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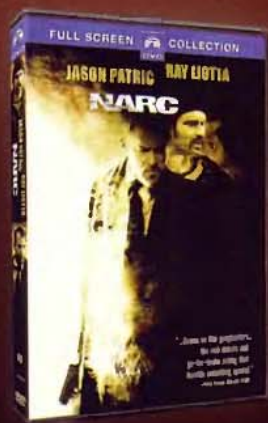
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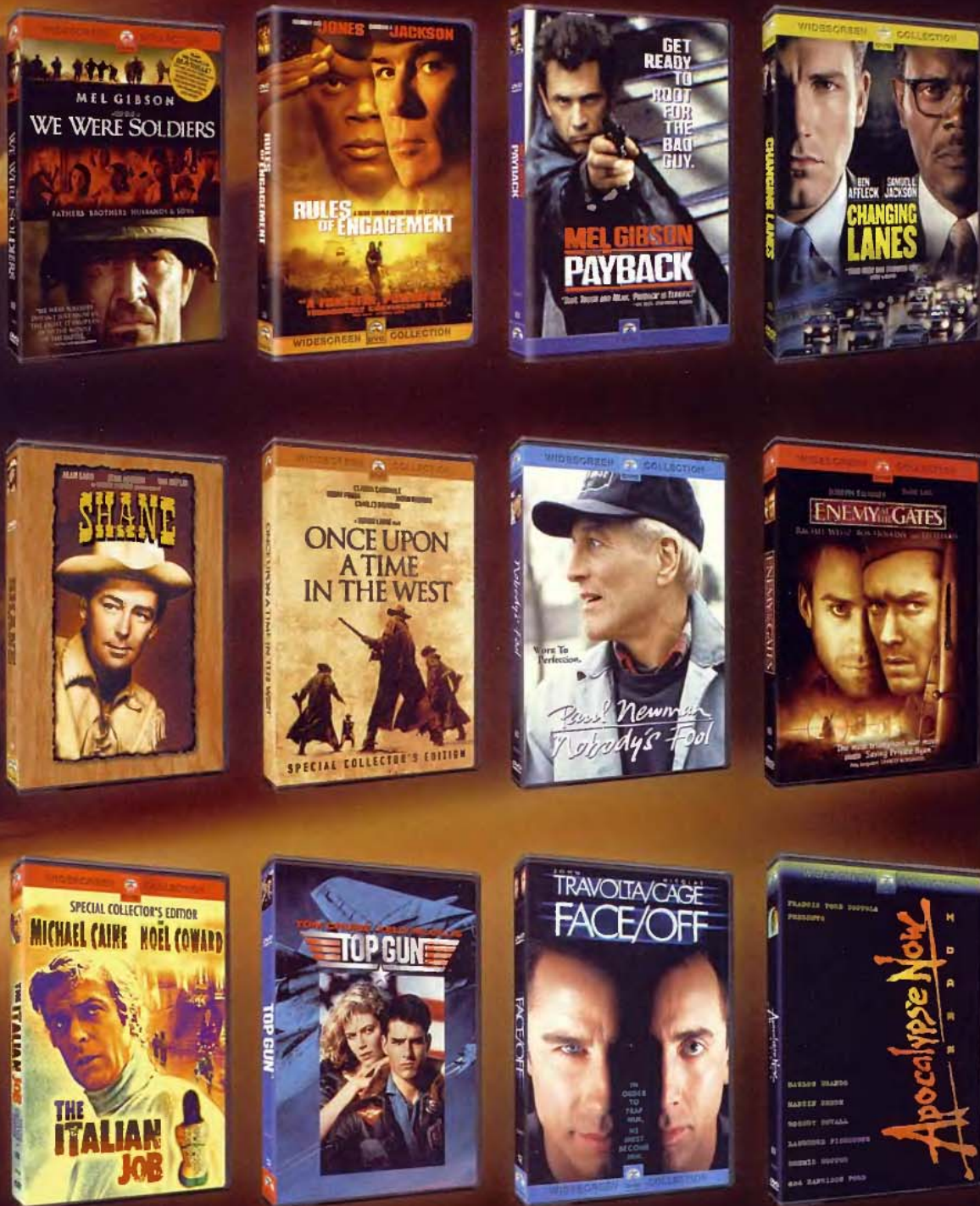
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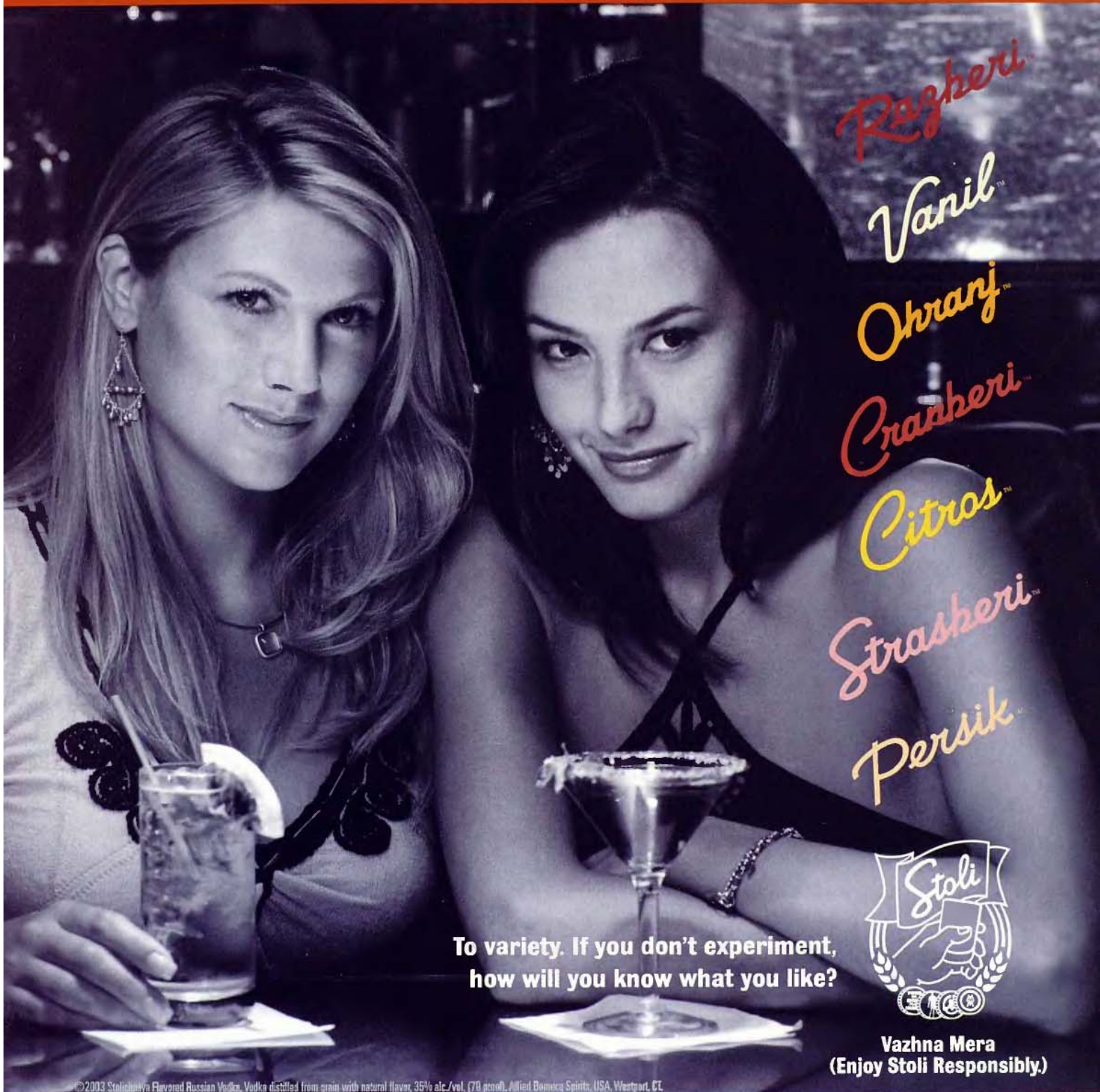
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Two women are shown from the chest up, sitting at a bar. The woman on the left has long blonde hair and is holding a glass of iced vodka with a lemon wedge and a butterfly-shaped garnish. The woman on the right has dark hair and is holding a martini glass. They are both looking towards the camera with slight smiles. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting a bar setting.

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This past summer Governor Howard Dean, an outspoken critic of the invasion of Iraq who hails from Vermont, stormed the mainstream in his bid to beat the self-declared front-runners for the Democratic presidential nomination. Sound familiar? In 1972 Senator **George McGovern**, a prominent antiwar voice from small, agrarian South Dakota, also took on the Democratic heavyweights for the right to run for president against an entrenched, well-funded Republican incumbent. Maybe that's why Dean is being compared to McGovern, who went on to lose big to Richard Nixon. But the comparisons are used to dismiss Dean as a liberal lost cause. It's something that frustrates McGovern, author of *What's So Funny About Peace, Love and Howard Dean?* "It stems from a hunger to simplify things," he says. "But Dean is a complicated figure."

Shannen Doherty made *Beverly Hills 90210* the hottest zip code on TV and charmed us as a wickedly sexy witch. Now the host of *Scare Tactics*, she's back on our pages in a pictorial so steamy it's scary. "I didn't know what to expect when I interviewed her," says Assistant Editor **Robert DeSalvo**. "I always liked her best on-screen when she was in megabitch mode, like in her classic role in *Heathers*. She's not like that in person, thankfully. And she's surprisingly frank—the kind of woman who will tell you war stories from her partying days and not leave out any of the juicy details. She's zero BS and just tells it like it is."



Our annual look at the year's most salacious silver screen moments, *Sex in Cinema*, was put together by Associate Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet-Francès**. Despite her grueling schedule of film festivals and advance screenings, she is still blown away by something every year. In 2003 it was *Irreversible*. "The on-screen chemistry between the real-life couple, Monica Bellucci and Vincent Cassel, is incredibly intense. The two of them are totally believable—and uncensored. I haven't seen a lot of movies in which real couples connect like that. It certainly isn't like Ben and J. Lo or Nicole and Tom."



Ever since *Better Off Dead*, *Say Anything* and *The Grifters*, **John Cusack** has been a hero to normal guys everywhere. He returns to theaters in *Runaway Jury* opposite Dustin Hoffman and Gene Hackman. "He is one of the least pretentious movie stars I've ever met," reports Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, who trailed the amiable everyman for the *Playboy Interview*. "He really is the kind of guy you'd like to hang out with at the local record store, like his character in *High Fidelity*. And though he's well-read, he doesn't sound off about every political issue that comes along."



This month's fiction was written by **Ethan Coen**, half of the brilliant Coen brothers team behind such movies as *Miller's Crossing*, *Fargo*, *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* and their latest, *Intolerable Cruelty*, starring George Clooney and Catherine Zeta-Jones. Throughout his film career, this Coen has also written short stories—and he returns to our pages with *Olath*. Like much of his screen work, *Olath* is off-kilter noir peopled by fascinating oddballs. "I sort of like hopping around different kinds of characters in different sorts of stories," Coen explains.





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TERI HARRISON, MISS OCTOBER 2002 

TOMMY HILFINGER





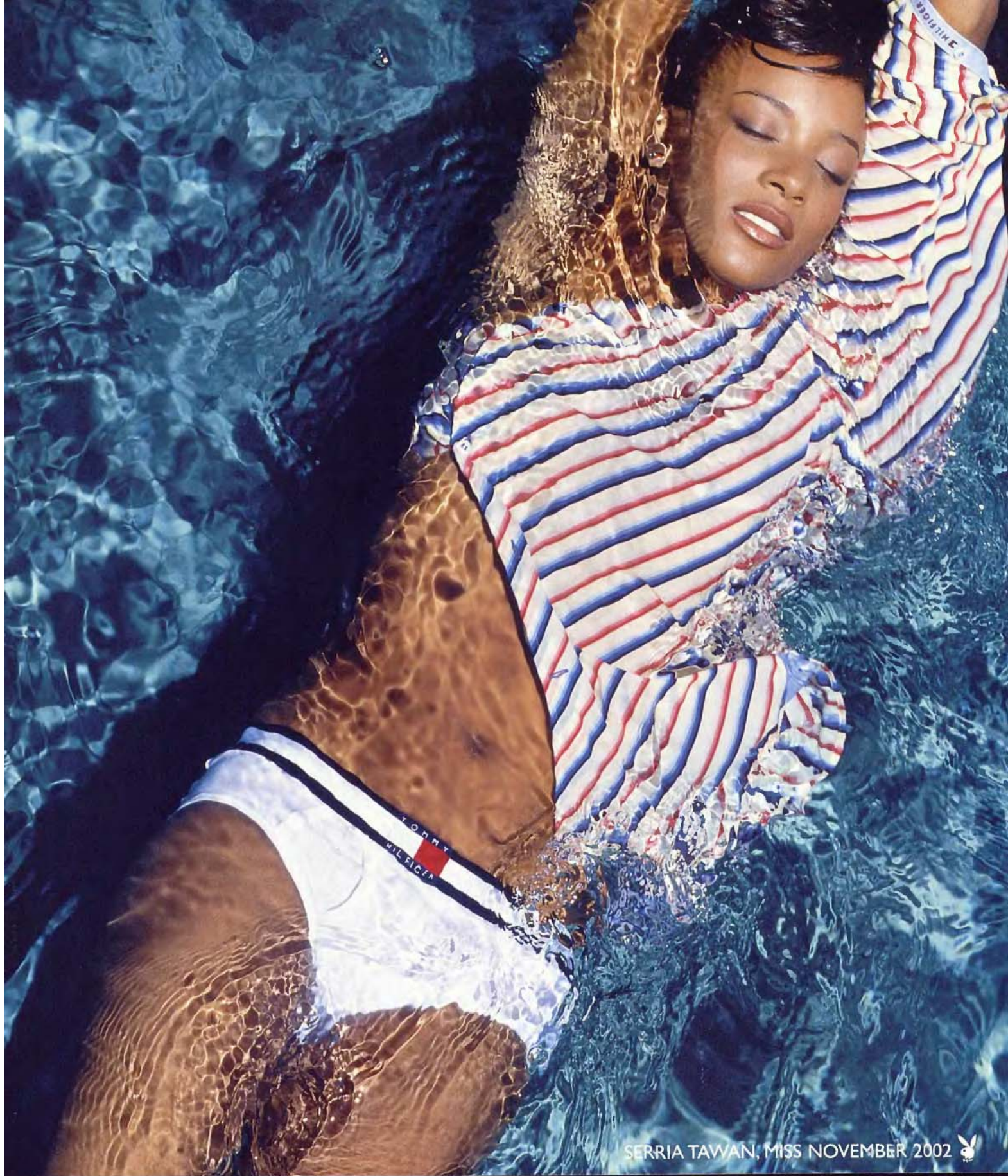


CHRISTINA SANTIAGO, PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR 2002 

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Whether starring in indie flicks such as Being John Malkovich or in blockbusters like Runaway Jury, John Cusack is an undisputed master of portraying the angst-ridden everyman. In a self-deprecating Playboy Interview, the man Vogue magazine called "the embodiment of what today's women want" reveals all of his personality flaws—and tells why love affairs with leading ladies never last. BY DAVID SHEFF



cover story

She's back. Shannen Doherty, who made hearts skip a beat on Beverly Hills 90210 and Charmed, has teamed up with top photographer Michel Camte to deliver a revealing, unforgettable PLAYBOY pictorial. Don't believe the rumors that Shannen is tough to work with—the gorgeous host of Scare Tactics bawled us over. Shannen puts our Rabbit in stitches.



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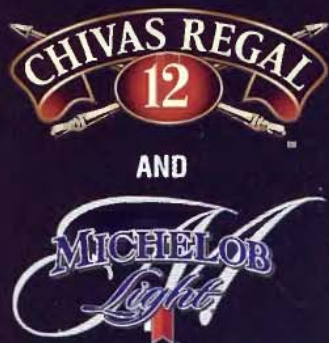
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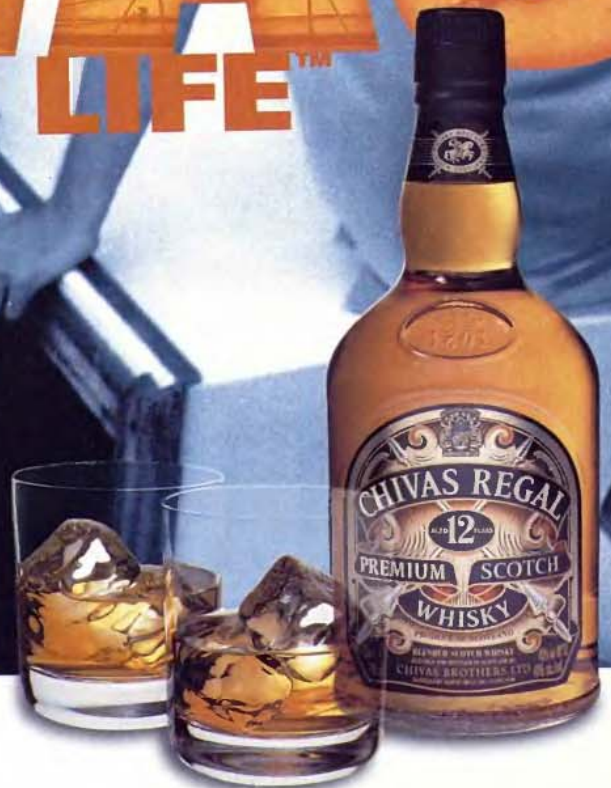
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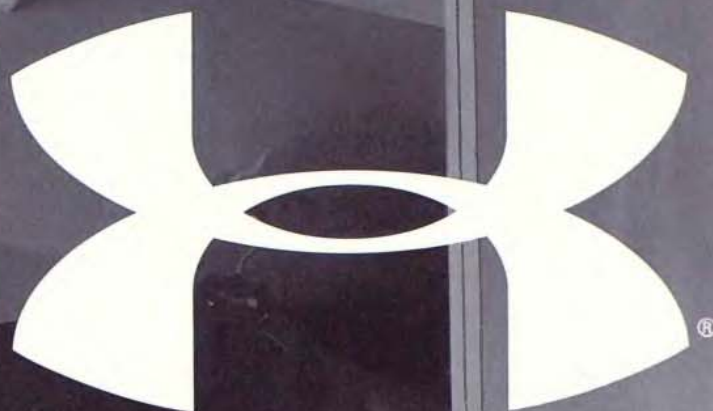
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DREAM A LITTLE DREAM



Hef's annual Midsummer Night's Dream Party—an incredible fantasy fest with a lingerie-or-less dress code—gave party-goers a night to remember. (1) Mr. Playboy with his personal platinum party posse. (2) Merry prankster Jamie Kennedy with girls from Starbucks. (3) Holly Madison and the host with Benicio Del Toro. (4) Playmate Angela Little and Sean Lennon. (5) Tommy Lee with ladies from *The Bachelor*. (6) Jon Abrahams of *Boston Public* with a friend, flashing the Sign of the Rabbit. (7) Julie McCullough with Josh Charles of *S.W.A.T.* (8) J. Lo's ex, choreographer Cris Judd, with *S.W.A.T.* star Michelle Rodriguez. (9) Girls from the September Starbucks pictorial spreading their wings. (10) Alan Thicke and fiancée Tanya Callau. (11) Mansion regulars Kato Kaelin and Bill Maher. (12) Talk show host Jimmy Kimmel with girlfriend, comedienne Sarah Silverman. (13) *Race to the Altar*'s Lisa Dergan with director Michael Bay. (14) Jon Lovitz and *The Young and the Restless* star John Enos with Playmate Luci Victoria.



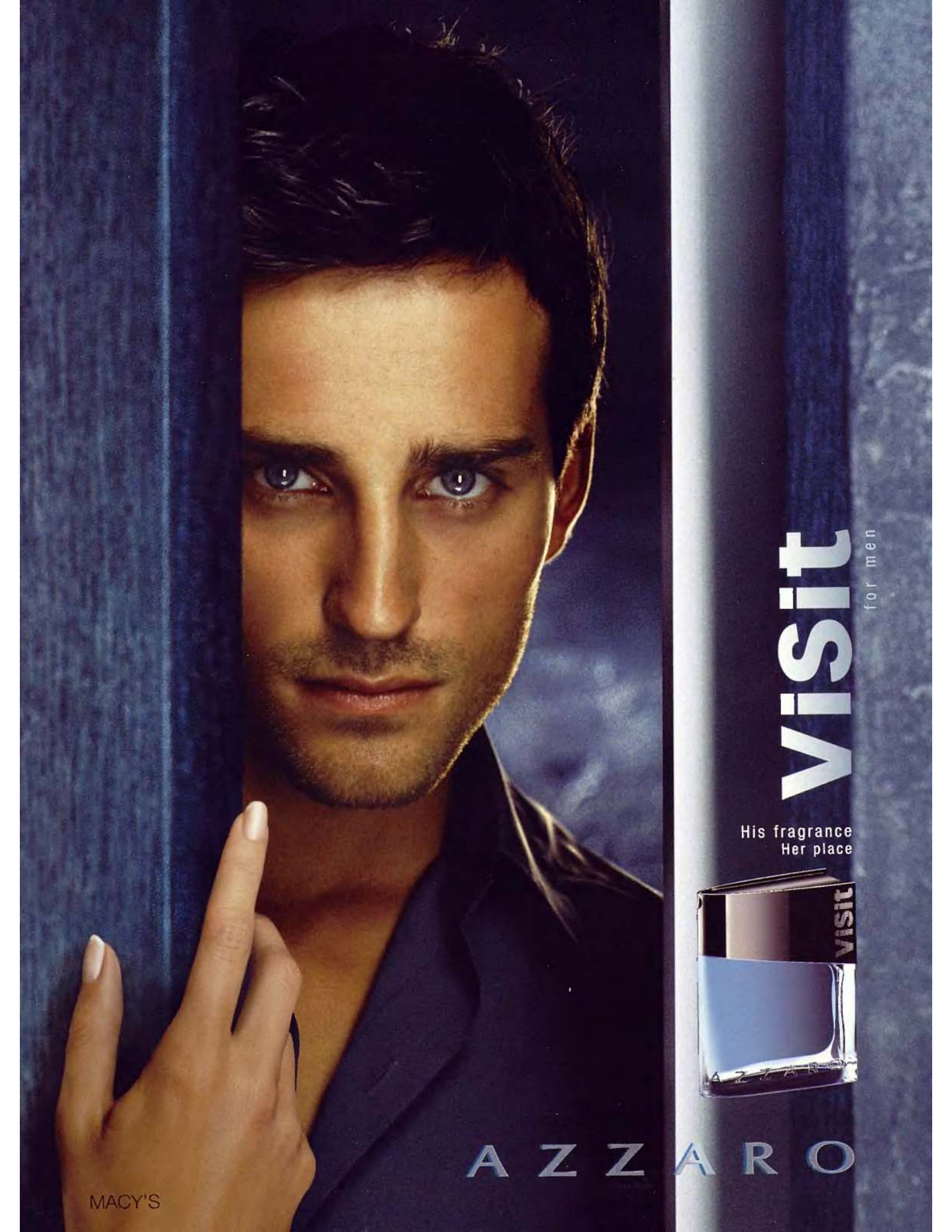
DREAM A LITTLE DREAM continued



More Midsummer madness at the Mansion. (1) The Man with a gaggle of gorgeous girls, including the Teles twins from Brazil. (2) Hef with sexy scenester sisters Nicky and Paris Hilton. (3) Mark Hamill, Luke Skywalker in the original *Star Wars* trilogy, with his wife, Marilou. (4) Hef and Latin heartthrob Enrique Iglesias and nary a sign of Anna Kournikova.

(5) Mario Lopez and fiancée Ali Landry with comedian Jeffrey Ross. (6) The host and his longtime buddy, director Garry Marshall. (7) Painted ladies passing out Jell-O shots to the guests. (8) Centerfold Ava Fabian and Stanley Cup winner Ken Daneyko of the New Jersey Devils. (9) Playmate artist Victoria Fuller presenting Hef with a sample of her pop art. (10) Crispin Glover with Traci Bingham and friend. (11) Jenny McCarthy and her husband, John Asher (baby Evan stayed at home). (12) Pauly Shore getting his freak on with a festive filly. (13) *According to Jim* star James Belushi wondering what to make of this frenetic fan.





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COFFEE, TEA OR SHE?

The Women of Starbucks (September) has the most beautiful assemblage of hot, steamy women I've ever seen in a PLAYBOY pictorial. Please make them all Playmates.

Tom Perkins
Bakersfield, California

Even though Lindsay Garren has her clothes on, her sexy smile is irresistible.

Warren James
Los Angeles, California

I am enthralled by the Starbucks pictorial. If there is any justice in the world,



Signe's cool and hot.

Signe Nordli and Kattie Bruce will one day be Playmates.

Chris Nemec
Irving, Texas

This pictorial is a great way to kick-start my motor in the morning. Penny Lynn is impossible to forget. She is also featured in *Grapevine* in your September 2000 issue. Thanks for giving us much more than just two cents' worth.

Ty Franklin
Mount Airy, Maryland

I don't mean to take a thing away from your great pictorial, but how could you do Starbucks and not include any women from Seattle?

David Richardson
Kent, Washington
The day we scheduled a casting call in Seattle, it rained. No one showed up. Honest.

Thanks so much for the Starbucks cover. For the first time since your magazine began arriving at my house, I'm not intimidated by it. Why? I was once a coffeehouse wench.

Laura Pearson
Randolph, Massachusetts

I'm not a coffee drinker, but I'm going over to Starbucks as soon as I finish writing you this letter.

Dan White
Boston, Massachusetts

CHUCKY'S CHAT

Great *Playboy Interview* with Jon Gruden (September), but his comments about how much he hates to hear people chewing gum made me laugh. He was chomping down pretty good at the Bucs-Jets game in Tokyo. I could have sworn I heard him through the TV set.

Mary Voiles
New Port Richey, Florida

Thanks for an entertaining *Playboy Interview*. Gruden seems very down-to-earth once you get past that pissed-off look, and he already has a Super Bowl ring at 40. Pretty good, I'd say.

Jeff Froh
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FAITH, HOPE AND GOLF

The close ties between the current administration and fanatic religious fundamentalists (*Keeping the Faith*, September) should make any rational person lose sleep.

Peter Martin
Salisbury, Connecticut

Keeping the Faith is quite disturbing. This faith-based initiative is not only unconstitutional but a ploy to bribe voters, especially black voters, to go Republican. Americans must stop buying into the propaganda that denying tax monies to church-based charities constitutes discrimination.

Jerome Cragle Jr.
Mifflinville, Pennsylvania

Leave the politics to the Republican and Democratic parties. I would rather you fill me in on the last party at the Mansion than waste my time with this one-sided drivel.

Barry Gates Jr.
Auburn, New York

NFL ROULETTE

I'm displeased with the rankings (*The Playboy 2003 Preview*, September), especially those of the AFC West. The Chiefs have made no significant roster moves,

and their star player, Priest Holmes, has had numerous health and contract issues. How can you choose them as the cream of the AFC West crop?

Tucker Hall
Massillon, Ohio
We stand by our picks. That is, unless they look wrong by the time you read this.

STRANGE PLACES FOR LOVE

Regarding Corey Levitan's *Looking for Love in All the Strange Places* (September): Lest there be doubters, I was introduced to my future wife after a funeral service, and we just celebrated our 37th anniversary.

T. Prize
Palm Beach Gardens, Florida

Looking for Love sends the wrong message to millions of readers. Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous meetings are for people trying to get help with serious issues. Some have been incarcerated because of their addiction, while others have lost families and careers. They are not social events.

Paul Hill
Ocala, Florida

I thought *Looking for Love* was funny until I got to the part where your



Strange places.

writer calls Scientology a cult. Only bigots use that word to describe minority religions.

Damian Perkins
Burbank, California

MANY JENNY RETURNS

All I can say is, wow, forget Marilyn—we have Jenny Haase (*The Intern Strikes*)

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HIGHEST RATED WHISKEY

The Beverage Testing Institute, world renowned for their knowledge of fine spirits, rated Jim Beam Black highest among leading North American whiskeys for its overall nose, depth of flavor and finish. It took eight years in a charred new oak barrel to create the rich texture and extremely smooth flavor found in the best bourbon ever to bear the Beam family name. Enjoy.

Rating	Whiskey
93	Jim Beam® Black
91	Maker's Mark®
89	Wild Turkey® 101®
82	Gentleman Jack®
81	Crown Royal®
81	Jack Daniel's®



Source: Beverage Testing Institute, Inc.
Professional Tasting - Chicago, IL - 2003

Jim Beam® Black Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey,
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Clermont, KY. www.jimbeam.com



Back, September). Nothing is more beautiful than a natural woman. You might as well shut down the presses—you'll never find another woman like Jenny.

Tony Davis
Birmingham, Alabama

Thank you for putting Jenny back in the magazine. She's a goddess.

Sean Bateman
Rossland, British Columbia



Jenny from our block.

The coasts have nothing on us Midwesterners. We have beauty and brains too. We have Jenny.

Scott Frame
Crooksville, Ohio

Jenny Haase is the sexiest woman I've seen in PLAYBOY in a long time. She has all those girl-next-door qualities that you pride yourself on.

Brad Allen
Lincoln, Nebraska

As a subscriber I have only one question: Will Jenny be a Playmate?

Doug Demsko
Columbus, Ohio

That's your only question?

EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

You should definitely continue this *After Hours* treat (September). Tracy Felsten is as beautiful as any Playmate.

Matthew Hadley
Lansing, Michigan

Tracy needs to pose for more photos. The other women in the issue are good, but Tracy is the best. Let's see more of her.

Ray Kodani
Yuba City, California

It's now apparent that you have a multitude of beauties within your corporation. I'm in the wrong business!

Kevin Zumbro
Lancaster, Ohio

20 QUESTIONS

When Nic Cage is asked what changing his name from Coppola to Cage enabled him to do (September), he says, "Be a movie star." That's nonsense. He is a movie star in part because Francis Ford Coppola is his uncle.

Richard Vidan
Los Angeles, California

Thank you for completely misunderstanding Cage's answer.

WE LOVE LUCI

Miss September, Luci Victoria, is gorgeous, but the way she is photographed bothers me. You seem to love those over-the-shoulder poses. I realize you have to please many different men, and for ass men this is the money shot. But for boob men like me it does nothing. Save that pose for Centerfolds who have beautiful faces and A cups.

Al Donald
Toms River, New Jersey

THE KINDEST CUT

To the cool knives you recommend (*Playboy on the Scene*, September) I would add Becker Knife and Tool's BK-7/9/10, a tough bowie that cuts well. At least you guys aren't freaked out by knives. Unfortunately, many people see them as weapons and not as tools.

Benton Lam
Burnaby, British Columbia

WAR, WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

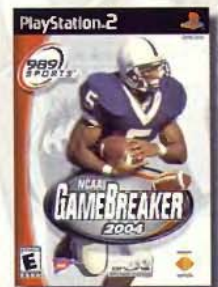
My husband, Raymond (below, right), and his buddy are stationed in Iraq with the 519th Military Police Battalion. They had a little free time on their hands, so your Rabbit Head appeared in the desert sands.

Kimberly Gallion
Leesville, Louisiana



Warriors of rest.





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PlayStation 2



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PLAYBOY

after hours

babe of the month

Nichole Hiltz

The Boston beauty is flying high in L.A.'s cuckoo's nest

The best thing about megabomb *Gigli* was an appearance by 24-year-old Nichole Hiltz. With the legs of a thoroughbred and a breathy voice that tickles your tympanum, the actress flew out of that flop and straight into an upcoming movie opposite Jack Nicholson. "Jack is a ladies' man, whether he's trying or not," says Nichole. "He can talk about world hunger and it's sexy." She should know—she's sexy even when talking about someone who's talking about world hunger. The Farrelly

"I have a 10-date rule when it comes to sex. But I screw up sometimes."

brothers discovered Nichole in Massachusetts prior to filming *Me, Myself & Irene*. She has since paid her dues in *Dude, Where's My Car?* and *Austin Powers in Goldmember*. Though she has settled in Los Angeles, Nichole avoids dating actors. "I can't stand it when boys cry more than I do. And if after dating for a month I still want to go out all the time, that's a bad sign—it means he's not entertaining. I can't wait to meet the guy who is capable of breaking my heart, because he's going to be the one I can stay with." Nichole has a 10-date rule when it comes to sex. "I try to keep it together, but I screw up sometimes," she confesses. "The woman has the upper hand when it comes to that decision, but after a while you want somebody to be in the saddle and hold the reins—make you feel like a woman." Whoa, baby.



TO THE HILTZ

CREDITS DUE: Nichole is hot and has the dues-paying roles to prove it—such parts as Fantasy Girl #1, Alien Jumpsuit Chick #2, Bikini Girl, Pretty Girl and French Teacher.

CREAM OR SUGAR? She once had a job dressing as a giant cup o' joe with legs. "Guys actually hit on me when I was in costume. Why would you ever ask out a frigging coffee cup?"

HELLO, KITTY: Nichole walks her cat on a leash. "He loves strolling with me in the park, and he runs up to strangers and sits on their lap. I think he's crazy."

IN THE FLESH: A vegetarian for six years, Nichole is now mad about meat. "I did a movie in Lithuania. I'd have died if I'd remained a vegetarian, because they eat roast beef for breakfast. Now I'm a total carnivore. I can't lie—I'm hooked on bacon."



Burdines

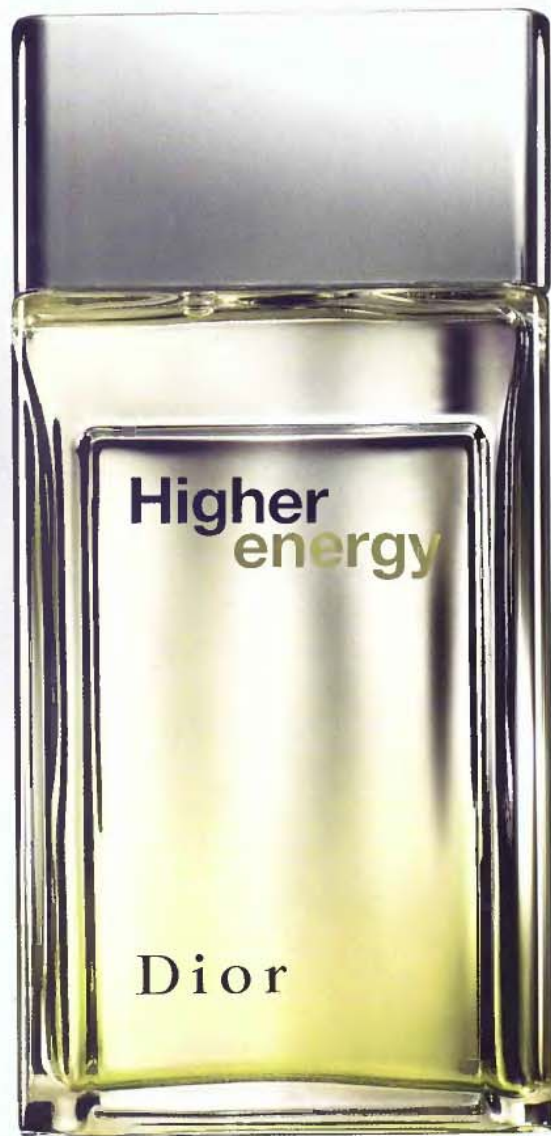
Dior



Higher energy

the new fragrance for men

Dior



Higher energy

Lift here to discover
Higher energy

the new fragrance for men

barometer

IT'S DECEMBER AND...



...you finished your shopping in a nocturnal blitz at amazon.com, bananarepublic.com, sharperimage.com and victoriassecret.com. And you did it in your long johns five days before Santa hits town. Here's to never seeing the inside of a mall again.

...you want a Yule log? We'll give you a Yule log. During the Festival of the Bonfires (December 12 to 14), a Cajun tradition in St. James Parish, Louisiana, locals ignite more than 100 house-high wooden monoliths along the big muddy. *Laissez le bon temps flambé!*



...you'll see *The Return of the King* with your head held high. The *Lord of the Rings* saga's first two installments earned 19 Oscar nominations and \$1.8 billion at the box office. *Hobbitry* isn't just for nerds anymore. And those epic poems you wrote in Elvish back in junior high? Way cool, Frodo.

...you're guarding against familial affective disorder, caused by the holiday influx of grouchy uncles, nosy aunts and other beloved kinfolk who've waited a whole year to make you miserable. Avoid talk of politics, careers and grandkids, and excuse yourself when Dad breaks out the carving knife.



...you're so rabid about college ball you'll tune in for early, lame bowl games such as the GMAC Bowl (Dec. 18), the Tinactin Bowl (Dec. 21), the Insight Bowl (Dec. 26) and the Continental Tire Bowl (Dec. 27). Sad but true: We made up only one of them.

insolent night



INSANE CLAUS POSSE

THESE RIOTING ST. NICKS THINK IT'S NICE TO BE NAUGHTY

Around this time of year, there's a little Santa Claus in all of us. In some cases that little Santa is a crazy yobbo yearning to run amok in the streets. Of late, mysterious festivities known as Santacons have been facilitating such alt-holiday behavior. "No force on earth can stop 100 Santas" is the credo for the events, and except for the occasional overzealous cop, it seems to hold true. The first Santacon took place in 1994 in San Francisco and consisted of 30 revelers in cheap Santa suits they'd bought from a bargain store. The marauding St. Nicks drank in the streets, mooned tourists from cable cars, crashed a high-society function, invaded a strip club and moshed (hey, it was 1994) past midnight. A year later attendance tripled and there was no stopping the bad Santas from getting their jollies. To evade Johnny Law (two Kriss Kringles were cuffed in 1995), the event started traveling. A plane of Santas—in full costume—descended on Portland, Oregon in 1996, Los Angeles in 1997 and New York City in 1998. Santacon doesn't travel anymore—it doesn't need to. Local chapters of the Cacophony Society (which has a large online presence) grabbed the reindeer by the horns, and last year Santacons terrorized most major American cities. "It's not about ruining Christmas," says Scott Beale, a.k.a. Santa Squid, a retired organizer. "But of course Santa likes to drink." Looks like Santa Claus is coming to trash your town!

puss vs. boots

RIDING BAREBACK

In its antirodeo campaign, PETA figures that if it gets us by the balls, our minds will surely follow. The pitch: a buck-the-rodeo billboard featuring former Dallas Cowboys cheerleader Bonnie-Jill Laflin enjoying a role in the hay and questioning the staying power of rodeo rowdies. Nice to see a cowgirl rooting for the broncos.



FROM EXECUTIVE PRODU

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Two families on a mission
to destroy each other.

Two lovers caught in the crossfire.

INN

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Everything gets exposed.

O C T O B E R 20 9 p m / 8 c

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heavy metal

BLACKSMITH
TO THE STARSL.A.'S RED-HOT IRON MAN BEATS
SWORDS INTO PROP CREDITS

California's dot-com economy has gone bust, but that's just fine with Tony Swatton. He's blazing ahead in the low-tech market. For 15 years Swatton has been the armorer to the stars, supplying Hollywood with custom metalwork as the only commercial bladesmith in Los Angeles. The hook from *Hook*? The blade from *Witchblade*? The boomerangs in *Batman Forever* and the Rock's scimitar in *The Scorpion King*? All Swatton creations. "Each piece is handcrafted, one at a time," Swatton says proudly. "Last year I made more than 1,200 swords for various movies. No one is doing that kind of production." And the beat of his hammer goes on. Russell Crowe totes Swatton's swords in the holiday blockbuster *Master and Commander*, and custom



weapons (above) created by Swatton's company, Sword and Stone, will adorn the new Tom Cruise movie, *The Last Samurai*. Swatton's occupational hazards are many: He sweats out four gallons of water during a 14-hour shift at his fiery forge. A flying chunk of metal once sliced off half his nose (since sewn back on), and cuts and burns are daily occurrences. But there are perks. "I was on the set for *Pirates of the Caribbean*," he says. "I got to chat with Johnny Depp, but seeing all the sets we created items for was the real treat." Those treats extend to the fairer sex as well. Swatton created wrestling superstar Joanie Laurer's weapons for the January 2002 *PLAYBOY* cover. "I'm just a guy who loves beating things with a hammer," Swatton says. "But I'd be lying if I said the softer side isn't nice too."

drink of the month

GOD SAVE THE SCOTCH
FIFTY-YEAR-OLD HOOCH FROM
THE QUEEN'S BIG DAY

In honor of Queen Elizabeth II's golden anniversary, Chivas Regal has bottled Royal Salute 50 Year Old. It's a blend of whiskeys casked in 1953, the year of the monarch's coronation (and, fanfare please, the birth of *PLAYBOY*). Only 10 bottles have been sent to the U.S., and each costs \$10,000—so you'll want to sip the stuff *sloowly*. As an alternative, the 21-year-old Chivas Royal Salute has a price tag of a mere \$150 and is a most worthy heir and successor.



employee of the month



MOST WANTED

OHIO PROBATION OFFICER RACHEL
BLANKENSHIP FLAUNTS HER FREEDOM

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between a parole officer and a probation officer?

RACHEL: Parole officers are for people who have just left prison. Probation is usually a step before prison. I specialize in caseloads involving community service.

PLAYBOY: Ever get tough?

RACHEL: I can be mean if I have to be. I've had a few people get angry with me. But what they don't understand is that I have control over their freedom. They discover quickly that they're not going to get away with it.

PLAYBOY: What's the best part of the job?

RACHEL: The job security—there will always be criminals and offenders.

PLAYBOY: Ever fall for the bad guy?


RACHEL: My high school sweetheart was a rebel. In fact, that was my introduction to criminal justice.

PLAYBOY: Ever use your handcuffs in the bedroom?

RACHEL: It always seems that when you get to that point, you forget all about the cuffs. But I do take them to and from work every day—just in case.



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.



When was the first time you heard the calling?
How long have you ignored it?

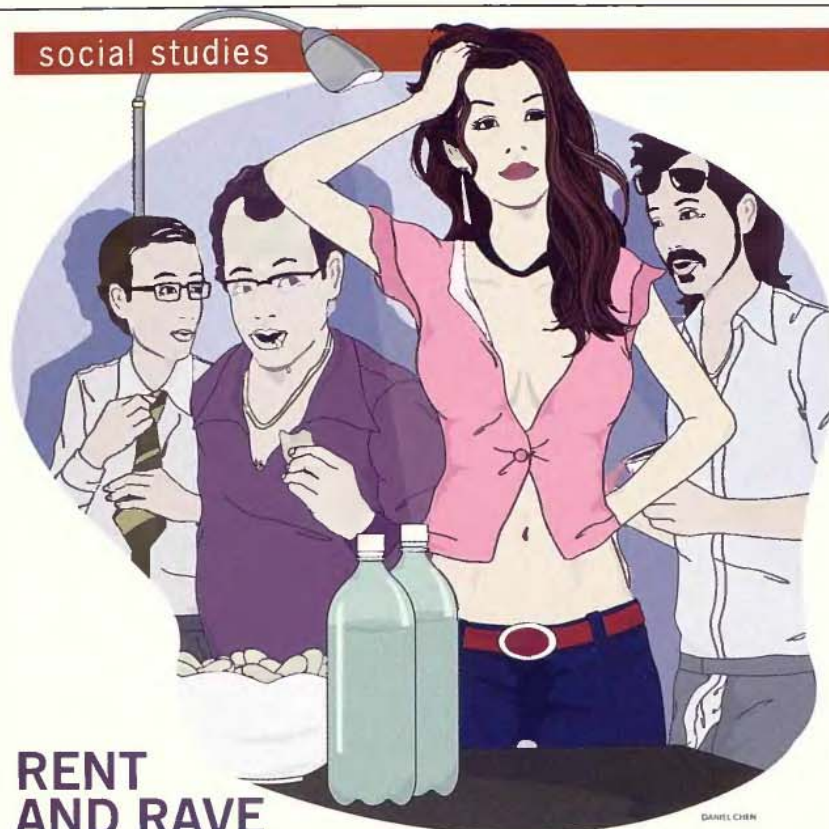
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social studies

RENT
AND RAVE

YOUR PARTY GUESTS ARE PLAYFUL, POPULAR...AND GETTING PAID

When hosting a holiday party, you know you need hot music, plenty of booze and unlimited mini wieners. But what if your guest list isn't exactly packed with folks who can get a good time rolling? Simple—hire some ringers. For a few hundred bucks, more and more event organizers are providing "party motivators," socially adept guests whose mission is to loosen up your crowd and make you seem like the host with the most. These vivacious, articulate, glad-handing party proxies won't model the nearest lampshade, but they will chat up even the most shrinking of violets, and when the music starts, they'll rush the dance floor with partygoers in tow. "Our whole purpose is to motivate and mingle with the guests, to make them feel comfortable and ensure they have a good time," says Lisa Breshin of New Jersey-based Total Entertainment. "We want to make sure there are no wallflowers at your party." As you may expect, sociability is a prerequisite for a motivator, and of course it doesn't hurt to be a looker. "Aesthetics do play a part," admits 25-year-old Suzie Choy, who has been working parties for Total Entertainment since she was in high school. "We have bombshells and girls next door as well. Ninety-seven percent of it is personality, and it just happens that all our personalities are very good-looking. The men too—we have to keep the young ladies happy."

game girls



GEEKY SEXY COOL

YOU CAN'T DATE VIDEO GAME VIXENS, BUT
YOUR GIRLFRIEND CAN DRESS LIKE ONE

First the luscious dolls of the hit Xbox fighting series *Dead or Alive* landed their own bouncy title, *Xtreme Beach Volleyball*. Now publisher Tecmo is hawking bikinis that match those worn by the game's fully inflated spikers. Each suit sells for \$150. As for finding a girl willing to risk arousing every teen gamer she passes, that costs extra. (tecmoinc.com)

hypnotwist

YOU ARE GETTING
HORNY, VERY HORNYWORLD'S RUDEST HYPNOTIST
SETS STAGE—AND AUDIENCE'S
LOINS—ON FIRE

"In the center of the stage will be a chair—but this is not a chair," instructs the hypnotist to a row of spellbound volunteers. "This will be the best-looking person you've ever seen in your life." Moments later, a mesmerized sap is bent over the lucky chair, feverishly giving it the old in-out. The next guy flips the chair onto its "head," pushes unseen ankles to either side and thrusts downward like something out of *The Illustrated Kama Sutra*. But the crowd favorite is a woman who kneels and lustily fondles the chair's invisible love bone. Welcome to the wicked world of hypnotist Anthony Cools, in which the power of suggestion is a tool for making us reveal our subconscious porn star onstage. "I like to think that the era of tuxedos and goatees is long behind," says Cools, who is currently doing an extended gig at the Stardust in Las Vegas. "I'm bringing hypnosis into the new millennium." Other naughty mind tricks: inducing an imaginary, unsanitary itch by playing Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" and triggering a screaming orgasm with a farewell handshake. "I always end the show on a climax," Cools says. "Except that with the men I tend not to cause the same length of orgasm as with the women." Apparently, while the Stardust wants to clean up at the box office, they don't want to clean up onstage.



Tennessee mistletoe.



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—Paul Clinton, CNN



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R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



Señor Moments

77% of Spaniards schedule the time of day they will have sex with their partners.
52% schedule the day of the week.

Mime Pays

About **250** people dress as Ronald McDonald for appearances worldwide. A typical Ronald makes **\$40,000**; an ambitious Ronald—doing **400** shows a year—can make **\$100,000**. But the real dough comes from TV: A Ronald who appears in national spots can make **\$300,000**



Tea Totaled

10 cups of jasmine tea, if consumed daily for several weeks, can produce hallucinogenic effects.

It Was All a Blur

The world land speed record by a blind driver, set this year in a Jaguar XJR 4.2:

144.75 mph



Steam Machines

At the Sauna World Championship in Heinola, Finland, contestants from 15 countries subjected themselves to a tiny, moist room heated to **230° Fahrenheit**. The winner lasted **16 minutes, 15 seconds**.



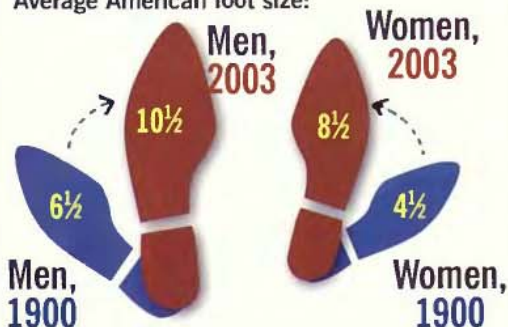
Price Check

Tread Commission

\$25,000 Amount received by four Canadians who changed their last names from Goodyear to Dunlop as part of a tire promotion.

Add Inches to Your Feet!

Average American foot size:



Briefly Noted

Justin Timberlake changes his underwear **6** times a day. His brand? **Calvins**. Calvin Klein's gift to Justin upon hearing of his special needs: **50 pairs** of CK boxer shorts.



©Chris D. Smith

The Bottom Five

Least Probable White Christmases

(according to the National Climatic Data Center, based on average annual snowfall in the 48 contiguous U.S. states)

44. Georgia, **1%**
45. Mississippi, **0.75%**
46. Texas, **0.70%**
47. Louisiana, **0.67%**
48. Florida, **0%**



Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

Officers at Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport seized a nativity scene after determining that the figures—wise men, shepherds, baby Jesus and all—were made entirely of cocaine. Altogether, the holy blow weighed

3 kilograms

and was estimated to be worth

\$1.5 million

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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



"I'll teach Captain Stubing to steal our parking spot!"

movie of the month

[MASTER AND COMMANDER]

For seafaring action, climb into the Crowe's nest

Russell Crowe brandishing swords and bellowing in a period action epic? That combination spelled five Oscars and box office glory for *Gladiator*, and now similar hopes sail for *Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World*, a nautical rabble-rouser combining two of Patrick O'Brian's historical novels about the 19th century British navy. Crowe plays a hardass captain whose ship is left broken after an attack by the Napoleonic fleet. Vowing revenge, Crowe dogs the French for a rematch, but not before moments of swashbuckling heroism, thundering speeches and even a musical jam with Crowe on violin. So will the \$135 million saga directed by Peter Weir shanghai Americans who don't possess a natural affinity for tales of British naval derring-do? Screening audiences cheered battles featuring the 400-strong cast swinging cutlasses, as well as Crowe fending off two dozen attackers, prompting one viewer to label M&C "an Errol Flynn movie on acid." It also has a ship-versus-sea sequence that's said to make *The Perfect Storm* look like a splash in a kiddie pool. Too bad Crowe sports the sort of period ponytail that triggered chuckles for Marlon Brando in *Mutiny on the Bounty* and Mel Gibson in *The Patriot*. Don't mention that to Crowe, however, unless you want to walk the plank. (November 14)

The 400-strong cast wields swords in ferocious battles.

—Stephen Rebellio

now showing

The Matrix Revolutions

(Keanu Reeves, Carrie-Anne Moss, Laurence Fishburne, Hugo Weaving) The machines are still rising—or, in this case, descending—to destroy humanity's hideout. As Neo struggles to figure out if he's just a superpowered cog, it all comes down to another kung fu battle with the exponential Agent Smith.

Our call: Viva *Revolutions*! Though *Reloaded* had more glitches than Windows, we're hoping the intense action of this final chapter saves us from any more silly rave scenes.



Elf

(Will Ferrell, James Caan, Zooey Deschanel) Ferrell runs riot as a human foundling raised to adulthood by Santa's elves, then booted out of the workshop to search for his real pops (Caan). Once Ferrell hits Manhattan, elf-out-of-water gags and a romance with a department store elf (Deschanel) heat things up.

Our call: Ho ho ha! A raucous script, swingy direction by Jon Favreau and genius physical yuks from *Old School* valetorian Ferrell serve up a holiday treat that won't rot your teeth.



Timeline

(Paul Walker, Frances O'Connor, Anna Friel) This time-tripping adventure based on a Michael Crichton novel sends three Yalies to 14th century France. Instead of bringing back a case of vintage vino, they must rescue their professor from the head choppers and fireball throwers of the Hundred Years' War.

Our call: We hope they get extra credit for that assignment. As for the movie, it'll be tricky making this seem like more than the History Channel with a bigger special-effects budget.



Radio

(Cuba Gooding Jr., Ed Harris, Debra Winger) 'Tis the season for holiday ham. This one concerns a high school football coach (Harris) who adopts a mentally challenged guy (Gooding) as a team mascot, despite the interference of predictably small-minded townies. *The Rookie* meets *Rain Man*, anyone?

Our call: Poor reception. This feel-good-or-we'll-clobber-you flick comes stamped with the scary words *Inspired by a true story*. Even scarier, it's from the director of *Summer Catch*.



critical mass

[THE BUZZ HEARD ROUND THE WORLD]

Technology lets you be the first on your block to seal a movie's fate

You're at the multiplex checking out the initial Friday-night showing of that holiday blockbuster everyone has been itching to see. Too bad it flat-out sucks. Since friends don't let friends see crap movies, you whip out your BlackBerry to warn off everyone you know. Now envision thousands of people simultaneously text messaging or cell phoning the bad buzz across the country and you've got an idea of the latest thorn in Hollywood's side.

Cool tech gizmos give us the power to vote an instant thumbs-up or thumbs-down on a new movie like spectators at a Roman gladiator bout—a power that recently helped let the air out of overinflated projects such as *The Hulk* and *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*. On the other hand, positive buzz helped lesser-known quantities *Pirates of the Caribbean* and *The Italian Job* build up a head of box office steam. "For years the opening weekend was the big score studios were shooting for, and word of mouth only started once that weekend was over," says Paul Dergarabedian of box office tracker Exhibitor Relations. "Now the opening weekend gets shrunk to the all-important opening night. Text messaging and cell phones affect box office within hours of a movie's first showing."

Or sooner. Last March test-screening audiences got so bummed out watching the then-unfinished *Gigli* that some started text messaging toxic reports during the showings. The malignant buzz metastasized to Internet fan sites and media around the world,

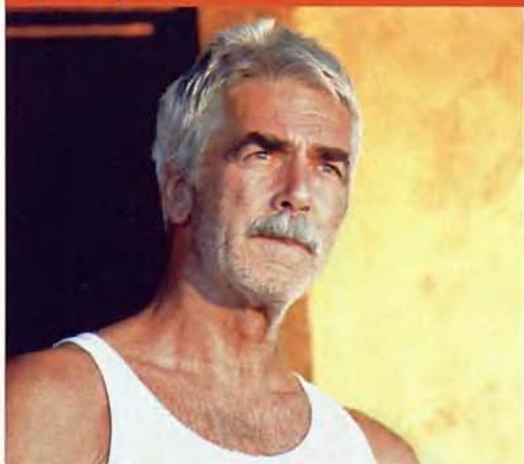
and the movie was declared DOA long before it opened in August. "To anyone who says, 'If Hollywood wants hits, Hollywood should make better movies,' I would have to say they're absolutely correct," says Geoffrey Ammer, president of worldwide marketing for Columbia TriStar Motion Pic-



ture Group. "There was a time when you could market a movie and maybe get a good opening weekend. Now technology helps or hurts you instantly, so you could either be dead on Friday or have the audience pounding the pavement on Saturday night. It isn't good or bad, it's life and how we deal with it now. It's tough out there." Hold that thought, Geoffrey. We have an urgent text message from the multiplex.

—Stephen Rebello

art house



Off the Map

Actor Campbell Scott reinforces his growing rep as a director with this story of a girl being raised by working-class bohemian parents (Sam Elliott, left, and Joan Allen) in the New Mexico desert in the 1970s. The arrival of an IRS auditor with artistic tendencies transforms the film from a family drama into a compelling study of the creative process.

