as outer space—that was my mind-set," photographer **Gen Nishino** says of his journey to the realm of ethereal beauties of the Raelian kind. "Right away it became the casting of all castings. There were no sensual limitations; everything was free and open." At the eccentric group's headquarters outside Montreal, Nishino found the shooting process equally rewarding. "Things just started to click," he says. "They could see that we truly wanted to capture the most meaningful essence of what they're all about."



In his best-seller *Worse Than Watergate*, former Nixon counsel **John W. Dean** analyzes the Bush administration's obsession with secrecy. In *The Playboy Forum*, Dean reveals the implications of Bush's commissioning questionable legal advice to support his abrogation of U.S. treaty obligations. "We are not a nation known for violating the traditional rules of war," Dean says. "Bush must accept responsibility for what happened. There have been deaths in our military prisons. If there has been a conspiracy that reaches back to the White House and that resulted in homicide, this could carry the death penalty, depending on the facts of Bush's involvement."



The winner of our annual College Fiction Contest is **Sara Joan Berniker** of Trent University in Ontario. Determined not to write during a recent vacation, she couldn't fight the inspiration for *Aqua Velva Smitty*. "A friend I was staying with told me a story about a neighbor of hers—an old biker who used to take care of the building," she says of the embryonic idea. "Later that night I started thinking about a crack she has in her wall and pictured this big eyeball staring through it. Somehow that and the story about her neighbor blended together. I thought, Why would somebody pound through a wall? And it kind of went from there."



As a colonel in 1971, **David Hackworth** was among the first ranking officers to sound off against the disaster in Vietnam. More than 30 years later he sees us fighting the same war in Iraq. "Sadly, once again we're involved in a war I don't believe is militarily winnable. In Vietnam, politicians lied about how well we were doing. I'm hearing the same sort of propaganda being recycled by the Bush gang. And again I fear for my country, especially because the consequences are so much greater this time."



For many voters, **Jon Stewart**—not Dan Rather—is the primary source of election news. This month, Comedy Central's *Daily Show* extends its coverage of Indecision 2004 to *The Playboy Forum* with an excerpt from *America (the Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction* (Warner). "We have a good writing system between me, Jon and the head writer," says Ben Karlin, the show's co-executive producer. "It is unbelievably collaborative." What one-liners will November's winner inspire? "It's difficult to say which is an easier target," says Karlin. "With Kerry, there's his cragginess, his brilliant off-the-cuff sense of humor and his natural ease on camera. We'd probably struggle a lot figuring out what to work with. We've had four years of watching Bush, so he's obviously easier, but that's a conditional statement. I think both men are deeply flawed."

With complex plots, amazing graphics and some heroines as alluring as any real woman, video games now engage adults. Senior Editor **Scott Alexander** tested the standouts for this month's *Gaming Grows Up*. "These games make your pulse race," he says. As will *PLAYBOY*'s exclusive nude pictorial of our favorite virtual vixens. "Each image took between 150 and 200 man hours to produce," says Alexander. "We had a team of engineers huddled over keyboards, people who have devoted their lives to making these women look good on-screen. They were excited about the chance to render them Playmate-style."



Illustrator **Kent Williams** returns to our pages with the art that accompanies *Why the Military Never Learns*. He has put a deadly spin on idyllic sandbox imagery, bringing toy soldiers to life. "It's a mixed-media piece of watercolor and oil painted on wood panel," says Williams, who is also preparing for an exhibition of his work in a Los Angeles gallery. "Obviously the country is split when it comes to how it views the war, especially as things now stand. The approach to the piece was to take a serious subject and play it in a lighthearted fashion. And that seems to amplify the horror of the message."



Downloading is hardly the sole source of the music industry's current woes. To discuss what went wrong, **Rob Tannenbaum** and **David Sheff** tapped top authorities from all areas of the business for our roundtable in *Rip. Burn. Die*. "It was tricky, it was fascinating and it showed what all the people we were speaking with were going through," says Sheff. "Yeah," adds Tannenbaum, "artists and managers are incredibly annoyed and ready to talk. But the people at the labels were reluctant. They understood that they would hear a lot of criticism and were afraid to face it. I think that shows why they're having so many problems to begin with."

In *A Fatal Legacy*, **Simon Cooper** exposes the dark side of the caviar trade and the self-destruction of the Sobol family that once ruled it. "The world of caviar operates on two different levels," he explains. "There are the aristocratic, old-time merchants like the world-renowned Petrossians. And there's a new breed of dealers who operate almost like pirates. The Sobols got crushed by the trade. From the outside, you see how many options they had: They were loved and respected and could have had a damn good business and led a lifestyle most of us would envy. Yet all they saw was failure. The story is one long, open question: Why?"



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### features

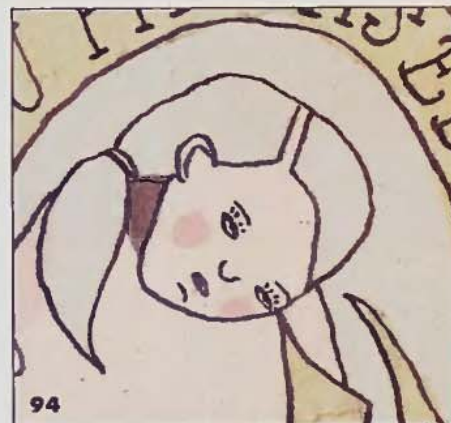
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## cover story

We sent scouts to find the most beautiful girls on campus at the 11 universities that make up the expanded Atlantic Coast Conference. Then photographers George Georgiou, Mizuno and David Rams asked the coeds—including cover model Evelyn Gery, shot by Georgiou—to take a break from their books long enough to document their A+ anatomies. Our Rabbit raises his flag in a rush of school spirit.



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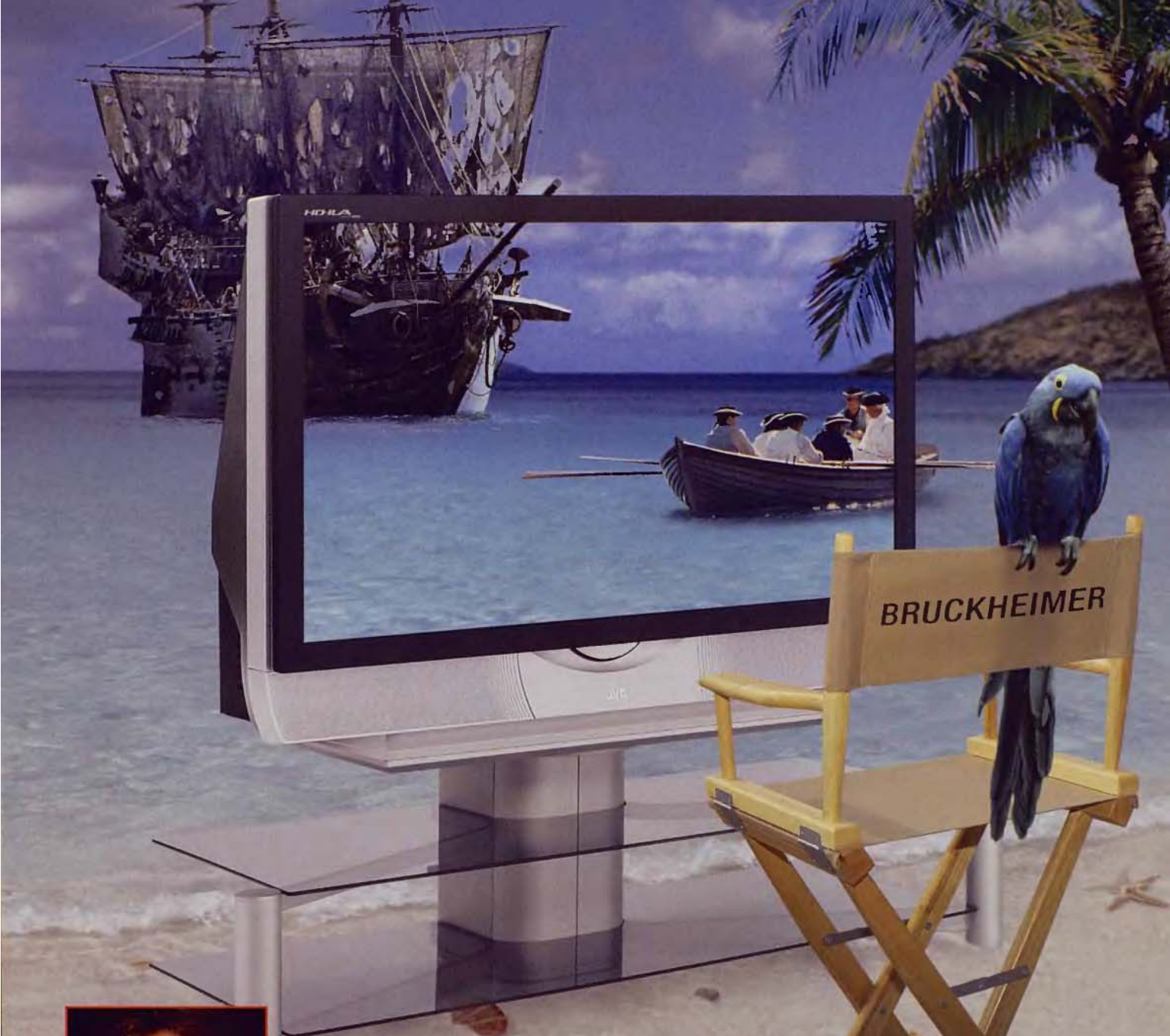
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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

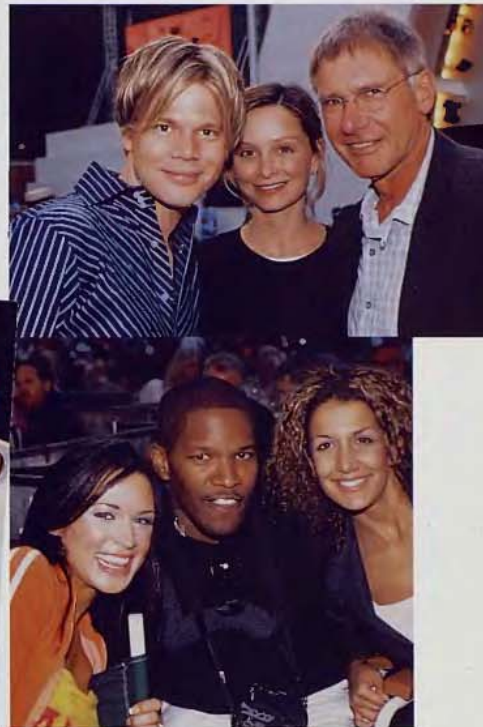
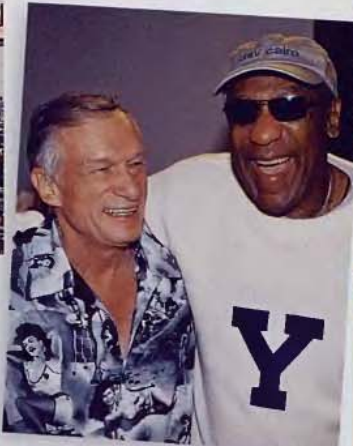


## ALL THAT JAZZ

This summer's Playboy Jazz Fest attracted the biggest names in music—and kicked off opening day at the new Hollywood Bowl. The fest dates back to the 1950s, when Hef decided to have a jazz celebration for the magazine in Chicago. This year, longtime host Bill Cosby (right) made his final run as MC.

## AT THE JAZZ FEST

As Wynton Marsalis, Herbie Hancock and other greats lit up the stage, Hollywood heavyweights watched from the crowd. Calista Flockhart and Harrison Ford (right) listened with jazz musician Brian Culbertson, while nearby, Jamie Foxx and friends took in the tunes in style.



## DRESSED TO KILL BILL

*Kill Bill*'s tagline is "Revenge is a dish best served cold," but Hef kept things hot at the Mansion DVD release party. While David Carradine, a.k.a. Bill (left), posed with Annie Bierman, Quentin Tarantino (above) partied with Hef, Stacy Fuson, Tiffany Lang and Penny Jimenez.

## FOR LOVE OF THE GAME

Anyone who wants to live like Hef should check out *Playboy: The Mansion*, the long-awaited video game launched with Arush Entertainment. Below, the real deal toasting the game's release.

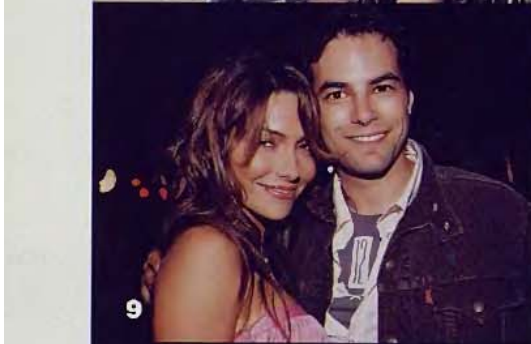


## IT'S A CLUB TOUR WRAP!

We're still celebrating PLAYBOY's 50th anniversary, but our 50-parties-in-50-cities tour came to a fitting climax at (where else?) the Playboy Mansion. Roseanne (right) showed up, as did Caitlin Dryer, Shana Hiatt and Brande Roderick.



# IT'S ALL HAPPENING AT THE MANSION



Another memorable month in the life of Mr. Playboy and his friends. (1) The cast of HBO's *Entourage* in a fashion shoot at PMW. (2) George Hamilton interviewing Hef for ABC's *Life of Luxury*. (3) Hef and Kimberly with sons Cooper and Marston on Marston's birthday. (4) Dick Gregory taping VH1's *When Playboy Ruled the World*. (5) Holly with MTV's *Viva La Bam* pranksters. (6) Carmella DeCesare at her PMOY press luncheon. (7) June cover girl Charisma Carpenter at the PMOY party. (8) Sharon Osbourne and D.L. Hughley at the Mansion's *Kill Bill* party. (9) Vanessa Marcil and Jamie Elman. (10) Carter Oosterhouse of *Trading Spaces* with Centerfolds celebrating the launch of the *Playboy: The Mansion* video game. (11) Everclear's Art Alexakis with Playmates Penelope Jimenez and Audra Lynn. (12) Joe Mantegna and Bunnies at an ALS fund-raiser. (13) *The Shield* star Michael Chiklis. (14) Larry King and Julie McCullough. (15) Dita von Teese at the Mansion's 50th Anniversary Club Tour wrap party. (16) Seth Green with the Man.





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**PETA REVEALED**

I've been a Peta Wilson fan (*La Femme Fatale*, July) since the days of *La Femme Nikita*. I just wish you had given her more space. You gave Michael Moore almost as many pages, and he's not even naked.

Alaina Chastian  
Bloomington, Indiana

Your streak of celebrity pictorials has inspired me to renew my subscrip-



Our secret agent exposes herself.

tion. How about Charlize Theron, Uma Thurman and/or Mila Kunis?

Pat McMorrow  
Asbury Park, New Jersey

How about them? See our May 1999 and September 1996 issues. We'll ask Mila.

Besides all her other great qualities, Peta has perfect nipples.

Richard Fields  
Martinsville, Indiana

**INSIDE THE ORAL OFFICE**

One answer in your *Presidential Sex Quiz* (July) reads, "a German sympathizer who'd been schtupping Harding for 15 years." *Schtupp* is a German word that implies penetration. Harding may have schtupped the female sympathizer, but the reverse wouldn't have happened unless she wore a strap-on.

Ilan Ben-Yehuda  
Los Angeles, California

As a Civil War buff, I was amazed at your claim that Abraham Lincoln may have been gay. If you wished to out a president, a better candidate would have been his predecessor, James Buchanan. As the only bachelor-in-

chief, his long-term living arrangement and ambiguous correspondence with Senator William King of Alabama raised many eyebrows, then and now.

Dave Cumming  
Westerville, Ohio

**MORE ON MOORE**

Your interview with *Fahrenheit 9/11* director Michael Moore (*The Playboy Interview*, July) should be required reading for every voter.

Jim Kahn  
Portland, Oregon

As a proud American who supports our troops, I am disappointed that you chose to give space to Moore. There's a difference between free speech and anti-American bullshit.

Harry Mehlman  
Absecon, New Jersey

Moore believes the president's views are far right. Doesn't he understand that his own views are far left? The truth lies somewhere in the middle.

Paul O'Keefe  
Dublin, California

Michael Moore for president!  
Nick Neighbour  
Pasadena, California

Moore blames guns for violence in America. That's like Moore blaming a fork for making him fat.

Tim Robinson  
Lionsville, Indiana

I'm all for debate, but people such as Moore and Rush Limbaugh turn more people away from politics than draw them in.

Travis Scheibe  
Lewiston, Idaho

Every time your interviewer tried to challenge Moore's outrageous statements, he got steamrolled.

Dan Crawford  
Ashland, Wisconsin

Why is it so difficult for so many Americans to understand that the Bush administration is corrupt? Moore is right about something else: Hillary Clinton is hot.

Rich Poole  
Glendale, Arizona

Clear Channel did not order its stations to stop playing the Dixie Chicks, as Moore says. Nor did we destroy any CDs. In fact, in the two weeks following Natalie Maines's statement criticiz-

ing President Bush, our stations played Dixie Chicks songs more often than any other major broadcaster—10,069 times. Cumulus Media issued the Dixie Chicks ban and destroyed their CDs. Cumulus Media is not a unit of Clear Channel.

Lisa Dollinger  
Clear Channel Communications  
San Antonio, Texas

Moore belongs in film like an Amish guy belongs in Circuit City.

Patrick Amundson  
Anchorage, Alaska

In fairness, shouldn't you interview Sean Hannity, Bill O'Reilly or Ann Coulter before the election?

Thomas Stahler  
Grayslake, Illinois

*Hannity and Coulter have standing invitations to be Interview subjects. O'Reilly sat down with us in May 2002.*

I used to admire Michael Moore for mixing it up. But when I read that Ray Bradbury, the author of *Fahrenheit 451*, said he might sue Moore over the simi-



Can I talk to you about George Bush?

larity between the title of his novel and that of Moore's movie, I considered doing the same to get my good name back.

Michael Moore  
Hendersonville, Tennessee

Moore says the NRA opposes ballistic fingerprinting, the analysis of marks made by the interior of a gun barrel on a bullet as it's fired. The trouble is that barrel markings change with use. That's why the NRA opposes mandatory fingerprinting of new guns.

# THE HEAT IS ON

SPECIAL EDITION



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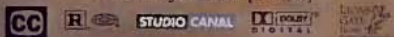
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It sees this issue for what it is—an expensive gun-registration scheme.

Bill Kirk  
North Arlington, New Jersey

PLAYBOY has become a journal for intellectual degenerates.

C. Douglas  
Mill Valley, California

Moore has a legitimate beef about the damage the Bush administration is doing. But like so many liberals, he doesn't know when to shut up.

John Oatfield  
Panama City Beach, Florida

As a lifelong Democrat, I am embarrassed by Moore. He's afraid of Bush being reelected but provides no specific reason to believe that the bland John Kerry, who also has few solutions to our problems, would be any better.

George Hammons  
Manteca, California

I expected more from Moore. I was told he had clarity and a vision, but I read the same tired liberal rhetoric. He has no clue what mainstream America wants, nor do his elitist Hollywood friends.

Chet Skoog  
Des Moines, Iowa

Thank you for interviewing Moore. His movie is brilliant. I am a NASCAR-loving, God-fearing, pro-choice, blue-collar, factory-worker Democrat. I disliked Bush before he was elected but had no idea he would do so much damage.

P. Helms  
Payne, Ohio

Lowlifes like Moore and their un-American beliefs do not belong in your fine magazine.

Rhody Roberts  
Jax Beach, Florida

Moore is a hater. Deceitfulness is not free speech—it's criminal. We all make mistakes, and I hope PLAYBOY learns from this one.

Nelson Ford  
Phoenix, Arizona

The Moore interview was excellent. Let's vote Bush out!

Byron Bergman  
Denver, Colorado

Moore says that, assuming there are just 190 Al Qaeda members, we should go get them. He adds, "Let's say this were 1939 and we learned there were only 190 Nazis. I think we could deal with the problem." That sounds to me like an argument for a

preemptive strike—much like what the president is doing in Iraq.

Sgt. Jason Hooker, USMC  
San Clemente, California

## HOUSE OF GLASSON

Stephanie Glasson's behind puts J. Lo's to shame (*A Midsummer's Dream*, July). Her Centerfold is one of the best I've seen by Arny Freytag.

Carson Lee  
Monte Sereno, California

Stephanie says bald guys turn her off. I'm bald. Would you let her know that my turnoffs include belly-button rings, shaved pubic regions, bottle blondes and pretentiousness?

Dennis Lyon  
Green Bay, Wisconsin

*You aren't the only hair-challenged guy to*



That's one vote for Stephanie's derriere.

*write. Stephanie just hasn't met the right bald guy yet—or seen firsthand the many creative ways we use our noggins.*

## TERROR ON THE SEAS

Before retiring from the U.S. Coast Guard, I was involved in many rescues of fishermen. When a Coastie tells a story like *The Wreck of the La Conte* (July), it always starts with, "This is a no-shitter." To all those who have been caught in Mother Nature's fury, you're never forgotten.

Jon Brown  
Anvil Location, Michigan

## MIXED COMPANY

*Swing Time* (July) implies that most of the sex at swingers' conventions is between women. But every one of the four I've attended in Las Vegas has been a wild couples' affair.

Donald Berry  
Sacramento, California



E-mail: DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM Or write: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019



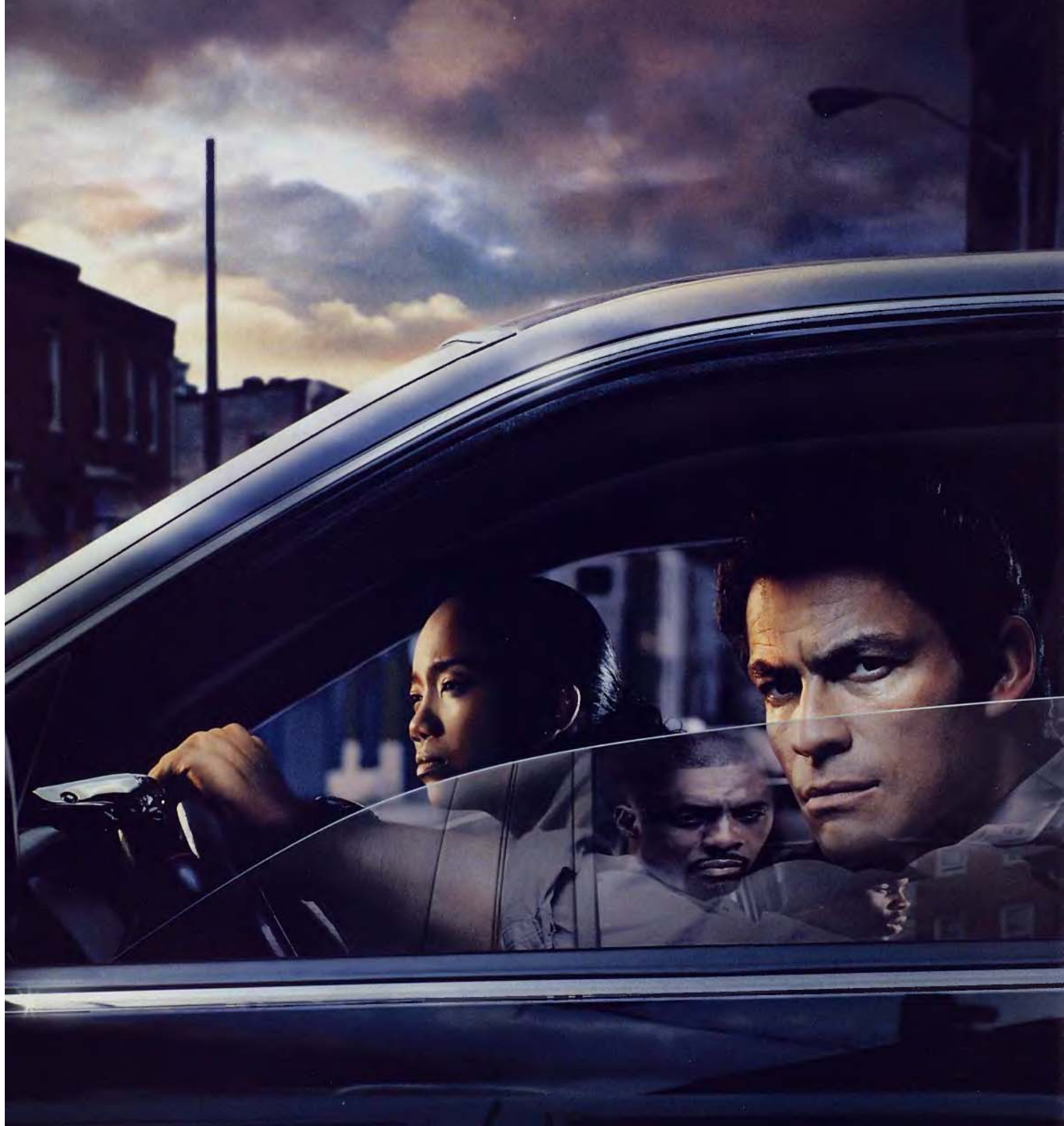
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babe of the month

## Rachel Perry

This veejay looks just like a woman but flirts just like a little girl

**V**H1's Rachel Perry has interviewed every pop star this side of Janet Jackson's right nipple, but she hasn't lost her new-girl charm. "It's still odd to meet celebrities and ask them personal questions within two seconds," she says. "I wanted to give myself a high five after interviewing Robert Smith of the Cure. We had this good connection and were sweet together. I'll flirt with anyone—that's what makes my job fun. I've dated people I've interviewed, but I get shy around hot dudes." Don't hate her because she's whimsical. A

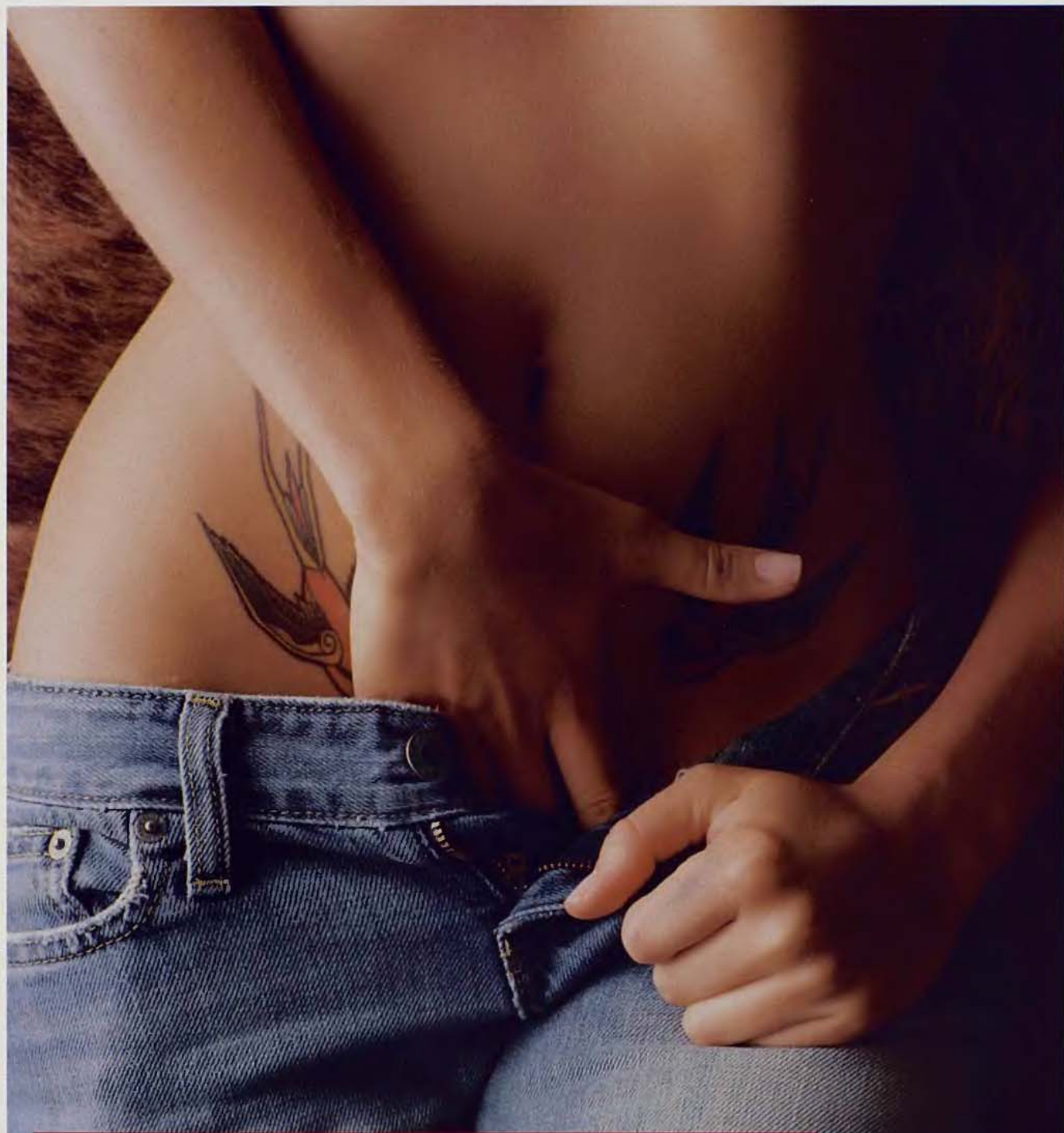
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"Fred Durst threatened to kick my ass. He's a total dork."

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veejay's life is not all bravado and blushing. "Fred Durst took offense to a question I asked and threatened to kick my ass," Perry recalls. "It made me cry, but it was funny afterward because he's a total dork." For *Top 20 Video Countdown*, Perry favors the talented and has little time for the flavor of the month. "Lots of people can sing," she says. "Lots of ultrafamous pop stars cannot." Rachel's other gig, hosting *All Access*, makes her omnipresent at the VH1 offices, where the audio is piped into every room—even the johns. "Everybody says, 'Rachel, I can't go to the bathroom now unless I hear your voice,'" she explains. "They call me on the weekend and say, 'Can you just talk about Britney a little bit? Please?'" There you have it: proof that a lovely co-worker will always get your juices flowing.





### THE RACHEL PAPERS

**TV, EH?:** Ontario-born Rachel started out on the Canadian channel MuchMusic. "It was like what MTV used to be—videos and cheap programming. Very budget. I went to the audition in jeans and a T-shirt, and they gave me a job. I was bored with college, so I dropped out to work there."

**PAINTED LADY:** "The tattoo on my back is a spider mum and a peony—the two traditional Japanese tattoo flowers—with hibiscus flowers around them. I love Hawaii. I'm obsessed with Polynesia, tikis, black-velvet paintings. The tattoos on my stomach are swallows."

**DOUBLE FANTASY:** Rachel's interview wish list is short. "Willie Nelson and Tom Waits. I would have said Johnny Cash—you get worried because you don't know what's going to happen to people. I'm not too worried about Tom Waits, but Willie's getting up there."

**GENRE ISSUES:** Given the choice of dating a rocker, a punk, a rapper or a country singer, Rachel hedges. "I'd pick a cross of the punk and the country crooner—a country punk, like the Old 97s. They're a Texas country-punk band that deserve more praise and money than they get."





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## guest spot



## SCARY BUSINESS

DEMETRI MARTIN'S LESSONS LEARNED IN PURSUIT OF COSTUMED COOLNESS

When I was a kid, October was all about one night: Halloween. And Halloween was about two things: getting candy and looking cool. Getting candy was easy. That required a bag and legs. Looking cool was a different story. For those who sucked at the shortcuts to cool (say, skill at Little League or soccer), October 31 was a chance to shine. On Halloween, any skinny, unathletic, math-loving geek could be a ninja or a pirate—something tougher than himself, something cool. My beginnings were humble. I tried a couple of lame drugstore costumes—the hard plastic mask, the flimsy poncho. When I was seven, I decided I'd be a mummy and make the outfit myself. It was a simple, strong plan: Stripped to my underwear, I wound myself in a ripped sheet. I declined my mom's help—she could only cramp my style. With a lone safety pin holding it all together, I hit the street. A block later, there I stood in my tighty whiteys, freezing and crying, a pile of unraveled cotton at my ankles. Lesson learned: Always layer. As I got older I figured out other things.

- Never be part of a multiperson theme costume. It breeds codependence; you're bound to someone else and don't make sense on your own.

- If you have to explain your costume, you're a dork. Or you are hanging out with retards.

- Less Effort=More Cool. This is true of most things in life, but be careful....

- No Effort=Lame. For example, "What are you?" "Oh, I'm dressed as myself." Translation: "I'm a douche bag."

Despite such wisdom, I made my worst costume choice as a sophomore in college. I threw on some Hefty bags, brown gloves and a halo made from part of a yellow hula hoop. I was Holy Shit. The costume sucked—but worse, I had applied brown makeup to my cheeks. Unwittingly, I had found the special place where shit jokes and racism overlap. It's a miracle I survived that Halloween without a beating. People (correctly) thought I was just an idiot. For the rest of college, I sported safer Halloween attire; nine years later, I've joined the ranks of the No Efforts. Damn. It's time I got back into it—maybe give the mummy a second try. With layers. And no blackface.

Stand-up comedian Demetri Martin is a writer for *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*.

## chick flick



## DREW'S THAT GIRL

FILMMAKER CHASES HIS HOLLYWOOD DREAM DATE

What men won't do for a beautiful woman. Since childhood, director Brian Herzlinger has pined for Drew Barrymore—but what psychiatrists term obsession, filmmakers call material. With \$1,100 and a camcorder "borrowed" from Circuit City (thanks to a generous 30-day return policy), Herzlinger set out to film his wild Drew chase. "I think everyone can relate to having an unattainable crush," he says of the crowd-pleasing result, *My Date With Drew*. Might the audience be a tad less likely to identify with stalking? "The last thing I wanted was to be seen as a stalker," he explains. "The film is about a guy trying to make a dream come true—legally." On-screen, Herzlinger's quixotic confidence recalls the angsty yearners in John Hughes teen flicks, and although unapologetic, he's not unaware. "I do feel embarrassed for my family," he admits. "I'm sure I look like a major dork." Yes, but a lovable dork: *My Date With Drew* won best documentary at the Vail Film Festival and took top audience awards at the HBO U.S. Comedy Arts and New York Gen Arts festivals. The film hits screens in 10 cities this month and may see a wider release. Herzlinger's strategy for a follow-up is unclear—Circuit City has cut its window for returns to two weeks.

## drink of the month

## RICE, CRISPY

THEY PUT TINY BUBBLES IN THE SAKE

Popular in Japan for a few years, sparkling sake is coming to America. Suzune, with a beerlike six percent alcohol content, is Japan's most popular light variety; Poochi Poochi (pictured), sold in 30 New York restaurants, is making the biggest push stateside. Brawnier brands include Okunomatsu Formula Nippon and Tsukino Katsura Cloudy. Our verdict: It's better than you'd think, and as with champagne, if you order it your date will feel special—which for you could mean the difference between a courtesy hand roll and sushi deluxe.



## macro onanomics



MARI MATCHO

## WHACKADEMICS

COLLEGIANS PONDER THE SOUND OF ONE HAND CLAPPING

The ivory towers of American academia may soon be taking on an even pearlier cast thanks to five University of Washington undergrads. Last summer they finished Operation Paint the Campus White, an effort to masturbate in every campus building during the 10-week spring 2004 quarter. They hit 81 in all, which was short of their goal but still an impressive effort. We sat down with OPTCW's Justin Bauer and Steve Ricci.

**PLAYBOY:** How did this get started? Where do you do it?

**BAUER:** We came up with the idea over a few drinks. Then the next day I was 20 minutes early for class, so....

**RICCI:** We hit stairwells, roofs, a balcony, one or two classrooms. I let one out on a conference room table. I feel bad for whoever had to clean that up.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get in trouble?

**BAUER:** When the administration called me in—I hit their building right before the meeting, just for the sake of irony—I didn't know if they were mad at us or not, but they weren't. They said they'd protect our right to free speech.

**PLAYBOY:** Has it caught on elsewhere?

**BAUER:** One day we got 27,000 hits on our website, and we started getting e-mails and IMs from people all over the world—Idaho, Australia, New York, Ohio, a cheerleader in Colorado—who wanted to start chapters. They wanted official charters.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you trying to make any kind of statement?

**BAUER:** It was just for fun. If there's a message, it's that we can do it. We're 19, 20, you know? People do it, but they're ashamed. We're not ashamed.

## social science

## FIELD GUIDE TO NORTH AMERICANS

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW



Trend spotter Robert Lanham exposed the cult of trucker hats and Pabst in 2003's *Hipster Handbook*. In the forthcoming *Food Court Druids, Cherohonkees and Other Creatures Unique to the Republic*, he unearths more 21st century personality types. Keep your eyes peeled.

**Stretchibitionists:** Women in flawless makeup who stretch suggestively at the gym. They never sweat—in fact, it's unclear whether the Stretchibitionist ever exercises at all.

**Hexpatriates:** USA-hating American expats who've never actually left the country. They obsess over their coffee, adopt Asian babies and sign e-mails with "Cheers."

**Sportriots:** American sports fans who fight the unmanly and seditious scourge of soccer. Sportriots imagine that the locker room after a soccer match resembles the set of a gay porn film.

**Yanknecks:** Ever been passed on the interstate by a bright yellow Camaro with chrome hubcaps, a Confederate-flag bumper sticker and New Hampshire tags?

**Squatters:** Men who serially date short women. Most are control freaks and want to provide protection for their partners from the scary stuff in life, such as thunderstorms.

## haberdashery

## TROUSER POWER

YOUR FIVE-MINUTE GUIDE TO BEING A LORD OF THE PANTS

Look at your pants' features and ask of each, "Does it serve any purpose?" Hammer loops, drawstrings, knee pads, zippers—the more junk you have, the sillier you look.

Avoid pleats if you can. If you're portly, they can be slimming, but if you're size medium to skinny, you'll look better in flat fronts. If you must pleat, stick to one per leg and send anything with three (or—*egad*—more) to Goodwill, pronto. Suit pants are an exception, as flat fronts can be hard to find.

Nothing grabs the attention of fashion-conscious women like a pair of party pants. Think country-club plaids, rock-star stripes and lounge-lizardly velvets. Let the pants own the show—your shirt and jacket should be calm. Even if you don't totally nail the look, ladies will give you credit for trying.

For your on-the-town trousers, hemming is no longer a must. Just cut your pant legs to fit with scissors. Over time, they'll fray—let them; it's all part of the look. Remember to trim them occasionally so you aren't dragging your stuff through puddles.

White jeans are cool again. Acid-washed jeans still aren't. Baggy jeans are on the way out. Jean shorts were never in.

The right jeans go with everything—T-shirt to tux jacket.



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boom boom rooms



**IT'S A MOD, MOD WHIRL**  
**OZZIE CATHOUSE IS A WALL-TO-WALL FANTASY**

Strictly speaking, a brothel bedroom needs one thing in it to serve a customer—and it's not a bed. Not so at Sydney, Australia's Stiletto, where patrons shack up with top-dollar dates in prefab space-age bachelor pads such as Curve (top), Secret Agent (left) and Voyeur (right). Judging by the service and design awards Stiletto has won, visitors may not know if it's architecture, but they know they like it.

humbling experiences

**OLDER, WISER, DUMBER**

Actual questions from the Advanced Placement chemistry exam, taken by college-bound high school seniors. Good luck

Which of the following salts forms a basic solution when dissolved in water?

- (a) NaCl
- (b)  $(\text{NH}_4)_2\text{SO}_4$
- (c)  $\text{CuSO}_4$
- (d)  $\text{K}_2\text{CO}_3$
- (e)  $\text{NH}_4\text{NO}_3$

The atoms of which of the following elements have the smallest atomic radius?

- (a) lithium
- (b) carbon
- (c) nitrogen
- (d) oxygen
- (e) fluorine

What formula would be expected for a binary compound of barium and nitrogen?

- (a)  $\text{Ba}_3\text{N}_2$
- (b)  $\text{Ba}_2\text{N}_3$
- (c)  $\text{Ba}_2\text{N}$
- (d)  $\text{BaN}_2$
- (e) BaN

Answers: Don't ask us—we all majored in English.

employee of the month



**LICENSE TO DRILL**

**HOME DEPOT HONEY CRYSTAL COURT HAS YOUR LUMBER**

**PLAYBOY:** That's a fantastic plain orange apron. Any room for sex appeal?

**CRYSTAL:** No. We can't show cleavage or wear low-riders. Construction workers come in, and they check you out. We've had some problems.

**PLAYBOY:** You still look hot enough to be noticed.

**CRYSTAL:** I wear makeup so my face looks nice. My job is torture. I handle concrete, and I lug stuff. I get bruises. My nails and hair get ruined. It's not pretty.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your job title?

**CRYSTAL:** Head cashier—I hold the money and keys to the registers, and I talk to disgruntled customers.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you want to be the store manager?

**CRYSTAL:** Not really. I'm in college, and I work here to pay my bills. I'm sure it sounds pretty boring.

**PLAYBOY:** Frankly, yes. But your pictures are riveting.

**CRYSTAL:** Riveting, right. That's a good one.

See more women of Home Depot at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to PLAYBOY Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.



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According to a survey sponsored by Old Spice, El Paso is the sweatiest city in America. On a typical summer day residents produce, on average, 1.09 liters of perspiration an hour. In 4 hours the city as a whole drips enough sweat to fill an Olympic-size swimming pool.

### Curb Your Enthusiasm

Estimated take from parking ticket fines in 2004:

SAN FRANCISCO	\$87 MILLION
CHICAGO	\$170 MILLION
NEW YORK	\$540 MILLION

### Book of Pointless Records

### Longest Distance Run on a Treadmill in 24 Hours:

152 miles, by Serge England-Arbona, a 38-year-old resident of Baltimore.



### College Journalism in Action

Editors at Purdue University's student paper, *The Exponent*, report that a Frisbee holds 54 ounces of beer—or four cans of beer and four shots of whiskey. Boilermaker, anyone?

### Price Check

### Goghing, Goghing, Gone

**\$104 million**  
Winning bid at an auction in May for Pablo Picasso's *Boy With a Pipe*. It broke the single-painting record of **\$82.5 million**, set in 1990 with the sale of Vincent van Gogh's *Portrait of Doctor Gachet*.



### Life in the Fat Lane

Since 2000, to accommodate the steadily expanding ass of the American driver, the front seat of the Honda Civic LX has been widened by 1.2 inches, the Toyota Corolla S by 1.4 inches and the Subaru Impreza by 2.3 inches.

### Mumbai's the Word

India will overtake the U.S. as the largest English-speaking nation in the world by 2010.

### Grim Reapings

Approximate prices hospitals pay for body parts from cadavers:

**\$6,000** for a heart valve      **\$2,300** for a cornea



**\$1,000** per square foot of skin

**\$2,400** for a patella tendon

**\$3,800** for a femur

**\$450** per teaspoon of demineralized bone matrix

### Pulp Fixation

Starbucks offers 19,000 variations on a cup of coffee. Tropicana sells 24 varieties of orange juice.



### Meat Puppets

24 million American adults (about 11%) are on a low-carb diet.

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### movie of the month

## [ SKY CAPTAIN AND THE WORLD OF TOMORROW ]

Law, Paltrow and Jolie go back to the future

In *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*, a sci-fi cliffhanger epic set in a sleek alternate 1939 Manhattan, Jude Law plays a dashing aerial ace, Gwyneth Paltrow plays his newspaper-reporter ex-girlfriend, and Angelina Jolie plays the leader of an all-female amphibious fighting force. Each of them is out to save the planet from flying robots. Things look coolly retro-futuristic in the comic-book-style flick—a kind of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* meets *The Rocketeer*—but thanks to blue-screen computer wizardry, the actors didn't see much of anything besides one another while filming their scenes. Says Giovanni Ribisi, the *Lost in Translation* star who livens up the movie's action as a brainy techno-nerd, "Because of the technology, they needed actors for only about a month. But it was awesome." Awesome, maybe, but the reliance on technology entails plenty of risk unless director Kerry Conran has devised compelling action and unique monsters. "I've seen shots from the movie, and it's fucking mind-blowing," says Ribisi. "They put all this technology to good use—it's not just a bunch of computer geeks jacking off." That's a relief because, hey, we've already seen *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones*. —Stephen Rebell

"I've seen shots from the movie, and it's fucking mind-blowing."

### now showing

### BUZZ

#### Mr. 3000

(Bernie Mac, Angela Bassett, Chris Noth) Mac finally gets to swing for the fences, playing a conceited retired baseball slugger who freaks when three of his 3,000 hits are taken away. Out to restore his rep, he returns to the game at the age of 47, romances a reporter (Bassett) and mentors a talented rookie.

**Our call:** Mac's a heavy hitter when he's talking trash and taking names, and everyone loves Bassett, but we want to take a walk when baseball films get sappy.



#### A Sound of Thunder

(Edward Burns, Ben Kingsley, Catherine McCormack) Based on a Ray Bradbury short story originally published in *PLAYBOY*, this fantasy thriller crackles when a guide (Burns) time-trips to the prehistoric ages. One of his clients accidentally stomps on a butterfly, unleashing cataclysms in the time-space continuum.

**Our call:** It's high time the movies did right by Bradbury's much-loved thriller. Let's hope director Peter Hyams (*The Relic*, *End of Days*) is up to the challenge.



#### Taxi

(Queen Latifah, Jimmy Fallon, Gisele Bündchen) This Americanized remake of a 1998 French action comedy features Fallon as a newbie cop on the trail of a gang of sexy bank robbers. Latifah is a bicycle messenger turned fast-talking cabbie. Bonding, breakneck chases and belly laughs ensue.

**Our call:** The meter ran out a while ago on comedies that team cops and streetwise smart alecks, so this one needs *Rush Hour*-level chemistry to kick into overdrive.



#### Friday Night Lights

(Billy Bob Thornton, Lucas Black, Derek Luke, Tim McGraw) Heads and hearts get messed up in this movie about residents of a downtrodden Texas town whose hopes live and die on the fortunes of the local high school football team. Thornton plays the coach shouldering troubles on and off the gridiron.

**Our call:** Don't expect a typical flick about jocks. This movie is more *Last Picture Show* than it is, say, *Varsity Blues* or *Any Given Sunday*. In fact, bring a crying towel.



dvd of the month

[ FAHRENHEIT 9/11 ]

Michael Moore drops the W-bomb in the middle of the campaign

The feel-pissed-off movie of the year, Michael Moore's broadside attack on the Bush administration's policies in the wake of the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks is a dazzling two hours of dissent, admittedly served up with "unfair and unbalanced" glee by the left's premier provocateur. The film offers some time-capsule clips: "I call upon all nations to do everything they can to stop these terrorist killers," says President Bush, who then excuses himself to hit a sweet tee shot on the golf course. Whatever your position on the war, the parallel to O.J. Simpson's hunt for the "real killers" can't help but make you queasy. Moore's filmmaking skills have never been better—clever music choices and razor-sharp edits make this film look like a dazzling flip book of political cartoons. And as with a flip book, you'll want to watch it again. **Extras:** Moore is rushing the DVD into release to coincide with the election—we'll have to wait and see. **☆☆☆** —Greg Fagan



**THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW** (2004) Mother Nature strikes back in director Roland Emmerich's cautionary tale as the effects of global warming usher in an instant ice age. Tsunamis batter L.A., and Manhattan is buried in ice up to the Statue of Liberty's neck. The effects are too cool to be scary and are more memorable than the plot, which finds Dennis Quaid—the scientist who called it—braving the elements to save his son, Jake Gyllenhaal. **Extras:** Lots, including commentary from Emmerich and his crew, deleted scenes and "an attention-grabbing lenticular box." **☆☆** —G.F.



**THE WIRE** (2002) The first few episodes of this ambitious cop drama seem eager to celebrate their HBO freedom with street language and drug use, as if series creator David Simon were blowing off steam from his days writing NBC's *Homicide*. But *The Wire* quickly settles into a funky rhythm. Its humanizing portrayal of both good and bad guys is addictive. **Extras:** Lean—commentaries on just three of the 13 shows. **☆☆☆** —G.F.



**VAN HELSING** (2004) Director Stephen Sommers reimagines Universal's classic movie characters Dracula, Frankenstein's monster and the Wolf Man in a frenetic homage. It opens with a stylish black-and-white nod to *Frankenstein's* fiery windmill scene before introducing us to the title character (Hugh Jackman), who we learn must



stop Dracula from animating an army of gooey, cocooned demon babies (don't ask). Jackman is a natural-born swash-buckler and Kate Beckinsale plays a sexy sidekick, but they're challenged every few frames by a hailstorm of cartoonish CG baddies instead of coherent dialogue. **Extras:** A historical mini-documentary on the Van Helsing character and an interactive, 360-degree environment that lets you explore the sets. **☆☆** —Robert B. DeSalvo

**SAVED!** (2004) Christian fundamentalists are the target of this irreverent farce, and director Brian Dannelly kicks them below the Bible Belt. Jena Malone plays a teen virgin who gets pregnant convincing her boyfriend he's straight. Not a revival-meeting favorite, but smug amusement for the rest of us. **Extras:** Deleted scenes, bloopers and an Easter egg with producer Michael Stipe (REM). **☆☆☆** —Buz McClain



**ETERNAL SUNSHINE OF THE SPOTLESS MIND** (2004) Jim Carrey aches for his wild ex, Kate Winslet, only to learn she has undergone a form of neural electrolysis to wipe him from her memory. He effectively says, "Well, wipe mine, too!" Screenwriter Charlie Kaufman tops his *Being John Malkovich* script and this time delivers an ending worthy of all that precedes it. **Extras:** Commentary from Kaufman, plus a "commercial" for Lacuna, the film's memory-cleansing clinic. **☆☆☆** —G.F.



tease frame



Not even Shannon Elizabeth can keep her hands off Shannon Elizabeth. As the randy foreign exchange student Nadia in *American Pie* (1999), the statuesque Texan admired her long, lovely shape in the mirror and then began titillating herself—and anyone else watching on an Internet feed—until Jason Biggs barged in. She was also quite the energetic topless lap dancer in *Dish Dogs* (1998), making co-star Sean Astin helpless to resist her. This month Shannon is in Wes Craven's *Cursed*, in which she's pawed by a werewolf. Lucky dog.

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the critical collector

[ BOB COSTAS'S GREATEST HITS ]

NBC's sports whiz picks the best and worst baseball flicks

HOME RUNS:

*Bull Durham* (1988) "It's my favorite. It captures an element of baseball romance without the violin strings. It's quirky, and it feels authentic."

*Eight Men Out* (1988) "I like it because it's faithful to the whole feel of the story, not just in content but in tone. And there's a whole bunch of really good small performances. It's genuine, not goopy."

*The Natural* (1984) "Robert Redford is a credible ballplayer—he was a college baseball player at the University of Colorado. It's allegorical, so it can be presented as mysticism."

*Long Gone* (1987) "This is a little-seen HBO cult favorite. William Petersen and Virginia Madsen find romance in the 1950s south Florida minor leagues with a team called the Tampico Stogies. By the way, Madsen is one of the sexiest women to have ever been on-screen."

EXTRA-BASE HITS:

*61\** (2001) "Barry Pepper looks so much like Roger Maris it's amazing. Thomas Jane totally got Mickey Mantle's attitude, sweetness and vulnerability."

*Field of Dreams* (1989) "It's somewhere on my list—not at the top, but it was good enough to break the rules and still succeed. It's a more mystical, baseball-as-metaphor-for-life film than I'd ordinarily be inclined to like, but it's the exception that proves the rule."

STRIKEOUTS:

*The Babe Ruth Story* (1948) "A lot of the older baseball movies were over-the-top. This one is so bad it crosses over into being tremendously entertaining." —B.M.



special additions

Three great directors go beyond their original efforts



Fresh off its limited theatrical run, George Lucas's director's cut of his 1971 sci-fi film **THX 1138** arrives on DVD with extras that run at least half an hour longer than the 88-minute feature, plus a full-length commentary by the director. Starring Robert Duvall, the movie is a remake of the student work that cemented Lucas's reputation as a boy genius at USC film school. The original is included, but our favorite extra shows all the actors having their heads shaved for the film.... Director Frank Darabont, who pops up in the *THX 1138* supplements to praise Lucas, gets to reflect on his auspicious directorial debut, **THE SHAW-SHANK REDEMPTION**, now on DVD in special-edition form. Darabont delivers a solo commentary track and shows he's a good sport by including the independently produced *SharkTank Redemption*, a spoof that resets the film's themes in a Hollywood agency.... **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** finally debuts on DVD in an exhaustive three-disc set. Cast primarily with native Algerian nonactors, Italian director Gillo Pontecorvo's 1965 classic recounts the French Foreign Legion's Pyrrhic campaign against Algerian rebels between 1954 and 1957. The second disc includes observations from such fans as Spike Lee, Steven Soderbergh and Oliver Stone. News junkies will jump to disc three, where the film is discussed in a post-9/11 context. —G.F.

SCANNER

**MAN ON FIRE** (2004) As a Special Forces assassin turned vengeance-driven bodyguard—kidnappers snatch his 10-year-old charge—Denzel Washington not only kicks butt, he also blows a man's rectum to smithereens with a stick of dynamite. **YYY**

**ENVY** (2004) Ben Stiller refuses to invest in pal Jack Black's invention that makes dog shit vanish. Black becomes a zillionaire, and Stiller turns to Christopher Walken for nefarious support. A DVD extra lets you jump to the funny Black scenes, which are few. **YY**

**CRANK YANKERS** (2002) How do you pull off crank phone calls on TV? Puppets. The idea works, but *Crank Yankers* still lives and dies by the scam, as when Dave Attell rings an electrolysis clinic to get a price on denuding his monkey. **YY**

**THE JERRY LEWIS COLLECTION** Nine midcareer, post-Dean classics, including *The Stooge* (1953), *Cinderella* (1960), *The Ladies Man* (1961) and *The Nutty Professor* (1963). Could the French be right? **YYY**

**THE ALAMO** (2004) A Texas-size bomb in theaters, the film, with its furious cannon battles alternating with drowsy talking scenes, plays a lot better at home. Texans watch it backward for a happy ending. **YY**

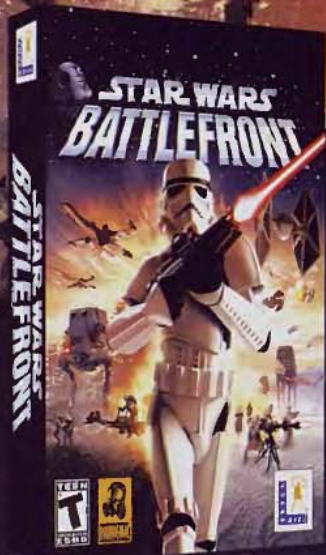
**DAWN OF THE DEAD** (2004) Several strangers on the run from flesh-starved zombies make a final stand at a shopping mall. This adrenaline-fueled gorefest surpasses George Romero's original in intensity. **YYY**

**MADTV: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON** (1995–1996) Three discs of movie and TV parodies, political satire and pop-culture-skewering send-ups from a tight cast that injected laughs back into late-night comedy. Neve Campbell and LL Cool J guest star. **YYY**

**POKER FOR DUMMIES** (2004) Hosted by improbable poker champ Chris MoneyMaker, this how-to guide isn't for dummies, but it's too basic for anyone who's played Texas hold 'em with real adults for real money. Save your cash for gambling. **Y**

**YYY** Don't miss **YY** Worth a look  
**YY** Good show **Y** Forget it

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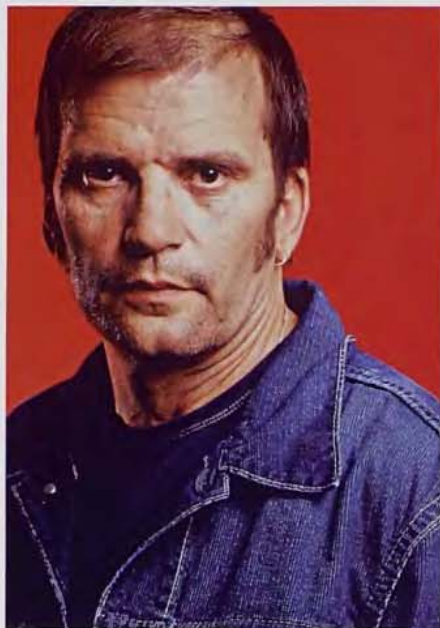


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cd of the month

[ STEVE EARLE • THE REVOLUTION STARTS ]

An outlaw stands up for rogues and scapegoats



By his definition, Earle is a true patriot—unafraid to point the finger at his country and “question any fucking thing.” That sort of patriotism earned the Texas-based songwriter a public lynching at the hands of right-wing pundits who accused him of glorifying the American Taliban in “John Walker Blues,” on his previous album. But that’s Earle’s big gun: No other songwriter today is as skilled at empathizing with a character, good or evil. This time he takes on a truck driver in Basra and a disenchanted soldier in Kandahar. He misfires on the spoken-word “Warrior” and the reggae of “Condi, Condi,” which is as embarrassing as watching your uncle try to rap. His anti-FCC rant “F the CC,” with Ramones-style breakdown (“F-U-C-K”) is angry enough to land him back on CNN’s *Crossfire*. Despite the missteps, we can’t think of anyone we would rather have stand up for us. (Artemis) **★★★**—Jason Buhrmester

THE BLACK KEYS • Rubber Factory

Seems that while their peers were listening to Limp Bizkit and Snoop, the Akron duo of Dan Auerbach and Patrick Carney was perfecting the art of raw, gut-busting soul. Ignore the obvious comparisons to that other Rust Belt duo: Much as we like the White Stripes, when they grind out the blues the results sound like outtakes from a Led Zeppelin session. The Black Keys, however, belt out true hill-country blues in the tradition of Junior Kimbrough and R.L. Burnside. Auerbach is also a classic blue-eyed-soul singer, not a screecher. This follow-up is even better than 2003’s acclaimed *Thickfreakness*.