—Andrew Johnston

SCORE CARD

Capsule close-ups of recent films
by Leonard Maltin

BUBBA HO-TEP Bruce Campbell camps it up as a senior citizen Elvis living in a nursing home with Ossie Davis, who claims to be JFK. Together they battle a mummy who's stalking their fellow residents in a likably nutty film. ★★★

CASA DE LOS BABYS Maggie Gyllenhaal, Daryl Hannah and Marcia Gay Harden play American women waiting to adopt children in a Latin American country. Writer-director John Sayles's work is interesting, but this one feels unfinished. ★★½

CIVIL BRAND Da Brat and Mos Def are among the performers in this hard-hitting look at a women's prison that abuses inmates as sweatshop laborers. Though the material is potent, the presentation is uneven in this earnest indie film. ★★½

LOST IN TRANSLATION Bill Murray is perfect as a Hollywood star who goes to Japan to shoot a TV commercial in this piece from writer-director Sofia Coppola. He feels disconnected until he meets another lonely American, Scarlett Johansson. ★★★½

MATCHSTICK MEN Nicolas Cage is in rare form playing an obsessive-compulsive con artist whose life changes when he first meets his teenage daughter. Alison Lohman co-stars in this highly entertaining film from director Ridley Scott. ★★★½

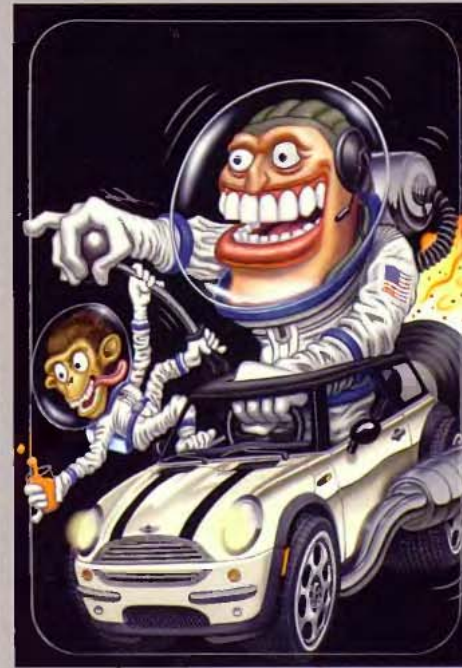
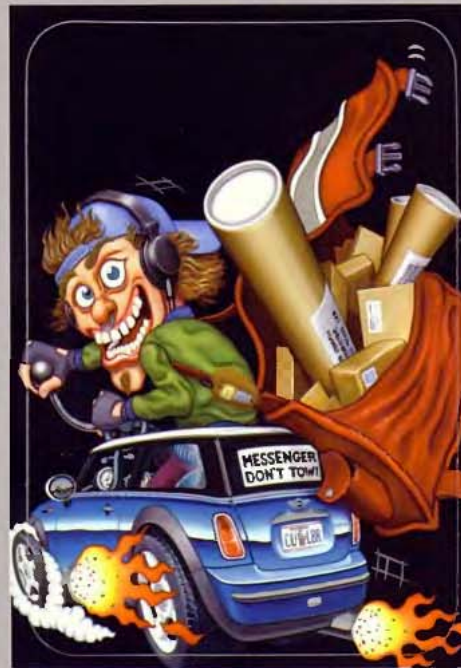
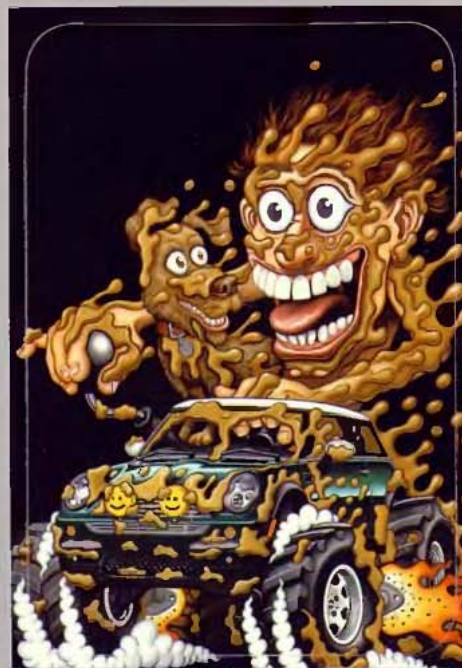
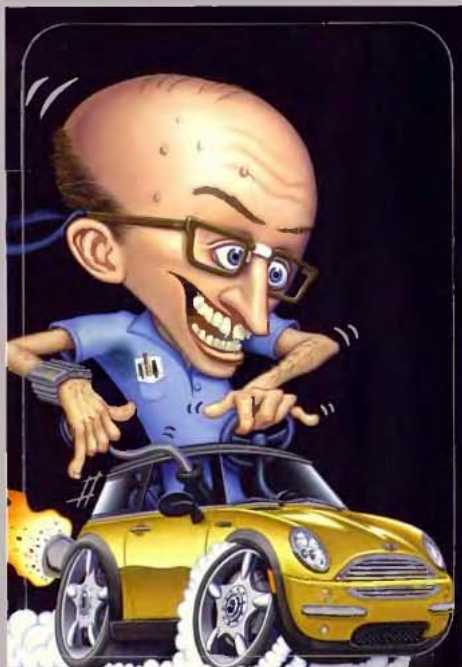
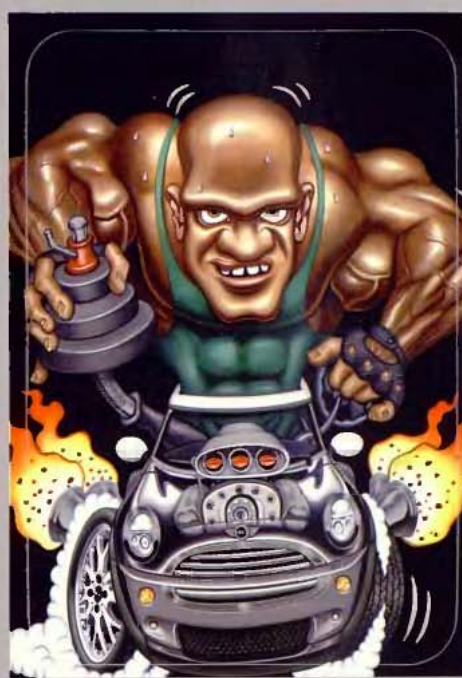
OUT OF TIME Denzel Washington plays a Florida police chief who is so smitten with a local woman that he does something foolish. Sanaa Lathan and Eva Mendes are his sexy co-stars, but the story grows sillier and more outlandish at every turn. ★★

SECONDHAND LIONS Watching Robert Duvall and Michael Caine is a privilege in this sweet film about two eccentric codgers whose quiet existence belies their adventurous past. Haley Joel Osment is their grandnephew, who realizes how remarkable they are as he learns his own life lessons. ★★★

UNDER THE TUSCAN SUN Diane Lane, taken for granted until this year's Oscar nomination, gets a vehicle all her own: an adaptation of Frances Mayes's best-selling memoir about an American woman, beaten down by divorce, who impulsively decides to start a new life in Tuscany. ★★★

★★★★ Don't miss
★★★ Good show

★★ Worth a look
★ Forget it



MUSCLE MINI

Let's reinvent the hot rod. Let's do more reps with less weight. Let's be proud of what's under the hood. Let's test positive for high octane. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MODIFIED MINI

Let's be a work in progress. Let's stripe. Let's chrome. Let's pierce. Let's be loud, flashy and hard to ignore. Let's frighten boring people. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MONTE CARLO MINI

Let's pick a number. Let's pick a navigator. Let's hit the gas. Let's hang on. And when we come out on top, let's act like we've been there before. **LET'S MOTOR.**



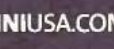
MOLTEN MINI

Let's light a fire under the masses. Let's scorch the status quo. Let's fry the norm. Let's burn rule books. Let's bum old habits. Let's burn rubber. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MINI

Let's customize. Let's personalize. Let's paint. Let's decal. Let's be bold. Let's go all the way. Let's go so far we become caricatures of ourselves. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MENSA® MINI

Let's experiment. Let's compute ETAs. Let's analyze apex trajectories. Let's calculate gas mileage. Let's keep the evil out of our genius. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MISSION MINI

Let's have the right stuff. Let's take new turns. Let's see new streets. Let's explore strange new neighborhoods. Let's 3. Let's 2. Let's 1. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MESSENGER MINI

Let's motor for a living. Let's sing out loud. Let's brake for pedestrians and squirrels. Let's say we'll be there in 20. Let's actually be there in 10. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MUDDY MINI

Let's backroad it. Let's forget a few car washes. Let's forget a few showers. But let's not forget to write "wash me" on the rear window. **LET'S MOTOR.**



Customize your own MINI at MINIUSA.COM

dvd of the month

[BRUCE ALMIGHTY]

Thou shalt give this Jim Carrey farce its due

The Lord works in mysterious ways. To wit: It's a mystery why some critics smote this fitfully silly, sentimental farce. Perhaps they didn't feel comfortable with Jim Carrey making them think about religion; maybe they didn't appreciate director Tom Shadyac's skill at yanking their emotions around. Egocentric TV newsman Bruce Nolan (Carrey, in fine slapstick form) is endowed with omnipotence by a burned-out God (Morgan Freeman) to see if he can do better. Heavenly Jennifer Aniston, as Bruce's neglected girlfriend, demonstrates again how her skills are wasted on the small screen. (Bruce slyly uses his divine powers to give her bigger boobs. Alas, they remain cloaked, but Aniston does have an auto-erotic scene, thank God.) And then there's the butt monkey—but use the freeze-frame function on your DVD remote for that. **Extras:** three featurettes, including a commentary track by Shadyac, deleted scenes and the obligatory bloopers reel. **YYY½** —Buzz McClain



TERMINATOR 3: RISE OF THE MACHINES (2003) Arnold Schwarzenegger makes a strong case against Terminator limits in this relentless assault on home theater speakers, stepping in again as a cyborg sent from the future to protect John Connor (Nick Stahl), now 25 years old. From what? Terminatrix Kristanna Loken, of course. **Extras:** deleted scenes, a gag reel and a how-they-did-it featurette that benefits from the movie's reliance on elaborate stunts over CGI effects. **YYY** —Gregory P. Fagan



X2: X-MEN UNITED (2003) Maybe wedging half a dozen new characters into an already packed cast wasn't the wisest idea, but it doesn't dilute the action in this stylish sequel, which pits the mutant supersquad against a government force. Nightcrawler (Alan Cumming), with his superbly realized ability to teleport while kicking butt, ties with near-naked Mystique as our favorite blue freak. **Extras:** more than three hours of featurettes, deleted scenes and a multi-angle study of Nightcrawler in action. **YYY** —B.M.



FINDING NEMO (2003) With or without a roomful of squealing kids, this year's Pixar-Disney gem is another triple threat—eye-popping animation, a smart script and sharp character acting. A clown fish (voiced by Albert Brooks) treks across the ocean to retrieve his son, Nemo, from a dentist's fish tank, encountering oddball creatures, high adventure and gags that will hook even adults. **Extras:** The faces-behind-the-fishes documentary is welcome, but a "virtual aquarium" is the real bait. **YYY** —G.F.



LARA CROFT TOMB RAIDER: THE CRADLE OF LIFE (2003) Death-defying stunts? Check. Explosions? Check. Angelina Jolie's breasts in a wet suit? Double check. Yet the video game vixen's second movie mission—to keep Pandora's box out of a madman's clutches—was buried at the box office. Too bad, since this Jan De Bont sequel at least outwows the first one. **Extras:** plenty, including De Bont's commentary, deleted scenes, five production featurettes and an alternative ending. **YY** —G.F.



quick study

[FILM SCHOOL]

Deconstructing perennial holiday favorites (yes, we're roasting chestnuts)

This deceptively benign genre exists not only because Hollywood needs to put butts in theaters during the lucrative holiday season but because its recurrent themes are so rife with melodrama:

- **The protagonist must overcome ill-timed adversity.** *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946) taught us that Christmas is a tough time to have your livelihood squashed. But there's no better time to have your faith in mankind rekindled. Stocking stuffers: *Planes, Trains & Automobiles* (1987), *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation* (1989).
- **Children teach jaded adults to appreciate the simple joys of the season.** Most brats just want the latest gizmo, but movie



rugrats, like Natalie Wood in *Miracle on 34th Street* (1947), use the holidays to help us rediscover our inner knee-biter. Stocking stuffers: *Home Alone* (1990), *The Santa Clause* (1994).

- **Your dysfunctional family should be cherished.** *Home for the Holidays* (1994) and *The Myth of Fingerprints* (1997) are earnest Thanksgiving entries, but we prefer *The Ref* (1995), in which Denis Leary holds a bickering brood at gunpoint on Christmas Eve. —Buzz McClain

sleaze frame

Long before she was cruising with Tom, Penélope Cruz opened our eyes in the Spanish flesh fest *Jamón Jamón*. *Jamón*—meaning ham—is all about the joys and sorrows of porking. Here Penélope is being groped early in the film. We've seen slightly more of her in subsequent films, but she's never been such a ham bone.



cd of the month

[THE STROKES • ROOM ON FIRE]

What sophomore slump? The garage rockers fine-tune their act

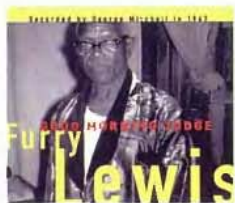


First came the lauded debut, 2001's *Is This It*. Next came the lumping together with every other garage-glam band. Then came the backlash, complete with "The Socialites" T-shirts. Haters, beware: The Strokes' career trajectory—which easily could have ended with "Whatever happened to?"—is about to take a turn upward, thanks to this extraordinary sophomore set. Between dating starlets and models, New York's young and unkempt have apparently been practicing their asses off, learning to make guitars hum like organs and drums thump like precision bombs. Even Julian Casablancas's kazooesque voice has become a well-honed instrument, at times dipping into the (dare we say?) melodic zone. As for fame, they're figuring it out: It's no accident that the album's first lyric is "I wanna be forgotten" and the last is "I'll be back." (RCA) **★★★★** —Alison Prato

FURRY LEWIS • Good Morning Judge

If there were any justice in this country, an 80-foot statue of bluesman Furry Lewis would stand on the Washington Mall. But the slide-guitar master died broke and mostly unknown. These rediscovered recordings—made in 1962, when he was sweeping streets for a living—show Lewis at his best, playing medicine show music and ragtime. The singing is deft, but the guitar is the finest he ever played. (Fat Possum) **★★★★**

—Leopold Froehlich



BASEMENT JAXX • Kish Kash

As always, electro stalwarts Jaxx manage to push the sonic envelope while remaining fierce on the dance floor. The Prince-inflected funk on *Kish Kash* benefits from a broad range of collaborators, including Siouxsie Sioux and even 'N Sync's JC Chasez (that's not a misprint). The result? Processed vocals, catchy samples, and serious singers and MCs jousting atop a frenetic, genre-busting mix of electro, house and funk. (Astralwerks) **★★★★**

—Tim Mohr



P.O.D. • Payable on Death

With guitarist Marcus Curiel gone, P.O.D. sounds a lot like the Red Hot Chili Peppers—when they started to suck. Sonny Sandoval has decided to sing more than he raps, which is a painful mistake, though altar boys will be pleased that several songs, such as "Change the World," contain uplifting Christian messages. Still, we can't help thinking that God unleashed this album on the world as punishment for our sins. (Atlantic) **★**

—Patty Lambert



JOE STRUMMER & THE MESCALEROS Streetcore

Former Clash frontman Strummer was the people's punk rocker, a snarling poet who played benefits for firefighters and got shit-faced at the local pub. *Streetcore*, completed shortly after his death in 2002, is pure Strummer, from the world music influences in "Get Down Moses" to the protest anthem "Arms Aloft." The acoustic cover of Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" is a fitting eulogy for its singer. (Hellcat) **★★★★**

—Jason Buhrmester



phoning it in

[RYAN ADAMS]

There's nary a harmonica on alt-country poster boy Ryan Adams's new album, *Rock N' Roll*, and that's not the only big change: Instead of channeling Hank Williams, he taps into his Hüsker Dü and Sonic Youth roots. The result? Sex-laden rock. Adams called while running errands with girlfriend Parker Posey in New York City.

PLAYBOY: We've never heard you rock so hard.



ADAMS: The record I made before this, *Love Is Hell*, was really blue, so chances were this one would be more rock. I'm not in a place where I feel cumbersome. I've had enough of that.

PLAYBOY: What the hell happened to *Love Is Hell*?

ADAMS: It's done, but it was denied by my label. No one did shit with it. When I turned it in they went, "It sounds like the Smiths." I'm like, "That's a huge fucking compliment. Of course you don't like it. You live in Nashville." I'm on a major label, but I should be on an indie. The

money's the same, and the fame doesn't fucking mean shit. At least on an indie I'd get to make the art I want to make.

PLAYBOY: Last time we talked, you championed the White Stripes. Next thing we know, you and Jack White are trading public insults.

ADAMS: The White Stripes are cute. Those songs are pretty good, I guess. Kids will buy the records if their friends like them, but eventually someone's gonna go, "You know what? This fucking sucks." I don't care what color clothes you're wearing. Spreading yourself too thin is bad. I've never crammed my music down anyone's throat. I sell 200,000 records a pop if I'm lucky, which is a great living.

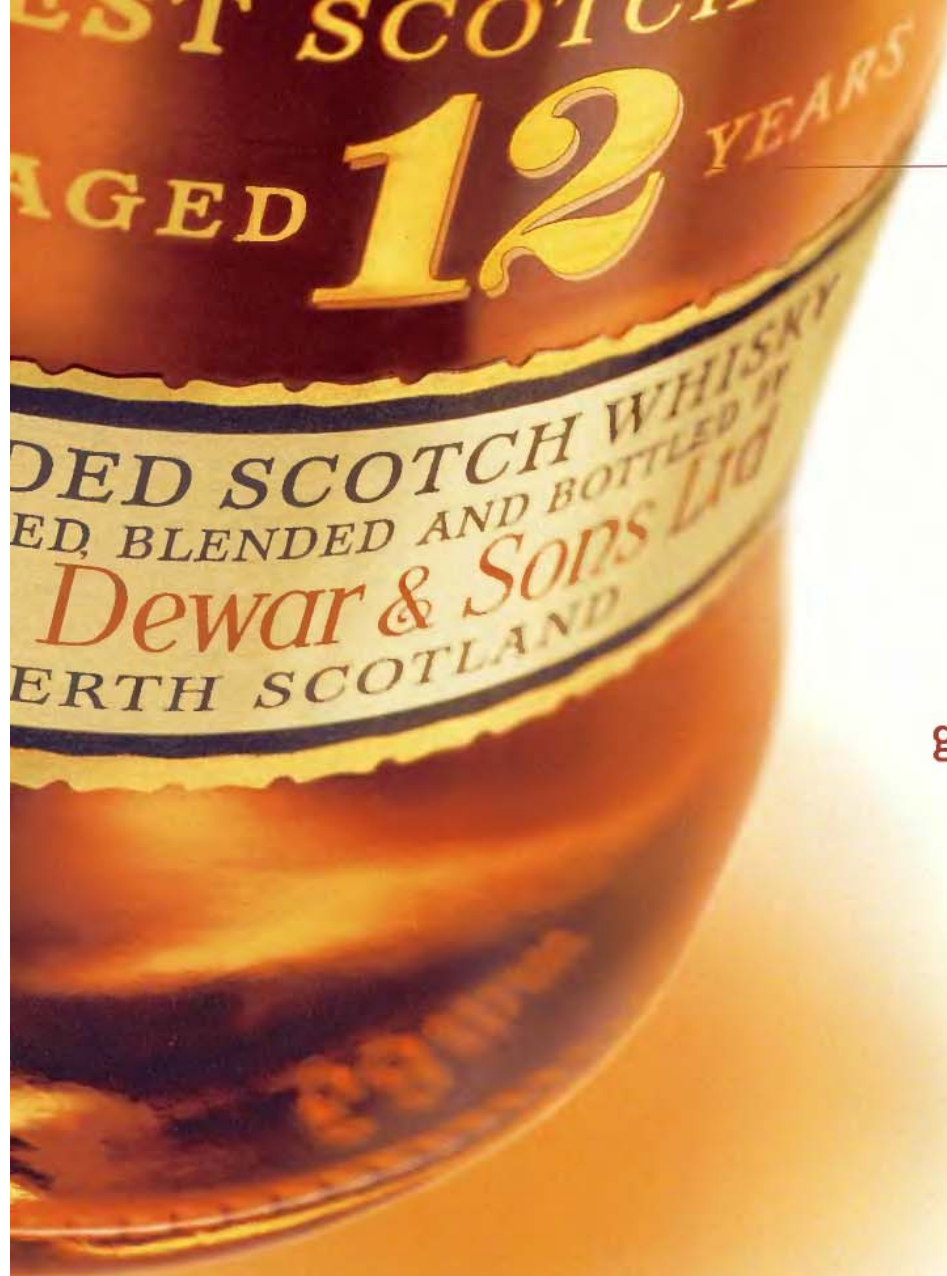
PLAYBOY: Do drugs affect your music?

ADAMS: I don't do drugs anymore.

PLAYBOY: At all?

ADAMS: Well, pot's not a drug. I don't do synthetic drugs. I'm pretty happy after a time of incredible unhappiness. But who knows? If I want to sit down and do drugs, I'll do them.

—A.P.



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game of the month

[SSX 3]

Last one to the bottom gets buried in an avalanche!

While other snowboarding games run out of steam mid-shred, the SSX series continues to gain momentum. On this trip down the mountain, riders in SSX 3 (EA, GameCube, PS2, Xbox) get four new characters, an expanded trick arsenal and a multitiered combo system to help string together stunts off steep jumps, across rails and on half-pipes. The no-limits philosophy gives boarders the freedom to cruise out-of-bounds in search of secret areas and giant jumps. Riders who risk the big cliffs and build impressive combos will be rewarded with new gear, sickier moves for their characters and MP3 music to add to their personal playlists, including tracks from Queens of the Stone Age and NERD. But to be crowned the true king of the mountain, you'll need to conquer all three peaks and defeat the competition in races, big-air contests and other femur-shattering events. Did we mention avoiding the giant avalanches?

★★★★

—Marc Saltzman



FINAL FANTASY XI (Square Enix, PC, PS2) So what if the film adaptation bombed? With more than 45 million *Final Fantasy* games sold, fans were probably too busy playing to notice the movie. The latest in the enduring series is the first to go online. Thousands of players can now band together with spells and weapons to fight monsters, complete missions and strengthen their characters. It's so engaging that fans may never leave the house, much less visit a theater again.

★★★★

—M.S.



SECRET WEAPONS OVER NORMANDY (LucasArts, PC, PS2, Xbox) Dogfight games range from complex to downright unplayable. The tricky controls often cause scenery to slosh around like wet skivvies in a Maytag, and your best evasive maneuver is the old stall-and-crash. Not so with SWON: The confusing gauges have been banished and the pesky laws of aerodynamics relaxed, freeing you to focus on sending Japanese and German pilots to their graves.

★★★★

—Josh Robertson



DEAD MAN'S HAND (Atari, Xbox) Until recently the Western genre was a ghost town populated by more tumbleweeds than finished games. Staking claim to the territory is this first-person shooter that follows a gunfighter seeking revenge against his former gang. As El Tejón, you'll track bandits to saloons and snuff them out with six-shooters, shotguns and whiskey bombs. A unique scoring system lets you unlock killer trick shots—if ya ain't a coward, that is.

★★★★½

—Jason Buhrmester



CASTLEVANIA: LAMENT OF INNOCENCE (Konami, PS2) The title may sound suspiciously like that of a romance novel, but more throats than bodices are ripped open here. As hero Leon Belmont, you must clean out Count Dracula's sprawling castle. You slip through maze-like corridors, search for relics and slay baddies with a magic whip. The huge levels and tough foes are a welcome challenge, but clumsy camera angles and controls can be a nightmare.

★★★★½

—Scott Steinberg



pixel profile

[SPY DAME]

She'll leave you shaken and stirred

NAME: Nikki Connors

GAME: *Rogue Ops* (Kemco, GameCube, PS2, Xbox)

MISSION: As renowned for her mercenary skills as that bangin' body, Connors has been recruited by the government to dismantle a terrorist organization.

SOLE SURVIVOR:

The former Green Beret agrees to the assignment in hopes of avenging her daughter and husband, who perished in an assassination plot.

GO-GO GADGETS:

Connors's portable arsenal ranges from Tasers to proximity mines. A grappling hook helps her get to rooftops, while special glasses let her spot enemies through walls.

HIDDEN AGENDA:

Sneak up on sentries and enter quick button combinations to earn a visceral animated death sequence. Make sure she cleans up afterward; enemies follow blood trails and become alarmed by the sight of mangled bodies left in the open.

HIGH TIMES: Should Connors really want to cut loose, all it takes is one adrenal boost and time warps around her, letting the vixen crack heads in slow motion. Bad for her prey, good for us.

—S.S.



wired

PlayStation 2 EyeToy (\$50) Forget karaoke. Our new favorite drinking entertainment is Sony's EyeToy. Hooked to your PS2, the digital camera uses motion tracking to project your image into 12 simple games (included) that test coordination and speed, such as the ninja battles of *Kung Foo* and the foot-tapping action of *Beat Freak*. It can even record brief video messages to help you remember what happened the next day.



Find the game, watch the game and, depending on the final score,

relive the game.



FIND IT – With TiVo® service, you can search for, find and select individual programs. That way, you're in charge. So, no matter how busy you are, you'll never miss your favorite shows.



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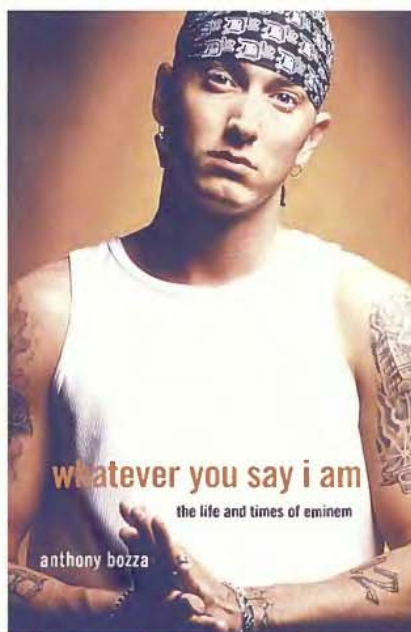
Introducing the world's first DVD recorder with TiVo®, the Pioneer DVR-810H. Another one of our technologies that make a difference. To find a dealer near you, please visit www.pioneerburner.com.

book of the month

[WHATEVER YOU SAY I AM—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EMINEM * ANTHONY BOZZA]

A hip-hop bio tries to sneak behind the curtain of the Eminem show

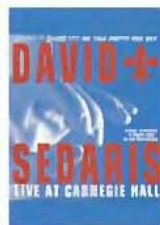
After three soul-baring albums, innumerable TV appearances and a hit movie loosely based on his life, is there anything about Eminem we don't already know? Armed with the notion that maybe the real Slim Shady has not yet stood up, Bozza sets out to paint a fuller picture of the superstar, including his place in pop culture and why society has simultaneously reviled and revered him. Bozza is an authority, having penned two Eminem cover profiles for *Rolling Stone*. His fly-on-the-wall perspective during the rapper's meteoric rise yields some entertaining scenes—one involving pizza, a fifth of Bacardi and a toilet full of vomit. But Eminem doesn't spill his guts on these pages, so Bozza resorts to grilling critics, sociologists and tight-lipped members of Em's inner circle, including Dr. Dre and Snoop Dogg. A valiant effort? Forshizzle. In the end, though, fresh insights come off a bit on the slim side. (Crown) ★★★½ —Alison Prato



DAVID SEDARIS LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL • David Sedaris

The best time to listen to an audiobook is when you're stuck in a traffic jam or on a road trip. We're such working stiffs that we went on vacation just to make this review as accurate as possible. Although the scenery was beautiful, this recording of the critically acclaimed author of *Naked* reading new stories at Carnegie Hall is so boring we veered into oncoming traffic just to wake up. On paper Sedaris's tales

about his redneck family and drug-addled past are downright hysterical. Unfortunately, he wasn't blessed with a comedian's delivery or timing, and he seems to be censoring his language for the symphony hall crowd. We still think Sedaris is a four-star author—in print. (Time Warner Audio Books) ★★★½ —Patty Lamberti



SPIT IN THE OCEAN #7:

ALL ABOUT KESEY • Ed McClanahan
Between 1974 and 1981 counterculture author Ken Kesey (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Sometimes a Great Notion*) published six issues of *Spit in the Ocean*, a literary magazine named after his favorite poker game. After Kesey's death in 2001, old cohort McClanahan assembled a final issue as a tribute, enlisting Hunter S. Thompson, Tom Wolfe and other luminaries of socially progressive literature. The result, packed with essays, poems, photos and oddball drawings, pays perfect homage to Kesey's spirit by remaining lighthearted and occasionally ambiguous while never losing the feeling that it was slapped together at the kitchen table. (Penguin) ★★★ —Jason Buhrmester



WANDERLUST: WRITERS ON TRAVEL AND SEX • edited by Daniel O'Connor

The problem with many anthologies is that they either have a boring theme or too many hack writers. *Wanderlust*, a collection of stories about paying for sex while traveling, suffers from neither. Writers from Stendhal to Dave Eggers make for great travel companions, whether guiding us through bordellos in Mexico, dance clubs in Senegal or tents on the outskirts of Marrakech. The best stories use exotic, and erotic, travel to explore the emotional boundaries and moral dilemmas of sex, money and culture. We advise taking it to bed on your next journey. (Thunder's Mouth) ★★★ —Jessica Riddle



library of lust

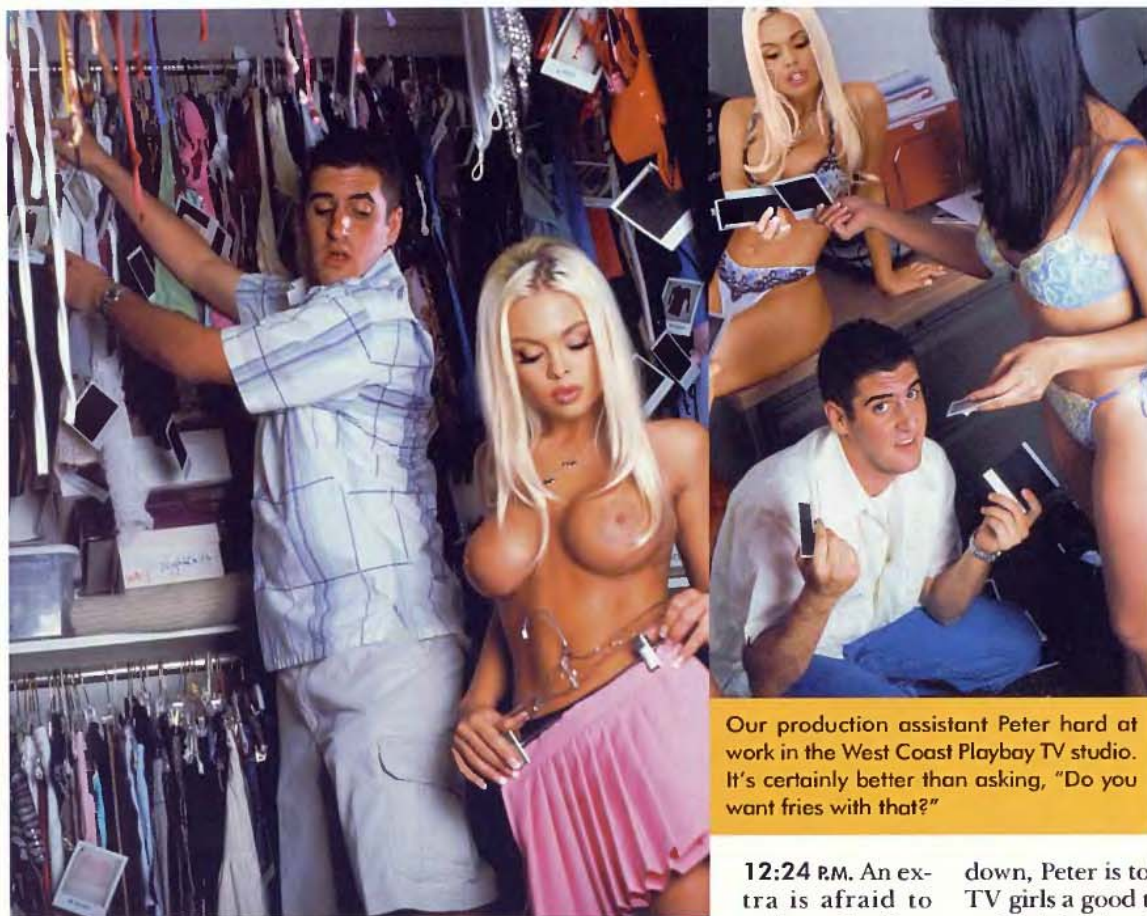


PLAYBOY—50 YEARS: THE PHOTOGRAPHS

In 1953 Hugh Hefner issued a challenge to photographers: Forget everything you know. The future begins now. We will teach America another way to see. *Playboy—50 Years: The Photographs* flaunts the results, presenting not only eye-popping Centerfolds but the magazine's lifestyle photography and intimate portraits of celebrities (at left, that's Cindy Crawford lounging, by Herb Ritts). We always read PLAYBOY for the photos. (Chronicle) ★★★½







Our production assistant Peter hard at work in the West Coast Playboy TV studio. It's certainly better than asking, "Do you want fries with that?"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PLAYBOY TV LACKEY

If your job involves memorizing the daily specials, we feel for you. But that doesn't mean we're not going to rub one of the best grunt jobs ever—being a Playboy TV production assistant—in your face. We followed 21-year-old Peter

Heilbron around for a day. He doesn't get paid much, but let's just say he has yet to call in sick.

"Testing sex toys is like Christmas. Everything's whirring and lighting up."

7:26 A.M. Peter swings by the house of *Weekend Flash* host Kitt Pomodoro to drive her to the studio. "It's great because I'm the first person to hear what she did the night before," he says.

8:58 A.M. On the set of *Night Calls*, Peter checks on guest Jesse Jane, who's sitting naked in the waiting room. "Need anything?" Peter asks. "I'm totally cool," she says. Peter lingers, pretending to fix a microphone. "The girls on the shows treat us PAs great," he says later. "They think our job is to get them stuff."

10:15 A.M. Peter loads batteries into dozens of sex toys to make sure they work. "It's like Christmas," he says. "Everything's whirring and lighting up."

barefoot because of germs. Peter gallantly carries her to the *Naughty Amateur Home Videos* set.

1:16 P.M. Peter hears an extra saying, "I'll fuck the next guy who walks in." He and the other PAs fall over one another to get there first. Sadly, no one gets laid.

4:17 P.M. *Night Calls 411* is doing a segment on "squirt bunnies," with a contest

down, Peter is told to "show the Playboy TV girls a good time." At the first stop, a strip club, the doorman tells Peter, "I can't let you in." He retorts, "If I can't get in, these six ladies won't come in either." Inside, the girls sign autographs for fans.

2:14 A.M. On the way home, Peter leans over and whispers, "It's sometimes odd being around these overtly sexual women. I don't know if I should feel horny or intimidated." We say go with the former—and then get ready for more of the daily grind tomorrow.

to see which woman can squirt the farthest. A contestant sends Peter out to buy a turkey baster. "If you fill it with water," she says, "I'll stick it in and be ready to go."

5:45 P.M. A 90-second break on *Night Calls 411*. The girls run naked, except for their shoes, to the loo while Peter follows. "I hand them baby wipes," he says. "I'm also there to catch them if they fall."

7:07 P.M. Peter slathers baby oil on a gymnastics horse to prep it for a naked wrestling contest on *The Weekend Flash*.

9:35 P.M. As the working day winds

ACTUALLY OVERHEARD AT PLAYBOY TV MEETINGS



"She wants to use the blue vibrator because it matches her eyes."

"We've got all blondes in the next two shows, and that's not good. Let's ask a few of them to dye their hair."

"She looked great, but I did have to send her to the bathroom to give herself a closer shave."

"Can I get some more business cards? I'm going to a strip club next week."

"How many hot women can we possibly fit on the couch without it breaking?"

"No topless darts—and that's final."

MORE SEX!



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SOFIA VERGARA Where you've seen her: *Chasing Papi*. Next up: *Soul Plane*, starring Tom Arnold. (Be very afraid.) On her breasts, rumored to be 36DDs: "Ha! I'm a 32D, and I'm completely natural! Well, I am now, but you never know 10 years from now."

LAURA HARRING Where you've seen her: With Naomi Watts in a hot lesbian scene in *Mulholland Drive*. Next up: Marvel Comics' *The Punisher*. On being Miss America 1985: "You have to excel more than the normal person to be taken seriously. They put you in a box that says, BEAUTY QUEEN—NO SMARTS."

ALEXANDRA HOLDEN Where you've seen her: *The Hot Chick* (but don't ever

admit that to anyone). Next up: *Window Theory*. On relationships: "Everyone can be cruel, but everyone can be great, too. If you're mean and you hurt someone, you eventually go to the flip side."

MORENA BACCARIN Where you've seen her: TV's *Firefly*. Next up: *Still Life*. On her best date: "A sign on the door said WELCOME TO THE LOVE SPA. I opened the door, and my boyfriend led me to the tub. He read me poetry, and then we had a three-course meal."

ANGIE MARTINEZ Where you've heard her: On her CD, *Animal House*. Next up: More of her hip-hop radio show. On cursing: "Fuck is great! 'Shut the fuck up' isn't just for telling someone to be quiet; it's also used to convey excitement, as in 'Shut the fuck up!'"

AISHA TYLER Where you've seen her: On *Friends* and hosting *Talk Soup*. Next up: *Meet Market*. On homemade porn: "You think you're hot, but then you look at the tape and it's like *Wild Kingdom*. My husband and I looked like charging hippos. Best to leave it to the pros."

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

Name: **Kristin Novak**. Birth date: October 20, 1980. Wild rider: "My parents were roller coaster enthusiasts. I've ridden almost every coaster in the United States." Hobbies: "Scuba diving, dancing and playing with my pussy—cat, that is!" Men are useless without: "A huge dick. Just kidding! A great mouth is my favorite physical feature." Turn-ons: "Cockiness. I like a man who's confident." Turnoffs: "Bad feet. Guys, keep your feet looking nice, okay?" Favorite pop star: "Britney. What a great ass." Final thought: "Gay midget porn cracks me up!"



A woman with dark curly hair, wearing glasses, a red scarf, and a white sweater, is running on a white jet bridge. She is holding a white sign with blue text. The background shows a blue sky with white clouds. The jet bridge is moving, as indicated by the motion blur on the woman and the bridge itself.

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Dodge Viper SRT-10

(right): This hand-assembled snake can still slither on down the road quicker than any other American roadster. While the latest Viper is more refined than the crude but powerful machine that hit the



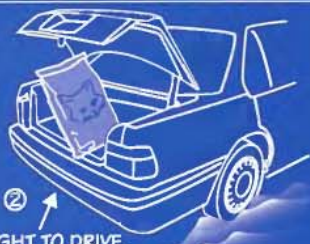
streets in 1992, it hasn't lost any of its hiss. The newest version has same changes (500 horsepower versus the last model's 450, a lower hood profile, upgraded electronics), but through it all, Team Viper's original boast remains intact: The car can go from zero to 100 and back to zero in less than 15 seconds. Pick your favorite winding road and enjoy the rush. Price: \$79,995. **Subaru Baja** (bottom right): How many hot chicks can you cram into the pickup bed of a Subaru Baja? We don't want to think about it. This 165-horsepower all-wheel-drive crossover vehicle, which combines the ruggedness of a four-door pickup with the comfort of a sedan, is a great little around-town runner. A Switchback panel in the pickup bed can be

reconfigured to extend the cargo area. Price: low \$20,000s. **Mercedes-Benz C230 Kompressor Sport Sedan** (left): A six-speed manual transmission, a 1.8-liter supercharged engine, 17-inch wheels and a sport-tuned suspension—what's not to like about this new Benz? Its suspension is softer than a BMW 325i's but not mushy. Price: about \$28,000.



HOW TO AVOID GETTING STUCK IN SNOW

- ① INSTALL SNOW TIRES, NOT ALL-WEATHER TIRES.



- ② ADD WEIGHT TO DRIVE WHEELS (SAND OR KITTY LITTER IN TRUNK).



- ③ RIDE THE BRAKES, BUT GENTLY. IF THE WHEEL WITH THE LEAST RESISTANCE IS SPINNING, PRESSING THE BRAKES LIGHTLY WILL TRANSFER POWER TO THE OTHERS.

- ④ DON'T ROCK THE CAR—YOU JUST CREATE A TRENCH THAT CAN BLOW OUT YOUR AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION.



Get Lost

What's Christmas without the slush and crush, right? Here's an option: turquoise lagoons, powder-white beaches and pristine coral reefs. Don't forget a sundowner at dusk on the veranda. Talked you into it yet? Take the money you would have spent on Christmas presents nobody wants and run to the Banyan Tree resort in the Seychelles, a tropical island paradise northeast of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean. The veranda at the Main House is pictured below. Your bungalow, designed to resemble the plantation homes that European settlers built more than a century ago, is nearby. Open-air spas and Jacuzzis are part of the package. Prices range from \$1,450 to \$3,500 a day, double occupancy. (A seven-night minimum stay is required over Christmas.)



MANTRACK



Send in the Colognes

The new men's fragrances for winter combine woody essences with crisp citrus scents. Here, from left, are nine of the best, with some of their ingredients (all are eaux de toilette except Spark, which is a cologne): Liz Claiborne's Spark (cayenne pepper, rum, cognac, fig, amber and sandalwood, \$52); Azzaro's Visit (nutmeg, pepper, cedar, incense, amber and musk, \$56); Dior's Higher Energy (juniper, grapefruit, absinthe, nutmeg, vetiver and sandalwood, \$52); Gucci Pour Homme (ginger, pepper, vetiver, papyrus and orris wood, \$45); Rive Gauche Intense by Yves Saint Laurent (bergamot, aniseed, rosemary, lavender, geranium and potchouli, \$55); Aramis Life (kumquat, bergamot, cucumber, violet leaf, spearmint, cardamom, coriander, pepper, sandalwood, cedarwood and leather, \$57); Ermenegildo Zegna's Essenza di Zegna (mandarin, bergamot, cardamom, musk, amber and vetiver, \$42); Black by Kenneth Cole (mandarin, basil, nutmeg, musk, ambergris and violet, \$45); Versace Man (bergamot, angelico wood and tobacco, \$72).

Clothesline: Richard Schiff

The Emmy Award-winning star of NBC's *West Wing* admits that his personal clothing style is "thrift-shop retro—I have a favorite shirt that I got in a New Orleans Garden District secondhand store when the shirt I was wearing got drenched in a squall," Schiff says. "It's Caribbean-style, with two big pockets and a funky Asian design. If I had my way, I'd wear it every day. I live in Ecco shoes, which feel like sneakers but look stylish, and hemp underwear, because it keeps me high all day. When it comes to upscale clothes, my style is anything *The West Wing* doesn't notice I steal. My favorite tuxedo is by Canali, which I wore with my New York Yankees baseball cap during the 2001 Emmys. It just happened to be at the same time as the seventh game of the World Series against the Arizona Diamondbacks, and I wanted to show my support for the Yankees. In fact, I wear my Yankees cap everywhere, except when I trade it for one from the Brooklyn Cyclones, a minor league team from Coney Island. But I'm willing to change my style for any attire that would get me into the Playboy Mansion grotto. Maybe that means taking it all off."



It's All in the Flavor

Not that Rocco DiSpirito hasn't had enough to do, running three Manhattan eateries and having starred in the NBC show *The Restaurant*, he's also authored his first cookbook, *Flavor* (Hyperion, \$35). Gotta strike when the frying pan's hot, right? DiSpirito's goal: to help your inner chef come out of hiding. "Nurtured to its fullest form, your cooking style will be as reflective of who you are as your wardrobe is," he promises. These pages are filled with dozens of "new American fusion" meat, fowl and seafood dishes—with photos so tantalizing you'll be tempted to lick the pages. (If you're looking for something specific, such as Tuscan cuisine, try elsewhere.) We released our inner chef by whipping up the Szechuan peppercorn-rubbed fillet of beef pictured at left. Delish.



The Perfect Time...

To redeem frequent flier miles: 331 days in advance, when many reward seats became available. The farther ahead you plan, the more likely you are to get what you want. Far flights within the U.S. mainland, airlines offer most reward seats for Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; your worst bets are Fridays and Sundays. Far flights abroad, chances are slim for a weekend departure; Tuesdays and Wednesdays are your best bets. During the holiday season, paying customers come first due to blackout dates and the volume of traffic. But the freebie inventory changes frequently, so you may luck out on a last-minute request. If you fail to get what you want, waiting uncontrollably over the phone to a customer-service agent can't hurt. You never know. • To get a caffeine buzz: When you're trying to stave off a headache. According to the book *The Caffeine Advantage*, caffeine boosts the effectiveness of ibuprofen and acetaminophen and stimulates the body's natural pain defenses. If you drink two six-ounce cups of instant coffee when a tension or migraine headache comes on, followed by single cups a few hours apart, you can stop a headache in its tracks. • To bring home a new dog: At the beginning of a holiday week, long weekend or at-home vacation. Quality time at the outset will go a long way toward preventing problems later, from whining and furniture chewing to undesired gifts on your pillow.

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The Playboy Advisor

Two weeks after attending a bachelor party for a friend, I received this letter: "You attended a party that was meant to be a last night out for my future husband with his friends. Instead you turned it into something horrible. While we have decided to go ahead with the wedding, we request that you no longer be a part of it. I do not want to celebrate my marriage with men who encouraged my fiancé to take off his clothes and touch a whore. I would never make him stop being friends with you, but I will insist that you not attend." My girlfriend says I should lose this guy as a friend, but I'm not sure what to do. For the record, nothing distasteful happened at the party. —M.S., Montclair, New Jersey

This won't be a wedding. It will be a wake. You could insist that your buddy, rather than his dominatrix, uninvite you, but it appears he doesn't know what hit him. Sadly, being his friend just became a huge chore.

In July you responded to a male reader whose date was interested only in fucking him. You wrote, "You know how women are—it's always sex, sex, sex." I know you were being facetious, but you may want to give women more credit for their general horniness. I read recently about a study done at Ohio State, where researchers asked 201 students to record their sexual histories. The women reported an average of 2.6 partners, the men an average of 3.7. Then the researchers hooked the students up to a (fake) lie detector. The men's responses stayed virtually the same, but the women's average jumped to 4.4. The women also reported masturbating and watching porn twice as often as they had on the surveys. So it looks like women do love sex as much as guys—they just don't like to admit it. —T.R., Oberlin, Ohio

They admit it to us all the time.

My wife and I went to a dinner party where the hosts served wine with screw tops. We laughed at first, but the wines were very good. Have you ever heard of this? —M.Z., Manasquan, New Jersey

Although many people can't get past the idea of a screw top on an expensive bottle, it has advantages. Of every 100 bottles, seven or eight may spoil because defective or decaying corks allow oxygen or bacteria to leak in, giving the wine a wet-cardboard smell. One culprit in the process is the chlorine used to bleach corks. Screw tops first started appearing on Australian and New Zealand wines in the late 1990s. A few European and U.S. producers are now experimenting with them, including PlumpJack, which offers its \$145 Reserve cabernet sauvignon with a screw top, starting with the 1997 vintage. Some sommeliers argue



that screw tops rob the art of opening wine of its romance and may not be ideal for cellared bottles. But many also expect they'll eventually be commonplace. Lisa Minucci, sommelier at the Martini House in Napa Valley, has seven white and two red screw tops on her wine list, including a 2000 zinfandel from Downing Family Vineyards in Napa, a 2001 pinot blanc from Oregon's WillaKenzie Estate and a 2002 Riesling from Annie's Lane in Australia. She also recommends Beringer Blass's new Two Tone Farm chardonnay and merlot.

Many women like to have their toes sucked. Does nail polish have anything in it that would be harmful to the sucker? —B.T., Chicago, Illinois

If you can suck the polish off a toenail, it's too bad you're not a woman.

I have a girlfriend who is everything to me; she is my life. Three weeks ago she told me there was another guy and that she isn't sure who she loves more. Should I leave or fight for what I think is mine? —J.P., Los Angeles, California

If your girlfriend is your life, you need to get a hobby. She's already made her decision—she chose not to choose—and that's your signal to back away. While it's possible to love more than one person, it's difficult to coordinate.

Do you know of any way to block those annoying ads that pop up on my computer? They say "Messenger Service" along the top. They appear when I'm playing games or surfing the Net, or just about any time the computer is on. —D.L., Westminster, California

When will these annoyances end? Windows NT, 2000 and XP allow anyone con-

nected to your computer (in this case, through the Internet) to pop up messages on your screen through a feature called Messenger Service. Spyware-Guide.com has instructions on how to disable it. As Microsoft notes, anyone receiving Messenger Service spam should install a firewall. These pop-ups indicate that your machine is vulnerable to intruders who may have more nefarious plans than selling penis pills.

A woman asked in June why men save all their back issues of PLAYBOY. My girlfriend asked me the same question. I told her that every guy, growing up, had a friend whose father had a stash. The friend would share this bounty with his buddies—a rite of passage. I'm saving my issues so that my future kid will someday be that well-connected friend. —G.B., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Keep in mind that it won't be any fun for your son unless you "hide" them at the bottom of your sock drawer. And you thought your friend's dad was so dumb.

In September 2002 you advised a reader that he might have traumatic masturbatory syndrome because he masturbated lying facedown. You referred to my website at tms4.bravepages.com. Many men have been cured because of that mention. Yet this past September you described and promoted a facedown style of masturbation. A survey of visitors to my site found that 61 percent of men who masturbate that way develop sexual problems. We hope you will again advise readers about the dangers of masturbating while prone. —D.A., Edina, Minnesota

Guys, when you masturbate, don't get set in your ways. In some men it leads to problems when they're with a partner. That was our point in suggesting other methods.

What is your position regarding men who wear short-sleeve shirts with ties but no jackets? —A.M., London, U.K.

They come around once a month to fix the copy machine.

My fuck buddy and I were getting ready to go at it when I realized I didn't have a condom. She's not on the pill, and I don't trust where she's been, so instead of going to bed with blue balls I put a sandwich bag on my penis and held it in place with a rubber band. The sex felt great! Is there anything wrong with this kind of contraception? —S.S., Winfield, Kansas

Good grief. What did you use for lube, peanut butter and jelly? A sandwich bag is better than nothing, but not by much.

I have 300-plus CDs filled with MP3 files. In an effort to save space, I thought I'd

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add a DVD burner to my computer. The choices seem to be DVD-R, DVD-RW, DVD+R and DVD+RW. My tech-head friends all tell me something different. Can the Advisor help sort it out?—J.O., Pleasant Hill, California

You can burn MP3s to a DVD, but it may not be worth the effort. Few MP3 players will recognize your DVDs, and most drives recognize DVDs only as video. If you'd like to use the format for data or home-movie storage, your best bet is a multiple-format drive such as those made by Sony or Pioneer. Check your player to see which formats it supports, or visit dvdhelp.com/dvdplayers. The least expensive formats are DVD-R and DVD-RW—the latter is rewritable. DVD-RAM was developed to store data and isn't compatible with most stand-alone players or drives. DVD+R and +RW are newer formats designed for home entertainment. Finally, there's DVD-XXX, which allows you to increase or decrease the size of porn stars' breasts and penises as you watch adult movies. That one's still in development.

A reader asked in July about the location of the male G-spot. You explained that it's better known as the prostate gland, accessible through the ass. I have a take on the subject that's a little less intrusive. As I'm about to come, my wife presses gently but firmly on the area between my balls and anus. She keeps the pressure on throughout my orgasm. This not only makes my climax feel a hundred times more intense, but she can control the rate of my ejaculation to the point where nothing comes out—very handy for cutting back on the mess. If your lady doesn't like to swallow, she can follow through with the blow job without worrying about a surprise. It's also been my experience that my recovery time is cut in half when we use this technique. My question is, does the constant pressure or the prevention of the semen from leaving pose any long-term health risks?—G.T., Rome, Georgia

None that we've heard about. The technique you describe, whereby pressure is applied to the perineum, is well-known to premature ejaculators. Some Hindu sects such as Tantrism believe that if a man climaxes without ejaculation, the semen will be drawn up the spinal cord to the brain, where it fuels superhuman powers (note to Stan Lee: Retrograde Ejaculation Man!). In reality the semen is expelled the next time you take a piss. But she doesn't have to know that.

How can you tell if you have a concussion?—R.T., San Antonio, Texas

Too many weekend athletes make the mistake of thinking they have to be knocked out to get a concussion. Common symptoms are a persistent low-grade headache, vision disturbance, dizziness, confusion, amnesia, ringing ears, nausea and difficulty concentrating. You may also have a stiff neck, convulsions, unusual sleepiness and/or difficulty speaking

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or using your arms. If you believe you've suffered a concussion, stop playing immediately. As one doctor says, "You can ice your ankle, but you can't ice your brain." Most concussions are treated with rest and Tylenol, and full recovery can take a month or longer. There are no strict rules as to when you can compete again, but your doctor will give you guidance. You want to avoid having multiple concussions—after one, you're three times as likely to suffer another. And one study of 2,500 retired NFL players found that those who suffered multiple concussions have a greater risk of developing clinical depression. It's not clear if there's a connection to Alzheimer's or stroke.

Does a man's penis grow bigger if he gets a lot of sex? After several months together, my boyfriend and I have both noticed a difference in his size. —L.H., Terre Haute, Indiana

We hate to spread misinformation, but yes, it's true. Keep it coming.

In July a reader wrote to say he was upset because his wife had been sending chummy e-mail to her best friend, who happens to be a man, and planned to visit him. I've had several strictly platonic relationships with women. In each case, once the boyfriend or husband found out, every one of them became jealous, and the woman and I had to break off the friendship even if we'd known each other for years. If the reader can't trust his wife, the trouble is on his end, not hers. —G.M., San Jose, California

Fair enough. But how many of your married female friends write you e-mails signed "Love, your girl" and want to visit you for a week without hubby?

The July column left me confused. You said a reader who was concerned after his sister-in-law gave him a hand job was "thinking too much," but you told a second reader he was "right to be suspicious" because his wife wanted to spend a week with a male friend. Can you say "double standard"? —M.C., Plainville, Connecticut

We're confused by your confusion. There's no double standard. The husband in the first case had spousal approval; the wife in the

second did not. It's not cheating if your partner says it's okay.

How do you respond if an interviewer asks if you've ever been fired?—A.A., Los Angeles, California

Be honest but tactful. Many people have been dismissed at some point in their career; many people have had a difficult boss, many people have had disagreements over how a job should be done. Don't provide any more details than are necessary to get the conversation focused on the future.

In September a woman wrote to say she leaves her boyfriend's come on her face because it makes her look younger. Please refer her to the song "H.W.C.," on

weird, but he says he's just nervous. Should I go along?—S.D., Weehawken, New Jersey

Are you going to hold his hand during the train? Set these two lovebirds up on a date and let nature take its course. She can explain what to do as easily as you can. You've also overlooked the fact that while your friend may be up for deflowering a virgin, she may not be so enthusiastic about a threesome with a virgin and his handler.

Someone wrote in August because he had found an attractive acquaintance nude on the web and wasn't sure how to approach her. You suggested that he ask her out but let her bring it up so he didn't come across as a drooling fan. I'm an

escort with a website, and having people I know find me online is the biggest risk I take. I went to a new doctor, and the next day I got an e-mail from him through my site asking if we'd met the day before. It was a more honest way to do it, because if he'd asked me out in person I never would have told him I work in the business and he wouldn't have told me he fancies online companions. I would never tell a date what I do, because who I am as an escort is much different from who I would be as a girlfriend. I get paid to always want cock, always have great hair and never reveal my PMS. I wouldn't want to date a guy who is okay with what I do, and I also wouldn't want to live a lie—so dating is

not something I do. My guess is that the woman that reader found would prefer to keep her two lives separate. —C.S., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Wouldn't we all. Thanks for writing.

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 in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.

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Liz Phair's new album. It's a treatise on cosmetic come application. How did you guys miss it?—B.S., Tallahassee, Florida

We shop at Wal-Mart. Phair writes: "Give it to me, don't give it away. / Don't think about what the others say. / My skin's getting clear, my hair's so bright. / All you do is fuck me every day and night. / You're my secret beauty routine. / Baby, you're the best magazine advice. / Gimme your hot white come." She also calls semen "the fountain of youth" and "the meaning of life." We're smitten.

A friend of mine is a virgin. I suggested to another friend that she take care of him, and she's up for it. He said he'd do it but only if I were in the room and did whatever he did. I told him that was sort of



LADIES' NIGHT, R.I.P.

The curious campaign against free booze for girls

Over the years a handful of dogooders have fought to end the tradition of bars and clubs giving free admission and cheap drinks to women. As a result, it's that much harder for guys to get laid. To the activists below, we dilute you.

1979: Dennis Koire, 18, of Anaheim, California sues a club that waives its \$2 cover charge for women. The club argues that the discount encourages men and women to socialize, which is good for society. The case reaches the California Supreme Court, which rules in 1985 that ladies' nights prevent men and women from "recognizing one another's essential humanity."

1983: Richard Savino, an inspector for a chemical company, is drinking with his volleyball team at a Colorado bar when the waitress serves a half-price margarita to one of his female teammates. Savino complains to the Boulder Office of Human Rights, which rules that city taverns can offer discounts only if they are unrelated to sex, race, creed, color, marital status, religion, ancestry or disability. The bar owner says he offered the discounts because women earn less than men.

1986: Attorney Lawrence Liebling gripes to the Community Relations Board in Clearwater, Florida that Studebaker's Dance Club offers "pink card" discounts. A panel of county judges rules that "the design of the promotion is not to deny to males advantage or enjoyment afforded to females but rather to increase the enjoyment of the males by enticing the attendance of more females for the males to socialize with." After an appeals court overturns the ruling, one bar starts offering discounted drinks to anyone wearing a skirt.

1987: Charles Ladd sues a greyhound track in Council Bluffs, Iowa because it offers women discount

admission and drinks on Wednesdays. As a result, the state supreme court bans ladies' nights. Iowa bars continue to hold the events, however, until 2003, when the Iowa Alcoholic Beverages Division cracks down.

1989: Rocket scientist John Comiskey is denied entry to Tops Bar and Grill near St. Louis during a ladies-only event. In another incident he is refused ladies' night drinks. A judge says the restaurant shouldn't have barred Comiskey but doesn't address the cheap liquor. A *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* columnist suggests that wom-

some gender-sensitivity seminar at work, and then at five o'clock someone asks you for \$3 just because you're a guy," he says. The state rules for Horner, killing off ladies' night. In 1996 a jury convicts Horner of harassing a state official who'd declined to pursue his complaint that Hooters wouldn't hire him as a waiter.

1993: James Novak and another men's rights activist sue Pearl's Nightclub in Madison, Wisconsin for discrimination. The men argue that it's not about the \$100,000 they demand in damages but about public safety:

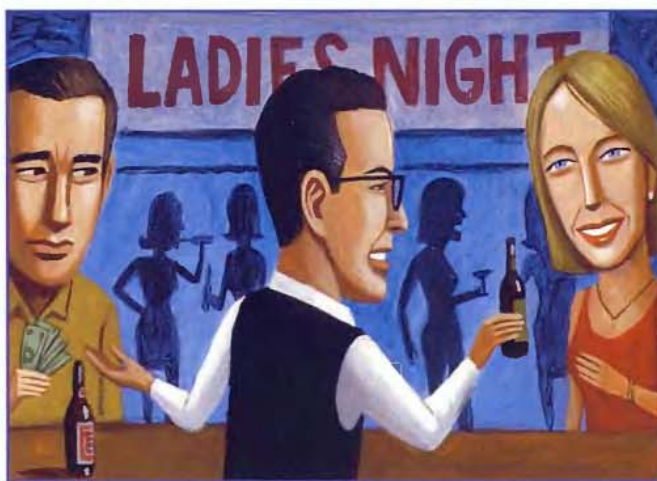
Ladies' nights lead to risky sex. A *Washington Post* profile describes how Novak secretly records bartenders refusing him free beer on ladies' night. In 1994 the state supreme court bans the events.

1999: Attorney Ken Whitman sues three clubs in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, arguing that ladies' nights put women at risk and cheat the state out of liquor taxes. The suit goes nowhere. A year later businessman Christopher Langdon sues nearly a dozen bars in Or-

lando. An owner points out that men are getting something extra with their full-price drinks: available women. This suit also goes nowhere.

2001: Sam Pappas, a real estate attorney, complains to the Illinois Department of Human Rights after two Chicago clubs charge him \$15 and \$20 while letting in women for \$10. Pappas later withdraws his complaint.

2003: Steven Surrey and Alfred Rava visit seven San Diego clubs. At Olé Madrid, which lets in women free on Thursdays until 11 p.m., Rava tells the bouncer, "Ladies' nights violate my civil rights." According to court documents, the bouncer effectively responds, "Tell it to the ACLU." The men sue, citing the 1985 California Supreme Court ruling that nixed the events. The clubs settle for \$125,000.



en should be able to sue bars that get them so drunk on free booze that they go home with losers.

1990: Three George Washington University law students complain to Washington, D.C.'s Office of Human Rights about ladies' nights at 15 bars. One bar owner says he tried to have a men's night, "but we get too many men." Four of the clubs drop the promotions; three years later the city is still investigating the others.

1992: Steve Horner alerts the Minnesota Department of Human Rights that Gators, a club at the Mall of America, charged him a cover while letting in women free. "You go to

By CHIP ROWE

BREAKAWAY

By CHIP ROWE

Irritated by Islam? Peeved about pedophile priests? Had enough of gay-bashing Episcopalians? Consider a new, more exciting, more interesting faith. (If you've met one Scientologist, you've met them all.) The seventh edition of the *Encyclopedia of American Religions*, published this year, includes 250 new churches, sects, cults, temples, societies, missions and religions. We realize most people don't have time to find the needle of truth in a haystack of dogma, so we've selected a few candidates that could make you the spiritual life of any party.

CHURCH OF ALL WORLDS

Background: Two students at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri created the church in 1962, taking its name and concepts such as grokking (the ability to fully empathize with others) from Robert Heinlein's science fiction novel *Stranger in a Strange Land*. In the spirit of the times, the students also decreed that sex is a divine act. (According to one account, during a police raid of an early CAW orgy, a minister, while still fucking, asked the cops not to disturb the service.) By the late 1970s the group had begun producing "living unicorns" by operating on baby goats. The first of these animals toured with Ringling Bros. until 1988. The church has also organized an expedition to search for mermaids in New Guinea and launched initiatives such as the Street Cat Aid Team, or SCAT. Its website, at caw.org, includes articles on responsible condom use and strategies for swinging.

Spiritual guide: The church, which claims about 575 members, survives under co-founder Tim Zell, now known as Oberon Zell-Ravenhart, and his wife, Morning Glory. Its chief text is Zell's *Gaia Thesis*, which posits that the planet and its creatures are a single organism.

Downside: Somebody at the orgy has to keep an eye on the unicorn.

Pickup line: Female members are greeted with "Thou art goddess."

TRADITIONALIST CATHOLICS

Background: Traditionalists believe that the modern Catholic church has become too modern. Adherents at 600 chapels worldwide celebrate mass in Latin, push the theory that every pope since 1958 has been a poseur and reject the reforms of Vatican II that, among other things, exonerated Jews for the death of Jesus. Not surprisingly, the Vatican does not approve.

Spiritual guide: Traditionalists will come under intense scrutiny early next year when believer Mel Gibson releases his \$25 million, self-financed Latin and Aramaic epic, *The Passion*, which depicts the last bloody hours of Jesus's life.



(The film is already being criticized as anti-Semitic based on early readings of the screenplay.) "A lot of unusual things have been happening," Gibson told an interviewer on the set. "Good things, like people being healed of diseases." The actor has also given \$2.8 million to the Holy Family congregation, which is building a 9,300-square-foot traditionalist chapel near Malibu for Gibson and its 70 other members. One passionate if extreme traditionalist thinker is Hutton Gibson, Mel's dad and the author of *Is the Pope Catholic?* The elder Gibson considers the current pope a "Koran kisser," says Vatican II was "a Masonic plot backed by Jews," asserts that the planes that flew into the World Trade Center were flown not by terrorists but by remote control and denies that the Holocaust ever occurred ("There were more Jews after the war than before").

Downside: Hard to follow all-Latin sermons, especially the punch lines.

Pickup line: Wanna see my *Passion*? (Caveat: This will work only if the movie makes it to DVD.)

CHURCH OF SATAN

Background: The good news is you don't have to believe in Satan—he's just a symbol of man as a carnal beast whose needs must be fulfilled. Every satanist is encouraged to follow his or her own set of rules, and self-preservation is considered the most powerful instinct, followed by sex. Drugs are discouraged for being escapist. The church's guiding principles include indulgence, kindness and vengeance.

Spiritual guide: On April 30, 1966 founder Anton LaVey shaved his head and proclaimed the start of the satanic era. He gained notoriety performing weddings and funerals and worshipping at his Black House in San Francisco with a nude woman on the altar. A 1991 investigation found that much of LaVey's wild biography—including his stint as a circus lion tamer—had been invented. John Raymond, who played the groom in a staged satanic wedding, wrote that LaVey had "found a gig that privately amused him." A

\$100 lifetime membership, available online at churchofsatan.com, gets you an embossed membership card and a freak-out from your mom. The breakaway First Church of Satan (churchofsatan.org) raises funds by selling *Dark Passion*, a jazz vocals CD.

Downside: Goat-head tattoo.

Pickup line: Behold, I have a tongue like a serpent.

THE PEYOTE WAY CHURCH OF GOD

Background: The Mescalero Apaches introduced the use of peyote for enlightenment to the U.S. sometime prior to 1870. It spread rapidly among Native American tribes until the U.S. government began a crackdown in 1918 that continues to this day. A Peyote Way founder writes, "When we eat the peyote we experience time and eternity, and it is from that vantage that, the next day, we can live our life in a very

BELIEFS

That old-time religion is so passé.
Why not take a road less traveled?

positive and nontrivial way, realizing that this day could be the last and everyone around us is our brother and sister and we need each other."

Spiritual guide: In 1965 the government decreed that only people who are at least 25 percent Indian could become members of the peyote-eating Native American Church, which had been tolerated since 1918 as an "Indian version of Christianity." The restriction led to the 1977 creation of the Peyote Way, whose 250 members welcome everyone; the state of Arizona allows them to distribute the drug on their 160-acre compound. For \$200 visitors can partake in a 24-hour fast followed by an eight- to 12-hour meditation. The church suggests taking along spiritual reading material, a pad and pen, a lighter or matches, a hat, a sleeping bag and a flashlight. The peyote is consumed as a tea or in small buttons.

Downside: Sitting on a sleeping bag in the wilderness outside a remote religious compound may not be the best place to have a bad trip.

Pickup line: Can I see you on the other side?

PENTECOSTAL SNAKE HANDLERS

Background: Snake handlers, who operate under the umbrella Church of God with Signs Following, believe that the Bible commands the most godly to handle deadly serpents. (The less

godly can watch.) Snake handlers entertain 50 to 100 congregations stretching from central Florida to West Virginia to Ohio. They also believe that the godly speak in tongues, cast out demons, drink poison, apply fire to the skin and heal the sick—including people who've been bitten by pissed-off snakes.

Spiritual guide: According to church lore, snake handling began about 1909 in Cleveland, Tennessee. That's where George Hensley was preaching on Mark 16 ("They shall take up serpents") when parishioners dumped a box of rattlers at his feet. He picked them up and kept talking. Hensley's luck ran out in Florida in 1955, when he was bitten by a diamondback. At least 77 other believers have reportedly died from bites.

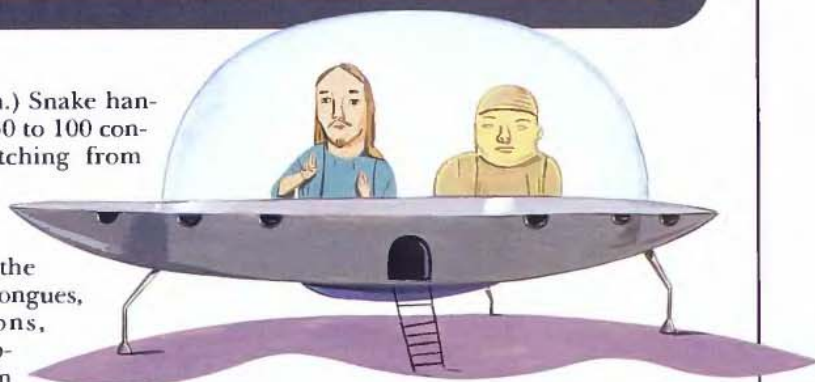
Downside: Because snake handling is rooted in the Pentecostal faith, church leaders ban jewelry, booze, tobacco, caffeine and modern medicine. Some churches allow visits to the doctor, but only if you're dying.

Pickup line: Wanna see me handle my snake?

THE AETHERIUS SOCIETY

Background: According to this Hollywood-based society, Earth is involved in a cosmic war with evil magicians who hope to enslave mankind. Its members channel humanity's concerns to the Great White Brotherhood, which includes Jesus (now living on Venus) and Buddha.

Spiritual guide: While practicing yoga in his London apartment in 1954, founder George King heard a voice proclaim, "Prepare yourself. You are to become the voice of Interplanetary Parliament." The following year King announced that Master Aetherius of Venus had named him as the planet's primary terrestrial mental channel. In short order he visited 18 mountains (including Mount Baldy and Castle Peak) to charge them with power. Until his death in 1997, King channeled some 600 messages from the Cosmic Masters,



many of which are posted as audio files at aetherius.org. He also wrote numerous books, including *You Too Can Heal* and *Contacts With the Gods From Space*.

Downside: Ever seen the movie *Independence Day*?

Pickup line: Nice peaks.

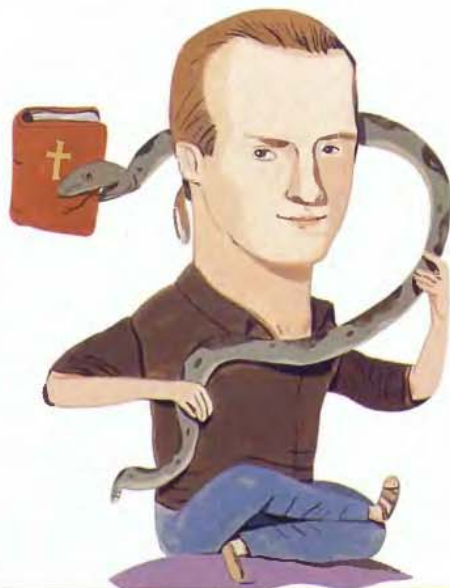
UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH

Background: The ULC is the best known of the mail-order churches that will ordain anyone who asks. Once a person's name is added to its database at ulchq.com, he or she can legally perform baptisms, weddings and funerals in most states. The church offers other benefits, such as a \$5 minister-on-call windshield card so you can snag prime parking spots at nursing homes and prisons. Although the ULC cites the Bible to justify its unorthodox position—"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you"—it has no central beliefs. "We believe only in that which is right, and everyone has the right to determine what is right for themselves." The church trinity is freedom, food and sexuality.

Spiritual guide: Kirby Hensley and his wife, Lida, founded the Modesto, California-based church in 1962. The IRS viewed it as a tax dodge, but the Hensleys said they believed that all religious and political forces would someday unite under the ULC banner. (Courts ultimately ruled in the ULC's favor.) To speed the unification process, Kirby Hensley formed the People's Peace Prosperity Party and ran for governor of California and president of the U.S. Ever the progressive, in 1971 he officiated at the wedding of two women.

Downside: None, really, unless you get the IRS involved.

Pickup line: You'll have sex only if I marry you? Okay, stand right here.



NO-FLY ZONE

John Gilmore has a thing about showing his ID card at the airport. A co-founder of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, Gilmore doesn't think the government needs to know when he flies, so he's suing the Justice Department in an effort to have airport ID checks declared unconstitutional. This past July Gilmore challenged airline authority more directly. As he sat on a British Airways flight waiting to leave San Francisco, an attendant demanded he remove his ever-present lapel pin, which reads SUSPECTED TERRORIST. He refused. The pilot returned to the gate, where security removed Gilmore from the plane.

PLAYBOY: You delayed 300 people in what many would see as a meaningless stunt. How do you justify that?

GILMORE: I didn't force anyone to turn that plane around. In these situations it's usually someone low on the totem pole making a bad decision, and then nobody in authority will contradict it. About 60 percent of the people who read my account of the incident at freetotravel.org said I was being a jerk. But an important minority was horrified. One person compared it to being removed for wearing a burka.

PLAYBOY: Why not just reach up and remove the pin?

GILMORE: Because it was a political statement that had nothing to do with the security of the plane. The crew obviously wouldn't have objected if it had read HOORAY FOR TONY BLAIR! We're all suspects these days. The presumption of innocence is key to a society in which people aren't discriminated against because someone in authority doesn't like how they look or what they say or the opinions they express on a pin.

PLAYBOY: Why do you object to showing identification at airports?

GILMORE: The government has issued a directive that requires airlines to check ID. That contradicts 200 years of constitutional law. In this country you shouldn't have to respond to demands to "show your papers" to travel from state to state.

PLAYBOY: But where does it say that we have a right to anonymous flight?

GILMORE: The U.S. Supreme Court has held that our freedom of movement is virtually unqualified. Yet the

Is John Gilmore fighting for your rights—or just delaying your flight?

federal government issues a regulation that says you're allowed to travel only if your name isn't on its secret no-fly list. If you're on the list—or if the airlines think you're on the list, because it contains many common names—you can't fly. There's no due process involved, only bureaucracy.

PLAYBOY: We're at war. Don't we have to give up a little for security?

GILMORE: Can the government simply launch an endless war on drugs or terrorism and demand that we give up our rights? We restricted the right



of travel for Japanese Americans during World War II. That was the no-fly list of its day, and we repudiated it. It's not clear that we learned from the experience.

PLAYBOY: We share your love of the Constitution, but it's tough to argue that less security makes flying safer.

GILMORE: Show your ID if it makes you feel better. It's just a show of force for the yokels. They have cops in front of the airport, making people move their cars, while this past summer two fishermen ran aground at Kennedy Airport and wandered around the tarmac. If they base security on what an ID brings up in a database, terrorists can do trial runs

by boarding planes with various IDs and seeing if they get searched. It's a simple way of gaming the system.

PLAYBOY: You've written that security should be based on educating and trusting the public.

GILMORE: If the vast majority of people weren't honest and decent, our society would not function. That's where my trust lies. If every few years we lose a planeload of people because some nutcase overcomes common sense and the abilities of the passengers, that's not worth worrying about. Europe lost more people to the heat wave than we lost on September 11. During the week of the attack, more people in the U.S. died of heart disease than died in airplanes and buildings. On the grand scale of things, terrorists can't cause us much harm. The country is in far more danger of being subverted from within by our overreactions.

PLAYBOY: In its response to your suit, the government argues that requiring ID isn't an unreasonable search.

GILMORE: Yet showing your ID can be more intrusive than a pat down. After a pat down you're still anonymous. If you share your ID, authorities can look up your history and record your location. There was a proposal to allow the government to collect reservation information and run a credit check on everyone who buys an airline ticket. They said they would delete the data after the flight landed—unless they decided someone was suspicious, in which case they could keep it for 50 years. The government's idea of compromise is to drop the credit checks but require ticket agents to collect everyone's name, address, phone number and birth date.

PLAYBOY: Okay, you're in charge. What security do you put in place?

GILMORE: There's a lot of debate about this, but I believe air travel is dangerous because passengers and crew members have been disarmed. We would all be safer if the honest passengers had weapons as good as or better than the ones smuggled on. At least when airline pilots asked for guns, Congress said okay.



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

Hot Spot Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

the inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

This 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

Tina, 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-ogoplex or 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

Jamie Ireland

Individual results may vary

READER RESPONSE

SENATOR SANCTIMONIOUS

Thank you for blasting Senator Rick Santorum for equating homosexuality with bestiality, incest, pedophilia and other crimes ("Senator Sodomy," *The Playboy Forum*, September). His ramblings shouldn't be tolerated. FYI, a lot of gay men read *PLAYBOY*—for the articles.

Brian Sewald
Fort Collins, Colorado

State sodomy laws may be antiquated, but it's up to the people of those states, not the U.S. Supreme Court, to decide whether to keep them. We all know what the court's ruling was actually about: preparing the country for the legalization of gay marriage. Marriage should be reserved for heterosexual couples because they're the only people who can procreate.

Kyle Irish
Glendale, Arizona

We'll take a wild guess here: When the Supreme Court ruled on Florida's election results and declared George Bush president, you weren't making an argument for state's rights.

THAILAND'S DRUG WAR

At the beginning of 2003 the Thai government began a campaign to fight the illicit use of and trade in narcotics ("Kill 'Em All," *The Playboy Forum*, September). This policy has taken into account the rule of law and the sanctity of human life, which is, of course, the *raison d'être* behind our campaign. The media have falsely reported that more than 2,000 people were killed because of our policy. This figure is misleading because it includes all homicides that have taken place since we started the crusade, including murders not related to narcotics. Of this number, slightly more than 40 cases are suspected of being extrajudicial killings, and not all of these are thought to be drug-related.

Two independent commissions have been established to look after law-enforcement issues relating to the policy and to protect informants and witnesses. When Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra met with President Bush in June, he assured the



FOR THE RECORD

CRIMINAL CONTACT

"Dancing is okay, but you can't touch. If you touch, it's theft."

—Kim Jong Il, the Dear Leader of North Korea, instructing banquet guests on etiquette toward his personal pleasure group of singers and dancers. According to a memoir by Kim's former executive chef, now living in Japan, Kim had ordered the women to strip naked before dancing with male guests.

president that all allegations regarding these killings are being investigated thoroughly.

Natapanu Nopakun
Royal Thai Embassy
Washington, D.C.

So Thaksin Shinawatra earned his doctorate in criminal justice from Sam Houston State in Huntsville, Texas. Why am I not surprised? SHS also boasts alumni among the guards, administrators and executives who make up Texas's killing machine. As a prisoner in that state I've seen many of the school's criminal justice students tour our corridors. Not one of them has made eye contact with me. SHS teaches its naive students that prisoners, and all criminals, are animals and should be treated as such.

William Bryan Sorens
Livingston, Texas

PORN WARS

Just as you predicted in "The War Against Porn Continues" (*The Playboy Forum*, December 2002), the federal pogroms have begun. The Justice Department has filed a 10-count obscenity indictment against Extreme Asso-

ciates, which you mentioned as producing some of the edgier adult videos (federal agents had raided the company in April, seizing five tapes with titles such as *Extreme Teen #24* and *Forced Entry—Director's Cut*). Although Extreme is based in Los Angeles, its owners will be tried in Pennsylvania. It's clear that prosecutors had postal inspectors order the DVDs and videotapes from that state because they have a better chance of getting a conservative jury there.

Religious extremists have long understood that the best way to control people is by controlling their basic drives. Their followers are taught from an early age that sex is a sin except under certain conditions and that forgiveness can come only with the help of the sect's leaders. This chicanery has served both religion and politics for thousands of years. The repression of natural desires,

however, leads to an obsession with them. Millions of Americans fulfill their fantasies through pornography. In this technological age, the religious right has found it increasingly difficult to control access to sexual material. And sexually expressive individuals often no longer need religion. There is nothing quite like healthy, guiltless sexuality to make one feel in direct touch with God.

For years the right has tried to stamp out adult entertainment on the local level. As a trade association for the adult industry, we've been fighting them all the way and having success. That's because most Americans believe the government should not control what an individual reads or views.

William Lyon
Free Speech Coalition
Canoga Park, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, send e-mail to forum@playboy.com, or fax us at 212-957-2900. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM

NEWS FRONT

What's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HARD HEADS BELOW

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM—The insurers of the Moscow State Circus say they will no longer cover tightrope walkers, acrobats or jugglers unless they wear



hard hats. The policy is designed to comply with a European Union law stating that people who work at heights above that of a stepladder must wear protective gear. The circus's general manager says the ruling is a symbol of "bureaucracy gone mad, with a lot of help from the current compensation culture." The performers offered to wear helmets during rehearsals but noted they wouldn't do them much good in a 45-foot fall.

A MATTER OF TIMING

PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY, MARYLAND—In June 2002 a camera recorded a mother, her daughter and her daughter's friend getting cash out of an ATM at the same moment that the machine registered a murder victim's debit card being inserted. After *America's Most Wanted* aired the image, a viewer fingered the suspects. They had been in jail for three weeks when a family member convinced prosecutors that the police had made a mistake by assuming the ATM and the camera were synchronized. In fact, the women had used the machine a few minutes before the suspected killer. A producer of *America's Most Wanted* said the women

should look on the bright side: At least they were no longer suspects.

NARROW VICTORY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A congressman from Pennsylvania led the charge to cancel \$1.4 million in grants for sex research. The studies focus on the sex habits of older men, Asian sex workers in San Francisco, mood arousal and risk taking, and homosexuals and "two-spirited individuals" in Native American communities. "Who thinks this stuff up?" asked Republican Pat Toomey. The House defeated the measure by two votes.

DOUBLE-CROSSED

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—In 1996 two teenagers jaywalked across a four-lane street, pausing at the centerline. The driver of a phone-company van stopped for them. According to a witness, he motioned for the girls to cross in front of his vehicle (the driver denies he did this). As the girls stepped into the next lane, one was struck by a car and left with severe brain damage. Her parents sued the driver of the car—and the phone repairman, saying he should not have motioned for them to cross. A Harvard law professor said the case demonstrates the moral paradox of the volunteer. "On one hand the person is trying to do something for somebody," he said. "On the other hand we're going to punish him when it goes wrong."

SITTING PRETTY

MILWAUKEE—Last year a 34-year-old cop roughed up a prisoner who had made gestures toward him. Officer Robert Henry shoved the suspect against a wall, grabbed him around the neck and wrestled him onto a table. After the altercation Henry flexed his arm and patted his biceps. A camera inside the station caught the assault on video. The chief fired Henry, but a commission reinstated him. The officer then filed for disability payments, claiming the controversy had caused him so much anxiety that he could no longer work. The city agreed to pay \$23,300, plus \$3,293.59 a month as long as he remains stressed out. Mean-

while the prisoner got nine months for disorderly conduct and battery against an officer—his encounter with Henry.

CANDY FROM A BABY

JUNEAU, ALASKA—When a woman bit into a tiny Snickers bar on a city bus, the driver told her that food was not allowed. When she popped the rest of the candy into her mouth, he twice stopped the bus and told her to get off. The woman, who is Arab American, sued the city for \$50,000, charging racism. She said the driver caused her severe emotional stress. She also said she had been falsely imprisoned when he instructed her to stay put until police arrived. She told a reporter, "I felt like Rosa Parks."

AVERSION TO JUSTICE

CINCINNATI—An adult video store owner accused of selling an obscene movie to an undercover cop caught a break when the prosecutor screened the evidence for the jury. A female juror repeatedly averted her eyes as *Maximum Hardcore Extreme, Volume 7* played in court, prompting the judge to declare a mistrial. "Justice requires the evidence be reviewed and considered in its entirety," he said. The



prosecutor argued that turning away was "the natural reaction" to the "disgusting" material. But that didn't explain the response of a male juror, who fell asleep.

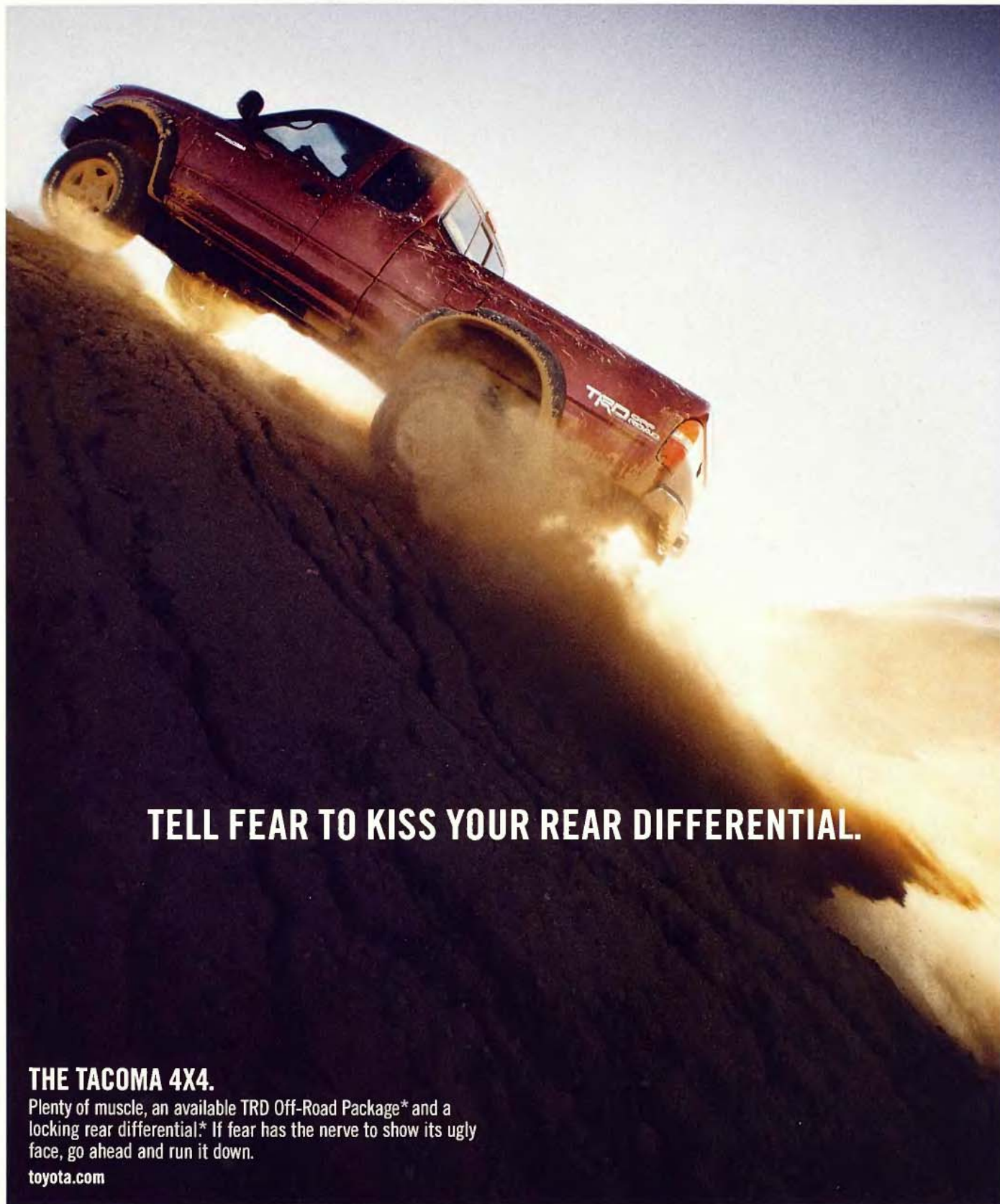
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN CUSACK

A candid conversation with the angst-ridden antihero about dating actresses, celebrity porn and that weird "Draft John for president" movement

In a world populated by teen stars gone bad—one in which Danny Bonaduce and Todd Bridges reign supreme—it's easy to forget that not all young actors grow up to rob gas stations. In fact, John Cusack has become such a respected actor-writer-producer that few people recall he's been working since he was a teenager. He has managed to make it to the age of 37 without a drug overdose, a sex scandal or a public meltdown. Instead, he's thrived despite his unconventional career choices. What other star of his generation avoids action-hero roles and focuses most of his energy on playing the brainy everyman in smart, quirky movies that almost, but don't quite, flirt with being uncommercial—and makes it work?

His first movie role, at the age of 16, was in a tacky sex comedy called *Class*. But in 1989 he was unforgettable in Cameron Crowe's *Say Anything*, in which he plays a kickboxer who stands outside the window of the girl of his dreams (Lone Skye) and blasts Peter Gabriel's "In Your Eyes" on his boom box. Cusack also had memorable roles in *The Grifters*, *City Hall*, *Con Air*, the outrageous *Being John Malkovich* and the controversial *Max*, in which he plays a Jewish art dealer who becomes a friend and mentor of aspiring artist Adolf Hitler.

Some of Cusack's best movies are ones in which he had a strong hand. He co-wrote and co-produced *Grosse Pointe Blank*, in which he plays a hit man at his high school reunion, and *High Fidelity* (based on the Nick Hornby novel). In his latest movie, an adaptation of John Grisham's *Runaway Jury*, Cusack stars with heavyweights Dustin Hoffman and Gene Hackman.

Cusack was born into an Irish Catholic family in Evanston, Illinois. His father, Dick, who died this year, was an advertising executive, an actor, a screenwriter and a documentary filmmaker. His mother, Nancy, was a teacher, and three of his siblings, including his sister Joan, are actors. Cusack began acting in his teens and landed his first roles while still in high school. He attended New York University, dropping out after one semester.

Vogue magazine called him "the embodiment of what today's women want," but Cusack is circumspect about past relationships with Meg Ryan and Neve Campbell. He's more open about his other passions, including basketball, boxing and politics. Some of his fans have tried to exploit the last, creating a website devoted to drafting him to run for president of the United States.

After Cusack completed *Runaway Jury* and before he set off on a vacation in South

Africa, *PLAYBOY* sat him down for an interview at a hotel in Santa Monica, California with contributing editor David Sheff. The actor, unshaven and bleary-eyed, ate a Cobb salad, drank lots of coffee and, when pressed, refused to throw his hat into the presidential ring.

PLAYBOY: *High Fidelity* poses the question, Is it possible to keep a record collection and a girlfriend at the same time? Is it?

CUSACK: I have never been able to keep either, so I wouldn't know.

PLAYBOY: What seems to be the problem?

CUSACK: I stumble over the illusions of romantic love. Some guys never get over it.

PLAYBOY: Why is it bad to be a romantic?

CUSACK: It's not, unless it gets in the way of real relationships. You don't want to be one of those guys hanging out in clubs at 45.

PLAYBOY: Could that be you? Are you afraid of commitment?

CUSACK: I hope it couldn't be me. No, I don't have that issue. Well, that's not true—yes, I do have that issue.

PLAYBOY: Do you or don't you?

CUSACK: I've been able to stay in relationships, so no, I don't, but I admit that commitment is difficult, so yeah, I do.



"The fun thing about boxing is what it brings up when you do it. You're afraid that you'll become a coward and run for your mommy, and you're also afraid that you'll become a killer, that you'll lose control."



"If my movie does well right now, nobody will care what I said about Iraq. The *Dixie Chicks* are doing just fine. Do you know why? Because people like their music. People are more tolerant than everyone thinks."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"I've dated some very beautiful women. When I saw their pictures in magazines, I remember thinking, God, I want to be the guy who gets to sleep with her—and I was the guy who was sleeping with her."

PLAYBOY: Do we detect—what, conflict?

CUSACK: Absolutely not. *[smiles wryly]*

PLAYBOY: Would you like to settle down?

CUSACK: That's kind of person-specific.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

CUSACK: I don't want to settle down and have a family with you.

PLAYBOY: With whom then?

CUSACK: That's what I don't know. If I knew, I wouldn't tell you.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CUSACK: I can't figure what's in it for me.

PLAYBOY: If you have a crush on someone, you can inform her through us.

CUSACK: That's true, but wouldn't that be kind of sleazy? Here, in the pages of **PLAYBOY:** "Hi, my name is John. I'm six-foot-two and my hobby is water polo, and in my spare time I'm a bio-

chemist. I think donkeys are erotic." Who do you think I could attract with that résumé?

PLAYBOY: Probably a donkey. Are you revealing that you're not a confirmed bachelor?

CUSACK: For some guys it's not that they're into bachelor status; they're just loners.

PLAYBOY: Is being a loner good or bad?

CUSACK: There are some good qualities associated with it. You're not as concerned with other people's opinions. At times that's useful.

PLAYBOY: What's the downside?

CUSACK: The downside is that you tend not to rely on other people as much as you should. It has to do with opening up your heart.

PLAYBOY: In most professions complete strangers don't ask about your sex life. Do you find it annoying that the public wants to know these details?

CUSACK: Yes. It's totally depraved, but so what? I can understand how it's tricky, because some artists reveal very personal things in their work and then say, "I'm not going to discuss this publicly." You get all these glimpses into their

psyches, and in some ways there's no boundary at all. But in art it's different. Parading it is a disaster on a lot of levels.

PLAYBOY: On what levels?

CUSACK: Besides being unseemly, it's a disaster on a business level. If you want to keep people interested in you, the worst thing you can do is go off into the celebrity Ethernet. Who would want to listen to your album or read your book or see you in a movie? It's not smart, let alone what it does to your psyche.

PLAYBOY: What exactly does it do?

CUSACK: To pimp yourself out for no goddamn good reason? To become just another disposable celebrity?

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, is there a price to being so guarded?

CUSACK: I'm guarded and cautious, but it's not that big a deal. I have found a great system for dealing with the stuff they write about me. It's simple: If you don't read it, it doesn't exist. My friends say, "Did you see *Us*? Did you see what they said about you?" I say, "Get the fuck out of here." I don't want to hear some garbage about me. I've told my friends, even my mother, "Don't tell me." Unless it's libelous, I don't want to know.

PLAYBOY: What if it's flattering?

CUSACK: Well, that's different. *[laughs]* Actually, I'm talking about the tabloid stuff. Nobody can call any of the people who write that junk "journalists." They're jackals. I'm not interested.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that you some-

example, I've been out with girls who are on the covers of magazines.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

CUSACK: *[Smiling, shaking his head]* I've dated them—some very beautiful women. When I saw their pictures in the magazines, I remember thinking, God, I want to be the guy who gets to sleep with her—and I was the guy who was sleeping with her. I still felt that I wanted to be the guy sleeping with the girl whose picture was on the magazine, and I was. The function of the whole industry is to create envy. "Buy our magazine, because here's the VIP circle you ain't never getting in, man." Even if you get in, you aren't in, because it's an illusion. I was in and I still wasn't in.

PLAYBOY: Is it because the women don't really look like they do on the magazine covers?

CUSACK: Yes, and it's not that they aren't gorgeous. But they're not airbrushed in real life. They look like, well, like people. They have irregularities in their skin. It's why all these celebrities who've got the Rolls-Royces and the mansions crack up when the illusion is exhausted. There's nothing there. The intention of the photographs is to create this unreachable icon. Being human is, by definition, a fall from grace. This culture of these illusions—peak sex, the It girl, the It guy—comes at you like a tidal wave. No one is immune. People mistake actors for real life, and they want people to live up to them.

PLAYBOY: Is that a lot to live up to? *Vogue* magazine says you're "the embodiment of what today's women want."

CUSACK: I don't know, but if it's true, give them my number. Seriously, I don't know what that means. I think they were talking about Johnny Depp.

PLAYBOY: No, it was you. Are you flattered?

CUSACK: I don't know. When anyone writes really nice things, I tend to agree with them. I feel the pedigree of the specific writer is impeccable, that he or she is brilliant.

PLAYBOY: And when it's unflattering?

CUSACK: If they think I'm an idiot, I dismiss them as tabloid trash.

PLAYBOY: Reviewers too?

CUSACK: Yes, usually. It really depends on the source. If it's someone who seems to care about movies, who is thoughtful, who has knowledge, and they write something good, you secretly feel good that they respect your work. You can't deny that it's nice to hear.

PLAYBOY: You once said that you watch your movies when they come on cable until you get embarrassed or otherwise



"You have to be incredibly stupid to express your love to another human being in fucking *Us* magazine."

times feed into it?

CUSACK: Sure, but it's an awful system. It's a beast. I participate when I have to. I do interviews and pictures to publicize movies, but you have to be incredibly stupid to express your love to another human being in fucking *Us* magazine. You've got to be on crack.

PLAYBOY: Is this what you have described as celebrity porn?

CUSACK: Yes. And sometimes I feel as if all media are porn—political porn, celebrity porn, whatever.

PLAYBOY: Why is it porn?

CUSACK: The salaciousness, plus the format: obsessive and addictive. The repetition, the voyeurism. It's warped, and it warps your perspective on the world. For

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horrified. Why do you get embarrassed or horrified?

CUSACK: Sometimes it doesn't bother me, if the movie is good. I saw *The Grifters* recently. It was my first shot at a real drama. I was 23 or 24 or something. It was interesting; my relationship to it had changed. When you're young it's all traumatic. You can't get a clear perspective. Seeing it much later I was able to enjoy it. I was able to just watch. I'll watch some of the movies if they come on, but I haven't made that many good movies. I think a couple of them are good, and I'd watch them for a second, but most of mine I would never watch.

PLAYBOY: Which would you never watch?

CUSACK: I've forgotten them all.

PLAYBOY: Which are the good ones?

CUSACK: I made about six or seven that were probably okay—*Malkovich, Max*. I like *Grosse Pointe Blank*, *High Fidelity*, *Say Anything*. Then some are fun and commercial and never aspired to be more than good popcorn movies, and they're okay, though they're not necessarily my taste. When I was younger I thought that unless a movie had a certain significance, it was no good. I don't feel that way anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you intentionally try to mix up your roles so you make small and big, art and commercial, and heavier and lighter movies?

CUSACK: You sort of have to.

PLAYBOY: Why do you have to?

CUSACK: I guess you don't have to do anything. You could leave town, get another job. But if you want to make movies and have the opportunity to make interesting movies, you also have to do some bigger, commercial movies. I don't think I would have been able to get *Max* made if it weren't for the box office profile of some of the bigger movies I've done. It's easier to make a small art movie if you also make the kind I wouldn't mind going to see on a Saturday night, in a popcorn sense.

PLAYBOY: How do you choose?

CUSACK: Scripts, people.

PLAYBOY: How about *Runaway Jury*?

CUSACK: It has an amazing cast of actors, including Bill Nunn and of course Gene Hackman and Dustin Hoffman.

PLAYBOY: Would someone who has seen most of your movies get a pretty good idea of who you are as a person?

CUSACK: Sure. You reveal something about yourself in everything you do, though it only goes so far. I think I get to show more of an array because of the types of movies I do. I'm not a traditional leading man in Hollywood movie-star kinds of roles. Those guys generally get to present one thing. You become a brand, like Pepsi. They want to make sure that when people open the can, they get what they expect. You still get a sense of the actor's soul, but not much. Those movies are interested in little snapshots of humans, but not real hu-

LOOK BACK IN ANGST

No one plays troubled young men like Cusack does. Well, almost no one



James Dean—*Rebel Without a Cause* (1955)

Angst: He's a mess of teen hormones. How can one guy so desperately need the approval of the local greasers, a neurotic hot chick and his apron-wearing dad?

Coping strategy: Proves he's not like Pop by racing to the edge of a cliff and sporting a red jacket that wows Natalie Wood—who seems like cause enough.



Dustin Hoffman—*The Graduate* (1967)

Angst: After four years of college, our hero has no idea what he wants to do with his life. But he'll gladly float around in his parents' pool till he figures it all out.

Coping strategy: Has an affair with the bored, 40-ish wife of his dad's business partner. Then he starts courting her daughter, taking that whole Summer of Love thing way too seriously.



Tom Cruise—*Risky Business* (1983)

Angst: He's wound so tight about getting accepted into an Ivy League school that he can't find time to shed his pesky virginity.

Coping strategy: Redefines the "what the fuck" credo by trashing Dad's Porsche, turning his suburban home into a whorehouse and screwing a high-class call girl on a moving train. Maybe there's something to Scientology after all.



John Cusack—*Say Anything* (1989)

Angst: Clueless about what to do with his life aside from kickboxing and loving lone Skye, this slocker is wrecked when the girl's father pressures her to dump him and head off to college in England.

Coping strategy: Blasts Peter Gabriel's "In Your Eyes" under her window, forgetting that he's a kickboxer and could just wallop the dad with his size-10 Converse.



Jason Schwartzman—*Rushmore* (1998)

Angst: This semidisturbed "sharp little guy" loves an older woman almost as much as he loves joining every extracurricular club at his snooty prep school.

Coping strategy: unleashes a swarm of bees while fighting with a sad billionaire for the woman's affections. There's also that high school play he directs about Vietnam—complete with real explosions.



Tobey Maguire—*Spider-Man* (2002)

Angst: Having superhuman abilities should be a blast—unless you fail to use your powers to save your uncle. That'll haunt you almost as much as the cutie next door (Kirsten Dunst) not knowing you exist.

Coping strategy: Accepts that with power comes great responsibility—and smooches perky Dunst while hanging upside down in a dark alley.

—STEPHEN REBELLO



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mans. It's a certain kind of acting with that brand-recognition quality to it.

PLAYBOY: Is it a particularly good or bad time in the movie business?

CUSACK: For big movies it's a bad time. The bigger movies are leaving people unsatisfied, and many aren't doing any business, no matter how much money they put into the marketing. It's probably never been worse for the studios. From what I can see, they're making really bad stuff. Everything is a sequel, the *Charlie's Angels* thing: more than, bigger than, louder than. For smaller, more independent movies, however, it's a relatively good time. There's a lot of great indie stuff. With new technologies you can make movies really cheaply, so it's easier to be profitable. Of course, if you make a movie, you want to see it on the big screen, which is harder to do than ever. If a movie doesn't open big, it can't hold a theater. On the other hand, there are many new markets for movies. You can sell a film to Bravo, Sundance, Flix, Starz, the markets in Europe, DVDs and video. *Max*, which pretty much got snuffed upon its release in America, has a life. People will see it on DVD, video and cable. It will show up in revival houses here and there. It's being released in Europe and Asia. All this means that it's a good and bad time: It's almost impossible for a movie to come out and open and make its place in the market, but it's almost impossible to kill it.

PLAYBOY: Yet some of your movies seem to combine smallness and independence with commercial success.

CUSACK: Yeah, some were hits, but for most of them, the total box office domestic gross would be a disappointing weekend for the big action movies. Some of what we define as success has to do with expectations. These days the studios spend \$40 million and put a movie in a howitzer: "Open your mouth, because we're going to blow this thing down your throat." But the nice thing is they can't really buy longevity no matter what they do. You can say something is a classic, you can spend millions to promote it, but it still won't make people see it, talk about it, remember it. You don't make movies like *Max* or *Malkovich* because you want to blow everyone out of the water on the opening weekend. You do it because you love it.

PLAYBOY: What persuaded you to be in *Being John Malkovich*?

CUSACK: A while ago I went to someone at my agency and said, "Look, I know it's the era of romantic comedies, but what's the craziest, most twisted thing you guys have? I want to read something that will blow my mind." Someone asked, "Have you read the Charlie Kaufman script?" It was a famous, unproducable script. It had been around for years. It was one of the funniest things I'd ever read. I told my agent, "If this ever gets set up and I don't get a meeting on it, I'm leaving

the agency." When the director Spike Jonze got hold of it, I was the first one in the door.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to persuade Jonze to cast you?

CUSACK: I think he liked me, but he didn't know whether I would ugly up. I don't know how I'm perceived, but I guess he had this image of me as—maybe he thought I would want to look pretty in a movie, wouldn't be willing to go out there, to lose it. I was thrilled to get ugly.

PLAYBOY: How did John Malkovich feel about his portrayal in that movie?

CUSACK: At one point, before it was set, he called me. "Hey, Johnny, we've got to do this. It's so fucking mean. It's about me being an asshole, but you know, fuck it, I am an asshole."

PLAYBOY: Before that was *Con Air*. Was that your bid to be an action-movie hero?

CUSACK: I don't mind action movies. I like to go see them on Saturday nights with my friends. I laugh at them. I liked the director, and a lot of really good actors were in it. To be honest, I thought, This is a chance to go get your name above the title of something that makes a couple hundred million dollars. I liked working with Jerry Bruckheimer. Unlike many producers, he actually means what he says, does what he says. He makes crazy, theme-park-ride types of movies, which is exactly what he wants to make. I'd much rather work with someone like that than somebody who pretends to be a great friend to the artist and meanwhile is hustling you left and right.

PLAYBOY: What led to *High Fidelity*?

CUSACK: My friends and I, with whom I had made *Grosse Pointe Blank*, were asked to do it by Disney. They probably thought of us because we were all snobs about music and art and books, and maybe we had also exhibited emotional angst in the field of romantic love.

PLAYBOY: Though Nick Hornby's book was set in London, did you relate to it?

CUSACK: Every word of it. If you replaced the British obsession with American R&B with the American obsession about the punk rock movement and the British invasion, I lived it. If you change the record store in England to the Record Exchange in Chicago, I was there.

PLAYBOY: Did you collect records?

CUSACK: I'm not a collector. I have things, but they leave.

PLAYBOY: Where do they go?

CUSACK: Somebody borrows them, or I say, "You've got to read this book" and I give it away. Every time. I never hold on to anything. My library kind of looks like I don't read, but that's just because I don't have any books.

PLAYBOY: Do you save anything?

CUSACK: There's a plastic buffalo that's followed me around from house to house, and I don't know why.

PLAYBOY: The guys in *High Fidelity* had top 10 lists for just about every situation.

(continued on page 188)



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THE LAST DAYS JAMMASTER

One year ago the famed DJ was gunned down, leaving behind a trail of corruption, violence and betrayal. But who pulled the trigger?



Mourners wore black fedoras in a final tribute to Jay at his funeral (above). At one of Jay's last performances, the DJ appears almost ghostly (opposite).

O ctober 30, 2002: Mischief Night

It's the day before Halloween in Jamaica, Queens. A cold, slanting rain falls in the streets, and it's unseasonably chilly—above freezing, but not by much. Jam Master Jay, the DJ who ran the turntables for the legendary rap group Run-DMC, pulls his black SUV into a parking space outside a two-story building on Merrick Boulevard. In the fading afternoon light he hustles inside and upstairs to the second floor, to Studio 24/7.

The small recording studio looks like a crowded bodega. Jay's longtime business partner and friend Randy Allen moves around in the control room—where tens of thousands of dollars' worth of equipment is on display—next to a tiny soundproof vocal booth. A glass window separates the two rooms. Jay greets Randy as the others slide over to make room for him in the lounge, a modest sitting area with two couches. Randy's sister, Lydia High, the studio bookkeeper and secretary, is there, as are two other people: a homeless friend who sleeps in the studio and a hanger-on named Uriel Rincon.

From the studio window Jay can see the red brick building that houses the 103rd Precinct. The police station overlooks PO Edward Byrne Avenue, a street that was renamed to commemorate a police officer assassinated in 1988 on a local drug dealer's orders. Behind the studio

building sits a large open-air bus depot, a onetime hangout of the South Side Crew, which long ago waged turf battles with Jay and his boys, the Hollis Crew.

Jay lets Randy do most of the fussing. Randy has a lot riding on their current project, a duo called Rusty Waters, consisting of Randy and Jay's nephew Boe Skagz (born Rodney Jones). Their debut album is due at Virgin Records in a matter of days. Consumed by details, Randy sends Boe to the barbershop to get a haircut for an upcoming promotional tour.

Amid this usual activity the little group in the studio is taken by surprise: A stranger appears at the door. She explains that she's a friend of a friend and has a demo tape she would like to give Jay. On the otherwise bare white walls she sees gold and platinum records, a reminder of Jay's glory days as the musical mastermind behind Run-DMC. The stories of Jay's generosity are matched only by his accessibility. The young woman with the tape has heard of others making this pilgrimage. Now it's her turn.

In fact, Jay doesn't generally listen to tapes from strangers, but Randy agrees to. Despite the looming deadline, the vibe in the studio seems relaxed and peaceful, no doubt helped by the joints being passed around. But in the fragrant clouds of smoke, Jay is on edge, possibly fearing for his life; he is armed with a .45 automatic.

With all the traffic moving in and out of the studio, it is not entirely clear whom he fears most.

A Rusty Waters song called "Cornbread" booms out of the speakers: "Cornbread, all head/Macaroni and cheese/Where the collar greens at?/Y'know, you know that." Jay settles into a tan couch in the lounge to play one of his favorite Xbox football games with Rincon on the widescreen TV. They're focused on their game rather than on a four-

by frank owen

OF JAY



From left: Jay showing off the genial spirit that helped maintain his reputation as one of the world's premier turntablists; Jay's business partner Randy Allen (left) and his nephew Boe Skagz (right) in a promotional picture for Rusty Waters; Run-DMC in later years, still a coveted act.

way split-screen monitor hooked up to closed-circuit video cameras in the hall. It's about 7:30 P.M. According to this version of events, pieced together from multiple sources, including people present in the studio that night, everything is about to change forever.

Downstairs, two men dressed in dark clothing enter the building lobby and move past a camera. Undetected, they climb the narrow staircase single file from the street to the second floor. At the top of the stairs the smaller man stops. The other man, about six-foot-two and 180 pounds, bursts through the door—and all hell breaks loose.

"Look at the ground!" he shouts as he swiftly pushes Lydia aside. He has a .40-caliber pistol.

"Oh, shit," Jay cries. "Grab the gun!"

It's too late. The man's weapon is inches from Jay's head, behind his left ear. "What about this? What about this?" says the assailant. He pulls the trigger.

The bullet passes through Jay's head, and he collapses. The gun is so close to him that powder burns scorch his shirt. In the confined space, the gunman falls over Rincon, who has bent down to get his cell phone. A second shot goes off and hits Rincon in the leg. Before he has time to register the pain, the assailants are running down the stairs.

Randy is in the control room with the curtains drawn, listening to playbacks, when he hears the shots. He and Mike B., the homeless friend, rush into the lounge. Randy picks up "the studio gun" they keep handy and pursues the killers into the street. He loses them in a nearby parking lot, where he drops the weapon.

None of this effort helps his friend Jam Master Jay, who

dies where he fell, next to a brown leather hat and wearing his trademark snow-white Adidas.

October 30, 2002: The Mourning

The news spreads rapidly through the streets of Queens, by cell phone, pager, radio and TV. The neighborhood kids, Jay's business partners, even guys who had beefs with Jay—his death shocks them all. They gather outside the studio, in numbers that increase throughout the night. Everyone knows this is a landmark event. The first scratches on a record average Americans had ever heard came from Jay's recordings with Run-DMC. More than that, the band always had a social conscience, speaking out about prejudice and violence.

Standing by yellow police tape and caught in the rain and the periodic sweep of TV spotlights, the crowd is possessed by a mournful nostalgia. In the age of gangsta rap the party jams of Run-DMC suddenly seem more naive than ever. Chuck D of Public Enemy stands out in the glare of a camera. "Run-DMC was the Beatles of hip-hop," he says.

Jay was a kid from the rough neighborhood of Hollis who raised himself up and tried to bring others with him. "Jay was always trying to get his friends who strayed back on the right path," says his friend Hurricane, who credits Jay with saving him from a life of crime by getting him a job as the Beastie Boys' DJ. Jay paid rents. He bestowed gifts. He taught chess to young kids in the park. He was a local hero. Soft-spoken and amiably aloof, he'd wear a small smile on his face, as though he were paying only half a mind to the matter at hand and couldn't wait to get back to his music. Even after two decades of success he never took on the airs of celebrity or the pose of the thug, and he embraced all kinds of hip-hop.

NYPD personnel carry the body bag down the back stairs.

Jay could have left Queens countless times, but he always returned. "He stayed here because of me," his sister, Bonita Jones, Boe's mother, would later say. "A long time ago his wife wanted to move out of New York, but he said, 'I'm not leaving my sister.' That's the man he was."

But who exactly was Jam Master Jay? Long before the night was out, questions were raised about almost every aspect of his murder. As the list of suspects—and possible motives—grew, it became clear that there was more to Jay than the good-guy image he had maintained for years. It also became clear that this would not be an easy crime to solve. After a flood of early reports, information dried up, the mystery hardened, and people stopped talking—until now.

The man originally known as Jason Mizell led a secret life that involved guns, drugs and murky business deals. The answers to why he was killed lie in the story of his final few months alive. It all comes back to a place called Hollis, Queens.

July 2003: Scoon and Pep

At Masta Kutterz, a scruffy Hollis Avenue barbershop, foam padding peeps through the peeling plastic-covered chairs.



Landmarks in and around Hollis, Queens (from top): Masta Kutterz, a barbershop hangout; Jay's family home, now inhabited by his sister, Bonita; the fire escape behind Studio 24/7—a witness says one of the assailants used it as an exit route.

"Oh, shit," Jay cries. "Grab the gun!" It's too late—the weapon is inches from his head.

in spotless sneakers starts to congregate outside, but not to get a \$10 trim. News has filtered through the grapevine that Curtis Scoon is back in town. As recently as 10 years ago Scoon was a prominent fixture of Hollis street life. Since shortly after Jay's death he's been living in Atlanta (to pursue a career as a screenwriter, he says). He gained a brief moment of notoriety following Jay's death when his name was plastered all over the newspapers as the prime suspect. Like Jay, DMC (Darryl McDaniels) and Run (Joseph Simmons), Scoon grew up in Hollis.