Actually recorded in a rubber factory, these grooves do indeed bounce from start to finish. (Fat Possum) **★★★★**—Alison Prato



INSTITUTO • Coleção Nacional

Most contemporary Brazilian music that makes it to American ears is ethereal bossa nova, languid with a tropical lilt. But there’s more to it than Bebel Gilberto. A lesser-known school of aggressive music, much influenced by the hard edges of hip-hop, has been coming out of Brazil. Instituto, three Brazilians who mix samba with African pop and reggae, is making waves in Europe with its gritty

songs and relentless rhythms. This collection is filled with all sorts of musical surprises, including dissonant guitars and sheets of laptop sounds. Portuguese, in fact, turns out to be an appropriate language for rapping. Could it be that the most exciting urban music being made today comes from São Paulo? (Ether) **★★★**—Leopold Froehlich



INTERPOL • Antics

In case you’d forgotten its dark, claustrophobic 2002 debut, Interpol opens this album with a mournful, unaccompanied church organ. But within seconds the organ gives way to major chords and a feeling of levity. It’s a sign: The band is less stylized here, less concerned with cloaking itself in arbitrary murkiness—and more comfortable expanding on its sound. Sure, it still borrows elements from late-1970s Goth (Bauhaus, Joy Division), 1980s postpunk (most recognizably the Psychedelic Furs) and shoe-gazing bands (especially Kittens of Distinction), but Interpol has now synthesized a more rich, intense and compelling sound of its own. (Matador) **★★★**—Tim Mohr



mixing board

[ GLOBAL BACKPACK ]

The latest wave of indie hip-hop has a new set of heads nodding

“For the past five years, hip-hop has been the voice of the whole world,” says Chris Colonna, the mastermind behind Bumblebeez 81. He ought to know. His collective, which made one of the year’s best albums, *Printz*, is from a one-horse town an hour from Canberra, Australia. With Oz’s Bumblebeez and Avalanches, Ireland’s Olympic Lifts and Britain’s Streets, the alt hip-hop scene has gone global. And thanks to a burst of creative energy here at home in the “backpacker” scene—indie acts, issued by labels such as Definitive Jux and popular mostly with turntablists and arty (white) audiences—hip-hop has reached a new level.

Part of the appeal of hipster-hop is its artist-oriented, DIY approach. Leading lights such as Automato, Beans and MF Grimm make their own music. And gun-for-hire producers such as El-P, Madlib, Prefuse 73 and RJD2 are more adventurous than their mainstream counterparts. Hipster-hop employs fewer samples and more electronic sounds. And unlike the crunk chants on the charts, it can be wordy and thoughtful. “Lyrical content is extremely important,” says Diverse, a brilliant Chicago MC. “It might be more challenging than a 50 Cent record. But I grew up listening to individuals who made themselves vulnerable through their words. De La Soul, A Tribe Called Quest, Rakim—they didn’t wear the armor that supposedly has no cracks in it. I think many artists right now are so ego-oriented.”


Another way to avoid ego is to ditch the MC altogether, as RJD2 does on his beat collages and MF Doom does on his multivolume series, *Special Herbs*. Still, hipster-hop practitioners are sincere fans of old-school hip-hop. “Biggie’s *Ready to Die* made me love rap,” says Jesse Levine of Brooklyn’s Automato. “Black Star and the Rawkus scene made it seem like something we could do. It fueled us and made what we were doing make sense.” The Bumblebeez’ Colonna says, “The sort of hip-hop I love—like NWA and Ol’ Dirty Bastard—is stuff that is punk. It’s raw and in-your-face. Even though their music is so different, NWA and Nirvana share quite a similar aesthetic. They’ve got attitude.”





# INCOMPLETE BEER

A beer, such as Budweiser, that has less flavor and color than cold-filtered Miller Genuine Draft. An Incomplete Beer results in a loss of five dollars. A beer completion is made when a bartender passes you a Miller Genuine Draft.



**GOOD CALL:**

To avoid Incomplete Beer, always ask your bartender for a genuine flavored, cold-filtered smooth Miller Genuine Draft. Make the call for more.



game of the month

[ DEF JAM FIGHT FOR NY ]

Rappers step into the ring and bust heads instead of rhymes

A true rapper's delight, this brawler features more than just hip-hop heavyweights and booming tracks. Customize your own personal playa, cop Rocawear or Sean John threads, then bust a move on opponents using martial arts, kickboxing, wrestling, street fighting or submission holds. Contests—held in cages, clubs and subway stations—feature fictional adversaries along with famed opponents such as Flavor Flav, Freeway and Slick Rick. Hustle for money and honeys (such as Lil' Kim and Carmen Electra) in story mode, or remix up to three rivals' faces in solo or tag-team battles. The ultimate goal: to unseat criminal kingpin Crow, played by Snoop Dogg, while surviving reactive crowds, destructible environments and a deafeningly def soundtrack. With bottles, bats and blazing finishing moves, *Fight for NY* (Electronic Arts, GameCube, PS2, Xbox) makes it easy to hit the streets without leaving your house. **YYY½** —Scott Steinberg



GUNGRAVE: OVERDOSE (Mastiff, PS2)

In this anime-style shooter, Beyond-the-Grave, a superstylized undead mafioso, perforates his foes with twin pistols and a coffin-cum-missile launcher. Side-kicks Juji and Rocketbilly add sadistic charm as slow-motion effects glorify the cartoon carnage, framing both artful kills and arterial spurts. Simplistic mission goals ("Kick their ass") and repetitious gameplay aside, the second time around, *Gungrave* is alive and kicking. **YY** —S.S.



STAR WARS BATTLEFRONT (LucasArts, PC, PS2, Xbox) Instead of ponying up \$10 to watch George Lucas botch *Episode III* next summer, the serious *Star Wars* fan will opt to stay online with up to 16 of his closest friends for *Star Wars Battlefront*. This multiplayer action game lets players experience all the great battles from both classic and prequel films. It's hard to beat fighting your way across the planets and moons from the most familiar sci-fi universe of them all. **YYY½** —M.S.



SILENT HILL 4: THE ROOM (Konami, PC, PS2, Xbox)

Konami's *Silent Hill* series gets better—and creepier—with age. This time the horror starts at home when Henry Townshend wakes to find that he's trapped inside his apartment and a strange tunnel in his bathroom is a portal to an alternate world swarming with horrifying creatures. Combat and puzzle solving will help you find out what haunts "the room" and why. Clean underwear not included. **YYY**



—Marc Saltzman

CALL OF CTHULHU: DARK CORNERS OF THE EARTH (Bethesda Softworks, PC, Xbox)

H.P. Lovecraft's Gothic masterworks form the backdrop to this creepy shooter. Walk the fine line of sanity in the 1920s-era loafers of ex-cop Jack Walters as you track down a cult bent on bringing an elder god back to earth. The monsters are truly horrific, and with each grisly sight Jack loses a bit of his mind and edges closer to suicide. It's the feel-good hit of the year! **YYY**



—John Gaudiosi

pixel profile

[ HOME INVASION ]

Backyard Wrestling 2's Insane Clown Posse stomps suburbia



They rap. They rock. They run the nation's third-highest-grossing grappling league (Juggalo Championship Wrestling). Meet the Insane Clown Posse, stars of Eidos's *Backyard Wrestling 2: There Goes the Neighborhood*. Violent J, who makes up half the killer canny duo, fills us in on why being a joystick jobber pays.

**Q:** For optimal realism, how should players control your characters?

**A:** Be crafty.

Find that niche.

It doesn't matter

if you have to keep

hitting a guy while

he's down. We fight

dirty. It works.

**Q:** Any secret moves

we should know

about?

**A:** Eidos used our

career wrestling

footage and dig-

itized it, so all

the moves that

we use in the

actual ring are in

the game. That's

why we're so danger-

ous—we're real.

Except for the parts

where we jump

off roofs unharmed.

No human being

can do that.

—S.S.




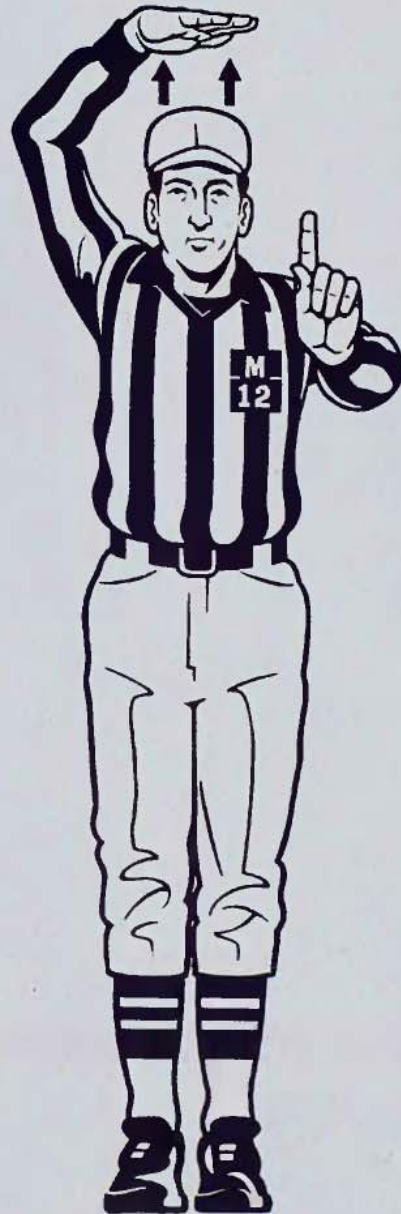
wired

**Nintendo DS** (\$200) How do you follow up the best-selling handheld gaming system of all time? Very carefully. And if possible, with two screens. Nintendo's new DS strengthens the company's handheld gaming dominance with 3-D graphics, chat functions, twin screens (one of which is touch sensitive) and the ability to play wireless head-to-head matches.



## ILLEGAL MOTION AT TAP

When a beer drinker orders by pointing to a funny, and often crown-shaped tap. This can result in a pint of Bud Light. To get more taste and half the carbs of Bud Light do not point to this tap.



**GOOD CALL:**

To avoid Illegal Motion at Tap, always ask your bartender for a great tasting, less filling Miller Lite. Make the call for more.



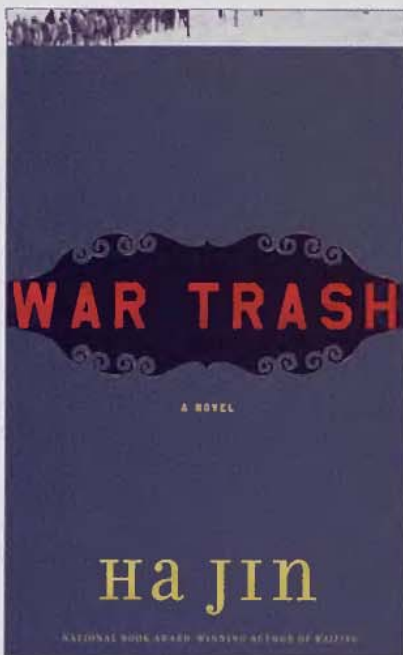
Per 12 oz., Miller Lite has 96 cal., 3.2g carbs., 0.9g protein, 0.0g fat and Bud Light has 6.6g carbs.

book of the month

[ WAR TRASH \* HA JIN ]

An Abu Ghraib scandal set 50 years ago

For his seventh and perhaps most moving work of fiction, this National Book Award-winning author draws inspiration from accounts of how American soldiers treated Chinese POWs who fought alongside their communist comrades in the Korean War. The story is told by Yu Yuan, a Chinese officer acting as an unofficial interpreter for guards and inmates. The Americans don't just physically mistreat the inmates; they foster an atmosphere in which the prisoners abuse one another. Many renounce communism and attempt to coerce others into abandoning their right to return to China at the war's end. When Yuan refuses, the Nationalists tattoo him and other dissenters with such slogans as **FUCK COMMUNISM**, ensuring that they'll be outcasts once they return to the mainland. As in his past books, Jin masterfully shows how the oppressive Chinese government ruined the lives of peasants. Now he rightfully blames America as well. (*Pantheon*) **★★★★** —Patty Lambert



**HURRICANE CAMILLE** • Philip D. Hearn  
Only three category-five hurricanes have hit the U.S. mainland in modern history. In terms of devastation, the cyclone that smashed into the Mississippi coast on August 17, 1969 was the worst. Based on various oral histories gathered by the University of Southern Mississippi, this book serves as the definitive account of Hurricane Camille. What do you get when a 35-foot storm surge washes as far as three miles inland? A mess. Along with various inhabitants, the Richelieu Manor apartments in Pass Christian were blown to sea. Army engineers buried 25 tons of animals, including pets, that had drowned in the storm. One thing is certain: When it comes to hurricanes, few people learn the lessons of history. The Gulf Coast is now more developed than it was in 1969, and the next Hurricane Camille will wipe the slate clean. (*University Press of Mississippi*) **★★★** —Leopold Froehlich



THE ART OF THE INTERVIEW

**Lawrence Grobel**  
Celebrity interviewer and *PLAYBOY* contributor Grobel takes us behind the scenes of page-turning interviews by sharing his years of experience talking with A-list stars. Grobel details the process of getting through their firewalls and serves up a platter of Hollywood tidbits, from Oliver Stone's teenage drug use and Jean-Claude Van Damme's imperious parenting skills to Mel Gibson's bizarre beef with feminists. (*Three Rivers*) **★★★** —Kenny Lull



BALLAD OF THE WHISKEY ROBBER

Julian Rubinstein

Attila Ambrus is the most famous criminal you've never heard of. During his tenure as Hungary's worst professional hockey goalie, he committed 26 robberies. An inept police squad became obsessed with catching its nemesis, who had earned his nickname, the Whiskey Robber, by drinking Johnnie Walker Red before each job. The chief inspector learned his trade from *Miami Vice* reruns, and the forensic

expert moonlighted as a dance instructor, often coming to work in costume. After Ambrus's capture and subsequent escape, the country rooted for him, even selling Ambrus-themed merchandise. It's hard to believe this hilarious saga of an enterprising criminal is a true story. (*Little, Brown*) **★★★** —Emily Little



the erotic eye




STRIPTease • Rachel Shteir

In the 19th century, if a ballerina showed a well-turned ankle, she was deemed a fallen woman and ostracized. Today exotic dancers walk onstage already naked and pole dance the night away with whips and chains. Between the Jazz Age and the sexual revolution, however, came the golden age of the striptease. Old-school strippers used comedy and coy sexiness to put on a hot show without getting run out of town. Undressing was the act itself, and delightful tease was intermingled with the long, slow strip. Filled with pictures of such burlesque-circuit doyennes as Little Egypt and Gypsy Rose Lee, *Striptease* is a comprehensive examination of a sexy lost ritual. (*Oxford University*) **★★★½** —Jessica Riddle

## DELAY OF BEER

When someone waits to see what his friends are ordering. This typically results in saying, "I'll have what he's having." Unfortunately, if "he" is having a Bud Light, this will not result in Miller Lite, which has more taste and half the carbs.





**GOOD CALL:**

To avoid Delay of Beer, order a great tasting, less filling Miller Lite. Make the call for more.



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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal

## A Car Is Born

If you're familiar with the Mercedes-Benz AMG class, you know that the arrival of the SLK55 AMG in America this month is serious news. To build an AMG, MB engineers take a model and modify it at their Affalterbach factory for an ultraluxe road-warrior experience. This beauty is an SLK350 tricked out with a more aerodynamic body, bigger wheels and performance-enhanced shocks and brakes. It's the only roadster in its class (which includes the BMW Z4 and Porsche Boxster S) with a V8 engine. With 355 horsepower under the hood and a seven-speed shifter snug in your palm, you'll power from zero to 60 in 4.9 seconds and top out at 155 miles per hour. Price: roughly \$60,000. More info at [mbusa.com](http://mbusa.com).



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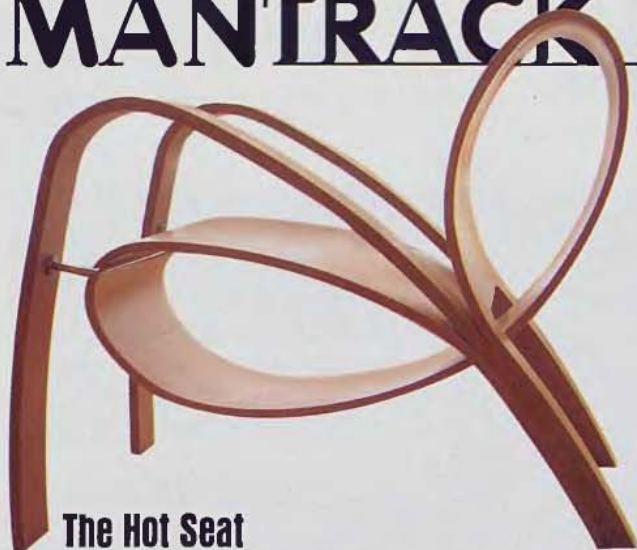
④ USE A SLOTTED SPOON TO PLACE THEM ON A PAPER TOWEL, WHICH WILL SOAK UP EXCESS GREASE. SERVE WITH TARTAR SAUCE, RÉMOULADE OR HOT SAUCE.

## Paradise Found

Ten years removed from apartheid, with crime stabilized and a host of good new restaurants in full gear, Cape Town—perched on Africa's southern tip—has finally evolved into the paradise we always knew it could be. Where else can you pock white-sand beaches, wine country, mountain hikes and some of the world's most beautiful women into a single day? To coincide with the new cool, the city's grande dame of hotels, the 105-year-old Mount Nelson, has had a face-lift (rates from \$800 to \$2,000, [mountnelson.co.za](http://mountnelson.co.za)). Known to locals as the Pink Lady, it has housed everyone from the members of U2 to Tiger Woods, and the new bar, Planet (pictured), is the perfect spot for a postbeach cocktail. When to go? Right now. This month marks the beginning of bikini season south of the equator. Happy hunting.



# MANTRACK



## The Hot Seat

Are you sitting down? Good. Now take a look at this lounge chair. The body uses eight ultrathin layers of birch aeroply—a high-tech plywood originally used in aircraft—that's been steamed, molded and waxed more lovingly than your girlfriend's toolbox. Two bent-oak-veneer armrests and a piece of steel joining them to the body are the only other components. British designer Sam Cocker created the Bent One as an experiment, but the piece has generated so much attention that London-based design firm Morgan Cheetham has begun marketing it. Every chair will be made to order for about \$3,000. More info at [morgancheetham.co.uk](http://morgancheetham.co.uk).



## Cab Fare

In the autumn, there's nothing like a bottle of big, bold red wine, the kind that isn't afraid to take on a harvest roast such as venison or rack of lamb. What you see here is the front line of a veritable red army. Beginning this month, the Stags Leap District Winegrowers Association is offering its Appellation Collection (\$850, [stagsleapdistrict.com](http://stagsleapdistrict.com)), a unique way to stock up, in a one-shot deal, on quality cabernet sauvignon from one of Napa Valley's most celebrated districts. The collection features cabs from the coveted 2001 vintage (and two from 2000), including one from each of the association's 13 wineries. From top: Baldacci Family, Chimney Rock, Cliff Lede, Clos du Val, Hartwell, Ilsley, Pine Ridge, Regusci, Robert Sinskey, Shafer, Silverado, Stags' Leap Winery and Steltzner.

## Clothesline: Jerry O'Connell

With acting (*Jerry Maguire*, *Scream 2*, *Crossing Jordan*) and producing (the upcoming *First Daughter*) credits on his résumé, this 30-year old native New Yorker is looking Hollywood these days. "When I was invited to Puffy's White Party some years ago, I had to buy a white outfit, so I rallied over to Ralph Lauren," he says. "I found this great linen suit that cost well over \$1,000. And wouldn't you know it, the second I walk into the party someone bumps into me with a vodka cranberry." Certainly these days he gets his togs gratis like most stars, right? "Nope. I buy my suits. My favorites are by Paul Smith, though come to think of it, I did get some free clothes from the *Kangaroo Jack* set. On the last day of shooting I stole some Prada and Gucci suits off the wardrobe truck. A week later Jerry Bruckheimer called and asked if I'd taken them. When I confessed, he told me I could keep them as long as I would wear them to all his premieres."



## Face Value

Creating a unique and innovative watch these days is no easy job. It tells time. It straps on your wrist. What's next? How about this: Tag Heuer's Monaco Sixty Nine (\$5,900, [tagheuer.com](http://tagheuer.com)) is actually two timepieces inside one water-resistant case. On one side, you've got the classic Monaco, the elegant analog number Steve McQueen made famous in the 1971 film *Le Mans* (though his was blue, not black). Now, say you're out on the town, you've had a few, and analog time is too much of a bother. Flip the watch over and you've got the Sixty Nine, a futuristic digital sport chronograph that offers precision down to a thousandth of a second. Though the mechanisms are powered independently, they cruise through the day in perfect sync.








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# The Playboy Advisor

I'm 42 and divorced with three kids. Recently my 19-year-old daughter moved in with me to attend college. I'm open-minded enough to allow her and her friends to have all-night study sessions and video parties at the house. One of her friends and I hit it off from the start—joking around, innuendos, harmless stuff. Having a young hottie flirt with me was definitely a boost to my ego. A few weeks ago I was taking a shower while my daughter and her friends were studying, and this beauty slipped into the bathroom. Before I could object, she made me extremely happy that she was there. I thought that would be the end of it—a crazy stunt. A few days later my daughter threw a finals party. I retired to my room to give the girls some space. The beauty walked in, stripped and joined me in bed. Since then it's been more of the same. Now she says she wants to bring our relationship out of the closet, show me off as her boyfriend and even move in. I think I may love this girl, but at the same time I have to ask myself some serious questions. First, will this work out? If my daughter had started dating a 42-year-old, I would have told her it wouldn't last. Second, what will my beauty's parents or my kids think? My own thoughts as a parent wouldn't be pretty. Can you help me get my head straight on this?—G.B., Minneapolis, Minnesota

*It probably won't work out, if only because the relationship seems to be based largely on flirtation and furtive sex. Once the excitement wears off, what will you have to talk about? Tests? Britney? World politics? That's the challenge. You can still pursue this, but don't expect too much. It might also damage your relationship with your daughter, who will likely move out if her friend moves in. But you're an adult, she's an adult, and these things happen. Before you make a decision, have a discussion with the beauty about what she wants, what you're looking for and what you can and cannot provide. The other option, of course, is to end it. But frankly, you don't sound like you have the resolve, especially when she comes on strong.*

I'm sure there was plenty of cussing in the 1870s but perhaps not as much as one hears on HBO's *Deadwood*. Did people living on the frontier really use words such as *fuck*, *cunt*, *cocksucker* and *motherfucker*?—B.G., Sparks, Nevada

*Linguists who study the 19th century are forced to rely on printed evidence, so it's hard to say definitively which swear words beyond *goddamn* and *damn* were used in *Deadwood* in July 1876. The show's creator says the crude dialogue is based on the fact that visitors who returned from the camp reported being shocked by the language. Simple blasphemies wouldn't jar the modern viewer, so*



*creative license is probably in play to evoke the same sense of danger and lawlessness. Jesse Sheidlower, the American editor of the Oxford English Dictionary and author of a dictionary devoted to the F word, says prostitutes and their customers probably used *fuck* in its literal sense and also may have referred to the vagina as a *cunt*. While residents of *Deadwood* conceivably could have said *cocksucker* (which dates at least to the Civil War), linguists say it's extremely unlikely to have rolled off the tongue as it does on the show. *Motherfucker* didn't appear in print until the 1910s.*

Years ago my wife read a short story about a man who grew breasts to help nurse his girlfriend's baby. She asked if I would be willing to do that. I said, "Sure, why not?" Now she's six months along and expects this of me. I'm taking hormones to make my breasts grow, and I'm eating asparagus to stimulate my milk glands, along with licorice root, blessed thistle and black cohosh because she says they are primarily female herbs. I also use a breast pump for 10 minutes twice a day. My wife says men can produce milk but just never develop the ability. My breasts do feel softer and more sensitive. Will this work?—C.M., Detroit, Michigan

*We thought no, but apparently men can, with considerable effort, produce breast milk. This can be accomplished by stimulating your nipples over days or weeks; it doesn't require hormones or herbs. It's unclear if the quality of the milk will be the same as a woman's or if a man can produce enough to sustain a child, but there are reports of men who have fed infants this way. We wouldn't take hormones except under a doctor's care, but what can we say otherwise? You're ahead of your time. Guys, if*

*you know what's good for you, keep this quiet. Speaking of nursing...*

My husband has been hinting that he would like me to get my nipples pierced. The problem is that just before we go to sleep each night he sucks on one of them, which is so relaxing it promptly puts us both to sleep. He sucks off and on all night. I've heard that pierced nipples take six to eight months to heal, so I'm afraid that going through with it will put an end to this time of closeness. What is your advice?—K.B., Windom, Minnesota

*Unless there are complications, such as an infection, these types of piercings heal within six to eight weeks, during which time your husband could suck on your clit. If you'd like to have your nipples pierced (don't do it for him), here's a Solomonic solution: Start with the one farthest away from him. That is, if he sleeps to your right, do your left nipple first. Once that nipple heals, pierce the right and switch sides of the bed. That way hubby always has a nipple handy. The jewelry should be small so it doesn't get in the way.*

I've been dressing myself for 40 years with no complaints. I recently took up residence with a much younger woman who gripes about the length of my pants. My girlfriend insists that I buy pants so long I walk on them after slipping off my shoes. I tend to wear them only long enough to cover the tops of my shoes. What is the proper length for a pair of pants? Is it different for dress slacks and jeans?—P.W., Helper, Utah

*Your pants should have a single break in the front and hang about a quarter inch above the top of your heel in the back. "You see a lot of athletes and rap stars with their suit pants bunching up by the ankles," says our fashion director, Joseph De Acetis. "Don't do that." The quarter-inch rule also applies to jeans, although the trend lately is to wear them dragging below the heel, giving the edges a ragged look. You can get away with that, De Acetis says, but you'll still be considered fashionable if the denim stops before it hits the asphalt. Propose a compromise: Your dress slacks will remain at, or be adjusted slightly to, their proper length, and your girlfriend can buy you a new pair of jeans that are long enough to walk on.*

Could you give me some insight into this situation? My older brother is 18, and his girlfriend is 16. She is his first girlfriend. At some point she dumped him. He was a mess, crying and everything. Then they got back together, and he was like a lost puppy following her around. Everything he did had to be with her or he wouldn't do it. Now they're taking a "break," and he's a mess again. What's the best way to handle this?—N.C., Jackson, Michigan

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Your brother isn't himself at the moment, mostly because he's on drugs. Specifically, he has a cocktail of hormones rushing through him that he has never dealt with before, and it's making him temporarily insane. The Beatles sang about this: "I'm in love for the first time./Don't you know it's gonna last?/It's a love that lasts forever./It's a love that had no past." In other words, because your brother has no experience with relationships, he has given the first one more weight than it deserves. Even Hef went through this phase, as he describes in his Little Black Book: "I projected everything that I was interested in onto Betty [his first serious crush], everything I had observed in my life, all the dreams I had extracted from the movies, all of this onto her. She couldn't possibly have lived up to that. It was an illusion." Your brother will come around. Be there to help him when the permanent breakup comes and he needs to be distracted. Watch and learn and work on your own independence so you don't become a lost puppy. This may sound heavy, but store it away: You'll have more fulfilling relationships if you can accept the fact that no one else can make you content. You accomplish that alone.

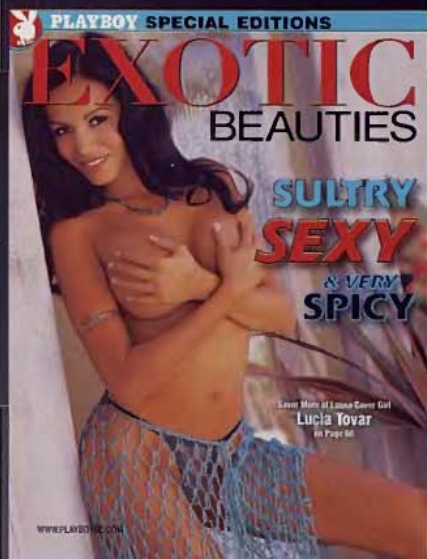
Do any online DVD rental services similar to Netflix specialize in porn?—S.R., San Diego, California

We know of at least 45 that stock only porn, plus dozens of others that carry both mainstream and adult films. Most charge \$10 to \$25 a month to check out one to four titles at a time. Each disc arrives in a sleeve with a postage-paid return envelope; when you're finished—so to speak—drop the disc in the mail. Most sites allow you to keep a wish list of DVDs so your next selection can be sent automatically (don't be surprised if popular titles are available only after a long wait). The largest sites appear to be AdultDVDExplorer, AdultDVDEmpire and Hitflix (add .com to each). AdultDVDOvernight, XRentDVD and others rent single titles for \$3 to \$5 each. For legal reasons—local prosecutors have caused problems for adult retailers in the past—many sites won't ship DVDs to certain zip codes. The most common states on these blacklists are Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas and Utah.

What are grounds for making an objection at a wedding? I love this girl and believe she's making a huge mistake. We have a history as friends, so I may have a chance. I know making an objection in front of 300 people isn't the most subtle way to get my point across, but I finally want to take a stand.—C.B., Providence, Rhode Island

It would be your last stand. Objecting at a wedding rarely works as a pickup line. If you think the marriage is a bad idea, let your beloved know well ahead of time. If she's persuaded, she'll need time to change course. Besides, in most ceremonies the presiding official doesn't ask for objections—it only leads to trouble, and unless it's a legal challenge (the bride is already married, for example), the proceedings continue anyway.

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More important, should you object, you'll diminish your chances with the bridesmaids.

I recently met a girl, and we hit it off. We were about to have sex for the first time when she told me she has herpes. She wasn't having an outbreak, so we used a condom and had oral and vaginal sex. I know this didn't protect me 100 percent, but I wasn't sure what else to do. I don't want to get herpes, but I like this girl. I don't want a long-term relationship, but it's fun for the moment. Is it worth the risk?—A.D., San Mateo, California

It may be riskier than you realize. Genital herpes spreads through skin-to-skin contact, but the virus can be transmitted even when no symptoms are present. A condom is essential but doesn't cover every area that can hold the virus. That's partly why genital herpes is so common—an estimated one in five adults has it (more women than men), and in 90 percent of cases the person doesn't realize it. The prescription drug Valtrex, used to suppress outbreaks, has recently been shown also to reduce by 50 percent the risk of transmitting herpes to a partner. That's something to discuss. If you have other questions, the American Social Health Association operates a herpes hotline at 919-361-8488. To her credit, this woman told you about her STD before you had sex. That should earn her many points with you.

For some reason I keep meeting all the women I want to date at fast-food drive-throughs. There's something about hearing a sexy voice through the speaker and then looking into the woman's eyes when I pull up. Is there something wrong with me? I'm concerned that I have a fetish. I also love women with tight little bellies, and all the women at drive-throughs seem to have tight little bellies.—N.R., Madison, Wisconsin

Are you attracted to women who aren't serving you fries? That would be a sign that you don't have a fetish but simply an unusual preference. In our view you need three things: a much better diet, a girlfriend and a pair of walkie-talkies.

I've heard that cruise lines hire men to work as hosts for single female passengers for dining, dancing and conversation. Could you find out more? I feel I could handle this situation better than the high-pressure male escort business.—B.J., Minneapolis, Minnesota

We know what you mean. Hiring yourself out for sex can wear a guy down. You heard right about the cruise lines, but you won't be paid, you need to be at least 40 years old, and you won't get laid unless you flout the rules against fraternizing and risk getting tossed off the boat. (Hosts are often tempted—one recalls agreeing to pose for a photo only to have the guest ask, "How about in your cabin?") In exchange for dancing and socializing with unaccompanied female passengers and paying \$25 a day to a booker, single gentlemen receive a passenger cabin, meals, some

drinks and occasionally airfare. The essential skill is dancing; you must know how to fox-trot, waltz, swing, rumba and cha-cha. Hosts are discouraged not only from having flings but from smoking in public, gambling and wearing casual clothes. Sixth Star ([sixthstar.com](http://sixthstar.com) or 954-462-6760) auditions and books hundreds of men for 15 lines, while the Working Vacation ([theworkingvacation.com](http://theworkingvacation.com) or 708-301-7535) handles Cunard and Silversea. Sixth Star also books expert lecturers (on cooking, wine, art, movies, finance, etc.) and instructors (such as in the use of computer software). These travelers pay \$50 to \$100 a day and can bring a guest.

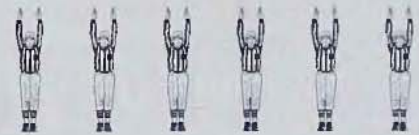
How much safer are you in the backseat without a belt than in the front?—M.L., Springfield, Ohio

You're safer in a head-on but not by much. Researchers at the University of Buffalo who analyzed 300,000 fatal crashes found that the force of an unbelted adult slamming against the driver's seat nearly triples the chance the passenger will die and doubles the chance that the driver will. As for sitting in the front seat without a belt, screen the disturbing video at [motorwatch.com](http://motorwatch.com). It was shot by a camera mounted just under the rear-view mirror as the driver fell asleep and rolled his car. In less than five seconds he had sailed into the backseat and shattered a window with his skull. Incredibly, he walked away. We don't mean to sound like safety nerds, but we prefer that our readers die while having sex.

My wife and I have been going to a strip club twice a month for the past year. She has become close to one of the dancers, who has given us her e-mail address and real name. The two of them go to a back room to have private dances and do things that seem to go beyond a normal lap dance. How do I ask the dancer without offending her if she would be willing to hook up with my wife outside the club?—P.N., Chicago, Illinois

Are you kidding? She won't be offended. This is a business transaction, not a date. You shouldn't think otherwise, despite the e-mail address and the full name and other ploys to make you feel special (the dancer likes you, sure, but only as every businesswoman appreciates her regulars). During the private time or by e-mail, your wife should inquire about making an appointment outside the club. The next question will be whether you can watch—and you ask that of your wife.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at [playboyadvisor.com](http://playboyadvisor.com).



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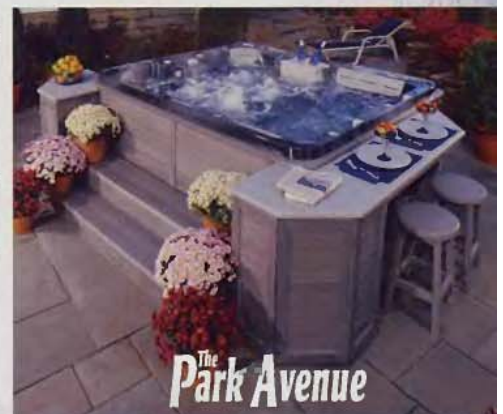
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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

## CRIME AND NO PUNISHMENT

WHO IS ACCOUNTABLE FOR THE LEGAL MEASURES THAT JUSTIFY TORTURE?

BY JOHN W. DEAN

The chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Virginia Republican John Warner, is appalled by the abuse of prisoners in the custody of U.S. forces. He says his committee has a "solemn responsibility" to discover what went wrong and to "see that it never happens again." Senator Warner should focus on indisputable evidence that President Bush issued orders, based on legalistic legerdemain, that say applicable treaties and laws regarding the treatment of prisoners do not apply in the war on terrorism. Experienced international lawyers say the president's lawyers are wrong. This is not surprising: Bush relied on the arguments of a 37-year-old law professor and a Texas real estate attorney in casting aside 50 years of U.S. allegiance to the fundamental principles of law governing war.

When reports of prisoner abuse in Iraq, Afghanistan and Guantánamo materialized, the president was asked if the U.S. was complying with the law. "The instructions went out to our people to adhere to the law. That ought to comfort you," Bush said. During the same exchange he said, "We adhere to laws. We have laws on the books. You might look at those laws." Of course, it was not the laws but rather Bush's failure to comply with them that created the issue.

The president was being pressed because of several leaked memos. One was written by White House counsel Alberto Gonzales, whom Bush, as governor, had put on the Texas Supreme Court, where he did not deal with a lot of international law. Gonzales's background is in real estate law. Another leaked memo came from John Yoo (assisted by Robert Delahunty) of the Office of Legal Counsel; known as "the president's law firm," this Justice Department office is responsible for providing legal advice to the White House. Yoo arrived at the OLC in 2001 from a teaching post at the University of California's Boalt Hall School of Law. He has clerked for two of the most conservative members of the judiciary—federal circuit judge Larry Silberman and Clarence Thomas, associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. Yoo served as counsel to the



Senate Judiciary Committee, chaired by Utah Republican Orrin Hatch, and is also affiliated with the Federalist Society and the American Enterprise Institute. I know what it's like to be a young lawyer at the top of the government; I've been there. It's easy to believe you have everything you need, even if you don't have seasoned judgment.

The leaked Gonzales and Yoo memos are as troubling, if not more so, than the Abu Ghraib photos that triggered the scandal. In fact, the memos may be at the root of the prison abuse problem. The Gonzales memo shows the president was up to his eyeballs in the decision about how to extract information from those captured in Afghanistan. The Yoo memo shows this administration

sought a gun for hire whose radical thinking fit its agenda.

The capture of Ibn al-Shaykh al-Libi, a senior Al Qaeda operative responsible for paramilitary training, set off the chain of events. It provoked a conflict between the FBI and the CIA about how to handle the trophy catch. Al-Libi was picked up by Pakistani officials in November 2001 and turned over to American military authorities in early January 2002. Both the CIA and the FBI were conducting interrogations of such "high value" detainees, but they disagreed on how to interrogate Al-Libi. The FBI is

a domestic law-enforcement agency with long experience in avoiding anything akin to torture. It is accustomed to using—with success—carrots to coax information. The CIA, whose experience is outside the U.S., wanted to use sticks. At the time of Al-Libi's capture, FBI director Robert Mueller and CIA director George Tenet were meeting regularly, usually together, with the president. It appears from the leaked memos that for this reason the question of interrogation techniques, which might otherwise have been resolved by Vice President Cheney and never

have reached the president, ended up in Bush's lap.

By January 25, 2002 Bush had decided that the Geneva Convention on the Treatment of Prisoners of War (and other related treaties) didn't apply to Al Qaeda and Taliban prisoners. Stated differently, Bush was telling the CIA and the military they could play rough. On learning



Gonzales with the president.

## POLITICAL RAPTURE

WILL THE RETURN OF THE LORD HELP THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

By George Monbiot

of Bush's decision, Secretary of State Colin Powell protested. Accordingly, White House counsel Gonzales sent Powell a draft of his original memo, laying out what had occurred, along with the pro and con arguments. Gonzales invited Powell's comments.

Gonzales's draft stated that the OLC (meaning Yoo) had concluded "the laws of armed conflict" did not apply to Al Qaeda and the Taliban. Gonzales didn't challenge Yoo's 42-page memo, written on January 9, that considered potentially applicable treaties and laws. (Yoo parsed these laws to conclude that they didn't apply.) Rather, Gonzales advised Bush that if he were to decide not to apply the Geneva Convention, protection from war crimes could be provided for those involved in interrogations that violated those laws. More precisely, Gonzales wrote that the president's decision would "substantially reduce the threat of domestic criminal prosecution under the War Crimes Act," the federal criminal law implementing treaty obligations.

Gonzales's draft cautioned Bush, "It is difficult to predict the motives [*read: political party affiliation*] of prosecutors and independent counsel who may in the future decide to pursue unwarranted charges [*read: enforce the law*] based on" the War Crimes Act. Gonzales suggested that the president's determination not to apply the Geneva accords "would provide a solid defense to any future prosecution."

Secretary Powell responded to the Gonzales draft on January 26. He sent his own damning memo, which also leaked, asserting that neither of the options he was recommending "entails any significant risk of domestic prosecution against U.S. officials." Thus, Gonzales and Powell advocated similar but separate positions that were both contrary to the law and for which Americans, including the president, could be prosecuted.

On January 27 the president's decision became known when Cheney appeared on the Sunday talk shows to report that the prisoners being rounded up in Afghanistan were not entitled to the protections of the Geneva Convention. "Everybody in the administration, including my good friend Colin Powell, agrees these are not POWs in the conventional sense, prisoners of war, that they are unlawful combatants," Cheney said on ABC's *This Week*.

Cheney explained that these prisoners "don't" (*concluded on page 166*)

It's not hard to understand current Israeli policy toward the occupied territories. As part of his bid to become prime minister, Ariel Sharon provoked the intifada by marching to the Al-Aqsa mosque with 1,000 police officers. The purpose of his policies—the bulldozing, the bombing and the enclosure—appears to be to goad the Palestinians into acts of terrorism, thereby securing his position as the defender of Israel.

It's harder to understand the U.S. government's support for these policies—especially George Bush's abandonment of the road map he drew and the permission he appears to have granted Sharon to sustain the occupation of the West Bank. For years our support for some of the Israeli government's more extreme policies has been attributed to the influence of a "Jewish lobby." No question, some American Jewish organizations back Sharon's approach (others fiercely oppose it) and urge their government to support him. It has never been clear, however, why Bush and his predecessors have been so receptive to such lobbying.

Another explanation exists for Bush's enthusiasm for the escalation of conflict in the Mideast, and where better to find it than Texas? To understand what is happening there, read the resolutions passed at the state's Republican Party conventions in March. Take a look, for example, at the decisions made in Harris County, which covers much of Houston. The delegates began by nodding through a few predictable matters: Homosexuality is contrary to the truths ordained by God; "any mechanism to process, license, record, register or monitor the ownership of guns" should be repealed; income tax, inheritance tax, capital gains tax and corporation tax

should be abolished; and immigrants should be deterred by electronic fences. Thus fortified, the delegates turned to the real issue: They adopted a motion stating that Israel has an undivided claim to Jerusalem and the West Bank, that Arab states should be pressured to absorb refugees from Palestine and that Israel should do whatever it wishes in seeking to eliminate terrorism.

Why should this be of such pressing interest to the citizens of a state seldom

celebrated for its fascination with foreign affairs? The explanation is slowly becoming familiar, though it's still difficult to take seriously.

In the U.S. several million fundamentalist Christians have succumbed to an extraordinary delusion. In the 19th century an Irish priest named John Nelson Darby did what many other quacks, cranks and con men have done: He claimed to have discovered a hidden prophecy in the Bible. He had



From Signorelli's "End of Mankind."

cobbled together a series of unrelated passages to create what appeared to be a consistent narrative: Jesus will return to earth when certain preconditions have been met. The first was the establishment of a state of Israel. The next involved Israel's occupation of the rest of its "Biblical lands" (everything from the Nile to the Euphrates) and the rebuilding of the Third Temple on the site now occupied by the Dome of the Rock and Al-Aqsa mosques. The legions of the Antichrist will then be deployed against Israel, and their war will lead to a final showdown in the valley of Armageddon. The Jews will either burn or convert to Christianity, and the Messiah will return to earth.

What makes the story so appealing to Christian fundamentalists is that before the final battle begins, all true believers will be lifted out of their



# ENCYCLOPEDIA OF OPEN MOTORING



THE MINI CONVERTIBLE. ALWAYS OPEN.

# WHERE DOES OPEN MOTORING COME FROM?

When automobiles were first created, the only kind of tops they had were flimsy canvas contraptions that had to be built on to the car. Nobody bothered to use them. And everybody engaged in open motoring. But soon cars evolved. While some people ran for hard tops, others stuck with soft tops. It was more daring. And brazen. It was a life full of adventure with a dash of imminent peril. If you ever watch old films, or even new films for that matter, you'll notice the best leading men always drive convertibles. This is not a coincidence.

## GOGGLES:

They were worn by fighter pilots and open motorers. Where the idea came from depends on who you ask. But considering that cars were invented first, it stands to reason that motorers came up with the idea. But pilots will probably never admit it.

## MUSTACHE:

Some call this a "flavor saver" because it traps food particles and saves them to be enjoyed at a later time. In the early days of open motoring, this device would trap small particles of dust, oil and gasoline. Capturing the true essence of an open motorer.

## MOTORCYCLE:

Early on, touring along twisty roads with the top down felt more like riding on a motorcycle with four wheels than riding in the comfort of a car. Things aren't that much different today. Except now your four-wheeled motorcycle comes with a CD player.



## FORO MOOEL T:

On October 1, 1908, the first Ford Model T was sold. At a cost of \$825, over 10,000 were bought. Though it was by no means the first automobile created, it was the first time average Americans could get their hands on a car. It was also the first time average Americans could open motor. Imagine what it must have been like for an entire country to get their driver's licenses in the same year.



## WHERE DOES OPEN MOTORING COME FROM?

### LEATHER HEADGEAR:

Before there were hard plastics, carbon fibers and windshields, there was leather. It kept the hair out of the face and the wind out of the ears. It fit snug and tight. And when it got wet, it smelled bad. But this was what you wore. And you never heard anyone complain.



### BUGS:

Some insects are considered delicacies in many countries around the globe. So whenever you encounter such creatures, just think of them as an appetizer for your next meal. Then consider yourself worldly and exotic.



### HORSE:

Since the beginning of time, man has traveled without a top. The idea of fitting some sort of canopy over a horse would have seemed ludicrous. It doesn't seem that smart in today's world either.

fig. 1

### SCARF:

People learned early on that bundling up, not closing yourself in, was the right way to stay warm. Fact: Nothing looks more dashing than a scarf flapping in the wind. So it's no surprise scarves became commonplace around the necks of open motorers.

### WINDING ROADS:

Some roads need to bend and curve because of the landscape they're built into. Others, like back roads, twist around soft patches of land and valleys. Either way, winding roads are like a church to open motorers. Amen.



# THE LAW OF THE TOP

There is no open motoring without the open part. Therefore, the top is always kept down. Always. When the top is down, you're a part of the road, the environment, the city, the world. There's no reason to cut yourself off from that. Let the outside in. Once in a while, you'll run into extreme circumstances that will render this rule ineffective. But we're talking swarm-of-locusts extreme. And even then, you might want to try bug spray first.

## ANTI-BALANCE:

In most things in life you want balance. A yin and yang symbiosis. This is not one of those situations. You keep the top down. Forget balance with having the top up.



## 24/7:

When it's 9:30, you should know where your top is. Down. No matter what time it is, it's always in the same place.



## GO-KART:

Half a century ago in Glendale, CA, the first one was made from a surplus lawnmower engine and steel tubes. There are many stages along the evolutionary journey of the go-kart. The latest is the production of the world's first street legal go-kart (pictured big and in the center of the page).

fig. 2



## SPF:

This stands for Sun Protection Factor. An SPF of 15 means a person can stay out in the sun 15 times longer than he normally would before burning. So if you don't feel like applying sunscreen more than once, use the length of your trip to determine the SPF you need.

**COCKPIT:**

Non-convertible cars have interiors. But with convertibles, when the top is down all the time, the interior is actually part of the exterior. Thus, the interior of the MINI Convertible is called the cockpit. And its passengers, co-pilots. (The Cockpit Chrono Pack shown here is optional.)



**ITALIAN LOCUST:**

During migration, which can stretch for hundreds or thousands of miles, a single swarm can contain up to 124 million insects. Which might sound appetizing to some, given this is one of those insects that's considered a delicacy in some countries.

**BLOOD BROTHERS:**

There's an unspoken bond between open motorers. It's a steadfast commitment to the open motoring lifestyle. It's a silent promise to always keep the top down. It's a sworn oath made to one another to always be open. Open motorers are everywhere. And they stick together.



**THE LAW OF THE TOP**

**WHERE TO BEGIN?**

Open motoring can take some getting used to. It can be difficult to commit all at once. Luckily, the MINI Convertible comes complete with a sunroof stage. The first week, simply motor with the sunroof open every day. Each week, change a sunroof day into a completely open day. Within two months, you will be an open motoring pro.



**Stage 0 (Closed):** Possible, but this does not count as a stage.



**Stage 1 (Sunroof):** The best way to introduce yourself to the open motoring lifestyle.



**Stage 2 (Open):** This is the holy grail of stages.



Many step programs use a bar graph to help illustrate their plan. So you're probably familiar with how these things work.

# WHAT IF NATURE HAPPENS?

Sometimes it rains. That's just the way it is. But there are ways around Mother Nature. Check the weather on the internet. If it means you don't have to put the top up, postpone your departure for a couple of minutes. On the open road, at speeds above 35 mph, a moderate amount of rain will never touch the driver or co-pilot. Despite gravity, the angle and the velocity of a windshield creates a "dry zone" (See figure 3). And if it gets really bad, you could always park under an overpass for a few minutes.

## FALLING FROGS:

In Birmingham, Britain, in 1954, strong winds picked up hundreds of frogs from a pond and carried them to a nearby town. It was said that people continued to motor with their tops down, but rumors have never been confirmed.

*Speed is the key to maintaining dryness. Results may vary.*

fig. 3



## OVERPASS:

It's a known fact that rain can't penetrate concrete. That's not us talking. That's physics.

## REAR CO-PILOTS:

Due to the very nature of the "dry zone," it will be more difficult to keep the rear co-pilots dry. So you might want to stick to a twosome during heavy rains.

## SAFETY:

While an overpass can protect you from the rain, it can't protect you from tornadoes. Despite what a certain Hollywood movie might say. So be careful.

## WHAT IF NATURE HAPPENS?



### URBAN PIGEON:

With a top speed of somewhere around 50 mph, it's easily outpaced by the MINI Convertible.

### WATER CYCLE:

We've all seen this before. So we know we can't stop the rain from coming. Unless somebody constructs some sort of big dome. But who's got time for that?



### PUDDLE STEERING:

This works just like puddle jumping. But to avoid being called a foul name, try to hold off on doing this near pedestrians or cyclists.

### TRY THIS:

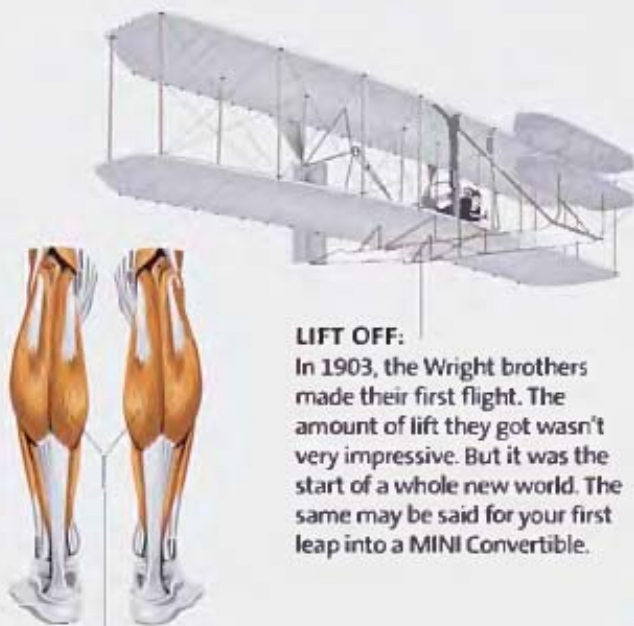


Attach a new sponge (the thinner and dryer the better) to the co-pilot's headrest. Keep it covered until you are going the speed limit. Next, uncover the sponge and begin to slow down. Watch your speedometer and note at what speed the sponge begins to swell from the rain. Also, be careful. A rear co-pilot might be helpful so that you can concentrate on the road. After all, it will be wet.



# HOW DO YOU GET IN?

Doors are openings for cars with roofs. When the top is down, you naturally have a great big opening. Open motorers take advantage. They hop in. Climb out. And this isn't necessarily the exception. It can be the norm. Don't forget, you're not motoring in the same thing as everyone else anymore. So don't act like you are.



**LIFT OFF:**  
In 1903, the Wright brothers made their first flight. The amount of lift they got wasn't very impressive. But it was the start of a whole new world. The same may be said for your first leap into a MINI Convertible.

**FAST TWITCH MUSCLES:**  
There are 639 muscles in the human body. Each one is made up of a bundle of cells called fibers. The fast twitch muscles are the ones responsible for quick, explosive bursts of energy. Like sprinting. Or jumping. Or sprinting and jumping. And quickly fastening your seat belt and stepping on the gas.



**INJURIES:**  
New attempts at athleticism can be rough on the body. A good gauze bandage will come in handy. Be sure to stock your medicine cabinet. And never forget the old rugby slogan that goes, "Bones heal and chicks dig scars."



**JUMPING IS NATURAL:**  
Throughout the animal kingdom, jumping is a way of life. For some, it's the only way to do things. Just take a look at the kangaroo (*macropus rufus*). You can bet you'd never see him opening a door and slowly easing into a MINI Convertible. And nobody wants to be shown up by a kangaroo.



**UPHOLSTERY CARE:**  
Certain shoes are better suited to jumping in than others. For instance, cleats and track shoes are not recommended. Since it's difficult to motor in this type of footwear anyway, this shouldn't be a problem.



## HOW DO YOU GET IN?

### PRACTICE, PRACTICE, PRACTICE:

Don't expect to leap into a MINI Convertible with exact precision the first time out. It may take a little while to get the hang of it. But stick it out. A masterful entry will be sure to turn the heads of any attractive pedestrians who are near. In case you're interested in that sort of thing.

### CO-PILOTS:

Forgoing the doors for a more interesting entry isn't restricted to the driver. It's something everyone can and should participate in. It's a little extreme to flat-out prohibit your co-pilots from using a door, but that doesn't mean it's wrong.



fig. 4



### POTASSIUM VS. MUSCLE CRAMPS:

Eating a banana an hour or two before strenuous activity can help prevent your leg muscles from cramping up because muscle performance is based on the amount of potassium and magnesium the muscle contains.

### THE BAR:

The World Record for the high jump is roughly eight feet. But the height of a MINI door is approximately three feet. Have we used an unfair comparison to prove that it's easy to jump into a MINI Convertible? Maybe. OK, yes. But that doesn't mean it's not true.