Soon a steady parade of former comrades in crime comes by the barbershop to say hello. Scoon has persuaded some of his press- and cop-shy friends—now older, somewhat calmer and decidedly thicker around the waist than in their hell-raising heyday—to divulge what they know about the circumstances of Jam Master Jay's tragic demise.

Pep, a friend of Scoon's, rolls up and squeezes his wide girth out of a Nissan Maxima. Scoon and Pep (whom some call Pep the Pimp, though not to his face) go back a long way: The two were co-defendants in a 1985 robbery-and-kidnapping case in which they were both acquitted. He's dressed in a baggy Washington Wizards shirt with a thick platinum chain around his neck.

"Am I getting paid for this interview?" Pep wants to know.

Most of the people at Masta Kutterz initially claim they won't talk to a journalist. Why risk it, especially when they aren't getting paid for their trouble? "We're skating on very thin ice here," says one. But after a little prodding they begin to gossip like a bunch of Park Avenue matrons.

Few people in the neighborhood believe Scoon killed Jam Master Jay, but at one time the rumor made a certain amount of sense. A notorious argument between the two men is part of Hollis street lore. "Everybody knew Scoon had a beef with Jay," says Pep. "It was easy to believe that Scoon did it."

The dispute originated in the early 1990s when Scoon and Jay had a business arrangement. Many in the neighborhood say it was a drug deal gone bad. They say Scoon and Jay put up cash (\$15,000 apiece is the figure bandied about), and a third party ran off with the money. Scoon, however, says it was simply a small loan that Jay failed to repay promptly. Whatever the truth, Scoon, who readily admits he has "a checkered past," felt that Jay owed him and wanted the debt paid. At six-foot-four and 250 pounds, Scoon is a big man with a booming voice and an easygoing wit, though one gets the impression his mien can darken in an instant. "If Jay

Magazine pictures featuring braiding and weaving styles adorn the purple-and-blue walls. A sign instructs patrons: NO SMOKING. NO LOITERING. NO PROFANITY. Masta Kutterz is a place one goes to chew the fat and exchange gossip about what's going on in Hollis. "Barbers always get the news first, know what I mean?" says the genial owner, Preston Harts.

On a sweltering afternoon, a rogue's gallery of ex-criminals

was dealing drugs, it wasn't with me," insists Scoon. "He paid the debt. I had to get a little heavy with him, but he paid. Jay did not owe me a dollar at the time of his death. I hadn't been in contact with Jay for at least four years."

"Jay always hung on the block," adds Pep. "He always came back to the neighborhood. There was no real hate out here for him." Still, nearly everyone interviewed for this article agrees that Jam Master Jay's murderer must have come from nearby—someone familiar to Jay and intimate with his movements either killed him or set him up. Scoon claims it was common knowledge that Jay was mixed up in narcotics trafficking. The perception is that as he traveled around the country, he served as a middleman—putting buyers and sellers together and taking a cut of the profits without ever handling the drugs. "Everybody in Jay's inner circle knows that

HOT SHOTS

The road to hip-hop success is paved with lead

Notorious B.I.G.



2Pac

A.K.A.: Christopher Wallace, Biggie Smalls. **LOWDOWN:** Shot dead in 1997 in a drive-by while stopped at an L.A. traffic light. **AFTERMATH:** Murder still unsolved. Signs point to East Coast-West Coast rap wars and possible involvement by off-duty L.A. cops who worked for rival label Death Row. Biggie's *Life After Death*, released 16 days after the murder, sells 690,000 in its first week. His second posthumous effort, 1999's *Born Again*, goes platinum. No fool, Puff Daddy records ode to Biggie "I'll Be Missing You" and scores massive hit.



O' Dirty Bastard



Bushwick Bill



50 Cent



A.K.A.: Tupac Shakur, Makaveli the Don. **LOWDOWN:** Held up and shot five times during a failed robbery attempt in New York City in 1994. Gunned down in a hail of bullets two years later while riding in a car in Las Vegas with Death Row Records CEO Suge Knight. His wounds are fatal. **AFTERMATH:** Superstardom. Despite having released only five albums while alive, Shakur has seven posthumous releases. In 2001 Shakur sells nearly 3 million albums, earning him the number 10 spot on *Forbes's* Top-Earning Dead Celebrities list.

A.K.A.: Russell Tyrone Jones, Dirt McGirt, Big Baby Jesus, Joe Bananas, Dirt Dog, Osiris. **LOWDOWN:** While relaxing in a Brooklyn home in 1998, Wu-Tang Clan founder ODB is shot in the back. The assailants make off with jewelry and an unspecified amount of cash. **AFTERMATH:** ODB checks himself out of the hospital against doctor's wishes nine hours later after being treated for wounds to his arm and back. Three days later he's arrested in Virginia for allegedly shoplifting a pair of shoes. No appreciable uptick in album sales.

A.K.A.: Richard Shaw, Dr. Wolfgang Von Bushwickin the Barbarian Mother-Funky Stay High Dollar Billstir. **LOWDOWN:** In 1991 the three-foot-five member of the Geto Boys attacks his girlfriend after an Everclear bender and forces her to shoot him in the face with a .22-caliber pistol he placed in her hand. **AFTERMATH:** Blinded in right eye. Photo of Bushwick talking on cell phone while being wheeled through hospital by fellow Geto Boys becomes cover of the group's album *We Can't Be Stopped*.

A.K.A.: Curtis Jackson, 50. **LOWDOWN:** Shot multiple times in legs and once in jaw in 2000 while sitting in a parked car in Queens, New York. **AFTERMATH:** Out of the hospital in 13 days. Has hole in jaw and bullet fragment in tongue that give him distinct slur. Talks up the incident and earns major street cred by showing off bullet wounds to anyone who'll look. Signs with Eminem and insanely successful producer Dr. Dre, blows up with "In da Club," parties like it's his birthday.

Framed and Defamed

Onetime suspect Curtis Scoon conveys what it's like to be a wanted man

I knew Jam Master Jay and the other members of Run-DMC for most of my life. Jay was a good, decent man, and my heart goes out to his mother and his children. It's been falsely reported that I refused to be questioned by the police—as though this were somehow an indication of guilt—so I'll attempt to set the record straight.

I first heard about Jay from a friend around nine P.M. on the day of the murder. I turned on the radio and listened to Funkmaster Flex calling out all the fake wannabe thugs in the music industry. He accused them of believing their own hype and getting out of hand. I knew what he meant.

The next day a *New York Post* headline above Jay's picture read LOOKS LIKE A HIT. Apparently no one saw anything. Maybe it's just me, I thought, but if Jay were my relative, someone in that studio would have some serious explaining to do. The next day, Friday, I received word that the "streets were talking"—meaning my name had surfaced as a suspect. It got me upset, but I attributed the whispering to a small group of clowns I once knew in Hollis.

There was a time I hit the streets hard. I was brought up well and attended one of the best high schools in the city, but I still excelled at certain extracurricular activities and rubbed some neighborhood guys the wrong way. I have no one to blame for the choices I made. It was so long ago I never expected it to come back to haunt me. But later that evening TV and radio reports listed a man known only as Scoon as the prime suspect wanted for questioning.

I felt like I'd been shot.

It was the most surreal moment of my life, an episode of *The Twilight Zone* with me as the star. I was being set up. My survival instincts kicked in, and I contacted the best lawyer I could find: defense attorney Marvyn Kornberg. He told the police we'd be prepared to face them the following Monday. I barely ate over the weekend—when you grow up in Hollis you know that you don't want to use the toilet in a holding cell. On Monday morning I was floored again: My scheduled round of questioning had just been announced on TV news. An ominous feeling came over me as I put on two pairs of underwear and socks just in case things didn't go my way. Kornberg was

incensed by the leaks. At his office he said that we were no longer going in for questioning because it was a ploy to have my photo taken while entering the precinct. My picture or footage of me could then be run in the paper or on TV, maybe assisting those seeking to frame me. In a fiery mood, he called the precinct and admonished the police. Then he challenged them to charge me or forget about seeing me. He's a pit bull, and I was glad he was on my side.

We sat in his office for an hour, my life slowly ticking by. Finally the police called back to say they no longer wished to see me. He had forced them to show their hand, and it was empty.

On the way back to Brooklyn I tuned in to an all-news radio station. More bad news: Now I was being linked to a notorious cop killing in 1988. (I had written a screenplay about it that had landed on an executive's desk at Motown Records but was optioned by another producer.) This was getting ridiculous. Weeks later my name was still popping up in the press. To my surprise, a reprieve came from a most un-

expected source. Eric Adams, of 100 Blacks in Law Enforcement Who Care, an advocacy group of New York City cops, came forth publicly to voice his concern about how the investigation was being conducted. He pointed out that my life was probably being placed in jeopardy. Shortly afterward the media onslaught ceased. I am forever grateful to Adams for exhibiting common sense and prudence at a time when both were in short supply.

To say my life has changed since the killing is an understatement. The turmoil shed light on whom I could rely on during a very dark time.

I once bought into the notion that rap was teeming with real people from the street who operated under the same code of honor I did. Instead I found it's filled with guys who wouldn't last a minute on the street but are instead adept at mimicking and grossly exaggerating all aspects of inner-city culture. In their world the inability to carry a firearm or sell \$10 worth of crack without getting arrested is considered great promotion for an upcoming album. It's the only place where taking beatings and stabbings and being used as a clay pigeon causes people to fear you while also making you rich.



Jay was involved in arranging deals," Scoon maintains, "but nobody wants to talk about it because they don't want to tarnish his image. Jay kept a gun on him because he was in a lot of business disputes. He owed a lot of people money. He was so broke he was pawning his jewelry to drug dealers. Everybody loved Jay except the people he did business with."

In the middle of our chat, undercover detectives, seeing this OG reunion on the corner, drive by in an unwashed sedan to check us out. "Five-O, Five-O," the warning goes up, and we all trek back inside the barbershop.

Ten months later the questions surrounding Jay's death have only deepened. Detectives have admitted to the New York tabloids that their investigation has been stymied by the uncooperative attitude of Jay's friends in the studio. Nearly all the murder details have come into question. Various parts of the accepted scenario—Boe's haircut, Jay's gun, how the killers entered the studio—have been filtered through police leaks, conflicting tabloid accounts and sometimes contradictory sources. Either the security cameras were inoperable or the tape is missing. There is even confusion about the number of witnesses, who was actually in the studio and whether the gun Jay was said to be carrying was in fact a .380 (the description of the so-called studio gun). THE STREETS IS WATCHING, BUT NOBODY'S TALKING, blared MTV.com in an article about the stalled probe.

"It's bullshit to say that the street don't talk," scoffs Scoon. "The street always talks." Just not necessarily to law enforcement officials.

When Scoon ambles outside, whom should he see gliding down Hollis Avenue on luxury German wheels but Randy Allen, making one of his few brief appearances in the neighborhood since Jay's death. At first Scoon can hardly trust his eyes: Here is his nemesis, the man he believes put out the story that he shot the beloved rap icon. As Randy drives past in his Mercedes, Scoon fixes him with an icy stare. Randy looks at Scoon, incredulous.

October 30, 2002: Jahliek versus Boe

It's one hell of a convoluted tale, a story told by myriad street sources, some of whom are dangerous individuals with serious criminal records, many of whom have never before spoken to the press or the police. The drama unites some of the biggest names in hip-hop with a cast that ranges from street-level hustlers to big-time drug suppliers. The narrative reaches as far afield as the underworlds of the Midwest and

(continued on page 94)



"Now and then I pull this old circus trick out of my bag just to keep my legend alive."



THE GREAT 50th Anniversary

PLAYMATE HUNT

*A peek behind the
scenes of our search*

When a magazine starts life with Marilyn Monroe as its first Centerfold, it has quite a tradition to uphold. For 50 years Hef's vision of American beauty has put a smile on our faces and a boost in our steps. And these days Hef is worldwide. So we weren't surprised when he set out our mission for finding a woman worthy of the 50th Anniversary Playmate title: Scour the country, crisscross the planet, shoot for the moon. So we did. Consider these pages, full of beautiful women from all over the continent and beyond, our tasty travelogue. You'll have to wait until next month to see the winner, but here's a chance to meet some worthy candidates.



OPPOSITE PAGE: Just to make sure things were in order for the big anniversary search, Hef hosted an open-coll kickoff of the Monsoon. As you can see, the ratio was pretty good—nothing new for the Mon. Anyone up for a dip in the pool? THIS PAGE: We found Meogan Campbell, above, on our way through South Carolina, where she is a college student. She's into the visual arts, particularly painting, and also plays violin and piano. Angelo Miller, right, hangs her hat (and everything else) in California. In addition to tennis and lazy days at the beach, she likes a guy "who isn't afraid to be silly and let his guard down."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND
ARNY FREYTAG



THIS PAGE: Qiana Chase, above, is from California. Her favorite writer is Maya Angelou. And if you want her to put down a good book, keep this in mind: "I love sensual touching," she says. "It soothes and relaxes me while turning me on at the same time." New Yorker Ashley Massaro, right, is into extreme sports—these days she's learning to surf. OPPOSITE PAGE: Andrea Marin, top left, wants to work as a fitness trainer and nutritionist. Amber Mross, top right, is from Florida. She spends her free time outdoors, swimming, biking, jogging, in-line skating and playing badminton. Courtney Cuiquin, bottom right, is a college student from New York who says she'd like to join the FBI after she finishes school. Scarlett Keegan, bottom left, decided at the age of three that she wanted to act. She managed to realize that dream by the age of 12.







OF THE PAGE: Izabella Lukamska, 23, is a Canadian model who has opened her own agency to represent herself and other models she has signed. Not satisfied working in front of the camera, she opened her own agency to rep herself and other models she has signed. At bottom left is Tampa Bay Buccaneers fan Ashley Puida of Florida. Her ancestors are a mix of Puerto Rican, Irish, African, Lithuanian and Scottish. In the micro-miniskirt is Amanda Melissa, from California, who wants to open her own spa and salon. THIS PAGE: Here are the Satterfield triplets, Sarah, Vicki and Rachel, from Ohio. They're a playful bunch, and between their pranks and our excitement, we're not sure which girl is which. We're not even sure they know. Below them is Jacqueline McKinnon, a college horticulture student from Vancouver. She's blossomed quite nicely.





THIS PAGE: In addition to cheerleading in high school, California girl Jennifer Pankratz, left, was class president for two years. Representing the heartland is J'Tia Taylor, top, a graduate student in nuclear engineering who lives in Illinois. Our search team discovered Hiromi Oshima, above, in Miami, but she was born in Tokyo. She's certified to teach Japanese. OPPOSITE PAGE: Yvonne Black, top left, who speaks fluent Czech, says she always dreamed of being a popular cheerleader type in high school but was just a tomboy—though not for lack of spirit, obviously. Amber Campisi, right, is from Dallas. Jack Ruby was a regular at her family's restaurant, which Amber plans to take over, and ate there the night before he shot Lee Harvey Oswald. Showing off her jean jacket is Amy Robinson, bottom left, a fashion and graphic design student from California. "I can make any awkward situation fun," she says. We believe her.







OPPOSITE PAGE: Aliya Wolf, top, whom we found at a Jillian's Playmate search event, hails from Texas and is a former Miss Houston and Stor Search spokesmodel. She also owns her own Harley-Davidson. If French Canadian Chontal Vochon, bottom left, drops by your apartment, be sure to have some vanilla bubble bath on hand. Roxonne Siordia, bottom right, is the product of Colifomication between families of Italian, Mexican, Swedish and Polish backgrounds. THIS PAGE: Kimberly Holland, above, is studying toward a marketing degree at the University of Houston. Meagan Radelat, below, is a bayou babe from Louisiana. At right, Illinois's Melissa McGlone likes to kick back by goin' fishin'. We're hooked.



CONTINUE YOUR SEARCH FOR
THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

JAM MASTER JAY (continued from page 82)

A perturbed Jay demanded his money. "I need to get my cheese," he insisted angrily.

Baltimore. But in the end, it all comes back to Hollis.

In 1987 Jay moved to nearby Parkside Hills, to a three-story house with wrought iron gates, ornamental trees and a carriage lamp in the front garden, but he always kept one foot in the streets of Hollis. It was where his inspiration came from.

The Bronx may be the Mecca of hip-hop, but a strong case can be made that Hollis and the surrounding neighborhoods are rap music's Medina. A 30-minute train ride from Manhattan, this tight-knit neighborhood of modest single-family homes has raised an extraordinary number of rap's movers and shakers; it's where hip-hop pioneer Russell Simmons, older brother of Joseph "Run" Simmons, got his start dealing weed at the local high school. In addition to Simmons and Run-DMC, rap heavies from Hollis and the nearby environs of Jamaica and St. Albans include LL Cool J, A Tribe Called Quest, 50 Cent, Ja Rule and local radio personality Ed Lover. Hollis is also the birthplace of Irv Gotti (a.k.a. Irving Lorenzo), founder of the rap label Murder Inc. (which bills itself as "the world's most dangerous record company"). Gotti grew up several blocks from Jay, who taught the young Irving how to deejay. Gotti too is suffering from his association with street toughs, and his label is currently the subject of an FBI probe.

Tension between lower-middle-class respectability and the siren call of the streets characterizes life in the neighborhood—a decent address before white flight in the 1970s and crack cocaine in the early 1980s turned the prosperous and racially integrated community into a suburban ghetto. During the day Hollis has a village vibe, like a place where everybody either is related to or knows everybody else, and strangers draw perplexed stares. But at night respectable residents retreat indoors. Outside it's guns, drugs and crime.

Within hours of Jay's death, mourners gather on 203rd Street, outside the house where Jay grew up. His sister, Bonita, lives there now. A friend of Bonita's named Jahliek, who regularly crashes on her couch, hears a commotion outside and investigates. According to Jahliek—a tall, thin man with cornrows—he finds Bonita's son Boe Skagz shouting at the crowd clustered

in the light of the street lamps and the shadows of nearby trees. Boe sees him, he says, and then attacks him, cracking him over the head with a gun and leaving a serious gash. "He was angry," says Jahliek. "Later he apologized. He said he was upset because certain people had told him a bunch of bullshit that I was affiliated with his uncle's murder." Instead of going to the hospital and attracting the police, Jahliek uses Krazy Glue to close the wound. "I wasn't going to make a fuss, so I doctored myself," he says. Aversion to fuss is common in Hollis—just ask the cops.

NOVEMBER 5, 2002: REQUIEM FOR A DJ

Police cruisers block off several Jamaica streets. Throngs of onlookers pack the sidewalks and press against barricades as an NYPD helicopter hovers overhead. Plainclothes officers shoot video from rooftops and take photos as stretch limos disgorge hip-hop dignitaries: LL Cool J, Queen Latifah, Kurtis Blow, Foxy Brown, Chuck D, Russell Simmons, the Beastie Boys, P. Diddy and Grandmaster Flash. A glass-covered carriage pulled by four white horses comes down Merrick Boulevard.

Jam Master Jay's funeral is a grand and sober affair, not unlike a statesman's. Fans, family and friends pack the Greater Allen Cathedral in Queens, where some 2,000 mourners hold their hands aloft and bow their heads in prayer. Church ladies dressed in white robes dispense tissues and water to the crying masses.

Funeral wreaths, including a floral arrangement in the shape of twin turntables, adorn the altar. Pallbearers wear black fedoras, leather jackets and unlaced shell-toe Adidas—the look Jay invented for Run-DMC. According to witnesses, Lydia High, who was in the studio the night Jay was murdered, barges to the front row—traditionally reserved for family members—and tries to sit with Jay's mother, Connie Mizell. Mizell tells her to sit at the back with her brother, Randy Allen, who, the story goes, has arrived at the funeral accompanied by a bodyguard. Randy greets a guest and gasps, "I can hardly breathe. I've got to get out of here." (As Lydia leaves the service, witnesses say, she is picked up by NYPD detectives from the 103rd Precinct and whisked away to be questioned again.)

From the pulpit Darryl McDaniels,

a.k.a. DMC, fights back tears and eulogizes his friend: "Jam Master Jay was not a thug. Jam Master Jay was not a gangster. He was the personification, the embodiment, of hip-hop."

OCTOBER 2002: A HOLIDAY WITH SHAKE

In the week before his murder Jam Master Jay spent four days with his friend Eric "Shake" James at Shake's bachelor pad, an unremarkable aluminum-sided house in a Milwaukee suburb. It was a personal visit. "We were just popping shit and hanging out," says Shake. Jay seemed relieved to be out of Hollis. He was reluctant to go home but had to be in Queens to put the finishing touches on Rusty Waters' debut album. Afterward Jay was to travel to D.C. to spin during halftime at a Wizards-Celtics basketball game.

"Jay told me he was going through some problems," Shake says. "It was regular everyday bullshit. People owed him money."

Jay also told Shake about a recent incident in Jay's studio involving an acquaintance named Goldie. Goldie allegedly owed Jay money from some sort of fishy business arrangement. When Goldie walked into the studio sporting a new set of clothes, a perturbed Jay demanded his money. "I need to get my cheese," he insisted. Goldie thought Jay wasn't serious and laughed off the request. Jay whipped out a .45 automatic and waved it in Goldie's face. "I was shocked when Jay told me that," says Shake.

Except for a brief trip to Chicago to see 50 Cent at the House of Blues, Jay and Shake spent most of their time together in the living room, playing an NFL video game. Jay loved games and would sometimes play for 24 hours at a stretch. After playing awhile, he turned to Shake and said, "I ain't going home. I'm happy out here." The memory pains Shake. "He kept saying that he'd rather stay in Milwaukee and chill," he says. "But I kept telling him that he had to go home and take care of business."

While Jay was there the mother of rapper Mos Def called and asked Jay to write the music for an upcoming play she and her son were producing. To Shake it seemed that Jay's career must be booming again, but his street-regal exterior masked his worrisome involvement in numerous beefs. "Randy is taking my money, man," Jay told Shake. "I'm glad that Rusty Waters is signed to Virgin. I'm happy that Randy is finally out of my pocket."

"Jay didn't suspect Randy was stealing from him," says Shake. "He knew Randy was stealing from him. It had been going on for a while."

(continued on page 194)



"I suggest you come home with me. I'm not nearly so difficult to satisfy."

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

**MAX OUT THOSE CARDS ON THE
FINEST STUFF ON THE PLANET**


Way back in 1954, Fender released the first Stratocaster, arguably the finest electric ax ever made. To celebrate its 50th birthday, the Fender Custom Shop is releasing a limited-run replica (price to be determined). Talent not included.



Your silver bullet, sir, served in a Michael C. Fina "bubbles" martini glass (\$100), with a sterling silver olive pick by Janet Torelli (\$85 a pair).

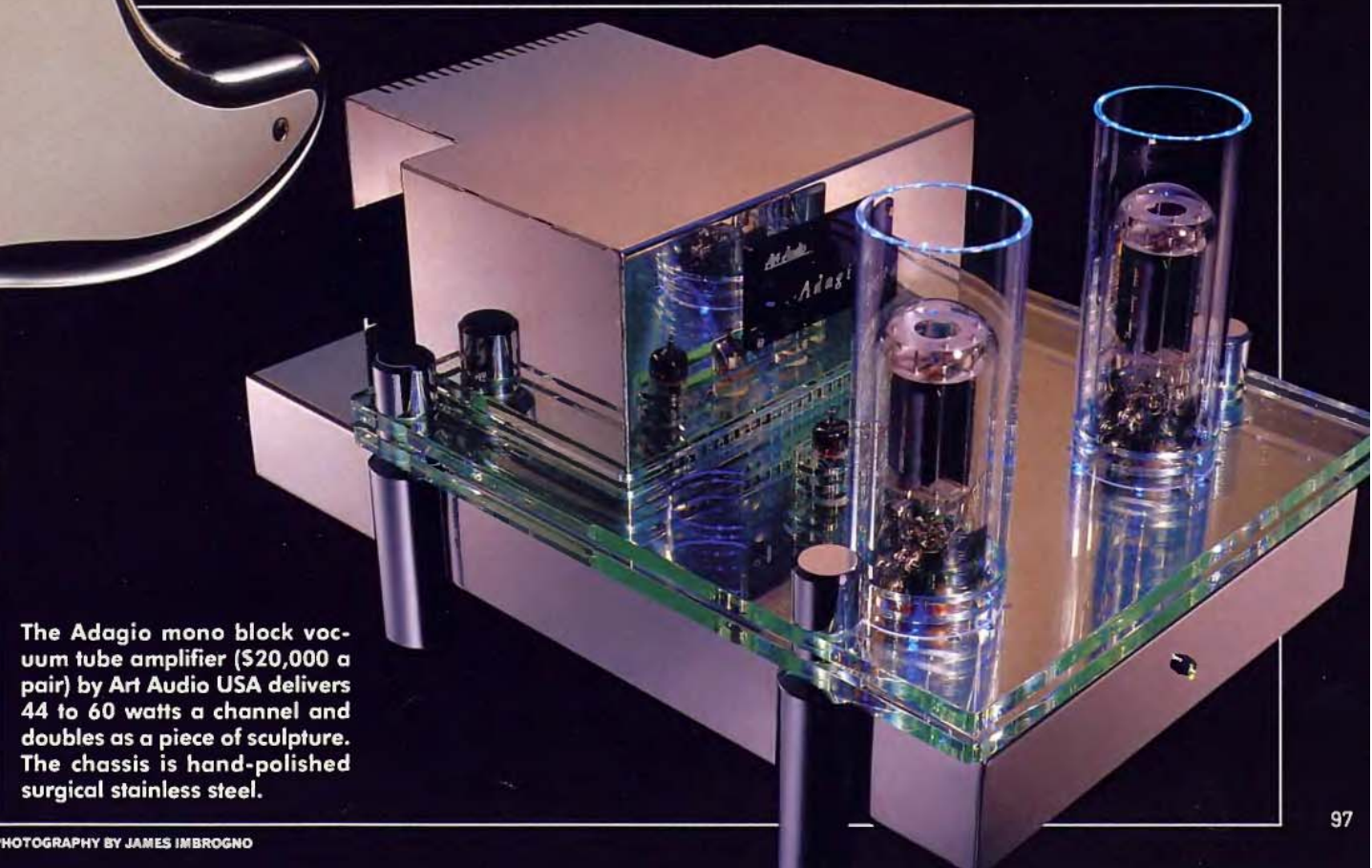


With one-button function select, Leica's D-Lux digital camera (\$820) is great for shooting from the hip. The zoom is 3X.

A Dunhill sterling silver bulldog cuff link is positioned at the top of the page, resting on a white electric guitar. The cuff link is highly detailed, showing the bulldog's face and texture. The guitar has a light-colored body and a maple fretboard. Below the cuff link, a Shohei motorcycle helmet is shown. The helmet is black with vibrant red, yellow, and blue flame-like graphics. The brand name 'SHOEI' is visible on the side in a white oval. The helmet's visor is clear and slightly tinted.

Dunhill sterling silver bull-
dog cuff links (\$270 a pair):
Women love guys with pets.

Shoei's racer-replico X-Eleven
motorcycle helmets are the
company's most technically
advanced. Shown here is the
Norick 5 model (\$660).

The Adagio mono block vacuum tube amplifier is a hand-polished surgical stainless steel unit. It features a clear acrylic faceplate that reveals the internal vacuum tube sockets and wiring. The amplifier is mounted on a base with four adjustable feet. The overall design is minimalist and modern, combining functionality with high-end aesthetics.

The Adagio mono block vac-
uum tube amplifier (\$20,000 a
pair) by Art Audio USA delivers
44 to 60 watts a channel and
doubles as a piece of sculpture.
The chassis is hand-polished
surgical stainless steel.



This Zippo's shot-blasted titanium case (\$98) picks up natural oils when handled, so each gets a unique sweat-burnished look. Slick, huh?

Until you've had knockout sex on a 5½-foot boxing glove, you haven't lived. De Sede's boxing-glove chair (\$9,800 to \$12,900) is available in three grades of leather; the lacing eyelets are solid brass. A southpaw version is also available. Don't ask why.



With a digital spread spectrum of 5.8 gigahertz, Uniden's new cordless phones are the most powerful ever (translation: a stronger signal with fewer dropouts and less interference). Pictured here is the TRU 5885-2 dual-handset system (about \$200) with digital answering machine, caller ID and other goodies.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE



To commemorate Bentley's return to Le Mans racing after 73 years, Breitling has created this self-winding, 38-jewel Bentley Le Mans chronograph in a limited edition of 1,000 (\$5,745 with a crocodile band).



Memoir Motorbikes has created a James Dean limited-edition Spyder motorized bike (\$6,000) in honor of Dean's "Little Bastard," the Porsche Spyder in which he died in 1955. The steel frame is hand-painted in the same colors (silver with red accents) and bears Dean's racing number, 130. The thing can hit 30 miles per hour. Judging from history, we recommend a helmet.



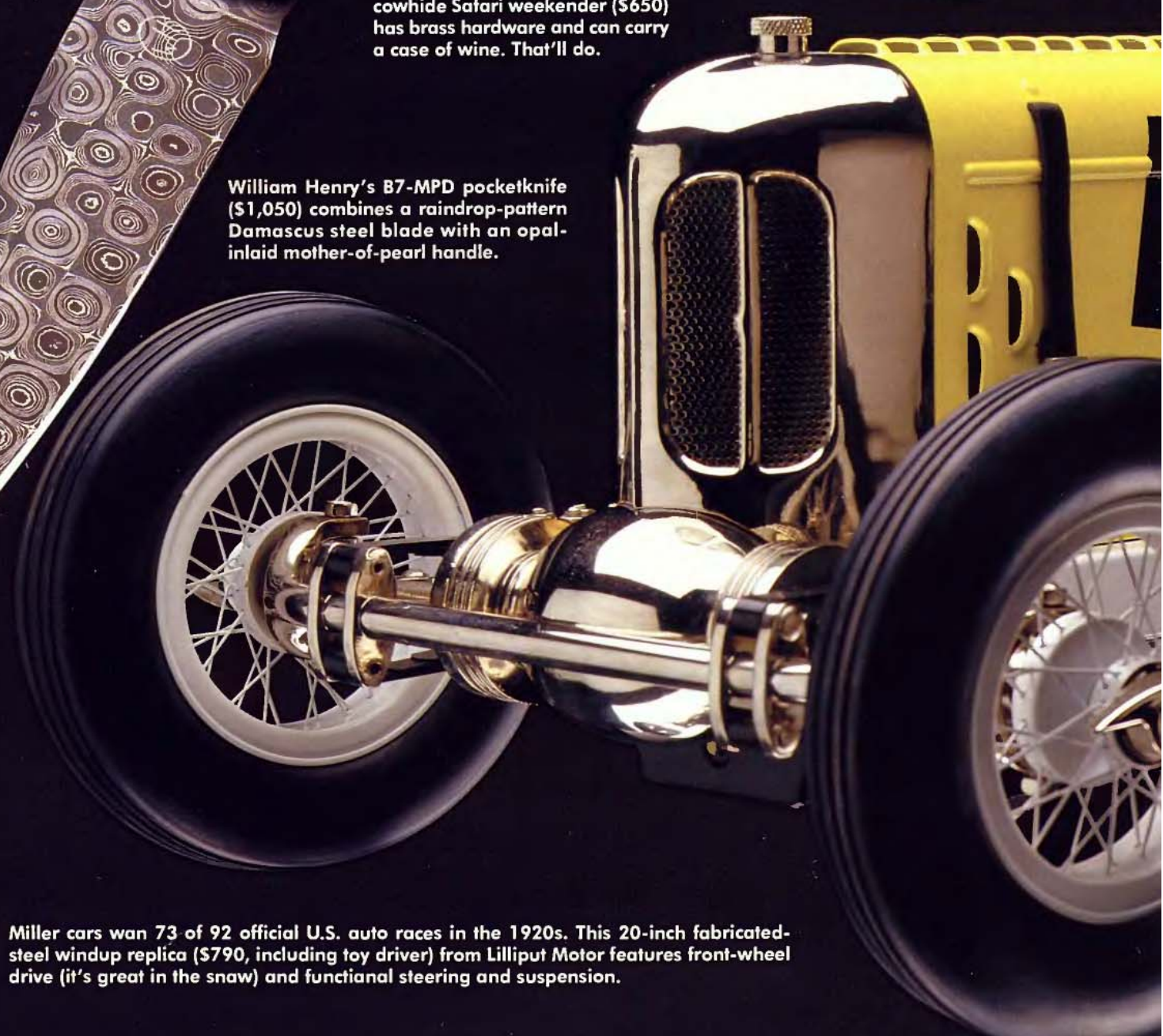
Sony Ericsson's HBM-30 MP3 player (\$300) wirelessly synchs with your cell phone. Need to call yo' mama? It turns into a phone, complete with caller ID.



Bellatoff Luxury Leathergoods' cowhide Safari weekender (\$650) has brass hardware and can carry a case of wine. That'll do.



William Henry's B7-MPD pocketknife (\$1,050) combines a raindrop-pattern Damascus steel blade with an opal-inlaid mother-of-pearl handle.



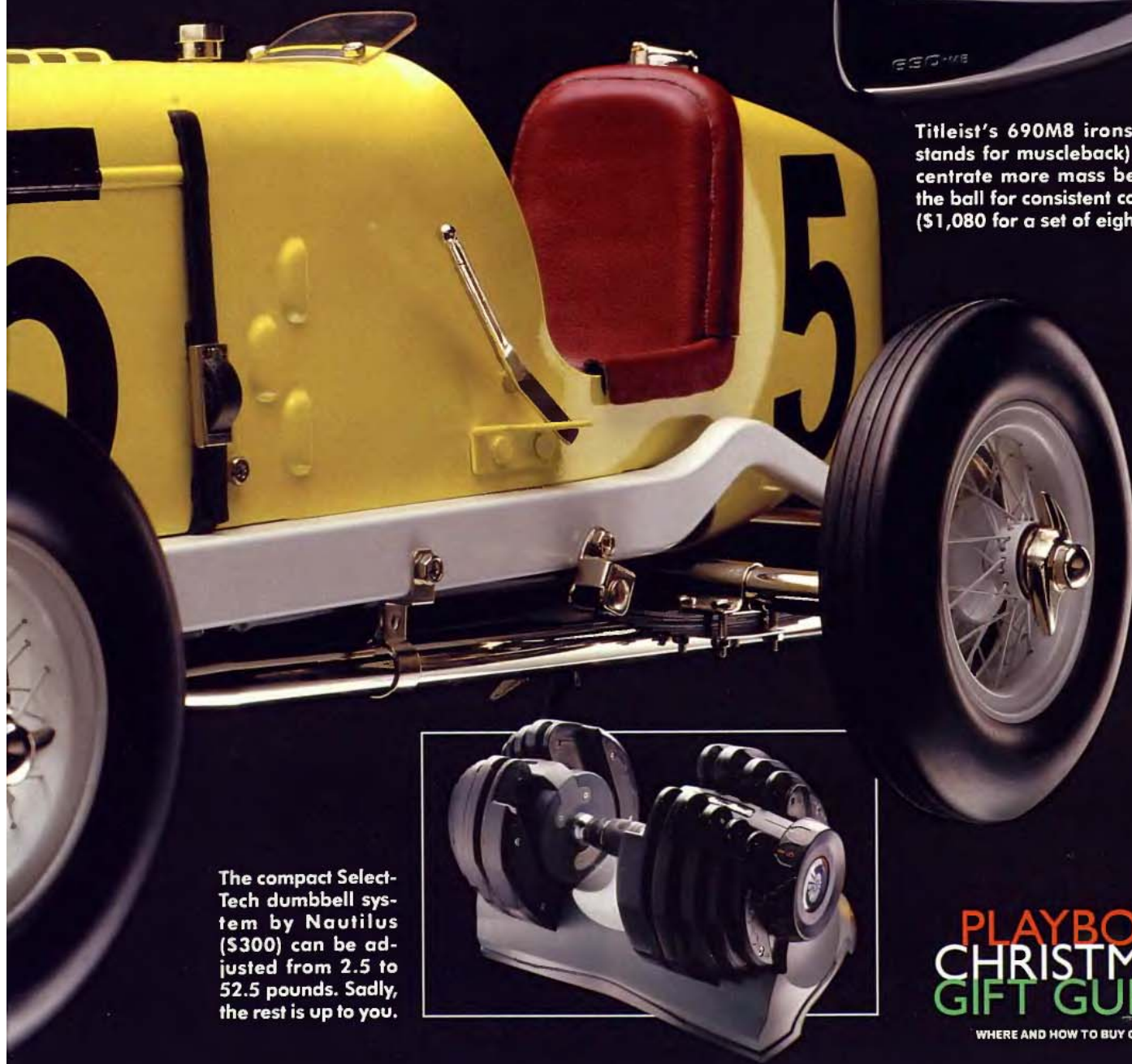
Miller cars won 73 of 92 official U.S. auto races in the 1920s. This 20-inch fabricated-steel windup replica (\$790, including toy driver) from Lilliput Motor features front-wheel drive (it's great in the snow) and functional steering and suspension.



For a (relatively) diminutive price, Proton's new LT-181 HDTV-ready tube (\$1,200) would make a fine addition anywhere in your home (except the bathtub). The 18-inch LCD screen features 1,280 x 1,024 resolution and antiglare coating for superhigh-contrast images. The set is just four inches deep and has integrated stereo speakers.



Titleist's 690M8 irons (M8 stands for muscleback) concentrate more mass behind the ball for consistent control (\$1,080 for a set of eight).



The compact Select-Tech dumbbell system by Nautilus (\$300) can be adjusted from 2.5 to 52.5 pounds. Sadly, the rest is up to you.



PLAYBOY'S
CHRISTMAS
GIFT GUIDE

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 204.

Olathe

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT: HE TOOK A BEATING. SHE TOOK THE REST



Unwise the boast that had me with my back against the bar, elbows hooking it, shoulders sore from my weight slung between. The line of waiting men was long. They were laughing, the men, pretending it was all in good fun, like my boast had been, but when each stepped up to face me his jaw would set and his eyes would narrow and he meant for his punch to hurt, to disarrange my innards, to rupture something even and send the juices of one organ slurping onto

the next. Each man would look into my eyes as he struck, wanting to drink in my pain. I fixed my mouth in a smile of unconcern but the smile grew tighter and tighter and finally froze into something desperate. With each blow my eyes became more wet. One jarring punch brimmed them, and there was a trickle down one cheek and then both. The next man in line stepped up laughing, ha-ha-ha, a Wall Street sort, tie flopped back over one shoulder as if he were a Kennedy, shirtsleeves rolled on forearms gym-toned and sprouting sun-bleached hair, and the man, the horrible man, drew back his blond-knuckled fist and clenched his teeth.

•

I was lying at the foot of the bar, weeping, my dress shirt sopping floorbeer. My weight pressed against



the cold stone tile, and my belly was a hive of pain. The bar was quiet now, though not yet closed. High heels tapped across the floor. They stopped before my face.

I hauled myself to my feet and slid sniveling onto a stool. The woman looked at me and drew on a cigarette which made a gently sticking sound as her mouth disengaged, printing dark red lipstick onto its filter. She was pale and thin and a dusting of rouge shadowed high cheekbones, and she exhaled.

"You are interesting," she said. She had an accent—from where, I couldn't know. "You are not stupid, like those other men." She again brought the cigarette to her lips, sucked, and separated, the tack of lipstick once more tugging at her lip. "Or perhaps," her brow briefly furrowed, "yes, as stupid, but—different. You have ideas," one hand vaguely waved, its cigarette tucked in the V of gloved fingers, "ideas that come from a different place. 'You could all sock me; I have the hardest abdomen in the state'—who says this? What sort of man?" She took another puff. "I am Olath," she said. This is where she would have smiled, were she ever to, and she did not.

In the cab she looked sometimes at me, sometimes at the street, her expression the same. She did not speak and I did not. I looked at her, framed by the window on which rain smeared city lights.

The apartment lobby was grand and empty, and in it a wizened man in an

ornate uniform sat like an old generalissimo behind a spreading doorman's desk. Olath passed him without a nod; I trailed her like a dog. The elevator sucked us quickly to a high floor, settling with a motion that curled something deep in me. The elevator gave onto a hallway that hummed faintly and our footfalls on its carpet were soft but distinct like mountain climbers' on glittering snow. Her key clicked in a lock and her apartment showed distant lights through large windows and had modern furniture, some of it covered in leather, some in fabrics simple yet fine.

"This is a beautiful apartment," I said thickly.

"I have the use of it," she said.

I felt worn and swaddled in stink. She would not, however, let me wash; she accepted the human body as it was. She helped me off with my shirt—it was hard for me to shrug or twist. "I do not make love in the American way," she said.

She moved as if the earth were sea. She looked into my eyes as if feeding from them. Once she said a word, a foreign word, hard to hear as clamor rose inside my head. My eyes flooded and again I wept, and she watched, eyes narrowed. Olath watched me, pinned and struggling, and I wept.

It was three weeks before I could do sit-ups again. Four weeks after that I once again saw Olath. It wouldn't have happened except by accident: On the night I had spent with her, when all had been empty and still, I had asked if

I should leave my number and she had looked at me and said nothing, and I knew this was not yes.

But I saw her. I was walking one day and she was there, on the street. She walked ahead with a man, a tall man who wore a cape. This is something you will not often see. They were deep in conversation. "Olath!" I called as I trotted to catch up, and its horn blared as a cab scooped my legs from under me. My shoulder slammed the hood and my head snapped against the windshield. The cab was braking. I was in the air. I was on the ground.

I was facedown. So far, nothing hurt. Now I felt something tickle on my scalp. Blood dripped from my face to the pavement. Now my chest hurt. Something inside had been bent the wrong way. My legs did not hurt: I did not feel them.

There were voices:

"Has anyone called? Has someone called?"

"Buddy? Are you all right?"

"Did you see? Did you see?"

"He ran in front."

Somebody grabbed me by the shoulder and roughly pulled. Inside me, things poked each other like rusty springs. It was hard to breathe. I was being rolled onto my back. It was Olath.

Another woman said, "You're not supposed to do that. Move them."

Olath gazed down. "I am a doctor." This was not, so far as I knew, the case. The man in the cape, next to her, frowned with distant curiosity. He had a long nose. His head was drawn back and cocked at an angle that can be attained only by the highest foreign nobility.

"He ran in front." A turbaned man said this: the cabbie.

"I saw it, yes," someone said.

My breath was bubbly.

"He must be moved onto the sidewalk," said Olath. She stooped, and I felt my ankles grabbed. She was strong. She dragged my body across the gutter and up, my head bumping along behind. My insides were torn. I would have screamed had I the breath.

"You're not supposed to do that," said the woman who was against moving me.

"Foolish man." Olath was looking at me. "Foolish man," she said.

"Excuse me, Miss?"

"She's talking to the fucked-up guy."

"They know each other?"

Olath looked down. So did the people. They looked at me. I looked at them. I heard the siren. By the time the ambulance pulled up all they could do was cart off my body, my poor battered body. I am no longer there. Olath has me. I don't know where she has me. Europe, perhaps. It is not a place I know.





"Thou shalt not value thy gifts by their cost, but this was 'buy one, get one free.'"

SEX

{ in CINEMA 2003 }

~ FROM HOLLYWOOD BLOCKBUSTERS TO FOREIGN ART FILMS, THESE MOVIES OFFERED FRESH ANGLES ON SILVER SCREEN SEX THIS YEAR. HERE'S YOUR FRONT-ROW SEAT~

WE LIVE IN AN AGE when digital imagery can generate everything from a single fantastical creature to an entire army on the big screen. But our favorite movie special effects are still blessedly low-tech—a tantalizing glimpse of female nudity, a supercharged sex scene, a beautiful actress who knows how to make love to the camera. This year, the sight of Salma Hayek in a sapphic embrace in *Frida* or Jennifer Garner in her come-hither *Daredevil* catsuit held our attention better than any moody green monster or aging cyborg. It was a year in which *Charlie's Angels* delivered another tease, while top actresses from Jennifer Aniston (*The Good Girl*) to Meg Ryan (*In the Cut*) were confident enough to take on more explicit content (something to be congratulated for when movie nudity can be ogled frame by frozen frame on DVD and posted worldwide on the Internet). Smaller movies continued to be in the vanguard, rewarding art house goers with discoveries such as sultry Paz Vega's uninhibited escapades in *Sex and Lucia*. And we're still waiting to see if the most infamous sex scene on this year's festival circuit—Chloë Sevigny giving Vincent Gallo a graphic, marathon blow job in *The Brown Bunny*—will ever be seen in our neighborhood. Whether they're gratuitous or strictly germane to the plot, we applaud all these scenes for putting the sin in cinema.



Director Brian De Palma has always exhibited a fascination with voyeurism. His noir thriller *Femme Fatale* rewarded fans with this view of Rebecca Romijn-Stamos.



IRREVERSIBLE At one end of this French drama is a sex scene with Monica Bellucci and husband Vincent Cassel (above). At the other is a depiction of rape that created great controversy.

CHARLIE'S ANGELS: FULL THROTTLE Drew, Lucy and Cameron (below left) don't need to hunt down the bad guys. When you bump and grind as Pussycat Dolls, they come to you.

OLD SCHOOL The sight of Will Ferrell streaking in this comedy about guys reliving frat glory is funny stuff, but we prefer the game gals who compete in a K-Y jelly wrestling match.





KEN PARK Screenwriter Harmony Korine continues to explore fringe sexuality, this time among skateboarders. Above, James Bullard performs a neck-risking exploration of his own.

TWO WEEKS NOTICE There's something titillating about this compromising moment from the Sandra Bullock-Hugh Grant chick flick. But she can't quite put her finger on it.

THE CRIME OF FATHER AMARO Even without subtitles we'd understand why a young Mexican priest (Gael García Bernal) is tempted by this devoted member of his flock.





CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS MIND *Gong Show* creator Chuck Barris, played by Sam Rockwell, claims to be a CIA assassin. Julia Roberts doesn't look impressed.



COLD MOUNTAIN In this adaptation of Charles Frazier's novel, Civil War vet Jude Law could use a warm bath. Backwoods babe Taryn Manning is happy to lend a hand.



FRIDA Salma Hayek knew how to earn an Oscar nomination for a biopic of sexually adventurous Mexican painter Frida Kahlo. First, lip-lock Ashley Judd. Then, unveil the kind of beauty that would shame any work on canvas.

MY WIFE IS AN ACTRESS How does a French starlet overcome nude-scene jitters? By demanding that the entire movie crew express its fraternity by stripping down too (below).

DANGEROUS INVITATIONS In this Playboy film, vacationing couple Glen Meadows and Beverly Lynne expand their horizons by asking Shauna O'Brien to join in a threesome.



“You don’t have to lick my ass, just fuck me.” —*Femme Fatale*



FEMME FATALE We'd need to watch this De Palma thriller several times to keep track of all the plot twists and witness sleek thief Romijn-Stamos strip a bejeweled supermodel and perform a striptease on a pool table for co-star

HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER

~IF GORGEOUS WOMEN in movies insist on wearing some clothing, we support the latest costume trend: bondage-inspired skintight outfits that are as ready for action as we are.~



Clockwise from top left: Jennifer Garner kept big secrets as *Daredevil*'s love interest, but her costume didn't hide much; Carrie-Anne Moss had sci-fi fans lining up to enter *The Matrix Reloaded*; Kate Beckinsale made us howl at the moon as *Underworld*'s werewolf-hunting vampire; Kristanna Loken was an indestructible cyborg sent from the future to destroy humanity in *T3*, so it was only right that she dressed to kill.



AMERICAN WEDDING Stifler (Seann William Scott) wasn't the *American Pie* groom, but he did propose a union with bachelor-party favor Officer Krystal, a.k.a. Nikki Ziering.

BIRTHDAY GIRL As a Russian mail-order bride, Nicole Kidman uses her skills between the sheets to steal her husband's money. When he gets wise, she's fit to be tied.



“Sex for dinner, death for breakfast.” —*Die Another Day*



switched identities. And if that means we again must Antonio Banderas, so be it.



DIE ANOTHER DAY The 20th Bond movie is packed with sly nods to the franchise's past. It's also packed with new Bond babes, including Halle Berry and 23-year-old Rosamund Pike, shown above doing her bit for crown and country with Pierce Brosnan.

THE SEX SUBSTITUTE 2 When a screenwriter becomes a house-sitter in this Playboy movie, the house just happens to be a sexual-awareness retreat. At left, Cara Jo Basso and Georgia Adair enjoy some room service.



KILLING ME SOFTLY In this S&M-themed thriller, Heather Graham allows Joseph Fiennes to: (a) bed her right away, (b) strip her in a cemetery, (c) take her breath away during sex. Luckily, the answer is (d) all of the above.



LAUREL CANYON Tanned and toned Frances McDormand plays a music producer who smokes pot, shags rockers and swaps spit with her son's fiancée, Kate Beckinsale (far left). Toto, we have a feeling we're not in *Fargo* anymore.

ABOUT SCHMIDT Attention, all nubile, uptight Hollywood actresses: If 54-year-old Oscar winner Kathy Bates can strip down for a daring nude scene (near left, getting into hot water with a surprised Jack Nicholson), then so can you.



THE REAL CANCUN The trash-reality genre rides the wave to the big screen (left), following college students through cherished spring-break traditions: wet T-shirt contests, binge drinking and indiscriminate hooking up.

SEXY MOVIE When Playboy makes a romantic comedy, don't expect the characters to wait till the end to get together. Above, G. Alan Harris, a guy with plenty of get-rich-quick schemes, gets something else from Katie Lohman.



SEX AND LUCÍA A young woman (gorgeous Spanish actress Paz Vega, above, far right) mourning the death of her lover travels to a sun-and-sex-drenched island. Since this is a European art house film, she doesn't bring much clothing.



BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE Steve Martin and Queen Latifah mine racial comedy for big laughs, and none are bigger than when she tries to teach him some new seduction tricks.

THE GOOD GIRL Jennifer Aniston ventures far from *Friends* territory in this small, funny film about a bored store clerk who has an affair with co-worker Jake Gyllenhaal (below).

JUST MARRIED Brittany Murphy and Ashton Kutcher (above) are honeymooners who spend more time arguing than consummating. Maybe Ashton just needed an older woman.

SOLARIS Even George Clooney's bare butt could not save Steven Soderbergh's sci-fi mood piece at the box office. But we have noticed women adding it to their DVD collections.





CITY OF GOD Two boys grow up in the violent slums of Rio de Janeiro, one to become a sensitive photographer, the other a ruthless gang boss who runs the sex-soaked city. Guess which one has a penchant for orgies?

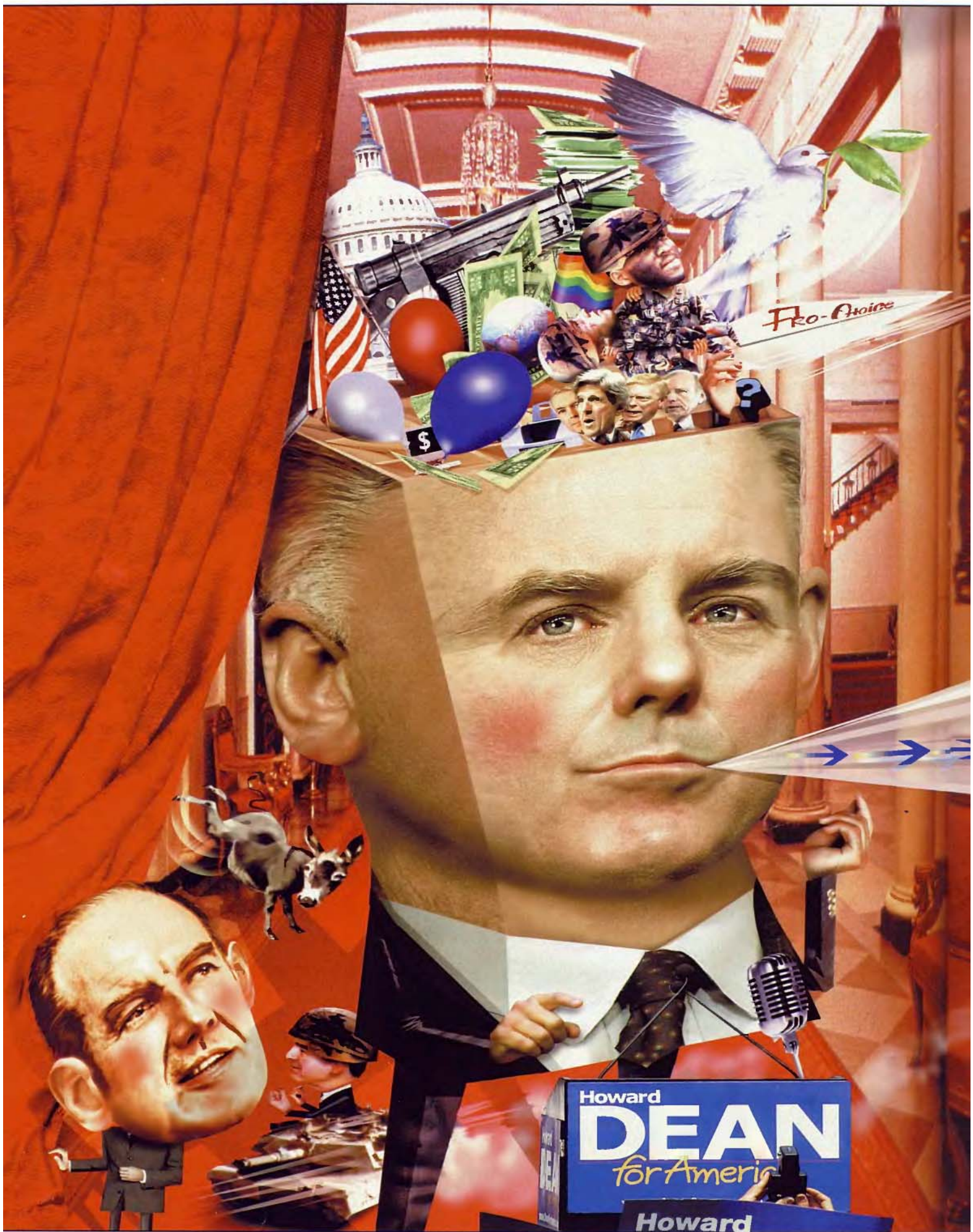
ONE HOUR PHOTO Fans had never seen Robin Williams like this, playing a photo-lab employee (top right) whose obsession with a suburban family takes him to the edge to get a close-up of the husband's dalliance with another woman.

8 MILE The hottest sex scene of the year that didn't feature nudity had to be Eminem and Brittany Murphy's loading-dock quickie (right), in which she improvises some lube to get things rolling. Hmm, what word could Em rhyme with "lick"?



CABIN FEVER Horror movies have long tried to convince audiences that sex and frightening ends go hand in hook. Luckily, attractive young couples isolated in the deep, dark woods still do what comes naturally. Here, Cerina Vincent and Joey Kern tempt the flick's flesh-eating monster, as well as moviegoers paired off in the back row.





WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT PEACE, LOVE AND HOWARD DEAN ?

Decried by both parties as a liberal lost cause, does Dean stand a chance? A former nominee dissects the doctor

{ by George McGovern }

How did the comparatively unknown governor of a tiny New England state energize tens of thousands of supporters at the neighborhood level—supporters who will talk to their friends, distribute campaign literature and write small checks from now until the 2004 nomination is decided? How did Howard Dean manage to capture front-runner status long before the traditional date for declaring one's candidacy? And how is it that his own party has tagged him as too liberal to win it all?

I think Governor Dean has come this far in considerable part because his listeners get straight talk from him, with no baloney. Dean speaks without a lot of oratorical gyrations, table pounding or yelling. And he exudes common sense and an old-fashioned honesty. When Dean tells his audience that Bush's tax cut is largely for the rich, that it will lead to a higher national debt burden and less funding for education, health care and the environment, people believe him. Why? Because it is the truth. How do they know it is the truth? Because truth telling is not a political strategy; it is the habit of a lifetime.

Yet Dean's conservative to moderately liberal record has not kept the Democratic Leadership Council from issuing grave warnings that Dean is too far to the left to make it to the White House. The council is happier with a candidate who mimics Ronald Reagan or George W. Bush than with a Ted Kennedy, Dianne Feinstein, John Lewis, Nancy Pelosi—or Howard Dean. The DLC will never oppose a war, no matter how ill-ad-

vised and self-defeating it may be. The DLC regards the Pentagon budget as too sacred to touch, no matter how wasteful it may be. DLCers have never seen an arms buildup they didn't like or welfare assistance they did. They would have been arrayed in all their righteousness against Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, Harry Truman's Fair Deal, John Kennedy's New Frontier and Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. Needless to say, they regard my views as too radical even to mention except to curse them.

Howard Dean doesn't need any advice from me, although he is the only presidential contender who has sought it. I have been present only once to see and hear the Democratic aspirants for the presidential nomination, at the State Democratic Rural Conference in Lake Placid, New York. In terms of stage presence and audience reaction at this one event, I would have to give the nod to Senator John Kerry. But Dean also came across well. When he finished, Dean asked me to meet with him privately. He plied me with questions about how I thought he was doing. I told him he seemed to be doing fine and offered only one real bit of advice: Beware of excessive fatigue. That's sometimes the cause of political gaffes. The late senator Barry Goldwater once told me he came out against Social Security in St. Petersburg, Florida late in his 1964 campaign against President Lyndon Johnson because he was furious with his staff for scheduling a late-night rally when he was at the point of exhaustion. In a doubtful display of logic, Goldwater told me he was trying to punish his "damn staff" with this shocking attack on the program.

If I had felt qualified to advise Governor Dean, I would have urged him to stay with his current strategy: The way to beat George Bush is not to be like him. Dean should also hang on to his effective tagline, "I represent the Democratic wing of the Democratic Party."

Some critics have warned that although Dean has emerged as a potential winner of the nomination, he has left the mainstream to court liberal activists and will thus lose heavily in the general election against President Bush, just as I did against President Richard Nixon 31 years ago. My first thought is to hope that such comparisons don't damage Dean's chances for the nomination. Governor, if you decide to disown me I'll understand. My own take is that similarities exist between Howard Dean and me as public figures and in the nature of our campaigns—but there are differences. Major ones.

MUDDLE IN THE MIDDLE

In 1972 I won the nomination, something that almost no one thought possible, from a field of 17 candidates that included Ed Muskie, Hubert Humphrey, Henry Jackson and George Wallace. President Nixon then snowed me under in the fall in an election I now think no one but he could have won. The conventional wisdom is that my opposition to the Vietnam war, along with other "radical" views, may have won the nomination but sealed my fate against Nixon. And so, the thinking goes, Howard Dean's opposition to the invasion of Iraq and to the Bush tax cut for the rich would seal his fate in a contest with George W.

If Dean wins the nomination, he will do so because he represents the views of rank-and-file Democrats voting in caucuses and primaries. Just as most Democrats

would not have supported a Democratic presidential candidate in 1972 who was not forcefully against the foolish and tragic war in Vietnam, we could not support a Democrat for the 2004 nomination who is not opposed to our equally foolish invasion of Iraq. In my opinion Dean's steadfast resistance to the invasion is his most telling campaign weapon in the nomination effort. To Dean campaigners who face criticism of his opposition to the Iraq war, I can only say: You know that your candidate has a position paper on all the issues. But giving first priority to the great issues of war and peace is not a mark against anyone who aspires to the Oval Office.

It may be dangerous to seek a Democratic presiden-

tial nomination as a liberal; it is fatal to do so as a non-liberal centrist. Any candidate coveting the Democratic nomination had better not be caught dawdling in the middle of the road—unless he is as nimble, attractive, charismatic and articulate as Bill Clinton or John Kennedy. Democrats who take the time to vote in state caucuses and primary elections want raw meat: full employment, tax justice, a clean environment, quality schools, health care for all, no more Vietnams and, above all, a strong Social Security system. That is the liberal platform. Any aspirant to the Democratic presidential nomination who ducks or straddles that liberal agenda will not be nominated.

It was strenuously argued in 1984 that the Democratic Party lost the 1972 and 1980 elections (Jimmy Carter's up-

set win in 1976 notwithstanding) because the Reform Commission, which I chaired, came up with guidelines that favored women, young people and minorities, who tended to support more liberal candidates than those the party bosses and elected officials had previously selected. After the rules were changed again in 1984 to give party officials and elected Democrats a greater voice, my friend Walter Mondale was nominated—the clear choice of governors, representatives, senators, state legislators and party officials. But his autumn results were similar to mine in 1972: 49 states for Reagan and only Minnesota and the District of Columbia for Mondale. I never let Fritz forget that I got four more electoral votes than he did, since Minnesota had only 10 electoral votes whereas Massachusetts had 14.

Still, the middle-of-the-road Democratic Leadership Council, which has held sway in the party for the past decade, maintains that

a candidate such as Howard Dean (or George McGovern) is too radical to win the general election. Neither Dean nor I am a radical—especially Dean. As the five-term governor of the conservative state of Vermont, Dean sought and achieved a balanced budget, converted an inherited deficit into a surplus, followed a restrained approach to environmental issues, favored a moderate incremental formula for health care, stayed close to business interests, substituted workfare for welfare whenever possible and opposed gun-control measures. These are the earmarks of a far-out liberal? Dean's record is almost too conservative for my taste, but it's not conservative enough for those who believe that no liberal can be elected.



Above, from left: Dean on *Meet the Press* in June—the so-called Russert primary; young Dr. Dean at work. Below, from left: Dean talks with Senator John Kerry, expected by many to be the front-runner; George McGovern on the campaign trail in 1972.



CONSERVATIVE NONSENSE

Why does the Republican attack team get away with branding as a radical any person who questions the wisdom of military ventures into the Vietnam jungle or the Arabian desert? I don't know anyone who now thinks the American war in Vietnam was a good idea. Even Robert McNamara, one of the key directors of that war, now says it was a "tragic mistake." As for the invasion of Iraq, I expect our troops will still be there suffering daily casualties long after I am gone from this earthly life. I also expect that most Americans now backing the war will conclude that it was a mistake.

Today, store windows across the land carry posters reading **SUPPORT OUR TROOPS**. The best way to support our troops is to stop them from being killed in needless and ill-advised wars. I wish the political warmongers now sniping at Howard Dean because of his opposition to the invasion of Iraq—a country that poses no threat to the United States and had nothing to do with the September 11 attacks—would ponder the words of British conservative Edmund Burke: "A conscientious man would be cautious how he dealt in blood."

It has always struck me as ironic that some of our leaders who seem to glory in war, including our current president and vice president, have never been in combat. It has also struck me as ironic that President Dwight Eisenhower, the highest-ranking U.S. general in World War II, refused to let the military budget go up one dollar during his eight years as president, even though he served at the height of the Cold War with the Soviet Union and China. In contrast, Ronald Reagan, who had no military experience, let the Pentagon have everything it wanted as well as some things it had not requested, including the Star Wars fantasy that proposed to put weapons in outer space.

Conservatives are not behaving as true conservatives when they suggest that pushing our troops into needless wars and running up military spending in overkill is good conservative doctrine. It is not. It is a form of extremism—military extremism. Nor is the person who opposes doubtful wars and reckless arms spending an extreme liberal or a dangerous radical.

At stake here is nonsense versus common sense.

I don't despise conservatives or Republicans, the lifetime traditions of my dear mother and father. We need both conservatives and liberals. But we don't need two conservative parties—both feeding at the same money trough while competing over which party can deliver the most to big business and the military-industrial complex. The genius of U.S. politics is the creative tension and stimulating competition between genuine conservatives and genuine liberals. I scorn the muddleheaded centrists who don't know whose side they are on.

I suppose most people think of me as a liberal. That's acceptable to me. I'm proud to be in the long historical tradition of liberalism stretching from Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson to Abraham Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. Those are my political heroes. And I'm proud to have worked for two years in President John Kennedy's administration.

But recently a talk show host referred to me as a member of the "hard-core political left" and then asked me if Governor Dean could win following in my footsteps. I'm not sure I've ever met a hard-core leftist in the U.S. I assume it would have to be someone like Lenin or Mao Tse-tung. I have met Mikhail Gorbachev, but then so has Ronald Reagan, who made a deal with him. I never met Mao, but Richard Nixon did and made a deal with him.

THE LONG SHOT HALL OF FAME

WITH ALL THE JOCKEYING IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS, SOMETIMES THE DARK HORSE WINS. BUT AT WHAT COST?

PRESIDENT: Franklin Pierce
ELECTED: 1852

UNDERWHELMING QUALIFICATION: A former senator from New Hampshire, Pierce resigns his Senate seat because of alcoholism. His wife claims he ran for the presidency without her knowledge.

THE SCENARIO: With the Democratic convention split along a North-South fault line, Pierce becomes a compromise candidate acceptable to Southern Democrats.

LEGACY: His Southern supporters are redeemed when President Pierce signs the Kansas-Nebraska Act, permitting Kansas residents to determine whether they will be a slave state. The resultant bloodshed there, as pro- and anti-slavery forces jostle for control, foreshadows the Civil War.



PRESIDENT: Abraham Lincoln
ELECTED: 1860

UNDERWHELMING QUALIFICATION: After serving one term as a Whig congressman from Illinois, he loses the seat in his first reelection bid. Lincoln wants only to be land commissioner for Illinois, but President Zachary Taylor is so upset at him for losing his congressional seat that he refuses to appoint him.

THE SCENARIO: Lincoln isn't even on the ballot in the South, and he gets the second lowest percentage of the popular vote in presidential history. But the electoral votes in the North, which Lincoln carries, outnumber those in the South, which are split among two Democrats and a Constitutional Unionist.

LEGACY: Lincoln refuses to sanction the secession of the Southern states (led by South Carolina, which secedes upon Lincoln's victory), catalyzing the Civil War. He issues the Emancipation Proclamation and wins the war.



PRESIDENT: Harry S. Truman
ELECTED: 1948

UNDERWHELMING QUALIFICATION: Selected as vice president in 1945, he serves for only 82 days before FDR dies and he inherits the job. Truman hasn't even been briefed on the nuclear weapons program yet.

THE SCENARIO: Though Democrats feel he has little chance against Thomas Dewey in 1948, as the sitting president he is given a shot to run in the race, which also includes segregationist candidate Strom Thurmond.

LEGACY: The Marshall Plan—the engine behind Europe's spectacular post-World War II growth—is named for his secretary of state. With the Korean War and the Truman Doctrine, and his approval of the use of the atom bomb on Japan, Truman initiates the Cold War and the nuclear age.



PRESIDENT: Jimmy Carter
ELECTED: 1976

UNDERWHELMING QUALIFICATION: When then-governor Carter appears on the TV show *What's My Line?*, the contestants fail to guess his occupation—perhaps because his biggest accomplishment to that point is the purchase of a peanut-shelling plant.

THE SCENARIO: Carter senses—correctly, it turns out—that the country is so outraged with Washington in the wake of the Watergate scandal and Vietnam that an outsider candidate might carry the day.

LEGACY: He sells the presidential yacht and other trappings of what he calls the "imperial presidency." But inflation hits double digits, U.S. embassy personnel in Iran are held hostage and a creeping malaise grips the country.



I have met Fidel Castro, and if I had been president I would have made a deal with him—as would nearly every U.S. business executive. If that sentiment gets me branded a left-winger, so be it. To me it's just plain old South Dakota horse sense.

Let me assure you that neither Dean nor I would ever be given membership by the hard-core left—whatever that is.

THE ROAD TO RECOGNITION

Both Dean and I come from conservative Republican parents. Both of us became somewhat more liberal Democrats when we studied the historical record of the two major parties. Dean and I are practical men who have borrowed from the two great American traditions—liberalism and conservatism. Both of us are against the Bush tax cut for the rich, with its runaway national debt and cutback in public services. Both of us are against the invasion of Iraq.

If Dean maintains his resistance to our current folly in Iraq, he will receive the thanks of many of our soldiers trying to survive in the Baghdad shooting gallery. My letter files and my chance encounters with thousands of Vietnam veterans are filled with thanks for a presidential campaign aimed at stopping the slaughter in Indochina 30 years ago.

The people of Vermont who elected Howard Dean five times as governor—like the South Dakotans who kept me in high office for nearly a quarter century—do not talk much about political labels. But they do listen, and they do think. They will often say, “I’m a registered Republican, but I vote for the man, and you make sense to me.” I know Governor Dean has heard such expressions from Vermont voters countless times, and he is doubtless hearing similar words now in Iowa, New Hampshire and Wisconsin. After all, Dean is a practicing family doctor. There aren’t many hard-core leftists in the medical profession—or for that matter in the Vermont statehouse.

Dean has campaigned quietly and largely unnoticed for the past year and a half. Iowa and New Hampshire are now familiar territory for him. He has recruited a grassroots army of working supporters who think of themselves as insiders and who have a proprietary concern for their candidate. He has used the Internet to gain a multitude of small contributors. There was no Internet in 1972, but I was able to use direct mail more effectively than my competitors to raise \$20 million in small contributions.

Governor Dean and I each got into the quest for the presidential nomination before anyone else. He has discovered, as I did, that it’s lonely on the campaign trail when you start early with little national press attention, which has advantages as well as discouragements. I recall at the end of that first year, the polls said that only about five percent of all Democrats wanted me to be their party’s nominee. One day late that year, when I was scheduled to speak to the City Club of Cleveland, Gordon Weil, my assistant, shook me awake as our plane taxied to the terminal. “Wake up, wake up, Senator,” he said. “It looks like we’re finally being noticed. There’s a crowd waiting for you and half a dozen television cameras.” I quickly ran a comb through my tousled hair, straightened my tie and stood up to meet the press and the crowd. At this point the stewardess put a cautioning hand on my shoulder and said, “Sir, would you mind staying seated

for a moment? Chubby Checker is leaving first because there’s a crowd and television cameras waiting for him.” I resumed my seat and then walked unnoticed to the terminal, where a lone man was waiting to take me to the City Club. I was grateful that he recognized me—though he confessed on the drive to the club that he was backing Hubert Humphrey for the nomination. But it was not all hopeless. On the way back to the airport after my speech, my host told me he had switched from Humphrey to me and that six other people at his table were also supporting me, including Howard Metzenbaum, later to become a notable senator from Ohio. This kind of experience is now familiar to Howard Dean.

NIXON AND THE BUFFALO BILLS

Once I came in a strong second to front-runner Ed Muskie in Iowa and New Hampshire in 1972 and then defeated him in Wisconsin, I emerged as the candidate to beat. By then Humphrey was in the running. He and Alabama governor George Wallace were my closest challengers until the nomination was finally decided in my favor at the Democratic National Convention. Since the subsequent election re-

sulted in a tremendous Nixon victory, critics are now telling Dean not to run as a liberal to win the nomination only to lose to President Bush in the general election. I disagree with this analysis.

Liberalism was not the problem in 1972. Several nonideological factors contributed more to the Nixon landslide. The Republican Party got a scare in 1968 when Wallace ran for president as an independent and got 10 million votes—mostly at Nixon’s expense. During the next four years, the Nixon White House developed what was called the Southern Strategy, a series of moves designed to capture the Wallace vote. In 1972 Wallace was stronger than ever and boldly entered most of the Democratic Party primary elections. He knew

he could not win the nomination, but he intended to come to the national convention and then run as an independent. I am certain he would have garnered 20 million to 25 million votes.

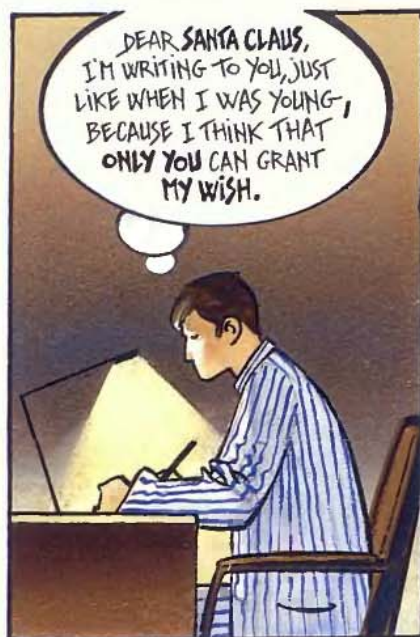
But a month before the convention, Wallace was shot and left handicapped for the rest of his life. Nixon was now home free. The Wallace vote merged with the author of the Southern Strategy. Thus the presidential race became Nixon voters plus Wallace voters against the votes for a junior senator from South Dakota. It wouldn’t have mattered whether I stood left, right or in the middle.

A second blow to my campaign came in the confusion over my selection of a running mate. I chose Missouri senator Tom Eagleton—a bright and winsome man—only to discover that he had undergone treatment for a mental disorder. After initially staying with my choice, I decided after listening to the advice of doctors and others to ask Tom to step down, which he did. I now think that was a mistake—a costly one from which the campaign never recovered. My change of mind on Eagleton seemed to shock the press more than any other campaign incident, including the Watergate break-in.

A third blow to my presidential run—again, one that had nothing to do with my stance on the issues—was permitting trivial convention-floor activity to delay my acceptance speech until 2:30 a.m., after nearly all of the nation’s voters had gone to (continued on page 154)

If Dean maintains his resistance to our current folly in Iraq, he will receive the thanks of many of our soldiers trying to survive that shooting gallery.

The Letter



JUANAVAREZ • LORGE

CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS

CONFIDENTIAL

WE DIDN'T NEED TO GO DUMPSTER DIVING TO GET THE INSIDE SCOOP ON HOW CELEBRITIES DEAL WITH THE HOLIDAYS. BUT WE DID ANYWAY



FROM THE BIG DESK OF
Arnold Schwarzeneg

Deah San-tah,

This year for Christmas I want to be president of American States. With this power I will crush Iraq and Australia like ~~insignifika~~ ~~miniscow~~ tiny insects. I will also buy toys for all the starving Democrats. I do this for my love of this great country. I also want laser gun. Thank you again for bringing me a handsome, skinny wife.

I love you, San-tah.
Ah-nold S.



BRITNEY SPEARS



BS
CF
Forever!!

Oops, it's Christmas again!
SHOPPING LIST

COLIN: New cell phone Hello! Call me! Serk

FRED DURST: Lump of coal. Stop calling me! Loser.

CHRISTINA: Ad in L.A. Times personals with her cell number, advertising "dirty gal for full-service massage" Merry Christmas, hose-bag! No one will know I did it. How would anyone find out?

LITTLE SIS: Starter implants. Use 'em with caution, girlfriend!

MOMMA: Demo of new song, "I'm Not a Virgin. Not yet a Total Floozy." Deal with it, Mom!

SEND PHOTOS TO COLIN!!!



You are invited to
Jennifer and Ben's
EXCLUSIVE CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY
DIRECTIONS: GO TO "THE BLOCK"—THE GRITTY STREETS OF THE SOUTH BRONX WHERE JENNIFER GREW UP. THEN TURN LEFT AND GO ABOUT 3,000 MILES UNTIL YOU SEE THE ENORMOUS MANSION.

FRIENDS, FAMILY, ACCOUNTANTS, PR FLAKS, PLEASE RESPECT THE FOLLOWING RULES:
* Non-A-list guests (you know who you are), please use side entrance.
* Please do not use the following words or phrases: "J-Fleck," "Bennifer," "Gwyneth," "Matt did most of the screenwriting," "Man, that ass is huge" and "Gigi."
* Any guest who wears a more revealing dress than Miss Lopez will be issued a festive poncho.
* Your attendance at this warm, intimate holiday gathering signifies a binding agreement to have your name and likeness used as part of, but not limited to, exclusive segments scheduled to appear on Access Hollywood, Entertainment Tonight, Extra and E! News.

DECEMBER



**HAPPY
HOLIDAYS
+
SEASON'S
GREETINGS**

Dear Ashton,
Christmas gifts under the tree,
Xbox, a Yoda doll and me!
These presents don't come from old St. Nick,
But then Santa Claus
never _____ your _____!
See, Ashton honey, Santa's a bunch of junk.
I know how this revelation
might make you feel punk'd.
"Dude, where's my Kriss Kringle?"
Pleasure me till New Year's
or you'll be single.
Kisses, Demi

MERRY KABBALAH CHRISTMAS



from **MADONNA & GUY**

DAYPLANNER2003

NAME: **KOBE**

DATE: **12/24/03**

XMAS EVE TO-DO LIST

- 11 A.M.: TRIM TREE.
- 12 P.M.: CONFERENCE CALL WITH LAWYERS.
- 1 P.M.: PRACTICE FALLING TO KNEES AND SOBBING WITHOUT SPILLING EGGNOG.
- 2 P.M.: PICK UP VANESSA'S ESCALADE WITH 10-CARAT-DIAMOND GEARSHIFT HANDLE.
- 4 P.M.: RECONSIDER DECISION TO HAVE MARV ALBERT AS CHARACTER WITNESS.
- 5 P.M.: PURCHASE HALF OF OAHU FOR VANESSA.
- 6 P.M.: WEIGH PROS AND CONS OF VANISHING AND BECOMING AN URBAN LEGEND.
- 9 P.M.: CONFIRM MORNING DELIVERY OF VANESSA'S PLATINUM-PLATED SPACE SHUTTLE.
- 11 P.M.: RETIRE TO GUEST ROOM. GIVE SELF HOLIDAY GIFT, TWICE.





Wonder Twins

OUR IDENTICAL MISS DECEMBERS INVITE YOU TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS IN BRAZIL



*B*razilian twins Sarah and Deisy Teles make us wish that studying Portuguese were mandatory in college. Although the girls are also fluent in Spanish and Italian (their grandparents moved to Brazil from Italy), they are just learning English, so we have to share them with a translator. When they arrive in Los Angeles from their home in São Paulo, the 20-year-old bronzed beauties exude a zest for life that crosses all language barriers. "We love the tropical weather and the amazing food in Brazil," they say. "The carnival is so vibrant, with music and dancing on the beach all night. Still, we would consider moving to America because the economy is better and crime is lower. You can't walk alone on the streets at night in São Paulo—it's too dangerous."

Spend time with the Teles sisters and you'll discover they aren't as identical as your eyes lead you to believe. "We didn't like it when our mother dressed us alike when we were younger," Deisy says. She is the more outgoing one, and today she is being maternal toward Sarah, who has a bit of jet lag. Deisy gently brushes her sister's hair back and feels her forehead as we ask if they compete for guys. They laugh at the suggestion. "Sarah likes older guys—up to about 40—

and I like younger guys with well-toned bodies, but that's just my preference," Deisy says. "Honestly, looks are not as important as what's inside—how sincere and intelligent a guy is. We can't say if we prefer American to Brazilian guys because we haven't been here long enough and there is a communication barrier. I never see myself getting married, though." Single or settled down, Sarah envisions herself living in her dream house close to her family. "Our parents are our heroes—they have done so much for us," she says.

The double Miss Decembers were working in a hair salon a couple of years ago when a modeling agent discovered them. Though their parents are proud that their daughters have now come to America to work, the twins plan to return to Brazil to attend college soon. "I want to study psychology," says Deisy, "because I think the human mind is fascinating and I want to know why people behave the way they do." Sarah plans to study medicine and would like to open her own beauty salon. "I want to have it in Brazil, because my aunts and my mom are all stylists," she says. "It's always better when your family works for your business. I want to be surrounded by family and friends and enjoy every moment of life to its fullest."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



When we set Sarah and Deisy loose on the Mansion grounds, the twins' eyes got as big as saucers. "We became like kids again," they say. "We played on the trampoline, rode bikes and ran all over the place. A lot of the exotic birds and animals living at the Mansion are ones that we see all the time back home in Brazil, practically in our backyard."







SEARCH FOR MORE NUDES OF THE
TELES TWINS AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM







MISSSES DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH

David Laundy

David Laundy

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Deisy and Sarah Telen

BUST: 92cm WAIST: 63cm HIPS: 91cm

HEIGHT: 172cm WEIGHT: 56kg

BIRTH DATE: 05/16/83 BIRTHPLACE: MUGUM - RS - BRAZIL

AMBITIONS: Finish my psychology course and be always healthy / study medicine.

TURN-ONS: A guy with nice eyes, back, smile, beautiful tan.

TURN-OFFS: guys who like to show off, who have a bad attitude, dirty shoes, dirty teeth.

JOBS WE HAD BEFORE WE WERE MODELS: manicure, makeup stylist, clothing sales, secretary, singers in pizzerias and cosmetics sales.

EIGHT CDS WE CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Sade, Eric Clapton, U2, Eminem, Terra Samba, Tute Songalo, Milton Nascimento, Caetano Veloso.

FAVORITE FOODS: Rice, beans, steak, french fries, salad and, at the end of the year for Christmas, a whole turkey!!



Deisy
Modeling shot at 14.



Deisy (left) and Sarah (right)
at a summer school party.



Sarah
Modeling shot at 14.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: After Christmas dinner a woman undressed for bed. Her husband noticed a mark on her inner thigh. "What is that?" he asked.

She told him that she had visited the tattoo parlor the day before and had MERRY CHRISTMAS tattooed on the inside of one thigh and HAPPY NEW YEAR inscribed on the other thigh. "Why did you do that?" he asked.

She replied, "Because now you can't complain there's nothing to eat between Christmas and New Year's."



A man walked into a department store and said to the saleswoman, "Excuse me, I would like to buy some gloves for my wife, but I don't know her size."

"Will this help?" the saleswoman asked sweetly, putting her hand in his.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Her hands are just slightly smaller than yours."

She asked, "Is there anything else I can help you with today?"

"Now that you mention it," he replied, "she also needs a brassiere."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde walked up to an airport ticket counter and asked to buy a round-trip ticket. The ticket agent asked, "Where to?"

The blonde rolled her eyes and said, "Duuuh, back here."

A man dialed 411 and told the operator, "I'd like the phone number for Mary Jones in Phoenix, Arizona."

"There are multiple listings," the operator said. "Do you have a street name?"

The man said, "Yeah, most people call me Slick."

Jesus was walking down a road when he came upon a hostile crowd stoning a woman. "What's going on here?" he shouted.

One man said, "This woman committed adultery."

Jesus said, "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone."

Suddenly, a stone fell out of the sky and hit the woman on the head. Jesus looked up and said, "I'm trying to make a point here, Dad."

Now that Uday and Qusay Hussein have been killed, allied forces are focusing their attention on the rest of the family. Among Saddam's other sons and their occupations:

Sooflay, the chef

Goolay, the entertainer

Ebay, the Internet czar

Billyray, the country music star

Ecksrays, the radiologist

Puray, the blender-factory owner

Reggay, the half-Jamaican son

Tupay, the one with fake hair

Among Saddam's lesser-known daughters:

Pusay, the slut

Lattay, the coffee shop owner

Fattay, the 300-pound daughter

Sapheway, the grocery store owner

Gudlay, the prostitute

A man with thinning hair asked his barber if he knew of any cure for baldness that worked. The barber said, "I do, but it's unorthodox."

The man said he was willing to try anything. "Well, then," the barber said, "you must rub the juice from a woman's pussy on your head every day. Your hair will grow back full and lustrous."

The man asked, "And this will work?"

The barber said, "Just look at me."

The man said, "But you're bald."

"Maybe on top," the barber said. "But have you ever seen such a thick beard?"



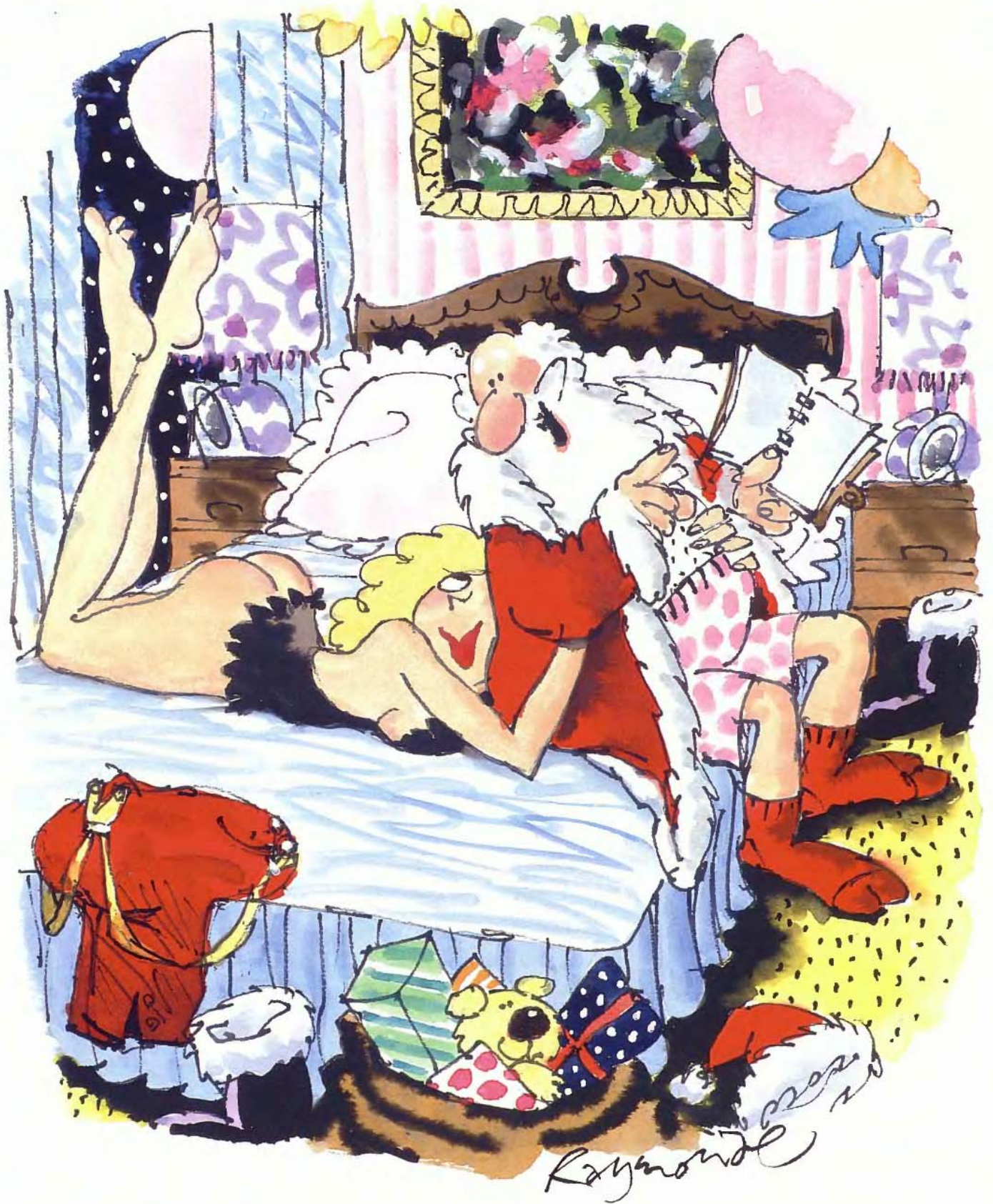
A father was passing by his son's fraternity house late one night when he decided to drop in. He knocked on the front door, and a young man replied, "What do you want?"

"Does Tommy Norris live here?" the father asked.

"Yep," the man said. "Just leave him on the front porch as usual."

Why do hunters make the best lovers? They go deep into the bush, shoot more than once and eat what they shoot at.

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



*"My goodness, how time flies! I've still got you on my candy and
cuddly puppy-dog list!"*

SEXPERIMENTS II:

CASE STUDIES IN PERVERSION

You don't have to take our word that these wild and wondrous sex tales really happened. They're documented scientific fact!

by Chip Rowe

HUMANS ARE AN INGENIOUS, RESTLESS, HORNY SPECIES. While lower organisms have been content to have sex the same old way for eons, we seem to be on a perpetual quest to discover fresh ways of experiencing nature's five-ticket thrill ride. Never mind that this experimentation frequently defies common sense, the laws of nature and the limits of most health insurance plans. The resulting case histories—strange and beautiful, grand and gross—are written up in obscure academic journals by ER physicians and coroners and filed away in the dusty corners of medical libraries. After a little digging, that's where we found them. **EDITOR'S NOTE:** This article should not be read before sex. Or dinner.



MASTURBATION BLOOPERS

A 40-YEAR-OLD MAN visited an emergency room in Pennsylvania, complaining of "man trouble." He dropped his pants so a urologist could unwrap three yards of gauze covering his genitals. The patient's scrotum had swelled to the size of a grapefruit, and a jagged laceration extended down its left side. A testicle was missing. The patient, who worked at a machine shop, said that several days earlier he had been injured on the job. After further questioning he admitted that he had gotten into the habit at work, after his co-workers left for lunch, of holding his erection against a canvas drive belt. One day, as he reached climax, his scrotum became caught between the pulley wheel and the drive belt of the machine, tossing him several feet into the air. The man closed the wound with eight shots from a staple gun and went back to work.

A CORONER IN CARDIFF, U.K. reported in 1988 that a 59-year-old cross-dressing antiques dealer with a weak heart had accidentally killed himself by inhaling nitrous oxide from a dental machine. The coroner discovered two other dental machines in the man's flat, along with a full canister of gas (and seven empty ones) and a supply of porn depicting sex and bondage in dental chairs.

IN 1985 A CORONER IN NEW ORLEANS wrote about a security guard who'd rolled himself tightly into giant sheets of industrial cling wrap, with his hands over his genitals so he could masturbate. A snorkel protruding from one end of the cocoon provided an airway, but the mouthpiece had slipped.



SEX ON THE BRAIN

★ **A 1983 STUDY** in *The Canadian Journal of Psychiatry* discusses three patients taking the antidepressant clomipramine who had orgasms whenever they yawned. One woman came even when she forced herself to yawn. A male patient wore a condom all day because the drug gave him a frequent, intense urge to yawn and he came in his pants every time he did.

★ **A 42-YEAR-OLD SCHIZOPHRENIC** visited a clinic in Sheffield, U.K. for an impotence drug. The man returned the next day, complaining that the drug caused him to hear women singing sadly and men reading from the Koran. The doctor cited the case as an example of "erection-induced hallucination"—which is the opposite of what most men experience.

★ **TWO DOCTORS IN WASHINGTON** state described a 72-year-old stroke victim with "alien-hand syndrome"—a perception that one's hand has a mind of its own. The man said his left hand would grab at the TV remote or fix his collar even if he told it not to. His wife expressed the greatest concern about the alien hand's habit of masturbating its owner in public.

BEEN THERE, TRANSMITTED THAT

★ **A WOMAN** riding a hotel elevator in Madison, Wisconsin kissed an elderly man's bald head, telling him, "You're too old for anything else." The man developed a lesion on his scalp, which turned out to be syphilis.

★ **A 19-YEAR-OLD WOMAN** with swollen, burning lips visited a doctor in Virginia. Her condition was a mystery until the next day, when she noticed that her boyfriend had poison ivy on his face, hands and penis. A few days earlier he had gone hunting, and she welcomed him home with a blow job. The doctor surmised that the boyfriend had gotten poison ivy on his hands and then touched his penis while urinating.

★ **AFTER THREE MONTHS** at sea a skipper with gonorrhea visited a doctor in Greenland. The skipper said his symptoms appeared two months after leaving port but that he hadn't slept with anyone on board. When pressed he reluctantly told his story, which the doctor shared in *Genitourinary Medicine*: "He had roused his engineer in his cabin during the night because of engine trouble. After the engineer left, the skipper found an inflatable doll with an artificial vagina in the bed and had sex with it." The engineer, who also tested positive for gonorrhea, admitted ejaculating inside the doll moments before his boss knocked.



CAT-SCRATCH FEVER

IN A LENGTHY 1998 ARTICLE, a New York City psychoanalyst offers this case history: "During the third year of analysis it was discovered that Mrs. A. found it necessary that her cat be in the room when she was having sex with her husband. More precisely, Mrs. A. preferred to have one hand on the cat during sex and would become anxious and unable to continue if the cat escaped. Mrs. A. had already revealed that she was unable to sleep at night unless she held its tail between her legs." The analyst concluded that the pussy represented Mrs. A.'s desire to have a penis. All that for just \$200 an hour.



SUPERHEROES OF SEX

A 35-YEAR-OLD FATHER of four contacted sex researchers at Rutgers University and claimed he could have rapid-fire orgasms. He said he came at least five times a day. The scientists hooked the man to instruments to measure his heart and breathing rates, then watched through two-way glass as he viewed a porn video. Thirteen minutes into the video he began touching himself; 18 minutes later, while resting his chin in a strap so his pupil dilation could be measured, he ejaculated into a specimen cup. Over the next 36 minutes he came five more times without losing his erection. He told the researchers that he had stopped only because the room was getting stuffy.

BEGINNING IN THE EARLY 1970s two researchers at the Center for Marital and Sexual Studies in Long Beach, California attached laboratory monitors to the vaginas, anuses and pelvises of 469 women and asked them to bring themselves to orgasm. Their star attraction came 134 times in an hour, or two to three times a minute. She then attempted to snuggle for three days.



EXPLORATIONS

IN 1981 BRITISH DOCTORS made note of several victims of vacuum cleaner injuries, including a 60-year-old man who said he'd been cleaning his house in the nude while his wife was out shopping when the vacuum "turned itself on" and sucked in his penis. A 65-year-old man said he was picking up his tools when a vacuum that happened to be running sucked in his penis. A 49-year-old man said he had leaned over to unplug the vacuum when his gown fell open and the machine sucked in his penis. Each man suffered cuts to the head of his cock. The skeptical doctors noted that in at least two of the cases, the vacuum fan blades were located six inches from the inlet.

AN ARTICLE PUBLISHED IN 1743 in the *Journal of the Royal Academy of Paris* lists objects through which men had slipped their flaccid penises without sufficient thought of escape, including a wedding band and a ring attached to a skeleton key that dangled down to tickle the subject's balls. Three centuries later doctors are still being amazed. Last year in the journal *Urology*, doctors from Bonn University in Germany provided several modern examples of "penile strangulation," including one involving another wedding band. In two instances—a 67-year-old who squeezed into a bull ring at a gay club and a 26-year-old stuck for four days in a hammerhead—the objects had to be removed by the fire department with high-speed electric saws.

SEXUAL HEALING

★ **A 40-YEAR-OLD ISRAELI** received a shot for back pain. Six hours later he began hiccuping. He tried a variety of home remedies, but nothing helped. Four days later, still hiccuping, he had intercourse with his wife. The hiccups stopped the moment he ejaculated.

★ **A DIAGNOSIS OF BLUE BALLS**, from a recent issue of *Pediatrics*: "A 14-year-old male presented to the emergency department with a history of severe bilateral scrotal pain of one and a half hours' duration. He described the pain as sharp, stabbing, constant and unaffected by position. Several weeks later telephone follow-up revealed that the patient had begun to have sexual intercourse with his girlfriend, and no further episodes had occurred."



★ **WRITING IN A 1978** issue of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, a Florida psychologist recalls a 20-year-old patient who beat off 17 times a day and said he could not control his sexual urges. The man had been fired from a gas station because of his refusal to go near female customers and from a theater for masturbating in the bathroom. Three weeks after therapy began the man caught his wife and his father in bed. A week later he began sleeping with his mother-in-law. Five years later they had three children and the man said his impulsive urges had long since disappeared.

INSTRUCTIONS NOT INCLUDED

IN 1982 A DOCTOR at the University of Texas Medical School in Houston recalled a patient being treated for infertility who had been asked to collect and submit a semen sample. Instead the man submitted a vial of urine. "Questioning the patient and his wife about their knowledge of human sexuality revealed total ignorance," the doctor reported. A physician cured the man's impotence by explaining the difference between going and coming.

A GEORGIA MAN suffering from coronary heart disease found that placing a nitrate patch on his chest as prescribed gave him headaches, so he put it on his leg. He also rubbed a used patch against his penis for five minutes and found it gave him a hard-on. "Sexual intercourse with his wife followed," reported doctors from Emory University. "Several minutes later she wondered why she had the worst headache of her life."

TWO PHYSICIANS in Sheffield, U.K. note in the *Journal of Sex & Marital Therapy* that a 65-year-old patient suffering from erectile dysfunction had constructed his own penis pump using \$6 worth of materials: an eight-inch acrylic tube, plastic tubing, electrical tape, superglue and the cap from a bottle of hair spray.



RISE OF THE MACHINES

IN A 1972 REPORT in the *Journal of Forensic Sciences*, the medical examiner of Nueces County, Texas describes a case of autoerotic death by automobile. An airline pilot told his wife he was going pistol shooting. Ninety minutes later a fisherman found the pilot's nude body chained to an idling 1968 Volkswagen at the end of a rural road. After careful examination of the scene, the coroner determined that the victim had attached himself to the rear bumper with a harness connected to a 10-foot chain. He fixed the steering wheel so the car would drive in circles, then put the car in low gear. The pilot apparently found it arousing to jog nude while chained to his Bug. But he made a fatal error: After he'd been satisfied, he didn't unhook himself. The chain became slack and wrapped around the back axle, dragging him along the ground and crushing him against the left rear panel of the car. His wife said she knew he'd purchased a customized chain harness but never asked why.

IN 1993 the same journal documented two autoerotic fatalities involving tractors. In the first case a man was found suspended from the raised shovel of a backhoe. The victim's parents said he visited the tractor every night before bed, and a search of his belongings turned up a lengthy poem written in tribute to the machine, which he'd named Stone. In the second case a farmer, nude but for a pair of eight-inch red heels and stockings, had duct-taped his ankles to a pipe with his legs spread. Using ropes attached to the tractor controls, he had planned to suspend himself upside down. Instead, the scoop crushed him.



THE EARTH MOVED

IN 1996 seismologists in western Canada noticed that the readings from one of their earthquake meters were off the charts. The instrument had been vandalized in the past, so they asked the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to investigate. According to a report in *Seismological Research Letters*, police found a young couple, unaware that every thrust was being recorded 80 miles away, generating "love waves" on the surface of the concrete vault.



LEAKY PIPES

IN 1982 doctors at Duke University Medical Center in North Carolina recounted in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* the case of a 65-year-old patient recovering from prostate surgery. Seven years after the procedure, the man noticed he wasn't producing as much semen. He also noted a milky discharge from his posterior. Apparently a hole had developed between his rectum and the duct that carries semen to the penis, and he was coming out of his ass.

THE KINKY OLD DAYS

ODD SEX has been around forever. A century ago Richard von Krafft-Ebing (1840–1902) was its patron saint. A professor of psychiatry and neurology at the University of Vienna, he compiled the sexual histories of 237 deviants in his book *Psychopathia Sexualis*.



CASE 33: "Patient had a woman dressed in a ball gown lie down on a low sofa. He gazed at her for a while, then sprang excitedly on top of her and defecated onto her bosom."

CASE 48: "A married man presented himself with numerous scars on his arm. When he wished to approach his wife, he first had to cut his arm. Then she would suck the wound and during the act become violently excited."

CASE 108: "At 15 his attention was attracted to an apron hung to dry. He put it on and masturbated behind a fence. From that time, if he met anyone with an apron on he ran after them." To avoid aprons the man joined the military and later the Trappists. Eventually doctors sent him to an asylum, where he said "his dreams were filled with aprons."

THE BIRDS AND THE BLADES

DOCTORS IN SOUTH AFRICA treated a 15-year-old girl after a fight in which an ex-boyfriend stabbed her in the abdomen. Nine months after surgery, when the girl returned to the hospital pregnant, it was discovered that she had no vagina. Following the delivery of her baby by cesarean section, the girl explained that because of her birth defect she had always felled her boyfriends. In fact, she'd been stabbed when her ex caught her going down on a new lover. The child strongly resembled the new boyfriend, leading the doctor to hypothesize in *The British Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* that his semen had made its way down her throat and then into her reproductive organs by way of the stab wound.



KEEP ON STICKING

SEXUAL EXPLORERS have been recklessly inserting objects into their bodies for centuries. In a 1986 issue of *Surgery*, doctors from the University of Wisconsin Hospital said they had collected 182 cases involving 700 objects and 200 patients. Even more fascinating than the objects in question is the explanation of how they reached their destination. **SOME HIGHLIGHTS:**

OBJECT: PERFUME BOTTLE

Inserted into: rectum

Explanation: Couldn't remove with back scratcher.

OBJECT: EPOXY

Inserted into: urethra

Explanation: "Mistook for medicine."

OBJECT: FRESH CONCRETE

Inserted into: rectum

Explanation: "Fooling around" with lover. Ping-Pong ball inside mold.

OBJECT: DEER TONGUE

Inserted into: vagina

Explanation: Lost grip during masturbation-by-venison session.

OBJECT: CUCUMBER, PARSNIP, APPLES

Inserted into: rectum

Explanation: Unknown assailants inserted cucumber and parsnip, but patient admitted to the apples.

OBJECT: COLD-CREAM JAR AND A LEMON

Inserted into: rectum

Explanation: Hemorrhoid treatment (no indication of hemorrhoids found).

OBJECT: DICE

Inserted into: vagina

Explanation: Boyfriend wanted to hit "something hard" during sex.

OBJECT: GLASS JAR

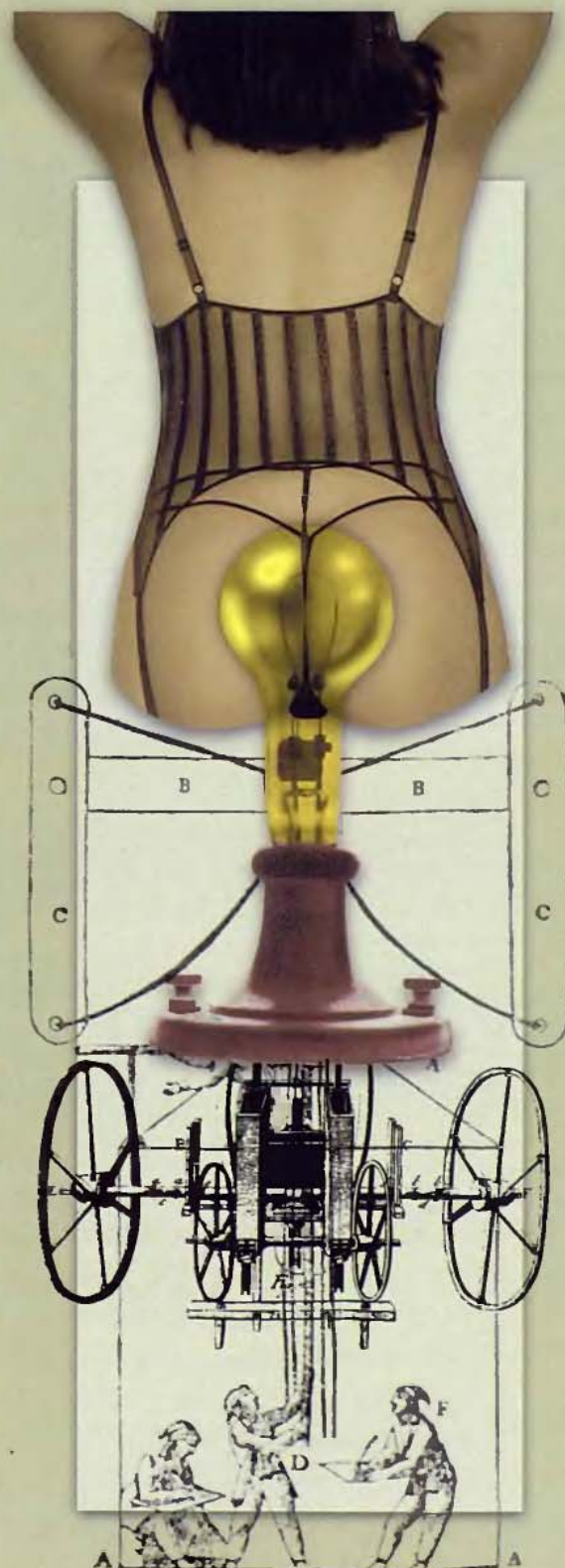
Inserted into: rectum

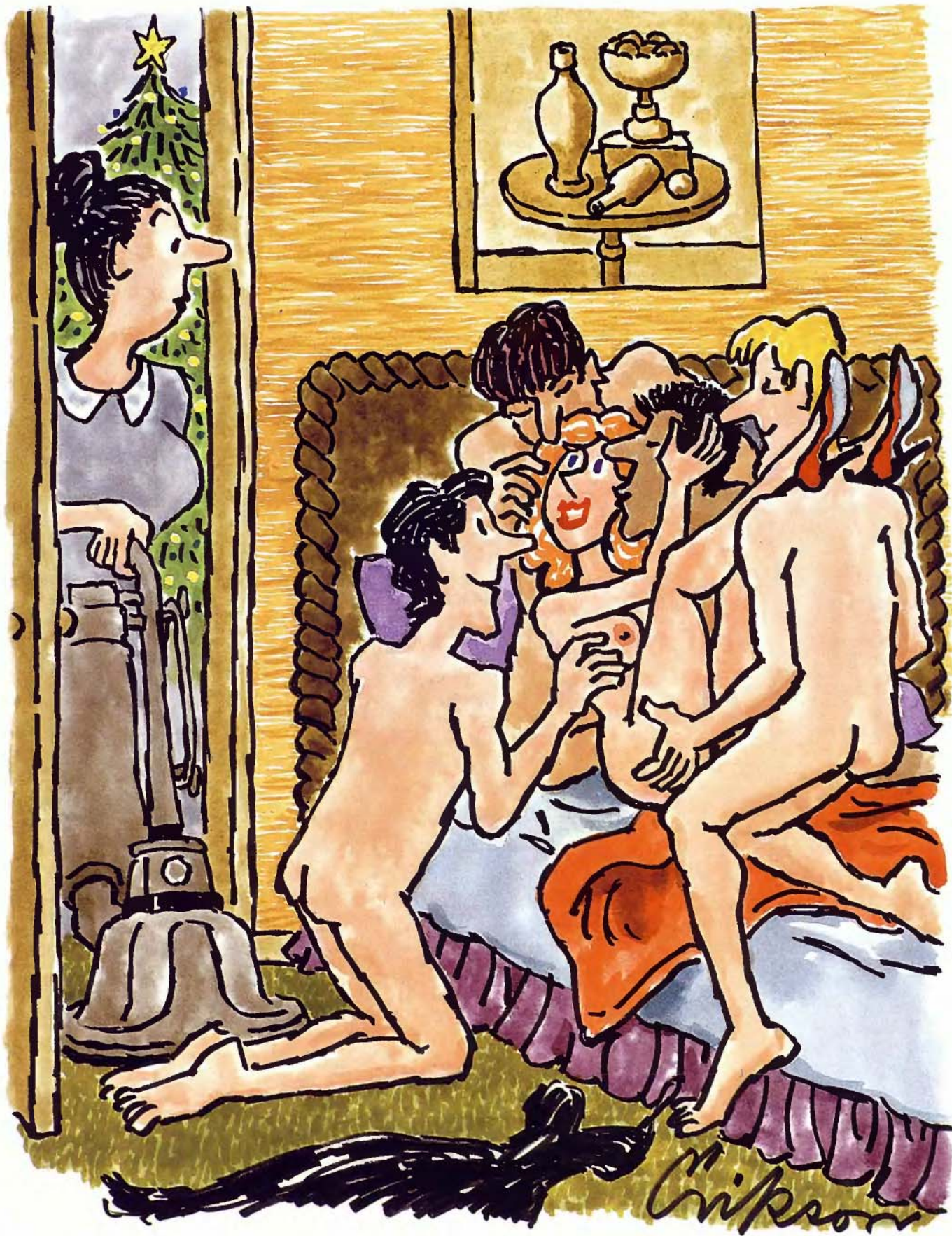
Explanation: Slipped in shower.

OBJECT: LIGHTBULB

Inserted into: rectum

Explanation: Won \$100 bet.





"I'm going to weed them out right after Christmas."



the new playboy at night

Money may open doors, but you need the right clothes for a truly outstanding entrance

fashion by joseph de acetis photography by gary suson produced by jennifer ryan jones

the new **connoisseur**

When night falls, every minute counts. Give a girl a look she won't forget—clothes with a rich, relaxed style. And while she may focus on pairing shoes and purses, you want to dress to match your surroundings. Do it right and she'll be into your bag as much as her own. **THIS PAGE:** At left, Mr. Snifter is in a suit by Hickey Freeman (\$1,095), a shirt by Cerzuli (\$150) and a pair of Harry's Shoes (\$508). The middleman wears a Jack Victor suit (\$695), a Canali shirt (\$185) and Bostonian shoes (\$135). At right, he's in a suit (\$550) and shirt (\$50) by CK, a tie by Lee Allison (\$60), and a belt (\$155) and boots (\$420) by Teschi.

Making his move, Joe Ballgame (middle) is in a brushed cotton shirt (\$200) and wide-leg pants with pleated bottoms (\$300) by D&G. His ankle boots (\$420) and belt (\$155) are by Toschi; the belt is equipped with the company's FIT technology. At right, the wingman is wearing a metallic print shirt (\$69) and pants (\$69) by Kenneth Cole New York, shoes by Harry's Shoes (\$508) and a braided belt by Paul Smith (\$175). Our sly fox is in a mesh corset dress by David Dalrymple for House of Field (\$275).



the new players

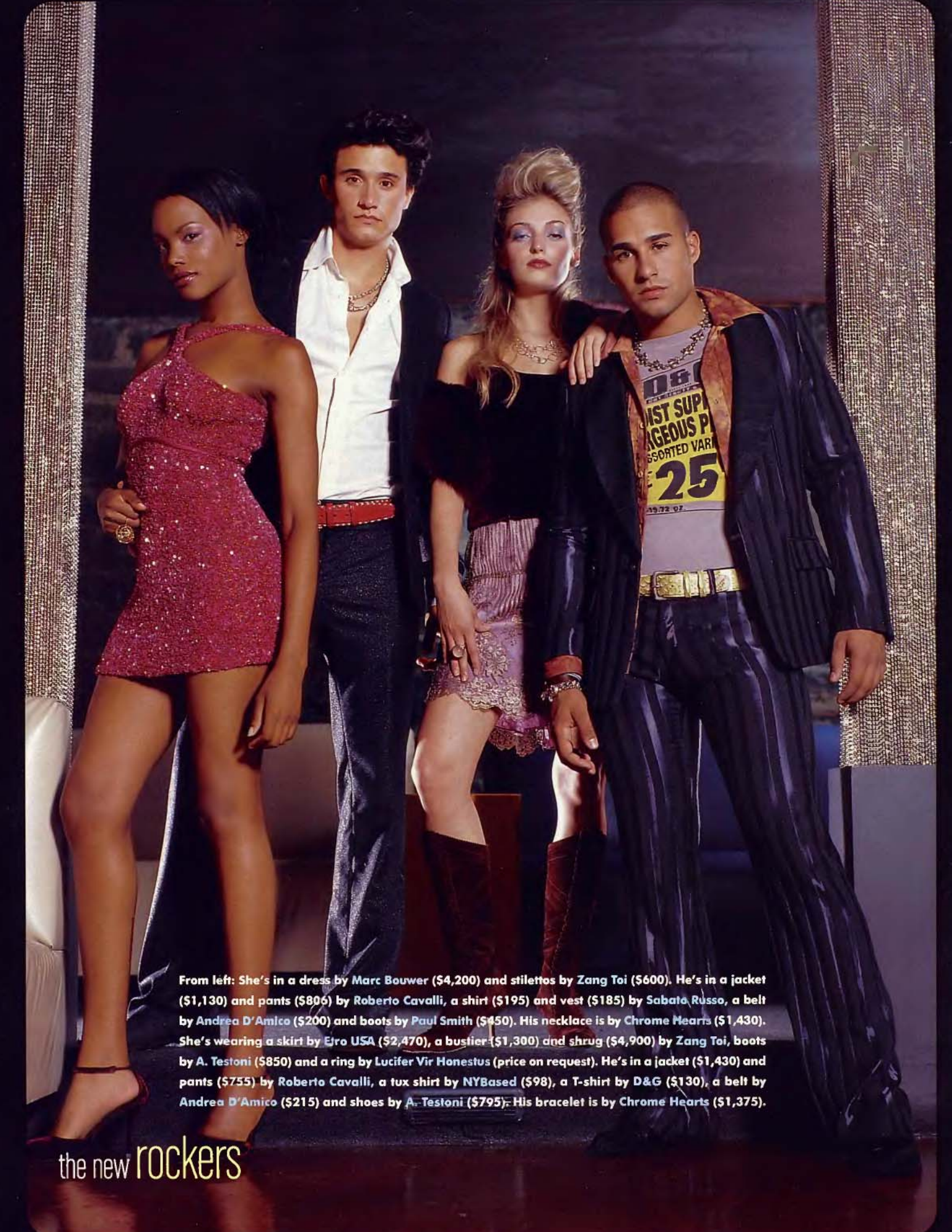
THIS PAGE: Swinger number one is in a gray pinstripe suit (\$1,230) and shirt (\$280) by Etro USA. Bachelor number two is in a floral print shirt by Bain Douche (\$210), striped wool-blend pants by Kenneth Cole New York (\$69) and brown loafers by Reaction Kenneth Cole (\$120). Their squeeze is in a gold dress by D&G (\$400). Her cocktail ring is by Lucifer Vir Honestus (price on request). **THAT PAGE:** From left, he's in a hooded parka (\$1,800) and nylon track trousers (\$355) by Versace. His T-shirt is by Versus (\$195), and his loafers are by Harry's Shoes (\$433). Her dress is by Zong Toi (\$2,300), her shoes are by Via Spiga (\$159), and her necklace is by Lucifer Vir Honestus (price on request). The middleman is in a floral shirt (\$410), long-sleeve T-shirt (\$165), satin pants (\$450) and belt (\$175) by Paul Smith. Mr. Far Right wears a velvet blazer (\$750), velvet pants (\$295), T-shirt (\$175) and print shirt (\$225) by Ted Baker London. His boots are by Paul Smith (\$380).



the new **swingers**




PHOTOGRAPHED AT LOTUS, NYC.