### JUMP ENHANCERS:

Jump enhancers are not for the faint of heart. Or the easily bruised. The secret to using them is commitment and an unlimited supply of ice. No doubt there will be some setbacks. And some pain. But this will only lead to greatness. For inspiration, observe professional mascots during slam dunk competitions.



### DID YOU KNOW?

Each motorer can create his or her own unique style for entering a MINI Convertible. The one-hander. The no-hander. The sit and spin. The Amazon monkey flip. And the list goes on. Try different techniques until you discover the one that feels right for you. Here are a few:



THE SIT AND SPIN



THE TWO-HANDER



THE ONE-HANDER

# WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE?

The exterior is what turns pedestrians' heads. But it's everything you can't see that puts the MINI Convertible in a class of one. It's loaded with the features and options of convertibles costing three times as much. And although it's not the only automobile that you can open motor in, it is the only one specifically designed for that purpose. The complete list of everything that a MINI comes equipped with is way too extensive to list here. But we couldn't help it. We had to describe a few of the more important highlights we thought you'd want to know.

fig. 5

## THE STEERING:

It's accurate, tight, lightning-quick, electro-hydraulic and power-assisted. Moreover, the steering is not powered by the engine but instead with its own electric motor, resulting in a joyful combination of communication with the road and fuel efficiency, all without sapping engine power. Handy for raindrop slaloming.

## TURNING ON CHANGE:

The MINI Convertible can easily turn on a dime. Or stop on a dime for that matter. But it can also turn and stop on a penny. This way is much more economical. Why use ten cents when one will do?



## STIFF AS CAN BE:

Reinforced in all the right places to give outstanding torsional rigidity. Which means the suspension can concentrate on the job it was designed to do instead of compensating for body flex. Even without a roof.

## ALWAYS ON OUTY:

At Buckingham Palace, the household troops are always guarding the royal palace. Much like the lockable glove box. And the dealer-installed, optional MINI Remote Controlled Alarm System. A siren sounds and the lights flash if anyone attempts to move or break into the vehicle. A bit more attention-getting than a silent man in a red coat.



**PICK A COLOR:**

This is probably the first place you'll want to start. But it's certainly not where you'll stop. You'll need to choose your interior. And roof color. And wheels. And dashboard figurine. And sunglasses. And just about anything else you can think of. (Just as a heads-up, Hyper Blue won't be available until 2005. Remember, patience is a virtue.)

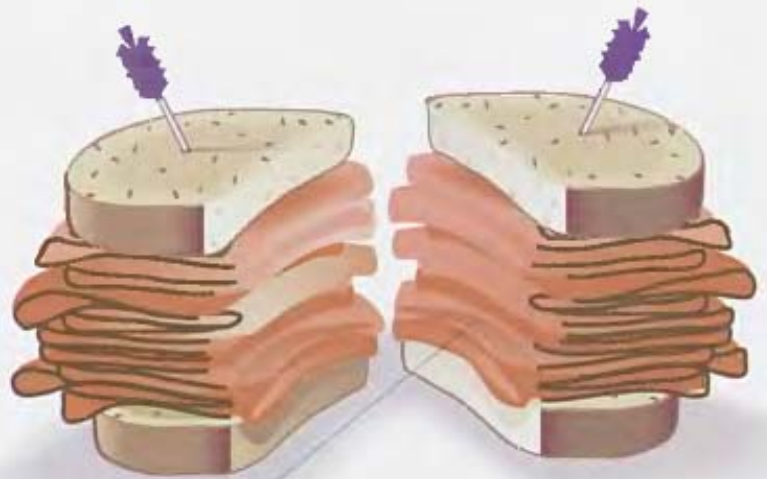
 <b>CHILI RED</b>	 <b>JET BLACK</b>
 <b>LIQUID YELLOW</b>	 <b>BRITISH RACING GREEN</b>
 <b>PURE SILVER</b>	 <b>HYPER BLUE</b>
 <b>PURPLE HAZE</b>	 <b>DARK SILVER (COOPER S ONLY)</b>
 <b>ASTRID BLACK (COOPER ONLY)</b>	 <b>SOLID GOLD (COOPER ONLY)</b>

These two colors are exclusive to the MINI Convertible.

 <b>CDDL BLUE</b>	 <b>HOT ORANGE</b>
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**Convertible Soft Top Colors**

 <b>BLACK</b>	 <b>GREEN</b>	 <b>BLUE</b>
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**"THE MEAT":**

Often times, the technical details and features of the MINI Convertible are referred to as "the meat." As you can see, the sandwich is very full. Speaking of which, if you're ever going to eat pastrami on rye, spicy mustard is a must.



**CRASH SENSOR:**

When an impact is detected, the doors are automatically unlocked and the interior lights switch on. In other words, the MINI Convertible is always watching over you.

**NAILS:**

It's not entirely understood how these and other sharp annoyances end up on our roadways. But the fact is they do. Which is why the MINI Convertible comes standard with runflat technology. This enables you to motor up to 80 miles at 50 mph on a "flat" tire.

**AUTOMOTIVE INTELLIGENCE:**

The MINI Convertible was built with more processing power than the Apollo moon shot. The hundreds of systems and sensors are electronically wired to interact with each other. From the throttle to the steering. From the brake systems to the airbags. From the largest mechanism to the smallest detail. Everything works together to give you the utmost control and comfort. All told, the MINI Convertible brain makes millions of decisions for you every second.

**HOOD SCOOP:**

That's what the slit on the bonnet of the MINI Cooper S is called. It funnels air directly into the supercharger's intercooler. Because of their design, superchargers don't have the lag time associated with turbochargers which means they deliver power when you want it.

**ALPHABET BRAKES:**

Like most cars, the MINI Convertible comes with a standard Anti-Lock Brake System (ABS). Unlike most cars, a MINI comes with Electronic Brakeforce Distribution (EBD) and Corner Brake Control (CBC). Based on load conditions, EBD helps distribute the brake force to stabilize your MINI from front to back and prevent nose dives. The CBC evens out the braking effect in the middle of a corner so that the actual direction of your MINI is the same as the intended direction. In other words, it stabilizes your MINI from side to side. Don't quite understand it all? That's OK. Just know that after being in a MINI Convertible, you'll believe you've got the skills to handle a high-performance race car. Even if you don't.

**DRIVE-BY-WIRE THROTTLE:**

The technical jargon: the MINI Convertible uses a computer chip to send an electronic pulse to the engine the moment the accelerator is pressed for a faster, more consistent throttle response. The non-technical jargon: you get improved performance, better fuel economy and friendlier emissions for the environment.

fig. 5



**CENTER MOUNTED SPEEDOMETER:**

A design feature based on the rally racing days of MINI. Back then, the speedometer was placed in the center of the dashboard so the co-pilot could easily keep track of the speed and mileage. The only thing the driver needed to worry about was the next turn.

**COCKPIT SPACE:**

There's plenty of it. In the front and in the back. Enough for an open motorer and three of his or her most deserving friends to enjoy an afternoon spin. And this isn't even taking into account the 63,000 feet of headroom.

**RESTRAINT SYSTEM:**

Consists of three-point safety seat belts, belt tensioners and belt force limiters. Which means even something as seemingly simple as a seat belt isn't quite so simple to us.

**ROLL-OVER BARS:**

They're made of high-strength aluminum and integrated into the body of the car to provide optimum protection for all four passengers.

**TOP FOLDS DOWN IN 15 SECONDS:**

Thanks to a one-touch button, the top will fold down and away in mere moments. We'd tell you how long it takes to fold back up, but since you'll never be putting it up, there's really no reason to know.





**XENON HEADLAMPS:**

The latest in illumination technology, these ultra-powerful, optional headlights use xenon gas instead of the traditional bulb. They practically turn night into day.

**DYNAMIC STABILITY CONTROL (DSC):**

Sensors are used to measure the steering angle, yaw and lateral acceleration to determine the direction you want to go. If your path is not what you intended, the DSC system will kick in by applying the right amount of brake pressure to individual wheels and manipulating engine torque. An optional feature, DSC commonly evokes the "how the heck does it do that?" response.

**EQUAL LENGTH DRIVE SHAFTS:**

Most car companies don't put in enough time and effort to solve the problem of torque steer in their front-wheel drive cars. This occurs when a car's steering pulls to one side because of the engine torque during rapid acceleration. But the MINI Convertible has equal length drive shafts to eliminate torque steer. So while accelerating away from a toll booth, you don't have to worry about your MINI steering in any direction but straight.



**LEATHER SEATS:**

There is a frequent concern among open motorers that rain is detrimental to leather. But light rain will have little affect on the optional leather seats. Cows stand out in the rain all the time. The rain never bothers them.

**WHEELS:**

Your options range in size from 15 to 17 inches, with the larger size being optional. Remember the days of hubcaps? We've come a long way since then. Thankfully.

MINI Cooper  
(top row)



MINI Cooper S  
(bottom row)



**MULTI-JOINT REAR SUSPENSION:**

It's all about maximized grip and handling. Even over extremely bumpy terrain, your MINI's rear tires stay in full contact with the road. Some say it's excessive to put a high-performance, rear-wheel drive suspension on a front-wheel drive vehicle. We agree. That's why we did it.

## WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE?



### ANTENNA:

Often times, insects use their antennae for smell, which is why they're located towards the front of their body. Similar to the MINI Convertible antenna. A piece of technology we do liken to a sensory organ.

### AIRBAGS:

There are four in total. Two up front to protect the head and the body of the driver and co-pilot in case of a frontal impact. And one on each side to significantly reduce the risk of injuries to the head, chest and pelvic areas in side impacts.



### THE BOOT:

The z-shaped folding mechanism stows the roof away without using any boot space. And the tailgate actually folds down instead of up, like on its hatchback brethren. It makes loading in easier. And who doesn't like easier?



### ENGLISH BULLDOG:

This breed of dog was originally designed to fight bulls. Wrinkles were bred in to allow the bull's blood to run off of the dog's face and aid his vision during the attack. Eventually, bulldogs were crossbred with calmer, gentler breeds to create the sweet, friendly bulldogs we know and love today. Of course, despite their docile nature, we still wouldn't ever recommend taunting one.

MINI COOPER	MINI COOPER S
1.6-liter overhead cam (OHC), 16-valve inline 4-cylinder engine	1.6-liter overhead cam (OHC), 16-valve inline 4-cylinder engine
Weight unladen: 2,700 lbs	Weight unladen: 2,844 lbs
115 Horsepower @ 6000 rpm	170 Horsepower @ 6000 rpm
111 lb-ft of torque @ 4500 rpm	162 lb-ft of torque @ 4500 rpm
0-60 in 8.9 seconds	0-60 in 7.4 seconds
Top Speed 121 mph	Top Speed 138 mph
Cargo 21.4 cubic feet (seats down)	Cargo 21.4 cubic feet (seats down)



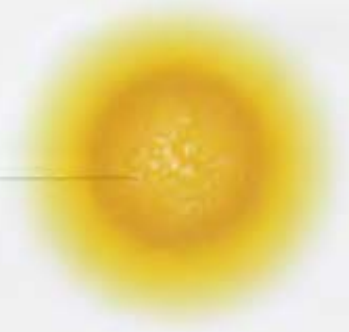
### LOOK DEEPER:

This does not mean you should actually use a magnifying glass to examine a MINI Convertible, although you're more than welcome to. It's merely a metaphor. Take a closer look. Find out more information. We think you'll be pleased. Check out your local MINI Dealer or [MINIUSA.COM](http://MINIUSA.COM).



**THE SUN:**

The sun is 93,000,000 miles from Earth. Yet it'll sting like crazy and do some permanent damage if you stare at it too long. So while the excitement over having a sunroof may tempt motorists to look up all day long, precautions should be taken. Sunglasses are a good place to start.



**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

This is what the MINI Convertible looks like at a 3/4 angle when it's taking advantage of the sunroof function. Though good looking, you should not get used to seeing a MINI Convertible without its top down. Thus, this picture has been kept to roughly 1.5 inches wide.

**THE SUNROOF:**

It might seem like overkill for a convertible to have a power sunroof function. But MINI has never been accused of doing just enough to get by. We're big fans of overachieving. Although the MINI Convertible was specifically designed for full-on, top down open motoring, the sunroof feature can be used to ease people into the open motoring lifestyle. Also, when friends who aren't committed open motorists borrow your MINI, they'll find the sunroof feature quite sweet.

**RAG TOP:**

This nickname for a convertible automobile was first coined in 1955. During the 50's, the novelty of being able to have a hard top had worn off and people began rediscovering the joy of open motoring. To this day, the nickname still embodies a certain amount of affection and devotion towards the convertible.



**DISSECTED FROG:**

The only way to truly understand how something works is to take a peek at its innards. Luckily, with the MINI Convertible, the smell is nothing like biology class.

**GLASS HEATED REAR WINDOW:**

Glass has been made by man since the beginning of time. The Egyptians knew how to make a kind of colored glass. That was more than 5,000 years ago. So why some convertibles are still made with plastic rear windows is a mystery. Glass is simply better. And heated glass improves visibility. So that's what the MINI Convertible has.

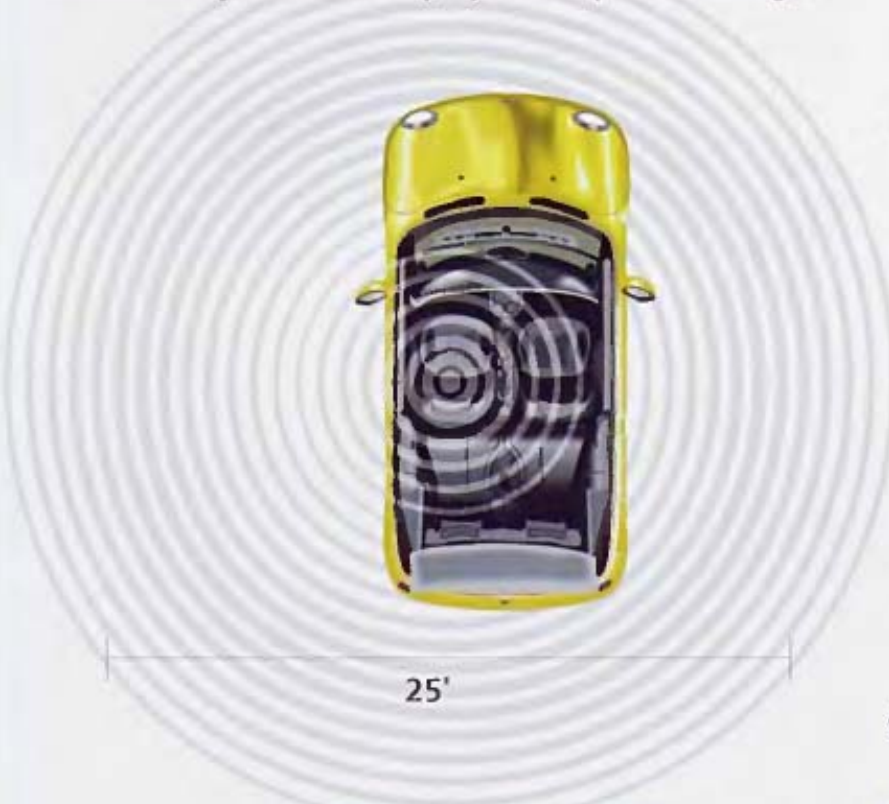


# WHY DO WE STOP SINGING?

Singing occurs naturally while the MINI Convertible is traveling at high speeds, but upon reaching a stop light or stop sign, there is a human tendency to lower the volume of your voice. Especially if there are other pedestrians or motorers within ear shot. This is most likely based on fear. But it is also based on craziness. For true open motoring, the singing must continue. Sing loudly. Sing badly. Sing proudly. Be comfortable in your own voice. If people can hear you, all the better. Hey, free show.

**PROBABLE ZONE OF AUDIBLENESS:**

This is the immediate area surrounding the MINI Convertible where people will be able to hear you sing. A zone with a diameter of 25 feet is an estimation based on the average decibel level of a person singing in a city environment. But your actual zone may vary. See the experiment to the right.



**MINI STEREO:**

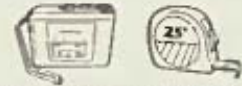
The standard MINI CD stereo has enough wattage to drown out the average voice. When this occurs, it will give the appearance that you're lip syncing. Which comes in handy if you're uncertain about the lyrics of a particular song.

fig. 6

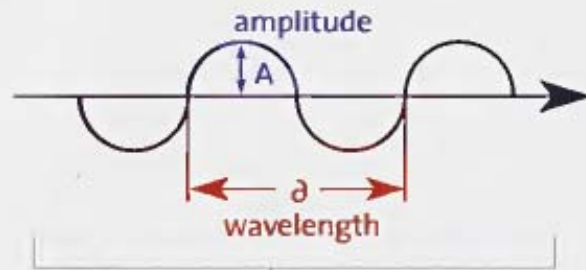




## EXPERIMENT:



Record yourself singing loudly on a tape recorder (if you can still find one). With the engine running, place the tape recorder in the front seat. Press play. Use a tape measure to figure out how far away you can be from the MINI Convertible and still hear yourself harmonizing on the tape. This will determine your Zone of Audibility.



## SOUND WAVES:

Sound waves travel through the air in ripples at about 1,100 feet per second. Interestingly enough, sound actually travels faster through water (4,708 feet per second). So if you ever find you and your MINI submerged in a body of water, feel free to continue singing.



## HUMAN EAR:

There are three main parts: the outer ear, the middle ear and the inner ear. There are anvils and hammers and stirrups and all sorts of small bones inside. They all work in harmony to translate sound waves into signals that are sent to the brain. It's all very scientific and complicated. But the one thing we know for certain is that the ear is a strange looking organ when you stare at it long enough.

## VOICE BOX:

The technical term for the organ that produces speech is the larynx. On each side of the "box" there is a strand of small muscles. These are the vocal cords. The position and tension of these cords when air passes through them determines how the air vibrates and thus the type of sound that emanates. The vocal cords can assume about 170 different positions and easily put a contortionist to shame.

# WHAT MAKES THE NEW CAR SMELL?

With the top down, you're more likely to come into contact with interesting aromas. Some good. Some undoubtedly bad. So why not plan for it? Change your commute so you motor by that bakery on the corner. When you're heading to a friend's, motor by a nearby forest or beach. If you catch a whiff of something, follow your nose. Track it down. Test out your bloodhound skills. Note: Although closing your eyes would make your sense of smell more powerful, we strongly recommend against it.

## BBQ:

Nothing quite defines a summer afternoon like the aroma of meat sizzling on a grill. It wafts through a neighborhood like a homing beacon. Be sure to have something chilled in the glove box. You just might be able to pass yourself off as a distant cousin who's passing through town. By the time anyone realizes what's happening, you'll be halfway through your hamburger.



## PLATO MEXICANO:

Sometimes a scent can come from within a MINI. And sometimes, even from within a co-pilot, much to the dismay of the driver. Yet another reason to keep the top down and have a continuous flow of fresh air.

## POLE POSITION:

There are situations where keeping the top down will smell like the wrong thing to do. But it's not. Simply take it in. That's life you're breathing. Your city. Your neighborhood. Your block. Of course, you could always just go around, too.



fig. 7

## WHAT MAKES THE NEW CAR SMELL?

### AIR FRESHENERS:

Why cover up real life experiences with fake pine or synthetic cherry? Air fresheners are merely the easy way out. It's better to just customize your own scent. And the best part is, it's free.



### OLFACTORY SYSTEM:

The human organ of smell is comprised of delicate hairs covered by a fatty layer of cells. Anything we smell must actually dissolve on the fatty layer before it sinks in. Which is why it takes us a second to register scents. And if you really want to smell something, don't just inhale, sniff.



### AROMA ATOMS:

The way something smells depends on the groups of atoms carrying that odor. Which means each type of odor has a different chemical formula. Which also means you now have evidence to back up your claim that grilling is a science.

### EXPERIMENT:



A smell saturation occurs when someone is exposed to the same scent for a certain period of time. Once their smell receptors are full of a smell, the person will no longer register the scent. Next time you come in contact with a strong scent, begin breathing deeply. Use a stopwatch to determine your "saturation of smell" time.



### MEPHITIS MEPHITIS (STRIPEO SKUNK OR POLE CAT):

This is a perfect opportunity to perform the above experiment. It's also a good chance to prove you're tougher than your co-pilot. You don't exactly need to make fun of him or her for complaining about the odor, but some subtle reference about your incredible fortitude and tolerance is completely acceptable.

# WHAT HAPPENS IN THE COLD?

Just because it's chilly outside does not mean the top will go up. Snowmobiles, snowboards, skis and ski lifts are all open-air modes of transportation. The MINI Convertible can be just as fun. (Imagine if you were insane enough to go 50 mph on a sled.) Simply bundle up in the usual wardrobe you might wear while walking to and from your car. Hat, gloves, scarf, etc. You're simply avoiding the hassle of stripping off layers every time you get in or out of the MINI Convertible.

### SLEDDING:

It's one of the oldest forms of cold-weather open motoring and is still highly regarded today. Although it's vastly inferior to a MINI Convertible. After a day of lugging a sled up the biggest hill in the neighborhood, a beefy car engine sounds pretty good.



### RETRACTION:

Often times in nature, when the thermometer drops, extremities are drawn in towards the body to conserve heat.



### POCKETS:

Although usually home to your hands, they're not much use in this capacity during open motoring.

### GLOVES VS. MITTENS:

The debate has raged on for years. Arguments have been won. Snide comments have been made. Friendships have been placed in jeopardy. And somewhere along the way, somebody got hit in the face with a snowball. Each item has its own strengths. We're not taking sides. We'll leave that up to you.



### GLOVES:

Gloves are useful for operating the toggle switches of a MINI Convertible, pointing to a specific town on a road map and unwrapping tacos.



### MITTENS:

Mittens keep your fingers more insulated and thus offer a bit more warmth. They also make it impossible to give the middle finger. Which is nice.



fig. 8

## WHAT HAPPENS IN THE COLD?

### HOOD:

Up to 55 percent of your body heat is lost through your head. So that's the first place you want to keep warm if you're going to save heat for the rest of your body. As it turns out, your mom knew what she was talking about.

### FROSTBITE:

It's not good for skin to be exposed to freezing temperatures for an extended period of time. The first stage of frostbite is called frostnip. It's when the skin turns white and soft. Keep an eye out for it. If you think you might be in the early stages, just pull in to the next gas station and warm up for a bit.

### LAYERED:

The key to staying warm (and a good bean dip) is layers. Start with thin layers and then move towards heavier ones. Though you might end up with the "buffalo look," this is a small price to pay for being able to keep the top down. Besides, who wouldn't smile if they saw a buffalo driving a MINI Convertible?

### CATCHING SNOWFLAKES:

Nothing makes a red light go by faster than working a tongue full of ice crystals. Just make sure to check for the green light every once in a while. The driver behind you will already be annoyed that you're having fun and he's not.



### HOT CHOCOLATE:

Nothing quite soothes the soul after being out in the cold. For a more filling beverage, be sure to use milk instead of water when mixing with powder. And for some extra flavor, melt in a few small pieces of chocolate.

### BARE HANDS:

You know how some legends tell about people who did stuff with their bare hands? Like catching a fish. Or killing a grizzly bear. Or building a hut out of coconuts. Those stories are pretty crazy.

### BOOTS:

Like any new footwear, motoring in boots will take a little getting used to. But after a few sudden stops and rapid acceleration bursts, you'll get the hang of it. Be sure to kick the snow off your boots before hopping into a MINI Convertible. This will decrease their level of slickness.



### DID YOU KNOW?

If you turn up the heat full blast and point the vents directly at you, it will help cancel out the effects of the cold. Of course, the optional heated front seats don't hurt either. Although an infra-red diagram is probably not necessary to explain this concept, we think you'll agree it looks killer.

# WHAT ABOUT HAIR?

The sad truth is that not everyone likes wind blowing through their hair. Not surprisingly, the amount of time people spend on their hair in the morning is proportionate to the level of complaining (see graph). Although this does mean that statistically women are more likely to complain, they're not alone. Follicle concern is understandable, but it doesn't mean the top has to be put up. Actions simply need to be taken to counterbalance the "hair contingency."

## HAIR FOLLICLE:

Human hair grows at a rate of about half an inch a month. So in case you're interested in shaving it all off, with a few simple measurements and calculations, you could easily figure out how long it will take to grow back. Randomly enough, the growth rate is the fastest between 10 and 11 a.m.



AIR



## EYE WHIP:

There's a distinct possibility that a few strands of hair will whip around to the front of your face. This will cause you some intense pain. But rest assured, you can take it.

## HAIR SPRAY:

This is a futile attempt to battle one of the basic elements of what open motoring is all about. So forget about it. But in case you already have a can and don't know what to do with it, check out the web. With some PVC tubing, a potato and a little time, there's fun to be had.



## MALE PATTERN BALDNESS:

It is a common misperception that prolonged periods of hat-wearing will lead to early baldness. This myth could not be more false than if it came from the town of Loch Ness, Scotland.

## HATS:

The #1 tool against co-pilot complaints. The nets behind the front seats serve as an easy-access storage space. However, when engaging in cap-wearing, be sure to place it on very tightly. This will prevent the wind from carrying it away and the necessity for an unscheduled stop.



### WIND-BLOWN HAIR:

Yes. You will have this. So what? There isn't a bald man alive who wouldn't lie, cheat and steal for it.

fig. 9



### MAN'S BEST CO-PILOT (CANIS DOMESTICUS):

There's no creature that enjoys feeling the wind in its face more than a dog. Coincidentally, this is also the happiest animal. (There is no scientific evidence to back up this claim, however from all the tail wagging going on, it seems like a legitimate conclusion.) Perhaps there's a lesson to be learned here.



### THE PONYTAIL OPTION:

In offering solutions to your co-pilots, you'll often need more than a "deal with it" and a smile. Suggest a ponytail. While you might consider keeping ponytail holders in the glove box, be warned. This will prove to be embarrassing in every situation except this one.

### NECK HAIR:

This will undoubtedly be affected, too, but it will be more from excitement than from the wind. When you get goose bumps, the tiny muscles at the base of each hair follicle, known as arrector pili, contract. This is what makes your neck hair "stand up." If you ever want to see real goose bumps, be careful. Geese will get angry if you get too close and start to stare.



### THE COMPLAINING QUOTIENT:

It's a scientific fact that the more time people spend on their hair, the more they will complain about the top being down. Well, it's not so much of a scientific fact as it is a very logical deduction. This information will come in handy when trying to screen for the perfect co-pilots.



**ANSWERS TO COMMON  
QUESTIONS INCLUDING:**

- WHAT HAPPENS IN THE COLD?
- HOW DO YOU GET IN?
- WHAT ABOUT HAIR?

**CONTINUE YOUR SEARCH FOR  
KNOWLEDGE AT [MINIUSA.COM](http://MINIUSA.COM)**





clothes and carried to heaven during an event called the rapture. Not only do the worthy get to sit at the right hand of God, they will be able to watch, from the best seats, their political and religious opponents being devoured by boils, sores, locusts and frogs during the seven years of tribulation that follow.

One poll suggests that between 15 percent and 18 percent of voters belong to churches or movements that subscribe to these teachings. Another reveals that this figure includes 33 percent of Republicans. The people who believe all this don't believe it halfheartedly; for them it's a matter of life eternal and death. And among them are some of the most powerful men in America.

Attorney General John Ashcroft is a true believer. So are several prominent senators and the House majority leader, Tom DeLay, who traveled to Israel last year and told the Knesset, "There is no middle ground, no moderate position worth taking."

The true believers now seek to bring their glorious prophecy to pass. This means staging confrontations at the old temple site, sponsoring Jewish settlements in the occupied territories, demanding ever more U.S. support for Israel and seeking to provoke a final confrontation with the Antichrist, who, depending on the day, consists of the Muslim world, the "axis of evil," the United Nations, the European Union or France. And, these



Tom DeLay: "No middle ground."

Christians believe, the Antichrist walks among us. He has disguised himself as Kofi Annan, Javier Solana, Yassir Arafat or, more plausibly, Silvio Berlusconi.

Here then we have a major political constituency—representing much of the president's core vote—that entertains a series of insane beliefs and actively seeks to provoke a new world war. Its members see the invasion of Iraq as a warm-up act because Revelation 9:14-15 maintains that four angels "bound in the great river Euphrates" will be released "to slay the third part of men." When Bush asked Ariel Sharon to pull his tanks out of Jenin in 2002 he received 100,000 angry e-mails from Christian fundamentalists. He never

mentioned the matter again.

The electoral calculation, crazy as it appears, works like this. Governments stand or fall on domestic issues. For 85 percent of Americans, the Mideast is a foreign issue and therefore of secondary interest. For 15 percent of the electorate the Mideast isn't just a domestic matter, it's a personal one. If the president fails to start a conflagration there, his core voters don't get to sit at the right hand of God. In other words, George Bush stands to lose fewer votes by encouraging Israeli aggression than he stands to lose by restraining it. He would be mad to listen to these people. He would also be mad not to.

## MARGINALIA



### ENTRIES FROM

*Hatchet Jobs and Hardball*, a new dictionary of political slang: **CAVE** (Citizens Against Virtually Everything): persons who seem to oppose all development or change. **Chicken hawk**: a person who advocates military aggression but avoided service (or did not serve) in the military. **Clothespin vote** (i.e., over nose): a vote made for the candidate regarded as the least objectionable. **Democracy**: a democracy in which unusual or inequitable situations arise even when the system works as intended. **Globaloney**: an unrealistic foreign policy or global outlook. **Juice bill**: a bill that causes lobbyists to open the purse strings. **Kangaroo ticket**: a ticket where the principal candidate is less appealing to voters than the running mate. **Policy wank**: one who engages in a pointless discussion of policy details. **Raptivist**: a politically active hip-hop performer. **Red-headed Eskimo**: a precisely targeted bill or law (i.e., it benefits one person).

### FROM THE WEBSITE

of the Traditional Values Coalition: "Parents who are thinking about taking their children to see *Shrek 2* may wish to consider the following: The movie features a male-to-female transgender (in transition) as an evil bartender. The character has five o'clock shadow, wears a dress and has breasts. It is clear that he is a she-male. This transgendered man expresses sexual desire for Prince Charming, jumps on him and both tumble to the floor. In another scene, Shrek and Donkey need to be rescued by Pinocchio, who is asked to lie so his nose will grow long enough for a smaller character to use as a bridge. Donkey suggests he lie about wearing women's underwear. When he denies wearing women's underwear, his nose begins to grow. An earlier scene features a wolf dressed in Grandma's clothing when Prince Charming encounters him. Later, one of the characters refers to the wolf's gender confusion. Our report, 'A Gender Identity Disorder Goes Mainstream,' explains the effort to deconstruct the biological reality of male and female. DreamWorks is helping in this effort."



**FROM A DEPOSITION** given by Betsy Hoffman, president of the University of Colorado, in a lawsuit involving two former students who say they were sexually assaulted by members of the football team. Hoffman was being questioned about a former placekicker on the team who charges she was assaulted and harassed by teammates.

**Q:** When a player calls her a cunt, is that sexual harassment?  
**A:** It is not my place to determine whether something taken out of context, where I (continued on page 55)

## THE

# DEBUNKER

## MYTH

IT COSTS A PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY \$802 MILLION TO DEVELOP A NEW DRUG



Pharmaceutical companies often cite this average, which comes from a 2001 study by the Tufts Center for the Study of Drug Development, while arguing against government controls that might lower the price of prescription drugs to consumers. (Tufts has since revised its figure, which is based on data from 68 drugs, to \$897 million.) Critics say the number hides a more complex truth. Despite its research-and-development costs, the drug industry is one of the most profitable in the world, with margins between 20 and 25 percent. Pharmaceutical firms spend far more on advertising and administration than on discovering and developing

potential new drugs. And only 15 percent of pharmaceuticals are actually "new"—that is, based on newly discovered active ingredients. The rest are drugs already on the market that are offered in new dosages, existing drugs being marketed for different ailments or "me too" drugs that mimic other products. (Many new drugs are created not because of increased

efficacy but because the patents on older, profitable products are running out. Without new and improved drugs to offer consumers, the companies would lose market share to generics.) Furthermore, the development of many innovative drugs is supported in part by taxpayer-provided subsidies. Public Citizen took a close look at the Tufts number and suggested another way of calculating development costs: Divide the number of new drugs on the market by the industry's total R&D expense. That puts the average closer to \$108 million—or \$71 million if you account for the fact that drug firms can deduct R&D as a business expense.

# READER RESPONSE

## KLEPTOMANIACS

It's bad enough that *PLAYBOY* gives Robert Reich space to bash conservatives with tired stereotypes such as the greedy CEO and the religious fundamentalist ("Where's the Outrage?" July). But it's unconscionable that you allow him to combine the two to explain scandals that happened on his watch and are now being cleaned up by the radcons he so despises. Where were Reich, Bill Clinton and Janet Reno when Tyco, WorldCom, Enron and the mutual-fund scandals were in full flower? The Democrats' approach to the truth, abetted by a compliant media (including *PLAYBOY*), has



JOHN CRAS

Jackson, Loy: Who merits greater outrage?

created a situation in which Republicans are being held responsible not only for all suspected wrongdoing but for all Democratic wrongdoing. And then they're called hypocrites for supposedly not doing anything about it.

Pete Smith  
Cypress, Texas

As a longtime subscriber who considers himself fiscally conservative and socially moderate, I am irritated by the harsh bias of your magazine. The latest example is Reich's essay about men who came to prominence or began cheating their companies long before George Bush took office. The president is not the Antichrist, nor is he the cause of all the problems facing the country.

Gus Trupiano  
Rancho Cucamonga, California

Most of the corporate-owned media treat the outrageous behavior of the radcons with kid gloves. We need more courageous pundits like Reich.

Peter Martin  
Chicago, Illinois

## PARDON ME, MR. PRESIDENT

In May President Bush did something amazing: He commuted the sentences of two prisoners convicted of federal drug charges. I've met many other deserving candidates for early release through my foundation, Can-Do, which I created after I left prison in July 2000. President Clinton granted me clemency after I had served nearly 10 years of a 24-year sentence for collecting bail money for my then-husband, who'd been arrested in Germany on charges of manufacturing ecstasy. If the president is interested, I have 17 cases he should know about, described at [candoclemency.com](http://candoclemency.com). Here are two:

Lisa Hanna, an Army veteran, was attending law school in 1992 when her only child, Steven, nine, died of a seizure related to his cerebral palsy. Heartbroken, Lisa began drinking and using methamphetamine. She also was diagnosed with bipolar disorder. She worked to get her life together, passing the bar and getting married. But the marriage turned sour—she says her husband became a meth dealer. By her account, she moved to another city to hide from him after he broke her nose. When police later busted him for dealing, he fingered Hanna and others to shorten his time behind bars. He received seven years. Lisa is in the fifth year of a 19-year sentence.

Maria Moncada, who lived in Venezuela, planned to visit her half sister in Florida. According to Maria, an acquaintance who traveled with her asked if he could put a pair of shoes in her bag because they didn't fit in his. Customs officials found heroin in the shoes. At her trial the dealer, who could have easily testified against her for leniency, swore he had not told Moncada about the drugs. The jury hung. At a second trial the prosecutor called a witness who Moncada says she had never met—a prisoner who asserted that Maria was part of the ring. She received 12 years.

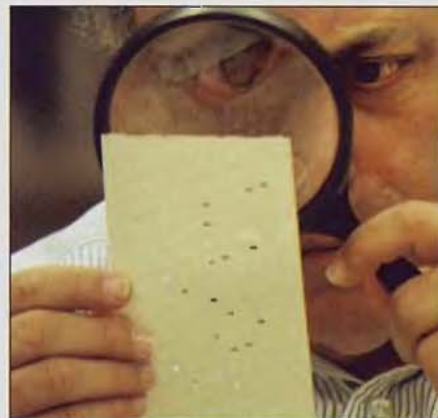
Amy Ralston  
Malibu, California

*We asked the Justice Department why the president, who each year receives between 100 and 200 clemency requests, chose to release Geraldine Gordon, 67, and Bobby Mac Berry, 63. A spokesman had no specifics, but both are in poor health. Gordon, who has had two strokes, served 15 years for selling PCP; the commutation allowed her to leave prison eight months before her scheduled release. Berry had served seven years of a nine-year*

*term for growing marijuana. He suffers from the effects of polio and a prison beating. These are not courageous political choices—Hanna and Moncada would be.*

## DON'T DUMP ON FLORIDA

With the election approaching, we're hearing more about the "debacle" that occurred in Florida during the 2000 election. It's not that I don't think Florida is capable of debacling: I write the syndicated column "News of the Weird" from the state center and see much weirdness. But in this case Florida was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Yes, Katherine Harris put on too much makeup, but at heart she's just a ditzzy socialite wannabe politician, surely not the only one. And the butterfly ballot was created by a Democrat and lauded by Democrats as a way to help the easily confused by putting all candidates on two facing pages. Yes, the vote totals kept changing, but 6 million Floridians went to the polls. I don't like to cast aspersions, but New Mexico, with only a tenth as many votes, had a discrepancy rate between its first returns and its official returns that was many times that of Florida's. It's obvious to me that, had the election turned out differently, all



Examining chads in Broward County, 2000.

Gore's supporters would have abandoned their quasireligious count-every-vote, they-stole-the-election chant and instantly adopted the Bush position that chads are irrelevant and elections must be decided by the law on the books on Election Day and not by laws jury-rigged afterward by a judge.

Chuck Shepherd  
Tampa, Florida

E-mail: [forum@playboy.com](mailto:forum@playboy.com). Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

## NEWSFRONT

## MARGINALIA

(continued from page 53)

was not there and did not hear what was said, was sexual harassment.  
 Q: Are you saying that a person has to be a lawyer to figure out whether particular conduct constitutes harassment under university guidelines?

A: When I know the context in which it was said, I can make that judgment.

Q: Don't you agree that that word is filthy, vile and offensive?

A: That word is—yeah. I mean, that is a swear word.

Q: So you will not agree with me?

A: It is all in the context of how and when it is used.

Q: Can you indicate to me any polite context in which it would be used?

A: Yes. I've actually heard it used as a term of endearment.

Q: Oh.

A: I'm sorry, sir. You asked me the question. I've answered the question.

When this exchange became public, a university spokesperson explained that Hoffman, who is a medieval scholar, was referring to references to *cunt* in the works of Chaucer.

**FROM A STUDY** published earlier this year by two university economists: "This paper studies the links between income, sexual behavior and reported happiness. It uses data from a random sample of 16,000 adults. The paper finds that sexual activity enters strongly positively in happiness equations. Sexual activity appears to have greater effects on the happiness of highly educated people than those with low levels of education. The happiness-maximizing number of partners in the previous year is calculated to be one. Homosexuality has no statistically significant effect on happiness."

**FROM LABELS** on bags sold at [tombihn.com](http://tombihn.com). The last lines appear only in the French translation: "Wash with warm water. Use mild soap. Dry flat. Do not use bleach. Do not iron. We are sorry that our president is an idiot. We did not vote for him."

**FROM A REPORT** issued in 1996 by the House Select Committee on Intelligence: "The *Clandestine Service* is the only part of the Intelligence Community, indeed of the government, where hundreds of employees on a daily basis are directed to break extremely serious laws in countries around the world in the face of frequently sophisticated efforts by foreign governments to catch them. A safe estimate is that several hundred times every day (easily 100,000 times per year) Directorate of Operations officers engage in highly illegal activities (according to foreign law) that might create embarrassment for the U.S. and endanger lives."

## THE FACES OF SPAM

DETROIT—Postal inspectors arrested four men in the first criminal charges against alleged spammers under a new federal law. The Federal Trade Commission says the men (clockwise from top left: Chris Chung, Mark Sadek and brothers James and Daniel Lin) unleashed millions of e-mail ads spouting information on dubious weight-loss patches, penis-enlargement pills and herbal supplements, using hijacked return addresses and without offering a way to "opt out," which violates the Can-Spam Act. Federal authorities, who also accused the men of false advertising, said they were earning \$100,000 or more a month. The FTC called the charges a "spam dunk," but Can-Spam has otherwise had little effect on the volume of junk flooding in-boxes. By one estimate spam now accounts for about six of every 10 e-mail messages.



## BODY OF EVIDENCE

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK—In 2000 Christopher Slavin and a friend assaulted two Mexican laborers. At Slavin's trial, prosecutors introduced photos of his tattoos, which include a white fist, a swastika and a skinhead kicking a man wearing a skullcap. The defense argued that using the tattoos as evidence of a hate crime was akin to forcing Slavin to testify against himself. The state supreme court ruled that the tattoos should be treated as documents. But it also said that the tattoos alone aren't enough to prove the attack involved bias.

## AN ERROR AND A SAVE

LOS ANGELES—Last year officials charged Juan Catalan with murdering a 16-year-old girl. The machinist insisted he was innocent, saying that at the time of the murder he had been with his daughter at a Dodgers game. Catalan's attorney heard that the HBO comedy *Curb Your Enthusiasm* had taped at the stadium during the game, so he asked producers to show him the unaired footage. There in the background, eating a hot dog with his daughter, was his client. A judge released Catalan for lack of evidence.

## LEGAL AFFAIRS

SAN ANTONIO—A husband-and-wife legal team collected at least \$75,000 from the wife's lovers by threatening to take them to court. The details of the operation came out only after the *San Antonio Express-News* obtained sealed court records. Mary Roberts would meet the men in person or through online ads and then exchange explicit e-mails with them and get

together for trysts. Eventually her husband, Ted, would notify the suitors that he might sue them for damaging his marriage. At least five men made cash payments. Asked if she thought the couple's tactics were ethical, Mary Roberts said, "If pleadings are legal, they are ethical."

## TOXIC TECHNICALITY

PEMBROKE PINES, FLORIDA—Femesha Foster didn't think much of her boss at Wal-Mart, so she secretly poured rat poison into his soft drink can. He noticed the granules as he took his first sip and wasn't harmed. A security tape revealed what Foster had done, and a jury found her guilty of attempted poisoning. The only problem is that attempted poisoning isn't a crime in Florida—you have to get the job done. An appeals court overturned her conviction.

## FREEDOM VEGGIES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A federal judge ruled that the FDA can define batter-coated frozen french fries as fresh vegetables. The agency says slicing, frying, battering and freezing potatoes does not change their character. The effect of the ruling is to guarantee that frozen-fry producers will be paid in full even if a grocery or restaurant chain goes bankrupt. Critics call the ruling an abuse of a law intended to protect small farmers.



THE DAILY SHOW WITH JON STEWART PRESENTS  
**JOHN F. KERRY: MONOGRAMMED  
 FOR GREATNESS**

**John Forbes Kerry** entered the world on December 11, 1943, blessed with the same initials as John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Since that day, every moment of John Forbes Kerry's life has been orchestrated to prove that this fact is somehow significant.

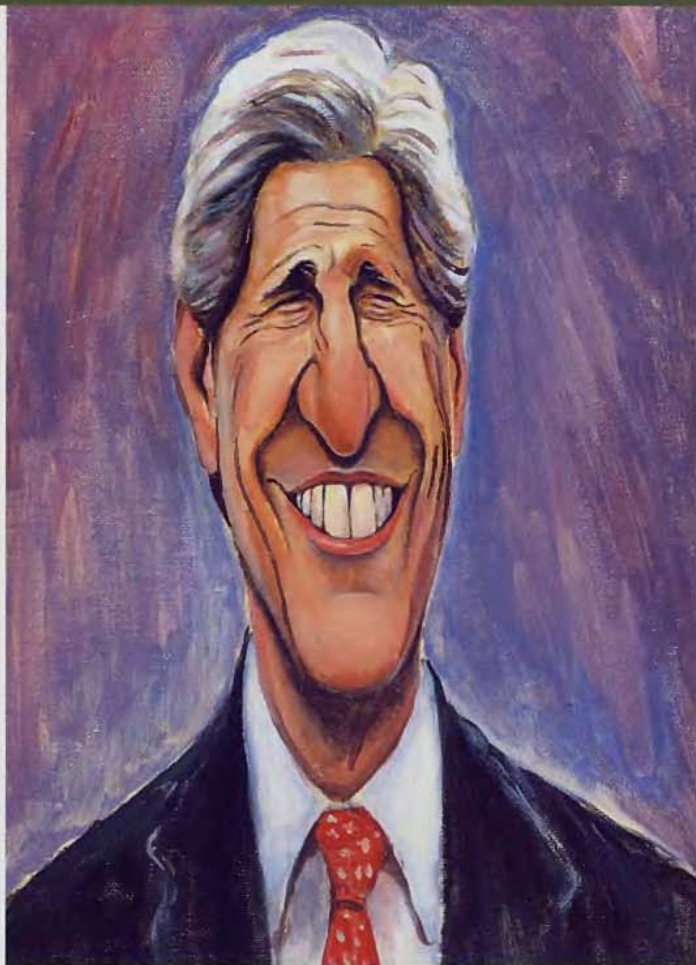
**The quest started early.** Upon being slapped at birth, Kerry applied for and was awarded the first of his 27 Purple Hearts.

**At three months old,** already six-foot-four and craggy, Kerry faced the nursery with a stentorian manner and an inherited lack of humor. His father, Richard, had been a pilot in World War II, and his postwar recovery from tuberculosis was considered one of his lighter moments.

**The Kerry family** was close-knit, with patrician bearings and high expectations for success. Growing up, John and his siblings passed many an evening competing in jaw-squaring and blazer-wearing contests. On Christmas Eve, the whole clan would gather around an old upright piano and stare silently at one another.

**The young Kerry** was unlikable but made up for it with drive and arrogance. His eye was always on the legislative prize. Determined to prove his precious initials were no fluke, Kerry spent countless childhood hours practicing ventriloquism on the chance he could nominate and second himself in student council elections without detection.

**The one area Kerry** was decidedly un-Kennedy-esque was with the ladies. He lost his virginity his senior year only after an intense lobbying and letter-writing campaign aimed at per-



suading the school slut to "grant him franking privileges."

**After prep school,** Kerry matriculated at Yale, where his classmates gave him the playful nickname Senator Kerry. Upon graduation, inspired by his initial-sake, Kerry enlisted in the Navy. He served as a swift-boat officer in the Mekong Delta and was constantly trying to get his boat sunk so he could rescue people. Upon completing an act of heroism, Kerry would receive a medal, which he would then hold up in front of the poster of JFK in his room and shout, "I'm closing in, bitch."

**Kerry returned from Vietnam** to find the nation had changed. War heroes weren't writing *Profiles in Courage* and swimming in pools of hot and cold running poontang—they were reviled. Perplexed, Kerry consulted

his WWJFKD bracelet and emerged an adamant anti-war activist, co-founding Vietnam Veterans Against the War. In his televised testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1971, Kerry famously asked the panel, "How do you ask a man to be the last man to die for a mistake?" before adding, "Huh? Pretty quotable, no?"

**But Kerry's eloquence** failed to ignite the passion young Kennedy had stirred years earlier. His lifelong plan to succeed Kennedy had been missing two crucial elements: a corrupt, ruthless billionaire father and charisma. Kerry was at a crossroads. Where could a terse, stentorian know-it-all succeed if not in politics? The answer: law.

**Kerry received his law degree** from Boston College and went to work as a prosecutor in Middlesex County. He remembers those days fondly as "great bio fodder."

**Ultimately, Kerry realized** that following in the path of John Fitzgerald Kennedy was a daunting task. The times and his early death had conspired to create a myth around the young Kennedy too great to match, even for one sharing his initials. John F. Kerry knew he could never be John F. Kennedy—but look at Teddy. He's a U.S. senator and he's half retarded. If Kerry could simply remain upright and pantsed, it would be a snap.

**Twenty-five years later,** John F. Kerry is a successful four-term senator from Massachusetts.

*Excerpted from The Daily Show With Jon Stewart Presents America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction (Warner Books, 2004).*



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

# Hot Spot

the inside story on

# Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

## Learning "The Ropes"...

**T**his month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that



the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

**T**ina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-276-1193 or [ogoplex.com](http://ogoplex.com). Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DONALD TRUMP

*A candid conversation with TV's favorite rich guy about money, women, hair, Omarosa, parenthood, Viagra and the value of a little self-promotion*

Somehow it's fitting that the Friars Club, the venerable brotherhood of shtick men, has chosen to roast Donald Trump at its centennial celebration this month. Few billionaires have provided as many punch lines as the flamboyant real estate developer with the bombproof comb-over and inexcusable tastes. Even with the gold-plated success of *The Apprentice*, "the hottest reality show in the history of TV," as Trump likes to call it, it's hard not to laugh at the high-camp spectacle that is the Donald's life.

But if the current Trump renaissance has taught us anything, it's that the joke is on the rest of us. Even if you can't stand his pink ties or squinty I'm-so-great delivery, you have to admire Trump for staying on top as long as he has. He nearly went bankrupt during the early-1990s real estate slump, only to fight back with more cash than ever. He sucked it up through tacky marriages and public divorces, only to find romance with Slovenian model Melania Knauss, his fiancée. And in New York City, where Trump bashing had become as common as turbaned cabbies, he now outhits even the Yankees on the hometown popularity scale.

It's hard to say whether *The Apprentice* made him cool again or whether Trump finally brought cool to the hot-tubbing, spit-swapping squalor of "unscripted" television.

More than 20 million people watched the original series each week, with twice that many tuning in for at least part of the finale, when Trump hired cigar salesman Bill Rancic to help construct a 90-story Chicago tower. By the end, *The Apprentice* had become more than just a TV show. It was required viewing at such places as Harvard Business School and the Wharton school of business, and more than a million people applied to take part in round two, which airs this fall.

Not that being a Hollywood titan satisfies Trump, who just keeps moving and building, stamping his name in gold wherever he goes. His latest book, *How to Get Rich*, is his fifth national best-seller, and his latest real estate deals are bringing that special brand of Trump splendor to the Caribbean, Brazil and even Korea.

Born in Queens in 1946, Trump grew up learning to master the universe from his father, Fred, who accumulated millions by selling moderately priced housing to half of Brooklyn and Queens. Not long after Trump the younger crossed the bridge into Manhattan, his behind-the-scenes exploits rivaled the spectacle of his gleaming skyscrapers. His marriages to Ivana and Marla Maples fed a generation of gossip columnists. And even with his current popularity, tabloids love to find chinks in his armor: The casinos

are failing! The stockholders are angry! The billions don't exist!

Trump met with journalist David Hochman over the course of a few days at Trump Tower in Manhattan, midway through the second *Apprentice* shoot. Hochman reports: "Carving big chunks of time out of his busy schedule isn't easy. During one two-hour interview, his executive assistant, Rhona Graff-Riccio, logged more than 50 phone messages. The only call Trump took was from his son Eric, one of his four children. Trump says he always takes his kids' calls. Despite a harried production schedule and a docket full of meetings, public events and charity functions—as well as various interruptions from Trump Organization honchos such as Carolyn Kepcher and other unwitting stars of *The Apprentice*—Trump was focused, enthusiastic, open and direct. He was even gracious enough to leave me with a lapel pin featuring the catchphrase of the year: 'You're fired!'"

**PLAYBOY:** Let's begin with the most fundamental question of all. What's inside your wallet?

**TRUMP:** [Reaching into his pocket] Not much money, actually. A Platinum American Express card, some golf club cards, other credit cards, pictures of the family, a newspaper write-up on one of my new



"People like me much better than they did before *The Apprentice*. It's like being a rock star. And if you think about it, all I did was fire people, which shows how bad my reputation must have been before this."



"I virtually never have to pay for things with cash. I've never used an ATM. When I go to restaurants, I always get free meals, even if I'm there with 10 or 15 people. The sad part is, if I needed money I'd have to pay."



"It's possible that winning *The Apprentice* would have been my dream when I was 25, but these kids go through hell, and I don't know if I'd be willing to do the same. I wouldn't have the patience."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OAVIO ROSE

projects and, let's see, three \$1 bills. One has a picture of my father on it. The other two are from bets I won.

**PLAYBOY:** But aren't you supposed to be a billionaire?

**TRUMP:** I guess \$5 billion or more is the latest figure.

**PLAYBOY:** And you have only \$3 in your wallet? What's the deal?

**TRUMP:** Honestly, I don't spend much during the day. I virtually never have to pay for things with cash. I've never used an ATM. Of course, I always have access to money, and I have hundreds of checking accounts. But I don't handle cash a lot. When I go to restaurants, especially since *The Apprentice*, I always get free meals—"Oh please, Mr. Trump, there's no charge"—even if I'm there with 10 or 15 people. The sad part is, if I were someone who needed money I'd have to pay.

**PLAYBOY:** You came close to bankruptcy during the real estate slump of the early 1990s, and the New York tabloids mocked you for years. What's it like being king of the hill again?

**TRUMP:** It's an amazing thing and a great honor. I had a really high profile before and didn't think it could be higher. I was on the cover of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Fortune*, **PLAYBOY**, you name it, long before *The Apprentice*, but there's even more heat this time. Certainly a businessperson on television has never had anything close to this success. It's like being a rock star. Six people do nothing but sort my mail. People come in and want my secretary Robin's autograph. If a limo pulls up in front of Trump Tower, hundreds of people gather around, even if it's not mine. I ask, "Can this be a normal life?" Maybe it's the power that comes from having the hottest show on television, but people like me much better than they did before *The Apprentice*. And if you think about it, all I did on the show was fire people, which proves how bad my reputation must have been before this.

**PLAYBOY:** You must be so sick of hearing the *F* word.

**TRUMP:** Nah, it's actually very cool and fun. Every time I walk outside, somebody says it, and the funny thing is, everybody thinks I'm hearing it for the first time. "You're fired!" I get it literally a hundred times a day. Little kids come up to me and say, "Mr. Trump, you're fired" and then run away laughing. It became a mania. YOU'RE FIRED hats and T-shirts sell like hotcakes. It's a beautiful phrase. It's harsh, it's ugly, it's mean, but it's concise and gets the job done fast, which is why I love it.

**PLAYBOY:** More than 20 million people a

week watched *The Apprentice*, making it NBC's most successful new series in five years. But it also had a certain novelty that made it the watercooler show of the year. How will you up the ante this season?

**TRUMP:** When you have the greatest show on television, you don't want to make too many changes, but we've done some subtle things and, of course, have a new cast. We have 18 people instead of 16, and there's even more brainpower. We wanted sparks and high IQs, and we got the finest applicants from Harvard, Princeton and Wharton. They're also very attractive. Beyond that we had major corporations begging to be involved. Cunard wanted us to show the *Queen Mary 2* throughout the show. We'll have



I don't use a blow-dryer. I comb it. Once I have it the way I like it, I spray it and it's good for the day.

access to the greatest restaurants, places we could never have gotten before.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you have a shot at winning *The Apprentice* today if you were 25?

**TRUMP:** I don't think so. I wouldn't have had the patience these contestants have had. I also don't know that I'd make the tremendous commitment necessary to make it work. I mean, it's possible that winning *The Apprentice* would have been my dream when I was 25, but these kids go through hell, and I don't know if I'd be willing to do the same.

**PLAYBOY:** Why were the most successful people from the first season—well, at least Bill and Kwame, the two finalists—so un-Trump-like, so bland?

**TRUMP:** They were all great, smart, attrac-

tive people, but not one of them is me. That said, all the apprentices will do well. Bill will make a lot of money over his lifetime, and he's going to learn a lot. Kwame has a Harvard MBA and an incredible career ahead of him. They're all articulate and engaging, and you can't beat the kind of publicity they got. Even Omarosa is doing well, if you believe her.

**PLAYBOY:** Omarosa became one of the great villains in the history of reality TV. She lied, she backstabbed, she even "misplaced" Jessica Simpson. How much of that was scripted?