From left: She's in a dress by Marc Bouwer (\$4,200) and stilettos by Zang Toi (\$600). He's in a jacket (\$1,130) and pants (\$800) by Roberto Cavalli, a shirt (\$195) and vest (\$185) by Sabato Russo, a belt by Andrea D'Amico (\$200) and boots by Paul Smith (\$450). His necklace is by Chrome Hearts (\$1,430). She's wearing a skirt by Ero USA (\$2,470), a bustier (\$1,300) and shrug (\$4,900) by Zang Toi, boots by A. Testoni (\$850) and a ring by Lucifer Vir Honestus (price on request). He's in a jacket (\$1,430) and pants (\$755) by Roberto Cavalli, a tux shirt by NYBased (\$98), a T-shirt by D&G (\$130), a belt by Andrea D'Amico (\$215) and shoes by A. Testoni (\$795). His bracelet is by Chrome Hearts (\$1,375).

the new **rockers**

A full-page photograph of a man and a woman in formal evening attire. The woman, on the left, has dark hair styled in a low ponytail and is wearing a dark, sequined, one-shoulder gown and large, ornate earrings. The man, on the right, has dark hair and is wearing a patterned shirt, a brown vest, and a dark velvet blazer. They are both looking towards the camera with soft expressions.

It used to be perfectly acceptable to wear a T-shirt and jeans while chatting up a girl after dark. Those days are gone. But that doesn't mean you should wear your work clothes out at night. Office duds lack the flair of a late-night ladies' man. Lover boy's paisley shirt (\$145), wool vest (\$225) and velvet blazer (\$750) are all by Joseph Abboud. She's in a satin gown by Valentino (\$11,590). Her earrings are by Veronica Moore (\$550).

the new romantic

the LUXE TUX

Get your swank
on with the best
designer accessories.
The only thing you'll
be lacking is a glass
of champagne



fashion by
JOSEPH DE ACETIS
photography by
CHUCK BAKER
produced by
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

Black tie doesn't mean cut-and-dried anymore. Tuxes are no different from suits: Your outfit isn't finished until you get the details right. The best way to appear at ease in a room full of uptight penguin suits is to flash a little flair. Hell, if you're not juicing up your tux, you could be mistaken for a waiter. Fortunately, accessories are no longer uniform: These days you have more ways than ever before to put together a creative formal outfit. Here are the best bets for stamping your black-and-whites with a burst of full-color personality. The wing-collar shirt is by [CANALI](#) (\$195), the bow tie by [TINO COSMA](#) (\$65) and the suspenders by [BILL BLASS](#) (\$45). The point-collar shirt is by [STEFANO RICCI](#) (\$800), the pin-dot tie by [TINO COSMA](#) (\$95) and the shoes by [BRUNO MAGLI](#) (\$375). The watch, by [CONCORD](#) (\$3,990), has a rose-gold casing and an alligator band.



The pleat-front shirt (\$375), black bow tie (\$65) and gold cuff links and studs with mother-of-pearl inserts (\$595) are all by **TURNBULL & ASSER**. The plain-front shirt (\$200) and lavender bow tie and cummerbund set (\$210) are by **TINO COSMA**, and the silver locket cuff links are by **JAN LESLIE ACCESSORIES** (\$165). The patent leather oxfords (oft neglected but highly important components of your ensemble) are by **JOHN LOBB** (\$835). For a finishing touch, consider this polka-dot scarf by **TURNBULL & ASSER** (\$275). It goes nicely with a set of silver-and-black rectangular cuff links by **VERSANI** (\$145).

PLAYBOY'S musicPOLL

2003



WHO GOT HEAVY ROTATION ON YOUR IPOD THIS YEAR? GIVE THEM A SHOUT-OUT BY ROCKING THE VOTE

FORGET BRITNEY AND MADONNA'S MTV MAKE-OUT SESSION. IN 2003 MUSIC WAS ALL ABOUT THE POP-CHART CHEERLEADERS SUCKING FACE WITH THE ROCK AND RAP REBELS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE TEACHERS. THE WHITE STRIPES WENT PLATINUM, COLDPLAY HEADLINED STADIUMS AND 50 CENT DROVE HIS BACK-ALLEY BRAVADO RIGHT DOWN TOP 10 STREET. NOW WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN CRANKING. FILL OUT THIS BALLOT AND FRENCH-KISS A POSTAGE STAMP BRITNEY-STYLE. OR VOTE AT PLAYBOY.COM AND SAVE YOURSELF THE LICKING.



MICHAEL STIPE

WHAT'S THE FREQUENCY, MICHAEL? IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD AS R.E.M. KNOWS IT

Bands still relevant 20 years after their first album are rarer than groupies at a Clay Aiken concert, but R.E.M.—which has seen its share of peaks and valleys—was built to last. Though its last two albums were commercial busts, R.E.M. is back on tour and on the charts. *In Time: The Best of R.E.M. 1988–2003*, a greatest-hits collection, reaffirms the reasons the group was so revered in the first place. Still, only time will determine if R.E.M. can reclaim its title as the best band in the world. Writer Anthony DeCurtis checks in with lead singer Michael Stipe.

PLAYBOY: When you listen to *In Time*, are you surprised by everything R.E.M. has accomplished?

STIPE: Absolutely. When we finished it I had an immense sense of pride,

like, “Holy shit, no wonder I’ve been so busy!”

PLAYBOY: Do old songs get stale for you?

STIPE: None of us are very fond of “Shiny Happy People.” It doesn’t stand up to repeated listenings. It’s a song for kids.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to have fun putting the record together?

STIPE: We recognized that we need to be proud of our life’s work and enjoy it, for fuck’s sake! The new stuff is flowing like mad. The new songs, “Bad Day” and “Animal,” are incredibly fucked-up. That feels good after *Reveal*, which was like being on a lounge chair with a Bud.

PLAYBOY: Capital or small B?

STIPE: Heh, heh, heh.

PLAYBOY: “Bad Day” takes the media to task. Been watching Fox News?

STIPE: It’s about the media’s part in delivering—or not delivering—the news. The so-called journalists on the news channels are entertainers, not newsmen. Rush Limbaugh is no different from Howard Stern. Bill O’Reilly is no different from Katie Couric. But by virtue of being on a news channel, they’re lifted to this level of “They must know what they’re talking about.”

PLAYBOY: You recently toured Europe. In general, what do Europeans

think of Americans?

STIPE: We’re laughingstocks over there. To them, what’s going on in America culturally, economically and politically is beyond ludicrous.

PLAYBOY: After so many years together, how have you, Peter and Mike not killed one another?

STIPE: It’s about the music. Celebrity, having famous friends and flying around the world is fun, but none of it matters if the music isn’t what it should be.

PLAYBOY: What music has rocked your world this year?

STIPE: Courtney Love’s new record is amazing—searing guitar and screeching vocals, really beautiful and hard-core. She’s got the chops right now. Some of the people who’ve toured with us—Wilco, Pete Dinklage, Polyphonic Spree, Flaming Lips, Supergrass—are doing great stuff.

PLAYBOY: Will R.E.M. once again rule the world?

STIPE: We’re at a peak. The live shows have been surprisingly great. I say this in a very nonhippie way, and anyone who has watched a band on a great night knows what I’m referring to: The exchange of energy between performer and audience is like nothing else. Adrenaline trumps heroin four times over—it’s the strongest drug I’ve taken.

VOTE ONLINE NOW!

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music POLL

2003



WHITE STRIPES



50 CENT



BEYONCÉ KNOWLES



GREG OSBY



BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM



PINK FLOYD



JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



LUCINDA WILLIAMS

BEST ROCK ALBUM



- ☐ WHITE STRIPES—*ELEPHANT*
- ☐ RADIOHEAD—*HAIL TO THE THIEF*
- ☐ RANCID—*INDESTRUCTIBLE*
- ☐ METALLICA—*ST. ANGER*
- ☐ STROKES—*ROOM ON FIRE*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BEST HIP-HOP ALBUM



- ☐ NEPTUNES—*CLONES*
- ☐ 50 CENT—*GET RICH OR DIE TRYIN'*
- ☐ GANG STARR—*THE OWNERZ*
- ☐ LUDACRIS—*CHICKEN & BEER*
- ☐ OUTKAST—*SPEAKERBOXXX/ THE LOVE BELOW*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BEST ELECTRONIC ALBUM



- ☐ FC KAHUNA—*MACHINE SAYS YES*
- ☐ PEACHES—*FATHERFUCKER*
- ☐ FOUR TET—*ROUNDS*
- ☐ BASEMENT JAXX—*KISH KASH*
- ☐ BJÖRK—*LIVE: 1993–2002*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BEST COUNTRY ALBUM



- ☐ LUCINDA WILLIAMS—*WORLD WITHOUT TEARS*
- ☐ RODNEY CROWELL—*FATE'S RIGHT HAND*
- ☐ GEORGE STRAIT—*HONKYTONKVILLE*
- ☐ DEL McCOURY BAND—*IT'S JUST THE NIGHT*
- ☐ JOHNNY CASH—*AMERICAN IV: THE MAN COMES AROUND*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BEST JAZZ ALBUM



- ☐ GREG OSBY—*ST. LOUIS SHOES*
- ☐ MATT WILSON QUARTET—*HUMIDITY*
- ☐ RH FACTOR—*HARD GROOVE*
- ☐ VANDERMARK 5—*AIRPORTS FOR LIGHT*
- ☐ NICHOLAS PAYTON—*SONIC TRANCE*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BEST SOUNDTRACK ALBUM



- ☐ *BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM*
- ☐ *LOST IN TRANSLATION*
- ☐ *A MIGHTY WIND*
- ☐ *HOUSE OF 1,000 CORPSES*
- ☐ *BAD BOYS II*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BEST REISSUE OR RARITY



- ☐ LED ZEPPELIN—*HOW THE WEST WAS WON*
- ☐ NEIL YOUNG—*ON THE BEACH*
- ☐ PINK FLOYD—*THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON: 30TH ANNIVERSARY REISSUE*
- ☐ MILES DAVIS—*COMPLETE JACK JOHNSON SESSIONS*
- ☐ TELEVISION—*MARQUEE MOON*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BEST SONG



- ☐ 50 CENT—*"IN DA CLUB"*
- ☐ COLDPLAY—*"CLOCKS"*
- ☐ PANJABI MC FEATURING JAY-Z—*"BEWARE OF THE BOYS (MUNDIAN TO BACH KE)"*
- ☐ LIAM LYNCH—*"MY UNITED STATES OF WHATEVER"*
- ☐ BEYONCÉ FEATURING JAY-Z—*"CRAZY IN LOVE"*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

SONGS WE HATE TO ADMIT WE LIKE

- ☐ JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE—"CRY ME A RIVER"
- ☐ R. KELLY—"IGNITION"
- ☐ TATU—"ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID"
- ☐ SNOOP DOGG FEATURING PHARRELL AND UNCLE CHARLIE WILSON—"BEAUTIFUL"
- ☐ ATARIS—"THE BOYS OF SUMMER"
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BEST LIVE SHOW

- ☐ BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE E STREET BAND
- ☐ COLDPLAY
- ☐ ROLLING STONES
- ☐ RADIOHEAD
- ☐ THE FLAMING LIPS
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

NEXT BIG THING

- ☐ MY MORNING JACKET
- ☐ MARS VOLTA
- ☐ KINGS OF LEON
- ☐ FANNYPACK
- ☐ GRANDDADDY
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT

- ☐ METALLICA—"ST. ANGER"
- ☐ RADIOHEAD—"HAIL TO THE THIEF"
- ☐ ANDREW W.K.—"THE WOLF"
- ☐ BLUR—"THINK TANK"
- ☐ LIMP BIZKIT—"RESULTS MAY VARY"
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

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2003



PO BOX 11236
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

☆☆☆ HALL OF FAME ☆☆☆

LED ZEPPELIN Plant, Page and company perfected white-boy blues ("Since I've Been Loving You"), hinted at punk ("Communication Breakdown"), invented the rock ballad ("Over the Hills and Far Away") and created metal as we know it, complete with cartoon excesses, virtuoso pretensions and double-necked guitars. Without Zep, there would be no Van Halen, no Jane's Addiction and no Spinal Tap. This year's exhumed treasure, *How the West Was Won*, shows the group at its thunderous best.

THE CLASH Forget the Sex Pistols and the Ramones: Of the punk holy trinity, only the Clash made a serious musical contribution. The Clash was the first



LED ZEPPELIN

punk band to meld its thrash with Caribbean riddim, the first with a cohesive political agenda and the first to score an American chart hit ("Rock the Casbah"). Long live Joe Strummer.

PINK FLOYD Sure, Floyd pushed the sonic envelope with its early acid-fueled art-school meanderings. But with *Dark Side of the Moon*, released 30 years ago this year, the band managed to combine space rock with inescapable melodies, cutting-edge studio techniques and a new level of rock-philosopher

seriousness. It also prefaced ambient music and set the stage for Radiohead along the way.

SOLOMON BURKE Covered by everyone from the Stones to the Blues Brothers, Burke has a soulful bellow more refined than Wilson Pickett's, more expressive than Otis Redding's and more versatile than James Brown's. And he's proved more resilient than any of his contemporaries—just listen to the recent *Don't Give Up on Me*, probably the best album-length recording of his career.



LOU REED

LOU REED Nobody sang about sex and drugs and rock and roll as frankly as Lou Reed did, both with the Velvet Underground and as a solo artist. This year's *NYC Man: The Collection* shows his influence on the entire spectrum of subsequent indie music.

☐ Write-in vote:



PEACHES IN SEASON

What makes punk provocateur Peaches so tasty? Her minimalist electronica is a rush of beats and in-your-face lyrics about sex—picture a potty-mouthed Joan Jett fronting Atari Teenage Riot. On her latest album, *Fatherfucker*, she even collaborates with Iggy Pop. Seems everybody wants a bite of the Peach.

PLAYBOY: We hear Pink asked you to duet on her new album.
PEACHES: She did, and I told her I wasn't going to do a Jay-Z rap or anything. I wasn't going to just go, "Yo, P-I-N-K." I did a Peaches thing. It's sexy and cool.
PLAYBOY: Should we be scared by your album title?

PEACHES: No. It's definitely got that post-PC ironic feeling. The word *motherfucker* is an intense word, but it's so mainstream it doesn't mean anything anymore. I don't shy away from *motherfucker*, but I'm trying to make *fatherfucker* its equal.
PLAYBOY: Are you a fuzzy peach?
PEACHES: I like a clean-shaven pussy as much as the next person. But I'm too lazy to keep it up.
PLAYBOY: Isn't there more stuff aimed at guys on the new record?
PEACHES: Yeah, I was feeling bad for the guys. Nobody tells them to shake it. I'm telling them to shake their dicks.
PLAYBOY: What method of dick shaking would you recommend?
PEACHES: Helicopter!



PEACHES

➔ Can't Get You out of My Head

THE BEST—AND WORST—OF THIS YEAR'S LYRICS

BEST COMPLIMENT

"I love you like a fat kid love cake."
 —50 Cent, "21 Questions"

LEAST LIKELY EVER TO HAPPEN

"I'm going to Wichita/Far from this opera for evermore/I'm gonna work the straw/Make the sweat drip out of every pore."
 —White Stripes, "Seven Nation Army"

MOST MELODRAMATIC

"Call off the cavalry, can't save a wretch like me."
 —Dashboard Confessional, "If You Can't Leave It Be, Might As Well Make It Bleed"

FUNNIEST DESCRIPTION OF JUNK IN THE TRUNK

"You need a chiropractor just to marry yo ass/To tell the truth, you need a

tractor to carry yo ass." —Busta Rhymes, "Light Your Ass on Fire"

MOST MULTICULTURAL

"Hispanics and Asians/Shake it for Nelly son."
 —Nelly, "Shake Ya Tail Feather"

CREEPIEST

"No doubt that I'd love to sniff on them panties now/I'd eat you alive/I'd eat you alive/I'd eat you alive."
 —Limp Bizkit, "Eat You Alive"

BOLDEST MENTION OF A RUSSIAN LITERARY ICON AND A CARTOON DOG

"Keep choice legal, your wardrobe regal/Chekhov wrote *The Seagull* and Snoopy is a beagle."
 —Northern State, "A Thousand Words"

BEST BRITNEY DIS

"You don't have to say what you did/I

I already know, I found out from him."
 —Justin Timberlake, "Cry Me a River"

MOST LIKELY TO BE SUNG IN A 12-STEP PROGRAM

"I am beautiful no matter what they say/Words can't bring me down/I am beautiful in every single way."
 —Christina Aguilera, "Beautiful"

BEST DIS

"Is your crotch hungry, girl?/'Cause it's eating your pants."
 —FannyPack, "Cameltoe"

MOST OFFENSIVE TO RETARDED PEOPLE

"Let's get retarded (ha), let's get retarded in here..../Bob your head like epilepsy, up inside your club or in your Bentley."
 —Black Eyed Peas, "Let's Get Retarded"

LAZIEST RHYME

"Yo sexy ladies want par with us/In a the car with us/Them nah war with us/In a the club them want flex with us/To get next to us/Them cah vex with us."
 —Sean Paul, "Get Busy"

MOST RELATABLE

"I should cut all my losses/Go home with a six-pack of beer."
 —Tim McGraw, "Tickin' Away"

HORNIEST

"I feel your skin rubbing and touching me/Only sweat between us/Feeling you kissing and pleasing me."
 —Beyoncé, "Speechless"

WORST PICKUP LINE

"Girl, can I taste yo cat?"
 —Chingy, "Right Thurr"

MOST OMINOUS

"Meanwhile across the ocean/Living in the Internet/Is the cause of an explosion/No one has heard yet."
 —Neil Young, "Leave the Driving"

MOST CONVINCING THAT IT'S SO NOT ABOUT THE LYRICS, MAN

"Sit down, stand up/Sit down, stand up/Walk into the jaws of hell (sit down, stand up)."
 —Radiohead, "Sit Down, Stand Up"

RAW DATA THE 2003 MUSIC EDITION

Bullet holes in 50 Cent: **9**

Bullet holes in Hilary Duff: **0**

Definitions of "izzle" at urbandictionary.com: **11**

Number of handgizzles recovered by cops from Snoop's entourage van: **7**

Number of men J. Lo has slept with, according to Ben Affleck: **5**

Percent chance Affleck is full of shit: **98**

Times Chingy used spell-check when writing the songs "Right Thurr" and "He's Herre": **0**

Percent chance he gives a fuckkk: **0**

Women in Eminem's family insulted by Ja Rule on his record: **3**

Amount we would pay to see Em bitch-slap Ja: **\$300**

Copies sold of lesbian

band Tatu's *All the Things She Said*: **13 million**

Worldwide wet dreams about Tatu: **13 million**

Concerts Loretta Lynn opened for the White Stripes: **1**

Worldwide wet dreams about Loretta Lynn: **1**

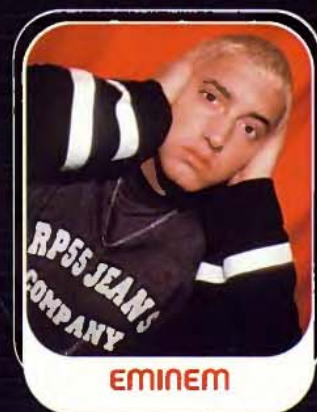
Square feet in Russell and Kimora Lee Simmons's house: **35,000**

Percent chance Kimora has ever enjoyed a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon: **0**

Size of Celine Dion's dressing room at Caesars

Palace: **2,400 square feet**

Minutes we spent thinking about Dion before putting together this list: **0**



EMINEM

HOWARD DEAN (continued from page 118)

Bill and Hillary Clinton have concluded that liberalism cannot be sold to the American electorate.

sleep. I missed the opportunity to address the entire nation on my terms and with my agenda for America. Instead, the first time the country saw the new Democratic nominee was when I was floundering with my vice presidential selection.

I don't see any Wallace factor in 2004, nor do I expect any confusion over the vice presidential selection. And I don't foresee the mistiming of the acceptance address at our 2004 convention in Boston. They do things right in Massachusetts. And they vote right in presidential elections—even in 1972.

When someone asks me if it's humiliating to lose an election to a president such as Nixon, who was forced to resign to avoid certain impeachment, I tell the story of Buffalo Bills football coach Marv Levy. Some years ago the Bills made it to four successive Super Bowls and went down to defeat all four times. When a sports reporter asked Coach Levy if it was painful to lose four straight Super Bowls, Levy said, "Yes, it's painful. Do you want to know how to avoid such pain? Just don't be good enough to get to the Super Bowl."

I love that line for obvious reasons. As a come-from-behind candidate with limited funds and no big-name endorsements, from a little, rural home state with four electoral votes, I bested 16 other contenders—half of them formidable opponents—to win the nomination.

I believe that what Gary Hart has called "the McGovern army" of 1972 was the finest group of Americans ever assembled in a presidential campaign. I benefited from hundreds of the most brilliant and dedicated aides' work, paid and unpaid. I had a fund-raising effort that collected \$35 million with an average contribution of \$19. Like Dean's campaign, ours had no special-interest money (and we had no debt at the end). The morale and high enthusiasm, from the early snows in Iowa and New Hampshire to the final Nixon landslide two years later, had to be witnessed to be believed.

But a sadness about the campaign struck my workers, aides and contributors: the crushing defeat at the hands of a man who probably never should have been allowed near the White House. In the days after the defeat, several of my workers commit-

ted suicide, a number of others turned to the heavy use of alcohol and other drugs, some dropped out of the political process entirely, and still others became disillusioned with liberalism and turned to political alternatives, such as the centrist Democratic Leadership Council.

This latter band—some of whom played key roles in the 1972 campaign, including Bill Clinton, who, along with then-girlfriend Hillary Rodham, was my Texas campaign coordinator—has concluded that liberalism cannot be sold to the American electorate. They are proud of having tried to make such a sale in 1972, but they are not eager to take on this "lost cause" again.

TAKING BACK THE L WORD

I have tried in this essay to point out that the Nixon landslide was not based on ideology. Yet so savage has been the attack on liberalism that some Democratic politicians won't even use the word. To demonstrate how odious the term is, some Republicans have taken to calling it "the l word." Conservatives would be astounded and offended if Democrats started calling conservatism "the c word." The truth is that both liberalism and conservatism describe highly respected and enduring political traditions. I wouldn't mind an epitaph that read: GEORGE MCGOVERN, LIBERAL, WHO BORROWED THE BEST FROM BOTH LIBERALISM AND CONSERVATISM.

Here are some of the things liberals have created: Social Security, Medicare, guaranteed bank deposits, rural electrification, the minimum wage and collective bargaining, the federal school-lunch program, food stamps, WIC, aid to education (including the National Defense Student Loan program), the women's movement, the civil rights movement, the Clean Air and Clean Water acts, the gay rights movement, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the graduated income tax and, of course, the opposition to America's war in Vietnam, which finally forced our government to withdraw from that nightmare.

These are just a few liberal initiatives. Which of these components do its opponents want to terminate? Are you really against Social Security and Medicare? Do you oppose electricity for the farm families of America? Do you want to send our troops back into

Vietnam for another 20 years? If you read the list of liberal achievements and answer yes or no about the items you support or oppose, we could then tell whether you really despise liberalism or are just spreading political bullshit because you have no alternative to liberalism.

There are some aspects of politics no one can be sure about. But of one fact I am certain: If I had campaigned in the middle of the road in 1971 and 1972, I would not have been nominated. A second fact I'm sure of is that while the Nixon blitz hammered me as an extremist, there was nothing extreme in any of my positions.

My opponents labeled me as weak on national security because I pledged an immediate end to the Vietnam war, to be accompanied by a modest Pentagon budget reduction. Those were commonsense positions, not extremism. The extremists were the policy makers responsible for the deaths of 58,000 young Americans, the killing of more than 3 million Vietnamese, Laotians and Cambodians and the waste of \$150 billion in a foolish war.

One of the reasons I mourned the deaths of all those people—especially our own brave young soldiers—is that I know war firsthand, while Mr. Nixon's World War II role was quite limited. I'm proud of my service as a bomber pilot in World War II—a war I believed in then and still do. In a long public career, I have never advocated any course except what I regarded to be in America's best interest.

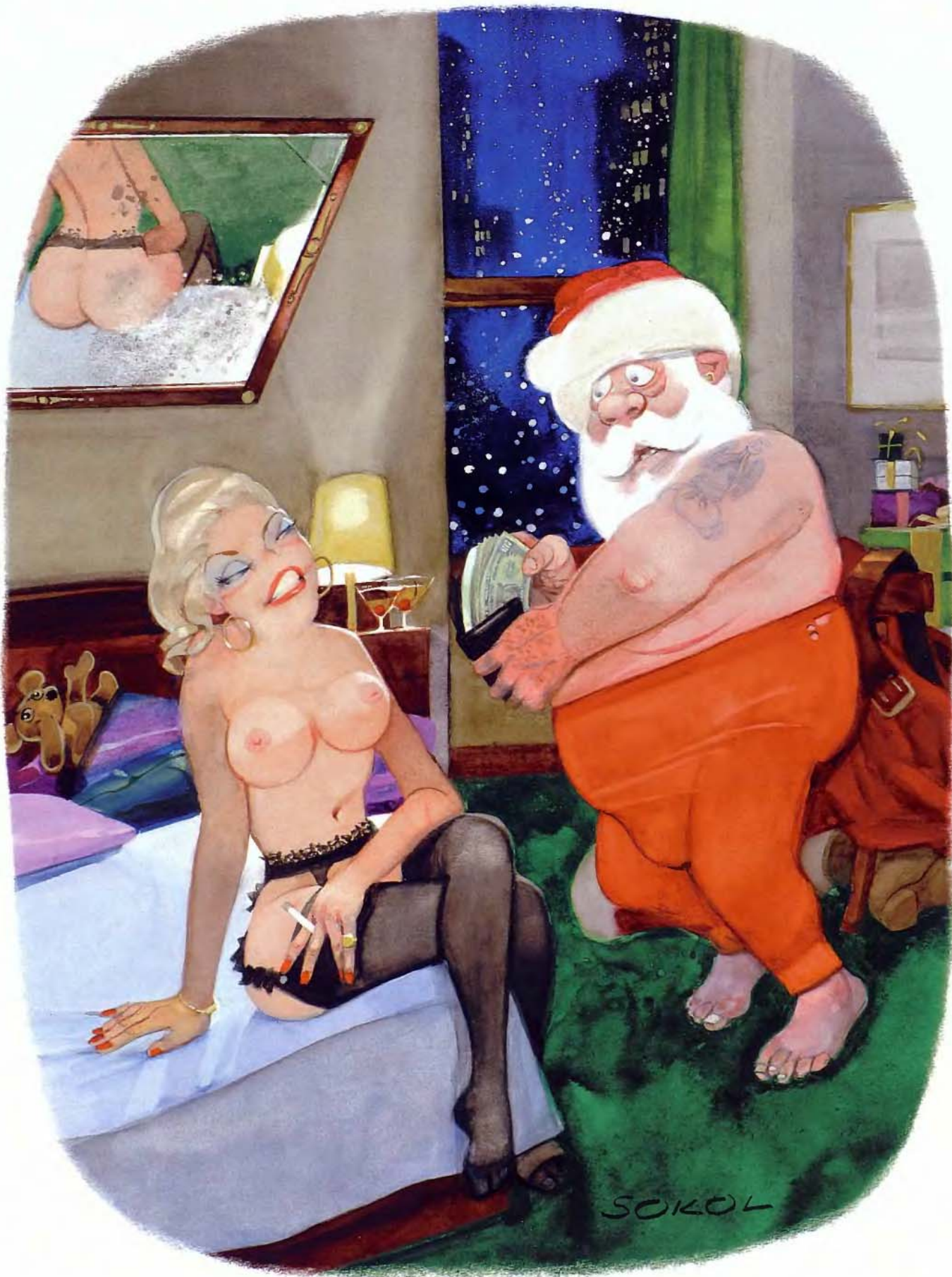
Dean is already seeing his record distorted in the press—this notion that he's out of the mainstream, that he's too liberal. The press knows it's not true. It's silly, but that's going to go on. The press is always looking for simplicity and certainty.

I was accused in 1972 of being the "triple-A candidate—amnesty, acid and abortion." This phony smear was carried in the media and by countless hack politicians and rumormongers across the country. What were my positions on these three issues?

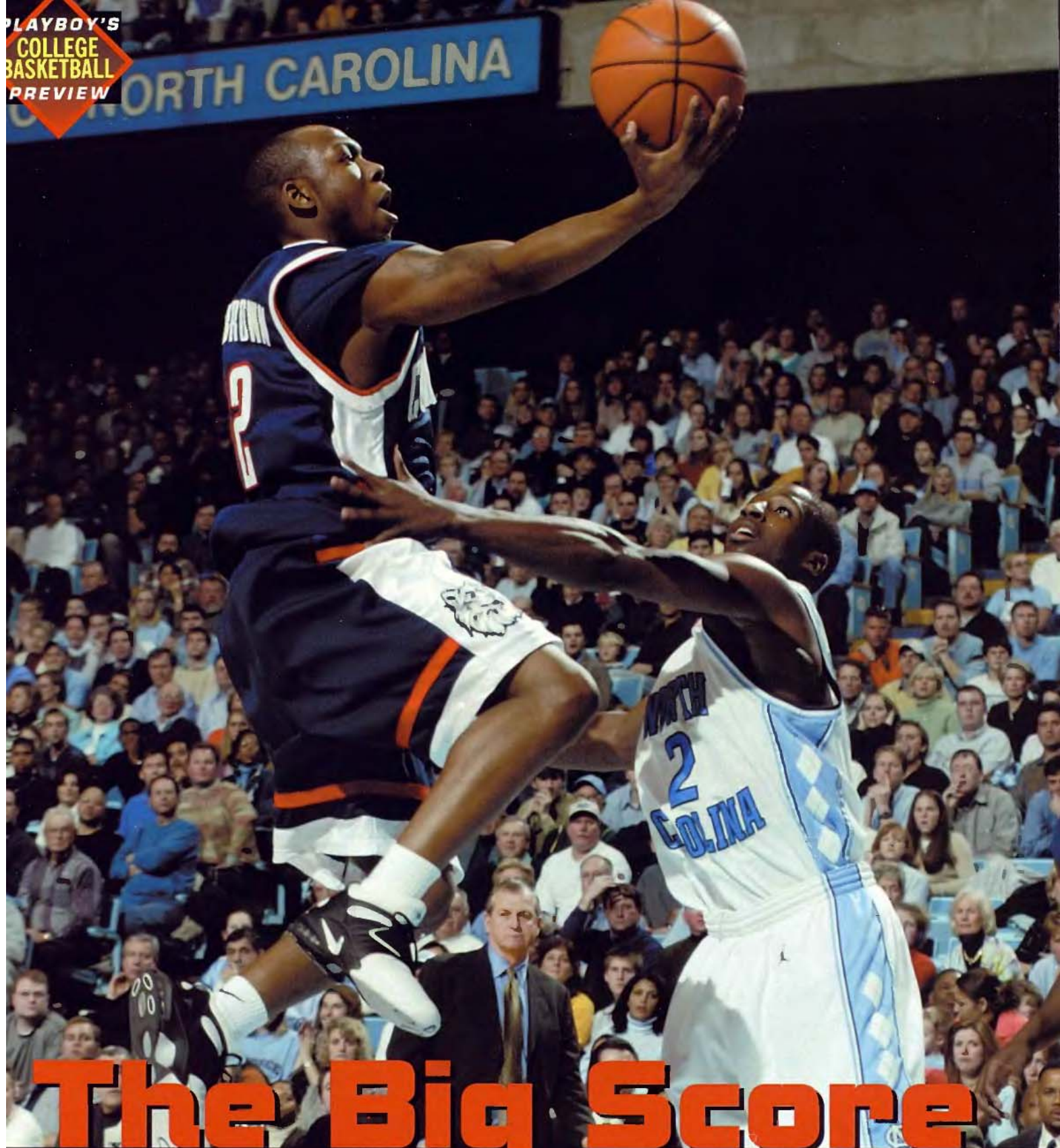
Amnesty: I was against amnesty while the war was being waged. Once the war had ended, which I would have done immediately, I would have proclaimed an amnesty both for those who planned and directed the war and for those who refused to participate.

Drugs: I was against legalizing hard drugs, but I advocated that the penalty for a first marijuana possession should be changed from a felony to a misdemeanor.

Abortion: I was against amending the U.S. Constitution to make abortion
(concluded on page 186)



"I don't know if Christmas is becoming more commercial every year, but you sure are."



This college hoops season, any team can win the title, and any player can become a hero. What else do you want from a sport?

The 2003–2004 college basketball season hasn't even started, and already the pontificators are whining. The game is damaged, they say. It's not the same without all those high-flying shooting stars—LeBron James, Amaré Stoudemire and Caron Butler, to name a few—who have passed on the NCAA for the pros. Time for a reality check: This

college hoops season, just like last year's, will be an all-out blood sport and one to remember. We'd bet on it.

Here's why: The absence of LeBron and company has opened the game to any number of possibilities. Think about it. You take away some of the sport's most dominant players, and everybody has a shot. "The race to win the title is wide open,"

by David Kaplan

says legendary commentator Dick Vitale, "and that makes college basketball the greatest game there is, baby." The stage is set for an unknown player to step up and fill the highlight reels with dazzling footage. With the kind of money the NBA and shoe companies are doling out, the stakes for amateurs on the verge have never been higher.

Last year an unproven player named Carmelo Anthony came out of nowhere to help score unheralded Syracuse its first national title, winning himself a \$15.1 million contract with the Denver Nuggets in the process. Heroes and underdogs— isn't that what it's all about? You'll get more of both this season.

So which team has that magic combination of talent—including a superstar who'll come through when the game's on the line—and veteran leadership to bolster the attack? We polled experts and coaches to make some sense of the upcoming season and give you an idea of where to put down your hard-earned cash. Some of these predictions are no-brainers. But just as surely as there'll be some madness come March, we've got a few surprises for you here, too.

Buckle your seat belts. It's going to be a bumpy ride....



1. CONNECTICUT

Outlook: On paper this club can't lose. Point guard Taliek Brown's up-tempo game, combined with the dynamic duo of juniors Ben Gordon (20 points per game last season) and Playboy All America Emeka Okafor (a bruiser who led the nation in blocked shots), should make for a happy winter around the UConn campus. Spice up the lineup with the hottest freshman class in the country and you've got a recipe for a national title.

Player to watch: High school sensation Charlie "the Chuck Wagon" Villanueva pulled out of the NBA draft at the last second and matriculated at UConn. Take pictures while you can, folks. This may be his only year as a college player.

Achilles' heel: There isn't one. A Final Four finish should be a layup for this team.



2. DUKE

Outlook: We pity the commentators who have to pronounce these names on live TV: Coach Mike Krzyzewski? Guard-forward Luol Deng? Assistant coach Steve Wojciechowski? Tongue twisters aside, the Blue Devils return 11 letter winners from last year's 26-7 team. Guards Chris Duhon and J.J. Redick, maybe the best perimeter shooter in college basketball, lead the way. Inside, Shavlik Randolph and Nick Horvath make for a powerful one-two punch.

Player to watch: Freshman Deng is considered by some to be one of Duke's finest recruits *ever*. That's a huge statement. Mark these words: This Sudanese-born, London-raised guard-forward will become a household name by the end of the season.

Achilles' heel: Will the backcourt players (Duhon in particular) manage to check their egos at the door and pass the ball?



3. MICHIGAN STATE

Outlook: It's tough to beat a team that can sink 'em consistently from way out. Veterans Chris Hill, Kelvin Torbert and Maurice Ager will combine with standout freshman Shannon Brown to give MSU the deepest perimeter attack in the Big 10. Up-front, coach Tom Izzo will look to Alan Anderson and Paul Davis to provide the toughness that Izzo-coached teams thrive on. Don't miss this team's clash with Kentucky on December 14 at Ford Field in Detroit. The game has been sold out since July, with 75,000 lunatics expected to be in attendance.

Player to watch: Davis, a 6'11" center, has been criticized for his lack of physical play. Word is that he's been hitting the weight room. Will this be his breakout year?

Achilles' heel: Without forward Erazem Lorbek, who left for the NBA, the Spartans could lack frontcourt depth.



4. KENTUCKY

Outlook: Here is a team that measures success in national championships (seven, if you're counting). The Cats return 12 players from last year's 32-4 club, which dominated the Southeastern Conference with a 26-game winning streak. Shooting guard Gerald Fitch is the top returning scorer (12.3 points per game in 2002-2003). He shoots nearly 40 percent from three-point range, opening up the paint for UK's inside attack, led by Erik Daniels and Chuck Hayes. And hey, is that superbabe Ashley Judd sitting in the front row at Rupp Arena? You bet—she's a rabid fan.

Player to watch: Lukasz Obrzut is a 7'1" freshman dynamo from Poland. He, along with fellow freshman Shagari Alleyne, are the first seven-footers to play for Kentucky since All America Sam Bowie patrolled the middle in the 1980s.

Achilles' heel: Talent? Yes. Muscle? Hmm. If these big freshmen don't play tough, a physical team could make the Cats look like kittens.



5. MISSOURI

Outlook: Four senior starters return for Mizzou, including two All Americans: 6'9" Arthur Johnson, a 270-pound mammoth who plays like a linebacker in the paint, and 6'5" high-flier Rickey Paulding, quite possibly the most exciting player in college hoops. Power forward Travon Bryant and sharpshooter Josh Kroenke (lights out from the three-point stripe) round out a team that could cut down the nets come March.

Player to watch: With Ricky Clemons out (see below), sophomore Jimmy McKinney takes over at point guard. The Tigers' Final Four hopes could depend on the young wild card's ability to pace the game and lead the team.

Achilles' heel: Star player Clemons was kicked off the squad after he pleaded guilty to reduced charges of choking

5 Ways to Save College Basketball

Size does matter: Forget that "in the cylinder" goaltending bullshit (if the ball's bouncing on the rim after a shot, no one can touch it). Make the ball live after it hits the rim, as in international play. Such a rule wouldn't work in the pros; the players are too tall. But in college? Seeing defenders swatting away shots will literally elevate the level of play.

Endgame: You could grow facial hair in the time it takes to play the final minutes of a college basketball game. Our fix? No time-outs in the final two minutes. Let the players, not the coach, win or lose the game. And intentional fouls should be made illegal. An intentional foul would result in...

Boxing out: College ball should have a hockey-style courtside penalty box. If a player or coach gets a technical foul—bam! Two minutes in the box. This would enable teams to make up huge deficits during "power plays," thus keeping even lopsided games interesting to the end. When a coach or a player is in the penalty box, fans should be encouraged to pelt the Plexiglas with hot dogs and beer.

Raise the talent level: Even golf has hotties holding mikes these days. Are a few gorgeous courtside reporters too much to ask for? We nominate Fox Sports Net reporter (and Playmate) Lisa Dergan, right, for starters.

To the rim, please: You think Duke's Cameron Crazies are zealous fans? Let's give 'em some company. Make alcohol available at all NCAA venues and neutral game sites. Then you'll see some *real* passion for the sport.



and holding his former girlfriend against her will, and the NCAA is separately investigating allegations that Clemons received cash and clothing and cheated on exams while playing for Missouri. Now the FBI is involved. This scandal has the potential to spiral out of control.



6. KANSAS

Outlook: There is nothing like a basketball game at Allen Fieldhouse. The crowds are *insane*. But will they be good crazy or bad crazy this year? Kansas lost Roy Williams—one of the nation's top coaches, who spent 15 years leading the Jayhawks—to North Carolina during the off-season. Bill Self, who comes over from Illinois, inherits three starters (Jeff Graves, Keith Langford and Aaron Miles) from last year's national runner-up team. Toss in starter-quality forward Wayne Simien, who missed much of last season with a shoulder injury, and a new class that includes two McDonald's All Americans, and Self has the talent to lead KU to a third straight Final Four appearance.

Player to watch: Aaron Miles is a jet-quick floor leader who could bust Jacque Vaughn's Kansas record of 804 career assists this season.

Achilles' heel: Expectations, baby. Coach Self comes from Illinois, where the fans hope to win. At Kansas he must win. Or else.



7. ARIZONA

Outlook: Never have we seen such talent on a college campus. Talk about athletic, well-conditioned hardbodies! But enough about the cheerleading squad. Coach Lute Olson lost half his team to graduation (three starters, including two All Americans), plus red-shirt freshman forward Chris Dunn, who split school for unclear reasons. The backcourt is still deep, led by Salim Stoudamire, the Cats' leading returning scorer and their best perimeter shooter. The inside game will be led by Andre Iguodala, Isaiah Fox and Channing Frye, young guns who must step up their production from last season if Arizona is to be a contender.

Player to watch: Recruit Kirk Walters, a 6'10" high school standout, will get an opportunity to contribute right away. With a porn-star name like that, he's got to be good.

Achilles' heel: Can the inexperienced Arizona players handle those hot coeds and play top-notch basketball?



8. FLORIDA

Outlook: Florida suffered huge losses to graduation, but coach Billy Donovan still should have one of his most exciting teams since his arrival seven years ago. Anthony Roberston will start at point guard, and his penetration and passing skills should loosen up defenses. Up-front, David

Lee, who had a tremendous sophomore season, will move from center to power forward. At a school where football's the big game, these guys are looking to get some attention.

Player to watch: Guard Matt Walsh is deadly from three-point range, boasting the highest three-point accuracy (43 percent) of any returning player in the SEC. He's one of the main reasons Florida led the conference in three-pointers made per game and three-point accuracy.

Achilles' heel: Guard Teddy Dupay was cut from the team for alleged gambling problems two years ago. Now that he's gone, who's going to run the team's NCAA tournament pool?



9. NORTH CAROLINA

Outlook: At the end of last year's disastrous season (19-16), hard-nosed coach Matt Doherty got his walking papers. New coach Roy Williams, who has his own hard-ass tactics, will rely on Jawad Williams (a junior forward who's been hitting the weights this winter) and Rashad McCants (a 6'4" sophomore who led the team in scoring in 2002-2003, establishing a UNC freshman record of 17 points per game). Coach Williams also inherits Sean May, among the team's leading scorers before he suffered a serious foot injury in early December, and...

Player to watch: ...Raymond Felton, who is pivotal at point guard. The

The All-Not-in-College Team

The dream team you won't see playing in the NCAA this season



LeBron James

Age: 18
Would be: Freshman
NBA team: Cleveland Cavaliers
Net gain: \$18.8 million for four years, plus a seven-year, \$90 million endorsement from Nike, the largest in sports history.
Weekly paycheck buys: two four-seat Cessna Skyhawk single-prop planes with 75-inch propellers and mocha-colored leather interior.
Quote: "I'm not amazed by y'all [reporters]. I'm amazed by myself."

Carmelo Anthony

Age: 19
Would be: Sophomore
NBA team: Denver Nuggets
Net gain: \$15.1 million for four years, plus \$3.5 million annually from Nike.
Weekly paycheck buys: three Porsche Boxsters, a Harley-Davidson Sportster and a dozen George Foreman grills.
Quote: "I'm happy with my contract. I've worn Nikes all my life. Why not get paid to get what I was going to get, but LeBron's deal is out of this world."

Caron Butler

Age: 23
Would be: Senior
NBA team: Miami Heat
Net gain: \$5.4 million over three years, plus an undisclosed Nike endorsement.
Weekly paycheck buys: 17 new Apple Power Mac G5 desktop computers (not including the Nike check).
Quote: "A lot of people go into correctional facilities and become better criminals. I became a better person." Butler did 14 months on gun and drug charges at the age of 16.

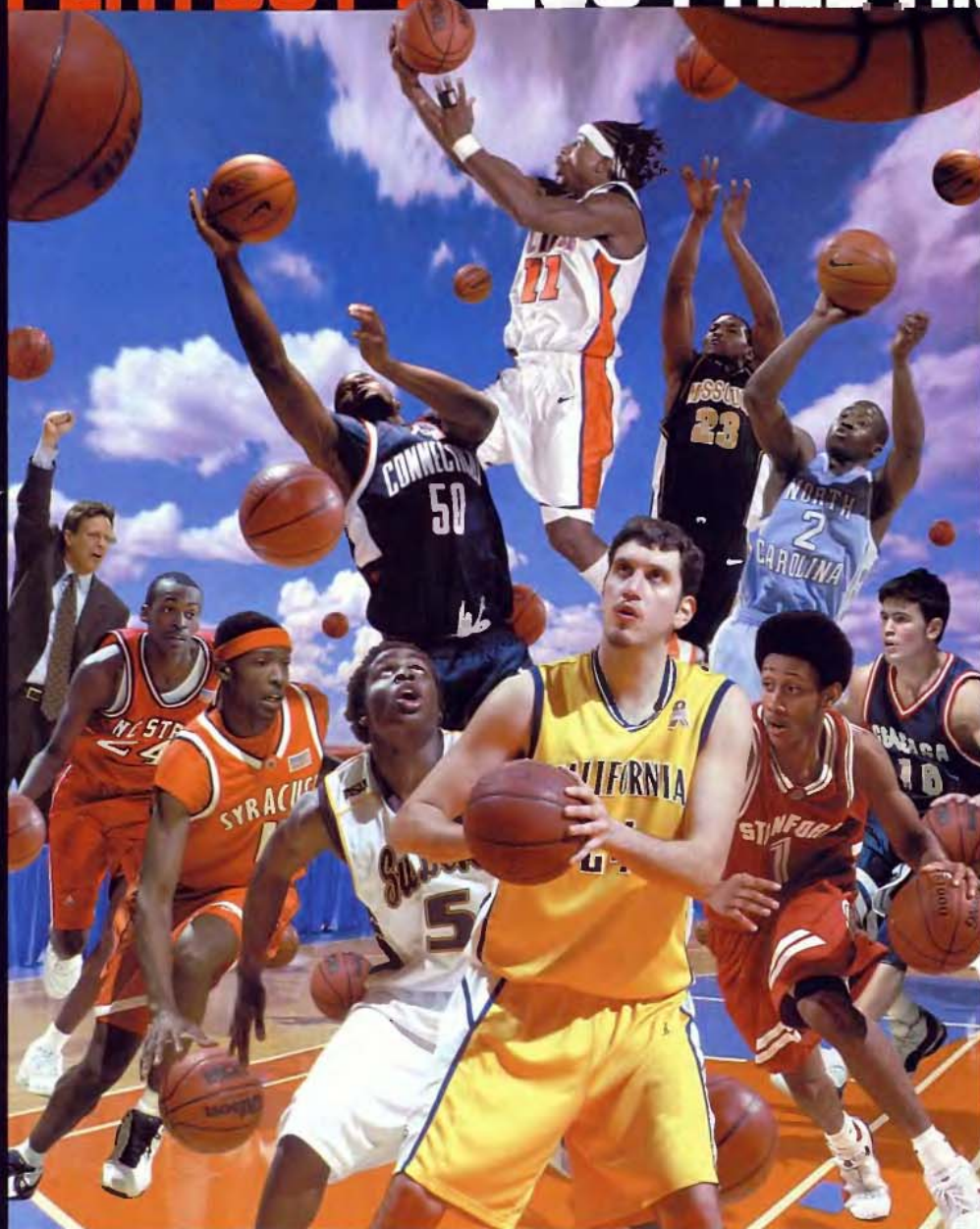
Eddy Curry

Age: 20
Would be: Junior
NBA team: Chicago Bulls
Net gain: \$12,534,242 for four years, plus a \$20 million endorsement deal from Nike over five years.
Weekly paycheck buys: half a ton of whitefish eggs from Collins Caviar, a few blocks from Chicago's United Center, where the Bulls play.
Quote: "I knew that if I went to college, playing wouldn't have stayed hard for me all the time, and I might not have played hard."

Amaré Stoudemire

Age: 21
Would be: Sophomore
NBA team: Phoenix Suns
Net gain: \$8.29 million for four years, plus a reported seven-figure deal with Nike.
Weekly paycheck buys: a sixer of PBR for everyone living in his hometown of Lake Wales, Florida.
Quote: "You have to have a circle of people you can trust. There are guys out here who can take more money from you with a pen than you could get with a shotgun in a bank."

PLAYBOY'S 2004 ALL AMERICA TEAM



1. **Emeka Okafor**
Connecticut / Forward-Center
Junior, 6'9"
2. **Dee Brown**
Illinois / Guard
Sophomore, 6'
3. **Rickey Paulding**
Missouri / Guard
Senior, 6'5"
4. **Raymond Felton**
North Carolina / Guard
Sophomore, 6'1"
5. **Blake Stepp**
Gonzaga / Guard
Senior, 6'4"
6. **Josh Childress**
Stanford / Forward
Junior, 6'8"
7. **Amit Tamir**
California / Forward-Center
Junior, 6'10"
8. **Ike Diogu**
Arizona State / Forward
Sophomore, 6'8"
9. **Hakim Warrick**
Syracuse / Forward
Junior, 6'9"
10. **Julius Hodge**
North Carolina State / Forward-Guard
Junior, 6'6"
11. **Tom Crean**
Marquette / Coach of the Year

speedy ball handler's unselfish play resulted in 9.8 assists per game over the last six contests last season.

Achilles' heel: Negative momentum and a total intolerance for losing could make for another nightmarish season in Chapel Hill.



10. TEXAS

Outlook: The Longhorns are coming off their first Final

Four appearance since 1947, and this year's club could be even better if coach Rick Barnes can find a way to replace Wooden Award winner and Naismith Player of the Year T.J. Ford at point guard. ("Ford has done more in two years for Texas basketball than anyone who's come before him," Barnes has said.) Forwards Brian Boddicker and Brad Buck-

man give UT strength beneath the basket as well as around the perimeter. Guards Brandon Mouton and Royal "Flush" Ivey can both hit from long range.

Player to watch: Center James Thomas is an intimidating force under the basket. He's got elbows like, well, longhorns. Swing away, tough guy.

Achilles' heel: Leadership. With Ford gone, who is going to lead the Horns through the rigors of the awesome Big 12?



11. SYRACUSE

Outlook: How do you follow a season like last year's? The Orangemen won the first NCAA title in school history, then promptly lost their best player, (continued on page 178)



PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE
BASKETBALL
PREVIEW



"I hope you can forgive me for getting into your cigars and brandy."

Nicole Narain



CENTERFOLDS on SEX



IF YOU ASK, SHE WILL TELL

Don't assume a woman is going to like the same things your last girlfriend did. I've been with men who just do what they think is right, and some of them hit the nail on the head and some of them don't know what they're doing. I've also been with guys who say, "Tell me how you like it. Tell me how to do it the way that makes you feel good." That's sexy. And this goes for women, too. Don't be a quiet person in bed, thinking to yourself, Oh, this is great. Voice it. Say, "Oh, this is great. I'm about to come," so he knows what he's doing is perfect—and he doesn't switch up the routine. As long as you're in the heat of the moment and you're passionate, it's sexy.

ON THE OTHER HAND...

"Did you come?" is just the worst thing for a guy to ask a woman after sex. I had one boyfriend who asked me that, and I said, "You can't tell?" He said, "Actually, no. I just assume, or I usually ask." So the next time we did it I said, "Okay, I'm about to come. Just feel it." And he did, and he was blown away. He said, "Oh my god, that was crazy, and it felt so good." And I said, "Well, okay, now you know." Most men need to be taught, because they basically don't know a woman's body. They only know what they've learned from previous women.

JUST DO IT

Spontaneity is really erotic. If you can let your guard down, be just about anywhere and go at it, that's erotic. It can be a lot more fun than waiting until you get home. And it can involve so many things: toys, candle wax, paddles, spanking, slapping, hair pulling, biting, role playing. Spontaneity is the key!



Daredevil Cocktails

BORED WITH "THE USUAL"?
STRAP ON A HELMET AND JOIN
OUR SUICIDE SQUAD TO TEST
10 LIBATIONS ONLY A SADISTIC
BARTENDER COULD INVENT

By Sarah Preston

The Flatliner



2 oz. Goldschläger
2 oz. Grand Marnier
2 oz. Bacardi 151

Shake Goldschläger and Grand Marnier well in a shaker with ice, pour into a chilled martini glass. Top with Bacardi 151. (Flame optional but highly desirable for optimum effect.)

"Like a mouthful of Red Hots," said one drinker after a sip of our vibrant red concoction. Another thought the combined tastes were "cinnamony." While the Goldschläger masked the flavor

of the Bacardi 151, the flatliner was rated a tad limp by our suicide squad. The bottom line: It's a sexy-looking drink but not up to the daredevil edginess of the other cocktails in our tasting.

Irish Car Bomb



½ pint Guinness
1 oz. Jameson Irish whiskey
½ oz. Baileys Irish Cream

Fill a tall glass two thirds with Guinness. Float Baileys on top of Jameson in a shot glass. Drop shot glass carefully into the Guinness. Slam. Repeat at own risk.

"Tastes like a black and tan gone wrong," said one panelist, who added that the sweetness of the Baileys mixed with the heaviness of the Guinness was akin to motor oil spiked with butter-

scotch syrup. Another panelist compared its taste to chocolate milk and declared it a "delicious explosion." A third taster simply said, "Terrific, if you like chunks in your chocolate milk."

Anus On Fire



1 bottle of beer
2 oz. Jack Daniel's
2 oz. sloe gin
2 oz. Southern Comfort
2 oz. Jägermeister
Sweet-and-sour mix

Combine all ingredients in a tall glass (ice optional), then fill the rest of the glass with sweet-and-sour mix. Stir. Cinch up tight.

Those who like the taste of Southern Comfort found this bittersweet concoction easy to drink; after a few cocktails, some even began waxing poetic. Two male tasters christened it

"candy ass candy" and "ass in a glass." But one female taster hesitantly inquired about its name, commenting, "If this is what an anus on fire tastes like, gimme the real thing."

Are You Tough Enough?



1 oz. Firewater cinnamon schnapps
1 oz. Everclear
1 oz. peppermint schnapps
1 oz. Wild Turkey
1 oz. Cuervo Gold

Use only 100-proof liquors. Make sure schnapps is ice-cold. Mix all five liquors in a shot glass and drink just like a shot. Chase with your favorite soft drink.

"Isn't Everclear illegal in some states?" inquired a concerned panelist about the 190-proof grain alcohol. A second taster thought the schnapps overpower-

calling it "a cinnamon breath mint with one hell of a kick." The Wild Turkey triggered another panelist's gag reflex. Obviously he wasn't tough enough.

Flaming Orgasm



12 oz. beer
1½ oz. Bacardi 151

Pour rum into a shot glass and fill a mug two thirds with beer. Light the shot, drop shot glass into mug of beer, wait for flame to go out and slam.

Limp dick might be a better name for this daredevil cocktail, since none of our panelists experienced a flaming orgasm (or even a horny twinge) after a few tentative sips. While igniting the shot

before dropping it in the beer, we spilled some on the table and almost set it on fire. Oops! Caveat emptor, unless you're looking to get tanked fast.

Hairy Buffalo



1½ oz. Jack Daniel's
1½ oz. Bacardi 151
1½ oz. Jose Cuervo
Dash of blue curaçao
10–20 dashes of Tabasco sauce

Pour rum into an eight-ounce glass. Add Jack Daniel's, then tequila, then a large splash of blue curaçao. Top off with Tabasco.

Twelve generous dashes of Tabasco tasted like "heartburn in a glass," according to one panelist. Another suggested holding your nose while drinking it. "Any-one have blue cheese?" asked a

third, who thought the drink should be served as a dip for chicken wings. And it was no better going out than it was going in. (Maybe this one should've been called anus on fire.)

Cement Mixer



1 oz. Baileys Irish Cream
½ oz. lime juice

Separate the ingredients into two shot glasses. Pour the Baileys into your mouth first and hold it there. Then do the lime juice shot. Shake your head back and forth, mixing both shots in your mouth. Swallow. Good luck.

"I don't swallow," shrieked one female panelist after holding the shot of Baileys in her mouth first, then taking the shot of lime juice. (Yeah, sure.) Another female panelist likened the cement mixer's

lumpy consistency to "spunky jizz" (we'd like to get to know her better). Everyone agreed that "even Jenna Jameson wouldn't swallow this shit!"

Bloody Tampon



1½ oz. Yukon Jack
1½ oz. tequila
1½ oz. vodka
1 oz. V8
1 oz. Baileys Irish Cream
½ oz. lemon juice

Mix Yukon Jack, tequila and vodka (all chilled) in a cocktail glass. Add room temperature V8 without mixing. Pour Baileys on top, then splash with lemon juice.

The V8 juice gave the bloody tampon bite, while the lemon juice and the Baileys curdled to create a thick substance with a cotton-like texture. "It should be called yeast infection," chortled

one female taster. A male panelist took one sip, stared off into space and said to no one in particular, "This is not something you wanna run into." Or drink, apparently.

Abner



4 oz. vodka
1 small sardine

Mix the vodka and the sardine in an electric blender (without ice). Serve in a shot glass and drink quickly. This is not a drink to savor.

"Homie" was the panelists' unanimous conclusion after just one sip of abner, with all of them also complaining that the mushed-up sardines at the bottom of the glass left a fishy

residue on their teeth. The drink, which becomes cloudy when blended, looked just as evil as it smelled and tasted. Our bartender sneered at us with contempt while mixing it.

New Jersey Turnpike



Dirty bar rag
Dirty bar

Take the bar rag and wipe down the bar everywhere that drinks have been spilled. Then squeeze out the rag into an oversize shot glass. Serve with a fine cigar.

"Skip the shot glass and just suck on a dirty bar rag," suggested one drinker, who warned, "You'd better be blitzed before trying this." (Good news: He was!) Another panelist thought the shot tasted

like "Bacardi 151 with a splash of schnapps and a dash of dishwasher detergent." Last comment by a head-down drinker: "I think I just burned a hole in my esophagus."



William H. Macy

American cinema's favorite whipping boy on gambling, nude scenes and the burden of being humpable

1

PLAYBOY: Do people ever tell you that you look different in person than you do on-screen?

MACY: I've heard a couple of times that I'm better looking in person, and I've always responded, "Thank you. Ouch!" Many times I play mild, meek men who are in way over their head, and that necessitates a certain physicality. What I'm trying to say is that I look like a dork in a lot of my pictures. But my wife, Felicity Huffman, thinks I'm cute as a button. When you're over 50, cute is the best you can hope for, unless you're Harrison Ford.

2

PLAYBOY: Is it true that it doesn't matter what a man looks like in Hollywood as long as he's famous?

MACY: Well, the other day I had the top down on my car, and two young women pulled up beside me. One says, "Excuse me. I know you. What's your name?" I said, "William H. Macy." Then she goes, "Hey, you're humpable. Completely humpable." And I said, "Thank you." Then she rolls up her window and takes a right. I told my wife and she roared. She thought that was great.

3

PLAYBOY: In your current film, a gambling drama called *The Cooler*, you appear nude. Are your fans prepared to see that much of William H. Macy?

MACY: I've been buck naked onstage about four times. The difference is I was in my 20s then. Why did they wait until I'm 50 to ask me to take off my clothes? My co-star Maria Bello and I discussed what the scenes were about and made sure they were important. We asked the director to cut one of the scenes because it didn't seem to go anywhere. And then we did—pardon the expression—a dry run with our clothes on. Knowing exactly what the shot would be

and how it would fit into the film freed us to be a little braver, because we didn't have to worry about something being cut. I'm a brave guy, but I have no intention of showing young Will and the twins to the rest of the world.

4

PLAYBOY: Would you care to vent about the Motion Picture Association's ratings system?

MACY: The ratings board has its head so far up its ass, it makes me crazy. They were making our director edit the film because they took exception to some sexual content. It's blackmail, because you can't put out a film with an NC-17 rating. People just won't come. When I was doing *Boogie Nights* I got to meet a couple of porn actors, including Nina Hartley. I've always been a fan of pornography. She's an astounding woman, and she's remained a pal. She describes herself as a feminist and says that adult films are empowering to women. I find Nina's attitude toward sex a lot healthier than the ratings board's. They need psychological help.

5

PLAYBOY: Put them on the couch for us.

MACY: Their attitude toward sex and violence is backward: You can disembowel a woman, but you can't see her vagina. When you see people blowing each other away willy-nilly, that's tough on an adult, never mind a 16-year-old. No censorship, but let's hold Hollywood to telling the truth. If you want your hero to get the crap kicked out of him, that's okay. But don't have him making love in the next scene, because that's a lie. If you get beat up—and I know this—you don't want to make love for a long, long time. Put in as much violence as you want, but stop lying about it. What constitutes an R versus a PG-13 rating I find really disturbing, because

phenomenal amounts of violence get put into films that are purportedly for kids. I would rather see more sex and less violence, because sex is good, violence is bad.

6

PLAYBOY: Has *The Cooler* caused you to contemplate the larger meaning of luck?

MACY: I'm a terrible gambler. I get very nervous. I'm not much on craps—too much math for me. I usually play blackjack. When I'm in Vegas, I just go to the table with the prettiest croupier, give her all my money and sit in the bar the rest of the night. Luck? I've always felt that luck begets luck. I don't know if it's Christian values or a belief in karma, but I feel if you put good stuff out there, good stuff comes back.

7

PLAYBOY: Even if you're plugging nickels into a slot machine?

MACY: Well, that's a loser situation. I see those slot players with a cigarette dangling out of their mouth, holding their fourth drink and cranking that handle. That doesn't look like fun to me.

8

PLAYBOY: You received an Oscar nomination for *Fargo*. Do nominees really write out the acceptance speech they hope to give?

MACY: Just in case. You have to have something planned. As you're walking in on the red carpet, you realize 2 billion people are watching. This is not a time to say something embarrassing, although it happens. Every actor starts writing his Academy Award acceptance speech the first time he steps onstage. David Mamet offered me a large amount of money, if I'd won, to pull a card out of my jacket and say, "Two lesbians are shopping for swimwear. Oops, sorry, wrong card." If you don't use the speech, you go home

that night pretending everything is all right. Then you take off your tux and find that piece of paper in your pocket. It's a vile little reminder of what might have been.

9

PLAYBOY: Are we really supposed to believe it's an honor just to be nominated?

MACY: Yeah, because it changes everything. It changed me. I went right to the front of the line. I don't have to audition anymore, which is a gift from God. Auditioning is the worst part of the business. When I lived in New York I knew four actresses who shared one expensive designer dress for auditions. The dress made the rounds as each of them auditioned.

10

PLAYBOY: After portraying a weaselly car salesman in *Fargo*, are you a better haggler on the showroom floor?

MACY: I never pay sticker price. I bought a car when I was living in Manhattan. I picked out the car I wanted and drew a 100-mile radius on the map. I went to one dealer, got a price and then started calling all the dealerships and said, "This is the price I've got. I'll be there in 25 minutes if you can beat it." And when the price was lower, I'd call the next one. One dealer said, "All right, I'll match that price." I said, "No. You've got to beat that price or I'm going to New Jersey." I ended up buying it right in Manhattan for \$3,000 lower than my first quote. I was proud of myself.

11

PLAYBOY: Was there a bowl of rubbers next to the fruit tray on the *Boogie Nights* catering table?

MACY: There wasn't any real schtupping in the movie, although there were real adult-film stars. But it was surreal. One of my first days was the scene in which Dirk Diggler wins the Golden Phallus Award. In the audience were a hundred extras who had been told to wear their finest 1970s clothes. All they knew was that this was a Burt Reynolds film. They're sitting there, and the director says, "All right, let's give it a shot. When she announces the winner, you all applaud." Melora Walters walks up to the microphone, opens the envelope and, with that fabulous little voice of hers, says, "And the winner is—and I can't wait to get his big cock in my mouth and my ass and my pussy—Dirk Diggler!" There was a stunned silence, and literally half the extras walked out, got in their cars and drove home. We were shut down for a while until they could

get another set of extras. The next time, the director described the scene and told them what they were in for.

12

PLAYBOY: As a veteran of commercials, can you tell us whether actors are disappointed when we fast-forward past the flawless delivery of a line such as "Ring around the collar"?

MACY: Actors want to book commercials because they want the residuals, but they don't care if they sell much product or if people fast-forward through the programming to get to the next commercial so they can hear the dulcet tones of William H. Macy. When I lived in New York I supported myself by doing commercials. Mostly I auditioned. Once in a blue moon I would actually

*People say Hollywood
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back in the 1930s and
1940s. That's when they
really made films.
But you know what?
Go back to 1935 and
look at those films.
It's just like today.
The vast majority were
just garbage.*

book one. I have great respect for commercials that can accomplish more in 30 seconds than some films do in two hours. On the other hand, those are the exceptions.

13

PLAYBOY: Did you bring a bit of your upbringing to that self-effacing, whitebread 1950s father in *Pleasantville*?

MACY: I'm sure I did. It would be difficult not to bring my upbringing to all my roles. I was born in Florida and was raised in the South until I was 10. Then we moved to Maryland. To my mother, who was a Mississippi girl, anything north of Raleigh-Durham was suspect. She didn't think Maryland was the South. My father kept saying, "Well,

you know, technically..." My mother would go, "Phutt." There's a certain gentility in the South, which I find refreshing. The world could use more of that simple politeness. Many of our lawyers and our great generals came from the South. We Southern folks might speak a little slower, but we are a ferocious bunch.

14

PLAYBOY: Did playing a 1930s radio announcer in *Seabiscuit* make you wonder what being an actor in that era might have been like?

MACY: Well, people say Hollywood doesn't make movies like it did in the old days, back in the 1930s and 1940s. That's when they really made films. But you know what? Go back to 1935 and look at those films. It's just like today. The vast majority were just garbage.

15

PLAYBOY: Your father was in the insurance business. Did he advise you to purchase term life insurance or a whole life policy?

MACY: I'm insured quite heavily. My business manager says it's prudent to have a lot of liability. Anybody with any sort of name recognition can be a target. It would be so flattering to have a paternity suit, but for me it's more like when the lawn mower guy cuts off his finger.

16

PLAYBOY: Your hobby is woodworking. Is there a secret to good craftsmanship?

MACY: Measure twice, cut once. I love good furniture. The dovetail joint is one of the greatest things mankind has invented. My passion at the moment is turning bowls. My wife gave me a Powermatic lathe. It's a big sucker, about the size of a Volkswagen. I can turn a big salad bowl on that. I'm a tree aficionado. In Los Angeles everything is imported. It's a desert. None of the trees started there. Every time there's a windstorm, a couple of them come down. I keep a chain saw in the trunk, and if I'm driving around I get hunks of wood.

17

PLAYBOY: You also own a place in Vermont. What do you think the locals say about you when they hang out at the general store?

MACY: I've never tapped a maple, although I do own a lumberjack shirt. I knew I had achieved some degree of
(concluded on page 184)



"I'll take a dozen."



SHANNEN

Hollywood's hottest drama queen has nothing to hide

Think about your most impetuous, hard-partying deeds, the ones you thought nobody was watching. Would you have behaved the same if you knew people would still perceive you that way a decade later? That is the question we asked sultry Shannen Doherty, who at 32 is still largely thought of as a nightclubbing hell-raiser even though she has long since graduated from her *Beverly Hills 90210* days. "For a little bit, I got wrapped up in that lifestyle," she confesses. "What 19-year-old who is never carded wouldn't? I was rolling into clubs with 10 of my friends and partying my ass off. We didn't have to wait outside, and we'd get an amazing table and champagne sent over. The interesting thing is that once I became of legal age, it got boring. I feel more centered now and can focus on things that are really important in life." Those things include her tight circle of friends, most of whom she's known for more than 15 years, and her parents. "The most important factor in doing this new shoot was getting my parents' blessing," says Shannen, who last graced *PLAYBOY*'s cover in 1994. "They said, 'There's nothing you could do that we'd be ashamed of.' My parents did a great job with my brother and me. We may screw up, but we fix our mistakes and do the right thing in the long run."

Shannen, now working on the second season of her SciFi Channel series *Scare Tactics*, describes herself as a fairly shy and modest person who takes tabloid headlines in stride. "I have a good sense of humor most of the time," she says. "I can laugh things off, but it crosses the line when it affects my family. The most outrageous recent story was about Ben Affleck's birthday party. It said that I gave Ben a sloppy wet kiss on the lips and that J. Lo freaked out when I gave him sex toys as a present. Now, I worked with Ben on *Mallrats*, but I didn't even say hi to him at this party because he was surrounded by a pack of people. So you think, Where would anyone get that story? It's ridiculous."

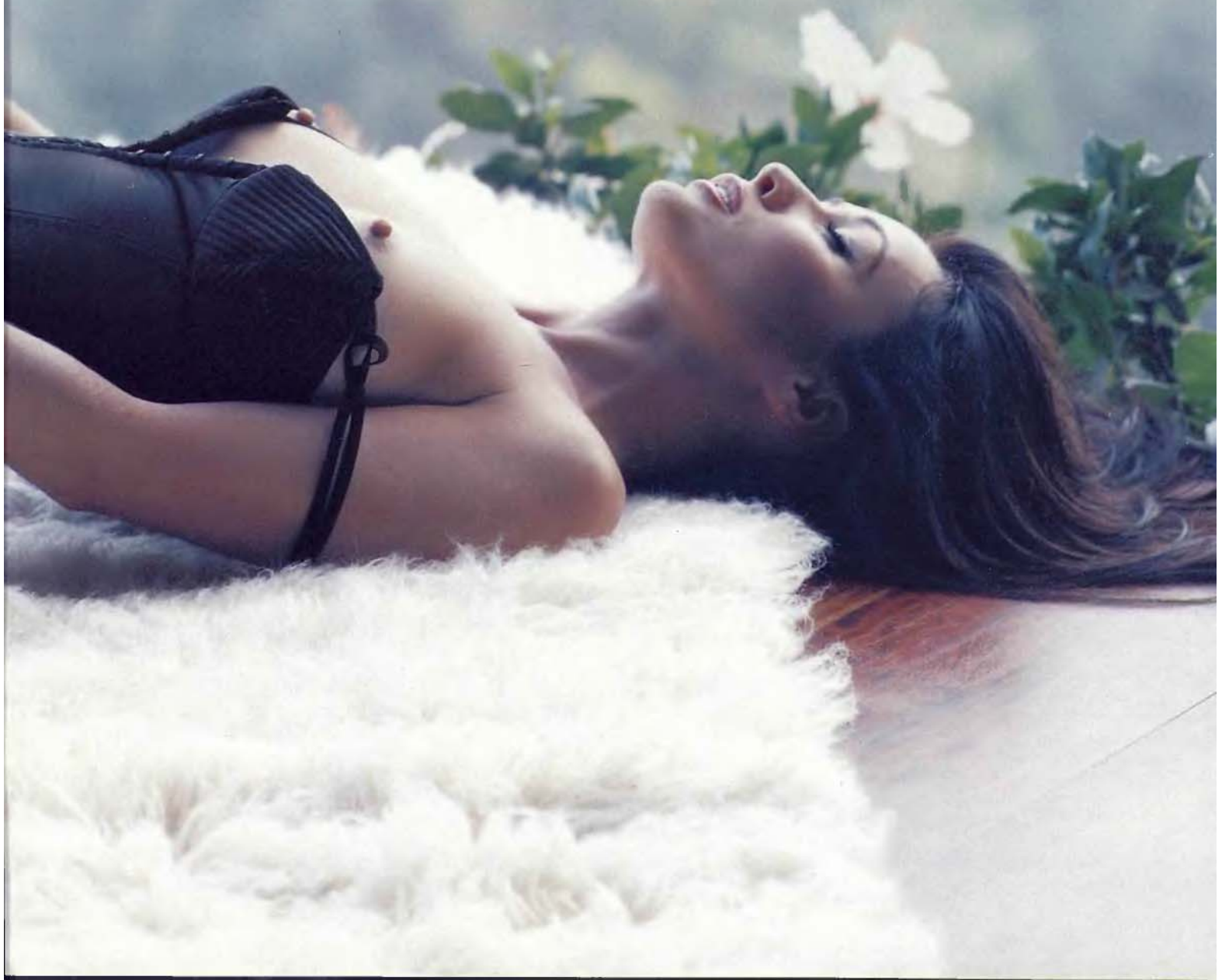
After exiting two hit TV series, *Beverly Hills 90210* and *Charmed*, due in part to conflicts on the set, Shannen says she rediscovered her love for acting with a part on the 2002 CBS television movie *Hell on Heels: The Battle of Mary Kay*. "There isn't a hint of Shannen Doherty in that character," she says. "I was incredibly proud, and I got great reviews. I cut them out and pinned them up for a week. I felt like it was a turning point and the first time in my life when it became about my acting and not me. I want to remember that feeling always." Shortly thereafter, she returned to her old zip code for a *90210* reunion show. "I have the most amazing fans anyone could ever hope for," she says. "They really wanted to see me in the reunion, so I did it for them to say thank you. Hell yes, it was awkward. We were so young doing that show, and there are arguments when you work with people day in and day out. You grow up and things



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHEL COMTE



"I've always been outspoken, and
there's something to be said for having
the courage just to live your life."









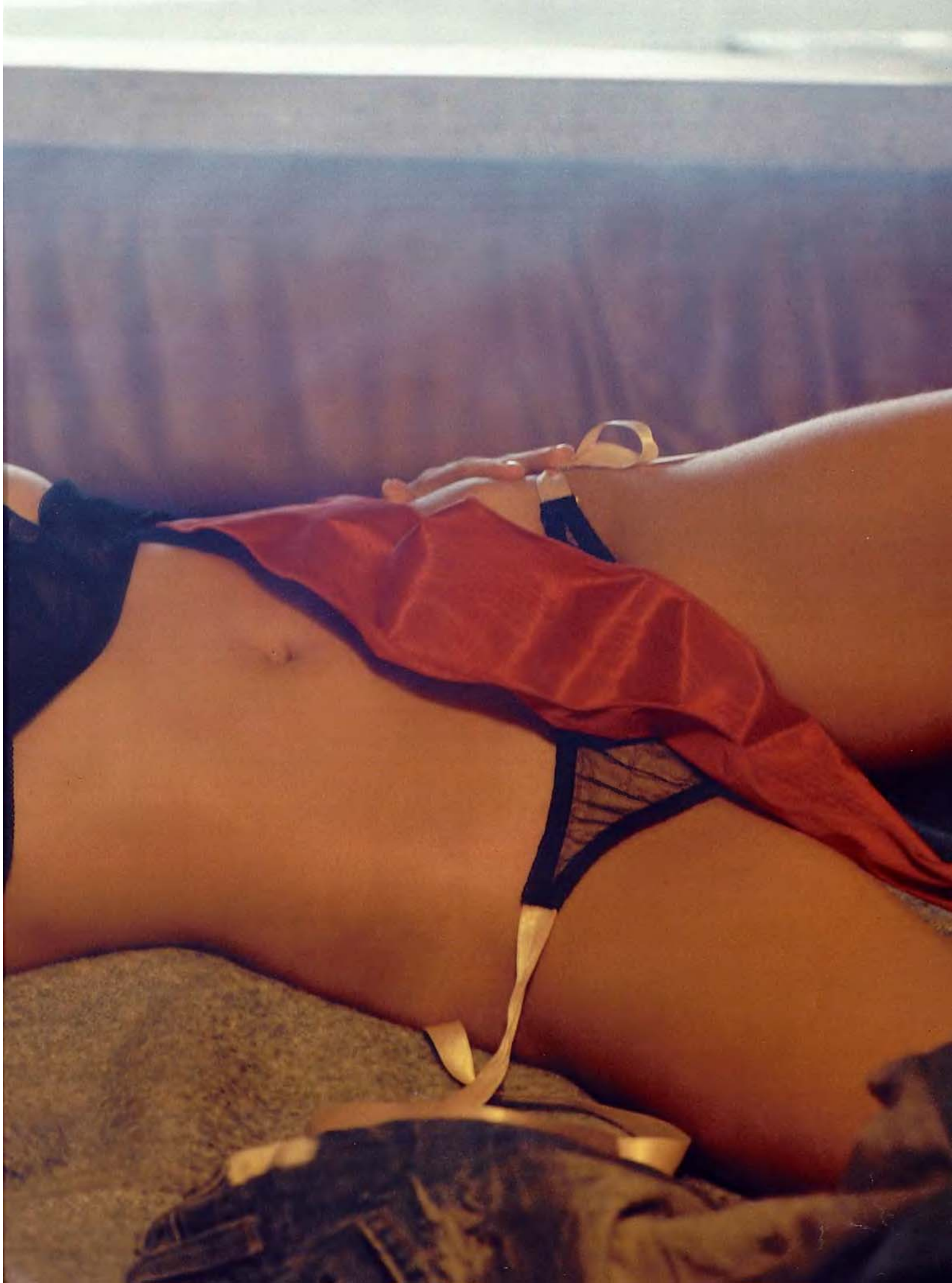
change, though. I've mellowed, and I actually enjoyed myself."

Now Shannen is enjoying herself on *Scare Tactics*, a twisted reality show that allows her to play outrageous pranks. "In one segment, I took three of my friends to Vegas and played the prank on the last day, to catch them off guard," she says. "We jumped into a cab, which had to take a back road because there was supposedly a wreck on the main road. The cabdriver hits somebody, and the stuntman flips over the cab, falls onto the ground and looks like he's bleeding. The cabdriver tries to take off, then the guy we hit yanks the driver out, and all of the passenger doors are on a safety lock, so we can't get out. The stuntman beats up the driver, jumps into the cab and drives it into a building, which was actually a mistake—the emergency brake didn't work. By the end, my friends were crying and screaming in the backseat. And they're still my friends!"

Shannen, who was recently divorced from her second husband, Internet gambling entrepreneur Richard Solomon, is so passionate about her work that she has put romance on the back burner. "Rick and I are still good friends," she says. "We see each other. We date. We have what works right now." Meanwhile, Shannen has a blossoming interest in sitcoms after a guest stint on *The Ortegas*. "I've always been scared of live audiences and never wanted to do a comedy," she confesses. "Now I've changed my mind." None of this leaves time for Shannen's former nightlife ways, and she says her friends are lucky if she ventures out once every three months. "I wish I had conducted myself better on occasion and been more private, but I would rather live my life to the fullest than constantly conduct myself in a certain way to gain approval from others," she says. "I've always been outspoken about my opinions, and there's something to be said for having the courage to just live your life. I have regrets but no apologies."







COLLEGE BASKETBALL (continued from page 159)

Guys are being murdered at Baylor, and the NCAA is worried about a pizza? Hey, grab a slice and relax.

Carmelo Anthony, to the NBA. Coach Jim Boeheim has three big guns returning, including standout forward Hakim Warrick, who averaged nearly 15 points and nine rebounds last season, and Craig Forth, who was dazzling in the title game. Bonus: This coach has the hottest wife in any conference. Score!

Player to watch: Gerry McNamara wasn't heavily recruited out of high school, but he played with remarkable poise as a freshman in the championship game in front of millions. Now he moves from point guard to the shooting spot.

Achilles' heel: You can't lose Anthony and not feel the void.



12. GONZAGA

Outlook: No one has ever considered the Bulldogs a serious threat. Most folks don't

even know where Gonzaga is (Spokane, Washington). This season all that changes. The squad enters as a legitimate candidate for a first-ever Final Four berth. Guard Blake Stepp is a prime-time scorer and a shifty passer who averaged six assists per game last year. Inside, Cory Violette is a horse on

the boards (eight rebounds per game), and he can put some points up, too.

Player to watch: Ronny Turiaf, a 6'10", 240-pound junior forward who averaged nearly 16 points last year, will get a chance to establish himself as one of the NCAA's premier players.

Achilles' heel: Can these kids handle the heat now that there are some real expectations? The first big test will establish the dominant team in the wild West: Stanford on December 20 at the Arena in Oakland.



13. CINCINNATI

Outlook: Last season the Bearcats lost their grip on Conference USA by going 17-12, which ended a seven-year streak of seasons with at least 25 wins.

Ouch. This year coach Bob Huggins has a deep roster led by forward Jason Maxiell, whose physical play around the basket makes him tough to stop. Huggins loves guards who can handle the ball, sink deep threes and play pressure defense. He has a pair this year in seniors Field Williams and Tony Bobbitt.

Player to watch: Robert Whaley, a 6'10", 260-pound two-time junior-

college All America, has had off-court problems. (He was tried on two felony counts of criminal sexual conduct with a 13-year-old girl, which ended in a mistrial in 2001.) If he can keep clean, he could be the big man the Bearcats have missed since Kenyon Martin led UC to the nation's number-one ranking back in 1999-2000.

Achilles' heel: Let's face it, Cincinnati is a thug team. Remember a few years ago when Bearcat Art Long was arrested, and later acquitted, for punching a police horse in the face? ("So this horse walks into a basketball arena and....") This year's club features Whaley and Armein Kirkland, who was charged with misdemeanor counts of domestic violence and assault after police said he struck a 17-year-old girl.



14. ILLINOIS

Outlook: New coach Bruce Weber has an impressive résumé of success from his days at Southern Illinois,

but he's never had to face teams like Pitt, Wisconsin and Arkansas. Welcome to the big time, pal. Up-front, the Fighting Illini will need increased production from sophomore James Augustine and junior Roger Powell. Center Nick Smith, a 7'2" flagpole of a man, is agile for his size, but he doesn't rebound as well as he should. If he becomes more of a force, this team should slam-dunk the rest of the Big 10.

Player to watch: Point guard Dee Brown is the program's top dog. He's capable of scoring 20 points on any night (except when there's no game), and he's a leader on the floor.

Achilles' heel: The Illini not only lost their coach to Kansas, they lost the Big 10 Player of the Year in Brian Cook.



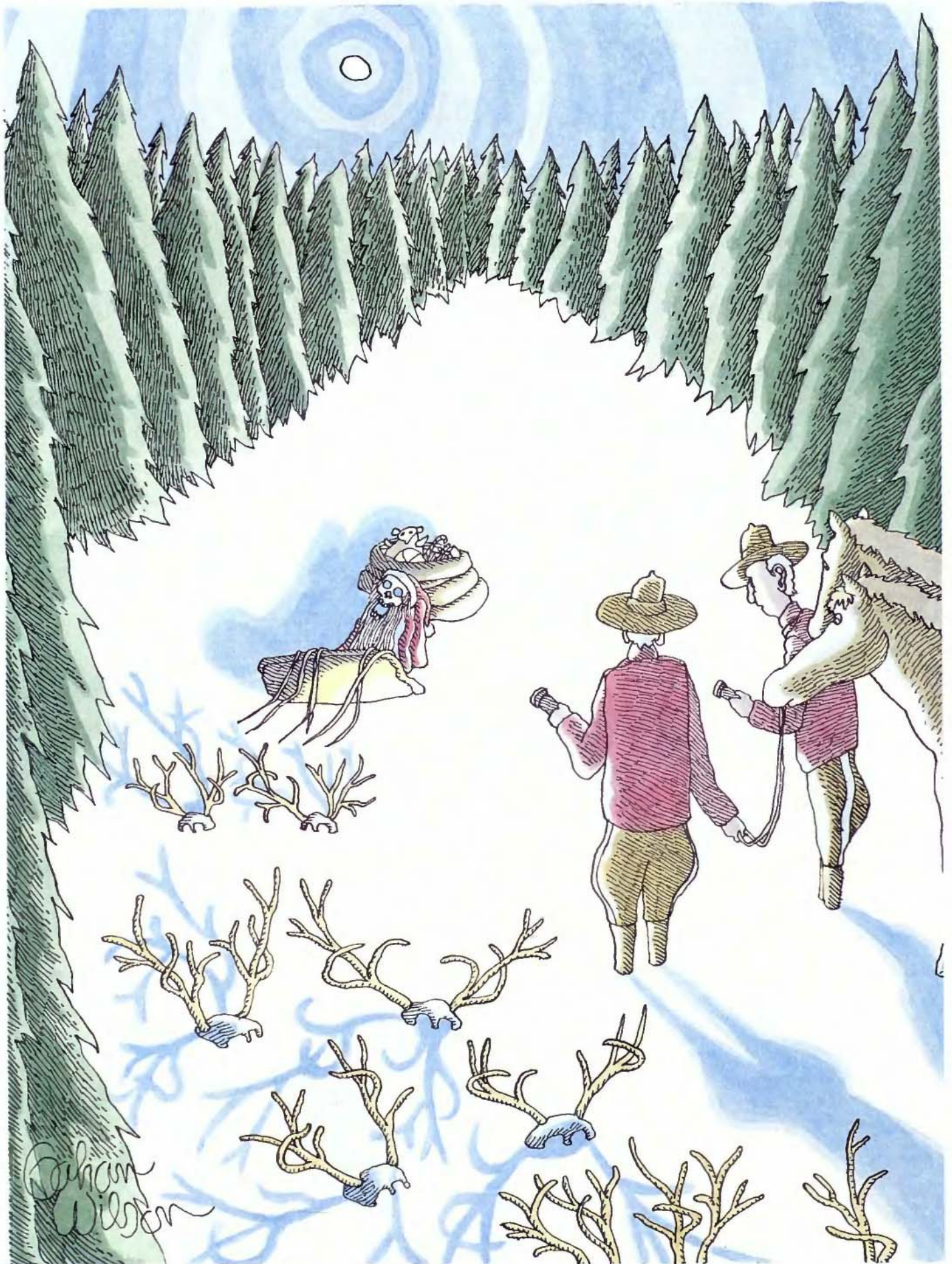
15. PITTSBURGH

Outlook: Just a year and a half old, the Petersen Events Center is one of the country's best hoops arenas. Now all this school needs is a championship team to go along with it. The Panthers return two starters, including Big East Conference Tournament MVP Julius Page. He'll get help in the backcourt from senior Jaron Brown—a great rebounder from his guard spot and a solid scorer. Up-front, the load will fall on 6'7" Chevon "the Towering Fish" Troutman, who shot an eye-popping 72 percent from the floor.

Player to watch: The wild card at Pitt isn't a player but the coach. Assistant head coach Jamie Dixon moves up to the top spot this season in his first college head-coaching job. (Ben Howland left for UCLA, in his hometown.) Dixon is a great recruiter, but a disciplinarian? A



"My best friend, my wife, and who the hell are you?"



"I guess this explains why everybody has had to buy their own Christmas presents since we were kids."

leader at game time?

Achilles' heel: There ain't much in terms of experienced size here. So much for that theory about mutant-growth aftereffects of Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island.



16. WISCONSIN

Outlook: Gone is stand-out shooter Kirk Penney, but four starting Badgers return this season. All

that experience should help the team contend for the Big 10 title. If Devin Harris continues to develop as a prime-time scorer, Wisconsin's backcourt should measure up. Forward Mike Wilkinson and Dave Mader will be counted on to score enough inside to get the perimeter shooters clean looks. The great thing about this team: The postgame party in Madison is always out of sight. Win? Lose? No one will remember anyway.

Player to watch: Brian Butch, a 6'11" high school All America forward-center, enters Wisconsin as one of the most heralded recruits in school history. The kid ain't lacking in confidence. The NCAA means "a new level, new team and new people to impress," he says.

Achilles' heel: Can the cheeseheads score from long range? Penney was awesome last season. Now he's sinking buckets for big bucks in the pros.



17. OKLAHOMA

Outlook: More than half of this team's 2002-2003 points were scored by players who have graduated. But don't count the Sooners out. Junior Johnnie Gilbert, a solid power forward, should increase his scoring and rebounding this year, while sophomore Kevin Bookout led the Big 12 in field goal percentage. If all the youngsters (sophomore De'Angelo Alexander in particular) live up to their potential, the Sooners might be a top 10 team. Don't

bet Junior's college fund on it, though.

Player to watch: Guard Jason Derrick, who redshirted last year, could explode this season. Word is the kid's got the goods, but he's a senior, so he has only one chance to prove it.

Achilles' heel: Lots of talent, little experience. Remember the first time you had sex? You didn't last very long. Ditto with this club in the NCAA tournament. But just wait till next year.



18. STANFORD

Outlook: Last year Stanford wasn't on our radar. Then the team finished second in the Pac 10. We're not going to make the same mistake again. Coach Mike Montgomery has a loaded team that could make a run if he can replace the scoring of guard Julius Barnes, who graduated. Justin Davis, Rob Little and Playboy All America Josh Childress all return up-front. Chris Hernandez will get the start at point guard after missing last season with a busted foot.

Player to watch: Matt Lottich bailed on a potential future in baseball (he hit .480 for his high school team, leading the club to an Illinois state championship) to play college hoops. Last year as a junior, he hit 79 three-pointers. Who knows what this kid can do?

Achilles' heel: Hernandez must stay healthy at guard, because there's not much experienced depth in the backcourt. If he can't handle the role, the Cardinal is cooked.



19. NOTRE DAME

Outlook: They couldn't guard their lunch a season ago, yet the Irish still advanced to the NCAA's Sweet 16 because of their explosive scoring ability. (Fans attribute the success to the 132-foot painted mural of Jesus on campus. His holiness has his hands lifted to the sky, like a referee signaling a three-pointer.) The club returns three

starters, most notably standout point guard Chris Thomas, who had considered heading to the NBA after last season. Inside, Notre Dame boasts super sophomore Torin Francis, who started all 34 games a year ago, along with part-time starters Tom Timmermans and Jordan Cornette.

Player to watch: Thomas's slick penetration will give scoring point guard Torrian Jones lots of open shots. If Jones can score consistently, the Irish will be for real.

Achilles' heel: Has coach Mike Brey fixed those defensive problems or what?



20. WAKE FOREST

Outlook: A year ago know-it-alls were picking Wake Forest to suck. Then the club went 25-6 and won its first outright ACC title in 41 years. Four starters return, but the one who's missing is the one who counted most: All America Josh Howard. The team will rebuild around 6'9" forward Vytas Danelius, a native of Lithuania who isn't afraid to battle in traffic, can score big and rebounds like Plastic Man. In the backcourt, count on Taron Downey, the Assist Man, to feed the ball down low to Danelius and forward Jamaal Levy.

Player to watch: Sophomore guard Justin Gray, one of the Demon Deacons' primary ball handlers, busted his jaw in a game against Duke last season. He had it wired shut, lost 19 pounds and missed a month of action. Look for Gray to save face this year.

Achilles' heel: Howard led this club in nearly every important statistical category, most notably scoring and rebounding. With his departure, this team has a massive hole to fill.



21. UTAH

Outlook: Rick Majerus, one of the best coaches around, has a pair of All-Mountain West Con-



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ference performers returning from his 25-8 team of last year—6'10" center-forward Tim Frost and guard-forward Nick Jacobson, who led the club in scoring with 13.3 points per game and 80—count 'em, 80—three-pointers. Also back is sophomore point guard Tim Drisdorn, who started every game as a freshman—the first point guard to do that in Majerus's 14 years as Utah's coach.

Player to watch: Richard Chaney, a 6'4" guard-forward, showed promise last year as a freshman. He'll get plenty of playing time this season.

Achilles' heel: The Utes start the season on probation because Coach Majerus, along with other minor infractions, bought his players a pizza one evening when the team was together. You see, giving "gifts" to amateur players is an NCAA no-no. Guys are being murdered at Baylor, and the NCAA is worried about a goddamn pizza? Hey, fellas, grab a slice and relax, would ya?



22. NORTH CAROLINA STATE

Outlook: With Duke and North Carolina an hour's drive away, the Wolfpack sometimes gets ugly-stepsister treatment. But this club enters the season with real talent and depth. The best of the bunch is 6'6" Julius Hodge, one of the top scorers in the ACC a year ago.

NC State has a dynamic duo of seniors in Marcus Melvin and Scooter Sherill, both prime-time shooters. Melvin was the Wolfpack's second-leading scorer, while Sherill shot 40 percent from behind the three-point stripe. This team will battle for the ACC title but could grab even more headlines if it defends well.

Player to watch: Levi Watkins, a 6'8" junior, struggled last season to come back from a serious knee injury he suffered during his freshman year. After a solid conditioning program, he's expected to be 100 percent and could be a huge contributor off the bench.

Achilles' heel: Coach Herb Sendek was rumored to be in trouble before last season's solid year. Will the Wolfpack start to circle if the team struggles?



23. LOUISVILLE

Outlook: Coach Rick Pitino has reenergized the Cardinals since his arrival two years ago. With their up-tempo offense and full-court-pressure defense, they're a fun team to watch. Leading the way is 6'7" sophomore Francisco Garcia, the Conference USA Freshman of the Year a season ago. Two starters also return in forward Ellis Myles and Taquan Dean, a tremendous athlete in the backcourt. If incoming recruits Nate Daniels and Nouha Diakite, both junior-college

standouts, can help out in the paint, the Cardinals could rise in the rankings. Bonus: Game? What game? Louisville's cheerleaders are second to none.

Player to watch: Senior forward Luke Whitehead runs the court well and is a solid defender. He'll be expected to step up and score more this season.

Achilles' heel: No matter how good this team is, it will always play second fiddle to in-state foe Kentucky. Can Pitino handle it if UK dominates the college basketball world yet again?



24. SAINT JOSEPH'S

Outlook: Coach Phil Martelli knows how to put on a show, on the court and off. (He once appeared on TV popping out of a casket to make the point that his team wasn't dead yet.) His club is loaded on the perimeter thanks to the decision of all-everything point guard Jameer Nelson to opt out of the NBA draft and return to school. Nelson will get help this season from junior guard Delonte West and junior guard-forward Pat Carroll, both big-time scorers.

Player to watch: Barring injury or lousy play, Nelson should establish Saint Joseph's all-time scoring and assist records this season, which certainly won't diminish his NBA price tag.

Achilles' heel: Inside, this team has big questions. Yes, the guard play should be great, but you don't win without a stud in the paint.

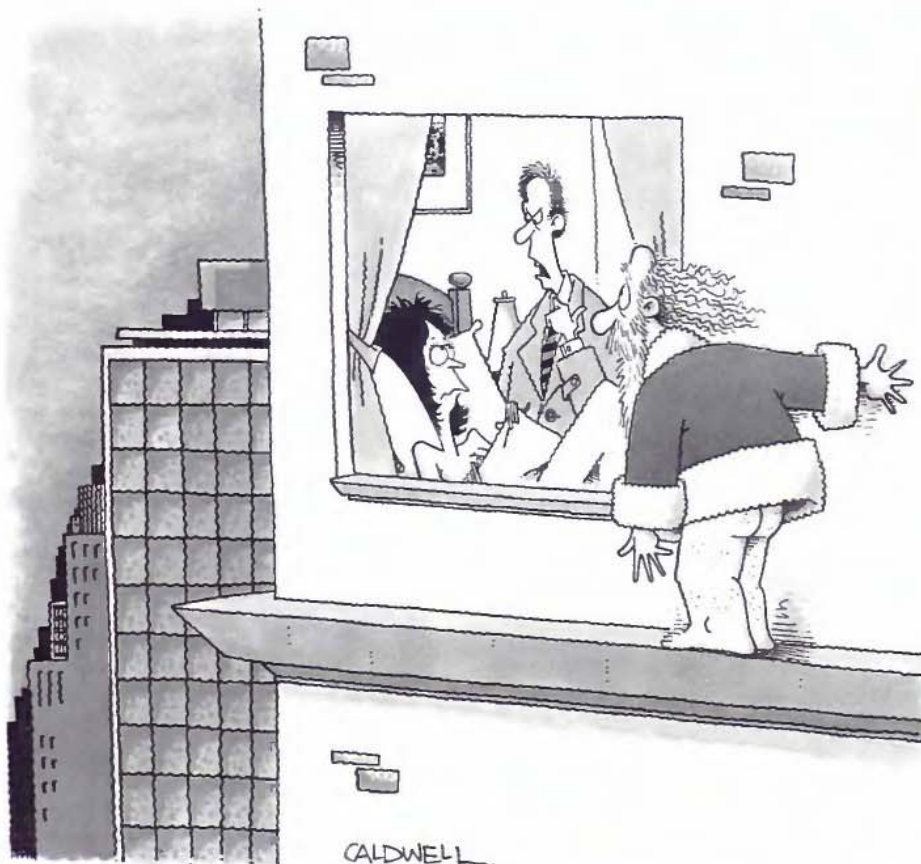


25. MARQUETTE

Outlook: Is there life after Dwyane Wade? The shooting star was the first Marquette player to be selected to the Associated Press's All America team since 1978. The Miami Heat then picked him fifth overall in the NBA draft. But Tom Crean, PLAYBOY's pick for Coach of the Year, is banking on his three returning starters from last year's Final Four team. Forwards Scott Merritt and Todd Townsend should increase their numbers in the absence of Wade. Point guard Travis Diener is a team leader who can sink threes all day when he's on, which is often.

Player to watch: Steve Novak had a sensational freshman year. He was a sharpshooter from three-point range, a rare talent for a 6'10" guy. After a summer in the weight room, Novak should be able to score more inside and become a huge weapon in the Marquette arsenal.

Achilles' heel: Was last year's 27-6 club a one-man team? Will Wade's absence doom the high-flying Golden Eagles? They take on rival Notre Dame this month. Stay tuned.



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William H. Macy (continued from page 166)

I have a little cabin in the woods, and there's no room for two kids and a nanny and a wife.

acceptance when a bunch of us were standing around complaining about the rich flatlanders who come in and buy land and raise the tax base: "They're only with you the one month out of the year, and isn't it a shame?" "Yes," I said. "Don't you hate those sons of bitches?"

18

PLAYBOY: You and your wife were students together. You've appeared together onstage, on television, in films. Don't you feel a need to get away by yourself every once in a while?

MACY: I do. I have a little cabin in the woods, and there's no room for two kids and a nanny and a wife. And Felicity is so cool. Not only does she say okay, she encourages it. And I encourage her to go back to Colorado by herself every once

in a while. I married very well. We love working together. We'd love to work together more than we do, but we decided that we should do it sparingly because it's kind of special and we don't want to use up all that cachet.

19

PLAYBOY: You recently completed work on a submarine movie. Is the genre's lure for an actor the opportunity to speak lines such as "Fire one!" and "Ja-wohl, Herr Kapitän!"?

MACY: Yes. It's called *U-Boat*—a low-budget submarine movie made on a set in Los Angeles. Through the machinations of the plot, an American sub is sunk, and seven of us end up on a German U-boat. What we did in *U-Boat*, which I thought was quite novel and wonderful—I'll take

credit for it because at the last minute everyone got cold feet and wanted to change it, and I prevailed—was to have the Germans speak German and the Yanks speak English. The cast on that side was completely German. We borrowed heavily from *Das Boot*. We used the same set—not literally but, you know, a U-boat is a U-boat is a U-boat. Very few exteriors. The whole concept was for it to be as claustrophobic as *Das Boot*. That submarine war was brutal.

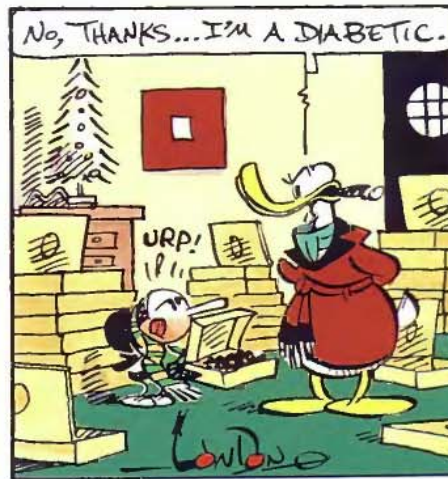
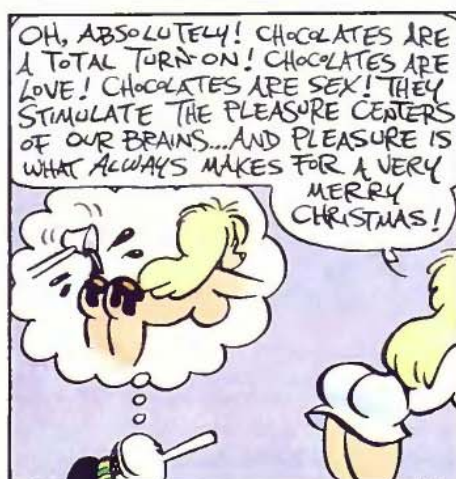
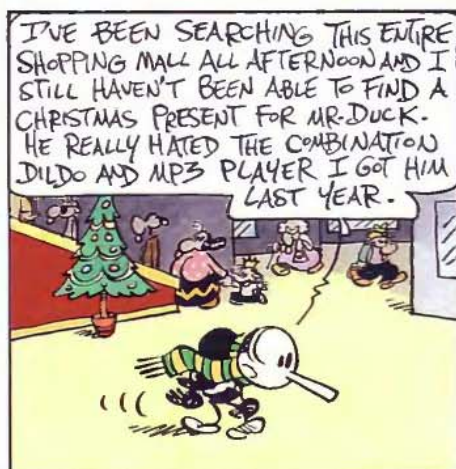
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PLAYBOY: Do you announce "Honey, I'm home!" when you return to Ms. Huffman at the end of a long day?

MACY: I'm going to start. It's a good line. I've said, "Where's my dinner?" a couple of times. She does cook for me. It gives her great pleasure to cook for me. She says she's not a great cook, but she is. She can cook anything. I can't cook to save my soul. Every once in a while I'll cook something that's really good, and if you put a gun to my head I couldn't repeat it.

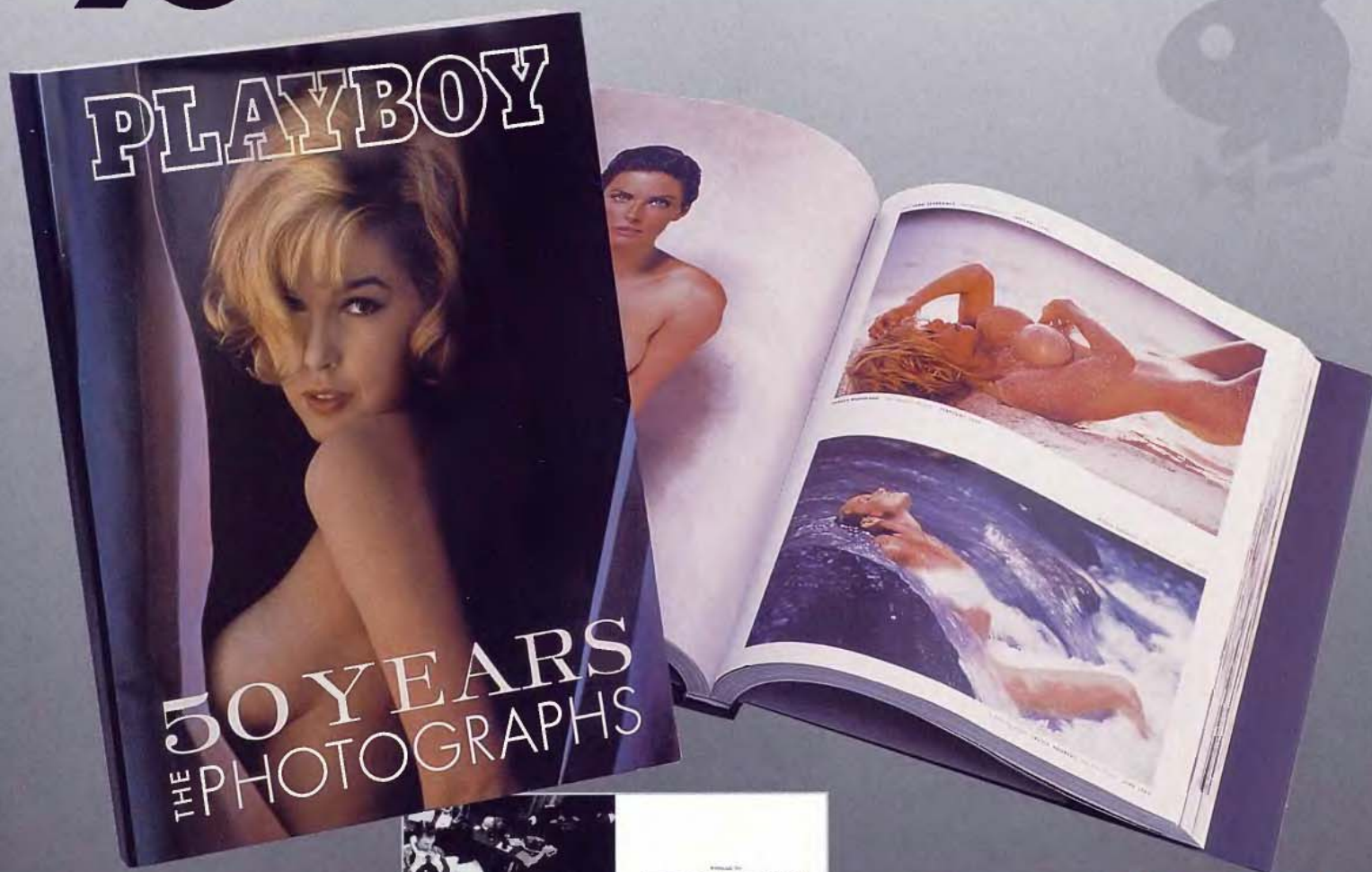


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HOWARD DEAN

(continued from page 154)

While we all want to win, some things are worse than losing: dishonesty, deception and cowardice.

a constitutional crime. Rather, I favored leaving the matter up to the states—the same position advocated by Georgia senator Sam Nunn.

May I suggest that anyone who regarded those positions as extreme, radical or superliberal in 1972 was not living in the real world.

I don't expect to erase all the distortions and twisted images that came out of my years spent challenging not only President Nixon but also many of my own party's leaders. I long ago accepted the fact that in the Democratic Party a presidential loser is sometimes considered an untouchable.

Until his death, Barry Goldwater—with whom I enjoyed a warm friendship, partly because we had landslide defeats in common—was repeatedly welcomed and cheered at Republican

national conventions. By contrast, especially since the DLC influence has dominated Democratic conventions, my wife, Eleanor, and I have sat through these events unnoticed, unrecognized and, I suspect, unwanted. At the 1992 convention Michael Dukakis, Walter Mondale and their wives, but not Eleanor and I, were introduced and cheered as former standard bearers. That led to Eleanor's declaration: No more national conventions. I still attend out of party loyalty, even if no one notices I'm there. I'll be in Boston in 2004. Theoretically I should not notice such slights. But keep in mind that anyone who runs for president has a huge ego. And we egotistical characters like to be noticed even if we've lost an election to the likes of Richard Nixon. We even think it's an honor just to have won a nomination.

What I would like more than public notice, however, is the recognition that I waged an honest and decent campaign in 1972 against the only man in American history forced to resign the presidency in disgrace. I've always thought that while we all want to win, some things are worse than losing an election. Dishonesty, deception and cowardice are all worse than losing. Am I the one who should be embarrassed about 1972?

George W. Bush is seriously flawed, just as Nixon was 31 years ago. I have not yet decided which of the Democratic presidential contenders to support, but as of this writing Howard Dean is doing just fine. He's been tromping around the villages, byways and backstreets of Iowa and New Hampshire for over a year and a half. He's got an excellent organization set up; he has more grassroots workers than anybody else. He knows their names and addresses. He's going to be tough because of that. And if he is nominated, he'll be running against a guy who has never worked hard in his life.



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JOHN CUSACK (continued from page 76)

"I don't mind action movies. I like to see them on Saturday nights with my friends. I laugh at them."

Do you?

CUSACK: I'm the worst guy to list anything. I remember specific movies, or whatever, but I can't give you a list.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember any specific movies or books that changed your life?

CUSACK: When we were kids, my parents went out of town, and we had a friend of the family come and stay with us. The guy decided to take us to the 10 o'clock show of *Apocalypse Now*. I don't know

how old I was. I walked out in a daze. I think it was seeing the power that the medium could have, how deep it could go. It happened a few other times with books, a record, whatever. Once, my school assignment was to read *To Kill a Mockingbird*. I read it all night. Those things change you forever. Another one was Hunter Thompson.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss Chicago?

CUSACK: I keep a place there. I've lived

in and out of Chicago my whole life. I was born and raised there. I always thought it was kind of a cleaner and more manageable New York City. It's tougher in ways that are more subtle and distinct from New York. It's a huge city, has the best jazz and blues in the world, great museums, mean-ass winters and great food.

PLAYBOY: And there's basketball.

CUSACK: Yeah, though it's not the same since Michael Jordan retired. I was there for the Camelot of basketball. The whole city would shut down. You'd have a really dark, cold, windy night, and literally the whole city would stop. Every night he would do some magical thing, and the city would just be in awe. It was an amazingly fun time. To me, after the Bulls were done, basketball was just not as good a sport anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you watch other sports?

CUSACK: Football, baseball, and I'm a big boxing fan—boxing and kickboxing.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in the ring?

CUSACK: Yes, and I train a little. I do boxing, kickboxing, semiregularly. I haven't done it in a while, but I'll try to commit to doing it two or three times a week.

PLAYBOY: In *Say Anything* your character wanted to kickbox professionally. How about in real life?

CUSACK: I'm dumb, but I'm not stupid.

PLAYBOY: What is it about boxing?

CUSACK: It's a guilty pleasure. The theater of pro boxing is so real. It's insane. It takes incredible courage, almost beyond imagination. The boxers risk their lives. They're right on the edge, and that makes for amazing raw theater. The athletes are incredible.

PLAYBOY: How about when you're in the ring?

CUSACK: The fun thing about it is what it brings up when you do it. Nothing's more primal than the fear of someone physically assaulting you, right? It brings up polar extremes. You're afraid that you'll become a total coward and run screaming for your blanket and your mommy, and you're also afraid that you'll become a killer, that you'll lose control.

PLAYBOY: Have both of those happened to you?

CUSACK: They have. I get the gestalt of it. Another thing I love is helicopter skiing. I've done it in this place up in Canada. It's actually a good place to learn, as psychotic as that may sound. The reason is that you're skiing in powder; it's not all packed snow. If you fall, you fall into powder, so you're not going to hit a tree. You're not going to hit anybody else.

PLAYBOY: In *Grosse Pointe Blank* your character, a hit man, goes to his high school reunion. Did you go to yours?

CUSACK: I did. I made a bet with the guys I made the movie with that if the movie got a green light, we would go to our reunion. We were kind of terrified that we



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would actually get to make the movie, because then we'd have to go.

PLAYBOY: What was it like?

CUSACK: It was everything. Joanie said it best in the movie: "Everybody just swelled"—that is, they were all swollen versions of themselves.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with your sister Joan in many of your films. Does working with a sibling add difficulties?

CUSACK: Not for me. It's effortless. We have the greatest shorthand in the world. We just get each other's sensibilities. It's like a point guard. All you've got to do is come down the court, look left, throw the ball, and she'll be there.

PLAYBOY: You also worked with your father, who wrote documentaries.

CUSACK: When I was little he went into advertising to support the family, but yeah, later he started a documentary film company and made films for the United Nations, wrote some plays and made commercials for the Santa Fe Railroad. My family was passionate about movies. They exposed us to art. They took me to plays, and Mom was always reading. Art was fuel and medicine.

PLAYBOY: Are you and Joan the only full-time actors?

CUSACK: Ann's an actress too. She's doing a David Kelley show right now. And my brother Bill works too.

PLAYBOY: We read that your parents were politically radical. Did it rub off on you?

CUSACK: Yes. My mother was probably more into social protest, but my father was involved too. My father was from the World War II generation. His reaction to Vietnam was shaped by his experiences in the earlier war.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents take you to protest marches?

CUSACK: No, and they never insisted that we think like them, though they did try to make me a Catholic.

PLAYBOY: Were they successful?

CUSACK: No. They made me go to church until I was old enough to rebel against it.

PLAYBOY: Was your childhood easy or traumatic? Were you popular with girls?

CUSACK: It got better once I got into the film business.

PLAYBOY: So actors get more action?