**TRUMP:** Honestly, none of it. We chose her over 215,000 applicants, but I didn't know until midway through the show that she would be such a villain. I got along with her very well, but she was difficult for people to handle. I realized we had something when people like my dear friend Regis Philbin started asking me if she was too good to be true, if we'd concocted her in some way. It was all 100 percent Omarosa. I couldn't believe she was lying on camera like she was. She's got a problem or something.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you serve as a job reference if she asked?

**TRUMP:** It would depend on what kind of job it is.

**PLAYBOY:** The chief executive of a small company?

**TRUMP:** No, I really don't think so. But I might serve as a reference for her to be on a soap opera, because I think she'd be terrific at it. She's wonderful on TV, and she gets ratings. I just wouldn't necessarily want her running my church.

**PLAYBOY:** The winner, Bill Rancic, was an online cigar salesman from a lesser-known college who tended to micromanage on *The Apprentice*. Now you're having him oversee a complicated 90-story building project in Chicago. What if he screws up?

**TRUMP:** He's working with a tremendously talented group of people who do nothing but put up towers for me. So in all honesty, I don't think there's much room for screwups.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that code for "Bill won't be making any decisions"?

**TRUMP:** Bill will make decisions, and they'll be important ones, but they will always be checked by me and others who've done a lot of this before.

**PLAYBOY:** In real life things haven't been so rosy lately. Trump Hotels and Casino Resorts, your one publicly traded enterprise, is drowning in billions of dollars of debt, and the stock price has fallen. According to *The New York Times*, it's because you either neglected the company or don't have the vision or ability to oversee an entertainment conglomerate.

**TRUMP:** The casinos have done very well



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Patek Philippe makes first wrist watch			

from a business standpoint. People agree that they're well run, they look good and customers love them. The only problem is that over the years I've placed a lot of debt on them. Before I took them public I placed debt on the casinos and also took money out. It's like when you put a mortgage on your house and take money out. It's no different, just larger. I took out money and bought a lot of real estate in New York—a smart decision considering what's happened with real estate. But that left the casinos with a lot of debt, which I'm trying to alleviate.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you optimistic about the casinos' future?

**TRUMP:** I think and hope the casino company will be good in the years to come. The Taj Mahal has been the number one casino in Atlantic City history. And truthfully, it's a small portion of my net worth—two percent or less. But because the casinos are heavily leveraged, people go after them, especially *The New York Times*. Or else people criticize the hair.

**PLAYBOY:** Ah, the hair. Can you walk us through your daily routine?

**TRUMP:** I get up, take a shower and wash my hair. Then I read the newspapers and watch the news on television, and slowly the hair dries. It takes about an hour. I don't use a blow-dryer. Once it's dry I comb it. Once I have it the way I like it—even though nobody else likes it—I spray it and it's good for the day.

**PLAYBOY:** Who cuts it?

**TRUMP:** My girlfriend, Melania.

**PLAYBOY:** You must really trust her.

**TRUMP:** I do. And by the way, she's much more artistic than my hair would indicate. But she believes that if you like something the way it is, you should leave it. She doesn't fool with the hair. She's not trying to reinvent the wheel.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you explain why you're getting married again? You haven't been the poster boy for matrimonial bliss.

**TRUMP:** That's an interesting question coming from **PLAYBOY**. Melania is a very special woman, a good woman. She's been loyal to me, and I'm a big believer in the great woman behind the man. I see it with Bob Wright, the chairman of NBC. His wife, Suzanne, is a great positive force, and Bob is an amazingly successful man. I've seen it the other way, too. When Andre Agassi was married to Brooke Shields, he couldn't play tennis. His ranking fell to 200, and he'd get blown off the court. I think Brooke Shields is a wonderful girl; I know her. But then he married Steffi Graf and all of a sudden he was at number one again.

**PLAYBOY:** What has Melania added to your life?

**TRUMP:** I've had a successful career with Melania in it. The last five years have been my most successful. So maybe it's the woman behind the man or the luck of the woman behind the man, but we've had a good run, and she's great.

**PLAYBOY:** She's a model. You're a billion-



Melania is a very special woman, a good woman. She's been loyal to me, and I'm a big believer in the great woman behind the man.

aire. But do you ever just sit around in your ratty underwear watching *Eliminate* together?

**TRUMP:** We love to watch television together, but we don't get to hang out as much as I'd like. She does cook dinner for me every night, even if we're going out. In fact, her biggest problem is that she's too good of a cook—it's hard not to gain weight when you're with her.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your relationship with Ivana like these days?

**TRUMP:** I would say it's okay. I wouldn't say outstanding, but it's okay.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you talk to her?

**TRUMP:** When necessary. I don't think she's ever properly appreciated what I've done for her, and I've done a lot, much more than she has been willing to admit.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Marla?

**TRUMP:** We have a nice relationship. Marla is a kind woman, but in all fairness she wasn't for me. She's a very spiritual person, perhaps too spiritual for me, and

she's given me a great daughter in Tiffany. Marla and I should have been friends, not necessarily married.

**PLAYBOY:** You wrote in *The Art of the Comeback* that women are gold diggers. Do you still believe that?

**TRUMP:** I think it's hard for women who go out with very wealthy guys not to get seduced by that lifestyle—the apartments at the top of Trump Tower, the helicopters and airplanes. But I don't think all women are gold diggers. There's nothing more beautiful to me than a woman. I love and respect them. I've known a lot of really good women and have had amazing relationships over the years. But as with men, there are good ones and bad ones.

**PLAYBOY:** How often are you alone?

**TRUMP:** Lately not so much, because I live with Melania and we have a nice life together.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you miss the alone time? Don't you crave it occasionally?

**TRUMP:** Listen, Melania really understands me. She gives me tremendous space. She can read me better than anybody I've ever known. She understands when I want to be alone, and she'll just leave me. I've been with other people who would say, "Oh, you're not talking to me. Something's wrong. Why aren't we walking down the street together? Why aren't we doing this together?" But Melania can tell when I'm in the right mood. It makes life a lot easier.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of being in the mood, are you a fan of Viagra?

**TRUMP:** No, I'm not. I think Viagra is wonderful if you need it, if you have medical issues, if you've had surgery. I've just never needed it. Frankly, I wouldn't mind if there were an anti-Viagra, something with the opposite effect. I'm not bragging. I'm just lucky. I don't need it. I've always said, "If you need Viagra, you're probably with the wrong girl."

**PLAYBOY:** How appropriate is the use of

sexuality in today's business world? One of the big criticisms of *The Apprentice* was that the women on the show shamelessly used their sex appeal to manipulate men and get what they wanted.

**TRUMP:** The women on the show were beautiful and very sexual, to the point where I actually took them to task for it. They were really out there for a while. But they weren't doing anything that doesn't exist in the business world. One egghead professor criticized us, saying that sort of thing doesn't take place in business. But come on, sexuality has been important since the beginning of time. If people think sex appeal doesn't exist in the boardroom, they're wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** The women on the show certainly seemed to be flirting with you. Did you realize that?

**TRUMP:** I never saw them flirt. Perhaps they were flirting with me in a business sense, but there's nothing wrong with being attractive, young and confident with the opposite sex.

**PLAYBOY:** What advice do you give your daughter Ivanka about men?

**TRUMP:** I just tell her to be careful. She's smart and beautiful, and hopefully she'll learn. But you can tell children only so much. They either get it right or they don't, and often they don't get it right.

**PLAYBOY:** How did she feel about your remarks on Howard Stern's radio show that New England Patriots quarterback Tom Brady is the only man good enough for her?

**TRUMP:** I kid Tom, but he's a friend of mine. I think he's a great character. I got to know him when he was a judge at a jitterbug contest I entered after the Patriots won the Super Bowl. He's a winner, and by that I mean every time he needs to make the pass he makes it. You have other guys in the NFL and in life who have all the equipment but don't make the pass. I think Tom's a great guy,

and I think he and Ivanka would make a great combination.

**PLAYBOY:** What does Ivanka think?

**TRUMP:** My daughter has a boyfriend and she's happy with him, but Tom Brady would make any father-in-law proud.

**PLAYBOY:** It must be difficult being Donald Trump's child. Your four children have security and undoubtedly all the material possessions they could ask for, but now some of them, such as Donald Jr., a Wharton graduate, are going into the family business. What's your sense of the pressure that's on them to out-Trump you?

**TRUMP:** I think there's pressure on them but not too much, I hope. It's not easy for them. When their father does a television show and it becomes the number one program, when their father is by far the biggest developer in New York, it's tough to beat. It's also tough to have children grow up in this crazy limelight. They've adjusted well—they're smart, they've been good students, they went to good schools—but maybe the toughest thing is to find private time with my children. Even when I take them out to a restaurant, people come up and go crazy. I've never been the kind of guy who takes his son out to Central Park to play catch, but I think I'm a good father.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of son were you? Were you rebellious?

**TRUMP:** I was very bad. That's why my parents sent me to a military academy. I was rebellious. Not violent or anything, but I wasn't exactly well behaved. I once gave one of my teachers a black eye. I talked back to my parents and to people in general. Perhaps it was more like bratty behavior, but I certainly wasn't the perfect child.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you went into the family business the minute you graduated from Wharton. And that was in 1968, when other people your age were heading to either Haight-Ashbury or

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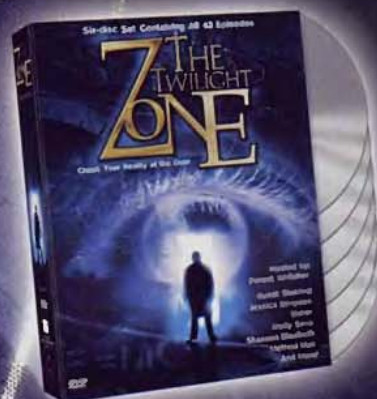
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Vietnam. Did you for a moment consider packing up a Volkswagen van and cruising to Woodstock?

**TRUMP:** No. When I graduated, it was all about work. I loved working as much as my father did, right from the start.

**PLAYBOY:** A psychiatrist once commented that you have an "overmastering need to escape the shadow of your father."

**TRUMP:** I wouldn't dispute that. I'm a competitive person. It's not an overly complex theory; I've heard it with respect to many successful sons. I totally loved my father, but I would say that in the beginning especially I was competitive with my father, yes.

**PLAYBOY:** How were you two different?

**TRUMP:** That's a tough question to answer. We had a lot of the same qualities in terms of negotiation, in terms of certain aspects of running a business. My father understood how to build, and I learned a lot from him. I learned about construction, about building. But if I had an edge over my father, it might have been in concepts—the concept of a building. It also might have been in scope. I would rather sell apartments to billionaires who want to live on Fifth Avenue and 57th Street than sell apartments to people in Brooklyn who are wonderful people but are going to chisel me down because every penny is important. My father never really got away from Brooklyn and Queens. He was very successful there, but he was more comfortable selling a piece of land in Brooklyn for \$1 a foot than in Manhattan for \$1,000 a foot. You have to be comfortable with what you're doing or you won't be successful. I used to stand on the other side of the East River and look at Manhattan. I'd always admired the great buildings, and now I own many of them. I own the land under the Empire State Building. I own 40 Wall Street, which for a time was the tallest building in the world and now, sadly, is the tallest building in downtown Manhattan.

**PLAYBOY:** What gave you the idea that you could do more?

**TRUMP:** A combination of my mother and my father, I think. My mother was a great homemaker. She also had good promotional skills and was a great storyteller. She came from Scotland, and she would sit and read about the English royal family any chance she could. If there was a royal wedding on TV, she could watch it for 24 straight hours. She loved pomp and pageantry. My father wasn't into pomp and pageantry. That's why he loved Brooklyn and Queens and why he was so good at what he did there. Pomp and pageantry and a love of business—if you put the two of them together, perhaps you have Donald Trump.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you someone who talks out your parent issues with a psychiatrist?

**TRUMP:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**TRUMP:** Because I'm too busy and because I enjoy my life. A lot of people see psychi-

atrists because they don't have enough on their mind. I spend so much time thinking about buildings and deals and clubs and doing what I do that I don't have time to get into trouble mentally. I don't knock psychiatry. I have friends who can't live without it. They look forward to it and go five, six, seven times a week. But I don't like that. It's a crutch.

**PLAYBOY:** We always read about your famous fear of germs. A psychiatrist would have a field day with that one. Is it still an issue?

**TRUMP:** The concept of shaking hands is absolutely terrible, and statistically I've been proven right. Many studies have found that you catch colds and who knows what else from shaking hands. A guy walked into my office two weeks ago. He shook my hand, hugged me, sat down and said, "I have the worst flu I've ever had." The guy looked like he was dying, and he'd just shaken my hand. I said, "Why did you shake my hand?" People don't have a clue. It's disgusting. Then he wanted to shake my hand when I left. I said, "Look, you just told me you're dying of the flu and I'm supposed to shake your hand?" But honestly, I don't feel crippled by it. I just wash my hands.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your temper? In the book *Trumped!*, an unauthorized biography, your former employee John O'Donnell describes your ripping upholstery out of a limo, ramming your fist through tile in a casino, yelling at pilots for rough landings. How's that Donald doing these days, and why didn't we see him on *The Apprentice*?

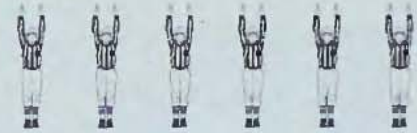
**TRUMP:** O'Donnell is a loser. He totally made that up. I hardly even knew this guy. He wasn't very good at what he did. I've had many books written about me, and in almost all instances they just make things up and say whatever they want, even if it's total nonsense. I ripped the interior out of limousines? Give me a break.

**PLAYBOY:** When was the last time you screamed at an employee?

**TRUMP:** It might have been two days ago, but it wasn't out of anger; it was a method of getting them to do a better job. Sometimes that works better than honey. I don't actually have a bad temper. I call it controlled violence. I get angry at people for incompetence. I get angry at people who are getting paid a lot of money and don't look sharp when they work for me. That's one reason I do better than everybody else. That's one reason I get more per square foot than other real estate people. That's part of why I'm so successful.

**PLAYBOY:** Does one project stand out?

**TRUMP:** I've always loved Trump Tower. It's not my most successful building because of the size. It's a big building, 68 stories. Many of my jobs are more financially successful. A perfect example is Manhattan's west side rail yards, where I built Trump Place, which has almost 6,000 units and 10 million square feet. It's actually the most successful job



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in New York, but nobody knows about it because it's along the Hudson River. By comparison, the new Time-Warner Center in Columbus Circle is only 2 million square feet. Trump Place is at a location where it's not so evident, yet it's five times the size of Time-Warner.

**PLAYBOY:** And the road to building it was a long one. It took you 10 years to get that job done. Practically everybody on Manhattan's Upper West Side hated you because they thought it would cast shadows and change the culture of a beloved neighborhood.

**TRUMP:** They hated me. There were riots on the west side when I was building it. To be honest, the near collapse of New York during the 1990s is what got it done. If New York had been doing well, we would never have gotten the zoning for that job. It's always good to get zoning in bad times and build in good times. It took 10 years, and now it's paying off, which says everything about sticking to it. Never give up. It was a tough job, but it was an amazing experience. I think I'm somebody with a great imagination who understands people and understands quality, and when I put it all together I do some interesting things.

**PLAYBOY:** It would have been great to hear your ideas for some of the team projects on *The Apprentice*. For instance, how would you have sold lemonade on the streets of New York?

**TRUMP:** The women did an amazing job. They were dressed beautifully, and a lot of guys wanted to buy lemonade from them. So naturally, the women blew the men out of the water. As for the men, I certainly wouldn't have been at the Fulton Fish Market—that was a terrible idea. And I wouldn't have dressed in a suit and tie, because who buys lemonade from a man in a suit and tie? No way. I would have gone immediately to a gay section of Manhattan.

**PLAYBOY:** Because?

**TRUMP:** Because I think a gay man would feel really comfortable buying lemonade from another man. Or else I would have hired beautiful women to sell the lemonade. The men picked the worst location. Kwame picked the Fulton Fish Market, and it was a disappointing choice. He was lucky to have survived that one.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever worry about losing it all?

**TRUMP:** I try not to. In the early 1990s I was highly leveraged when the real estate market collapsed. I'd borrowed a lot and had lots of debt. Many of my friends and enemies in the real estate business filed for bankruptcy, but I never had to. I got it all back. Actually, the *Guinness Book of World Records* lists me as having made the greatest personal financial comeback in history. Through it all, I had great relationships with banks. The ones I used then I still use today. The hardest I've ever worked in my life was the period from 1990 to

1994, but my business is now bigger and stronger than ever before. I wouldn't want to do it again, but I learned that the world can change on the head of a dime, and that keeps things in perspective.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you've achieved so much, why not give it all away, as Bill Gates and David Geffen have done?

**TRUMP:** I do give millions of dollars a year, but I do it personally. I just write checks and give it away.

**PLAYBOY:** But the Donald J. Trump Foundation contributed only \$287,000, according to its most recent report.

**TRUMP:** I'm surprised it's even that high, because it's not what you'd call a living foundation. It's set up for after I...when it's no longer my time. The foundation will become very active at that point. But my business is a little different from Bill Gates's business. Bricks and mortar—buildings—don't necessarily divide as easily as stock in a public company. I also have my son in the business. My daughter will be coming in, and I have another son coming up. They all like the real estate business, and as long as that's the situation, I'd be more inclined to leave it to the children than give it all to charity.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that you've never had a glass of alcohol?

**TRUMP:** I've never had drugs and never had alcohol and never had a cup of coffee. I have had other things that perhaps people wouldn't like. I certainly love women in abundance. And I enjoy my work to the point that I don't even consider it work.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you were always showing up at places where drugs were being used. You must have been the only multimillionaire during the heyday of Studio 54 who wasn't snorting cocaine in the bathroom.

**TRUMP:** Yeah, I guess I probably was one of the few people there not doing drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your wildest memory from those days?

**TRUMP:** You saw things at Studio 54 that you had never seen before. You would see not one superstar but 30 of them, and you'd suddenly realize how many so-called superstars there are. Or you'd see the top models in the world getting screwed on tables in the middle of the dance floor. You would see things you just don't see today primarily because of AIDS and other diseases. But it was incredible. You'd see the most beautiful women in the world, the most beautiful people in the world. Then, an hour later, you'd see them making love right in front of you. And I'm there saying, "Excuse me?"

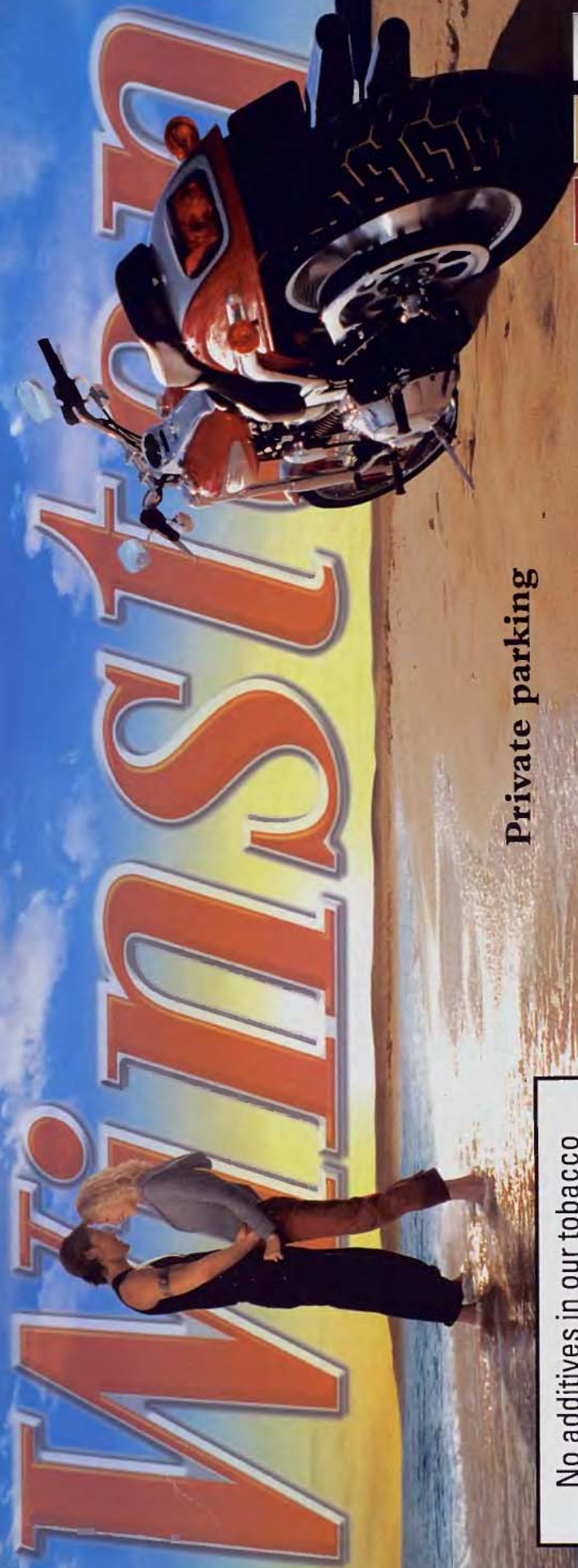
**PLAYBOY:** And what were you up to?

**TRUMP:** I was there having a good time. You don't need drugs and alcohol to have a good time. You can get high on life. That's what I do.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you dating a million models at the time?

**TRUMP:** A million. I was dating lots and lots of women. I just had a great time.

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They were great years, but that was pre-AIDS, and you could do things in those days that today you're at risk doing. AIDS has changed a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there a time when you worried about AIDS because of all you'd done?

**TRUMP:** There was, but I got tested. I think it's hard for young kids today. It's a whole different thing. I tell my sons just to get a nice girlfriend and be happy, because it's dangerous out there. It's Vietnam. I guess now we can say it's Iraq—same deal, right?

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about that. You were considering a run for the presidency in 2000. How would a Trump candidacy have been different in 2004?

**TRUMP:** First let me say that although I got ridiculously high poll numbers, ultimately I decided I didn't want to run primarily because I would have had to do it on the Reform Party ticket, and I thought the Reform Party was a total disaster. You would go to a meeting, there would be fistfights, and it was ridiculous. So that wasn't for me. But things would be a lot different today, from what I've been witnessing. If I were president, I would call Saudi Arabia in right now and say, "You get those fuel prices down or you're going to pay a heavy price," because they're ripping us off left and right. Fuel is at an all-time high. I would get Saudi Arabia and Kuwait in line. We saved Kuwait. These guys were sitting in London in the most beautiful hotels when Saddam Hussein took their country away from them. We put them back into power and now they're ripping us off for oil. I'll tell you one thing: If I were president, a whole different negotiation would be going on right now.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said the first Gulf war contributed to your financial problems in the 1990s. What will this war do?

**TRUMP:** The Persian Gulf war was a different thing. You couldn't get gasoline—that was a big difference—and interest rates got up to 21, 22 percent. But this war is a total catastrophe. We never should have gone there. You could have done spot hits instead of sending in the troops. In all fairness, it's horrible on both sides. I see beautiful Iraqi children being killed and maimed, walking around with no legs and no arms. Then I see soldiers coming home with one arm and one leg, and they're going to have to live that way—and for what? Say anything you want, but Iraq wasn't heavily into terrorism. Saddam didn't allow terrorists, because he didn't want people blowing the hell out of his country. And of course, it turns out there were no weapons of mass destruction.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think should be done now?

**TRUMP:** It's a catastrophic situation because there's no way to get out without losing face. As soon as we leave, the country will be taken over by the next dictator

and then the next one. If we leave Iraq with a wonderful new government in place, it will be overthrown in about 15 seconds, just as the Saudi government would be overthrown in about 15 seconds if we weren't protecting Saudi Arabia.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you think all this will affect the presidential election?

**TRUMP:** I think it's going to be hard for Bush to be reelected because of the war. The first Bush lost because of Iraq, and the second Bush has a big chance of losing because of Iraq too. No way will there be a normal democratic government in that country, in my opinion. The same with Afghanistan. If anybody thinks Afghanistan will become a normal, wonderful democratic country where everybody walks in on a Tuesday and votes, it's not going to happen.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think John Kerry is the man for the job?

**TRUMP:** Well, I know him. He's a great guy. He's a very smart guy. I think he's highly underestimated, and I think he's going to run an amazingly successful campaign. Look at what he did in the primaries. It appeared as if he was off the radar, and all

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*We saved Kuwait. We put them back in power and now they're ripping us off for oil. If I were president, a whole different negotiation would be going on right now.*

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of a sudden he made this great comeback. I have a feeling he's going to do very well.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's shift gears for a moment. It was surprising to read in *How to Get Rich* that you and Mark Burnett, the executive producer of *The Apprentice*, share a passion for Neil Young's music. Any other musical skeletons in your closet?

**TRUMP:** I think Neil Young is a great storyteller, and certainly Mark Burnett is a great storyteller. I took him down to the Taj Mahal to see Neil Young perform, and Mark fell in love with him as an entertainer. I've always been a fan. I like others, too. I think Eminem is fantastic, and most people think I wouldn't like Eminem. And did you know my name is in more black songs than any other name in hip-hop? Black entertainers love Donald Trump. Russell Simmons told me that. Russell said, "You're in more hip-hop songs than any other person," like five of them lately. That's a great honor for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why does everything come back to self-promotion for you? What's the value in constantly telling people how great you are?

**TRUMP:** Because if you don't, probably

nobody else will. Whether I'm building the best buildings in Chicago, New York, California or wherever I happen to be building, I think I get credit for being a great promoter. Actually, what I am is a great builder. I build great things and become successful, and everybody talks about them. I'd like to be remembered as somebody with a high standard of taste who got the job done and also put lots of people to work, made lots of money for the poor and fed a lot of families.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think Trump Tower and your other buildings will bear your name a hundred years from now?

**TRUMP:** No, I don't think so.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**TRUMP:** I don't think any building will be here—and unless we have some very smart people ruling it, the world will not be the same place in a hundred years. The weapons are too powerful, too strong. Access to the weapons is getting too easy, so I think the landscape we're looking at will not be the same unless we get smart people in office quickly.

**PLAYBOY:** That's frightening.

**TRUMP:** You don't agree?

**PLAYBOY:** It's just surprising coming from you. Your whole world is bricks and mortar.

**TRUMP:** I had an uncle who was a great professor and a brilliant man—Dr. John Trump, a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His whole life was devoted to the study and eradication of cancer, and sadly, he died of cancer. But he was a brilliant scientist, and he would tell me weapons are getting so powerful today that humanity is in tremendous trouble. This was 25 years ago, but he was right. The world is rocky, and some terrible things are going to happen. That's why I lead the life I do. I enjoy it. I know life is fragile, and if the world looks like this a hundred years from now, we'll either be very lucky or have found unbelievably good leaders somewhere down the line.

**PLAYBOY:** One last question. You make acquiring wealth look so easy. Why isn't everyone rich?

**TRUMP:** Some people aren't meant to be rich. It's like when Babe Ruth was the greatest home run hitter. There had never been anybody like him, and his teammates would ask, "Babe, Babe, how do you hit the long ball?" And he'd say, "I don't know, man. I just swing at it." I see it like that. It's just something you have, something you're born with. Many people don't have the ability to be rich, because they're too lazy or they don't have the desire or the stick-to-itiveness. It's a talent. Some people have a talent for piano. Some people have a talent for raising a family. Some people have a talent for golf. I just happen to have a talent for making money.







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# WHY THE MILITARY NEVER LEARNS

BY  
DAVID H.  
HACKWORTH

IN A WAR WITH THE IMPORT OF  
WWII, WE'RE IN THE WRONG  
PLACE WITH THE WRONG TOOLS

**The United States** has fought a dozen major wars in its history. Vietnam used to be our worst military mistake. But of all the major wars the U.S. has fought, Iraq is now the biggest military miscalculation our country has ever made.

Why the greatest military miscalculation in our history? Because Iraq is the wrong battlefield. Invading Iraq was as wrongheaded as FDR ordering an attack on Brazil would have been on the night of December 7, 1941, just after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

Instead of moving into Afghanistan with sufficient force to take out the Taliban and track down Osama bin Laden, we've gone into Iraq and dulled our once-mighty military sword on the wrong target. We're engaged in one of the most important wars in our country's history: the war against global terrorism. The main objective should have

been getting Afghanistan squared away and securing the U.S., which we're nowhere close to doing. Sure, the powers that be have given this most essential mission a lot of lip service, but security against global terrorist attacks hasn't improved much since September 11.

That's a fact, and a chilling one, even though losing this conflict would totally change our way of life and what America is all about. Make no mistake, our enemy's goal is to destroy American culture, the whole of Western society and Christianity and Judaism around the world—and dial the clock back to the seventh century. The stakes are as high as they were in World War II, and the duration will be far longer. If you're in your early 30s now, you will probably be retired and have grandchildren before it's over.

Right now it's déjà vu all over again for me. In June 1971 in Saigon, in uniform as a brand-new full colonel, I said in an interview what's now being said about Iraq. I said that the American people were being lied to, that there was no way we could win the war the way we were fighting it and that we should get out and we should get out now.

Another eerie parallel struck me recently. During Vietnam, General William Westmoreland—the architect of that war, first as the theater field commander and later as the U.S. Army chief of staff back in Washington—declared before Congress that we “would prevail in Vietnam.” General John Abizaid, his counterpart in Iraq as commander of central command, recently announced to the Senate Armed Services Committee, “We will prevail there.” I had to pick up my jaw off the floor when he used that phrase.

I shouldn't have been surprised. If there's one thing I've learned in all my years as a soldier and a writer about soldiers, it's that we make the same mistakes over and



PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS





**In Vietnam in 1968, a paratrooper from the 101st Airborne signals to a medical helicopter sent to evacuate casualties from a patrol of Hue.**

over and rarely learn from the past. The major lesson from Vietnam was never again to get into a fight if our national security wasn't threatened. And it wasn't before we went into Iraq. We had air supremacy over the entire country, and we controlled most of the north via the Kurds. By putting the same mechanism in place in the south with the Shiites, we could have contained the Sunnis without putting one boot on the ground and we would never have had to invade. In Vietnam we could run away; there were no earth-shattering consequences. Now, however, we're stuck in the middle of an ever-deepening sandpit that we can't easily climb out of because our national security is involved. The entire Arab world is watching us, and if we cut and run as we did in Somalia, Bin Laden will be quick to take credit and proclaim he has whipped us once again.

To compare Vietnam and Iraq is tough, because no two wars are ever the same. But there are troubling similarities. Both wars were major military and political misjudgments. And they became major disasters early on because in both cases the misguided expectation of a lot of ideologues in power was that these wars would be cakewalks. Of course, Iraq is totally different in scale from Vietnam. Iraq is a relatively small operation in number of troops and has had much lighter casualties. Vietnam was huge. We were involved there for 20 years, from 1955 to 1975, spent hundreds of billions and paid an awful price in precious human treasure: 58,000 dead,

300,000 wounded. Still, in Iraq we've already lost around a thousand American soldiers, suffered thousands of horribly wounded battle casualties and evacuated more than 20,000 nonbattle casualties—and we've already thrown \$123 billion at what promises to be a protracted, painful, trillion-dollar mess.

Before the war and during our first year in Iraq, Vice President Cheney consistently said that the war would be quick and that we would "be greeted as liberators." Apparently the administration never took into account that Saddam might have done some thinking after his first go with shock and awe during Desert Storm and may have taken notes during the new and improved Yankee-Doodle-dandy shock-and-awe show that Secretary of Defense Donald

Rumsfeld premiered in Afghanistan. So when Saddam ordered his people to stash ammo and weapons all over the country and laid the groundwork for guerrilla operations, our top brass were taken by surprise. It took an agonizingly long time for them to catch on to Saddam's endgame even though officers lower on the food chain, young majors and the like, kept urging their bosses to plan for the probability that the Iraqis would wage a hit-and-run guerrilla war just as the Taliban—and the North Vietnamese before them—had done.

So we jumped into Iraq prepared to re-fight Desert Storm—and totally unprepared for the possibility of guerrilla warfare. Instead of securing our rear and flanks, we sent our supply columns flying forward without the right security. War is dictated by logistics, and in Iraq we're dependent on extremely long supply lines, just as we were in Vietnam. Lines that long—in this case stretching from Kuwait to the Turkish border—are hard to guard and easily cut by guerrillas. No wonder we hear so frequently from the troops that the supply chain isn't working. I get reports from soldiers—they were particularly frequent last April and May, when the supply lines were chopped to pieces—saying they don't have enough ammo, spare parts or water and are so short on fresh food that they're reduced to eating MREs, the packaged food that troops call "meals refused by Ethiopians."

Guerrillas attack supply lines to cause opposing commanders to expend a considerable amount of force in securing those lines, which leaves fewer soldiers out hunting down guerrillas. In Vietnam we didn't bother to understand our enemy or the nature of the war we were fighting, and too often we reacted predictably. The same is true in Iraq. The result is that we keep playing dumb defense rather than smart offense—with Jessica Lynch and her service-support crew, along with countless others, being shot up as a consequence. Morale is so bad among some units that soldiers now



**In Iraq in 2003, the corpse of an American soldier killed during the battle for Baghdad is flown out of a military encampment 10 miles from the city center.**

salute their officers and shout, "PTGF, sir." PTGF means "Prepare to get fucked." As usual, the troops are telling it like it is.

Much of the trouble we're experiencing can be traced to how we fought in Afghanistan and the way that influenced the invasion of Iraq. Rumsfeld, like Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara of Vietnam shame, has a tendency to ignore the advice of his generals. When they told him there was no way we could go into Afghanistan quickly, Rumsfeld still insisted we go in fast and light. And that's what we did. With a few Marines and Green Berets and a lot of air power—as well as the forces of entrepreneurial rent-an-army Afghan warlords—we were able to pull it off. This reinforced Rumsfeld's belief that he knew better than the military brass.

During the planning stages of the invasion of Iraq, a squad of generals—including former NATO allied commander Wesley Clark, former commander of central command Anthony Zinni and former commander of Atlantic command John Sheehan—all said, "Don't go there. Bad place." Desert Storm commander Norman Schwarzkopf publicly expressed doubts about our plans. Secretary of State Colin Powell, also a former four-star general, said that if we broke the china, we'd end up owning the joint. When Congress asked General Eric Shinseki, then chief of staff for the Army (and former NATO commander of peacekeeping operations in Bosnia), what size occupation force we would need, he said a minimum of 200,000. He may have been dead on, but he was also dead in the water: He was harshly treated by Rumsfeld and crew for his honesty, his advice was summarily dismissed, and he soon found himself publicly ridiculed. Rumsfeld and his neocon cronies were convinced from their early, easy success in Afghanistan that they could approach Iraq the same way—that the model could be taken anywhere. And they still stubbornly refuse to admit it isn't working.

As the infamous leak of the Pentagon Papers proved, President Lyndon Johnson, McNamara and many top generals realized early in Vietnam that they wouldn't be



**At left, U.S. Marines with India Company, part of the 1st Marine Division, take Iraqi prisoners near Az Bayer after a firefight with them last year. At right, American soldiers stand guard over captured Vietcong forces in 1967.**



Above left, a Vietnamese mother flees with her wounded son in 1968. Above right, an Iraqi mother leaves Baghdad in 2003.

## GENERAL ALERT

Many of the military's best thinkers issued grave warnings about an Iraq invasion



**JOHN SHALIKASHVILI**

former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff

"We must continue to persuade the other members of the Security Council of the correctness of our position, and we must not be too quick to take no for an answer. We are a global nation with global interests, and undermining the credibility of the United Nations does very little to help provide stability, security and safety to the rest of the world, where we have to operate for economic and political reasons."



**JAMES WEBB**, former secretary of the Navy

"Take into account these issues: Resources from around the world, already stretched thin by the war against terrorism and traditional deterrence, will be diverted not only for a war but for a long-term occupation. We have done a good job of bottling up Saddam Hussein and degrading his military. We brought a far more threatening power, the USSR, to its knees by a similar process, not by invading. This proposed invasion has little to do with our true national purpose, which is hunting down terrorists."



**ANTHONY ZINNI**, former commander in chief, U.S. Central Command, and Bush's former special envoy to the Middle East

"We are about to do something that will ignite a fuse in this region that we will rue the day we ever started.... Attacking Iraq now will cause a lot of problems. It might be interesting to wonder why all the generals see it the same way and all those who never fired a shot in anger and are really hell-bent to go to war see it a different way. That's usually the way it is in history.... I worry about the commitment and cost of the aftermath.... You could inherit the country of Iraq if you're willing to do it—if our economy is so great that you're willing to put billions of dollars into reforming Iraq, if you want to put soldiers that are already stretched thin all around the world and add them into a security force there forever."



**JOHN SHEEHAN**

former supreme allied commander, Atlantic

"At some point, you can't just jump out of an airplane and figure out what you're going to do when you get on the ground. It doesn't work that way. Warfare is a deliberate activity that requires deliberate planning."

able to win. And the longer we were mired there, the more they were convinced. They put on a different face for the public, of course, and the citizens of America took a long time to get turned off—even after U.S. troops were suffering a thousand casualties a week. By 1969 we had more than 30,000 U.S. dead, and still the polls supported the war. But early on, the Johnson administration had admitted to itself that we were in deep shit. What we see today is completely different. The arrogant conviction of the handful of chickenhawk officials who pushed us into Iraq is that it will still be "Wham, bam—good-bye, Saddam," and up goes the red, white and blue alongside the flag of a new, democratic Iraq. Blinded by their ideology, these fanatics don't seem able to accept the hard truths.

Last spring, when Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz was asked how many American soldiers had died in Iraq, he missed the mark by a couple hundred. He didn't know the number of Americans who were dead as a result of his own overzealous strategy. It's probably been pretty easy for him to overlook all those casualties up to now because a disproportionate number of blue-collar kids have been doing the dying in Iraq. When you look at the casualty list, it's the same old story we saw in Vietnam: The rich, the privileged and the connected escape the war.

But the public already isn't buying the administration's rosy spin. It's easy to figure out why from the e-mails and other reports I get daily from kids in the trenches telling me what's really going on. In Vietnam, a letter would take weeks or months before making it home. The speed of modern communications means you can't bullshit the troops or their families back in the States for very long anymore. And yet the Bush administration maintains its infallibility.

The civilian command is not alone in its ineptitude. The conventional generals running the war in Iraq are mainly tank generals. In Vietnam we had mostly artillery generals who just wanted to build firebases—because that's what they'd done in previous wars and that's the way artillery people think. But just as that war was not to be won by artillery fire (we used more artillery in Vietnam than in all of World War II), this one can't be won by tanks alone. Guerrilla warfare is a totally different animal. It's won by stealth, surprise, good intelligence and small elements maneuvering independently in the dark. This is (continued on page 82)



*"If you don't do your lessons, I'm going to have to keep you after school...!"*





# THE RAEEL WORLD

PREPARE FOR A CLOSE  
ENCOUNTER OF THE NUDE KIND



**T**hirty-one years ago a French journalist and onetime race car driver by the name of Claude Vorilhon claimed he had been visited by an alien whose flying saucer had landed in the Puy-de-Lassolas volcano. The affable creature, who identified himself as Yahweh, an Eloha (from the singular of *elohim*, Hebrew for “those who came from the sky”), was described as being about four feet tall, with almond-shaped eyes, long black hair, a green suit and a short black beard—in other words, the spitting image of *Graffiti Bridge*—era Prince. During their hourlong meetings over six consecutive days, the Eloha explained to Vorilhon—who in his new capacity as prophet took the name Rael—that extraterrestrials adept at genetic engineering had created all life on earth. “Rael was invited in 1975 to go to their planet for 24 hours,” says Sylvie Chabot, international publicist for the Raelian movement. “He had a foretaste of paradise—a place where there is no war, disease, work or violence, only love, pleasure, consciousness, creativity and eternal youth, thanks to human cloning.” Dr. Brigitte Boisselier, a Raelian bishop, founded Clonaid in 1997 and announced the birth of the first cloned baby, Eve, during a news conference in December 2002. “Already 13 babies have been born through Clonaid’s technology, and 20 more women are pregnant,” claims Chabot. “The Elohim can re-create you as an adult in a couple of hours and download your information, memory and personality into the new cloned body. It is the secret of eternal life.” Arnold Schwarzenegger’s little-seen *Sixth Day* had a similar story line, but the Raelian women pictured here aren’t big fans of science fiction mythos. “I was never really into alien movies, but *The Fifth Element* is my favorite,” says Shizue Kaneko, Rael’s personal assistant. “It shows our future—beauty, technology and love.” We say, “Bring it on!”

**Above, from left: Rael, leader of the Raelian movement, poses in front of a replica of the UFO that paid him a visit in 1973 atop a volcano in southern France; his followers refer to Rael as His Holiness; a model of the proposed Raelian embassy. Opposite page: Shizue Kaneko, Rael’s personal assistant, is a key player in the Raelian revolution.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEN NISHINO



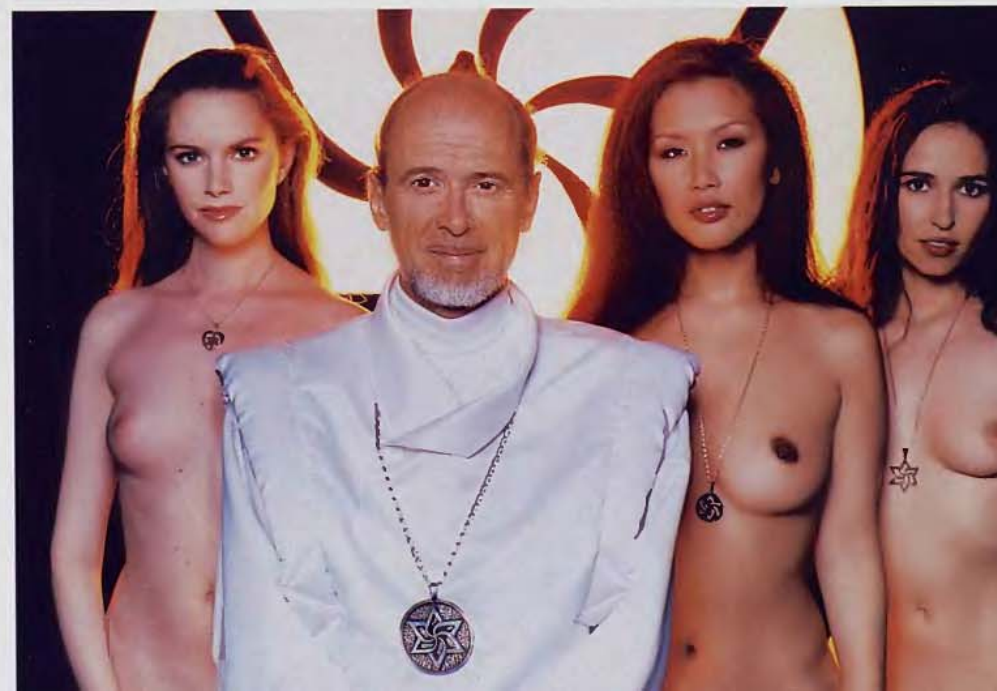
The Raelian movement claims approximately 60,000 members in 90 countries. The ultimate goal of the hedonistic religion is to build an embassy in Jerusalem for the Elohim's return, a proposal the Israeli government has shot down seven times already. We asked Raelian Marina Balibrera, Dr. Boisselier's daughter, how she responds to people who call the Raelian movement a cult. "I ask them first if they are members of a Jewish or Christian cult," she says. "The word cult comes from the Latin word cultus, which means showing respect to something higher. I have no problem if they use the word in a respectful way, but cult is usually a way of showing disdain for a religious minority." Spend a little time with Marina or other Raelian women and you'll quickly realize you're dealing with an uninhibited, sexually liberated bunch. "Sensual meditation is a technique of relaxation that helps you connect to the infinite that surrounds us," says Marina. "Be careful—you may end up getting an orgasm from the strawberry you're eating! Sexuality is the best way to work directly on our biological computer: the brain. Some Raelians choose to be single—masturbation is very healthy—some like exclusivity with their partner, and some are butterflies. I have to confess that I am easily charmed when a man is curious about my philosophy."

Since they think their bodies are from out of this world, Raelian women have healthier self-images than most. "I love my body, which our creators, the Elohim, gave us in their image," says Shizue. "This is the only religion that teaches that nudity and sexuality are pure and beautiful." Sophie Deniverville, Rael's wife and partner for 13 years, feels sorry for those who have hang-ups about nudity. "I have only compassion for them, as they surely have sad lives full of guilt," she says. "Political and religious leaders want everybody to think the world is as puritanical as before, but a vast majority of people are very open-minded. By creating this magazine, Hugh Hefner helped society evolve toward more sexual freedom." Marina is producing a documentary on embryonic stem cells and likes to create conceptual performance-art videos in her spare time. "The Raelian philosophy doesn't want everybody to be the same but encourages you to get in touch with who you always wanted to be and reprogram yourself to your own taste," Marina says. "We take pride in being nonconformists. We not only respect differences but love and encourage them. Lately I've been developing subversion, refinement and humor. Do you want to play?"

**Opposite page:** Like all Raelians, Marina Balibrera (top left) believes the secrets of immortality can be unlocked through stem cell research and cloning. Shizue Kaneko (top right and bottom) offers her body for closer examination.



Clockwise from below: Raelians Sophie Deniverville, Rael, Shizue Kaneko and Marina Balibrera; "Raelian angels" march for International Women's Day in Los Angeles; the RMX2010, the embryonic cloning machine developed by Clonaid that supposedly produced the world's first cloned baby; Shizue and Marina kiss; Raelians demonstrate against the Catholic Church in Montreal.





Raelians say the Elohim want to help create a paradise on earth and will return as soon as we construct an embassy to welcome their spacships. The extraterrestrials supposedly hail from a planet in our galaxy, and Rael is their ambassador.

See more Raelian women at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).



# MILITARY (continued from page 74)

*I asked soldiers, "Are we going to see an exodus from the military?" I got a thousand e-mails saying "Fuckin'-A."*

why the Iraqi theater should be turned over to Special Forces skippers, our specialists in these sorts of operations.

I've also discovered that, as in Vietnam, few officers above the rank of lieutenant colonel—not very high in the military scheme of things—have a clue about the nature of guerrilla warfare and the enemy. Officers at the top are still overly concerned with their careers. When commanders are focused on how they can maintain the status quo while moving onward and upward instead of zeroing in on their mission, their men and what needs to be done, the supply folks need to order more body bags.

Such problems are costing us dearly. Because of the commitment of our forces in 132 countries around the world and on two major hot battlefields, Iraq and Afghanistan, our forces are stretched beyond the breaking point. We're so desperate that we pulled an infantry brigade out of Korea recently, virtually from the front lines, to send to Iraq. We're frantically trying to resolve this shortage by activating National Guard units and calling up more Reserves to the point that we're about to break those two organizations filled with fine patriots. If this over-commitment continues, we'll likely end up with soldiers and Marines hanging up their rifles and walking out the front gate. A recent query on my website (hackworth.com) asked, "Are we going to see an exodus from the U.S. military?" I got a thousand e-mail responses within two days all saying essentially the same thing: "Fuckin'-A, you're going to see it. I'm going to be the first one gone."

Based on the staggering number of soldiers vowing to vote with their feet, we'll probably see a return of the draft at some point. In fact, the stop-loss provision the Pentagon is invoking—preventing soldiers from leaving when their obligations are over—already amounts to a bait-and-switch, backdoor draft. When the draft does come back, perhaps as soon as the end of next year, we'll end up with a bunch of disenfranchised citizen-soldiers blowing the whistle and e-mailing and cell-phoning home like you will not believe, because there's no one more outspoken than a draftee who doesn't want to be there. And if the draft is fair, a mob of powerful, well-connected parents will be asking Congress, just as they did during

Vietnam, "How are my sons defending America by fighting in Iraq?"

While the perceived threat from Iraq was the product of agenda-driven imaginations, there was a definite reality-based threat from the folks who brought us September 11, the same brand of extremist creeps who fired the first salvo in this war in 1983, when they bombed our Marine barracks in Beirut. That's when and where this current conflict started heating up, and that's what administration after administration—Republican and Democrat—have been in denial about ever since. High-level, head-in-the-sand denial.

We were so clueless in 1983, so into our preparations to fight the Soviet Union, that even as that superpower was gasping its final breaths we refused to open our eyes to the threat of terrorism. As late as 1991, when the Soviet Union was in its death throes, the first Bush administration, with Colin Powell as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was desperately casting about for a new enemy. Cuba, China, Libya, Iraq and half a dozen other punk states were put forward to justify perpetuating the massive economic support of our military machine for a superpower showdown. That administration never questioned the logic of maintaining National Guard and Reserves forces designed to fight the Cold War, never recognized the need to secure our borders and ensure that the interior of America was safe and never sought to develop an intelligence system able to track our new enemies, fanatical Muslim terrorists. The moment the first shot was fired in Lebanon, it should have been obvious to even a first-year West Point cadet that this would be the main threat of the future. But throughout the next decades it was as if the chaos in Somalia, the first attempt to take down the World Trade Center, the U.S. embassy bombings in Africa, the USS *Cole* attack in 2000 and numerous other terrorist attacks on U.S. targets were all happening in some alternate universe.

That's because our leaders from both political parties are driven by the bottom line and interested in perpetuating business as usual. War is a racket. And there's a lot more room for profit in preparing for an intercontinental missile battle or a large-scale invasion

than for a down-and-dirty knife fight. There's no money in boots. There's no dough in rifles. There's no pork in armored vests, uniforms or Kevlar helmets like there is in a fleet of F/A-22 fighters, V-22 Ospreys or armored vehicles. The new aircraft carrier USS *Ronald Reagan* cost about \$4.7 billion. The next generation of the Star Wars missile defense system is another perfect example of the big-ticket toys the war merchants eagerly promote. We threw \$70 billion at the first version of Star Wars, and it didn't work. Yet we've already commissioned an equally problem-ridden second generation.

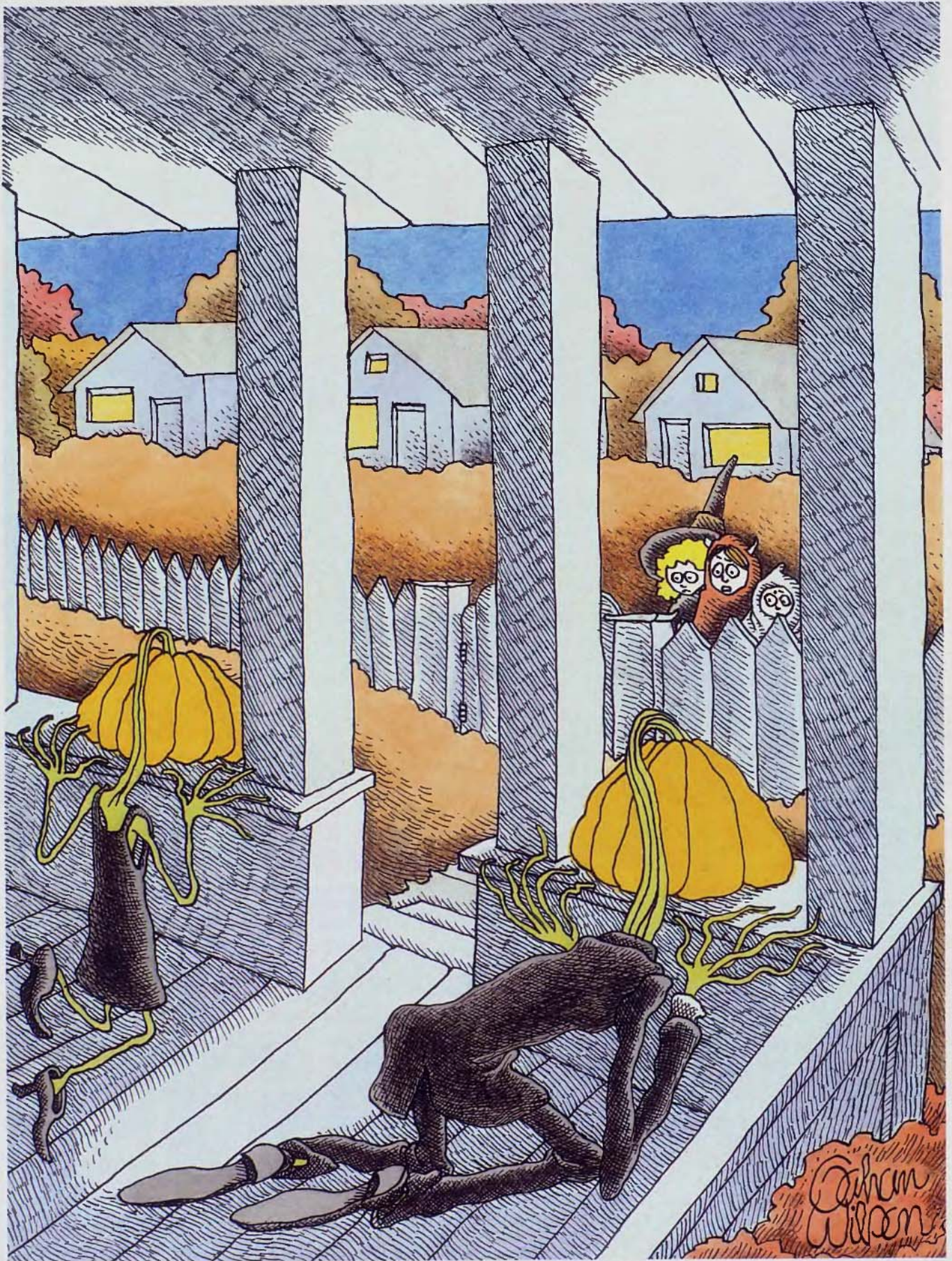
One of the most striking and disheartening similarities between Vietnam and Iraq is that the fat cats at Halliburton—whose subsidiary, Brown & Root, cleaned up big-time in Vietnam—are back profiteering in Iraq. This time around they're able to overcharge even more egregiously because of the military's dependence on civilian contractors—equivalent to more than two divisions of soldiers. A private contractor who drives a truck in Iraq is pulling down about \$100,000 a year; PFC Snuffy Smith gets \$18,000 a year to fill the same job.

We have to get control of our reckless spending and start fighting the war against terrorism the way it should be fought—leanly and meanly. We need to vet our shopping lists, dump the irrelevant and the nonfunctional and fund the stuff our soldiers need for the ground phase of 21st century war fighting. The only losers in this scenario would be arms dealers and terrorists.

We have such enormous firepower and intelligence ability in terms of finding targets that right now nobody on planet Earth can go toe-to-toe with the U.S. military. No one could take us on in a conventional fight. But in Iraq, as in Vietnam, we're not fighting Soviet tank armies; we're fighting a hit-and-run opponent in a war of haves versus have-nots. And there's an important underlying similarity between jungle fighting and city fighting: Both are advantageous to the guerrilla. In Vietnam we had a huge fist and we clobbered everything in sight without considering our goals. And in Iraq, as in Vietnam, we don't seem to have a well-thought-out overall strategy or meaningful objective.

Of course, we still have the big stick, and we're great at swinging it. So far we've won every tactical battle in Iraq. There's no way we can suffer a large-scale tactical defeat. But guess what? In Vietnam we won every large-scale

*(continued on page 164)*



*"I don't like the look of those pumpkins!"*

# RIP. BURN. DIE.

The music industry has lost money, alienated fans and angered artists. Now it fears for its own future. What happened? Our panel of experts unravels the biggest mess in American business

## PART 1: DESPERATE TIMES

How Did the Music Business Lose So Much Money and Piss Off So Many Fans?

**PLAYBOY:** Irving Azoff, who manages the Eagles and Christina Aguilera, recently said of the music business, "This is about as bad as it gets. These are desperate times." Is he right?

**SIMON RENSCHAW** (*managing partner, the Firm; manager, Dixie Chicks and others*): He is. From 1982 to 1997 the record industry enjoyed a free ride. People basically restocked their libraries, replacing vinyl and cassettes—and even eight-tracks, God forbid—with CDs. Huge profits passed to record labels. For 15 years the record companies' coffers swelled and swelled—and then this crisis started.

**PLAYBOY:** Everything from downloading to the price of CDs to the quality of music has been blamed. What's the real story?

**MOBY** (*recording artist*): This is a very unpopular thing to say, but the record companies themselves are at fault. In the late 1980s and early 1990s big corporations started buying them

up. Their sole criterion for determining success was how a company did on a quarterly basis. A friend of mine who ran a big record label said that because of the pressure put on him by the corporation, all he cared about was an album that delivered one hit single. A lot of what succeeded was simple, formulaic, lowest-common-denominator stuff. If the record companies don't value the music, why should the consumer?

**PLAYBOY:** Successful labels such as Island, Geffen and A&M have been purchased by large corporations. After the Sony/BMG merger, there will be only four major labels. How does consolidation affect musical quality?

**RON SHAPIRO** (*former co-president, Atlantic Records*): Corporations want irrational growth, but the music business has historically worked on long-term artist development. Now there is an incredible lack of patience for developing artists. When you program for your parent company's immediate gratification, you sign stuff that's easy to digest, not what you consider brilliant. We're not selling boxes of cereal; we're selling

by david sheff and rob tannenbaum



**THE PANEL, TOP ROW:** Simon Renshaw, managing partner, the Firm; manager, Dixie Chicks and others. Moby, recording artist. Ron Shapiro, former co-president, Atlantic Records. Rick Rubin, producer, Johnny Cash, Red Hot Chili Peppers and others; co-founder, Def Jam Recordings. Liz Brooks, vice president of marketing, BuyMusic.com. Jason Flom, chairman and CEO, Atlantic Records. **BOTTOM ROW:** Marc Geiger, senior vice president, William Morris Agency; co-founder and former CEO, ArtistDirect. Sharon Osbourne, manager, Ozzy Osbourne; overseer of Ozzfest. Perry Farrell, recording artist, Jane's Addiction; founder, Lollapalooza.







# What Went Wrong—by the Numbers

**845 million:** overall music sales (in units) in 2000

**803 million:** overall music sales in 2001

**693 million:** overall music sales in 2002

**687 million:** overall music sales in 2003

**1.8 billion:** number of blank CDs sold each year

**\$3.5 billion:** worldwide sales of ring tones in 2003

**1.7 million:** number of iPods Apple sold in the first six months of 2004

**4.4 million:** number of iPods Apple has sold since they were introduced in October 2001

**70 million:** number of songs sold by iTunes in its first year

**2.6 billion:** number of songs that are illegally shared online each month, according to Recording Industry Association of America testimony to Congress

**29:** percentage of Americans surveyed who admitted to using free file-sharing services before the RIAA lawsuits were announced

**14:** percentage of Americans surveyed who admitted to using free file-sharing services after the RIAA lawsuits were announced

**260:** approximate number of stores closed in 2003 by Musicland Group

**294:** number of stores closed by Wherehouse last year, out of a total of 405

musicians, and musicians almost never live their lives to the rhythm of Wall Street.

**RICK RUBIN** (*producer, Johnny Cash, Red Hot Chili Peppers and others; co-founder, Def Jam Recordings*): It stopped being about music. The business became all about marketing and promoting singles. Radio doesn't care what the rest of the album sounds like, so the labels stopped caring too. And they taught bands to think that way. If you're in a band, you don't really know anything. You sign to a label and you're told to make a hit single. Then kids go out and buy the album for one song, and the rest of it sucks. The kids get burned and don't want to get burned again.

**LIZ BROOKS** (*vice president of marketing, BuyMusic.com; former Napster employee*): Customers look at an \$18 CD, and there may be one or two songs on it they want to own. That's not value for their entertainment dollar.

**JASON FLOM** (*chairman and CEO, Atlantic Records*): I have a very difficult time with all these generalizations. No one ever told bands to put a bunch of bad songs on an album. I mean, that's a ridiculous concept.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are consumers so alienated from the music business today?

**RON SHAPIRO:** There's been a shameless lack of self-evaluation. Labels did all kinds of crazy things to succeed, to make the most money and to have the most hits—to win at all costs. It gives consumers the sense that they've been fucked with.

**MOBY:** If Bruce Springsteen had been signed to a major label in the 1990s, he would have been dropped three months after his first record. And the same with Fleetwood Mac, Bob Seger and Prince. Their first records were not successful.

**MARC GEIGER** (*senior vice president, William Morris Agency; co-founder and former CEO, ArtistDirect*): Bigger is not better. The entrepreneurial spirit that made the music business has disappeared. People once cared about the music and not about "I've

got to file my 10-K and my 10-Q." That's the result of mergers. **PLAYBOY:** But we keep reading about Norah Jones selling 8.5 million records and 50 Cent selling 6.5 million. How can labels be losing money?

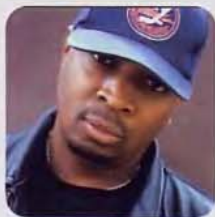
**RON SHAPIRO:** The record business is a bit like Las Vegas. You throw acts against the wall and hope a few will stick—to pay for everything.

**SIMON RENSHAW:** Five percent of records make money, and the other 95 percent lose money. If Ford Motor Company failed 95 percent of the time, it would be out of business. The business model doesn't work—it doesn't make sense. Mergers are the reward for bad management. You screw up so badly there's only one thing to do: merge with another screwed-up business and perpetuate this bullshit for another couple of years. All you're doing is bilking shareholders.

**SHARON OSBOURNE** (*manager, Ozzy Osbourne; overseer of Ozzfest*): Ozzy is signed to Sony, but we don't want to be with them, so we're not delivering anything. We're in a stalemate, firing angry faxes and e-mails to each other. The music people are gone, and the suits who've come in don't understand music. They have a fucking calculator on their desk, and that's all they care about.

**PERRY FARRELL** (*recording artist, Jane's Addiction; founder, Lollapalooza*): Musicians have been treated like dirt. It's sort of like boxing these days: There may be a few champions making money, but most of them are getting their head kicked in. That's what has happened to artists since Wall Street came into the music industry and bankers and accountants took the place of producers and A&R people. When Jane's Addiction started, Warner Bros. Records was run by people who loved music. They produced great groups. Those men were pushed out and replaced with accountants.

**CHUCK D** (*recording artist, Public Enemy; producer*): When businessmen start to think they (continued on page 148)



**THE PANEL, TOP ROW:** Chuck D, recording artist, Public Enemy; producer. David Benveniste, manager, System of a Down, Deftones. Andy Gould, manager, Rob Zombie. Aimee Mann, recording artist, former leader of Til Tuesday. Michael Hausman, manager, Aimee Mann. Russ Solomon, founder and chief executive, Tower Records. **BDTTOM RDW:** David Draisman, recording artist, Disturbed. John Mayer, recording artist. Joe Fleischer, vice president of sales and marketing, BigChampagne, a research firm. **Not pictured:** Chris Bell, director of product marketing, iTunes.





*"She couldn't make up her mind between my place and hers."*

# GAMING GROWS UP

**VIDEO GAMES  
AND THE  
WOMEN  
WHO STAR  
IN THEM  
ARE BETTER  
THAN  
EVER.  
AN  
IN-DEPTH  
LOOK AT THEIR  
TWISTED  
AND CURVACEOUS  
FUTURE**

**S**ure, kids play video games—and they don't stop when they grow up. Anyone looking for proof is directed to Ms. BloodRayne, left. Does she look like something a tween could handle? Today's average gamer is a ripe 29 years of age. And to keep their newest target demographic happy, the digital diversions of 2004 are packed with more hot women, fast cars and big guns than ever before. So break out that credit card and tell the boss you're going to be out sick through January—these games aren't playing around.

**Name:** BloodRayne  
**Measurements:**  
36-22-36  
**Heritage:** Dhampir  
(half human,  
half vampire)  
**Hobbies:** hunting  
Nazis, arcane occult  
rituals, martial arts  
**Favorite food:**  
blood sausage  
**Turn-ons:** men in  
uniform, big blades,  
leather, bite marks  
**Turnoffs:** sunlight,  
hairy backs  
**Can be found in:**  
*BloodRayne 2*

**LUBA LICIOUS** PLAYBOY, OCTOBER 2004: GAMING GROWS UP





NAME: Luba Licious  
MEASUREMENTS: 42-21-37

HEIGHT: 5'4"  
WEIGHT: 127

INTERESTS: long walks on the beach, group sex, needlepoint

TURN-ONS: Jail-O shots, Burning Man, college professors, my roommate

TURNOFFS: the missionary position, long-term relationships, teetotalers

AMBITIONS: to party with a sitting U.S. president

FAVORITE FOODS: burgers, ice cream, vodka

BIRTHPLACE: a mountain meadow in Idaho near my parents' yurt

FAVORITE BOOK: *Kama Sutra* (a.k.a. the Bible)

Luba appears as herself this fall in *Leisure Suit Larry: Magna Cum Laude*.

# CONFLICTS OF INTEREST

War may be politics by other means, but we'll take these bloodbaths over Sim Congress any day



## WORLD WAR II

Few things feel as good as killing Nazis, which explains why World War II has long been a staple subject for action games. Thankfully, the games keep improving. *Brothers in Arms* (above; PC, PS2, Xbox) puts you in charge of getting two fire teams through the D-day invasion. *Call of Duty: United Offensive* (PC) and *Medal of Honor Pacific Assault* (PC) offer less managerial, close-quarters action. New single-player campaigns satisfy, while the multiplayer modes allow you and your buddies to see what Gramps and his band of brothers faced on the battlefield. For a change of pace, get a general's-eye view from *Axis & Allies* (PC), a macro look at humanity's showdown with unmitigated evil.



## VIETNAM

Playing games set during our country's morally ambiguous conflict in Southeast Asia doesn't make that war any easier to comprehend, but at least you won't have to count the days until your tour is up. *Men of Valor* (above; PC, Xbox) offers an almost overwhelming assault on the senses—from the roar of helicopters to the screams and salty banter of your fellow GIs and the constant thrum of heavy ordnance overhead. For a taste of what it's like to be cut off behind enemy lines, walk a mile—or a hundred—in a grunt's shoes in *Conflict: Vietnam* (PC, PS2, Xbox), set during the infamous Tet offensive of 1968. Those susceptible to post-traumatic stress disorder need not apply.



## THE MIDDLE EAST

Urban combat is a nightmare for today's military leaders. Get an eye-ful with *Full Spectrum Warrior* (above; PC, Xbox), in which you face danger around every corner as you lead a pair of fire teams into some sketchy Middle Eastern neighborhoods. Outstanding soldier AI and strict military protocol are your best friends. *Close Combat: First to Fight* (PC, Xbox) takes you into first-person mode as you command a four-man squad of marines infiltrating various urban targets. *Battlefield: Modern Combat* (PS2, Xbox) lets you wage your own private war in the Middle East—just like Donald Rumsfeld! Extra points for sliding defense contracts to your big-business buddies on the sly (just kidding around, Don).



## WAR BY OTHER MEANS

According to Hollywood (and the paranoid guy with the leaflets on our block), not all wars are fought openly. Tom Clancy delivers two black-ops treats: *Rainbow Six: Black Arrow* (Xbox), in which you lead a counterterrorist foursome through a web of intrigue to neutralize weapons of mass destruction, and *Ghost Recon 2* (GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox), in which your small Special Forces team is the only hope of stopping a war between North Korea and China. Too patriotic? Sell your services to the highest bidder with *Mercenaries* (above; PS2, Xbox). This third-person shooter lets you make bank for foiling a military coup in North Korea.

—peter sucin

Nina who that even lethal seq agents ne night on town ever once in a while. Car her (and other out in *Death Degrees*.



# CRUISE CONTROL

If you're an F1 freak or a lawless lunatic, it's time to shift into overdrive

Pedestrians, potholes, homicidal soccer moms—it's murder out on the streets. Luckily, the hottest models are pulling into your living room during the next few months.

Rev up the realism with *Gran Turismo 4* (PS2), the Rolls-Royce of racing simulations. This installment has you cruising courses from Hong Kong to New York City in more than 500 vintage and exotic cars. Newcomer *Enthusia Professional Racing* (PS2) offers visible g-force effects and randomly generated tracks, while fellow rookie *Forza Motorsport* (Xbox) lets you hot-rod your Benzes and Beemers.

This year's criminal-minded offerings are big on customization too. *Need for Speed Underground 2* (GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox), *Juiced* (PS2, Xbox) and *Street Racing Syndicate* (GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox) all boast more high-end hard bodies and neon lighting than the average strip club. *Midnight Club 3: DUB Edition* (PS2, Xbox) remixes its felonious forerunner with everything from full-on choppers to luxury SUVs.

Got road rage? Pileups and crashes are the order of the day in *Burnout 3: Takedown* (PS2, Xbox), *Test Drive: Eve of Destruction* (PS2, Xbox) and *Crash n' Burn* (PS2, Xbox).

If you need a reason to race, try the narrative stylings of *Dukes of Hazzard: Return of the General Lee* (PS2, Xbox), based on the TV show. We think you'll agree it's a great year to be a virtual grease monkey.



*Need for Speed Underground 2* features five times more track than the first go-round, as well as Brooke Burke playing your mentor, Rachel.



When you've finished flooring it through *Gran Turismo 4*'s tourneys, you can snap photo finishes, then send them to a USB printer.



*Burnout 3: Takedown* rewards you for running others off the road, and its crash mode challenges you to make as big a mess of yourself as possible.



Did someone say Daisy Duke? Outwit Boss Hogg to save an orphanage full of future rednecks in *Dukes of Hazzard: Return of the General Lee*.



After a lot day of mi wrestling, (above) li nothing n than a lot night of o wrestling, her strut l stuff this Rumble R

# GAMES IN THE HOOD

It's time you started ganging up on your friends

America's obsession with Mafia violence isn't limited to TV and movies anymore. Take a stroll down the video game aisle at any electronics store—you can't swing a soppessata without hitting Italian Glock operas such as *Grand Theft Auto*, *Mafia*, *Hitman* and *Gangland*. This year, however, the gang action is veering into another hood, where the soundtrack of choice is more Snoop than Sinatra but the turf wars are just as tough. Get ready to trade in your paesans for a posse—it's time to take a trip through the modern-day mean streets.

## Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas (PS2)

The original free-roaming, carjacking, criminal-empire-building franchise is back this month, and this time your sprawling playground is a composite of L.A., San Francisco and Las Vegas in the early 1990s. As Carl Johnson, you start out small, cruising everywhere from the hood to the suburbs in whatever vehicles you can appropriate from the locals. Do right by the wrong people and you'll graduate to drive-by shootings, gang recruiting and other GTA-style rites of passage. As with its predecessors, the soundtrack kicks—this time reflecting the diverse musical spectrum of early-1990s California.



## Notorious: Die to Drive (PS2, Xbox)

Due in 2005, this one straps you into souped-up hoopties that you race around an L.A.-like urban landscape for bling, booty and big cribs. Luckily, your insurance policy (in the form of AKs, bazookas and Molotov cocktails) is paid up. If you start running low on high-powered hardware, you can always just wait on the competition with a baseball bat. Winners control turf and consequently command power and respect. The moral: Outsize entrepreneurial risks can reap mad remuneration.



## 25 to Life (PS2, Xbox)

See if you can picture this far-out scenario: a video game in which you play a gangbanger working your way up from idealistic rookie to battle-scarred vet in an urban-war-zone setting. Unique to this game is the ability to personalize your character's look with an assortment of street wear, then jump online to floss it during multiplayer cops-vs.-gangbangers gun battles. Up to 16 guys can play on each team, and cuts from Tupac and DMX set the perfect mood.



—alex porter

Red Ninja's Kurenai is a specialist in using her feminine charms to get you off guard. Stay focused.

Mortal Kombat's Mileena is a veiled threat whose hobbies include stabbing people mercilessly.

# Real Life vs. Game Life:

The Final Showdown

Which is better? There can be only one

## REAL GAME

### GOLF

Booze, golf carts, surly caddies, booze, outrageous greens fees, your friends, ugly pants, the great outdoors, booze.



The *QMotions-Golf* tethered-ball system connects to a PC, allowing virtual golfers to take real swings.

**VERDICT:** Sure, the only way to beat Tiger on the 18th at Pebble Beach is on your PS2, but nothing compares to the sights, sounds and smells of early-morning golf. And that's not just the booze talking. Winner: the real world.

### FIGHTING

Chipped teeth, bloody knuckles, misjudgment of sobriety, cops, lawsuits, loss of face, unscheduled beatings, ego bruising.



*Gametrek: Darkwind* (PS2) is a fighting game and 3D input controller that lets you throw real punches at virtual opponents.

**VERDICT:** We all think we look as badass in a brawl as Brad Pitt in *Fight Club*, but we more closely resemble Mr. Burns fending off Smithers. *Gametrek* is good, stupid fun, and no one gets hurt. Winner: the virtual world.

### DANCING

Velvet ropes, long waits, cover charges, \$10 drinks, Eurotrash dance troupes, crappy music, public humiliation, going home alone.



Konami's *Dance Dance Revolution* series (PS2) supports dance mats that challenge gamers to step to the music's rhythm.

**VERDICT:** And you thought fighting was embarrassing. Not only do the game and mat together cost a fraction of what you'd pay in cover charges, this is one of the few games that appeal to chicks. Winner: the virtual world.

### KARAOKE

Cantonese remakes of bad 1980s songs, getting viciously hammered, your singing voice (or lack thereof).



*Karaoke Revolution Vol. 2* lets PS2 gamers belt out "I Will Survive" and "Friends in Low Places" into a headset-microphone accessory.

**VERDICT:** The selection of songs is limited, but this game is bloody fun and even rates your performance. You still need to be viciously hammered, but drinks are cheaper at home. Winner: the virtual world.

### BONGOS

Sand, sunsets, cold beer, your beat-up bongo drums, unexpected rainouts—are you near a beach?



Nintendo's *Donkey Kong* (GameCube) and the bundled DK Bongo drum controller—you crazy, romantic game-playing fool, you.

**VERDICT:** Call us a bunch of Kerouac-loving, finger-popping beatniks, but we'll take the unplugged approach every time, ya dig? Anyway, we liked Donkey Kong better when he was a bad guy. Winner: the real world.

—marc saltzman

# Must-Have Games

If you're going to blow your time and money, blow them right

### Xbox

*Dead or Alive Ultimate*  
*Doom III*  
*Fable*  
*Halo 2*  
*Playboy: The Mansion*  
*Prince of Persia 2*  
*Splinter Cell 3*

### PlayStation 2

*Gran Turismo 4*  
*Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas*  
*Jak 3*  
*Metal Gear Solid 3: Snake Eater*  
*Playboy: The Mansion*

### GameCube

*Geist*  
*Metroid Prime 2: Echoes*  
*Pikmin 2*  
*Prince of Persia 2*  
*Resident Evil 4*  
*Star Fox 2*  
*Viewtiful Joe 2*

Being an undead Native American on the Western frontier ain't easy, but somehow *Darkwatch*'s Tala manages.





# ATTACK of the KILLER SEQUELS

HIGH-PROFILE SEQUELS DOMINATE THE HOLIDAY SEASON AND YOUR SCHEDULE



## Follow-Up Frenzy

Clockwise from top left: *Halo 2* makes you Earth's last defense against extraterrestrial aggressors the Covenant; don't be fooled by those photo-realistic visuals—there's nothing pretty about being impaled on a plasma sword. *Doom III* casts you as a lone space Marine opposing the legions of hell unleashed by rogue scientists (we hate it when that happens). In *Half-Life 2* you're an unwitting hero staring down a crypto-fascist alien invasion with nothing but a giant stash of weaponry to protect you. *Prince of Persia 2* provides a newer, darker twist on last year's brilliant (but occasionally too innocent) Arabian puzzle-solving adventure.



Meet today's brightest gaming-industry stars. The catch: They're former flings. Thanks to intensifying competition, software publishers are increasingly banking on proven performers to offset dwindling profit margins. But hey, what's bad for originality is good for nostalgia...and itchy trigger fingers.

Possibly the most anticipated game ever, sci-fi shooter *Halo 2* (Xbox) introduces features such as dual-fisted weaponry, destructible vehicles and Xbox Live-enabled online confrontations that let you do battle as the bad guys. Other shooters that have gamers' hearts fluttering include *Doom III* (PC), which takes you to hell, and *Half-Life 2* (PC, Xbox), which takes you to a hell on earth. *Silent Hill 4: The Room* (PC, PS2, Xbox) provides still more psychological trauma (see our full review on page 38).

Retro remakes abound as well. Swashbuckling epic *Sid Meier's Pirates!* (PC) has the old school all hot and bothered, and *Prince of Persia 2* (GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox) is a sequel to an already excellent sequel.

Wait, there's more: *Star Wars Knights of the Old Republic II: Sith Lords* (PC, Xbox) follows up one of the few decent *Star Wars* games, and *Tony Hawk's Underground 2* (GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox) sets you loose to grind it up on a world-destruction tour.

The point we're getting at? New relationships are overrated. Trust us—it's high time you reconnected with an ex.

—scott steinberg



Adorable though she may be, *Dead or Alive Ultimate*'s Ayane has no qualms about breaking every bone in your body.

## ELECTRIC LADY LAND HOT WOMEN IN VIDEO GAMES? IT'S SO CRAZY IT JUST MIGHT WORK

Video games have always been about sex—let's just say Mario didn't rescue Princess Toadstool for the cardio workout. This fall will see the release of the sexiest, bawdiest and most entertaining games ever created.

Start with *Playboy: The Mansion* (PC, PS2, Xbox), in which you are Hef, the most powerful man in the world—if power can be measured in chesty, willing blondes (and we'd argue that it can). The game is a compelling mix of *Sims*-style fun and empire-building strategy. And we're not just saying that because it's our game. Heavens no.

*Singles: Flirt Up Your Life* (PC) is a relationship sim in which a cash-strapped man and woman share a flat. Will they hook up? Will they fight? Will they buy bland furniture at Ikea? Do you need this kind of aggravation?

*The Guy Game* (PS2, Xbox) lets you see what *Jeopardy* would be like if Alex Trebek were drunk and all the contestants had just arrived from a *Girls Gone Wild* shoot. You and your friends compete in trivia and hand-eye games for the ultimate prize: topless college girls.

If you enjoy wrestling but only of the mud variety, *Rumble Roses* (PS2) has your number. Buff gals (no boy grapplers allowed!) try to pin one another using the most suggestive holds known (and not known) to man.

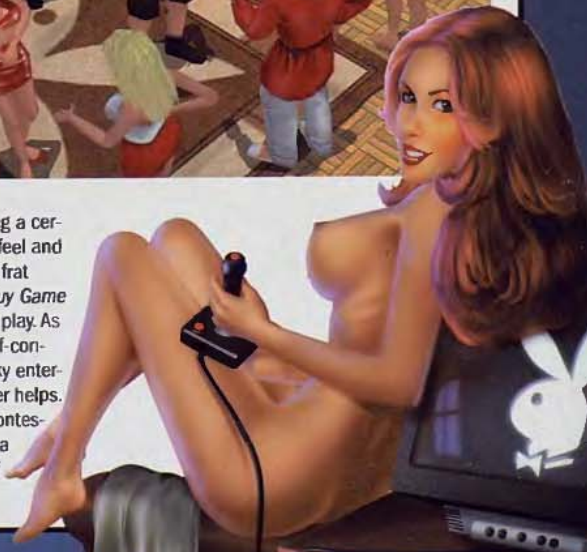
Finally, the frisky runt who practically invented racy games back in 1987 returns. The babes in this year's *Leisure Suit Larry: Magna Cum Laude* (PC, PS2, Xbox) put the blocky pixel chicks of yesteryear to shame. For proof, see our foldout of Luba Licious, one of the luscious lasses Larry meets on his sordid collegiate odyssey. Will he win at quarters? Will she live up to her name? Depends on how good you are with your joystick. —josh robertson

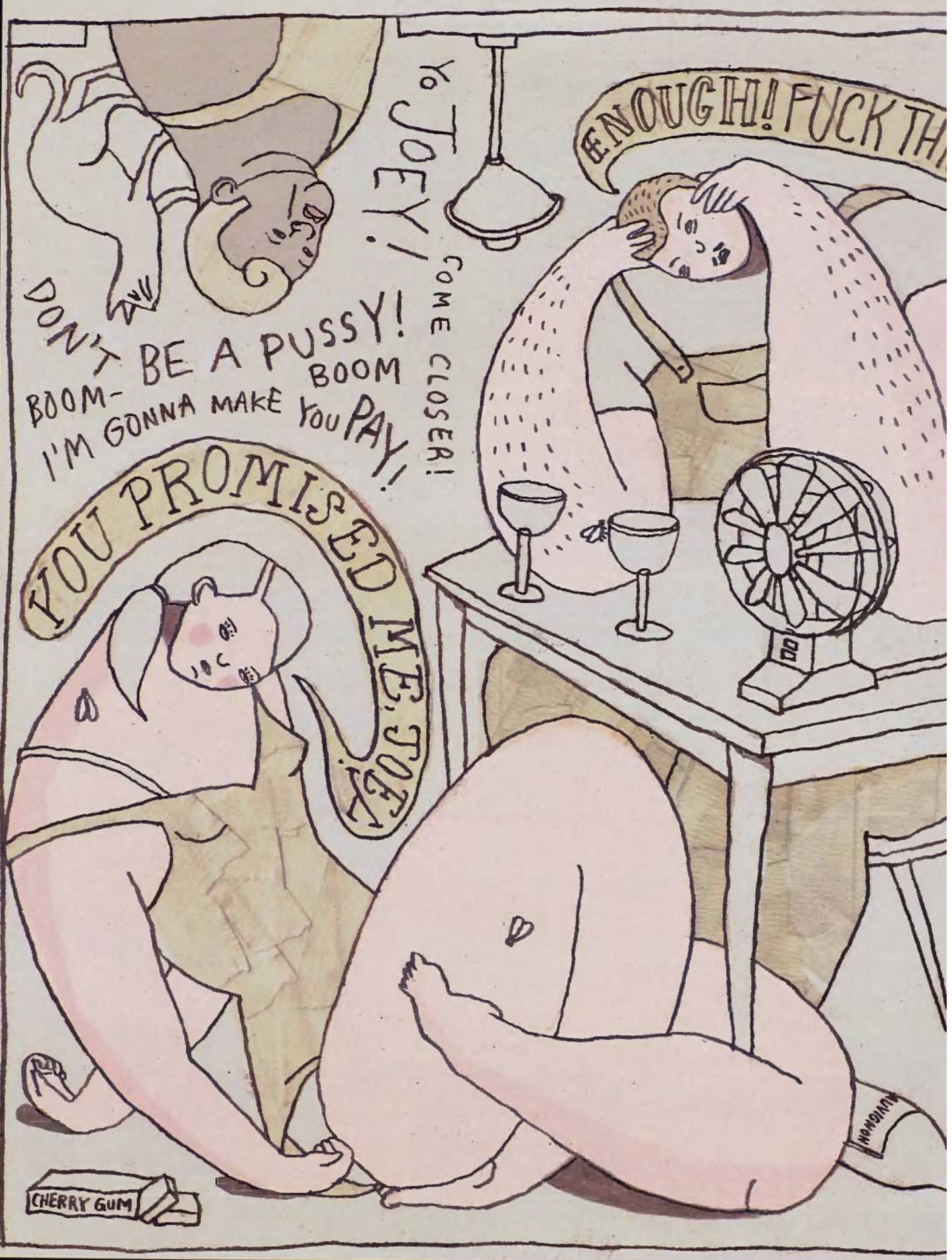


It turns out that being an icon of the good life and intelligent hedonism is a full-time job: Your duties in *Playboy: The Mansion* (right) include selecting editorial content for the magazine, charming the right guests at Mansion parties, enticing female VIPs and models into posing nude and (of course) selecting and photographing the Playmates. Do well and you'll be rewarded with cash you can use to make the Mansion even more entertaining—and to pay the kind of money necessary to get super-models to take it all off.



Despite having a certain low-rent feel and the whiff of a frat house, *The Guy Game* (left) is a fun play. As with most self-consciously wacky entertainment, beer helps. Here, three contestants handle a nasty case of blue balls.





DON'T BE A PUSSY!  
BOOM-BOOM  
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU PAY!!

YO JOEY!  
COME CLOSER!

ENOUGH! FUCK THE

YOU PROMISED ME, JOEY!

CHERRY GUM

HANDS

# Aqua Velva SMITTY

BY SARA JOAN BERNIKER

FIRST SHE STARTED YAPPING AND NOW SHE'S ON THE FLOOR

Even with my back turned, I can feel Aqua Velva's eyeball staring me down.

Okay, so maybe I'm not such a nice guy. But it wasn't supposed to be like this, I swear. But that don't change what is: Ushie dead on the kitchen floor with her mouth open, like she's trying to finish the argument that ended when her head hit the corner of the table.

When things go bad, they go bad fast.

I got to get her out of here before she starts to stink. It's 90 fucking degrees outside, and the air conditioner's busted. There's Delores to think of too. She's not due back till midnight, but the way my luck's running she'll come home early.

Aqua Velva's staring through the hole he punched in the wall separating our apartments. The old fuck wants something. Turning away from Ushie, I step into the kitchen doorway and flip him the bird. "Get lost, Aqua Velva!"

"Don't call me that, Joe Carmine. How many times I gotta tell you?"

"Fuck off, Aqua Velva!"

Aqua Velva's been living next door since before the flood. Longer than me and Delores, and we've been here 20 years. In a building like this, it pays to mind your business—that's something he'll never learn. I don't say shit to the dopers who set up shop by the mailboxes, and I don't call the cops when the welfare cases upstairs celebrate their monthly checks by punching out their kids. Someone could get cut to pieces right outside my door and I wouldn't say shit. But not old Aqua Velva. No, sir. He





shuffles around the building like the goddamn welcome wagon. Delores says he's lonely. Buy a dog, I say.

Christ, even from the kitchen I can smell him—a funky reek of dirty skin and stale Kools marinated in Aqua Velva aftershave. How did you think he got the nickname? I gave it to him and he hates it. His real name is Smithsonian James, and everyone calls him Smitty. Everyone but me.

Fucking dumbass Ushie! Why'd she have to come over? I just wanted to sit in front of the tube and watch the Yankees kick the shit out of Boston. I told her a million times she wasn't allowed here. Our dates are strictly at my shop, though sometimes I drive her out to the Sound as a special treat. I can't believe she's dead.

Half an hour ago she was jabbering at me like a yappy pooch in a fat lady's handbag. Then I hit her and she fell down and—thump-thump-thump. I thought it was my heart busting out of my chest, but then plaster fell onto the living room floor and I saw Aqua Velva's big brown eye through a fist-size hole he'd hammered through the wall, right above the sofa. Through it he can see Ushie on the kitchen floor with blood in her hair and me standing over her.

"Oh, Joe," he said. "Whydja hafta go and do that?" Like I'd disappointed him somehow. Like he was my pop.

Fuck him! I should take one of those fondue sticks we got for our wedding and jab it right through his eye. What does he want? He's canny—knows how to play the angles so he gets what he wants. Until today I would've thought his wants were few: some company, a six-pack of Schlitz in the fridge and bebop blasting from that nice Bose radio his nephew sent him a few Christmases back.

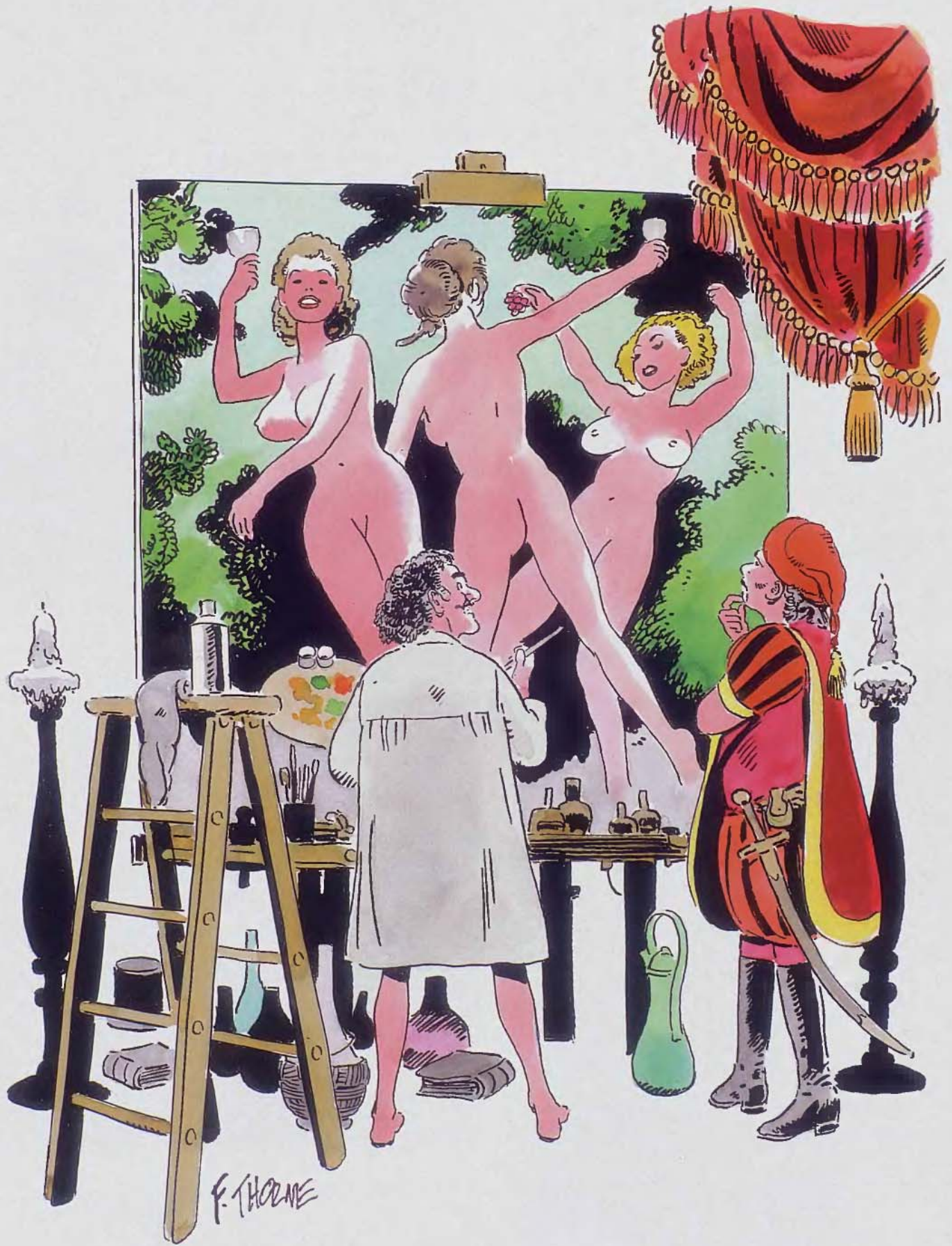
But now I think he wants me crazy.

I might not be the brightest guy in town, but I got survival instincts. I'll figure a way outta this. No way I'm spending 20 years at Rikers holding my breath every time I drop the soap. I don't want to be nobody's bitch, just like I don't want to be Aqua Velva's friend. Maybe that was a mistake. If I'd stayed on the old man's good side, this wouldn't have happened. But I don't got time for regrets. I got shit to do.

Even dead, Ushie's still beautiful. I crouch down and kiss the side of her neck, right beside the little mole shaped like Texas, half expecting her eyes to open like in a fairy tale. Nothing happens except that my stomach rolls over. Ushie don't taste quite right. She always tastes soapy and sweet, like Kool-Aid in a badly rinsed glass, but now she's just dead and getting cold.

*(continued on page 140)*

For the past 18 years, PLAYBOY has given the students in Morsholl Arismon's illustration class of New York's School of Visual Arts the opportunity to flout their artistic prowess in a competition to produce the perfect artwork to complement our winning piece of college fiction. This year, Nora Krug's work surpassed all others with a compelling visual interpretation of Soro Joon Berniker's Aqua Velva Smitty. Krug, who graduated in May with an MFA in illustration, came to SYA from Germany on both a Fulbright scholarship and the German government's DAAD fellowship. She has won numerous awards for website design and animation. Honorable mention goes to the six runners-up, whose provocative work is pictured here. Clockwise from top left, the artists are: C.M. Butzer, Matt Morris, Anuj Shrestha, Morion Vitus, Paul Hoppe and Charles Heorn.



*"I call this one 'Girls Gone Wild!'"*

# Kim's Class Action

Miss October is booking  
through the University of Houston



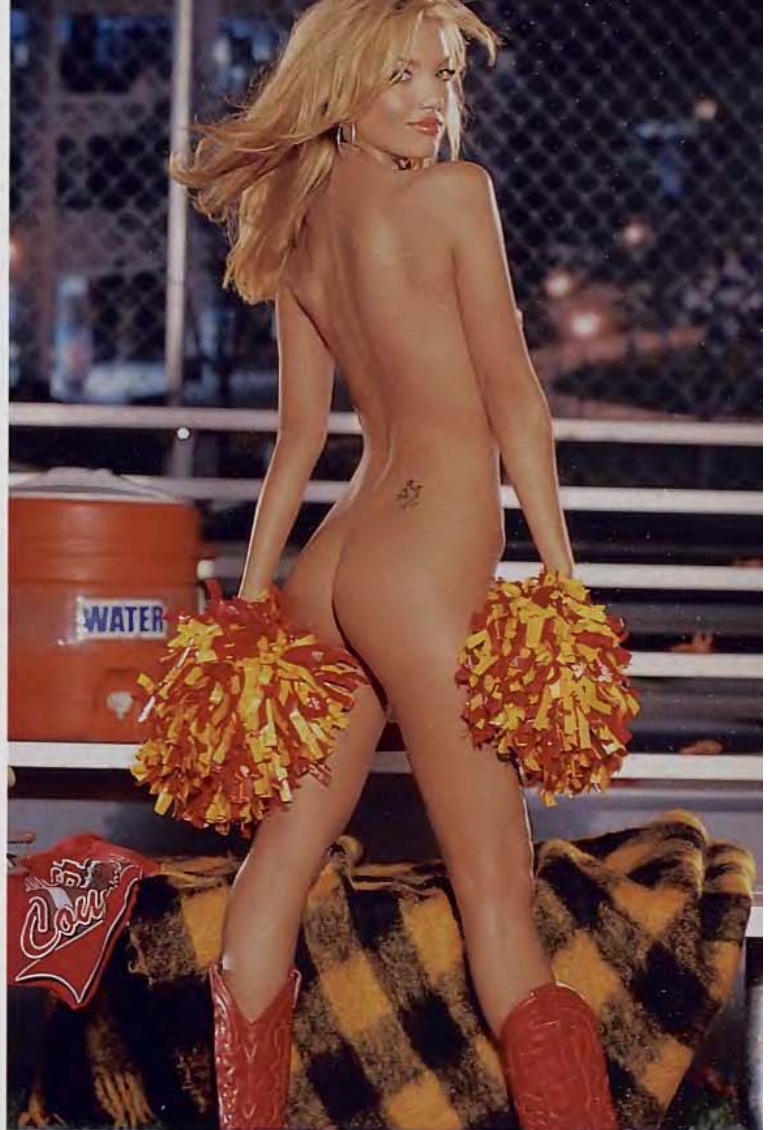
**A**lthough Kimberly Holland will graduate with a marketing degree from the University of Houston in December, the 22-year-old has a diverse pre-college employment history. "My friends call me a job whore," she says. "Every day they ask, 'Where are you working today?'" I was a lifeguard. I waited tables. I made and sold drawings of human figures. I worked at an Abercrombie & Fitch store and several tanning salons. Oh, and I sold sex toys in a lingerie



shop. I've done everything." Asked if she has some form of occupational attention deficit disorder, Kimberly smiles. "I'm independent," she says. "I don't like people telling me what to do. If I don't agree with something, I speak up." She's obviously a class act, but what kind of student is she? "I don't get into mischief," she says. "My second semester here I stayed in my room to study or work out because I didn't have a car. Everyone gains the freshman 15, but I lost it."

Born and raised in Texas, Kimberly enjoyed equestrian sports but now prefers the companionship of smaller creatures. "I have a Chihuahua named Riley that everyone thinks is another breed because he's not bug-eyed," she says. "I think it's cute when people put outfits on their dog, but the dog probably hates it. Riley has a little black spiked collar—he's a tough man. He weighs six pounds, which is too big for him to come everywhere with me. I took him to the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG













mall once, but I felt weird doing that. I'm not Paris Hilton."

It's fitting that Kimberly is Miss October—her favorite holiday is Halloween. "People want me to dress sexy for Halloween parties, but I always want to wear something gory," she says. "I love disgusting things. My friend's dad is a plastic surgeon, and he lets me watch the surgeries sometimes. I also love scary movies. In first grade I saw *The Exorcist* and didn't even have nightmares. The only thing that did give me nightmares was that fortune-telling machine in the Tom Hanks movie *Big*. It was so scary."

As she looks toward her future, Kimberly isn't sure whether she'll remain in Texas or move to "someplace less humid" after graduation. "At this point I have to please myself before I can please anyone else," she says. "I play life by ear, so I don't know what's in the cards. I'll think one thing, and then something totally different will happen."

"I consider myself to be in the cute range, not sexy," says Kimberly, who was discovered at a PLAYBOY talent search and has since appeared in six Special Editions. "I think they're two different things. When I was doing my video, the director said, 'Okay, do something sexy.' But I don't normally move around like that. It's funny."



See more of Miss October at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).



MISS-OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Kerry*

OK! Blossom

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberly Holland

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 102 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 8/1/82 BIRTHPLACE: Humble, Texas

AMBITIONS: To become successful, enjoy my career, have my own art studio and live somewhere hot by the beach!

TURN-ONS: A great sense of humor, a sexy smile, beautiful eyes and, of course, really good Chinese food!

TURNOFFS: Pickles, goat cheese, the smell of pork rinds, rude sarcasm and coffee breath!

THREE THINGS ON MY NIGHTSTAND: My glasses, lip balm and a very loud and annoying alarm clock!

MY FAVORITE ARTIST AND WHY: I love the work of Olivia. Her technique is amazing, and she makes the female body look beautiful. Salvador Dali is also one of my favorites.

I'M TOLD I LOOK LIKE: Michelle Pfeiffer, Jaime Pressly, B. Spears!

I'M A SUCKER FOR: Candy bowls. I grab all or a handful!

MY IDEAL FIRST DATE: Anything that involves being lazy!



KA sorority, Texas Tech University, 2000



Titan and me in Cozumel, MX



My shortest haircut!



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**B**LONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde woman and her boyfriend were sitting in the backyard. A pigeon flew over them and pooped on his head. "Shit," the man said. "Get some toilet paper."

"What for?" the blonde asked. "He must be half a mile away by now."

**W**hy is it difficult to solve a redneck murder?

There are no dental records and all the DNA is the same.



**A** married couple was invited to a masked Halloween ball. On the night of the party, the wife had a headache and told her husband to go to the event alone. Reluctantly, he agreed. He put on a bear costume and left. The wife fell asleep and woke up an hour later feeling great. She decided to go to the party after all, and it occurred to her that, since her husband didn't know what costume she was wearing, she'd be able to see how he behaved when she wasn't around. As soon as she arrived, she spotted her husband in his bear costume flirting with every woman in sight. She approached him, and after a few drinks he propositioned her. They went into the bathroom and had sex. Just before the unmasking at midnight, the wife slipped away and went home. She was sitting up in bed when her husband returned. She asked about his night. He said, "Oh, it was the same old thing. You know I never have a good time when you're not there."

"Really?" she said. "You didn't meet anyone interesting?"

He replied, "I didn't talk to anyone new. When I got there, I saw the guys and we went into the spare room and played poker all night."

She said, "You must have looked really silly wearing your bear costume playing poker."

Her husband replied, "Actually, I gave my costume to my dad. He apparently had the night of his life."

**F**ifty priests died in a bus accident. Saint Peter met them at the pearly gates and said, "To save time, I'm going to ask only one question. Which of you has ever been involved in a homosexual relationship?"

The priests kicked the dirt and mumbled. Eventually, 49 of them raised their hand. "Okay," Saint Peter said, "off to hell with you then. And take that deaf bastard with you."

**A** woman walked into a pet store. "I haven't got much money," she told the clerk. "Would you let a kitten go cheap?"

"I'd let them, ma'am," the clerk said. "But they prefer to meow."

**A** lawyer's wife died. At the funeral service, people were appalled to see that the tombstone read, **HERE LIES PHYLLIS, WIFE OF ATTORNEY MURRAY WILLS, SPECIALIZES IN DIVORCE AND MALPRACTICE.**

After the burial, Murray burst into tears. His brother said, "You should cry, pulling a cheap publicity stunt like this."

Murray said, "You don't understand. I'm crying because they forgot to include the phone number."



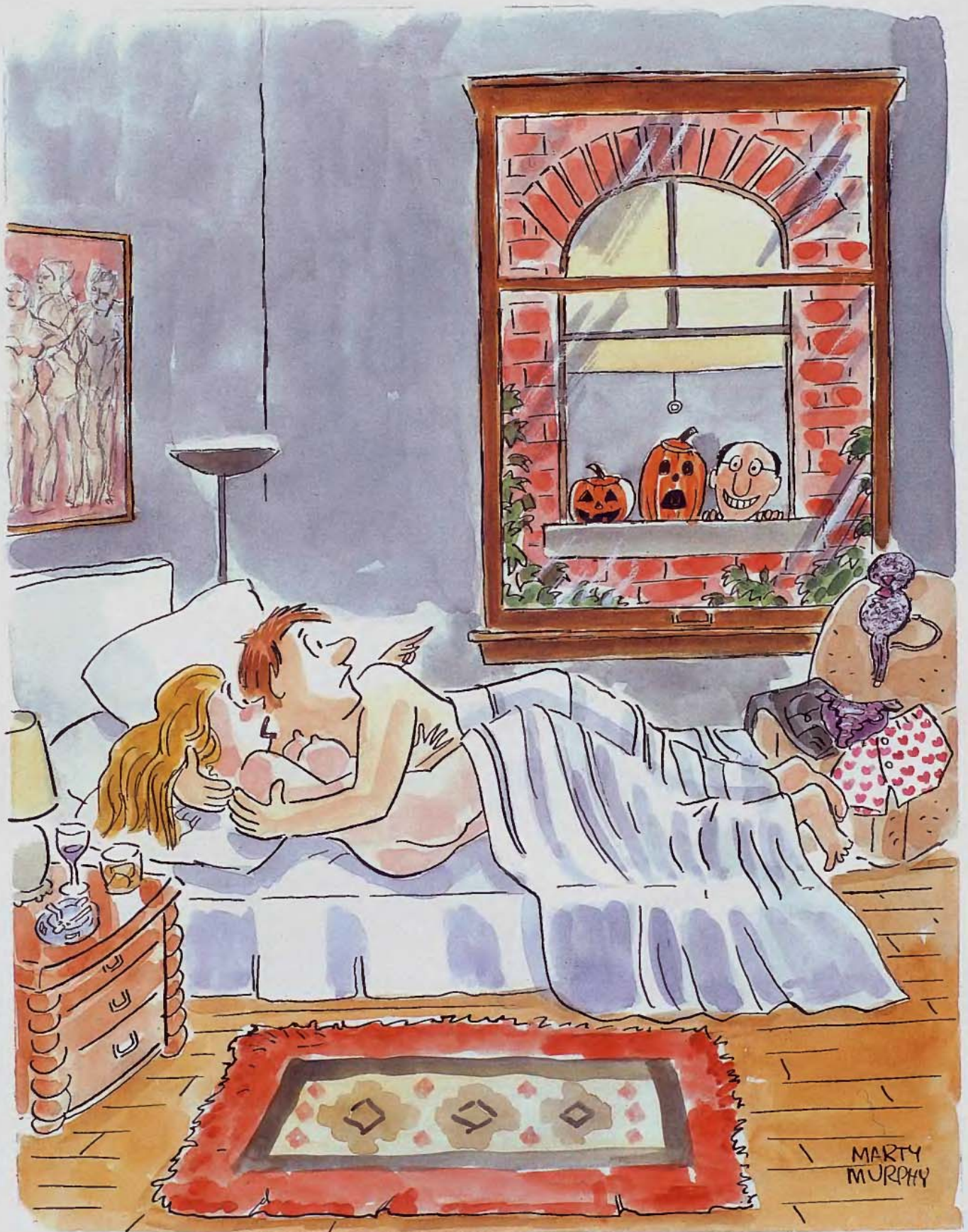
**A** man visiting Las Vegas got totally wasted. The next morning he awoke in a strange bed with the ugliest woman he'd ever seen. Very quietly, he got up, dressed and put a \$20 bill on the bureau. As he was tiptoeing out the door he felt a tug on his leg. Another ugly woman was lying on the floor. She smiled and asked, "Nothing for the bridesmaid?"

**D**uring a heated debate about Iraq, one congressman said, "Let's just give the Iraqis our constitution. It's worked for over 200 years."

Another congressman said, "That's a great idea. Besides, this country isn't using it anymore."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail to [jokes@playboy.com](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.





*"...There! Across the courtyard! The one on the end!"*



# A FATAL LEGACY



## THE RISE AND FALL OF CAVIARTERIA

### DREAMLAND

It was still dark when the manager of the Friendly's restaurant in Danville, Pennsylvania arrived to open up. At a little past four on the damp, chilly Monday morning of April 16, 2001, he went inside, barely noticing the black Mercedes E-Class parked near the front of the building. The car's tinted windows were rolled down about two inches, and the radio could be heard playing inside.

This was not an unusual sight. There were a number of bars nearby, and patrons who'd enjoyed a little too much hospitality sometimes slept it off here rather than risk encountering a state trooper. Interstate 80 runs a mile north of the restaurant, and even though Danville is a small town in Pennsylvania's smallest

county, it is well patrolled by police.

Probably a drunk, the manager thought, or a couple doing what couples do in parking lots at night. Inside the restaurant the lights came on, the breakfast rush started, peaked and ebbed. The Mercedes did not move; the radio was still playing.

The man in the driver's seat was a stranger even to himself. The soft dark hair that sometimes fell over his brow was gone, shaved off hours earlier. His head was bald and raw, covered with nicks and scrapes from a razor. Missing too were his Prada suits and shirts, emblems of his status in the wealthy environs from which he came. On this night, as he found his way 150 miles west from Manhattan's Upper East Side to this

BY SIMON COOPER

small town of 5,000 or so souls in Montour County, Pennsylvania, he was dressed for a purpose in a black leather jacket, black sweatpants and a black T-shirt. Even his boxers were black. A black leather gun holster was strapped to his right ankle, and inside was a black semiautomatic pistol.

Not until 1:30 P.M. that day—nine hours after the car had first been seen—did someone peek through the crack of the driver's-side window. A body was in the car, every interior surface of

have been fatal on its own.

At first sight, nothing about the body or its possessions—\$335 in bills, 50 cents in change, a piece of tinfoil, an empty plastic bag, two vitamin E capsules and a scrap of paper bearing the scribbled digits of a phone number—suggested anything about the life of the man in the driver's seat. Indeed, the initial evidence was perplexing and contradictory, with the superficial appearance of suicide. But could this man have shot himself twice in the head with what had to have been

greatest achievement, a new branch of his family's caviar empire, was set inside a decadent haven of consumption at the new Forum Shops at Caesars Palace. This shopping emporium, themed in grand Roman style, featured marble pillars, statues of deities and murals depicting Pompeian street scenes. There were fireworks and trumpets that night, and Tony Bennett sang as a celebrity crowd, including the likes of Michael Jordan, strolled in and out of Sobol's 100-seat Caviarteria restaurant.

"It's like a dreamland," he told a reporter.

Eric Sobol was handsome and wealthy. Though less than five and a half feet tall, he was an intense, physical man, fearless, according to his friends. He worked out religiously and kept up a year-round tan thanks to regular vacations in St. Barts. Women first noticed his eyes, which were a striking shade of cornflower blue. One month shy of his 40th birthday, Sobol presided over one of the most exclusive food-retailing operations in the nation—the Caviarteria chain of specialty restaurants, bars and stores founded in 1950 by his father, Louis. Under Eric's guiding hand, Caviarteria had grown into one of the largest retail caviar outlets in the world, selling nine tons a year. There were boutiques in Beverly Hills, Las Vegas and Miami, and at New York City's SoHo Grand Hotel and the gourmet emporium at Grand Central station, as well as the family's jewel box cafe just off Park Avenue, where Greta Garbo and Burt Lancaster had been regulars. Eric Sobol's A-list clients now included Sting, Gwyneth Paltrow, Sean Connery, Sharon Stone, Tommy Mottola and residents of the White House.

From the outside, the world in which Eric moved seemed incredibly glamorous—a Park Avenue existence in which \$120 caviar sandwiches were accompanied by glasses of Taittinger, and a lunch bill for two could exceed \$500. A life of luxury and opulence had been built on something as simple as the lightly salted eggs of the sturgeon.

Caviarteria was Sobol's legacy, but it was also a gift he never wanted. He had spent the better part of his life running from this inheritance, but fate and circumstance conspired to place him at the head of the family company in 1992, a time of massive upheaval in the business. The "black gold" that had made a small fortune for his father and turned Caviarteria into a New York institution would slowly poison the lives of Caviarteria's second-generation caretakers.



August 1998: "We are the Tiffany's of the caviar business," said Eric Sobol, left, toasting his brother, Bruce, at their family's Park Avenue cafe and retail outlet.

which was sprayed with blood. The roof had been punctured by a bullet.

\*\*\*

Scott Lynn, the Montour County coroner, arrived at the scene about an hour later and was ushered past the yellow police tape. The victim was slouched over, with both hands in his lap. In each hand was a pistol: a Smith & Wesson .38-caliber revolver in his right, a compact Sig Sauer nine-millimeter in his left. Lynn noted two contact wounds on either side of the head—entrance wounds—and two star-shaped exit holes in the back of the skull. Either wound would

simultaneous firings? Lynn and the state troopers asked themselves if the scene had been staged—and what could have led to such a brutal public termination.

Searching the car, the police found a New York State driver's license in the name of Eric Sobol. The photo on the license matched the face of the man now disappearing into a gray body bag.

The crown prince of the caviar trade was dead.

\*\*\*

Las Vegas, August 29, 1997: It was a 2,000-square-foot palace of indulgence dressed in gold and marble. Eric Sobol's

Eric took the helm during a decade known as caviar's dark age, when mobsters and smugglers moved in and took over the once aristocratic trade. Caviar went from a niche delicacy sold like fine jewelry to a commodity worth killing for. The 1990s were boom years, with the Clinton economy burning hot and bright and with cheap imports flooding the U.S. and Europe. Eric rode the wave until it crashed. When the bust came and the party ended, many in the business were crushed—for Eric, the pain of having squandered his family's legacy drove him to suicide. It was the end of an era.

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"Hi there, I'm Caviarteria."

The beaming smile and outstretched hand belonged to Bruce Sobol, Louis's firstborn, a big brother to Eric and the affable public face of Caviarteria. Bruce was a gourmet and connoisseur, a bon vivant and raconteur, a man who could get a table at Le Bernardin at a moment's notice and who knew all the top chefs in town. He possessed a splendidly educated palate; he could taste any dish and tell his companions every ingredient and seasoning in it.

In 1998 Bruce welcomed a photographer from a New York business magazine into Caviarteria's chic bar just off Park Avenue, and soon Bruce and Eric were seated next to each other in one of the plush booths. In front of them nestled a mound of silvery-black beluga caviar in a cut-crystal bowl that was in turn cushioned on a bed of crushed ice. Both men held glasses of champagne.

Eric raised his glass to the camera and, wearing a tight smile, slid his arm behind his brother's back. It was a moment of togetherness as staged as the photograph. Bruce, the man who presented himself as Caviarteria and had lived and worked inside the family business since he was old enough to hold a mother-of-pearl spoon, was in fact only the vice president, the number two, standing behind his younger sibling, Eric, who'd stepped over him to take Caviarteria's crown.

Away from the cameras, the pair rarely occupied the same room. Their union had been the business equivalent of a shotgun wedding, arranged in the best interests of the family. They were brothers, but that didn't mean they belonged together—Eric and Bruce were like night and day, polar opposites in nearly every possible way. So different, in fact, that their friends often found it hard to believe they were even related, never mind chil-



Lou Sobol: forced to make a father's worst choice.

dren of the same parents. It had been that way since they were kids growing up on the Upper East Side.

## BLACK GOLD

Caviar often comes packed in tins coated with gold, which is said to be the only metal that will not react with the delicate mix of salt that preserves the roe. From the Caspian Sea, where fishermen get perhaps \$20 for a kilo of sturgeon eggs, the delicacy travels west, gaining in value as it goes, until by the time it reaches New York, some 8,000 miles away, the price hits \$1,700 a pound, or \$105 an ounce. By comparison, whole black truffles retail at \$35 an ounce and foie gras at \$15 an ounce.

About 90 percent of the world's caviar comes from the Caspian region, with three kinds occupying the apex of the trade—beluga, osetra and sevruga. Beluga is the king of caviars, the most expensive and the most popular.

The United States is the leading consumer of caviar, and New York City has the largest appetite: In one year, 66 tons arrived there. The importers—a small, tightly knit clique of specialist wholesalers—in effect control the market. Once the caviar makes it through customs, it is cut into smaller tins and jars as small as one ounce and then distributed to restaurants, retailers, cruise lines, airlines and mail-order companies. The retailer's markup is typically 30 to 40 percent.

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When Lou Sobol entered the caviar trade in 1950, he had different ideas about caviar. "He loved food, and he loved

people," says Sybil Sugarman, Lou's sister-in-law, "and he couldn't understand why only the Rockefellers of this world could eat caviar." To Lou, caviar, like all gourmet foods, should be an affordable luxury, something for everyone now and then. He hit on the scheme that would change his life: Instead of selling large quantities to a small number of rich people, he would sell small quantities to large numbers of people.

Lou figured out what worked and what didn't. The shop was the business's public face, but the real money was made behind the scenes. Eighty percent of his business was mail order, with half of the purchases made between Thanksgiving and New Year's. The business was prosperous enough to enable Lou to raise his family in affluence. He and his wife, Ruth, enjoyed their indul-

gences—Caribbean cruises and holidays in Turkey, their favorite destination.

Conservative, honest Lou sat on a chair behind his store counter for 40 years, his eyes shining behind big glasses, greeting customers like old friends whether they were movie stars or shoeshine boys. He sold expensive food, but he was a mom-and-pop storekeeper at heart—and proud to be so.

Not that he was one to stand still. Over the years he tinkered with the basic premise of Caviarteria. He opened a small boutique in Beverly Hills that generated comfortable profits and gave Caviarteria a visible presence on the West Coast. He also teamed with a small Russian restaurant in Manhattan—opening a little counter inside the restaurant itself—but the venture failed. To Lou's astonishment, the Russian staff had no idea how to handle and serve caviar, and it wasn't long before he walked out on the project. Yet he still believed the idea of a chain of caviar bars was viable.

## GROWING PAINS

Grade school best friends Yonel Dorelis and Eric Sobol lived across the street from each other on East 86th Street when the boys were eight years old. Another friend, Michael Raynor, lived 11 blocks north, on 97th Street. All three went to P.S. 6, at the time one of the city's best public schools. Dorelis remembers half the kids being from Harlem and half from Park Avenue. "It was a good school," he says, "regardless of how much money your parents had."



## THE DEATH OF CAVIAR?

### WHY POSSESSION OF BELUGA STURGEON EGGS COULD SOON BE A CRIME

In April the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service put the beluga sturgeon, source of the most coveted fish eggs, on the threatened-species list. The month before, Moscow officials confiscated more than three tons of black-market caviar from store shelves. Poachers had marketed the caviar under well-known brand names with misspellings on the labels. That same week, the president of a Polish caviar company was sentenced in Miami to 30 months for smuggling roe into the U.S. in suitcases. By the time he makes parole, possession of beluga in this country could be a crime.

The industry spiral started in 1991, when the USSR shattered. Fledgling nations that border the Caspian Sea, such as Azerbaijan and Turkmenistan, didn't have the resources to enforce quotas. Bands of poachers began fishing for sturgeon in the dead of night. The rush to exploit oil reserves has further threatened fish populations. Beluga sturgeon can grow to be 15 feet long and can live a century. In 1970 boats hauled 2,800 tons of sturgeon out of the Caspian. In 2003 they pulled in just 155 tons.

What does this mean for consumers? Beluga supplies are getting tight, and the quality of what's available is in question. One Florida company claims it will conduct DNA tests on tins to reassure consumers. Scientists in that same state have begun trying to farm beluga, but no one in this country has ever succeeded. (Currently, roe from white sturgeon in California and paddlefish in the Mississippi River are the biggest homegrown sellers, but neither is very popular.) Some fisheries in the Caspian are also trying to raise farmed sturgeon. "The females are given hormone injections," Russian ichthyologist Abish Bekeshev recently told the BBC. "They're made pregnant using different sorts of sperm. They're mutants, freaks."

Meanwhile the U.S. government is threatening to outlaw importing completely. "If guidelines are not met, then it will become illegal to have beluga caviar in this country," says Fish and Wildlife Service spokesperson Pat Fisher. "That's what it means to consumers." —A.J. Baime

Bruce Sobol, 16 months older than Eric, was a quiet boy who spent hours writing poetry and reflective prose. "Bruce just wanted to read a book," says his boyhood friend Larry Wertheimer, "and listen to the Grateful Dead and Lou Reed."

In sharp contrast, Eric was chiseled, hawkish and aggressive. "He loved to fight," remembers Dorelis. "I mean, we were all pretty much into duking it out, but Eric had a taste for it. If a group of guys was coming toward him on the street, he went right through the middle of them; they were either going to get out of his way or they were going to start fighting. Either way, Eric's attitude was 'fuck you.'"

At the age of 12, Eric decided he wanted to be a pro football player, and he pursued that dream into his early 20s. A running back, Eric made football his whole life, his every dream and the subject of each waking minute. Raynor still finds himself in awe of Eric's determination: "He was very strong-minded. When he made up his mind to do something, boy, that was it." Eric refused to hang out with his friends after school every day until each one had thrown him 100 passes to help him practice his moves. He slept with a football in his bed.

While Eric would wake up at six A.M. to go running, Bruce preferred to sleep in. "He liked to sit and read and smoke Parliament cigarettes until the ashtray was overflowing," remembers Wertheimer. While Eric was pounding the track and pumping iron, Bruce used to slip down to Central Park to play Frisbee and smoke pot with the kids who hung out at the band shell. "We smoked a lot of weed together," says another friend, Al Cihak.

The Sobol boys grew up prosperous, protected and indulged by their father, who had survived a POW internment in Europe during World War II and wanted his sons to have everything he'd missed. "I think he lived the childhood he'd never had through Eric and Bruce," says their aunt Sybil Sugarman. "And I think as a result they didn't learn how to fight for what is really important."

Bruce apprenticed himself to the business at an early age, but Eric started hanging in Harlem. "I know he got into some pretty heavy shit," says Dorelis. "He got into drug deals where guns were waved around, but he didn't care. He was into the thrill. If someone pointed a gun at him, Eric would laugh and say, 'Fuck you.'"

His friends remember a kid with a wickedly dry sense of self-deprecating humor who beat up purse snatchers in

his neighborhood and refused to curse anywhere near a church or synagogue. To his great credit, he kept his boyhood friends to the end of his life.

Bruce took up the position as Lou's heir apparent by learning the trade, working in the shop after school, throughout college and on weekends and holidays, and developing his knowledge and love of food, wine and the New York restaurant scene.

He took classes at Columbia University and for a while juggled his duties at the store with academics, but in 1986 he dropped out. "That part of Bruce was really frustrating," says his wife, Lydia. "The intelligence was there, the interest was there, and the intention was there, but he never followed through. He lived for the moment." That year, Bruce finally joined Caviarteria full-time, working side by side with Lou.

•••

Eric made it perfectly clear that he wanted nothing to do with the family trade. Despite his small stature, he played for Mesa State College, a Division II school with a strong football program, and later became a standout with the semipro New Jersey Rams. Nine NFL teams, including the Dallas Cowboys and the New York Giants, eventually offered him a tryout. But as Eric would be reminded in the years to come, ambition and dreams simply weren't enough. "He was good, but they said to him, 'You're just not good enough,'" says Dorelis. Eric kept to himself whatever pain he might have felt as his dream disintegrated. "He never let on to any of us how he felt. It was as if he just reached inside himself and flipped a switch from on to off."

Eric next set his sights on Wall Street and, through connections with friends and money borrowed from Lou, leased a seat on the commodities exchange, trading oil futures and working at Four World Trade Center. Life on Wall Street, though, was a disaster. Sobol family friend Eric Sepe estimates the youngest member "lost at least \$250,000 of Lou's money. It may even have been as much as a million. He was a terrible trader."

Back at Caviarteria, Bruce was also in trouble. His taste for high living and hedonism had long ago come to include cocaine. His recreational dabblings had blossomed into drug abuse. "Bruce wouldn't show up until two in the afternoon," remembers David Mills, Caviarteria's former general manager. "If he did five hours a week in some weeks, that was a lot. His father couldn't rely on him, although as (continued on page 159)

# The Broomstick



IVAN AVAREZ • JORGE G





# STUDENT LOUNGE


CAMPUS LIVING OFFERS CHANCES TO IMPRESS 24-7

FASHION BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

**S**pend part of your beer money on decent clothes this semester and you'll be rewarded. Consider this: The friends you make in college will be your friends for life—and you don't want to be immortalized in a pair of ho-hum khakis, flip-flops and a dirty T-shirt. College involves a lot of communal living. In that kind of setting, you need to make an impression whenever you have the chance. So throw out the clothes you'd be embarrassed to be seen in on a Friday night. Sure, you may wear them only to the laundry room, but where do you think the hot chicks go to wash their clothes? On campus, opportunities to impress—or to drop the ball—abound. So make the most of them. Look your best whatever the time of day. After all, there's nothing wrong with looking good.

Clockwise from top left: Old School is in a vest (\$70) and shirt (\$80) by **MICHAEL MICHAEL KORS** and dark jeans by **JEAN PAUL D'AMAGE** (\$189). Mate Blanchette wears a top (\$705) and skirt (\$315) by **GF FERRE**. Monsieur Comp Lit is in a suede-front wool sweater by **FERRAGAMO** (\$1,800) and stretch pants by **KENNETH COLE NEW YORK** (\$79). Pocketman is in a leather and wool jacket by **KENNETH COLE NEW YORK**, a thermal shirt by **BUCKLER** (\$110) and cords with suede pocket details by **PERRY ELLIS** (\$115). Mr. Lapdance wears a green polo sweater by **NAT NAST** (\$155), button-fly cargo pants by **D&G** (\$210) and suede slip-ons by **TOMMY BAHAMA** (\$120). Campus Claopatra is in a cashmere sweater (\$1,195) and skirt (\$750) by **DOLCE & GABBANA**. Legman is in a ribbed wool sweater by **PAUL LA FONTAINE** (\$395), utility pants with snap-closure pockets by **NYBASED** (\$76) and suede slip-ons by **JOHNSTON & MURPHY** (\$125). Leggy McNavel is in a sweater by **SCHUMACHER** (\$225), a cord skirt by **D&G** (\$170) and sandals by **KENNETH COLE NEW YORK** (\$190).


PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCESCA SORRENTI  
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES  
WOMEN'S STYLING BY MERIEM ORLET



Sitting Bull is in a wool sweater (\$195) and wide-leg jeans (\$410) by **D&G**. The jeans' back pockets zip closed. His patterned shirt is by **ROBERT GRAHAM** (\$128). The study partner on the left is in a dress by **SANIMI** (\$245). The one on the right is in a chiffon top by **ARMANI JEANS** (\$188) and suede pants by **MICHAEL KORS** (\$1,950). Sprawling Bull is wearing a shirt by **NAT NAST** (\$125), jeans by **JEAN PAUL DA'MAGE** (\$199) and a brown leather belt by **D&G** (\$105).



These econ majors are ready to conquer the business world—or the sorority house just up the street. Merrill is in a long-sleeve T-shirt by **BUCKLER** (\$65), a shirt (\$40) and tie (\$35) by **CLAIBORNE**, khaki tech pants by **CLAIBORNE CASUAL** (\$60) and a striped belt by **PAUL SMITH ACCESSORIES** (\$225). Lynch wears a shirt by **D&G** (\$125), suspenders by **TRAFALGAR** (\$35), a tie by **CLAIBORNE** (\$35) and boot-cut jeans by **NYBASED** (\$90).



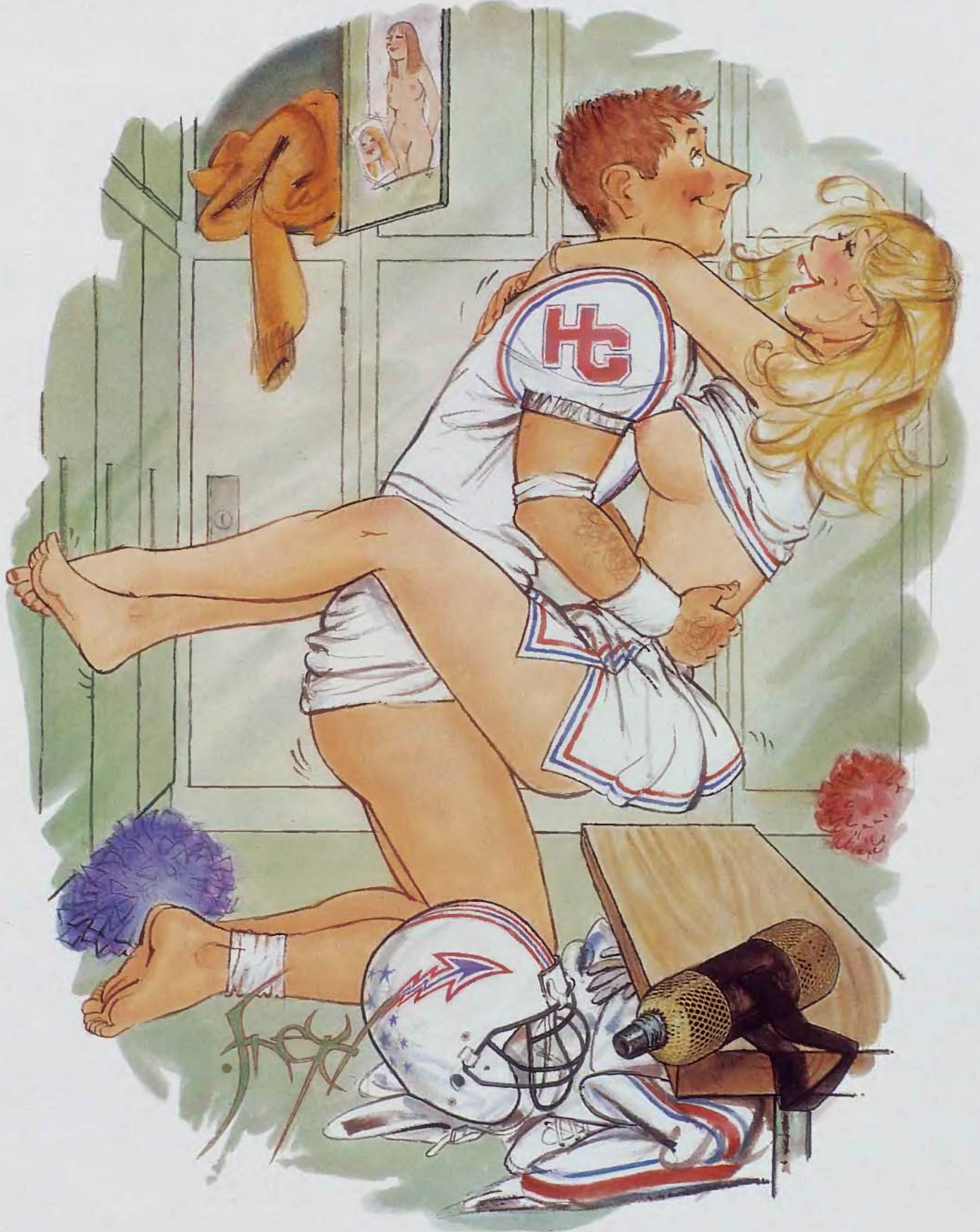
**THIS PAGE:** Boning up on chemistry? Our bookworm gets an intimate tutorial in a hooded sweatshirt with snap details by **NY-BASED** (\$65). His girl is wearing a silk chemise by **DOLCE & GABBANA** (\$875) and jeans by **BUFFALO** (\$92). **THAT PAGE:** Mr. Pink is in a shirt by **PAUL SMITH** (\$345) and pinstripe pants by **PERRY ELLIS** (\$79). Mr. Blue is wearing a shirt by **PAUL SMITH** (\$370). Catherine Zeta-Moans is in a corset by **ICEBERG** (\$945) and high-heeled sandals with rhinestone straps by **PAUL SMITH WOMEN** (\$545). **BMO** believes in the Socratic method, but his intentions are anything but platonic. He's in a zip-front sweater by **ORIGINAL PENGUIN** (\$100) and faded-front jeans by **JEAN PAUL DA'MAGE** (\$179). Let the intense dialogue begin.



**THIS PAGE:** Sly is looking to master the fine art of erotic photography. He's in a velvet blazer by **D&G** (\$475), a palm-tree-print cashmere sweater (\$895) and wool trousers (\$550) by **DOLCE & GABBANA**. His belt is by **TRAFALGAR** (\$168), and his suede sneakers are by **HUSH PUPPIES** (\$70). Her purple sandals are by **KENNETH COLE NEW YORK** (\$190). **THAT PAGE,** clockwise from top left: Kermit is in a French-cuff shirt (\$165) and cord trousers (\$225) by **RENE LEZARD**. His belt is by **TORINO** (\$75). The dark-haired beauty is wearing a chiffon dress by **D&G** (\$325). Her belt is by **RICHMOND DENIM** (\$415). Macchiato is in a turtleneck with tweed details (\$375) and corduroy sports coat (\$525) by **RENE LEZARD** and jeans by **JEAN PAUL DA'MAGE** (\$209). Emo-man is in a long-sleeve tee (\$68) and cords (\$188) by **ARMANI JEANS**. His belt is by **HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CLOTHES** (\$35). Our ringleader is in a zip-up cardigan by **ETRO** (\$480). Blondie wears a white knit tank (\$450) and paisley skirt (\$1,795) by **MICHAEL KORS**.



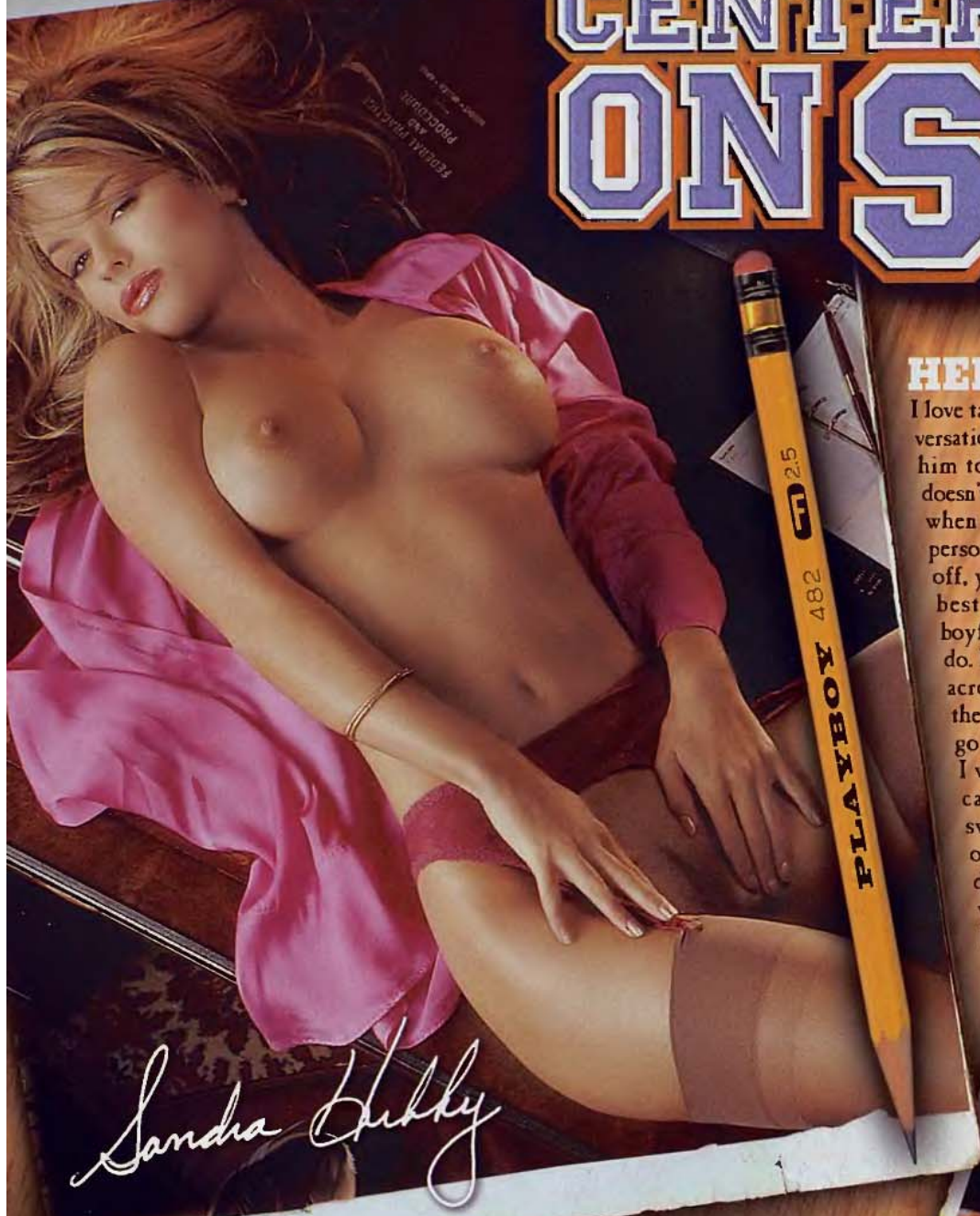




*"Go deep, Jablonski, go deep!"*



# CENTERFOLDS ON SEX



*Sandra Bullock*

## HER DREAM GUY

I love tall guys who are smart and can hold a conversation. I want to learn from a man, and I want him to learn from me. The color of his eyes doesn't matter as long as they sparkle, especially when I look into them. He must have a good personality, because once the attraction wears off, you need to be with someone who is your best friend. I travel all the time, so my boyfriend must be supportive of everything I do. He can't be the jealous type, because guys across the world have my picture taped on their walls. I love the outdoors, so when we go on a date I don't want dinner and a movie. I want to do something extreme—fishing, camping, shooting guns or going on a swamp tour. My ideal man needs to figure out what turns me on. Even if it's a small detail, he has to go that extra step. Let's say we go hiking. He should bring along a bottle of merlot. And if I get tired on the way back, he should say, "Hop on my back and I'll carry you the rest of the way."

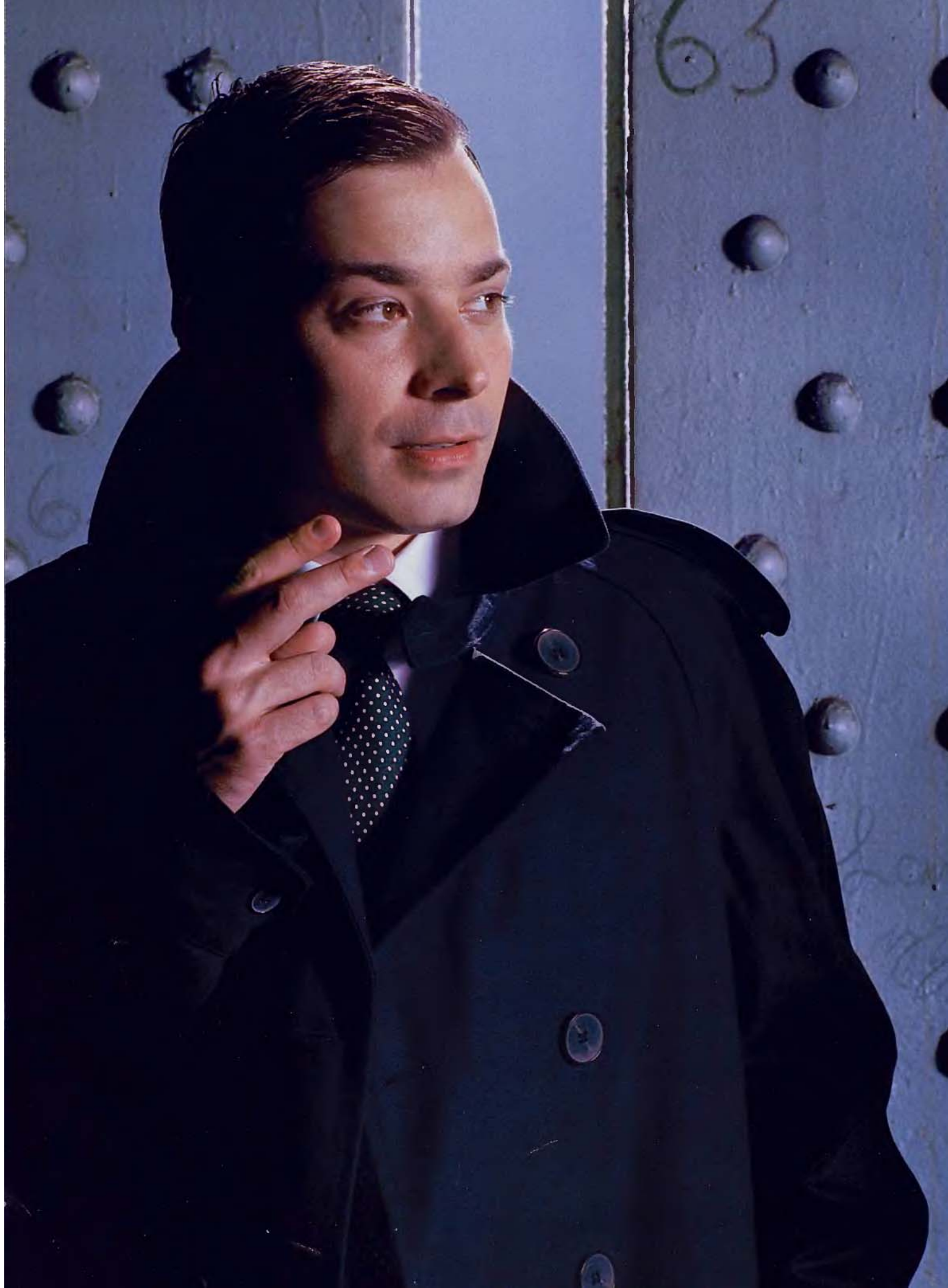
## Fantasy Sex on Fantasy Island

I like to take control in bed. I'm forceful and aggressive. I love receiving oral sex. Guys who know what they're doing aren't afraid to use ice or mints. I orgasm the most when I'm on my back with my legs wrapped around my man's neck. I've always fantasized about having sex in a hut near the water in Tahiti. Our canopy bed would be surrounded by candles. As the water hit the shore outside, he'd slowly undress me and kiss each part of my body.



*Sandra Bullock was here*





# Jimmy Fallon

# 20Q

## Is there life after Saturday Night Live? The Weekend Update goofball tries to find out

1

PLAYBOY: *Taxi* is your first major film role since leaving *Saturday Night Live*. Many SNL alums have failed in the movie business. Are you worried you'll suffer the same fate?

FALLON: Yeah, I'm kind of nervous. Movies and TV are very different. SNL happens so fast. You come up with an idea on Monday, then you perform it on Saturday, good or bad. But when you make a movie, you have to wait a year before you even see it. You don't know how it's being edited or what it's going to be like. It's out of your control. I just have to remind myself that America is forgiving. You'll always get a second chance. An actor can do eight flops, and if the ninth movie is a hit, they'll call him a genius.

2

PLAYBOY: Unlike most of your fellow alumni, you haven't made a film based on one of your recurring SNL characters. On behalf of the entire movie-going public, we'd like to thank you for sparing us *Jarrett's Room: The Movie*.

FALLON: I never wanted to do that. I wanted the show to be one thing and the movies another. There should be a separation. I was a fan of all those SNL movies, but I never wanted to make one myself. It's tough to do an SNL movie. Right out of the box, people suspect the worst. I was happy that *Mean Girls* surprised everyone, because there was a lot of cynicism: "Oh great, another Lorne Michaels movie." He doesn't get credit, but the guy has really good taste in comedy.

3

PLAYBOY: For a guy with such a loyal following among the MTV set, you've been unexpectedly conservative in your film career. How have you resisted the temptation to make the big bucks doing teen sex comedies?

FALLON: I never wanted to do movies for the money or to be famous. I feel lucky if I'm offered any film roles at all, but I don't feel the pressure to say yes. All I ever wanted was to be on *Saturday Night Live*. Everything else is gravy. I don't need to do anything for money—which is not to say I have enough money. Definitely everybody wants more. I'm sure I could find a way to spend all that crazy Hollywood cash. I was thinking about getting an ambulance or a fire truck as my regular car. It would be a great way to get through traffic in a hurry. Nobody is gonna tell an ambulance to pull over. Are you kidding me? When I put my siren on, everybody would just get out of my way.

4

PLAYBOY: Your *Taxi* character is an undercover cop investigating a gang of hot female bank robbers. Based on your research, are most crimes committed by attractive, scantily clad women?

FALLON: Yes, surprisingly enough, but the media doesn't let you see that. It's a big cover-up. Most bank robberies—I'd say at least 75 percent—are committed by Brazilian supermodels.

5

PLAYBOY: In Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous*, you play band manager Dennis Hope, who suggests that rock stars should retire before reaching middle age. Could the same be said for aging comedy stars?

FALLON: Yes, definitely. Sometimes they should retire even before that. I don't see myself aging well. I'm going to be the guy watching reruns of *Saturday Night Live* alone in his apartment, weeping softly while putting wrinkle cream around his eyes and self-injecting Botox. My living room will be covered with 8,000 copies of the *Best of Jimmy Fallon* DVD, because I'll be the only one who bought it. Most nights I'll

be drunk in front of my mirror, slathering on cabaret makeup, ready to do another set for my empty apartment. That's my sad future.

6

PLAYBOY: Are you the product of over-protective parents, or did they let you run wild as a kid?

FALLON: I was very sheltered growing up. My parents used to make my sister and me wear football helmets in the backyard. We had an awesome swing set on a tree, and it would've been the greatest thing ever if it weren't for the helmets. People would walk by and go, "Look at the idiot Fallon kids." My grandparents lived close to us, almost in our backyard. They were watching my mom, my mom was watching us, and everybody was like, "Keep an eye on the baby. Don't let the baby cross the street." My mom is still that way. I got a Vespa at an awards show, and one day I took it over to her house to show it off. I drove it down the street, and when I came back my mom was in tears: "Don't ever do that again!"

7

PLAYBOY: At what age did you discover your talent for impersonations?

FALLON: I was two years old. I don't really remember it, but my parents have it on tape. My mom said, "Do James Cagney," so I said, "You dirty rat." When I was a little older, I liked to imitate people in my neighborhood. I'd hang out with this kid named Joey Gonzales, and when I came home my mom would start yelling, "Would you please stop talking like Joey?" I didn't even realize I was doing it. If I hang out with anybody long enough, I can do an impression of them. If I watched a *Seinfeld* episode, for instance, by the end I could do Jerry or anybody else from the show. You know how when you see *Rocky*, (continued on page 146)



Paige Gellar — VIRGINIA

# GIRLS of the ACC

Because we've always encouraged adult education

**N**othing says "back to campus" like students lugging the discourses of Kierkegaard, beer trucks saturating frat row and, of course, our annual crew of captivating coeds, who've lined up again to show off their learning curves. This year, we headed to the Atlantic Coast Conference, home to Clemson, Duke, Florida State, Georgia Tech, Maryland, Miami, North Carolina, North Carolina State, Virginia, Virginia Tech and Wake Forest. In other words, the following pages feature Blue Devils out of dresses, Cavaliers cavorting naked, Tigers getting frisky and Yellow Jackets minus their coats. And when these girls wear their pride on their chest, it's enough to make an Inuit whoop up a rebel yell.

We begin our onotomy lesson at the University of Virginia, where Poige Gellor (left) rides horses when she's not melting all the ice cream in Charlottesville. For Poige, attending Virginia means upholding tradition: "My three older sisters went here," she says. At right, Evelyn Gery (also on our cover) prefers getting her degree close to home. "I have a big family, and I see them all the time," the North Carolino native says. After graduation, however, she may head to L.A., where she hopes to be on a soap opera. Wake Forest business majors have trouble paying attention when Modison Moynes (below) is in class. What does she like, in 10 words or less? "Frat boys, yogo and my boobs," she says.



Evelyn Gery — NORTH CAROLINA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIU, MIZUNO AND DAVID RAMS



Madison Moynes — WAKE FOREST



Jasmine Lee — CLEMSON



Vanessa King, McKenzie Jolie — MARYLAND



Cameron Haven — FLORIDA STATE



**Ariel Iverson — VIRGINIA**

Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Jasmine Lee made dean's list at Clemson; FSU's Cameron Hoven is a gym rat—"but no girlie cardio," she says; Vonesso King and McKenzie Jolie attend Maryland. This page, clockwise from above: Virginia's Ariel Iverson; Sabrina Genin of Duke; FSU's Erin Long, Leah Dietrich and Jacqui Detwiler are our Tallahassee trifecta; Melissa Favorito's pet peeve at Virginia Tech? "When people return from a tropical spring break with braided hair."



**Melissa Favorito — VIRGINIA TECH**



**Sabrina Genin — DUKE**



**Erin Long, Leah Dietrich, Jacqui Detwiler — FLORIDA STATE**



Krista Jackson — DUKE



Jewls — WAKE FOREST



Devon Nickel — VIRGINIA TECH



Opposite page, clockwise from top: Krista Jackson hates to fly, so it makes sense that she landed at Duke after growing up in Durham, North Carolina. "I've lived in the same town for 22 years," she says; Devon Nickel was born in Canada and hopes to be a cardiovascular surgeon after graduating from Virginia Tech; before getting close to Wake Forest beauty Jewls, know this: "I'm a klepto. I steal men's hearts," she says. Below: Lawyer-to-be Jessica Burke is whooping it up while she can at the University of Miami: "I'm a professional party girl."



Jessica Burke — MIAMI



This page, from left: Born in Saudi Arabia, Julia Ryan studies management at Georgia Tech; Maryland mixn Yn Hoang wants to get something off her chest: "I love women!" Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Bethany Nelson, Mellisa Morris and Erin Jenne of Virginia Tech; FSU artist Gina Cohen. "The sculpture in this photo is an original by me," she says; Caitlin Crawford is at Georgia Tech; Clemson's Bianca James is a personal trainer. "But I really want to be a school psychologist," she says.



Julia Ryan — GEORGIA TECH



Yen Hoang — MARYLAND



Bethany Nelson, Mellisa Morris, Erin Jenne — VIRGINIA TECH



Gina Cohen — FLORIDA STATE



Bianca James — CLEMSON



Caitlin Crawford — GEORGIA TECH



Shannon, Erika, Ronnie Danielle, Corissa Eaton, Jenna Fitzgerald  
**NORTH CAROLINA STATE**



This page, clockwise from left: It's not an N.C. State pool party without Shannan, Erika, Ronnie Danielle, Corissa Eaton and Jenna Fitzgerald; Maryland's Emily Hamner has a warning for the Blue Devils: "I hate Duke!" (Catfight?); Briana Timmons is studying to become a surgeon—but first, some stretching. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: FSU's Lace Rose Allenius looks elegant for a reason: She's a classically trained pianist; remember cover girl Evelyn Gery? She's our after-school special; Clemson's Mary Farnell competes in radeos.

See more girls of the ACC at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).



Briana Timmons — **VIRGINIA**



Emily Hamner — **MARYLAND**



Lace Rose Allenius — FLORIDA STATE



Mary Farnell — CLEMSON



Evelyn Gery — NORTH CAROLINA

*She reminded me of a Barbie doll. Even in that old-lady dress, she was the sexiest thing I'd seen in years.*

Maybe she had it coming, but that don't make me feel better. I really liked Ushie. We had a good thing going. Why'd she have to fuck it up?

"You promised me, Joey," Ushie had said in the kitchen. "You're supposed to marry me. That's what people in love do."

Ushie knew I was already married, but she didn't care. To her, Delores didn't exist.

Why the hell am I thinking about this shit? My life used to be pretty good. Money in my pocket, a cute wife who liked to shake her ass on Saturday night. Gone now. The money and the Delores I married. She got mean, and she got fat. She's a pig. I wouldn't fuck her now if you paid me.

Not like my Ushie.

When we were first married, me and Delores used to laugh at Aqua Velva, who was ancient even then. We'd run into him in the hall, and he'd stare at us from behind big scratched sunglasses like the cop in *Cool Hand Luke* wore. It was hard to look at him with a straight face. About five feet tall with mud-colored skin and a cockscomb of Brillo-pad hair like Don King's on top of his little peanut head. It's streaked with gray now, but back then it was so black that Delores used to joke that he used shoe polish instead of pomade.

We joked a lot back then, me and my Delores.

In a voice that creaked like a rusty screen door, Aqua Velva would say, "Gonna be a hard day out today, folks. Feel it in m'bones. Somethin's gonna happen that ain't gonna be good. Somethin' bad. You watch yourselves out there."

He made these predictions all the time, but nothing ever happened, not to us anyway. It's a safe bet that something happened to someone—every day's a bad day for some poor slob. We'd smile, all friendly-like, and he'd shuffle past, thighs squeaking on account of his leather pants. A biker. Probably the only black geriatric biker in Pelham, probably in all of Westchester County. Still rides a stripped-down piece-of-shit Harley that he fixed up himself with seashells and toy cars glued all over it. Whenever he rides down Christie Street, the bike spits a plume of black smoke you can see all the way from Manhattan.

It was hard not to laugh at Aqua Velva, but we tried our best. Back then I liked him, so me and Delores would wait till he was out of earshot before we'd set our giggles free. We'd laugh, she'd touch me, and if we weren't late for work or due at her loudmouthed mother's for dinner we'd go back to our apartment, throw the dead bolt and laugh a little more, this time on the floor with our clothes off.

Me and Delores had our moments. We weren't always brawling. But we haven't slept in the same bed in two, three years now, not since she found out she would never have kids. Not since she started spending time with Aqua Velva for sympathy.

I didn't used to hate Aqua Velva, either, didn't used to be scared of him, either. I guess it began four or five months ago when I started fucking around with Ursula Rosenthal.

My shop—Carmine Brothers Auto Glass—is right across the street from my apartment building; it's pretty convenient. Me and my little brother Jerry ran it together till he took off last year. His wife wanted a divorce, and Jerry got scared. He's got five kids and didn't like the idea of paying child support for 10 or 20 years. So he loaded up his truck and drove away. Didn't even leave a note. The last I heard, Teresa and the kids were living with her parents in Jersey. No one's heard from Jerry.

At first I was pissed, but when I met Ushie I was glad Jerry was gone; he would've been on her like Delores on pie. When we were teenagers, he'd steal my girlfriends all the time. Would've stolen Delores, too, except I met her the summer he was planting trees in Oregon, pretending to be a hippie on account of all the free dope and pussy.

"Hey, Joe," Aqua Velva says from his side of the wall. "Yo, Joe! I got somethin' to say to you."

Fucking Aqua Velva!

"Be right back, Ushie," I say to my gal on the floor. I hover in the living room doorway and peer at the hole through half-closed eyes. "What you want, Aqua Velva?"

"C'mon, Joe," he says. "Don't be a pussy. Come wheres I can see you."

"Fuck you. If you can see the kitchen, you can see me right here." The hole

is three or four feet off the floor, next to a big photograph of Delores wearing too much makeup and showing all her teeth.

"Whatchew gonna do, Joe Carmine?" Aqua Velva asks. His soft, creaky voice reminds me of why I used to think he wasn't such a bad guy. He is, after all, the only one in this fucking dump who gives two shits. He gets groceries for the crippled broad up on seven. He keeps an eye on the little kids when they fool around in the hall, and he plays cards with the lonely old Spanish guys who don't speak English. At Christmas Aqua Velva decorates the lobby and goes caroling on every floor.

"You got yourself in some mess, boy."

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about."

"What's Ursula doin' on your floor, then?" He chuckles. "The day's flowin' away, Joe. 'Fore you know it, Delores gonna be walkin' up dem stairs."

"What the fuck do you want?"

Aqua Velva laughs. Whatever his angle, it's gonna be bad. His eyeball glares at me, the iris as tired and brown as the corduroy pants I had as a kid. They'd been my cousin Sal's, and by the time I got them the crotch had worn thin and the color had faded to baby shit. I hated those fuckin' pants.

"Get away from that hole," I say. "Come on over here and we'll talk it out like men."

"You ain't no man, Joe. Ain't even a boy. Whatchew think Ursula's daddy gonna do when he finds out she dead? He won't bother widda cops, thas for sure."

Fuck this shit! Enough!

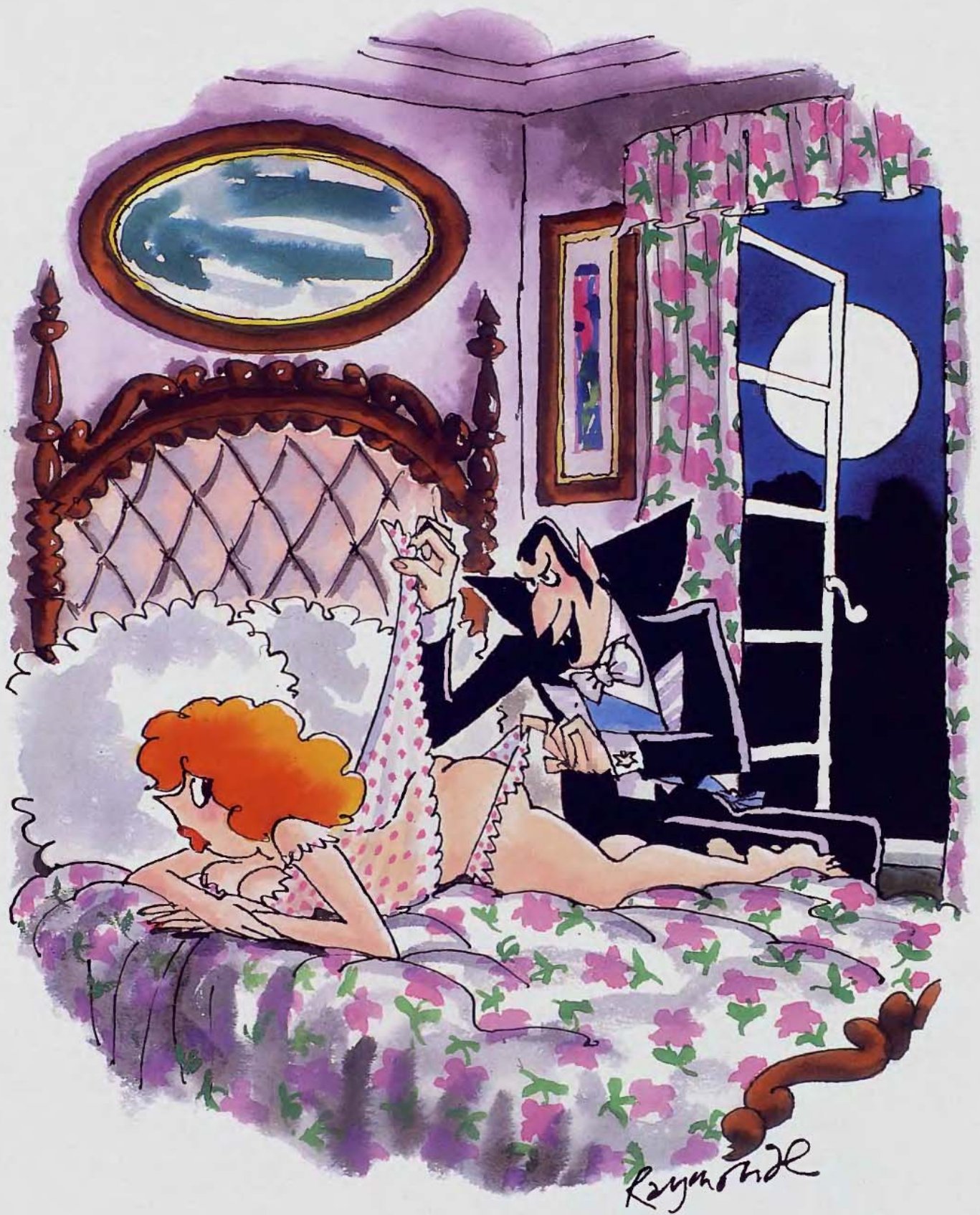
"Where you going, Joe?" Aqua Velva asks as I stumble down the hall. "You'd best not try to run away—"

Even with the bathroom door closed and the tap on full blast I can hear him. "Can't 'spect to get away wid dis—"

I'm fucked.

Aqua Velva's right. Ushie's daddy wouldn't bother with the cops. Reuben Rosenthal, in his 60s, is not a man to fuck with. He's one of those religious Jews but no pussy. He's more like those crazy Israelis you see kicking the shit out of the Arabs on TV. He has six other kids, but Ushie's the youngest and the only one who lives at home. He loves her like crazy. Everything would've turned out different if he'd left her at home where she belonged instead of bringing her to my shop.

It was on a Tuesday morning, and I was playing solitaire when this big, old, battered-to-hell Jew-canoe Lincoln



*"Necks? You must be thinking of my weird uncle, the Count!"*

rolled into my bay. An ugly spiderweb crack covered the driver's side of the windshield, and the rusty bumper was plastered with blue-and-white stickers with squiggly foreign letters. A bunch of laminated pictures hung from the rearview mirror; I found out later they were all of Ushie.

I was happy to get a little trade. Business had been shit lately, and the bills were piling up. The shop used to do pretty good, but that was a long time ago—back when I still had all my hair and Delores's ass could still fit through the door frontward.

A wrinkly, wiry, mean-looking old man wearing a wide-brimmed black hat and a black suit got out of the Lincoln. He limped like he'd been walking on a broken ankle for 40 years and was just starting to get used to it.

"Windshield's busted," he said, slapping his hand on my desk.

"Didn't think you came in here for no ice cream sandwich," I said.

"How long to fix it?"

I was about to tell him three, four

hours tops—I had time on my hands since Discount Glass up the thruway started undercutting me—and then I saw Ushie. She stood beside the car wearing a baggy blue dress that couldn't hide her curvy body. Little, like her old man, but with blonde hair, wide-spaced brown eyes and a pouty mouth. She reminded me of a Barbie doll. Even in that old-lady dress, she was the sexiest thing I'd seen in years.

"How long?" the old man asked again, staring at the price list over my desk. He hadn't noticed me eyeballing the girl, and that's the way I wanted to keep it. Limp or not, he looked tough.

"Four hours maybe. You want to wait around, have a seat?" I jerked my thumb at the crappy plastic chairs against the wall, but he shook his head. Worried that he might get back in the car and drive away, I said, "Three then, and it'll be cheap. Cheap and fast, sir."

From the start, Ushie had me doing stupid things.

The old man nodded and limped out to the street with his daughter. "I got

errands to run," he said. "Take good care of my car, boy."

Boy, for God's sake, like I was some punk kid who would steal his tires as soon as he turned around.

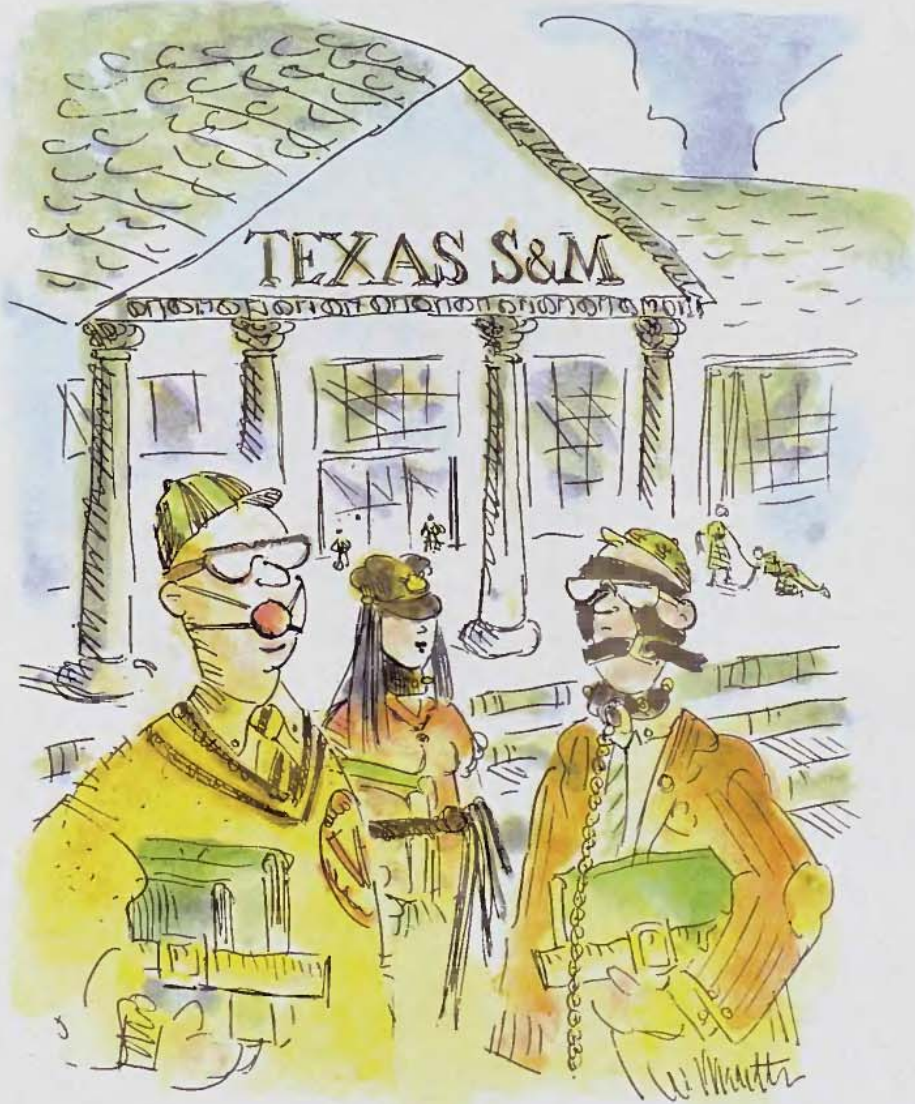
Twenty minutes later the girl came back alone. She strutted into the bay and stood so close I could smell her cherry bubble gum. Curling her hair around her finger like a pinup from the 1940s, she said, in a whispery kitten voice that made me want to bend her over the hood of her father's Lincoln, "Daddy's busy with his friends, and I'm bored."

She looked over her shoulder to the street like a little kid watching out for teacher and lifted her skirt above her waist.

It wasn't till later, much later, that we actually had a conversation. She told me about going to school in a little yellow bus and how she helped her mother make dinner every night and about her dolls and her friends and her dog, Jacob.

If I'd known before I fucked her, I never....

Shit, who knows? All I'm sure of is that my gut started to burn as soon as Ushie opened her mouth. She looked 25 but had all the smarts of a six-year-old.



Not knowing what Aqua Velva is up to makes me nervous, so I edge out of the bathroom and down the hall. The apartment smells meaty. Probably from the asshole hippies upstairs; they're always cooking something stinky. It can't be Ushie, not yet. When she fell, her skirt had rucked up over her ass, showing off pink panties and the backs of her pale thighs. My first instinct—before checking her pulse or asking, "Ushie, you okay?"—was to kneel on the floor, spread her legs and take her from behind.

But I didn't—that's something, right? So I'm a bastard and a pervert and a killer, but I didn't fuck her after she was dead.

"I wouldn'ta started up with her if I'd known," I say out loud.

"Sure you woulda," Aqua Velva's voice says, louder. The eye is gone, leaving only the dark hole and the old man's creaky voice. "If you really gave a shit about her, you woulda stopped after that first time, Joe. Ain't no nice guy takes advantage of a retarded girl."

Well, sure, Ushie was a dummy, but smart in her own way. She managed to sneak away from her retard school once or twice a week to visit me, didn't she?

"I know why you killed her, Joe Carmine."

"The fuck you do!" And I could hear my voice tremble.

In a singsong squeak unlike his usual old man's baritone, Aqua Velva says, "I heard you! Kissy-kissy-love-ya-honey. Then she talked-talked and out came the fists. Boom-boom-boom and



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( I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18 )

baby fall down. Didn't like the good news, didja, Joe?"

"It was an accident!"

"You didn't plan it," he said, "but that don't change what you done."

Through the wall I hear a snuffling, coughing sound: The old man is crying. Not boo-hoo wails like Ushie when she thinks I'm mad or the way Delores leaks when she's pissed—like each tear is a dollar she don't want to spend—but a low weeping that reminds me of my father.

Jesus Christ, I don't need this shit. I haven't thought of Pop in years, and I don't want to start now. My old man was never good for anything but horses and women, and even then he was a loser. But Aqua Velva is crying like Pop did when he found my sister Judy dead in her crib. She hadn't been sick; she just

died. It happens sometimes. The house was so quiet. Ma was still in bed and Jerry wouldn't be born for another three years. I didn't say a word, just stood in the doorway and watched Pop cradle her against his chest. If he'd seen me standing there, he would've knocked me into next week. Pop was a private man. He didn't like other people—even family—knowing his business.

On the other side of the wall, Aqua Velva weeps like my father. "Ushie, poor Ushie—"

It pisses me off. He's not allowed to call her that.

Real sly, like a jungle cat, I creep up to the hole from the other side of the room with my back pressed against the wall—it's his blind spot.

"You didn't deserve this, girl—"

I slam my fist into the wall and the pic-

ture of Delores falls behind the sofa and smashes. Leaning in close, I say, "You don't talk about her, understand. She's not your business, and neither am I."

Like Pop, I don't like no one prying.

"She was a nice girl, Joe," Aqua Velva says. "She didn't hurt no one. She was like a little kid. Whydja hafta kill her?"

That word—*kill*—sucks the strength from my legs. I sink down to the floor and wrap my arms around my knees. I wonder if Aqua Velva is sitting the same way, with just the wall between us. Like this is a confessional and he's the priest. Up till now I've been thinking of it as the Accident, or maybe the Big Fuckup. But this is the Murder...I am the Killer.

"Useta see you two across the street," Aqua Velva says, his voice smooth and controlled. If I hadn't just heard him crying, I would've never believed it. "I'd wonder how you could go around with a girl like that, knowing what you did. Might as well've gone over to Lincoln Elementary and found yourself a kindergarten kid to fuck.

"Useta hope Delores'd find out or that Ushie's daddy would drive up the street in his big ol' Lincoln and shoot your ass dead. Almost called him myself—I know Reuben since he was a kid stealin' newspapers offa delivery trucks."

"So why didn't you?" I'm trying to sound pissed off, but my voice sounds scared and sad, like a little kid who wished someone would've taken away his baseball before he busted the window. "You coulda stopped me, Smitty." His right name slips out, but he doesn't notice.

"What are you, some fuckin' kid?" Smitty asks. "Wasn't my job to stop you." His voice gets soft. "Besides, Ushie looked happy. Nice girl like her deserves a little happiness. If I'd known what you were gonna do, if I coulda saved her, I woulda. But by the time I made m'hole, she was on the floor and you was starin' at her like she was a whore spread across a bed."

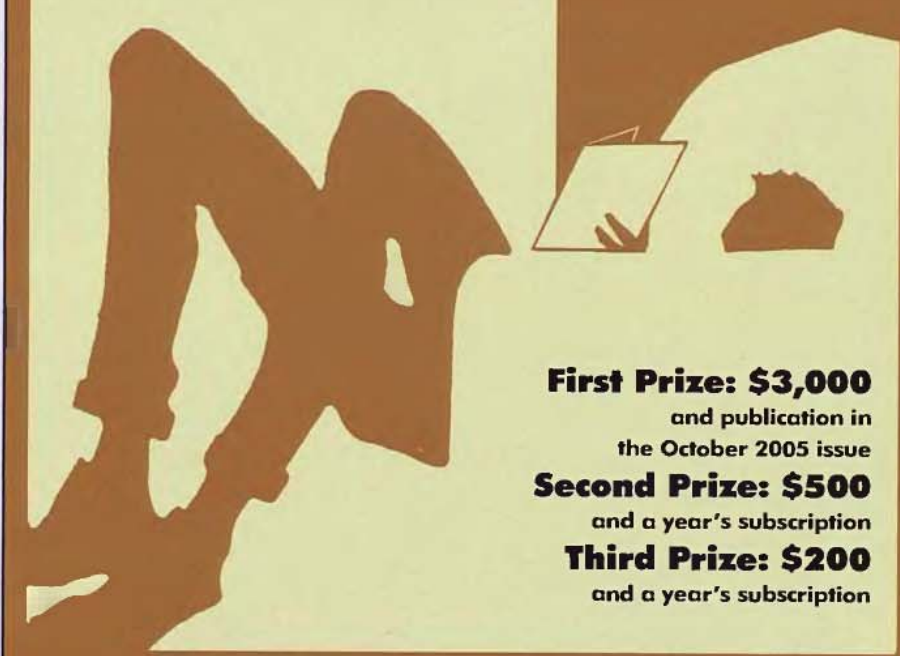
Not much I could say to that.

"You're a grown man, Joe. Bad deeds'll catch up with you fast enough without my help."

"Can the fortune-cookie bullshit," I say, getting up from the floor. It occurs to me that I'm a moron. Not for killing Ushie, which was an accident, or for being a bad husband, which is hard to avoid, but for sticking around this hot apartment. In the kitchen a fly crawls across Ushie's neck, right near her mole. It seems like a sign. Like God wants me to leave before it's too late.

I know I'll burn for it in hell and maybe fry for it up here if they catch me, but I'm kind of glad she's dead. Someone that stupid shouldn't be allowed to play at being a grown-up. It's like false advertising, that great body hiding such a tiny little brain. She wanted me to marry her, for Christ's sake!

## PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST



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Better she's dead.

The baby, too.

I don't like to think about that. Ushie was a retard, but she did something in two months that Delores couldn't do in our whole marriage. Poor retard baby. Poor retard Ushie.

I've got to pack a bag and get out. Like Jerry. Like Pop, too. He's been dead for years, but he didn't do his dying around here. Pop took off to California when Jerry was still a baby. Sometimes he'd send postcards of women in bikinis on sandy beaches. California seems as good a place to go as any.

"You still there, Joe Carmine?"

"I'm gone," I say to the old black biker who doesn't know that the whole neighborhood busts a gut every time he walks down the street. "Nice shootin' the shit with you, but I'm outta here. Don't try to stop me."

"Wouldn't dream of it, boy. Nothin' I can do if you've set your mind to leave."

"Damn straight, Smitty."

"Bout time you called me by my rightful name," he says, finally noticing. "Think of the trouble you would have saved yourself if you'd never gone with that nickname."

The old fuck was probably right. But he had it coming. I'd been down in the basement doing my own laundry because Delores had been spending so much time away, mainly with him. It made me mad, and when he came up to me near the dryers and put a hand on my shoulder I shouted, "Get away from me, you old fuck. You stink."

I pushed him down and laughed when he started to shake. "Gonna cry, Aqua Velva? That's your name from now on. Aqua Velva!"

Making an old man cry isn't the worst shit I ever done, not by far, but everything that came after seems to hinge on it. Maybe Smitty would've been a friend to me. A pal, the kind who tells you it's not smart to step out with a stacked retard who gets knocked up 'cause she don't understand birth control. Or maybe is dumb enough to believe a baby would make me leave Delores. Maybe if I'd let Smitty talk to me.

Don't matter. It's done, can't be undone.

Out in the street, a car door slams and garbled voices float up through the open window.

"See ya round, Smitty," I say.

The old man laughs. Through the hole I see his shiny, white teeth and dark, flexing lips.

Shit! I run across the room and peer down at the street. A familiar black car is parked up on the sidewalk, hubcaps twinkling in the sunshine. Three men—two big and young, one little and old—in black hats and black suits disappear beneath my building's awning.

I got to get out of here—

"Thas right, you run," Smitty shouts, still laughing. "Run, Joe Carmine!"

I hear footsteps in the hall, too light to belong to a man. These are feminine footsteps I've been hearing for years. A key turns in the lock as I remember the old-fashioned rotary-dial telephone on Smitty's counter. Jesus Christ, I spent too long in the bathroom.

"Joe, you home?" Delores calls from the front hall. "What's going on? Smitty—"

The men crowd in after her. "Who the fuck are you?" she cries. "Joe? What's going—"

Delores rushes into the living room, takes one look at my face, stares into the kitchen. Her scream is loud enough to draw Reuben Rosenthal and his sons in after her but not so loud that I can't hear Smitty's cawing, croaking old-man laughter.

*The second prize in this year's competition goes to Huan Hsu of George Mason University in Virginia for Tennis Mom. The third-place winners are David Philip Mullins of the Iowa Writers' Workshop for Vintage Vegas, Ameni Rozsa of the University of Texas for Past Vegas and Gina Welch of the University of Virginia for Lunch in Oxnard.*

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# Jimmy Fallon

(continued from page 129)

at the end of the movie you feel like fighting? It's like that.

8

PLAYBOY: Did you always want to be a comic, or did you consider other careers?

FALLON: I was obsessed with being a mailman for a while, mostly because they have the cool cars with no doors. And I love their uniforms because they get to wear shorts in the summer. That's not bad. I'd love to go through a drive-through in a mail truck. I also wanted to be a priest at one point. I really got into church and Mass and all that stuff. I'm Irish Catholic, so I grew up watching movies such as *The Bells of St. Mary's* and *Boys Town*, in which priests were looked up to and respected. I went to a Catholic grade school, so until I was 12 I seriously considered becoming a priest. But the girl thing kind of ruined that. That's the one bad thing about being a priest—you can't marry. I just don't have that kind of self-control.

9

PLAYBOY: You were a computer-science major in college. Were you poised to become a real-life incarnation of Nick Burns, the snide company computer guy you played on *SNL*?

FALLON: I got pretty close. But I switched

my major in the fourth year because it was getting too hard. I had just finished Cobol, and I was going into C++. That's for the nerds out there. C++ is a really hard language. The biggest thing I wrote was a video-rental program. It allowed you to check in a video yourself, and it would automatically charge you for an overdue one. I eventually switched my major to communications but never finished. I spent most of my time studying comedy. My friend Frank Gentile and I would write stand-up bits in the laundromat of our dorm and drink 40s. We both loved *Saturday Night Live*, and we wouldn't allow anybody else in the room when we watched the show. We'd even kick out my roommate, just so we could really focus on it.

10

PLAYBOY: You're a major Pee-wee Herman fan, and you admit that Paul Reubens was one of your main inspirations. Is that because of the comedy or the public masturbation?

FALLON: A combination of both. As a kid I loved his movies and his creativity. Pee-wee Herman is such a great character. The idea of a guy who will never grow up has such an appeal to me. It's a nice, affirming message that I can really relate to. I'd be happy if I could write a character nearly as inspired as Pee-wee. As for the masturbation, it's been said before, but I'll say it again: Where is Paul Reubens allowed to masturbate anyway?

12

PLAYBOY: You had a reputation at *SNL* as the cast member most likely to break character and start laughing in the middle of a skit. How does a guy end up in comedy without being able to keep a straight face?

FALLON: I'll take my share of responsibility, but it's not entirely my fault. It became a thing with Will Ferrell to try to make me laugh. It started with the cowbell sketch, when Blue Oyster Cult is recording "Don't Fear the Reaper" and the producer wants more and more cowbell. I was just about to do my line when I looked over at Will—his gut was hanging out of his shirt, his glasses were flying off, he was sweating and his eyes were nuts, and I just lost it. So that became a running thing with him. We did a scene in a hot tub, and Will was pinching my leg under the water. Nobody could see what he was doing, so it just looked like I was breaking up. I've apologized to Lorne Michaels over and over again, but there came a point when he didn't care anymore.

13

PLAYBOY: What was your single favorite *Saturday Night Live* experience?

FALLON: Probably the mirror sketch with Mick Jagger. That was the coolest thing I've ever done. When I heard he was doing the show, I kept begging the writers, "Please, please put me in a sketch with Mick." I didn't have the courage to approach him with some ideas until Thursday. I pitched him the mirror thing, and by way of example I did an impersonation of him. [*Dances as Mick Jagger*] "C'mon, man, do the rooster. You know what to do. Everyone likes it when you point your fingers. You do that great, when you point at people." That made him laugh and he agreed to try it. So at midnight on Friday I went to his hotel suite to hang out. We had some tea and talked about what songs we were going to sing. We sang 10 Rolling Stones songs together. He's absolutely as cool as you think he is. I've never met anyone like him who actually lives up to your expectations.



"My husband doesn't understand me."

14

PLAYBOY: For "Weekend Update" you usually dressed like a kid who was late for church. Was the disheveled look intentional, or do you honestly have a problem tucking in your shirts?

FALLON: Doing "Update" was one of the first times I ever had to wear a suit. I learned how to tie a tie for "Update." I didn't know how before I became a co-anchor, so I guess it was good for me. Now I actually enjoy ties and suits. It's a world of wardrobe that I never knew anything about. As for the disheveled part, my hair has always been messy. That's just the way I am. I tried combing it to the side once, but it made me look like a news reporter from the 1930s.

15

PLAYBOY: You and Tina Fey always seemed like the perfect match. Was this a fabricated friendship, or did you have a relationship prior to becoming co-anchors?

FALLON: She's honestly a friend. She wrote a lot of stuff for me when I first joined the cast. She did all the Sully and Denise sketches. When we both got "Update," there was never any competition whatsoever. It was always about making it work, finding ways to make it funnier. Tina is very giving. If we went into dress rehearsal and I didn't have any jokes, she'd give me a few of hers. If my joke bombed, she'd say something funny and bring the audience back. Outside the show, though, we didn't really hang out. She doesn't drink that much, so it rules out any social interaction. It's the only way I can hang out with people. Horatio Sanz and I spend a lot of time together, and brother, that man can drink. We've come up with a lot of great material when drinking.

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PLAYBOY: If Tina gets a new male co-anchor, can we count on you to make unannounced visits to the "Update" set, stinking drunk and begging her to take you back?

FALLON: That's gonna happen either way. They've already changed the locks on the studio, but I'll get in there somehow. When I told her I was leaving, it took her about a second to get over it. That really hurt.

17

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to leave *Saturday Night Live*?

FALLON: I'd been on the show for six years, and that was three years longer than I'd planned. Three years always seemed better. I think John Belushi did only three. I don't want to be the guy who stays at the party too long. Besides, you can always come back as an alum. Dan Aykroyd and Chevy Chase would visit the show occasionally, and they're cool—Aykroyd, especially. That man knows how

to party. He took me and a few other cast members on a tour of the building and showed us all the secret places. There's a window that leads to an outdoor lawn with grass and a pond. I can't say any more than that. I don't want to give away a floor. But trust me, there's definitely a cool secret place—several of them, actually. When Aykroyd was on *SNL* in the 1970s, he was friendly with some of the janitors, so they gave him keys to all the secret rooms. He had a chance to explore every inch of 30 Rockefeller Center.

18

PLAYBOY: How have you adjusted to leaving *SNL* and joining the outside world again?

FALLON: It's been a strange transition. Doing the show is like running a race. When it's over, you just want to do it again. At the moment, I'm having trouble sleeping, because I'm used to staying up late. I have to remind myself that I don't have to do that anymore. But for better or worse, that's what I've become. My normal sleep patterns are long gone.

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PLAYBOY: You wrote a book with your sister, called *I Hate This Place: The Pessimist's Guide to Life*. Do you consider yourself a pessimist, or does comedy require a bit of doom and gloom?

FALLON: I try to be an optimist, but it doesn't always work out. Actually, the book was our way of making ourselves laugh during some tough times. She had just graduated from college and I had moved out to L.A., and neither of us had a job. We were both thinking the same thing: What have I done? When does life get good? We were depressed and we started e-mailing each other these mean-spirited affirmations, just trying to make the other person laugh. I showed a few of them to my manager, and he convinced us to do the book. It flopped, but I still think of myself as an author. That's how I like to be introduced in social circles. J.D. Salinger and I have a lot in common. I'm not a reclusive genius, and I've hosted a few more MTV awards shows than he has, but we're both published authors and our names both start with J.

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PLAYBOY: You've kissed your share of *SNL* hosts. Who's a better smoocher, Gwyneth Paltrow or Sir Ian McKellen?

FALLON: I ask myself that almost every day, and I gotta say...*[long pause]* I gotta say Gwyneth. She's a really good kisser. *[Another long pause]* I'm not saying that's the honest answer, but that's all you're going to get from me.



"Did I mention I was a guest on *Extreme Makeover*?"

## RIP. BURN. DIE.

*(continued from page 86)*

know what this business is about, we're dead. They start trying to tell artists what to do. No one told Picasso what to paint. He didn't paint a picture and wonder if people would think it was hot.

PLAYBOY: Can we conclude that music today is worse than it was in the past?

DAVID BENVENISTE (*manager, System of a Down, Deftones*): I don't know. I'm 32 years old. I was just a kid when the industry was energized by Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Fleetwood Mac, the Grateful Dead, the Doors and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. This wasn't just music. It was a culture. Compare that with the songs we hear on radio today. Big conglomerates own radio. They're concerned only with selling ads. They play songs for 15 seconds and call their focus groups. If the song researches well—great. If not, they take it off the air. What do we get as a result? Limp Bizkit. You can't compare Limp Bizkit to Led Zeppelin. You can't compare the All-American Rejects to the Doors. At the age of 75, when I'm talking to my grandkid, I'm not going to say, "I lived during the Strokes era!" Where's the music that will save the day now?

RON SHAPIRO: We all sort of smell the stink of commercialism and consolidation perverting the music. In the 1960s and 1970s, a time of great change in this country, music helped you define who you were—and it changed lives. Rock is no longer antiestablishment; now it speaks for the establishment. It reflects

the powers that be, the things that make people feel powerless.

JASON FLOM: Are we just a bunch of old guys sitting on a bench reminiscing about the old days? I don't think so. There really was a golden age. But by the way, has anybody made *The Godfather* lately? Have you seen anything as good as that? The quality of the movies coming out every week in the 1970s was ridiculous. Yet the movie industry is doing better than ever with these sensationalistic, dumb movies. Our whole culture seems to have become disposable.

PLAYBOY: Do record labels really deserve all the blame?

RICK RUBIN: Artists aren't blameless. You have to be willing to write 40 songs to put out only 12. You have to push the limits of your ability. Some artists are lazy. Their album takes off, they tour, they take some time off, and they go back into the studio. They push out an album to a schedule rather than take as long as they need to make a record great. Also, since MTV, music has become much more image-driven. Image should have nothing to do with it.

PART 2: THE INEPTITUDE IS MIND-BOGGLING:  
WHY DO CDS COST SO MUCH?

PLAYBOY: CD sales have been declining since 1999, but the average cost of a CD has kept increasing. Are consumers right to complain that CDs cost too much?

MOBY: It's pure greed. Maybe the record companies could save themselves if they stopped charging \$20 for a record that costs very little to make, if

they stopped spending millions on corrupt indie promotion, if they stopped giving themselves millions of dollars in bonuses and if they stopped spending a million dollars on a music video. A video should never cost more than a house in West Virginia.

JASON FLOM: I think it's ridiculous. You'd be hard-pressed to find anything that has risen less in price over the past 30 years, whether it's movie tickets or bus fare. I don't know why people are willing to pay \$3.49 for a ring tone but think \$13 is too much for an album. Maybe it goes back to Napster—for a while music was free. It still is, if you're willing to break the law.

SHARON OSBOURNE: The ineptitude is mind-boggling. These people!

ANDY GOULD (*manager, Rob Zombie*): I'm not saying that I don't like some of the people in the industry. I do. And some of them must be smart. It's like no matter what you hear about George W. Bush, you think, He must be kind of smart. I mean, he did become president. He must be smarter than I am; I ain't fucking president. The same thing goes in the record business. I'm sure some people out there are smarter than they appear, but they do seem to have forgotten something essential to the music business. It's become all business, and they've forgotten about music.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with putting businessmen in charge of the music business? We keep hearing about these huge recording and video budgets. Shouldn't someone be telling bands not to overspend?

SHARON OSBOURNE: The guys in suits spend all their time at lunch and have no idea what's going on in the streets. We had signed with Sony and suddenly they were all up in arms about downloading, while they themselves were creating the software to make it possible. Talk about out of touch. They didn't care. They were making millions even though the record companies were losing a fortune.

SIMON RENSHAW: Without a doubt, some executives are grossly overpaid. If you have an executive whose company is losing \$200 million a year, why would you pay him \$20 million?

MOBY: It makes me want to scream. People from the record company fly first-class, and the artist flies economy. They stay at the Four Seasons while the artist is at the Days Inn. But what really galls me is that everyone who works at a record company has health insurance, yet none of the musicians do. It's so profoundly unethical that it's unconscionable. Record companies have mistreated artists for 50 years, and now they expect sympathy from us?

PART 3: IT'S PAYBACK:

WILL ARTISTS ABANDON THE MAJOR LABELS?

PLAYBOY: Consumers are obviously unhappy. What about the musicians?



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MARC GEIGER: As the labels became all-powerful, the artists became powerless. They were at the bottom of the food chain, but now it's payback: Artists who can reject labels are doing so.

PLAYBOY: Will more artists go out on their own and work around the labels?

ANDY GOULD: Pearl Jam has no record label. Other big names don't want to be part of the industry. They would rather do it themselves. Why not? They can cut out the middleman.

SHARON OSBOURNE: If we get out of our contract with Sony, we will do it ourselves. We would probably make an album and give it away on the Internet for free. Then we'd have another one that you could purchase on the road.

PLAYBOY: Aimee, you were on three major labels before starting your own independent one. How much money were you making on a major label?

AIMEE MANN (recording artist; former leader of *Til Tuesday*): That's easy—none. I made a little bit on the first *Til Tuesday* record but only a little.

MICHAEL HAUSMAN (manager, *Aimee Mann*): Let's put it this way: I was in *Til Tuesday*, and I had part of the songwriting royalties. We probably sold 800,000 CDs with our first record, and I never earned more than \$35,000 a year. Now we make a lot more money. We ship

200,000 of Aimee's records to a distributor at a little over \$9 each. That leaves us with about \$1.8 million. We can make the record and do the marketing and promotion for \$1 million. After costs, that puts our profit at \$4 or \$5 a CD.

AIMEE MANN: There's this mythology among artists that you can't do it without a major label. One of the first things Michael said to me after we got up and running was, "It's not that hard."

PART 4: THE ENEMY INVADES THE SHORELINE:  
HOW DID NAPSTER OVERTHROW  
THE RECORD COMPANIES?

PLAYBOY: What role did Napster play in the music-business crisis?

RON SHAPIRO: The day the Napster story broke on the front page of *The New York Times*—March 7, 2000—the executives at Atlantic Records gathered in a conference room to read it together. I'll never forget that day as long as I live. The enemy had just invaded the shoreline, and we hadn't seen them coming. Everybody knew instantly that things were going to change forever.

RUSS SOLOMON (founder and chief executive, *Tower Records*): There's no question about that. One morning we woke up and realized how much Napster was affecting the business.

ANDY GOULD: If I hear one more record

executive say, "Oh, the problem is downloading," I'll fucking punch him. I'm just sick of it. It's such an excuse.

RON SHAPIRO: People spent a lot of time being outraged about Napster. But there were 100 million people using the service every day who loved music and shared it. Shouldn't we have found a way to monetize that?

PERRY FARRELL: They all say downloading killed the industry, but maybe people started downloading because the industry wasn't giving them what they wanted—good music at a fair price.

SIMON RENSHAW: The average kid thinks, I'm not stealing from the bands; I'm stealing from the record companies, and the bands say the record companies steal from them already. They could care less.

RICK RUBIN: When you abandon your audience, you can't be surprised when it finds another way to get what it wants.

PLAYBOY: The RIAA has prosecuted people for illegally downloading music. Metallica has sued downloaders. Do you support the prosecutions and lawsuits?

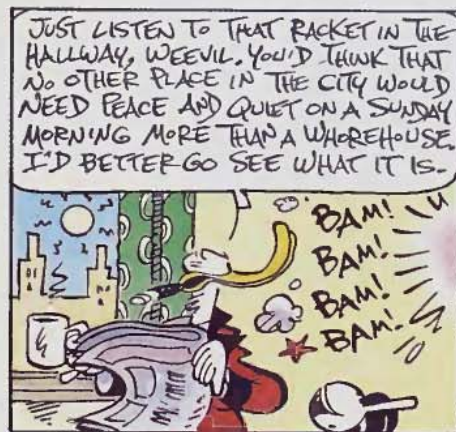
DAVID DRAIMAN (recording artist, *Disturbed*): [Sarcastically] Real smart. Turn your customers into enemies. Demonize them.

PERRY FARRELL: It's pathetic.

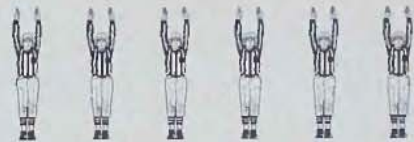
ANDY GOULD: Suing your customers? Have you ever heard of anything so fucking stupid?

# Dirty Duck

by Bobby London







**JOHN MAYER (recording artist):** The RIAA suing its customers is akin to my getting onstage and making fun of overweight people in the crowd.

**CHUCK D:** It's like a Roman emperor busting into a house and raiding the kitchen because the family grew the food on land that was considered imperial property. Besides everything else, suing over downloading doesn't address the real problem, which is burning CDs. Yeah, Sony is against downloading music, but the company also makes blank CDs and sells burners. What the hell? The corporations are trying to get it from all sides.

**MOBY:** It's incredibly hypocritical and disingenuous for record companies to go after file sharing but leave CD burning alone. CD burning is a much greater threat. But a lot of parent companies also make CD burners and blank CDs. They go after file sharing because they don't have any financial stake in it.

**JOHN MAYER:** You can go into a CompUSA—I don't recommend it, but you can—and buy 50 CD-Rs for \$10. I guarantee you, most of my lost sales come from kids going, "Oh, I already bought it; don't worry about it" and then burning a copy for a friend.

**PLAYBOY:** When fans download your songs or burn a copy of your CD, are they stealing from you?

**MOBY:** When I make music, I want people to hear it. I don't really care if they pay for it or not.

**JOHN MAYER:** If you have the dedication to sit at your computer for two hours and queue up on some kid's connection at Penn State while he's serving one of my songs, then maybe your time is worth getting that song for free. I make an incredibly good living. Not as good as Dave Matthews, but I'm not in a race.

**MOBY:** I've downloaded my own music just to tweak the nose of the RIAA. Are they going to sue me for illegally downloading my own music? I hope they do.

**LIZ BROOKS:** They blame Napster, but long before it the industry was out of touch with its consumers, who were already alienated when Napster arrived. It wasn't just the free music. Napster brought this incredible sense of access, a smorgasbord of any record you could have dreamed of: one you heard when you were a child, a B side you liked or the obscure Norwegian remix you hadn't been able to find in your local store. Not only could you find it on Napster, if you had a high-speed connection you could get it in a few minutes from another person, which is very empowering. Every business that has had massive Internet success, such as eBay or AOL, has been based on community.

**SIMON RENSHAW:** Technology had a staggering effect. No one saw it coming, and we responded with our usual mentality: We put our heads in the sand and denied it existed. Record companies had

always controlled the system by which music reaches the public, but the Internet leveled that playing field.

**JOHN MAYER:** You can't fight technology. You have to adapt to it. But record companies aren't known for being crafty. They're inflexible; they can't react quickly. It's a slow-moving industry, and it's been slow to respond to technology, which moves like a fire hose.

**MARC GEIGER:** Blaming technology for the industry's problems is like blaming the weatherman for a hurricane. My forehead is flat from the number of times I've hit my head against the wall trying to tell record industry executives that technology was coming and would change things forever. Napster founder Shawn Fanning was the bad guy, but if he hadn't written Napster, someone else would have. And the technology isn't popular because people want to steal. That's the biggest bullshit the industry will tell you. You don't want to pay? You bought a burner for \$299. You upped your bandwidth because it was painful sucking a song over a 56kbps connection, so your ISP fee went from \$21.99 a month to \$40. You may have bought an iPod for \$500. You bought cool Cambridge SoundWorks speakers, and those are a couple hundred bucks. Then your old four-gigabyte hard drive filled up with music and porn and other stuff you downloaded, so you replaced it with a new \$1,800 computer and a 20-gigabyte hard drive. Don't tell me people don't want to pay for music.

**LIZ BROOKS:** There's no going back. When I was at Napster, it was the most exciting thing I had seen since I was 14 and discovered punk rock. Napster offered me a job and I seized the opportunity. Maybe seven people worked at the company. We had pizza stuck to the ceiling, cereal boxes and engineers sleeping in the server room. It was wonderful. It was the fastest-growing application in the history of the Internet. Napster's first six months surpassed Hotmail's first six months, when Hotmail signed up 18 million users. It made Hotmail look like a Yugo on the autobahn.

**PLAYBOY:** The labels sued Napster, and the company went out of business. Did that put a stop to file sharing?

**JOE FLEISCHER (vice president of sales and marketing, BigChampagne, a research firm that monitors file sharing):** Kazaa has been downloaded more often than any instant-messaging program.

**ANDY GOULD:** We could have made Napster a subscription service and embraced it, but we didn't and drove everybody to a million different places. Now it's going to be really hard to get them all back.

**LIZ BROOKS:** There's no way to stop what Napster started. Look at how much good it did to squash Napster: Peer-to-peer isn't going away.

**PLAYBOY:** There's some evidence that downloading can help record sales.

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Perhaps the most file-shared artist of 2003 was 50 Cent, but he also had the year's best-selling record. Is downloading a good form of promotion?

CHUCK D: I don't think it hurts anyone. It's great exposure, especially in a business in which big companies co-opt and buy exposure. Downloading is just the new radio. Norah Jones is one of the most downloaded new artists of all time, and her second album sold a million units in its first week on sale. In the end, downloading does not hurt this business; it helps it.

MOBY: My album *Play* wouldn't have sold 10 million copies worldwide without file sharing. People came up to me and said, "I read an article about you, so I went to Napster and downloaded a song, and then I bought your record."

DAVID DRAIMAN: I say free file sharing is great as long as there is some measure of control. You want it for marketing reasons. You want to get your music out there. There's no greater tool for massive exposure with little effort and cost.

PERRY FARRELL: We always had free downloads on our site, and we had a website early on. We've always been involved online in trying to keep a close connection to our fans. They get music for free, but they'll pay because they want digital quality from a reliable source. The more tunes are made available for a price that seems fair, the more people will accept it. They won't stop just because you tell them it's wrong. So make it easy and cheap to get the real thing. iTunes does it.

#### PART 5: THE INNOVATION:

##### CAN ITUNES SAVE THE MUSIC BUSINESS?

PLAYBOY: How big of a success has iTunes been?

JASON FLOM: This is the first year that downloads are having a noticeable impact on the labels' bottom line.

RON SHAPIRO: I have a 12-year-old son who lives for music, and he's been in a record store only four or five times in his life. He spends almost all his leisure hours using iTunes, and every night it's, "Daddy, can I buy one more song?"

AIMEE MANN: It's amazing that an online download store is such a recent development. I mean, how could you not have seen that coming? Major labels just clung to this attitude of "We do it one way and it's always worked for us, and the wolf apparently is not at the door. We don't have to worry about that."

CHRIS BELL (*director of product marketing, iTunes*): A number of artists are still unwilling to make their music available for individual song downloads. We respect that. It's their creative decision. They're pretty much hanging up a sign that says, KAZAA: THIS WAY.

PLAYBOY: Apple has sold more than 3 million downloads in a week, plus 4.4 million iPods since October 2001. Is it surprising that such a successful way to

profit from digital music came from outside the music business?

ANDY GOULD: We have no brains in this industry. In 1979 we were up in arms about home taping—it was going to kill music. The industry was in free fall. Two things saved us: CDs were invented, and MTV came on the air. We had nothing to do with creating either of them. The last time there was a free fall, in the 1960s, at least we came up with FM radio and new ways of touring, which pulled us out. Now we are bankrupt of ideas. Everything that has come along recently to give the industry some life—Napster, iTunes—came from outside it. We don't have anyone with a fucking original idea. If you're making \$10 million a year, why bother?

JOHN MAYER: In the music world, there's so much room for cleverness—which is where Steve Jobs comes in. He knows how to be clever. He's prospering now because he's clever in an industry that is just so well-known for not being clever.

SIMON RENSHAW: If you look back in history, innovation tends to surface during moments of crisis. But it comes from outside the core affected industry. Steve Jobs wasn't concerned about musicians, and now he's selling iPods. Forget the 99-cent download. That's irrelevant. Music is just something that goes on his iPods. Apple will continue to do well, but the record companies have lost because now everyone is a distributor. BestBuy.com, WalMart.com—they're all selling downloads.

LIZ BROOKS: Depending on which analyst you believe, Jobs's margin on the iPod is between \$70 and \$175. He can afford to lose money on music. Technology once again drives the transformation of an industry. Everyone is following Apple.

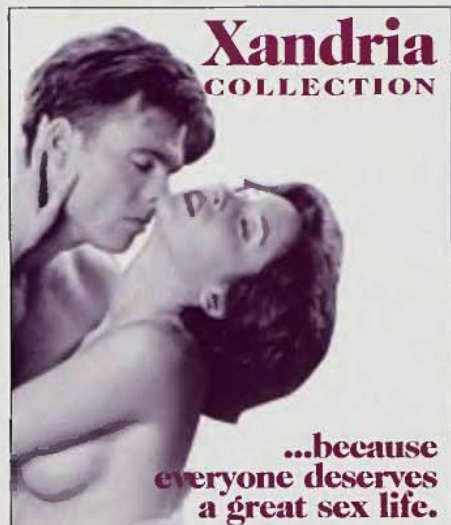
PLAYBOY: What will the long-term impact of iTunes be?

CHRIS BELL: Think about the ways people discover music: Market research shows that you hear about it through word of mouth or on the radio. You may see an artist on TV, on *Letterman* or *Saturday Night Live*. You scribble the name on a matchbook cover and look for it online or at a record store. And iTunes has just broken down a lot of those barriers. You can see a band on *SNL* and have its music on your iPod in the morning. We also provide a way to release music between official album releases and to keep the relationship with the audience very vibrant and rich.

DAVID BENVENISTE: iTunes is cool because you can download whatever song you want, but it doesn't necessarily kill CDs. At the end of the day, U2 and the Chili Peppers and Dave Matthews—bands that have real music and a real message—are still making money.

PLAYBOY: Steve Jobs recently called the album obsolete. Many people think it won't exist in 10 years. Do you agree?

SIMON RENSHAW: It'll be sooner.



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CHRIS BELL: Customers have a choice, and 45 percent of the songs on iTunes are still sold as part of an album. The much-predicted deconstruction of the album has not happened. But a song economy has been evolving during the past five or six years, and people want the choice. iTunes is all about choice.

PLAYBOY: There are still plenty of online file-sharing services. Will people choose to pay 99 cents when they can get songs for free?

DAVID DRAIMAN: It's worth spending the measly 99 cents on a download instead of spending all that time trying to get the frigging thing for free.

CHRIS BELL: The first thing I'd say is that all the music we sell on iTunes reflects a pent-up demand to get it digitally. A lot of customers have said for a long time that they're willing to buy music if given a viable alternative to stealing it. In addition, we're getting to people who are shopping for music and discovering it online for the first time, because it's so easy to get CD-quality music.

PART 6: THE REFRIGERATORS TAKE OVER:  
WILL RECORD STORES VANISH?

PLAYBOY: If iTunes and Kazaa are replacing record stores, will Tower and other brick-and-mortar businesses become things of the past?

DAVID DRAIMAN: We don't know what will happen. Tower has filed for protection under bankruptcy law. If you can get something online, why should you leave home?

RUSS SOLOMON: I obviously feel all these changes. However, Tower is reorganizing and will open more stores, if I have

anything to say about it. We're not ignoring the Internet, either.

PLAYBOY: But what about Draiman's point? Why go to a record store if you can get music online?

RUSS SOLOMON: I think stores will complement online outlets. They're going to exist side by side. Why go to a record store? Many people still find it easier to buy music in a packaged form, and many like going to stores to browse.

ANDY GOULD: When I was growing up, a record store fostered a sense of community, which is long gone. Tower is not a great place to buy records, but Amoeba—a music store in L.A., San Francisco and Berkeley—is and it's doing great. You can ask the guy behind the counter, "Do you know Captain Beefheart?" and he'll go, "Yeah. If you want to check him out, listen to this." Tower has all these little nerds in fucking Marilyn Manson T-shirts. You think they're going to know?

RUSS SOLOMON: The problems we and the industry have had are making us look at everything we do. We have to do better. We know that.

ANDY GOULD: If a music store can be made to feel like a community environment again, maybe you'll have a culture that hangs out there.

DAVID BENVENISTE: The experience of going into a record store has to become much more exciting. There's a reason Marilyn Manson sells out shows across the country but sells only 300,000 records. His performances are like Broadway shows—they're stimulating. Tower has to make its stores as exciting.

RUSS SOLOMON: We have to figure out a way to attract young people. The

strongest thing, of course, is price. The industry has to do better and offer more. We're also looking at ways to make the experience more fun. Crazy enough, I'm experimenting now with soda fountains. We're going to put one in our Atlanta store. I got to thinking, What would happen if we put a soda fountain and a jukebox in a record store?

MARC GEIGER: The record stores—whether Tower or Amazon.com or any of the others—aren't going away. Everyone said movie theaters would disappear because of the VCR, but they didn't. Movie theaters actually got better. Many old theaters were run-down mom-and-pops that sold Jujyfruits and didn't have THX sound or stadium seating. Instead of disappearing, they became Cineplex 10s with a Starbucks and good food and THX and 92 movies to choose from. It's Darwinian. For movies, I may be a payer-view guy. The guy next to me may like Blockbuster. The next guy may like Netflix. The next may subscribe to HBO. The next loves to go out to see movies. Are we all jerks? No. Music will be the same. For some, record stores. For some, downloading. For some, music by cable. For some, satellite radio. For many, all of the above.

RUSS SOLOMON: There will be many ways to buy music. In addition, you can do more things in a record store than just buy records. We're exploring them. The fastest-growing part of the business right this minute is music video on DVD. We sold \$20 million worth last year. We'll also look at selling downloaded products in stores. However, at this point the number of songs being downloaded is still infinitesimal compared with the total number of songs sold on CD. In one recent week, 1.6 million downloaded songs were legitimately paid for, and 12 million units of CDs were sold. Multiply that times 12 songs on each CD and you get 144 million songs. People bought 144 million songs in packaged form, as opposed to the 1.6 million downloaded. I'm not writing off packaged goods.

SIMON RENSHAW: I don't think music stores will disappear; I just think refrigerators will take over more space. You'll see CD departments in Barnes & Noble and Borders decrease in size. The chains—Tower, Virgin—are becoming increasingly irrelevant. We'll see fewer titles physically released; the vast majority will be distributed and sold in non-physical form, and CDs will be just for big-artist releases, sold with convenience and price in mind by the Wal-Marts, Targets and Costcos. Sad, huh?

PART 7: THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR:  
IS CLEAR CHANNEL THE ENEMY?

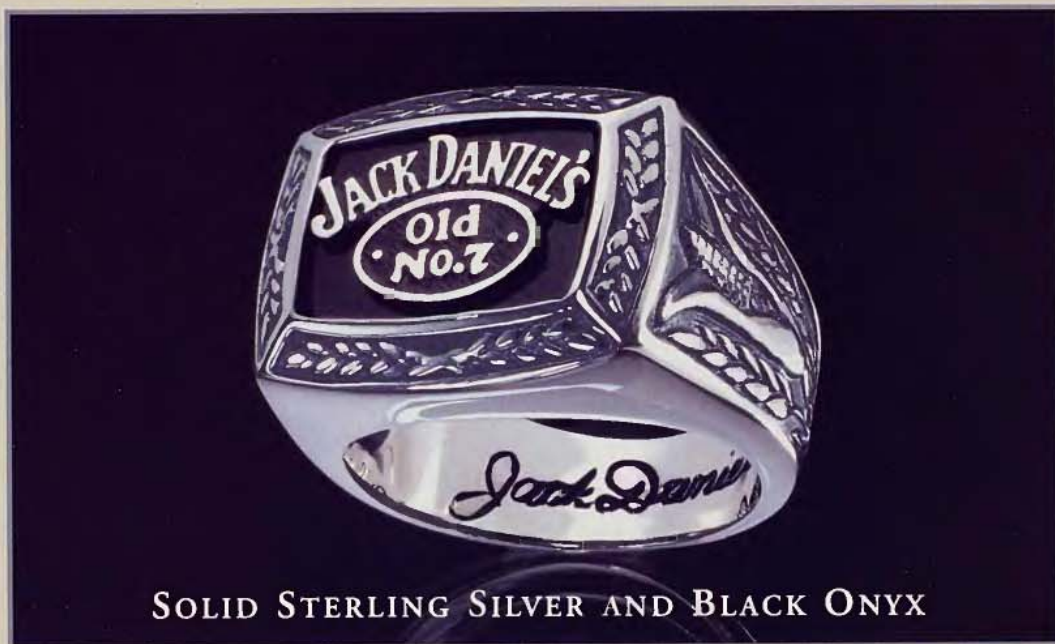
PLAYBOY: Now that we have so many ways to discover music, is radio as important as it used to be?

DAVID DRAIMAN: It's a massive factor. Your average joe still has an average car



*"It was fun, but I really have to get back to my place to watch that video we made of us having sex last week."*

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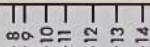
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stereo—with a CD player if he's lucky—but no satellite radio, no streaming audio and no Internet radio. And teenagers' lives revolve around the car. Radio is at the center of it all. I'm sure many programming directors all over the country will be very happy to hear me say that.

**SIMON RENSHAW:** Most North American radio is owned by a few large corporations. Clear Channel is by far the largest. All it cares about is ratings and selling advertising. Radio has become the lowest common denominator: "What 20 songs does our audience like most?"

**PLAYBOY:** Clear Channel owns more than 1,200 radio stations, and its concert division sold more than 27 million tickets in 2001, nearly seven times as many as the closest competitor. Some Clear Channel stations banned the Dixie Chicks after the group denounced President Bush, and this year it knocked Howard Stern off its stations for supposed indecency. What's your view of the company?

**JOHN MAYER:** It's really hip right now to hate Clear Channel. The company's been good to me, and I don't think you can be a performing artist and not have a relationship with it.

**SHARON OSBOURNE:** Right. Some people think Clear Channel is the bad guy, but not us. As a sponsor of Ozzfest, Clear Channel built this house.

**JOE FLEISCHER:** I think the idea that Clear Channel or MTV controls the music business is false. Clear Channel is not in the music business. Clear Channel is in the advertising business, and it is incumbent upon them to play what people want. Instead of whining, artists should make better music.

**PLAYBOY:** Clear Channel is one of President Bush's and other Republican

politicians' biggest supporters. Is that why the government doesn't regulate it more closely?

**SIMON RENSHAW:** [Sarcasically] That would be saying that big business has some sort of influence over the government, wouldn't it? I can't believe you'd suggest something like that. Big business gets its will done by exerting financial muscle in the elective process. Hopefully Clear Channel's importance will decrease. Satellite and Internet radio are growing.

**RON SHAPIRO:** The issue for me is the current lack of healthy competition in our country in general. How has it happened that a handful of corporations control most of the basics of our lives? It's capitalism gone wild. Where's the competition? That worries me more than sales going down. One major company, Viacom, owns virtually all the video networks. One or two major companies own all the radio stations. It's harder and harder for David to go up against Goliath, because our leaders have focused on letting Goliath get bigger and bigger.

#### PART 8: TICKET SALES FELL OFF THE CLIFF. WHY IS THE CONCERT BUSINESS STUMBLING?

**PLAYBOY:** From 1996 to 2001 the average price of a concert ticket increased by 61 percent. Why?

**SIMON RENSHAW:** Consolidation within the concert business drove up ticket prices. Ticketmaster has a near-monopoly, which allows it to add surcharges of unbelievable proportions—often \$7 to \$9 a ticket.

**PLAYBOY:** Does Ticketmaster get that money?

**SIMON RENSHAW:** Ticketmaster, the venue and the promoter get it. Ticketmaster

says to a building, "We'll guarantee you X million dollars a year for the right to be your exclusive ticketing agent." The only people who get nothing are the public and the artists. Is it worth it? I guess we'll find out when people stop buying tickets.

**PLAYBOY:** Hasn't that started to happen? Lollapalooza was canceled this summer because of bad ticket sales.

**JASON FLOM:** Ticket sales are terrible.

**PLAYBOY:** Marc, as co-founder of Lollapalooza, do you blame high ticket prices?

**MARC GEIGER:** Some people blame ticket prices or service fees, but last year was a record year with the same or higher prices. Others blame the lineup, saying there was too much indie rock and too few commercial bands—but who knows, because the entire touring business died this summer. Unlike the record business, in which you can blame a lack of good records or piracy, it's difficult to pinpoint a cause. All we know is that ticket sales suddenly fell off a cliff. I actually think it's an aberration, but we'll see.

**SHARON OSBOURNE:** Ozzy's catalog used to sell constantly. Now his sales are horrid in America, though not in Europe. Touring is our cash cow, along with merchandising. As a result, the major record companies are trying to get new artists to sign away their touring and merchandising, which is insane.

**JOHN MAYER:** We charge around \$40 for a ticket, which isn't a lot of money. Twenty-three-year-old kids have \$40 to spend on a concert. They may say they don't, but they do. Probably 80 percent of my income comes from concerts. I've never seen anybody rip and burn a concert ticket. But if you make your money selling singles, you'd better put on your best suit and go before Congress.

**SHARON OSBOURNE:** We could charge more, but with what's going on with unemployment in this country, we want to keep ticket prices down. The fact that kids still come out to shows tells you one thing: They want music. Music is still important in their lives. They may not be that interested in CDs, but they want music.

#### PART 9: THE FUTURE:

HOW DOES THE MUSIC INDUSTRY SAVE ITSELF?

**PLAYBOY:** Can the music industry be saved?

**SIMON RENSHAW:** It's time to burn it down. It's time to get rid of the system. The whole business is so hopelessly antiquated that companies will have to reinvent themselves from top to bottom.

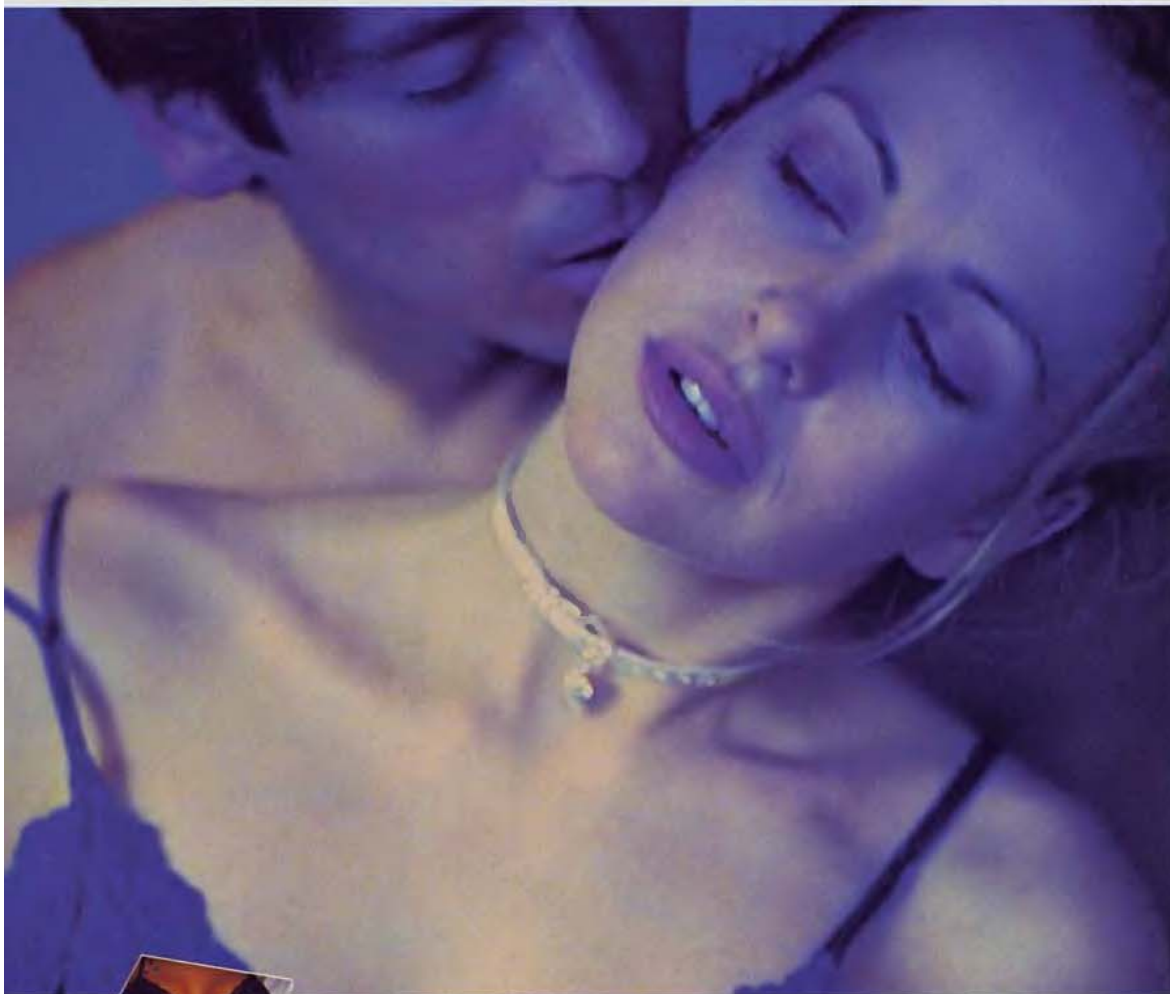
**CHUCK D:** People still buy good records. That's the message of Norah Jones's success. But they are no longer going to tolerate something that is microwaved and put out for mass consumption.

**ANDY GOULD:** The business needs to look at other opportunities. I saw a band the other day—kind of a cross between



*"I am Captain Gryvnitz Igsryz from the planet Thynog. Take me to your toilet."*

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Everlast and Sugar Ray, good-time rock-rap. The guy said, "Most of my songs are about drinking and fucking, so why don't we put ads for Budweiser and Trojan between the tracks?" Holy fucking mackerel, I had never thought of it. Now, is that a good idea? Probably not. But maybe you could go to Budweiser and get it to sponsor the back of a CD. It's not the worst idea I've ever heard.

PLAYBOY: What are some other changes we'll see in the future?

DAVID DRAIMAN: There could be direct billing when you download through ISPs. A pop-up window would say, "You're about to be charged 99 cents to your account," whether it's AOL, Earthlink or MSN. "Do you accept the charge?" Click, boom, no credit card. Half goes to the ISP, half goes to the label, and everybody makes money.

RICK RUBIN: The way we get music might look a lot more like the way we get cable TV—a monthly bill for all the music you want. You want the equivalent of Showtime and HBO? You pay a little more.

LIZ BROOKS: There may be a new type of record company, too. Some alternative labels are showing that labels can still work. Vagrant has Paul Westerberg, Dashboard Confessional, Alkaline Trio and No Motiv. Through consistency of brand and word of mouth, it has created a wildly successful business. Vagrant isn't living a poor punk-rock life. It's probably making more money than most of the major-label entities.

ANDY GOULD: Do you notice how much video games still sell? Do you notice how much that industry has embraced television? You can't watch a hip TV show without seeing a video-game ad. When was the last time you saw a music ad on TV? Everything we do—the Tylenol we take, the Coca-Cola we drink, the films we see—is advertised on TV. I can come home and see a guy spraying fake hair color on his hair, but I can't come home and see an ad for Metallica. Don't you think we should wake up?

RICK RUBIN: So much will be decided by

the music itself. Who will make something that will blow everyone away? Where will it come from?

SIMON RENSHAW: Music is alive and well. BMI, the songwriters' royalty-collection agency, announced that its revenue was up. There is still a large amount of money in music, but less is flowing to the record companies—they still think it's about selling pieces of plastic.

JOHN MAYER: Ten years from now, software will allow you to go online and get any record you want. The guy who makes that software is going to get the money, not the record companies.

LIZ BROOKS: The companies still have a role. They've been good at finding talent and making records. Artists need to be discovered by somebody. A&R and production are still needed.

JASON FLOM: Ring tones could be tremendous business for us. Soon you'll be able to download songs wirelessly onto your cell phone. I've done this; you plug headphones into the phone, and the sound is just as good as an iPod. There are a lot of mobile phones—more than 136 million in the U.S.—so that creates an incredible new market. At the same time, there's a danger from Symbian phones, which allow you to download ring tones illegally. That's a concern.

MARC GEIGER: The winners in this? Consumers. They'll get more music, the way they want it, at fair prices. One big downside to all the choices: the white noise of available content. Filters will be more crucial than ever. A filter can be radio but also critics, websites, TV, everything. The new list of filters has to mature. It's just starting.

PERRY FARRELL: If you want to make music because it's your passion, you have to think of it in different terms. The old idea—that a company will sign you, there'll be champagne backstage, and you'll run around out of your mind and not pay attention to the business—is over. Instead you have to come from a different place: I love to make music. I'm going to allow the music to be spread

around on the Internet as a calling card. I'm not looking for big advances. I want to perform for people year-round. I'm not going to wait five years until my next recording. It's healthier.

RUSS SOLOMON: At least we know that music is no less important than it ever was. Maybe it's more important.

JASON FLOM: Yeah, the good news is that music is more popular than ever. More people are spending more time listening to music and playing with their new musical devices than ever before. As an industry, we're going to survive.

RON SHAPIRO: Music is everywhere. People never see a movie without music. They never get married without it.

PERRY FARRELL: People will get music one way or another. That's all we know. Danger Mouse put out *The Grey Album* using samples from the Beatles' "White Album" and Jay-Z's *Black Album*—what we call a mash-up. Danger Mouse can't sell it because of all the licensing issues; he'd be sued if he did. But he plays it live. People are digging this music. They will look at whatever he does next.

JASON FLOM: I don't know if anybody is smart enough to say what the industry will look like even two years from now. Things are changing so fast.

SIMON RENSHAW: In this business, whatever we say now will be irrelevant in six months.

DAVID BENVENISTE: I think it's going to get worse before it gets better. Lots of faceless music. No message, no art, no cultural value, no ethical value. Things will change, but we don't know when. Kids are smarter now than when we were kids, and they have access to the Internet. They can hit SEND on their computer and disseminate information anywhere in the world in 10 seconds—a song, an image, a phrase, a religion, a word. So when the next thing comes, it will hit hard and big.





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# FATAL LEGACY

(continued from page 116)

the eldest he was next in line to take over."

Then in 1988, at the age of 68, Lou was diagnosed with myelodysplasia, a precursor to leukemia. Soon after, he was exhausted and too sick to run the business full-time, but he knew he couldn't leave it in Bruce's unsteady hands. His only option was to turn to his second son.

## LEGACY

With Eric at the helm, Caviarteria began to enjoy a new lease on life. "When he first came in, Eric did a fantastic job. He found all sorts of problems, and he fixed them," says Sugarman. "But Lou was there to keep control." Eric believed that a number of key personnel were embezzling from the company. He cleared them out, straightened the finances and set about getting Caviarteria back on track.

Brenda Black had just moved to New York from North Carolina when she met Eric in a Chelsea billiard parlor in 1989. Black, who was selling makeup at Bergdorf Goodman, says the famous Sobol blue eyes had attracted her. In November 1990 their engagement was announced in the *Times*, and in February 1991 they were married. "I thought he was beautiful," she says. "He had such a noble spirit. He fought for what he believed in—and he believed in Caviarteria."

Bruce, however, was deeply hurt at being passed over in favor of Eric. Dorelis remembers hearing about a heated exchange that took place in the store as Bruce tried to consolidate his Caviarteria position.

"This is my birthright!" Bruce screamed to Eric, his new boss.

"You're a fuckup!" Eric shouted back. "You can't be relied on for anything."

On February 19, 1992, Louis Sobol died of leukemia. He was 72. Eric took control of Caviarteria as chief executive and president. Bruce agreed to stay in the background, handling marketing and public relations. The caviar boom was about to begin.

## THE DONALD TRUMP OF CAVIAR

In the last week of 1991, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev resigned, and by early the next year 15 new independent nations had been formed out of the former USSR. Under Communism, the Caspian sturgeon fisheries had been tightly regulated. The state controlled the supply and price of caviar and preserved the sturgeon stocks. After the collapse of the Soviet Union, anyone with access to a boat took to the Caspian Sea, hoping to strike it rich.

By mid-1992, sturgeon poaching had become rampant, and black-market caviar began to make its way west. A year later the trickle had become a flood. Tons of cheap caviar poured into Europe and the U.S., most of it entering under the radar of the various customs and

health agencies policing the trade. Russian police officers trying to crack down on the trade were murdered, their families intimidated. In one notorious incident, an apartment complex housing Russian border guards was blown up; 68 people were killed, including 21 children. The target of the attack was a lieutenant colonel who had declared war on those he called "sturgeon pirates."

The New York Rangers game was entering overtime when an announcement came over Madison Square Garden's public address system: "Will Eric Sepe please go to the security office immediately for an urgent message."

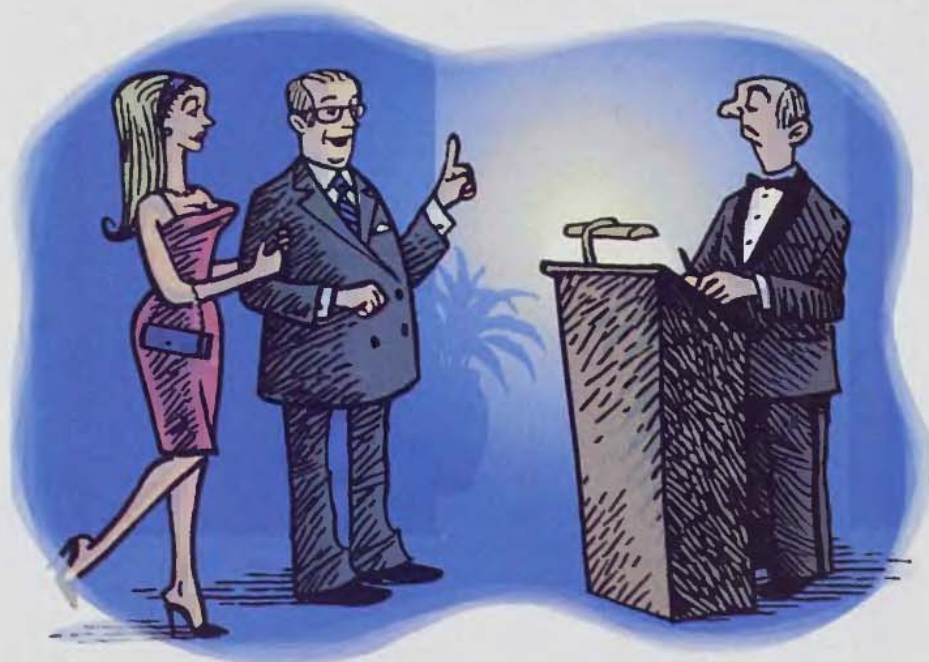
Sepe, a childhood friend of Bruce Sobol's now also working at Caviarteria, scrambled from his seat and ran to the security office, his heart in his throat, his mind racing.

"Eric. Eric, it's Paul."

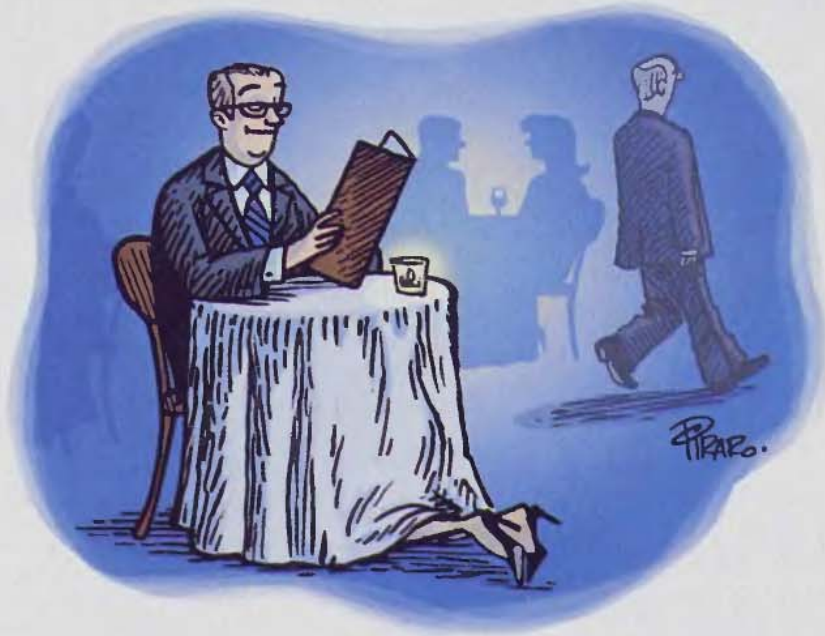
Paul was a small-time printer Eric had recently contracted to configure a print advertisement for Caviarteria. The two had agreed to a price of \$80 for the work.

"Eric, for God's sake, don't go to work tomorrow," Paul said. "I just talked to Eric Sobol on the phone. He said he found the invoice. He thinks we're ripping him off, and he says he's going to come around here and kill me and then find you and kill you, too."

That kind of aggression was typical of



"Table for one."



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Eric, says Sepe, who had worked for Lou on and off for 10 years. "As soon as Eric joined the business, I knew it was over for me," he says. Sepe quit the next day.

As Caviarteria's chief, Eric Sobol was perhaps even more dogmatic than he'd been in any of his previous career incarnations. "He went into Caviarteria and it consumed him," says Sugarman. "I remember Eric saying to me, 'I have a dream,' and that dream was an extension of Lou's dream. He wanted to have caviar bars all over the world." Sepe is less kind. "He was like a snarling junkyard dog we had to keep locked away from the customers," he says.

Eric's first move at Caviarteria's helm was to make his father's dream come true: In 1994 he moved the store to 59th Street and Park Avenue, transforming it into a caviar bar and store. Eric personally oversaw every aspect of the design. The transformation was a great success and encouraged him further.

"One bar wasn't enough," says Dorelis. "Eric wanted to be the Donald Trump of caviar." Raynor also witnessed the ambition in his friend. "He wanted to be the biggest caviar merchant in the world," he says, "to show other retailers, such as Petrossian, that Caviarteria was the biggest and best in the world. I wish he'd stayed still after building the 59th Street store and making it beautiful. Business was going well, he was making a lot of money, and he was happily married. Everything was prosperous." The brothers' friends also recall exotic vacations, new cars and expensive clothes. "Eric went to St. Barts probably every three months," says Raynor, and Bruce's pals remember his splurging on bottle after bottle of champagne and always picking up the restaurant bills they racked up. "He was so generous," recalls Robin Wertheimer, a Sobol family friend.

In those good times, the Sobol brothers appeared to resolve their differences and accept their roles in the family business—Eric behind the scenes in the warehouse, doing deals and looking after the paperwork, and Bruce in the front of the house, doing TV and newspaper interviews and promoting the Caviarteria name, which in itself was worth millions.

But Eric didn't stay behind the scenes for long. Raynor says Eric told him he wanted to take Caviarteria public on the stock exchange. Eric began to chase that dream with a series of expansions and in 1997 opened a branch in Grand Central Terminal's newly refurbished food court. The next year he opened a luxurious new caviar-and-champagne bar at the SoHo Grand Hotel.

As Eric surveyed the floor at the National Restaurant Association Show in late 1997, he must have felt his hunch had been right. That year a record number of caviar dealers signed up as exhibitors. Interviewed at the event, he was bullish. "Our sales jump every year,"

he told reporters, and he outlined his plan for more bars, concluding, "It's like everything else. If something looks successful, everyone wants to get into it."

Fueled by cheap black-market product, caviar became wildly popular. The amount of caviar legally imported into the U.S. grew from 32 tons a year in 1991 to 95 tons a year by 1997, and the illegal trade was several times that amount.

"Demand is staggering," a Four Seasons hotel public relations representative said in 1998, as restaurants across the country moved caviar from an occasional à la carte feature to a menu staple. Like cigars and rare malt whiskeys, caviar entered the mainstream. Ivana Trump wanted to sell it on cable TV.

Caviar dealers were soon competing not just for the biggest market share but also for the media boasting rights that went along with it. At any one time at least three dealers, including Caviarteria, were claiming to import "more than 50 percent of the caviar consumed in the U.S." Eric claimed to be selling nine tons of caviar a year. "We fill three Fed Ex trucks a day during the holidays," he told one interviewer.

In 1997, caviar's golden year, Eric embarked on a third opening, a two-story emporium featuring a 100-seat restaurant at the new Forum Shops at Caesars in Las Vegas. Soon he was crisscrossing the country, shuttling between Beverly Hills, Las Vegas and New York. Dorelis, then living in Las Vegas, says Eric even bought a house in Sin City just to be closer to his fledgling operation.

David Mills, then manager of Caviarteria, traveled to Las Vegas with Eric during preparations for the opening. "He was wildly excited about it," says Mills. "He thought it would be great." Mills, for his part, couldn't see it.

"You have two types of people in Las Vegas," he says, "the high rollers, who are comped all the way and pay for nothing, and the small-timers, who feed the slots and get a \$6 lobster or steak. I thought expanding there was a huge mistake, and I told Eric so." Sitting next to the other Forum shops, which included a Virgin Megastore, Gap, Cheesecake Factory and Stage Deli, Caviarteria was uncomfortably out of place.

True to form, Eric could hear only his own voice. "I think Vegas is going to be the big action for us," he told an interviewer.

"I think that was the beginning of the end," says Dorelis. "Las Vegas became a millstone around Caviarteria's neck."

#### ENTER THE FEDS

On January 17, 1998, a gray New York winter day, special agents from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service arrived at St. John's University in Queens. All of the biggest caviar merchants and traders had been summoned to a meeting with the U.S. government to be told their world was about to change.

Less than a decade after the fall of the USSR, uncontrolled sturgeon poaching and caviar smuggling had pushed the species to the brink of extinction. In response, the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species decided to list the fish as endangered. As of April 1998, anyone wanting to import sturgeon eggs would need a CITES certificate, a license specific to each shipment. If the contents of the shipment didn't match what was on the license, the caviar would be confiscated by the FWS, which had been charged with policing the caviar trade.

One agent, whose name cannot be revealed because he still works undercover, recalls walking into the meeting and being greeted by the sight of a short man in a camel-hair coat, standing in the middle of the room and bellowing abuse at another attendee.

Eric Sobol was unleashing his ire that afternoon on Vladislav Tartakovsky, a smuggler who'd been supplying him with caviar until the two fell out over money. Tartakovsky had opened his own caviar bar, Simply Caviar, blocks from Caviarteria's Park Avenue location. He had also poached Eric's two senior managers, who allegedly took Caviarteria's prized client list with them. Eric was apoplectic. He launched a \$20 million lawsuit against Simply Caviar and Tartakovsky, and as the row spilled into New York gossip columns, Eric was reported to have been seen banging on Simply Caviar's windows screaming "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" at startled diners. "At first I thought it was some deranged homeless person," Tartakovsky said in the *New York Post*, sending Eric into further paroxysms.

At St. John's, Eric took one look at the face of his rival and stormed over. The argument soon got so heated that the FWS called the meeting to order early to avert a fistfight breaking out. Once in command of everyone's attention, the government laid down the new laws for the dealers and retailers. "It was a heads-up," says one FWS agent, "a verbal and written warning."

Most ignored it altogether, and soon the feds were making big busts and arresting some of the most well-known names in the trade. The sign-in sheet for the St. John's meeting would become a memento of the caviar business's spectacular crash: Just three years later, half the people listed were either in jail or under indictment for smuggling or dealing in illegal caviar, which overnight went from being a minor customs offense to a federal felony akin to ivory trafficking.

The scale of the smuggling—and just how far it permeated the caviar trade—was illustrated in October 1998, when undercover FWS agents arrested seven caviar mules at New York's JFK Airport. They were carrying 16 suitcases containing about 1,000 pounds of illegal caviar, a haul worth just short of \$1 million.

Investigators learned that all the mules had been contracted by Eugeniusz Koczuk, who ran Gino International, a Connecticut-based caviar wholesaling company. When the FWS raided Koczuk's home, it found dozens of tins of black-market caviar crammed into three refrigerators.

Documents seized in the raid showed that in the months after the new regulations had been introduced, Koczuk had smuggled approximately 20,000 pounds of caviar into the U.S. A single October 1998 shipment of more than 400 pounds, smuggled inside mules' suitcases, went primarily to Caviarteria. The retail value of that caviar was nearly \$250,000.

Perhaps, Eric thought, he would be able to do one more big deal. After the new rules came into effect, Eric contracted with a supplier in Russia for \$1.3 million worth of osetra caviar. Two shipments cleared U.S. Customs and a preliminary FWS inspection in late autumn 1998 and were moved to Caviarteria's Long Island warehouse. Samples the FWS took from the shipment, however, came back positive for traces of eggs from endangered Siberian sturgeon, which do not exist in the Caspian. According to an agent on the case, problems also arose in authenticating the caviar's origins. The CITES certificates showed that some had come to the U.S. from Lithuania and another portion from the United Arab Emirates. "This was odd, because neither country is caviar-producing," says the agent. "We suspected this was black-market caviar being brought in through third-party countries to hide its true origin."

The FWS arrived at Caviarteria's warehouse to impound the caviar. "Enforcing caviar violations was new to us and to the dealers," the agent explains. "We had started seizing caviar, and obviously the businesses were pissed at us. We sat down and started to describe to Eric what was happening and why, and he just flew off the handle—he was heading toward total irrationality. He was shouting and waving his hands around and refused point-blank to let us impound the caviar."

While Eric was stomping around and shouting in his paper-strewn office, his trouser leg rode up, allowing the agents to see a gun strapped to his ankle. "He was waving his hands around, getting angrier and angrier. People do stupid things when they're in that state," the agent says. Worried the incident was about to blow out of control, the agents told Eric they were armed and ordered him to put his hands flat on his desk.

The gravity of the situation seemed to bring Eric back down to earth, and he reached for the phone and called his lawyer. Soon he had issued a \$10 million suit against the federal government over its seizure of the osetra, vigorously defending his caviar shipments' legitimacy.

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The legal case became a crusade he would pursue to his death—or perhaps it pursued him.

BRUCE

In 1997 Bruce had been clean for about a year, a poster boy for the power of family, which had intervened in his downward spiral from coke and booze. At the age of 38, he one day found himself in the cookware section of Macy's, giving a presentation to shoppers. He was teamed with Lydia Wagner, a pilot turned fine-wines expert. She was there to educate shoppers on the joys of champagne, he on those of caviar. Champagne and caviar were a natural match, they told the audience. They were made to go together.

Wagner remembers Bruce as a sensual, cultured man who romanced her with poetry and fed her oysters topped with dollops of caviar. Eighteen months after meeting, they were married, and shortly after, the entire Sobol family celebrated the arrival of its first grandchild, a girl named Lucy.

Yet Bruce's psyche was far from healed. When Lydia met Bruce, he was suffering from occasional bouts of depression and taking medication to relieve it. From her new vantage point within the Caviarteria family, Lydia could see why.

In the late 1990s the glut of cheap caviar had resulted in spectacular annual sales increases for Caviarteria: 20 percent, 25 percent, 27 percent. Eric was selling beluga at \$49 an ounce, less than half its usual value, and it was flying off the shelves. After opening the Las Vegas store, Eric expanded into Florida. In February 2000, riding high on huge sales thanks to the millennium celebrations, Eric opened a Caviarteria in Miami's South Beach.

But trouble was looming for Caviarteria. The bargain-basement caviar Eric had used to finance his expansion was drying up fast. The CITES rules, now strictly enforced, choked the pipeline from the Caspian to the U.S., and supplies began to get increasingly scarce. U.S. Customs and FWS officials were impounding record amounts of caviar.

Prices started to rise as, one by one, U.S. dealers were arrested and indicted on smuggling charges. By the beginning of the new millennium, many major players were under federal indictment. The principals of U.S. Caviar & Caviar and the New York-based Connoisseur Brands were arrested and charged after investigators discovered that between them they'd smuggled more caviar than twice the legal Russian harvest in 1998 alone. Arkady Panchernikov, president of Caspian Star—Caviarteria's biggest competitor—was arrested and charged with illegal caviar sales, as was Eric's old rival Vladislav Tartakovsky, who was charged with smuggling 1,700 pounds of contraband eggs hidden inside a shipping container of dried fish.

Eric watched helplessly as caviar became more expensive by the day, destroying any hope of profitability for Caviarteria's chain of shops, bars and restaurants. Records later found in Eric's office showed that none of the new outlets was making money and most were deep in debt. The money Eric spent building and opening the new locations outstripped the profits made from bar sales. In 2000, just as it had 20 years earlier under Lou's reign, Caviarteria still made the bulk of its money from mail order during that key period from Thanksgiving to New Year's. Eric had been using the mail-order profits to prop up his burgeoning bar empire, but the money had run out. According to a 2001 tax return, Caviarteria had gone from making millions in profits to showing a \$2 million loss.

On occasion Eric and Bruce could barely afford to buy basic monthly supplies. Yet Eric continued with his Florida expansion plans—bars in Boca Raton and Palm Beach—at the expense of all else, including his marriage to Brenda, which began to flounder in 1997 and reached the point of no return in 2000.

Eric was living alone in a \$3,500-a-month rental a few blocks from his and Brenda's former home, his days spent locked away in the Caviarteria warehouse, obsessing over the ailing business and its mounting debts, over his rivals and, most of all, over the government, with whom he'd picked the biggest fight of his life. His lawsuit against it now became his focus.

Michael Raynor saw Eric for the last time about a year before he died. The two went for a drink, and according to Raynor, "all he could talk about was his lawsuit against the government. It totally consumed him. He told me he had already spent \$2 million on the case."

Yonel Dorelis had a similar conversation when he hooked up with his old friend at Caviarteria's doomed Las Vegas outlet: "He just went on and on about the government, how corrupt it was and how it had set out to get him and Caviarteria."

"They're the real Mob," Eric told his friends, who say that toward the end Eric was spending all his time on the lawsuit while his business slipped down a financial black hole of his own making. "I know he borrowed a lot of money," says Dorelis, "and not from regular banks. He was involved with some pretty serious people—ones he'd borrowed money from and did business with. Russians and possibly some guys from the Mob. People you don't mess around with."

As the pressures on Eric grew, he began to crack. Just as drugs had found their way into Bruce's life, they now entered Eric's, in the form of weed and speed. He would show up at work clearly stoned. He would erupt and have screaming fights with Bruce, the target of much of his anger. On a number of occasions, Caviarteria's staff had to separate the brothers

as harsh words turned into physical altercations. Around this time, Eric had tattoos inked on both arms. On his right biceps were the words ON FATAL TERRAIN. On his left, DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

His friends recall Eric's psychological deterioration. "The last time I saw Eric, I went to give him a hug—we always hugged when we met," says Raynor. "He was so tense. There was something in his body that said, 'Don't touch me,' and I backed away from him."

Eric was drowning, but he wouldn't call for help. Sybil Sugarman remembers a conversation she had with him a month before he died. "He looked at me and said, 'Aunt Sybil. My dream. I had a dream, and I just can't do it.'"

The Montour County coroner ruled Eric's death a suicide. It was the ghastly fulfillment of an expression his friends had heard him utter a thousand times. Dorelis says, "Since we were kids, if we ever asked Eric how he was, he'd always reply, 'So bad I'm going to blow my brains out.'"

Three hundred people turned out to say good-bye. Bruce paid tribute to his brother's courage. Eric, Bruce told mourners, sacrificed himself in order to save Caviarteria. According to Bruce, Eric wanted his \$6 million insurance policy to pay off all of Caviarteria's debts.

#### "I CAN'T HOLD ON"

Within weeks Bruce was embroiled in lawsuits and pursued by creditors. The books appeared to show the business in debt to the tune of \$10 million. Bruce had inherited a hand grenade that not even Eric's life insurance could deactivate.

"Bruce was an intensely honorable man," says his friend Larry Wertheimer. "He wanted everyone who said they were owed money to get every single penny back. But he wasn't cut out to run the business the way Eric had left it."

Like Eric, Bruce kept his problems to himself. "He was immensely proud and didn't want to tell his friends that the business was in trouble," says Wertheimer.

On July 19, 2003, Lydia took their daughter Lucy for a long weekend in California. Lydia had Lucy call Bruce from the airport, and she told her daddy she loved him and was going to miss him. Bruce called Lydia once early Sunday morning, but for the rest of that weekend Lydia called home repeatedly and got no answer. Sunday turned into Monday, and at two P.M. Lydia's cell phone rang. It was Bruce, apologizing for not answering over the weekend. "I'm on my way to work. I'll call you later," he told her.

Their doorman found Bruce's body that evening. He had taken an overdose of sedatives, muscle relaxants and cocaine, tied a plastic bag over his head and lain down to die. He left a note written as the effects of the overdose were setting in. "The walls are closing in," he

wrote. "I can't hold on." He told Lydia and Lucy he loved them.

A month after Bruce's death, Caviarteria was nothing but a shell. The satellite stores and boutiques were gone. The bar at 59th and Park had closed, and its little store was as good as dormant.

Eleven years after his death, Louis Sobol's dream, which had once generated an estimated \$5 million a year, was in ruin, crashed by a changing world, a son who didn't know his limitations and another son who was all too aware of his.

Bruce's family and friends were numb. How could things have gone so wrong? Sugarman, her eyes wet with tears, says, "I loved my nephews. I would have done anything for them. But sometimes I look at their photos and say, 'You shits. You took the coward's way out.'"

Says Wertheimer, "In a way, Eric's suicide can be explained. He did it for the insurance. But Bruce—why the hell couldn't he see that he had so much to live for? I don't think any of us will ever understand."

#### RESURRECTION

In November 2003 a tense hearing took place at the New York Surrogate's Court. Bruce's wife, Lydia, had appealed to the court to prevent a \$500,000 life insurance policy of her husband's from being handed over to Caviarteria's lawyer, Walter Drobenko. Drobenko, who had been the executor of Eric's estate, now also controlled Bruce's and, therefore, Caviarteria.

The court heard allegations from Lydia's lawyer that money from Eric's estate could not be accounted for and that the business had been grossly mismanaged. The judge removed Drobenko as Caviarteria's de facto manager and appointed a receiver—Will Tracy, a Manhattan restaurateur—to manage what was left of the business.

The court ordered Drobenko to relinquish the company's books, something Tracy says took a number of weeks and much prodding. The books were then handed over to forensic accountants.

Within a month of Tracy taking over, the Park Avenue shop was again generating impressive sales. Drobenko attempted to have Tracy removed, but the court rebuffed him.

At press time, the court-appointed accountants, according to Tracy, had been able to account for only \$4 million of Eric's \$6 million life-insurance money.

In the meantime, Caviarteria continues to recover. Sugarman, a sprightly 75-year-old, now manages the bar. Ruth Sobol drops by most afternoons and sits, just as her husband did, greeting customers like old friends. If everything goes as planned, Tracy hopes to be able to hand the restaurant back to the family as a going concern in early 2005.



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*Our gunships came in and hovered. Then they got blown out of the sky. The guerrillas had learned, I thought.*

battle and lost the war. We never figured out the nature of the war or of the enemy we were fighting. And the way we're going in Iraq, we may find ourselves faced with the same unhappy ending unless we realize we're in a knife fight. That's where we have to be proficient.

Apart from actual fighting tactics, the key to winning a guerrilla war is having the people on your side. That's the bottom line. Mao Tse-tung said the guerrilla is like a fish and the people are like water. To destroy the guerrilla, you must remove the water. Then the guerrilla will flop up on the bank, ready to be thrown onto the barbecue. But what we're doing with our ham-fisted approach is polluting the water and firing up the fish. In Vietnam we became Ho Chi Minh's best recruiter. A gunship would fly by a village and an enemy would

shoot off a few rounds; the bird would swing a 180 and retaliate by hosing down the village and killing innocent civilians. We just helped the guerrillas move that village's allegiance from Saigon to Hanoi. That was their goal, and we fell for it time and time again.

I remember being in Somalia in 1992, watching a Marine Cobra helicopter come in to take out a pickup truck with a machine gun in the back—the type of target called a “technical.” The gunship came in and hovered maybe 500 feet above the technical and then blew the shit out of it with rockets. Playing Vietnam in my mind, I thought, “You can get away with this once or twice. But these guys are going to catch on and realize that bird is an easy rocket-propelled-grenade target or one for a couple of automatic weapons. And they

are going to take that sucker down.” Guerrillas learn. When we lost two choppers in Somalia on October 3, 1993, that's exactly how we lost them. They hovered. They got blown out of the sky. We had given the guerrillas the opportunity to study our MO, and they had learned.

We rarely bother to learn, probably because we've won most of our wars in the past, except Vietnam, because of our massive power. We walk away this arrogant, muscle-bound dude, but we seldom critique the exercise. And once again that won't serve us well in this war against an agile, cunning guerrilla foe. Out of necessity, the guerrilla is fighting a war of economy of force while we're fighting a war with an unlimited checkbook. Again, as in Vietnam, we're using the big hammer instead of the scalpel, brawn rather than brains. For example, we used a billion-dollar bomber to drop million-dollar missiles on a diner where Saddam was supposed to be breaking bread. He was eating elsewhere. How many innocent Iraqis in how many kebab shops can we blow up without losing hearts and minds and going broke? It's time to ditch shock and awe. Boots on the ground and winning trust and confidence are what count.



Another lesson not learned from past experience: When you go in, know how and when you're going to get out. In Vietnam, as in Iraq, we went in without an exit plan. President Richard Nixon and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger finally cobbled one together called “Vietnamization.” They planned to replace U.S. forces with the South Vietnamese army, known as ARVN. The plan was designed to show the world that the South Vietnamese could defend themselves. In what the Nixon gang called “peace with honor,” we would then leave under cover of the shield we would have helped build. And we conned ourselves into believing that shaky shield would hold. When I sounded off in Vietnam in 1971, I told the American people that Vietnamization was a big lie: ARVN was so addicted to U.S. firepower, there was no way it could stand on its own against the much superior North Vietnamese army.

I see the same thing happening with the Iraqi army. After one year and more than \$1 billion in expenditures, Major General Paul Eaton, the first U.S. general in charge of training the new Iraqi army, said the Iraqis were good to go, that they were strong, powerful, well led and properly equipped. So when our Marines got into that tough fight in Fallujah last April, a battalion of the new Iraqi army was called in to reinforce them. The Iraqi troops completely fell apart. They ripped off their uniforms—many wore civilian clothes under-

*“...How time flies when you're having fun....”*



neath—threw down their weapons and ran. This is the army that Eaton spent a year building, the army that's a major player in our exit plan.

Young Marines study Vietnam, even if the top brass seem not to: When the Iraqi troops ran, the Marine advisory team that had accompanied them said the forces "went ARVN on us."

While it looks as though the outcome in Iraq may be the same as in Vietnam, the consequences will be far more significant. After all, the North Vietnamese communists wanted only to eject the invader. Their political and military objective was to be free of foreign influence. Contrary to U.S. propaganda saying they would head for San Francisco next, the North Vietnamese had no intention of exporting their views beyond their immediate region. But if we lose in Iraq, it's not going to end in the Middle East. The Vietnam war was conjured up by LBJ, McNamara and crew, brought about by a sham attack—the Gulf of Tonkin—and, because it remained confined to Southeast Asia, in no way affected American security. This war in the Middle East is totally different. It's a global war not confined to Iraq. The objective is not just to boot us out of Iraq and Afghanistan but to impose a radical brand of Islam on the world and to destroy our way of life. By bumbling in Iraq, we have greatly eroded our ability to contain and destroy these fanatics—and they know it. Bin Laden couldn't have dreamed of a better scenario than our getting stuck in Iraq. That shell-shocked country is now his hottest recruiting ground, and our troops there have become Al Qaeda's most convenient target.

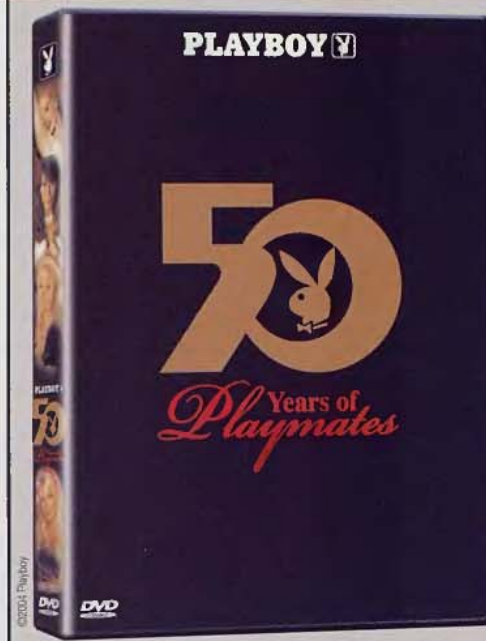
It's not uncommon in our history to have adopted the wrong strategy and tactics at the onset of a war. We've frequently gone off in the wrong direction. But in the past we've always had the kind of bold and innovative leadership that said, "Whoa, we screwed up. We're doing this thing all wrong. I'm going to appoint Ulysses S. Grant to change things, and we're going to fight this war correctly and win." That's what we need to do now. If we don't wise up, our future and the security of our country and of the rest of the world are indeed in dire jeopardy.

Winston Churchill once said Americans always do the right thing—after they've tried everything else. While we never got it right in Vietnam, unless we're prepared to become one nation under Allah, failure is not an option in Iraq.

*Eilhs England contributed to this article.*



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#6623	38 Condom Collection	1	\$5.95	
	Postage & Handling		FREE	
	Rush Service Add		\$2	
	<b>TOTAL</b>			

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# WHERE



## HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 38, 43-44, 118-125, 171 and 174-175, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



### GAMES

Page 38: *Bethesda Softworks*, bethsoft.com. *Eidos*, eidosinteractive.com. *Electronic Arts*, ea.com. *Konami*, konami.com. *LucasArts*, lucasarts.com. *Mastiff*, mastiff-games.com. *Wired: Nintendo*, nintendo.com.

### MANTRACK

Pages 43-44: *Mercedes Benz*, mbusa.com. *Morgan Cheetham*, morgancheetham.co.uk. *Mount Nelson*, mountnelson.co.za. *Stags Leap District Winegrowers Association*, stagsleapdistrict.com. *Tag Heuer*, tagheuer.com.

### STUDENT LOUNGE

Pages 118-125: *Armani Jeans*, available at select Emporio Armani boutiques. *Buckler*, bucklerjeans.com. *Buffalo*, available at Bloomingdale's and Macy's. *Claiborne*, claiborne.com. *D&G*, 212-965-8000. *Dolce & Gabbana*, dolcegabbana.com. *Etro*, available at Bergdorf Goodman and Neiman Marcus. *Ferragamo*, available at select Salvatore Ferragamo stores. *GF Ferre*, gianfrancoferre.com. *Harley-Davidson Motor Clothes*, harley-davidson.com. *Hush Puppies*, hushpuppies.com. *Iceberg*, 310-274-0760. *Jean Paul Da'mage*, available at Saks Fifth Avenue and

*Nordstrom*. *Johnston & Murphy*, johnstonmurphy.com. *Kenneth Cole New York*, kennethcole.com. *Michael Kors*, michaelkors.com. *Nat Nast*, natnast.com. *NYBased*, available at Sparacino in New York. *Original Penguin*, originalpenguin.com. *Paul La Fontaine*, available at Roberts in Philadelphia and Raggs in New Haven, Connecticut. *Paul Smith*, available at Paul Smith NY. *Perry Ellis*, perryellis.com. *Rene Lezard*, available at Barneys New York and Mansouri in Greenvale, New York. *Richmond Denim*, 212-246-6724. *Robert Graham*, available at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. *Sanimi*, available at Big Drop in New York. *Schumacher*, available at Capitol in Charlotte, North Carolina and On Sunset in Los Angeles. *Tommy Bahama*, 888-800-8688. *Torino*, torinoinc.com. *Trafalgar*, available at select specialty stores.

### ON THE SCENE

Page 171: *Baccarat*, baccarat.fr. *Bottega Veneta*, bottegaveneta.com. *Dunhill*, dunhill.com. *Linn Unik*, linn.co.uk. *Montblanc*, montblanc.com. *Oregon Scientific*, oregonscientific.com.

### POTPOURRI

Pages 174-175: *Dyson*, dyson.com. *JVC*, jvc.com. *Le Thiers*, 55degreelasvegas.com. *Maxilla & Mandible*, maxillaandmandible.com. *Myla*, myla.com. *Swimman*, swimman.net. *Tienda*, tienda.com. *Under Antarctic Ice*, available at quality bookstores. *William Henry*, williamhenryknives.com.

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# DEAN

(continued from page 52)

meet the requirement of the laws of war. They target civilians. That's a violation of the laws of war. They don't wear uniforms; they don't come in as representatives of the army of a state and satisfy the requirements that are in the Geneva Convention. The Geneva Convention applies specifically to war between states." Cheney added: "The ultimate result is, they will be treated humanely, but they are not going to be accorded the treatment you would accord, for example, the Iraqis we captured in the Gulf war. A prisoner of war, for example, has to give only name, rank and serial number."

The Bush administration is creating the fog of war and playing with fire. Jordan Paust, director of the International Law Institute at the University of Houston, describes these actions as nothing less than a "common plan to violate the Geneva Conventions." Those are harsh words: The term *common plan* was used in the indictments at Nuremberg to describe criminal conspiracies violating the laws of war. Scott Horton, president of the International League for Human Rights, says Bush's decision (and Yoo's memo) is uninformed: "It's ignorant of the basic elements of the Geneva Conventions and how they work together. And it's ignorant of established U.S. policy toward those conventions." Also "it doesn't appreciate why the U.S. has adhered to those conventions. The Geneva Conventions protect American service personnel. That's our major interest there. And we have historically applied what we call the golden rule." Nor does Horton believe the ploy to protect Americans from prosecution will succeed: "I don't think it works legally. And in fact, the entire notion is disgraceful and preposterous." Recall, if you will, that the best Gonzales offered was a substantially reduced threat of prosecution under the War Crimes Act for the way they are proceeding. Even Powell acknowledged the risk of prosecution.

It is anything but clear that the Bush administration will ever be held accountable. Self-investigations cannot be trusted. Senator John Kerry cannot easily call for an independent prosecutor to investigate and prosecute any civilian government officials involved in war crimes, including Bush and Cheney if they were complicit. For Kerry to do so would be viewed as highly partisan; Republicans would call it unpatriotic. Nonetheless, if the world's greatest democracy cannot hold its leaders accountable to the laws of war, it can't expect to win a war on terrorism. So the best hope, and maybe the only one, is that John Warner means what he says. In the past the senator has been good to his word, party politics be damned. We must hope that will be the case again.



# PLAYMATE NEWS



**A STAR IS BORN**

Thanks to a show called *Singled Out*, Jenny McCarthy went to the top of the A-list almost overnight. Now it looks as if another blonde bombshell, Teri Harrison (at top right with Stacy Fuson), will follow suit. She has her own MTV show in the works. And it doesn't hurt that her manager is Ray Manzella, the career-driving force behind Pam Anderson, Vanna White and, not coincidentally, Jenny McCarthy. Teri has said that



being a Playmate opened doors for her in the entertainment industry, something she's had an eye on since becoming Miss October 2002. "I want to host a show about travel or dating," she told her hometown paper in Bradenton, Florida. The MTV show, *Granted*, is a wish-fulfillment reality series co-starring *Malcolm in the Middle*'s Frankie Muniz. If picked up, it will appear as part of the network's prime-time lineup. Teri—whose other television work includes being a Barker's Beauty on *The Price Is Right*—has a future Manzella is confident about. "She has Vanna's poise and beauty, Jenny's sense of humor and Pamela's sex appeal," he says. Who can rival a combination like that?



Right: Teri and fellow Playmate Lindsey Vuolo at Mardi Gras.

## 35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

After appearing as Miss October 1969, Jean Bell went Hollywood. She became a Bunny at the Los Angeles Playboy Club and appeared in several movies in the early 1970s, including *The Choirboys* and *TNT Jackson*. She also became a tabloid commodity during her 18-month love affair with Richard Burton. We see what he—and the world—saw in her.



## LOOSE LIPS

"Bijou jumped me! I was standing there, and this girl punched me in the face and started dragging me by the hair. Matthew Perry had to take her off me. I don't even know Bijou Phillips!" —Nicole Lenz, who has filed a \$1 million lawsuit against Phillips and Casey Johnson



## MEET THE FASHIONISTAS



From far left: Tina Jordan at the Virgin Cola Post-MTV Movie Awards party; Karen McDougal at the Betty & Veronica apparel launch party; Shauna Sand on the red carpet at the MTV Movie Awards; Stacy Sanches at the Playboy 50th Anniversary Weekend Party at the Palms Casino Resort in Las Vegas; Dalene Kurtis at the 2004 Playmate of the Year party honoring Carmella DeCesare.



## HOT SHOT



JENNIFER WALCOTT

### JUNE COCHRAN 1941-2004

Playmate of the Year 1963 June Cochran's daughter, Kaelie, called to tell us that her mother passed away on Friday, May 21.



On her December 1963 Data Sheet, June listed Corvette sports cars as one of her turn-ons. June was a Hurst perfume girl and one of the first women

in the pits at the Indianapolis 500. Her sons are still race car drivers. June always enjoyed meeting her fans. We'll all miss her.

## POP QUESTIONS: TINA BOCKRATH

**Q:** You've been working in real estate for several months. Does being a Playmate help sell houses?

**A:** Yes. People find out and want to get together to see what they can buy. PLAYBOY fans will be surprised when they log on to tinabockrath.com. Instead of nude photos, there are links to houses.

**Q:** Will anything else about you surprise them?

**A:** That I look up serial killers on the Internet. I've always been fascinated with the human mind and what makes people do the things they do.



## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Dorian Missick

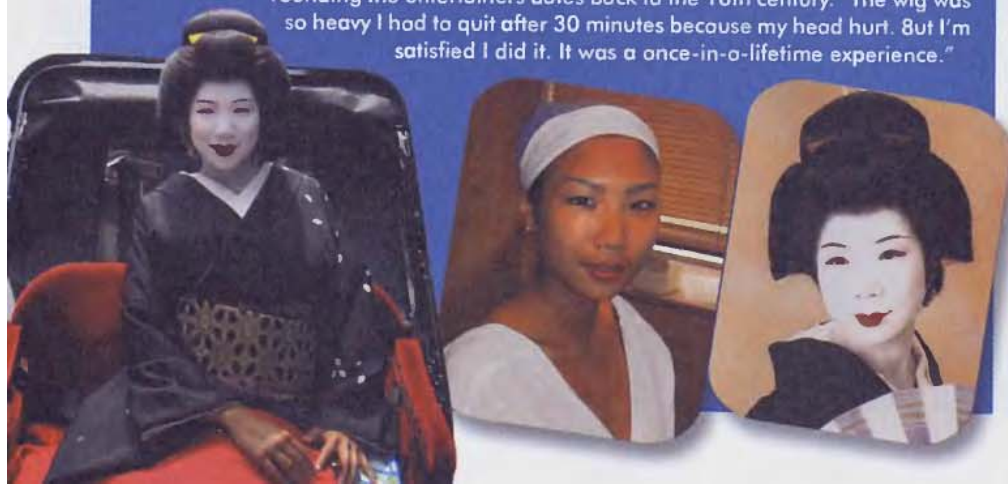
"Daphne Duplaix is my favorite, hands down. She's from South Orange, New Jersey, and she went



to junior high with one of my friends. Ever since I saw her in PLAYBOY, I've been smitten. One night I went to a party and she was there. I got to dance with her. The next day I saw her again at a barbecue. Both times, her fiancé was there, so that messed up my whole game."

## MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA

The June issue prompted readers to volunteer for the cause of Hironaka Oshima's green card, but the Playmate—below, dressed as a geisha—embraces the customs of her native Japan. "Living in the States, you miss home and feel you need to do something really Japanese," she says. While modern-day geishas are scarce, the tradition surrounding the entertainers dates back to the 18th century. "The wig was so heavy I had to quit after 30 minutes because my head hurt. But I'm satisfied I did it. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience."



## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Rebekka Armstrong (below) likely could beat you to a pulp—or at least give you a good run in an arm-wrestling match. She won two bodybuilding trophies at the annual Memorial Day competition in Venice Beach: first place in the Women's Lightweight Division and the first Bill Howard Award, which is presented to the winner of all women's categories combined....



How did Sandra Hubby's mom react to her daughter's pictorial? "It bothered me for a while," she says. "The pictures are revealing. But I can deal with it..." Anna Nicole Smith is designing a line of clothing with Von Dutch.... Congrats to grandma-to-be Bebe Buell. Her daughter, Liv Tyler, who's married to British rocker Royston Langdon, is pregnant with the couple's first child.... Betsey Johnson got in on the Bunny action

## ORLD GY ESS CEI



The formidable Rebekka.



Betsey Johnson and her Bunny pals.

when Playmate presented its 50th Anniversary Designer Collection at an auction to benefit Design Industries Foundation Fighting AIDS. She hopped around all night with Pennelope Jimenez, Nicole Wood and Deanna Brooks (above), all in the name of fashion and philanthropy.

cyberclub

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).

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# PLAYBOY

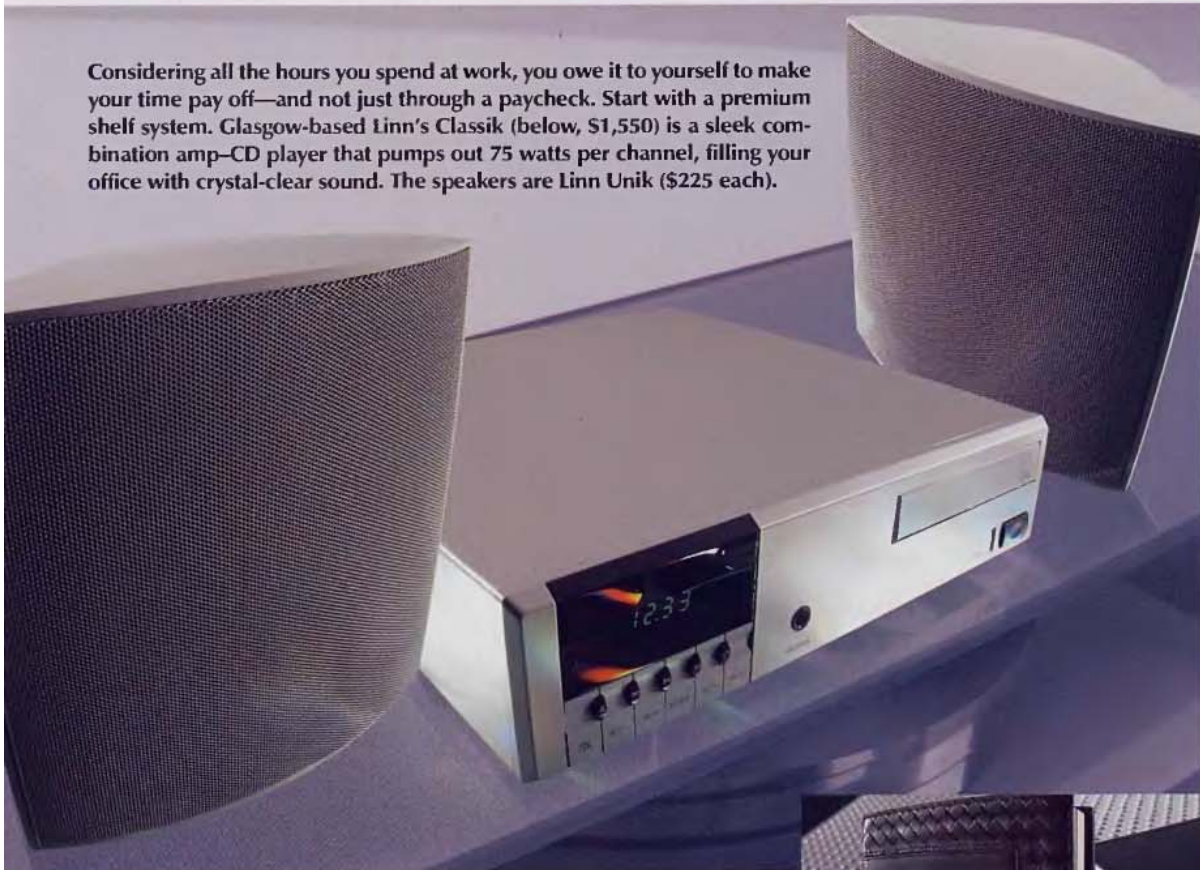
## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### OFFICE PARTY

Considering all the hours you spend at work, you owe it to yourself to make your time pay off—and not just through a paycheck. Start with a premium shelf system. Glasgow-based Linn's Classik (below, \$1,550) is a sleek combination amp-CD player that pumps out 75 watts per channel, filling your office with crystal-clear sound. The speakers are Linn Unik (\$225 each).

Fine desk accessories can turn your office into a playground. Bottom left, clockwise from top: Baccarat Lalande large crystal picture frame (\$565), Philippe Starck-designed Oregon Scientific clock radio and weather station with outdoor temperature and humidity readings (\$325), Baccarat crystal business card holder (\$130), Dunhill travel golf putter (\$795). Bottom right, clockwise from top: Montblanc large Meisterstück and small Diaries & Notes organizers (\$475, \$230), Montblanc Meisterstück letter opener with gold-plated trim (\$290), Dunhill Sidecar Tortoiseshell lacquer ballpoint pen and black resin fountain pen (\$290 each) and Bottega Veneta Napa leather notebook (\$420).



RICHARD IZUI



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.

# Grapevine



DAVID DUFFY

## Lohan Behold

Is there a more fulsome expression of adulthood than a breathy Disney star such as LINDSAY LOHAN escaping the constraints of teenybopperdom by discovering the freedom of a gauzy top that can't quite contain the promising reach of her breasts? No.

DALE COFFIN



## Hot and Hotterer

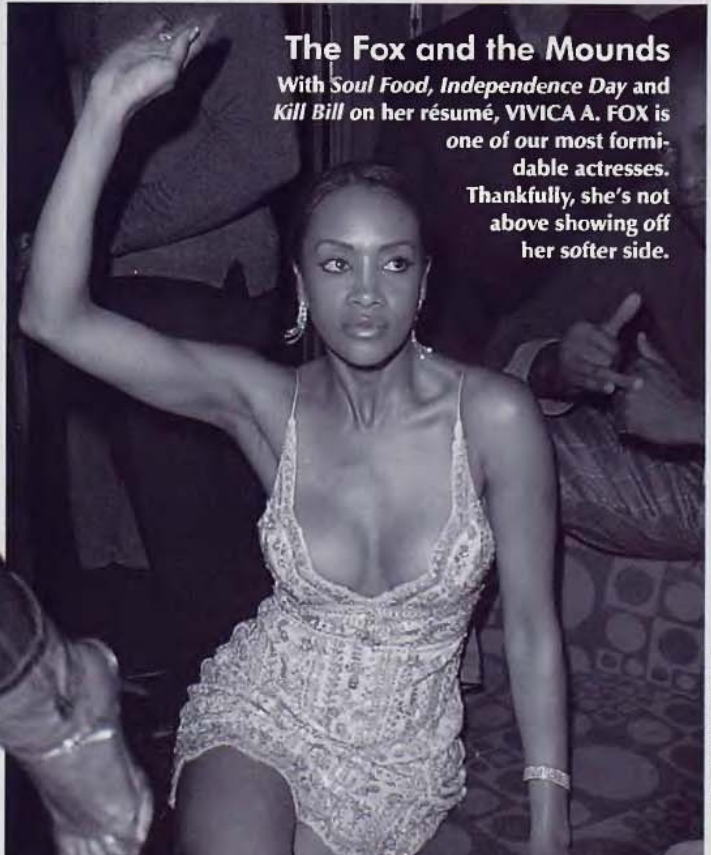
Though it disappointed at the box office, *Dumb and Dumberer* has one redeeming quality: BREANNE ASHLEY, who appears all too briefly in two scenes. Which is not her excuse for posing in this picture, but it's ours for running it.



TIM JARVIS

## The Fox and the Mounds

With *Soul Food*, *Independence Day* and *Kill Bill* on her résumé, VIVICA A. FOX is one of our most formidable actresses. Thankfully, she's not above showing off her softer side.



MIYON L. GARDNER/EVERETT COLLECTION





### Love's Labors Lost

Go ahead, just try to get COURTNEY LOVE to keep her clothes on. As her neighbor Lenny Kravitz told the *Herald Sun*, "You open the elevator and she's naked in there."

MAX MAGUIP/WIDE WORLD

### Wrap Artist

British supermodel NAOMI CAMPBELL is always playing games with us—as she did in this fashion show in São Paulo, Brazil. (At least, they told her it was a fashion show.)



PAULO WHITAKER/REUTERS/LANDOV



DAVID O'HEIN/STAMPA/INC.

### A Hint of Harvard Crimson

Discovered at a pizza parlor at the age of 11, NATALIE PORTMAN is balancing movie stardom with a stellar education. The Harvard grad sure knows one thing: how to stick out on the red carpet.



### Primal Spears

Before a knee injury forced BRITNEY SPEARS to cancel her Hotel Onyx tour, the lungsome dove liked to leave it to cleavage. See? Now you don't have to press MUTE.

DOMINICK SUELLER/F&G/ARND



## NAUGHTY BUT NICE

"We specialize in naughty sex accessories but in the most luxurious way possible," says Charlotte Semler, co-founder of Myla and designer of the lingerie featured at left. The \$650 Showgirl Pearl and Silk Ensemble is made with real pearls. "We'll do crotchless panties," she says, "but we'll do them with fabric that girls really love, the finest silk and lace." Okay, we're sold. Myla was founded in London three years ago as a source for lingerie, artist-designed sex toys and chocolate body paint, among other things. This month, the company will begin wooing America with a Madison Avenue boutique and a website (myla.com) for sales in the States. After all, nothing says "I love you" like crotchless panties, especially ones made of fine silk and lace.

## THE LATEST DISH

Heard the news? Spain is the new France. The women, the food—*España está muy caliente!* Tienda.com specializes in Spanish delicacies that you can't find here. Example: its Deluxe Paella Kit. For \$100 you get a paella pan, real Bomba rice, handpicked La Mancha saffron, genuine smoked *pimentón* paprika, *piquillo* pimientos and Spanish olive oil. Just add fresh meat, seafood and a little love.



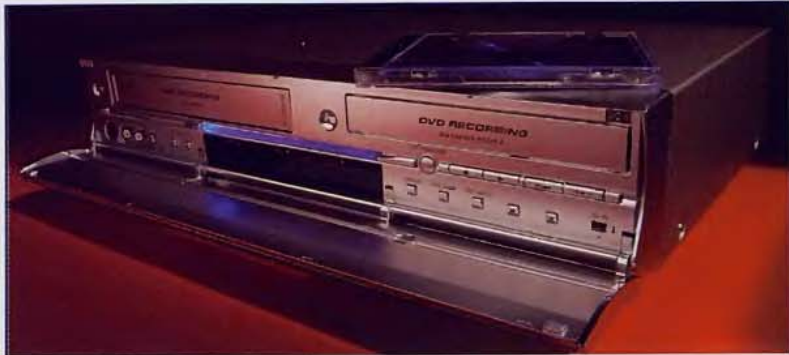
## FREEZE FRAMES

There's no place on earth more remote than below Antarctic pack ice, and thankfully, someone had the cojones to take a camera down there. In *Under Antarctic Ice: The Photographs of Norbert Wu* (\$40, University of California Press), the noted shooter captures everything from whales to penguins to jellyfish in photos that become even more breathtaking when you read the text. The ambient air in Antarctica averages 58 degrees below zero and the seawater 28 degrees Fahrenheit (yes, that's below freezing temperature). Taking off your hat in that kind of weather is serious business; now think about snapping photos underwater while wearing giant gloves and hundreds of pounds of equipment. Cojones indeed.

## SUPER SUCKER

Sometimes it seems you can't win with vacuum cleaners. Storing a monster contraption is a nightmare, but so is hunching over a small one. The new Dyson DC11 Telescope (\$500, [dyson.com](http://dyson.com)) starts out the size of an overnight bag, but it's comfortable to use thanks to its uncoiling hoses and telescoping head. It also features Dyson's nifty bagless Cyclone technology. Pretty neat, eh?





### RECORDING ARTIST

Does your VCR do VHS? Is your DVD also a PVR? If you just want to watch a damn movie already, JVC's DR-MX1S (\$1,300, [jvc.com](http://jvc.com)) plays from and records to VHS, DVD and a 160-gigabyte TiVo-like hard drive. Recording between formats is a snap, as is archiving your favorite TV shows after you watch them. It's the most convenient three-way you'll ever have.

### POOL PLAYER

If you're the type who doesn't miss an opportunity to play in the water, now you can dive in along with 128 megabytes (about two hours' worth) of your favorite music. The Swimman Waterproof Extreme Sports MP3 Player (\$250, [swimman.net](http://swimman.net)) not only has a catchy name, it's designed to get wet with you, whether you're surfing, kayaking, snorkeling or getting some in a hot tub. Strap it onto your arm or your suit, stick the waterproof headphones into your ears and you're off.



### A GOOD SCREW

Hervé Pennequin, who represented the United States in the 2004 International Sommelier competition (alas, he didn't win), designed this Le Thiers Wine Key. The limited-edition silver-handled beauty (\$425, available at [55degreeslasvegas.com](http://55degreeslasvegas.com)) has a fold-out blade for the neck foil and comes with a leather sheath and a satin-lined wooden case. With a wine key this decadent, you'll always have a reason to crack open another bottle.

### CREATURE COMFORTS

In the market for some rare mammal skulls? Who isn't? Maxilla & Mandible stocks genuine stuffed exotic beasts and bones that it gets from taxidermists and collectors all over. You won't find more elegant road kill anywhere in the world. Stop by the store, down the block from New York City's Museum of Natural History, or shop online at [maxillaandmandible.com](http://maxillaandmandible.com). Pictured below, from left: a preserved piranha (\$39), a tarantula (\$85) and a genuine beaver skull (\$60).



### CHOP-CHOP, GARÇON

In knife-wielding circles, craftsman William Henry cuts an imposing figure. Some new slicers available at [williamhenryknives.com](http://williamhenryknives.com), all with three-inch Damascus steel blades (from left): the T12 Westminster with mother-of-pearl handle (\$975), the T09 Tudor with "raindrop" blade and hand-carved mother-of-pearl handle (\$900) and the B7 Comet with sapphire-inlaid locking button (\$900).



# Next Month



CROWN AND COUNTRY: MISS UNITED STATES TEEN—NUDE.



ST. MARK'S DAY: FLY FICTION.



OLIVER STONE REWRITES HISTORY. AGAIN.



FROM ROAD RULES TO CENTERFOLD: MISS NOVEMBER.

**IDENTITY THEFT**—THANKS TO THE INTERNET, IDENTITY THEFT IS THE FASTEST-GROWING WHITE-COLLAR CRIME IN AMERICA. THIEVES STRUCK MILLIONS OF PEOPLE LAST YEAR, AN 80 PERCENT INCREASE FROM 2002. MEET FRAUD MASTER ABRAHAM ABDALLAH, WHO DURING A 2000 SPREE TARGETED *FORBES*'S 400 RICHEST AMERICANS, INCLUDING ROSS PEROT AND MARTHA STEWART—ALL WHILE HOLDING A DAY JOB AS A KITCHEN WORKER. BY **MARK BOAL**

**OLIVER STONE**—HE HAS DIRECTED GRIPPING STORIES ABOUT RICHARD NIXON, JFK, JIM MORRISON AND FIDEL CASTRO. ON THE EVE OF *ALEXANDER*, HIS MOST AMBITIOUS MOVIE YET, MR. CONSPIRACY GETS REAL ON WHY ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER COULD END UP IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE ATTACKED BY THE MEDIA AND WHETHER HE WOULD DO A FILM ABOUT GEORGE W. BUSH. *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

**TEEN DREAM**—MISS UNITED STATES TEEN 2003, **KARI ANN PENICHE**, IS ABOUT TO PASS THE TORCH TO ANOTHER PAGEANT-PERFECT WINNER. BUT FIRST KARI ANN DEMONSTRATES THAT SHE'S NOT JUST MISS PHOTOGENIC AND MISS CONGENIALITY—SHE'S ALSO MISSING HER CLOTHES. A CROWNING PICTORIAL ACHIEVEMENT.

**TABOO SEX**—**TONI BENTLEY**, WHO DANCED FOR THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET, WAS A BALLERINA FOR YEARS BEFORE SHE DISCOVERED THE ULTIMATE IN SEXUAL TRUST. "IT'S A HIGH-WIRE ACT," SHE WRITES. "THERE ARE NO UNDERSTUDIES AND NO BACKUPS FOR ANAL CIRQUE DU SOLEIL." GO IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR WITH A THRILLING LITERARY CONFESSIOAL.

**ST. MARK'S DAY**—WHILE TRISHA AND THE KIDS ARE OFF ON A VISIT TO FLYWORLD, CLIVE IS LEFT TO PONDER HIS COMPLICATED SITUATION AS AN INSECT, INCLUDING HIS SLOVENLY HOUSE AND THE MAN CHASING BUGS WITH HAMMERS. FICTION BY **ROD LIDDLE**

**YACHTS**—DIVE IN, BECAUSE WE'RE CRUISING OUR FAVORITE EXOTIC PORTS ON THE MOST LUXE, HIGH-END CRUISERS ON THE PLANET. GOT \$100,000 A WEEK TO SPARE? YOU COULD BE RIDING HIGH ON FLOATING PENTHOUSES COMPLETE WITH HOT TUBS. SUNDECKS AND WET BARS. BRING YOUR OWN BIKINI-CLAD WOMEN.

**PLUS:** TWEED FASHIONS, BABE OF THE MONTH **GABRIELLE RICHENS** AND MISS NOVEMBER, MTV'S *ROAD RULES* STAR **CARA ZAVALTA**.