CUSACK: I think so. It was a pretty good trump card in high school: "Yeah, I just did a movie." Before that, I could never get the really fantastic girls to talk to me. They were into the jocks or whoever—the popular guy, who wasn't me. I did a play, and some of the girls saw it. They started looking at me a little bit differently. Then they saw me in a movie, and I got a little more play.

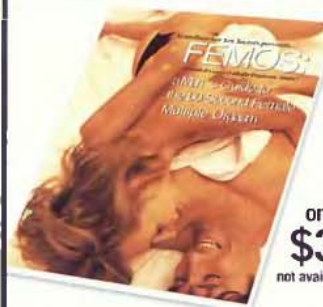
PLAYBOY: Of course, that was never your motivation for wanting to become an actor, right?

CUSACK: One can argue that that's the motivation for everything.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider quitting school to act?

CUSACK: Not really. It was just under-

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stood that I could act and go to school. I did three movies before I graduated. Then I did some plays, went to Africa and then went to NYU for a semester before dropping out and going back to the movies.

PLAYBOY: Why did you drop out?

CUSACK: I think I just had too much fire in the belly. I probably couldn't sit still long enough.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever regretted quitting?

CUSACK: Sure, but not anymore. I've gotten a unique education in my life. I can't say that I've been deprived of anything. What are you going to do? You've got to go with what you got.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about the impact your early success had on you compared with actors who struggle for decades? Would you be more—

CUSACK: Well-adjusted?

PLAYBOY: We were going to say—

CUSACK: Less of an asshole? To be an actor in the first place, you have to have a problem. And if you want to survive, you'd better deal with your problem.

PLAYBOY: Why do you have to have a problem?

CUSACK: Because why would anyone need that much attention?

PLAYBOY: Is it about attention?

CUSACK: On some level. A lot of people don't need that much attention, though of course it's not just about that.

PLAYBOY: One of your earliest movies was *The Sure Thing*. You were only around 19 when you made it. What do you remember about the experience?

CUSACK: I was happy to get the job with this guy Rob Reiner, who had just made *Spinal Tap*. I was thrilled. He taught me a lot. He also set a pretty high standard for other directors. Funnily enough, the other directors who have done as well, in my view, have been actors too: Woody Allen and Clint Eastwood. As actors and performers they both really understand actors. They have a lot in common. Clint's easier to talk to, but they're both gentlemen. They're both musicians. They're both competent-enough artists to be very confident, and their confidence has sort of a generosity to it.

PLAYBOY: Were you intimidated working with them?

CUSACK: Maybe at first, but then you forget all that. You're just working with them. When I was a kid I got to work with Paul Newman, and I was terrified.

PLAYBOY: Your most controversial movie is *Max*. Did you know it would cause a storm?

CUSACK: I expected it, though I didn't expect people to attack the movie without having seen it. People condemned the film before they had seen a frame of it, which I thought was kind of fantastic, in a way.

PLAYBOY: Was the most fierce criticism that you humanized Adolf Hitler?

CUSACK: Yeah. How dare I humanize

evil? I'm sorry to inform people that it's a human endeavor. It's a serious movie, but it's a moral one. People were upset with the idea. It's taboo to suggest that Hitler was a human being. After September 11, anybody who dared suggest that it might be worth trying to understand Osama bin Laden or his followers was vilified. That's not helpful.

PLAYBOY: Many performers and writers, including the Dixie Chicks, Susan Sontag and Bill Maher, were attacked for voicing unpopular opinions.

CUSACK: Which is lunacy. It's not helpful to view evil in a superficial way. I mean, it's comforting, but it's medicine that makes you sicker. You have to learn from history, which is complex and dynamic. The one original idea Hitler had was that art and politics would be forever fused and that whoever controls images and symbols—the aesthetics of art in a political sense—has the power. In that way Hitler was completely ahead of his time. Max, the character I play, saw all these great artists processing their World War I experiences in their work, with honesty. It's not an easy thing to do. It's not like somebody sneezes and it's on a canvas. It takes great courage; you have to look within yourself. But Hitler didn't have the honesty, or the ability, to do that. He made all these choices to avoid that responsibility as an artist. He knew art was about ideas and that ideas are power, though. He appropriated the aesthetics of art, opera, performance art, light, dance, movement. He put them into the canvas of politics. He was a lunatic, but his ideas about images and the power of images were right, of course.

PLAYBOY: How bad was Hitler's art?

CUSACK: It was mediocre. It wasn't connected to him. It's like somebody coming back from street fighting in Baghdad and painting a nice picture of a daffodil. It's disconnected from anything. He was disconnected from himself. Remember Bush landing on the aircraft carrier? It was all theater. It was all about the power of images. That's the idea presented in *Max*. Then there's the reaction against it all, the desire to turn back the clock, the Taliban or the Islamic fundamentalists who would like us to live in the seventh century. Why did these Taliban guys blow up those Buddhist temples in the mountains? It wasn't because there was an arms cache underneath them. There was no gold there. It was because the symbols and images have power. Art taps into people's unconscious, their psyches. The reason the planes that hit the World Trade Center were delayed, one and then the other, was because they knew that once the first plane hit, every camera in the world would be on the buildings when the second plane hit. It was demonic; that was a conscious part of it. It wasn't just a murder, it was the iconography of the murder that was inherent in it.

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PLAYBOY: You were criticized for suggesting that the World Trade Center attacks were good art.

CUSACK: Of course that's not what I'm saying. I'm saying what others have said: The attack was as devastating as it was, beyond the number of dead, because of the nightmares it implanted in the heads of Americans. They were planted intentionally. The hope was to create chaos and fear, to cripple the economy.

PLAYBOY: With cusackforpresident.com, a Democratic operative attempted to organize a political campaign that would draft you into the race. Have you considered running?

CUSACK: No.

PLAYBOY: Who is behind the Cusack-for-president campaign?

CUSACK: Some guy. I asked him to stop it. Now I think I'm going to see if I can take that organization and swing it to one of the Democrats. These days I'm really interested in the people from the left who want to work with the people on the right. I'm interested in the way Bono has made inroads. Bono works with people whose politics may repel him, but things

are accomplished. He worked with Jesse Helms and, as a result, helped reduce Third World debt. He met with Bush.

PLAYBOY: Many people on the left think that sitting down with Bush or Helms and reaching a compromise is the ultimate in selling out.

CUSACK: Not if you get the debt reduced, not if you reach your goal. I'm not giving a blanket endorsement of Clinton centrism, but I am saying that the races are going to have to live together. There's going to be a right wing and a left wing—we're going to have to live together. That won't change. Finding a way to live together, finding common ground, is better than ranting and raving at one another. If you rant and rave from your corner, I know who's going to win: the far, far right.

PLAYBOY: Will you work in the next presidential election?

CUSACK: It's pretty important to unseat Bush, in my view.

PLAYBOY: Is there a chance?

CUSACK: He has a pretty impressive résumé of incompetence so far.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite among the other candidates?

CUSACK: I don't know. I think people are starting to realize that Bush is very disciplined, that he's a much better politician than his father. He's not an idiot at all.

PLAYBOY: Did you underestimate him last time?

CUSACK: We all did, completely. It's going to be difficult, but of course I think it's possible. We have the radical right and the media to contend with, including Fox News and MSNBC.

PLAYBOY: What's the impact of the right-wing media?

CUSACK: They help shape the debate. They try to convince people that it's unpatriotic to question things about this country. I don't know if Ben Franklin or any of the founding fathers would approve of that trend.

PLAYBOY: Are actors who have opposed President Bush's war in Iraq being blackballed?

CUSACK: Look, if my movie does well right now, nobody will care what I said about Iraq. The Dixie Chicks are doing just fine. Do you know why? Because people like their music. I think people are more tolerant of ideas and opinions than everyone thinks. The Dixie Chicks are appealing to people, and they have a right to say what they want to say. The attack dogs can come out and try to ruin them, but it's not going to work.

PLAYBOY: Who has attacked you?

CUSACK: One of the angry Irish Republican guys.

PLAYBOY: Bill O'Reilly?

CUSACK: Yes, he or Sean Hannity. One of those guys said something. So what?

PLAYBOY: Are they right when they describe Hollywood as liberal?

CUSACK: Well, there's corporate Hollywood—Stallone, Schwarzenegger. They never seem to attack those guys. Remember when they used to attack the family-values thing, when they said that Hollywood was destroying the family? Which meant that Hollywood was making more gay movies, whatever that means. Notice that they never attacked the guys who have a death count of a million people by the opening credits. Those are family values we can live with.

PLAYBOY: If you're so politically concerned, why is it unthinkable that you would run for office?

CUSACK: I don't think it's such a good job.

PLAYBOY: Not as good as acting?

CUSACK: You have to take an incredible beating every day. Movies may ultimately not have any great political significance, but they're what I do. And it's not just that. I believe art is important. As an actor you get to make all these movies, and once in a while you may even make a movie that falls into the category of art. When you do, you may be doing something worthwhile with your life. Or maybe not.



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JAM MASTER JAY *(continued from page 94)*

"We'd take everything. Jewelry, guns, money, drugs, stereo equipment, televisions—even food."

The last conversation Shake had with his old friend was the day after Jay left Milwaukee. "He'd forgotten his two-way, and he called me from a sandwich shop near the studio and asked me for 50 Cent's number," Shake says. "He was with Randy, and they were just about to go upstairs and work on the album. That was the last time I ever heard from him. You can't imagine how bad that makes

me feel, knowing I was the one who persuaded him to go back to New York."

JULY 30, 2003: LOVEY AND THE BURGLARY CREW

Lovey sits in a barber's chair at Masta Kutterz, reminiscing about how he and 15-year-old Jason Mizell ran wild in the Hollis streets. Now a rotund, balding 38-year-old with fading tattoos on his arms and a day job, Lovey recalls those years

with pride and fondness: "Me and Jay grew up together on 203rd Street. I was the first person he met when his family moved to 203 in the late 1970s."

Growing up, Jay was a good, if rambunctious, kid, a member of a close-knit family. He was expected to speak proper English at home and developed an early interest in music—first learning the drums, then the bass. He also learned to navigate the neighborhood, and to feel safe he needed everyone to be his friend. As Jay explained to Bill Adler, author of the Run-DMC biography *Tougher Than Leather*, "If I was going to the store for my mother, all the wild guys would be there, so I had to be their friend in order not to be scared of them."

"When he was a kid, Jay was cool with a lot of drug dealers," says Lovey, "but he never sold anything for them." Jay may not have dealt drugs, but he was involved with a junior burglary crew that broke into houses in Jamaica Estates. "Me and Jay and Randy Allen and Randy's brother Frankie all used to rob houses together," says Lovey. "That's what we did." Others in the shop say they were joined by Ronald "Tinard" Washington and a guy everyone called Yaqin.

Lovey's revelation is significant. Every surviving member of the crew later figured prominently in stories about Jay's death. While Jay went on to legitimacy and success, his friends—whom he never abandoned, despite the trouble they might have caused him—went on to lead hard lives.

The fledgling posse targeted wealthy white neighborhoods—you don't get rich robbing the poor. Frankie Allen would stake out a place, often hiding in a tree or bushes until the residents left. Then the crew would head inside.

"We'd take everything," says Lovey. "Jewelry, guns, money, drugs, stereo equipment, televisions—even food for a meal afterward. Jay had a strict father, so we tried to keep him out of a lot of stuff, because we knew his mom and pop would be angry. But Jay held stuff in his basement, where his parents didn't go."

Whenever the others allowed it, Jay tagged along. In Hollis, crime is practically a rite of passage—the occasional heist or drug deal does wonders for your reputation.

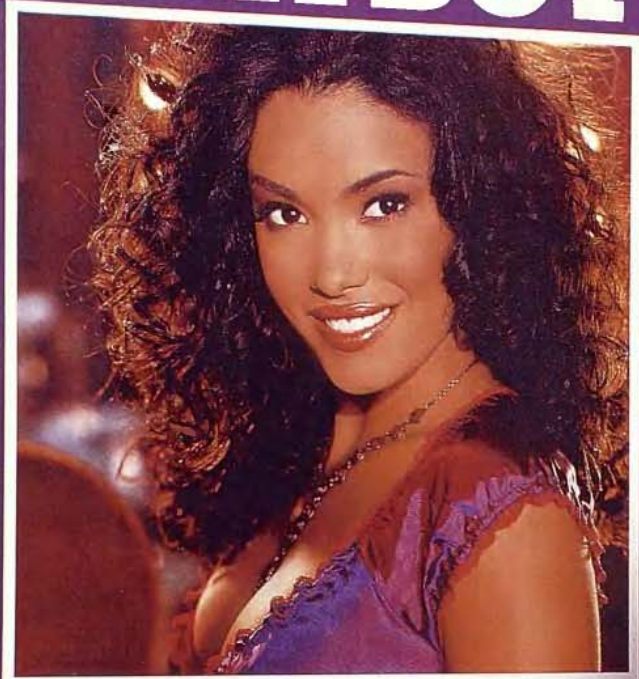
"One time Jay decided he wanted to come with us," remembers Lovey. "He wanted his own money. So we took him on a score." As they were leaving a house in Jamaica Estates, a private security guard spotted them and fired several shots, one of which nearly hit Jay, says another of the crew. "That was his wake-up call," says Lovey. "He didn't want to do that no more."

When Jay's parents found out about their son's extracurricular activities, they were furious. Jay's mother burst into tears. Scared straight, Jay began concentrating on his true passion—deejaying, which he



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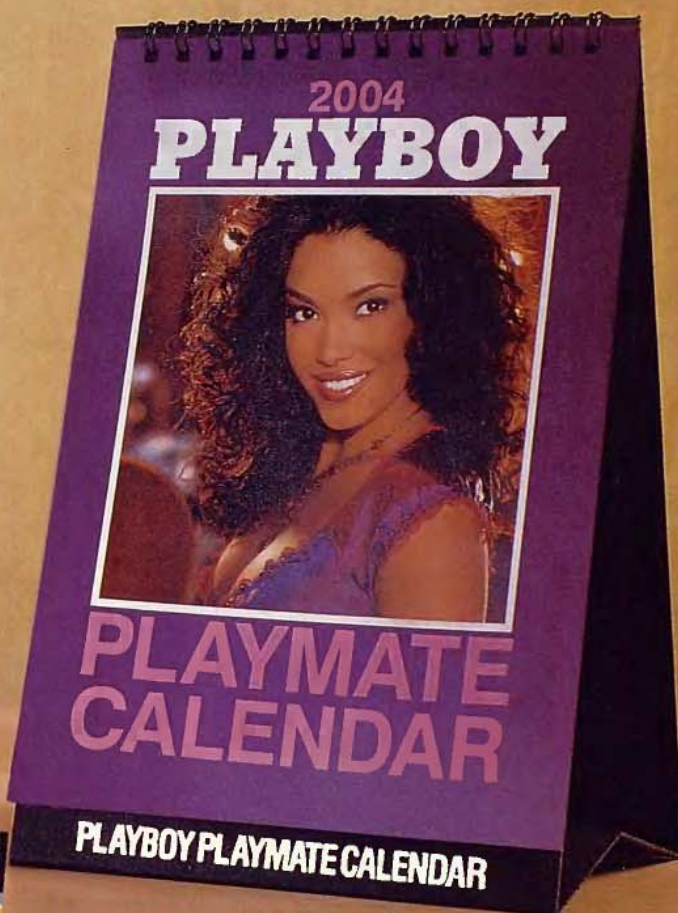
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practiced religiously in his bedroom.

The others continued down their crooked paths—Frankie Allen died from an overdose and Randy landed in jail on a felony charge—but Jay used his ill-gotten proceeds to set himself up as a professional DJ. He played outdoor parties at Two-Fifth Park, a concrete playground with a hoops court, situated just around the corner from his house. The new sound of hip-hop was rocking New York City's outer boroughs. MC after MC took the microphone to brag about pretty girls they didn't have or fancy cars they didn't drive. In the early 1980s the parties attracted crack dealers flush with cash and carrying weapons. It wasn't uncommon for the boisterous events to end with a mammoth brawl or gunshots. But at Two-Fifth Park, Jay's skills caught the attention of two up-and-coming local rappers, Run and DMC.

1986: RAISING HELL

Run-DMC attained heights unimagined by any previous hip-hop act. They were the first rappers to be featured regularly on MTV. They were the only hip-hop performers to play Live Aid. The group's debut was the first hip-hop album to go gold. The second, *Kings of Rock*, eventually sold 4 million copies. Their third and best album, *Raising Hell*, sold millions more worldwide, fueled by "Walk This Way," the hit collaboration with Aerosmith. They played London, Tokyo, Sydney and Paris; they made as much as

\$150,000 a show. They also scored a major endorsement deal in 1986 when they signed a \$1.5 million contract with Adidas. Jay was rich beyond his wildest dreams. So why was he virtually broke at the time of his death?

"Jay hadn't had a hit record in 10 years. Why would he have a whole bunch of money?" asks Russell Simmons, who managed Run-DMC in the 1980s.

Part of the problem was Jay's extravagance. He wore mink when the rest of Run-DMC wore leather. He had the most jewelry. He had the flashiest cars. Jay didn't drive one automobile but several—a Lincoln Continental, a Mercedes, a Toyota Land Cruiser, a Jeep Wrangler and his favorite, a seven-passenger Lincoln Navigator. He also purchased showy rides for his sister, brother, mother, wife and at least two close friends. As his fame grew, so did his entourage. He thought nothing of dropping \$3,000 a night on champagne at a nightclub.

"As far as I know, he had no effective management in the last 10 years of his life, which is not unusual in the rap world," says one industry figure who worked closely with Jay. "But he must have been profligate to die broke."

Jay's financial woes started early, according to Tracey Miller, Run-DMC's longtime publicist. A six-figure tax bill incurred during his *Raising Hell* heyday mushroomed over time to nearly \$500,000. "Jay couldn't keep up with all

the penalties and interest," says Miller. "It kept compounding and compounding. Eventually the IRS put a lien on his earnings. He was allowed to keep a portion to live on, but most of his performance fees went to the tax man. Russell Simmons was their manager and made millions. Why didn't he instruct Jay to manage his finances and pay his taxes?"

An angry Simmons retorts, "To say I made millions from Run-DMC is an absolute lie. Everybody got jerked. That's how it was for rappers in those days. Tracey is not in a position to know what I did for Jay. I did the best I could to advise him and to find opportunities for Jay. I'm not a business manager. I introduced him to financial managers, but I couldn't force him to pay his taxes. He was a grown man."

In 1988 Simmons sued the band's label, Profile Records, to break their contract. The dispute effectively put Run-DMC's recording career on hold for nearly two years, an eternity in the fast-paced world of rap. When they finally released a new album, their momentum had dissipated, and new rappers had taken their place.

According to their rhymes, Run-DMC were clean. But rap's first stars also had a dark side. Before he was ordained a minister, Run had a substance abuse problem, and DMC consumed eight bottles of malt liquor a day. As the group's record sales declined, Jay turned to side projects. He did solo gigs, helped start a turntablist school called the Scratch DJ Academy, bought a recording studio and formed his own label. In 1992 JMJ Records scored a huge hit with fellow Queens rappers Onyx ("Throw Ya Gunz"), but subsequent releases tanked.

Despite his dwindling fortunes Jay still had an ear for talent. In 1999 he helped get the then-obscure rapper 50 Cent signed to Columbia Records. But 50 Cent's deal showed that Jay was developing a reputation for ripping off his protégés. "My deal with Columbia wasn't a good deal," 50 Cent complained to the website AllHipHop.com. "It was for \$250,000. I got \$65,000 in advance; of that, \$50,000 went to Jay and \$10,000 went to the lawyers who negotiated the deal. I was left with \$5,000. I was still selling crack." (After Columbia dumped him, 50 Cent hooked up with Eminem and his producer, Dr. Dre, and went on to release the platinum-selling *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*.)

It's an old story: A musician gets screwed, signs a bunch of his boys and treats them the way he got treated. "Jay was known for taking the lion's share of the money," says one music journalist, speaking off the record.

SUMMER 2003: RUMORS ABOUT RANDY ALLEN

The police at first thought Jay was a victim of a simmering rap war. All roads led to the doorstep of Irv Gotti and Murder



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Inc. and a contemporary of Jay's, Kenneth "Supreme" McGriff. A convicted crack kingpin, McGriff gained notoriety in the 1980s as a leader of the Supreme Team, a murderous gang that controlled the drug trade in next-door Jamaica. The feds are investigating whether McGriff secretly bankrolled Murder Inc. with drug profits. There's also talk that he ordered the 2000 hit on 50 Cent that nearly took the rapper's life. After Jay's killing, the NYPD offered protection to 50 Cent.

Then Scoon's name hit the papers. When that lead turned cold, however, investigators focused on a felon believed to be the killer's lookout. In May 2003 Jay's mom vented her frustration with Randy in the press, publicly excoriating him for not visiting, not telling her what he saw the night of the killing and not helping the police. Then a new motive surfaced: Jay had been killed because of an alleged affair between McGriff and Jay's wife, Terri. This seems unlikely, since one would assume the FBI had McGriff under 24-hour surveillance and had his phones tapped.

The Greek chorus in Hollis connects all these developments with Randy Allen. The day after Jay's death, they say, Randy relocated his sister to Las Vegas, and he and Boe disappeared for three days, claiming they needed to rehearse for a Rusty Waters promotional tour. One family acquaintance says, "I was at Jay's mom's place, and I heard her say on the phone to Randy, 'If you don't bring my grandson back, I'm going to call the police and have you arrested for kidnapping.'" The suspicion is that they were trying to get their stories straight. "A detective I know told me he wanted to question them, but they kept dodging him," the Mizeil family confidant says. "They were being uncooperative. Each story Lydia told was different. Her stories and her brother's didn't match."

Hurricane (born Wendell Fite), the former DJ for the Beastie Boys and one of Jay's oldest friends, blames Randy—who was best man at Jay's wedding—for starting the McGriff affair rumor. "Terri is a straight-up lady," he says, "a good mother and an excellent wife. I never saw Randy grieve once at the funeral. A friend of his gets killed, and the day after burying Jay he goes on some bullshit promotional tour for Rusty Waters."

AUGUST 2003: RANDY DENIES ALL

Five days after Jay's murder, a distraught Shake, who had traveled to New York City after Jay's death, met Randy Allen in a Burger King parking lot on 179th Street. Below the asphalt, trains rumbled into the last subway stop in Queens—the end of the line. Shake jumped into the back of a car with Randy. "He was upset and real agitated," says Shake. "I asked him, 'Who killed Jay?' and Randy told me, 'The nigger who killed your best friend and mine is

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Curtis Scoon. I asked him how he knew. He said, 'Because my sister Lydia looked him right in the face.' I asked to speak to Lydia alone, but Randy wouldn't allow it. Months later I heard Randy on Hot 97, and he told an entirely different story. He said Scoon didn't kill Jay. I was upset. Why would he lie to me like that?"

Shake says Randy also told him that after Jay's death the studio had been burglarized and equipment was taken. "But niggers on the street told me afterward that Randy did it," claims Shake.

While accusations are flying, Randy Allen agrees to speak on the phone. He vehemently denies meeting with Shake and fingering Scoon as Jay's killer: "No such meeting took place," he says. He also refutes the accusation that he was stealing money and equipment. "That's a bunch of bullshit," he says angrily. "Shake is lying. He's saying this for publicity. I didn't steal from Jay. I made money for Jay. Do you think Jay would have kept me as his business manager for more than a decade if I was stealing? Shake is just jealous of what I did for Jay."

Other friends of Jay's, however, back up Shake's story. "It was well-known that Jay and Randy were not on good terms in Jay's final days," says Hurricane. "Jay knew he was stealing and confronted Randy. Jay and I asked Randy about missing money, and he denied it. They were definitely on the outs by the end."

Shake and others also say that prior to Jay's fight with Goldie, there was another disturbing encounter in the studio, which allegedly involved Randy's brother Teddy pulling a gun on Jay's cousin and saying, "This is my brother's studio, not Jay's. Get the fuck out of here."

Randy, his voice rising with emotion,

professes his innocence: "A lot of people don't like me because Jay and me were together for a long time. I'm trying to find out who killed my best friend. I don't care what Hurricane or Shake says. If my boy Jay was here, he'd smack the shit right out of them for saying this bullshit. Jay would be turning over in his grave if he heard all this nonsense."

Bonita, Jay's sister, tells PLAYBOY that she too believes Randy was behind the burglary. After a chance meeting, Bonita, who doesn't want to submit to a formal interview, says she knew that Randy and Jay had taken out an insurance policy on each other and that in the wake of the killing Randy drained all the money from a joint bank account. (In May the *New York Daily News*, citing a police source, reported the policy's existence. Jay and Randy were listed as beneficiaries if either came to harm in the studio. Other police sources dispute the story.)

"The insurance policy doesn't exist, and there was no bank account," insists Randy. "All these people are talking about money, money, money. They should stop worrying about that shit. All this backstabbing is doing nothing to find the real killer."

"No bank account?" scoffs Shake. "The bank account was under the name Erotic Money. I even have the account number. If there was no bank account, what were all those checks Randy was writing when Jay wasn't around?"

JULY 31, 2002: TINARD DROPS A BOMB

Ronald "Tinard" Washington is a slim, tall and deceptively quiet career criminal who has been in and out of various correctional facilities for half his life. He was also a longtime buddy of Jay's—and a

member of Jay and Randy's burglary crew. Speaking from behind bars following an arrest for allegedly trying to rob a Long Island motel, Tinard says that on July 31, 2002 he and Jay journeyed to Washington, D.C. in Jay's black SUV to meet with Uncle, a major-league drug supplier from the Midwest.

Tinard, who was sought by police after the murder, says Jay had a sit-down with the supplier at a local hotel. "Jay didn't put up any money," he alleges. "The guy from the Midwest, Uncle, fronted the coke to Jay. It was 10 keys, worth about \$180,000, which could be sold on the street for about \$280,000." Tinard says that Uncle expected Jay to pay him back in seven days. Another street source confirms the existence of Uncle but says he's from Los Angeles, not the Midwest.

The same night in D.C., Tinard alleges, he saw Big D, Run-DMC's former tour manager. (Big D says he has heard of Uncle but vehemently denies being in Washington.) "A lot of people came in and out of the hotel room that night to see Uncle," says Tinard.

The next day, according to Tinard, he and Jay left: "We took the coke to Baltimore because Jay had someone lined up who was going to sell it for him. But he was having trouble hooking up with the guy. Jay told me to take his truck and go home—he was going to fly back in the morning. Later Jay told me he met the guy—someone we grew up with in Hollis—and gave him the coke, but the guy never paid him. Jay went back to Baltimore and tried to collect the debt, but he couldn't get in touch."

Tinard refuses to name the Baltimore connection, saying only, "Me and the Baltimore guy used to be real close until we had a falling out. He's known for moving a lot of coke. He's also known for using his rep to burn people." Curtis Scoon thinks Tinard could be referring to a former associate whose street name is Yaqin. Scoon says he, Yaqin and Pep were co-defendants in the armed robbery trial. Yaqin, who has reportedly done time for the attempted murder of an NYPD officer, was also part of the Hollis burglary crew. (Tinard was also reportedly imprisoned for shooting a cop during a jewelry heist.)

"I can't believe Jay would give Yaqin 10 of anything," says Scoon. "Yaqin's a piece of shit. He wouldn't think twice about ripping off someone like Jay. Jay wasn't that tough. You fuck Jay over and what's he going to do—make a song about it?"

Flash-forward to the afternoon of the murder. Tinard says that Jay called and asked him to come to the studio: "One of the first things he said when I got there was, 'Do you have a gun?' I didn't. So Jay showed me his gun—it was a .45—and he gave me \$200 to get some bullets on the street. He was going to meet Uncle in Connecticut the next day. He said the



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guy wanted to get paid, but he didn't have the money. He asked me to come along for protection."

After purchasing the bullets, Tinard—the man cops at times have theorized was either the lookout or the shooter (he fits the physical description)—claims he was on his way back to the studio when he saw two figures ascending the stairs. They were about 20 steps in front of him. Tinard says he recognized the duo as Big D and his son, Little D. At more than 300 pounds, Big D is not hard to spot. Tinard ducked and went out back to the bus station, where he heard three loud gunshots—not the two shots reported in the media—then saw Little D rushing down the fire escape, looking agitated. "I'm positive it was Little D. I looked him right in his face before he ran off," Tinard asserts. After the encounter, Tinard says, he took the bus back to Hollis. Later that evening, he claims, he bumped into Little D on the street and asked him what had happened. "Little D told me, 'My pops wasn't supposed to shoot Jay. That wasn't supposed to happen,'" alleges Tinard. Tinard says he was shot at twice the following Saturday, and he then decided to get the hell out of Dodge.

A common assumption in Hollis is that Tinard fingered Big D to get a reduced sentence (his lawyer says there is no deal), to exact revenge on the man he suspects tried to have him clipped and to collect the reward money.

AUGUST 31, 2003: BIG D'S REBUTTAL

Smoking blunts in his girlfriend's backyard and rehashing various forensic scenarios, Darren "Big D" Jordan doesn't seem like much of a killer. Murderers don't usually come with their vocation stamped across their forehead, but if Big D did whack his childhood friend, he's one hell of a cool customer. Big D was a pallbearer at Jay's funeral and grieved alongside the family. In the old days, Jay helped him get a job as Run-DMC's road manager after Big D ran into trouble with the law. In the mid-1990s he and Jay owned a fish store in Jamaica, Queens.

Big D, a Jesus medallion hanging from his neck, seems remarkably unperturbed for someone whom police want to question and whose son, Little D, is incarcerated on Rikers Island on an attempted murder charge for shooting Boe Skagz in the leg. The dispute wasn't directly related to Jay's killing: Big D says Little D was angry with Boe for writing a lyric about how someone linked to Murder Inc. fractured his jaw. But given Tinard's allegations and Boe's relationship with Randy, the bust was probably not coincidental.

"Tinard don't mean shit to me," Big D says. "He's losing his mind. He's lying. Tinard just wants to come off as a big man in prison."

If Big D seems composed, his girlfriend is anything but. We make a brief stop on 203rd Street to pick up some clothes at

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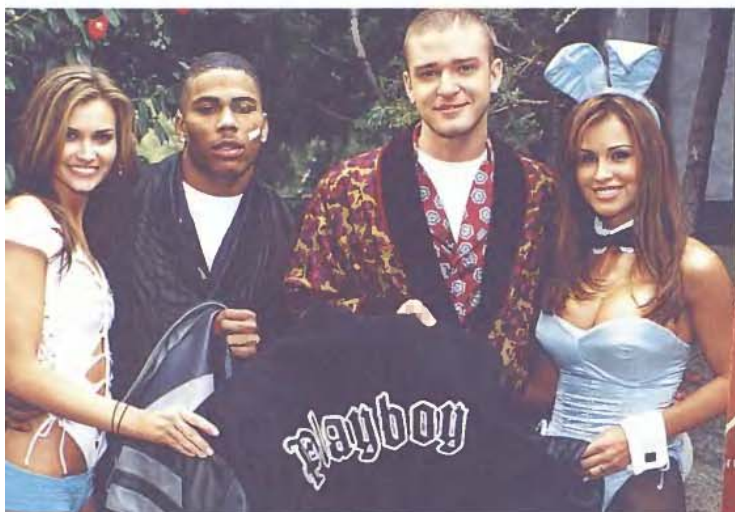
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CANTON, RICHARD FEGLEY, OANA FINEMAN/SGMA, ALBERTO VARGAS, CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM, GREG WRAY, ILLUSTRATION
BY: P. 53 BILL BENWAY, PP. 27-28 HAI BY KALI, FOR CELESTINE, MAKEUP BY CARINA LINDGREN FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS,
PRO MAKEUP, LISA MURPHY FOR SMASHBOX, STYLING BY NEGAR ALI FOR MAGNET LA, PINK TIE BY HARVEYS, UNDERWEAR
BY TRASH, JEWELRY BY A2-Z, MAKEUP BY JESSICA BROWN FOR CELESTINE, MAKEUP BY GABRIEL, EYES BY
WOMEN'S STYLING BY MERIEM ORTEL; P. 164 GROOMING BY ALLISON BURNS FOR FACTORY ARTISTS, STYLING BY MILES SIG-
GINS, FOR FACTORY ARTISTS, COVER: MODEL, SHANNEN COHERTY, PHOTOGRAPHER, COMTE

In the end Jay's loyalties probably brought him down. His attempt to straddle two worlds became untenable. He played a game he could not win with men he should not have trusted. The most startling realization, according to his friends, may not be that he got killed but that he managed to stay alive so long.



PLAYMATE NEWS



JUSTIN'S NEW SEÑORITA

Despite the embarrassing boy-band stint on his résumé, Justin Timberlake sure has a way with the ladies. He's dated Britney Spears, Alyssa Milano and Cameron Diaz, and he's wooed and won Miss February 2001 Lauren Michelle Hill to appear in the music video for his fourth single, "Señorita." In the provocative clip, which seems to be on MTV every time we tune in, Lauren joins a group of bodacious beauties in a dusty Spanish roadhouse to compete for Timberlake's affections. ("Why should you limit yourself to just one?" Justin

Dancing with Nichole Van Croft.



said when asked about the video.) Lauren first hung out with Timberlake and rapper Nelly—pictured here with Lauren and fellow Centerfold Jennifer Walcott—when the guys filmed a video for Nelly's song "Work It" at the Playboy Mansion. According to Lauren, the video gigs are just another of the "amazing experiences" that come with being a Playmate. Obviously, life in the spotlight becomes her, but did you know she almost passed on the opportunity to pose for us? "I originally said no to PLAYBOY," Lauren says. "I didn't think I would make the cut as a Playmate because I'm just kind of normal-looking." Odds are J.T. would sing a different tune.



25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Janet Quist was discovered in Texas, waiting tables by day and passing around a hat to raise money for her then struggling musician friend Stevie Ray Vaughan by night. "My dad wasn't happy about my being in PLAYBOY," Janet says. "His co-workers were constantly asking about me, which was not good. My friends loved it—I had a lot of money to spend on everyone."

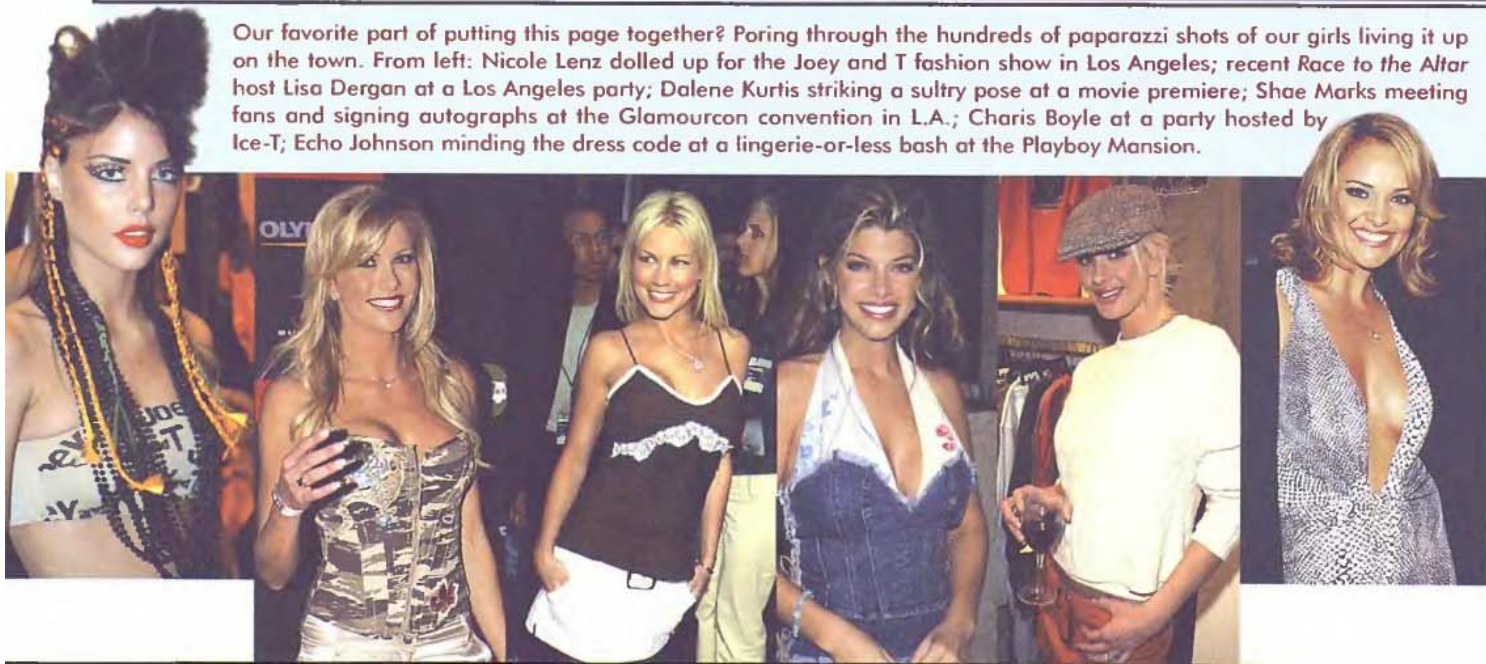


LOOSE LIPS

"I prefer things from the past: Dickens, Tolstoy, Ginger Rogers. I wish I lived in the past. I've thought about how nice it would have been to be a Playmate in the 1950s, when bodies were natural. If I could change anything about PLAYBOY, I would stop bestowing special titles on the surgically enhanced." —Jami Ferrell

RED CARPET EYE CANDY

Our favorite part of putting this page together? Poring through the hundreds of paparazzi shots of our girls living it up on the town. From left: Nicole Lenz dolled up for the Joey and T fashion show in Los Angeles; recent *Race to the Altar* host Lisa Dergan at a Los Angeles party; Dalene Kurtis striking a sultry pose at a movie premiere; Shae Marks meeting fans and signing autographs at the Glamourcon convention in L.A.; Charis Boyle at a party hosted by Ice-T; Echo Johnson minding the dress code at a lingerie-or-less bash at the Playboy Mansion.



HOT SHOT



SUZANNE STOKES

THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT LIZ STEWART

1. She owns Liz Stewart Development and Design, which specializes in residential construction and design in Los Angeles. "My calling in life is to



create homes and offices for people to enjoy," she says.

2. She majored in photography.

3. Her favorite performers are the same ones she filled in on her data sheet in July 1984: Santana and Michael Jackson.

POP QUESTIONS: SERRIA TAWAN

Q: What's on your Christmas list?

A: I would love to be with my family and watch my niece and nephew open presents in the morning.

Q: What's your specialty in the kitchen?

A: I've been on a homemade-waffle kick lately, but I can jam some soul food, especially mac and cheese.

Q: Do you have a specialty in the bedroom?

A: Yes—hand jobs that rival any blow job. I can do it while planning what I'm going to wear that day without the guy ever knowing!



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Pete Yorn

My two favorites are *Petra Verkaik* (pictured) and *Gig Gangel*. Petra has real boobs, and I just think that's

super. I sort of felt bad for her, because in her Playmate story she talked about being pinned under a car.

Apparently her giant boobs saved her by "cushioning" the blow. As for Gig, I don't recall much except that she was fucking hot and that she had big, real boobs. I don't know why I love them. It's my programming, I guess.



COVER GIRLS

Here's something to do on a rainy day: Go to a newsstand and count how many Playmates you spot seducing you from magazine covers. From left: Cara Wokelin beautifies Los Angeles (so what if she's from Canada?); Victoria Silvstedt on Sweden's Café; Jen Wolcott flaunting more than a six-pack for *Physical* (no comment on the guy).



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Hot-and-cold couple Pam Anderson and Kid Rock have purchased a \$6 million, 7.8-acre hideaway in Malibu. The property boasts six bedrooms, seven bathrooms and lord knows how many Molly Hatchet records.... Charis Boyle (below) models for Silver Star, an L.A. clothing company.... Though her soap *Port Charles* was axed, Kelly



Is anyone looking at Charis's clothes?

Monaco has checked into *General Hospital*.... From the What Would Lewis Carroll Think department: Angel Boris starred in a dirtied-up stage version of *Alice in Wonderland*.... Carmella DeCesare appears in the Venus Swimwear catalog and in ads for Crest.... Summer Altice gave—and got—a lift when she, Miss Universe Amelia Vega and singer Samantha Cole visited troops at the USO World Headquarters. That's what we call pretty patriotism.

"Miss Altice, drop and give us 50!"





"We're going to try the grilled venison."

**This is more reality
than Devinn Lane
bargained for...**

7 *lives* **X** *posed*

***Last season's final episode
left you on the edge of your seat.***

Now, the secret revealed...

**Season Premiere
Sunday, November 23
at 10 ET/11 PT**

For program information go to **playboytv.com** Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite provider in the U.S. and Canada.

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PLAYBOY TV

PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

USE IT AND LOSE IT

After years of trying to make things bigger and better, manufacturers have finally hit on the one thing consumers really want—disposability. That's right, the category once reserved for ballpoint pens, razors and cigarette lighters now boasts digital cameras, cell phones, DVDs, barbecues, even boxer shorts. In other words, products that won't induce panic

attacks when lost and that can be tossed in the trash (or the recycling bin) when depleted. Say good-bye to closet clutter, 300-page user's manuals, warranty extensions, planned obsolescence and rebate hassles. Disposable stuff does work; it's just short-lived. Bonus: You're saving money that you can spend somewhere down the road on those gotta-have nondisposable items that are going to come along. See our *Christmas Gift Guide* on page 96 for inspiration.

—JAMES CURY

Right: Palm Coal's disposable barbecue grill comes with the starter fluid and charcoal built in. Burn time is 90 minutes (medium \$6; large, pictured here, \$10). Below, clockwise from left: Ritz's Dakota 25-shot digital camera offers flash and delete functions but no screen or downloading capability (\$11 plus print processing). Fujifilm's QuickSnap Waterproof is a 27-shot film camera good to depths of 35 feet—great for swimsuit shots (\$15). Action Camera's four lenses capture four 35mm shots sequentially at the push of a button (\$10).

GEORGE GEORGIOU



Top, from left: Buena Vista disposable DVDs are now in test markets (price not yet determined). The Hop-on cell phone comes with 60 unrestricted prepaid minutes. Call when you want, anywhere in the U.S. (\$40). Electric Fuel's mini charger for Nokia cell phones (\$25). Above: Magellan's disposable synthetic boxer shorts (\$6 a pair).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 204

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTERS LANDOV

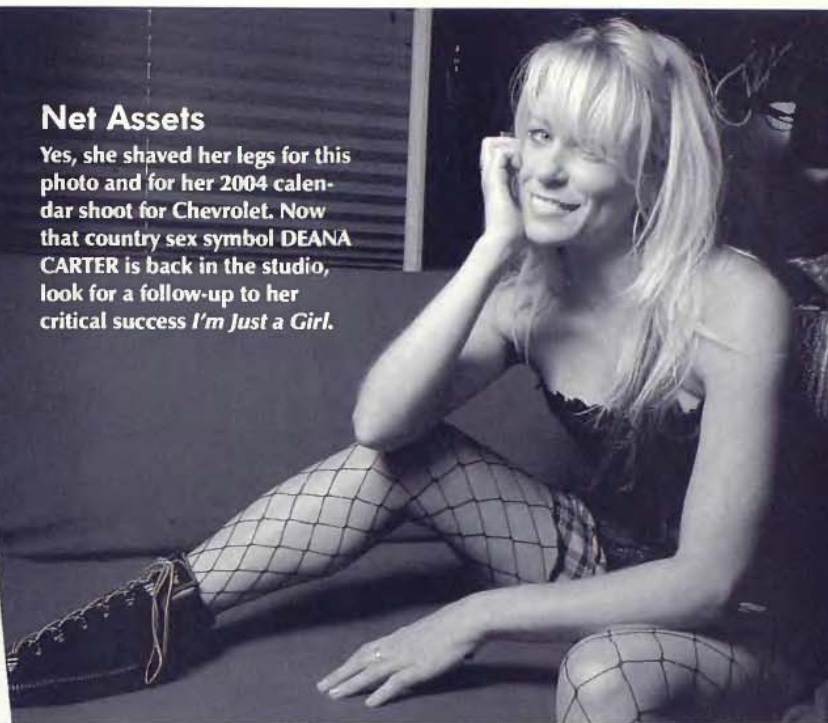


Breast in Show

Bet you're wondering how we knew: NONA GAYE, Marvin's gorgeous daughter, will reprise her *Matrix* role in the trilogy's final movie, *The Matrix Revolutions*. Next year she will star with Tom Hanks in *Polar Express*. That's what's going on with Nona.

Net Assets

Yes, she shaved her legs for this photo and for her 2004 calendar shoot for Chevrolet. Now that country sex symbol DEANA CARTER is back in the studio, look for a follow-up to her critical success *I'm Just a Girl*.



SPILL NATHAN PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Flash Points

Oregonian KATIE FAWN has a sense of style even when naked. You can see more of her in the Hot Body production *The Slam Bang Cheerleader Challenge* and *Pajama Playtime* video magazine.



DEANNA & JACQUES



Hail to the Kings

Sometimes being the critics' darling is the kiss of death, but **KINGS OF LEON** don't have to worry about that. *Youth and Young Manhood* came out at the end of the summer. Then they killed in England, played Lollapalooza, got a thumbs-up from Letterman and headlined their first U.S. shows.



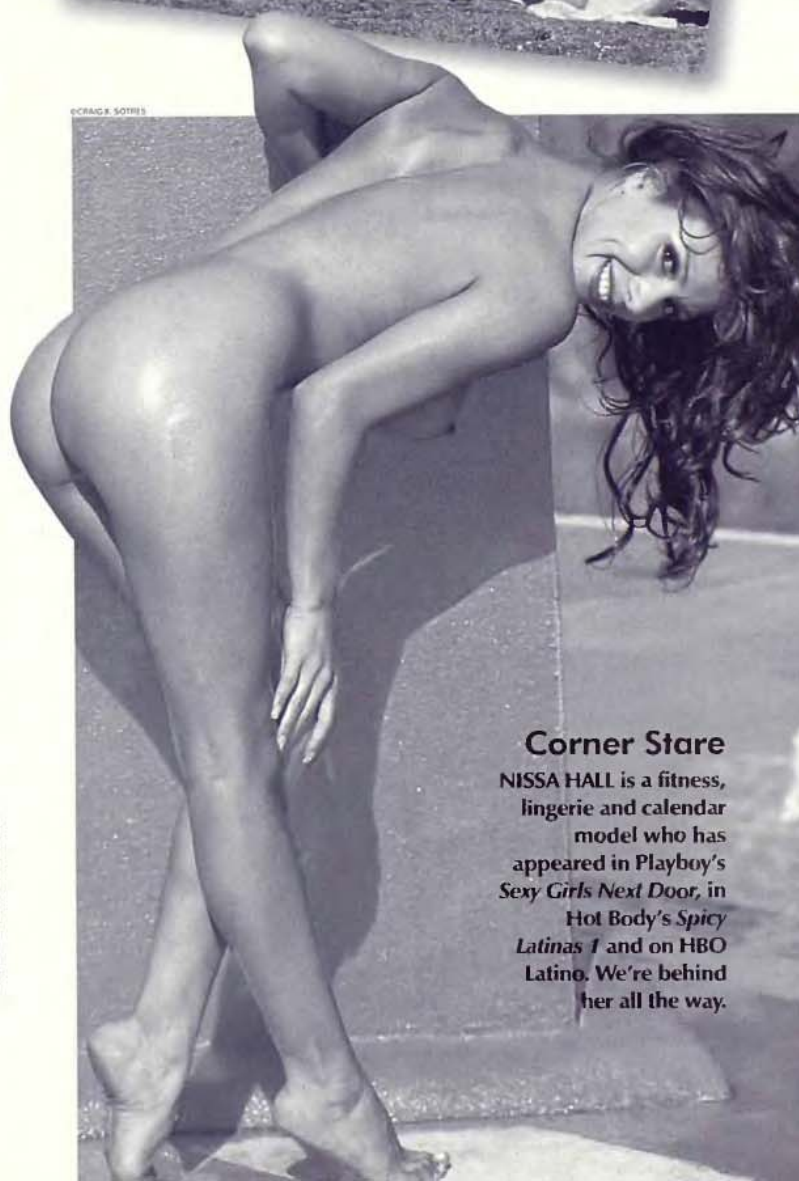
O Cañadas

Supermodel **ESTHER CAÑADAS** walked the runway in Rome for Italian designer Gai Mattiolo. She has taken that stroll for DKNY, Victoria's Secret and J. Crew. Her mother convinced her to model. Thanks, Mom.



Natural Wonder

HOPE ATZ can be seen this winter in a big-screen comedy starring Ben Stiller, Debra Messing and Jennifer Aniston. Is it a big part? We can hope.



Corner Stare

NISSA HALL is a fitness, lingerie and calendar model who has appeared in Playboy's *Sexy Girls Next Door*, in Hot Body's *Spicy Latinas 1* and on HBO Latino. We're behind her all the way.



TRAVEL UPDATE

High Sierra's 28-inch SUT East-West Upright, a veritable dresser on wheels, has twin flip-open compartments, three zippered mesh pockets, interior and exterior compression straps, and a removable suit bag with two hangers. If your trip is just overnight, you can access your stuff without having to unpack. And the 600-denier fabric and ribbed PVC piping around the edges make it damn near indestructible. Best of all, if the economy keeps going south, you can live in it! Not bad for \$210. To order, go to highsierrasport.com or call 800-323-9590.



ARMCHAIR WARRIOR

DK Publishing's *Ultimate Special Forces* deconstructs the planet's toughest elite military units: British SAS commandos, American Delta Forces, Seals, Green Berets, Rangers and Marines, Russian Spetsnaz troops and others. There's even a spread on the legendary Chindits, who fought behind the Japanese army-lines in Burma during World War II. Author Hugh McManners, a former commando, reveals their histories, tactics, training methods, weapons of choice—you know, lighthearted fare—in hundreds of pages of photos and captions. Grab a drink, kick back and enjoy the fun. Price: \$30.

THIS BUTT'S FOR YOU

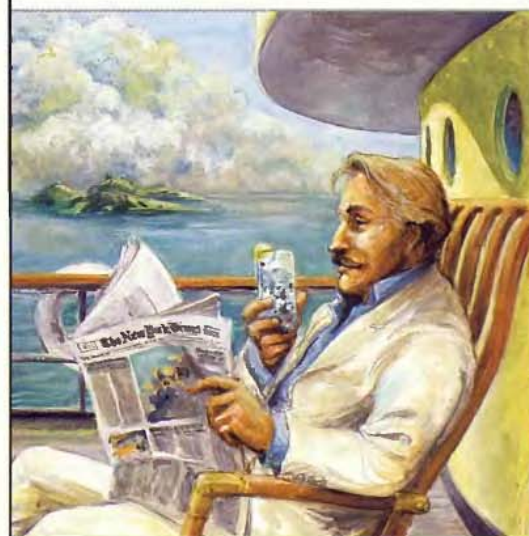
We customized these mesh panties with HOT BUNS spelled out in rhinestones. Other choices weren't far behind: TAILGATING ALLOWED, TIGHT END. Daniella Simon's line of lingerie includes tanks, G-strings and more. Her outfit will personalize any piece with your sentiments. (Prices vary; the panties below cost \$25.) How nasty can you get? Go to daniellasimon.com and find out for yourself.

December's SEX HIT



NEWS TRAVELS FAST

Whether you're on the road or aboard a cruise ship, you can still get a same-day, hard-copy edition of more than 170 different newspapers, provided your hotel or ship subscribes to NewspaperDirect. A satellite or the Internet delivers the edition of your choice to a laser printer; you pay about \$4, and the paper is printed out, ready for you to scan. Your company folded? So what—you're on vacation. Go to newspaperdirect.com for more info.



SOME LIKE IT HOT

It's coffee! It's champagne! It's a sex aid! Actually it's all three. Passion Café Aphrodisiac-Flavored Coffee offers champagne and six other unusual flavor combinations in 12-ounce bags for \$12 each (it's available only in whole bean). Anyone for an erotic cup of chocolate chile, chile vanilla, chocolate lavender, vanilla licorice, vanilla rose or Indian spice? Just writing about it makes us horny. Or are we feeling queasy? To order, go to passioncafecoffee.com or call 800-210-1410.



PICK-UP SHTICKS

Bogie's line from *Casablanca* (below) always worked for us, but John Garfield's "Give me a kiss or I'll sock you" won him Lana Turner in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. These and 28 others can be found in *Famous Pick-Up Lines From Turner Classic Movies*, just released by Chronicle Books in a \$13 boxed set of flash cards. Call 800-722-6657.



CASABLANCA



Star HUMPHREY BOGART
Star INGRID BERGMAN
Director MICHAEL CURTIZ
WARNER BROS. 1942



COCKTAILS ARE SERVED

Not only is Milenario, a new Gran Solera Spanish brandy, rich and smooth from being aged three years in oak casks, it also comes in a nifty decanter. Price: \$40. Triple-distilled Deep Sea vodka is another new liquor packaged in a collector's bottle you won't want to pitch. Price: \$30. XXX Siglo Treinta is a new tequila from Jalisco that's quite reasonable. Price: \$18. Dynamite smoky flavor, and it'll get the job done, too.



GOOD CLEAN FUN

There's this new stuff that makes men more attractive to women. It's called soap. You rub the product on your skin, and it removes dirt. Try new Balls Body Wash (\$8) and Mofo Soap (\$8), made especially for men. Finish up with a squirt of Who Da Man? Tongue Spray (\$4) and a bit of Balls Skin Protector (\$12) to keep your body soft (but in a manly way, of course), and you'll be ready for, well, anything. Blueq.com stocks the products. Or call 800-321-7576.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Yes, there was a Playboy car, but the manufacturer went bust in 1951. You can buy an enamel-on-steel reproduction of the company logo (below), along with signs for more than 100 other extinct automotive marques and motor oil and gas companies from Signpast, a company that sells "great new signs from the good old days." These signs are big—the Playboy one is 25.5 inches in diameter. Price: \$50. Go to signpast.com or call 888-SIGN-007.



PLAYBOY'S 50th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



IN OUR FIRST ISSUE, HEF WROTE, "WE DON'T EXPECT TO SOLVE ANY WORLD PROBLEMS OR PROVE ANY GREAT MORAL TRUTHS. IF WE'RE ABLE TO GIVE THE AMERICAN MALE A FEW EXTRA LAUGHS AND A LITTLE DIVERSION, WE'LL FEEL WE'VE JUSTIFIED OUR EXISTENCE." WE'VE BEEN CELEBRATING THE GOOD—OR SHALL WE SAY GREAT?—LIFE FOR FIVE DECADES, AND WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO STOP NOW. OUR 50TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE LOOKS FORWARD (AND BACK) WITH A LOT OF HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS. WE EVEN HAVE A FEW SURPRISES UP OUR CUFF-LINKED SLEEVE, INCLUDING AN UNBELIEVABLE 50TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE PLUCKED FROM THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL HOPEFULS. SO WHETHER YOU READ IT FOR THE ARTICLES, THE PICTORIALS OR BOTH, WE SALUTE YOU. HERE'S WHAT TO EXPECT: GEORGE PLIMPTON ON HIS LIFE WITH PLAYBOY, JONATHAN SAFRAN FOER ON THE POWER OF PAPER, T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE ON DR. ALFRED KINSEY, CHUCK PALAHNIUK ON THE GREAT AMERICAN DEMOLITION DERBY, NORMAN MAILER ON DEMOCRATS, RAY BRADBURY ON THE FUTURE OF SPACE TRAVEL, ARCHITECT FRANK GEHRY ON THE NEW PLAYBOY BACHELOR PAD AND HUNTER S. THOMPSON ON NIXON, THE HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS AND THE COMING APOCALYPSE (DON'T ASK). AS FOR FICTION, WE'VE GOT NEW WORKS FROM SCOTT TUROW AND THOM JONES. IN FASHION WE SHOWCASE HOLLYWOOD'S TOP ACTORS, PRODUCERS AND DIRECTORS IN TODAY'S BEST CLOTHES. AND TO SATIATE YOUR VISUAL DESIRES, WE'VE ROUNDED UP MORE HOT WOMEN THAN, WELL, ARE AT A PLAYBOY MANSION PARTY—FROM 50 YEARS' WORTH OF COVERS AND CENTERFOLDS TO A-LIST DIRECTORS SHOOTING THEIR FANTASIES. IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO TIDE YOU OVER UNTIL OUR 100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE.