

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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**HOLIDAY  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE**

**HALLE  
BERRY  
INTERVIEW**

**007's Sexiest  
Foe Ever?**

**Is There Sex In  
The Workplace?  
(Aren't You Getting Any?)**

**THE PLAYBOY  
OFFICE SEX SURVEY**

**SHEL SILVERSTEIN  
Raises Hell In Heaven**

**PLAYMATE REVIEW  
12 Hot Centerfolds  
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*Tia*  
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NUDE**

**BILL O'REILLY**  
**On Why No One  
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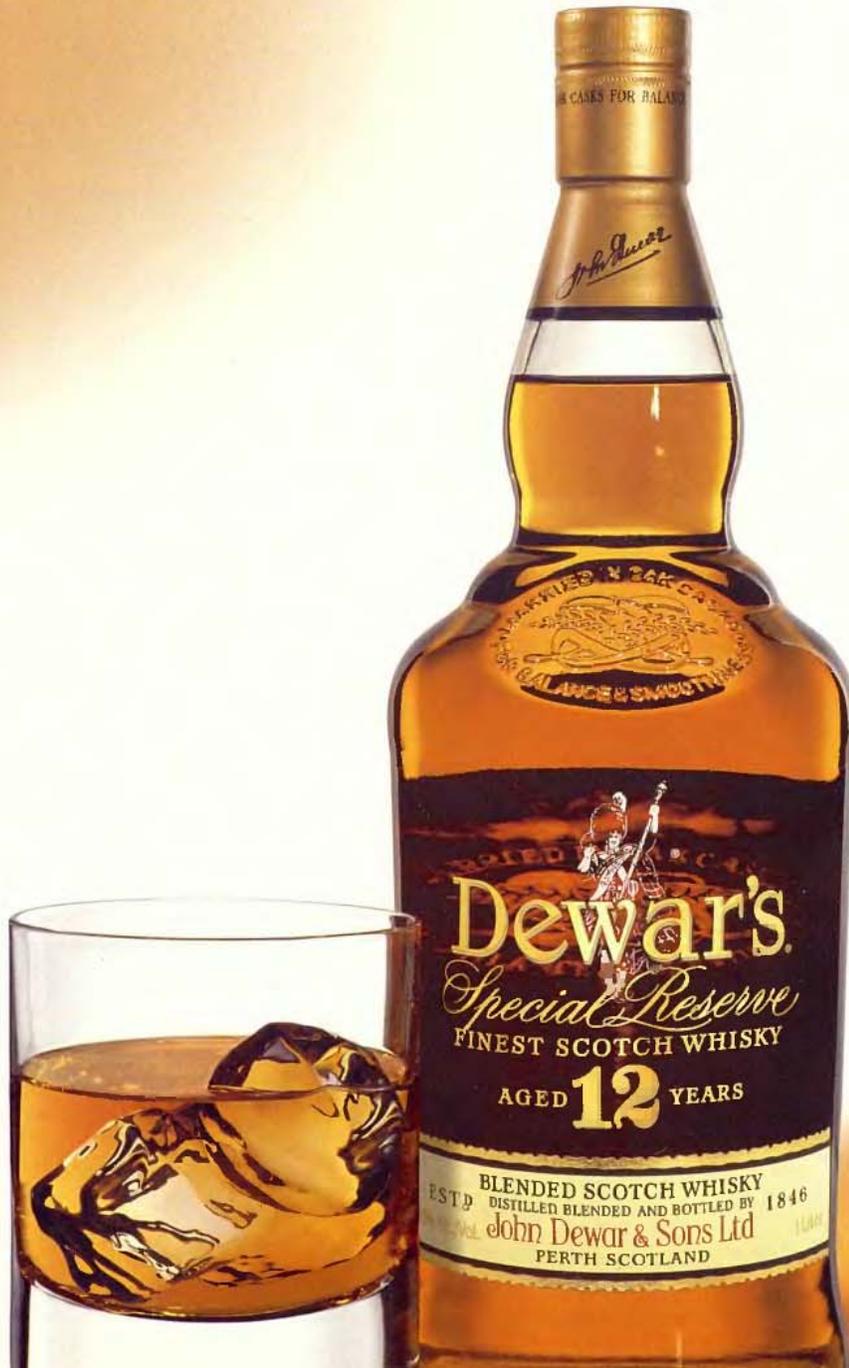


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# Playbill

IT MAY BE RELIEF at still having a job. Or maybe it's the urge to drink freely on the boss' dime. In any case, holiday office parties are workplace snow globes of romantic possibility. For us at PLAYBOY, the buffet alone requires mental wet wipes. Meat turns us carnivorous ("Look at that tenderloin"), spices become verbs ("It's time to nut Meg from accounting") and dessert is always sticky ("It's not what you think—it's just figgy pudding"). And we're not alone. For years we've been receiving evidence of the sexual productivity of American workers in the form of letters to the *Playboy Advisor*. So when we decided to generate hard numbers, we turned to Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**. The author of *The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* and the man who made the Advisor an American icon teamed with one of our freshest colleagues, Editorial Assistant **Malina Lee**, who helped him spelunk through the correspondence. The numbers in *Playboy's Office Sex Survey* prove American workers indeed whistle while they work.

Among those who enjoyed a silent scream at the office was a guy who says he screws only the most competent people. It's a strategy that seems to have come straight from the boardroom. In *Santa's Naughty CEOs*, columnist **Arianna Huffington** tackles the subject of corporate villainy. Turns out our paragons of greed learned their tricks at the booted feet of Santa himself. Huffington was tipped off to various balance-sheet hustles by a mysterious little fellow named Deep Elf. His story is a sharp kick to a corrupt executive's gift sack.

Straight talk is also what we've come to expect from **Bill O'Reilly**, host of the highly rated cable show *The O'Reilly Factor*. He's frank and full of beans, and it's not just while the cameras are rolling. This month, he turns his penetrating gaze to the moribund prospects of traditional TV journalism. *The Death of Network News* is O'Reilly's rebuke to his competitors. He has the attitude (and the numbers) to back up his claims.

*Seasons in Hell* by **Mike Shropshire** is one of the funniest books on baseball you'll ever come across. Published a few years ago, it's a profane history of the Texas Rangers as they struggled through the mid-Seventies. It also happens to be a favorite of a man who made a fortune off the franchise, President George W. Bush. Over the years, as Shropshire and Dubya crossed paths, Shropshire developed a major insight and more than a few anecdotes involving Bush the younger. The secret to our president is that he thinks of himself as a bona fide Texan. Shropshire's profile, *W* (illustrated by **Andrea Ventura**), is as much about the state as it is about the man—tough, charming and, at times, strange as hell. "You can disagree with his politics until your balls fall off," says Shropshire, "but to meet him is to like him."

It's time to deck the halls with **Halle Berry**. She's the subject of a *Playboy Interview* by **Lawrence Grobel**, heralding her arrival as a Bond girl. Together with last month's conversation with Denzel Washington, it marks back-to-back interviews with last year's top Oscar winners. *Birth of the Mob* by **Michael Fleming** also takes us back to the movies—and back in time—as **Martin Scorsese** discusses his new epic, *Gangs of New York*. Best-selling mystery novelist **Michael Connelly** delivers a short story, *Christmas Even*, that features a pawnbroker, a sax and a dead body. The artwork is by **Phil Hale**. Photographer **Antoine Verglas** takes us indoors for our fashion feature, *Give a Girl a Shirt*, while cover model **Tia Carrere** (photographed by **Phillip Dixon**) gives us nothing but a good smile. And a great body. After all, it's the thought that counts.



LEE AND PETERSEN



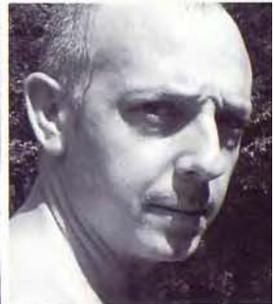
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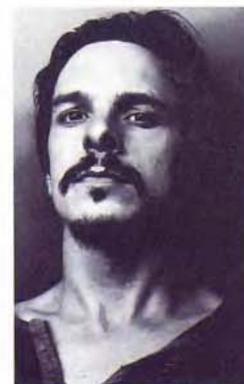
GROBEL AND BERRY



CONNELLY



FLEMING



HALE



VERGLAS



DIXON



Nice finish.

# PLAYBOY

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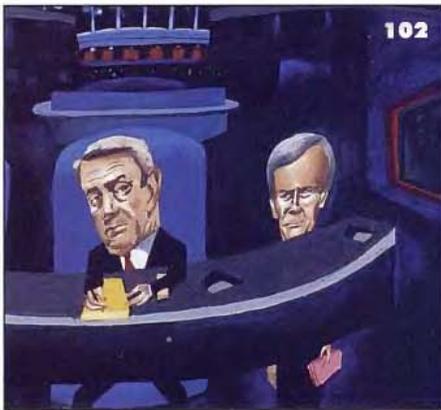
## cover story

Tia Carrere—the effervescent star of *Wayne's World* and ass-kicking archaeologist on TV's *Relic Hunter*—grew up fralicking on the black sands of Hawaii. Na wander that far Tia, life is o beach. In *PLAYBOY*, her life is a nude beach—and we got Phillip Dixon to shaat a phata diary. Our Rabbit's got himself in a tangle.



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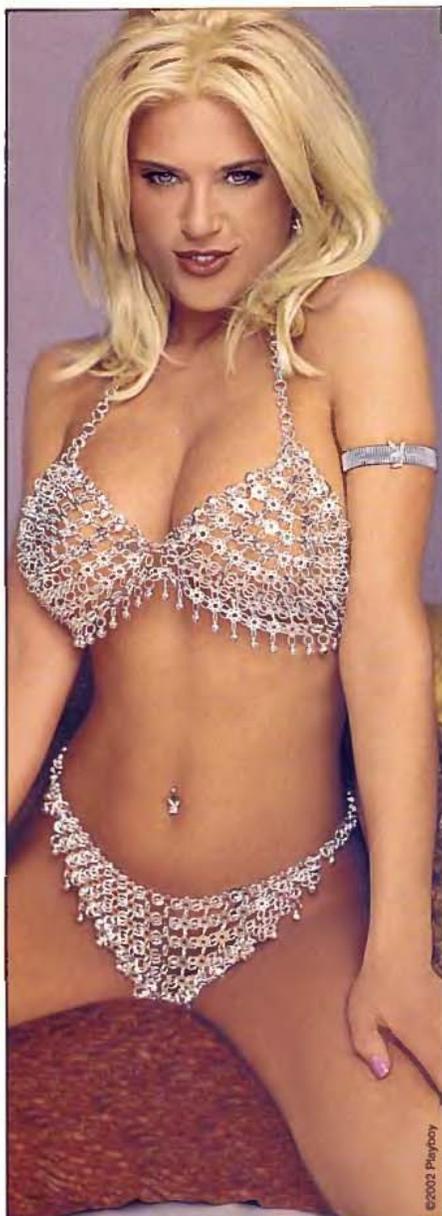
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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## HOT SLOTS

Hef was presented with the first Playboy Bally slot machine at a Mansion launch party. Teenage heartthrob Frankie Avalon has a slot, too, but Hef has all the girls.

## CLOONEY AND CLARK AT THE MANSION

Hanging with Hef, George Clooney shot scenes for *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind* at the Playboy Mansion with Dick Clark, who is also producing his own show, NBC's *American Dreams*, which premiered this fall.



## PARTYING WITH THE PLAYMATES

Sevendust played songs from their CD *Animosity* on the Cutty Rock the Boat tour, which ended in Los Angeles. Fans who won the Party Like a Rock Star sweepstakes earned a trip to the Playboy Mansion, where everything rocks.



## KNOCKOUTS ON FIGHT NIGHT

The stars came out at the Mansion to join Hef and his gal pals for the highly anticipated Oscar De La Hoya-Fernando Vargas bout. Laced up for fight night are (clockwise from above) Mark Wahlberg and Izabella St. James, rock stars Fred Durst and Gene Simmons, Pauly Shore, Renee Sloan and Playmate Nicole Narain, and Scott Caan with Playmates Ava Fabian and Julie McCullough.



## LUKE SKYWALKER RAPS WITH HEF

Mark Hamill is producing and starring in a mockumentary about make-believe classic comic-book heroes Commander Courage and Liberty Lad—changing Lad to Lass for a more contemporary audience. Mark is interviewing celebrities, including Hef, who shared memories of Little Annie Fanny creators Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder, and the comic-book icons of his childhood.

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# Dear Playboy



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## TALKING UP SEX

Men shouldn't be encouraged to talk women into sex (*How to Talk a Woman Into Sex* by Dean Kuipers, October). A real man respects a woman's signals and does not try to change her mind.

Shannan Wanger  
Santa Cruz, California

I can't help wondering how long it has been since Dean Kuipers has been laid.

S.K. Hutchison  
Nashville, Tennessee

*Get real. Dean gets more action than David Hasselhoff.*

## BIG 12 SCORES

I've been a devoted reader for more than 25 years and I must tell you that the *Girls of the Big 12* pictorial (October) blew



Jessica's rare bits: Go Big 12.

me away—especially gorgeous Colorado gal Jessica Stiles. If *PLAYBOY* doesn't feature her in a pictorial, then something is wrong in the world.

Christian LaSalle  
New Bedford, Massachusetts

Your *Girls of the Big 12* are gorgeous. I'd never dream of undermining Hef's authority, but I suggest you abandon the

Playmate format and publish college girl pictorials every month.

David Cocol  
Depew, New York

## AL IS A1

Thank God for Al Michaels (*Playboy Interview*, October). I'm now on a first-name basis with my butcher, and I've ordered a case of A.I. sauce.

Robert Hallden  
Atlanta, Georgia

I loved all the information on Madden, Cosell and Esiason. It was great stuff, but then I came to the part where Michaels complained about earning only \$10,000 for two days' work on a movie. And he threatened to strike.

Sam Douglas  
Columbia, South Carolina

## A CLOTHES CALL

The punitive action taken by Baylor University against students who posed clothed at an off-campus site for a photo that appeared in *PLAYBOY*'s October issue is unfair and un-Christian. Baylor claims to have taken this action because "personal misconduct either on or off campus detracts from the Christian witness Baylor strives to present to the world." Baylor's action, taken on the eve of the first anniversary of the World Trade Center attack by religious zealots, comes at a time when traditional American liberties are being challenged on all fronts as never before. It is not only hypocritical; it is un-American.

Gerry Walsh  
Bethpage, New York

## FALLING FOR TERI

I stared at Teri Harrison's cover (*Cover Girl*, October) for what seemed like hours. I thought that it could get no better, but then I turned the page. Thank you so much.

Derrell Bush  
New Brockton, Alabama

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I can't wait to cast my vote for Teri as Playmate of the Year. The cover photo alone made me buy extra copies of the issue. God doesn't make women any more perfect than Miss October.

David Purves  
New York, New York



Higher, Teri: It's the top shelf.

**AFTER THE HARVEST**

Steve Salerno's article on harvesting organs (*The Heart-Stopping Truth About Organ Donation*, October) is enlightening. I have since destroyed the donation certificate on the back of my California driver's license. American health care is no longer about compassion and healing. It's all about the money.

Ed Heffelfinger  
Redding, California

I was disappointed when I read the organ donation article for which I was interviewed and quoted. My comments were accurately reported, but taken out of context. I'm skeptical about modern medicine's claims to have clearly identified a point of death and have written extensively that any definition of death is a social construct. Nonetheless, brain death is legally recognized in every U.S. state. No one has recovered from it, and those who fulfill its criteria are beyond pain or harm. It's unfortunate that PLAYBOY missed an opportunity to stimulate a candid public discussion about the

proper relationship between death and organ procurement.

Dr. Stuart Youngner  
Susan E. Watson Professor of  
Bioethics  
Case Western University  
Cleveland, Ohio

*Salerno says: I hate to take the doctor to task, as he was helpful to me in the course of researching the article. Unfortunately, his letter typifies the fence-straddling of those in the transplantation movement. He admits that definitions of death are arbitrary, yet he denies that such arbitrariness can have disastrous results. He was not quoted out of context.*

Salerno's article is a true horror story. I was a dialysis patient for five years. I wanted to believe the transplant system was fair, but I had my suspicions. I was placed on a waiting list, but for various medical reasons I was put on hold. After I witnessed a patient receiving a kidney right away after the hospital destroyed his native kidneys from the use of a dye during a medical procedure, I finally relented and allowed my son to donate his kidney—and we're both doing great. The thought of receiving a kidney from a victim whose declared death is questionable is something that I wouldn't be able to live with.

Cindy Foulk  
Staunton, Illinois

The answer to the question "Is this body ready for harvest?" will never be answered to the 100 percent satisfaction of all involved. But look at the positive side of how many lives are saved. Unfortunately, your article will adversely affect organ donation by those who believe everything they read. Thousands died last year waiting for a transplant. Please encourage your readers to be donors. I'm a lung transplant recipient. Thank God someone had the courage and love to become a donor.

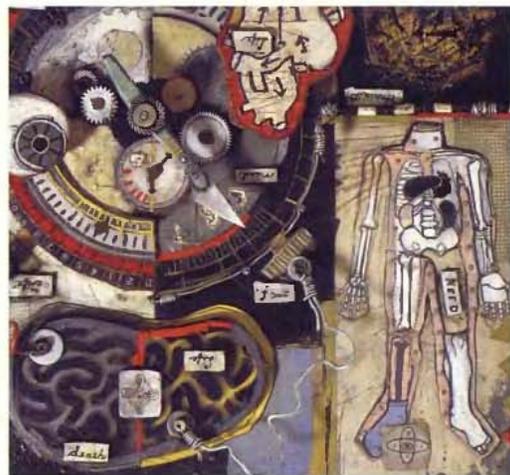
James Russo  
Los Angeles, California

*Salerno adds: My purpose in writing the piece was not to malign the transplantation industry nor to offend the thousands whose lives depend on it. Under current guidelines "accidents may happen" in a small percentage of cases in which prospective donors who aren't dead end up giving their lives so that others may be saved. Even if this occurs once in every 1000 transplants, it's a fact the public deserves to know.*

In 1998 my 26-year-old son, Mark, suffered a severe closed head injury. He was a motocross racer. He was airlifted to Methodist Medical Center in Dallas. When we arrived at the hospital, the doctor told us Mark's brain was injured and that he was not expected to live. The doctor suggested we remove him from life support. We have a strong faith in God, so we said no. We learned over the next four weeks while Mark was in a co-

ma on life support that this was a standard speech given by this doctor to all brain-injured patients' loved ones. We were approached by the organ donation team. We rejected them. Our family now feels that this was a lifesaving decision for Mark. People from various departments approached us on a daily basis to ask, "Are you sure you want to leave Mark like this?" or "Would Mark want to remain in this condition the rest of his life?" We never heard one positive comment regarding his recovery. We saw six people—all under the age of 45—die during those long weeks in the hospital. I believe that most of them were harvested. A month after Mark's injury, his wife entered his room and his eyes tracked her as she walked to his side. When she leaned over to kiss him, he kissed her back. Pretty good for a vegetable. Mark has since struggled to get his life back. We took him to a hospital closer to home and within two weeks he was walking. He still has some problems with balance and memory, but after a year in rehab, he went to college and received a degree in drafting. We also took him back to Dallas, and the doctor had no medical reason to explain Mark's recovery. His surgeon called it a miracle—and it was.

Shelia Terry  
Lubbock, Texas



Organ brouhaha.

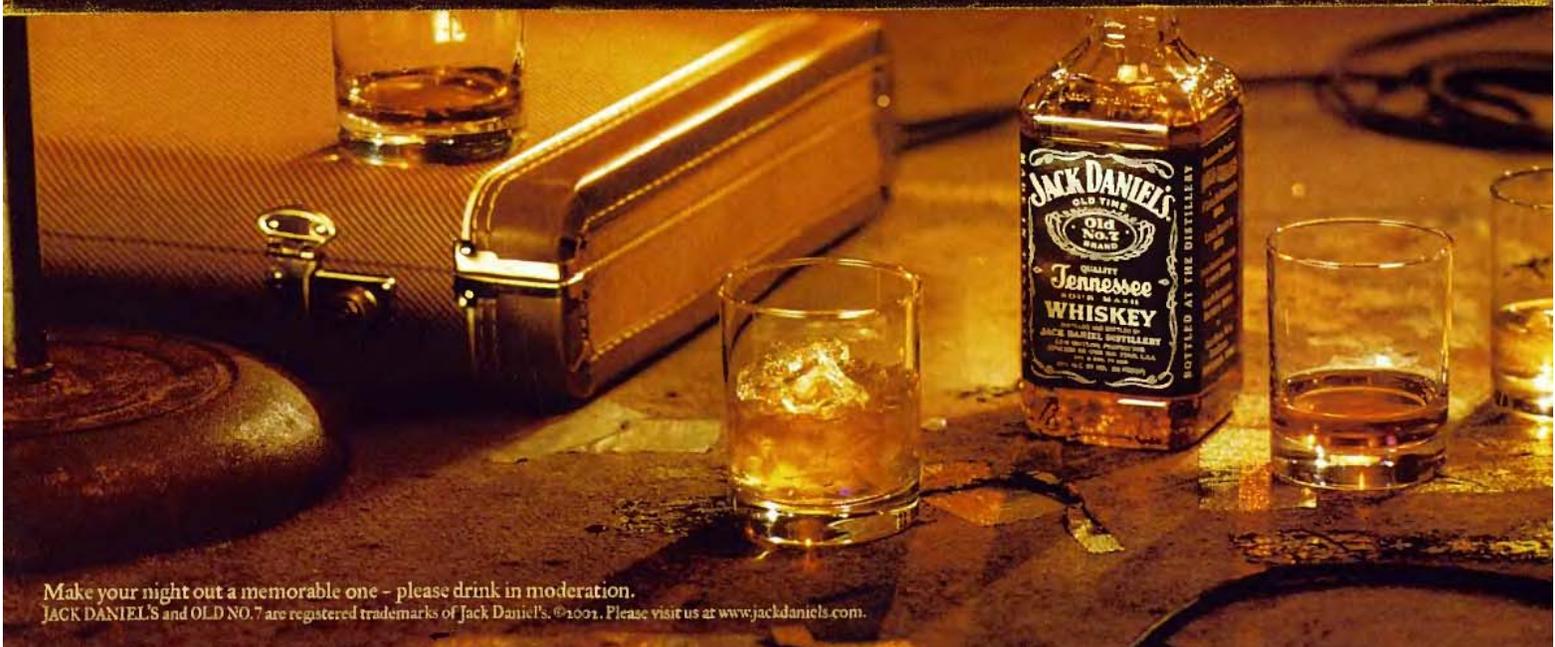
I am the father of Nicholas Green, a seven-year-old boy who was declared brain dead after being shot in a botched robbery in Italy in 1994 and whose organs my wife, Maggie, and I donated to seven Italians, four of them teenagers. Without transplants, two of the seven would now be blind and most, if not all, of the others would be dead. In the last eight years, hoping to help reduce this appalling waste of life, we have traveled the world, speaking about organ donation. In all that time, I have never once caught a hint that doctors do less for potential donors than for other patients.

Reg Green  
Bodega Bay, California

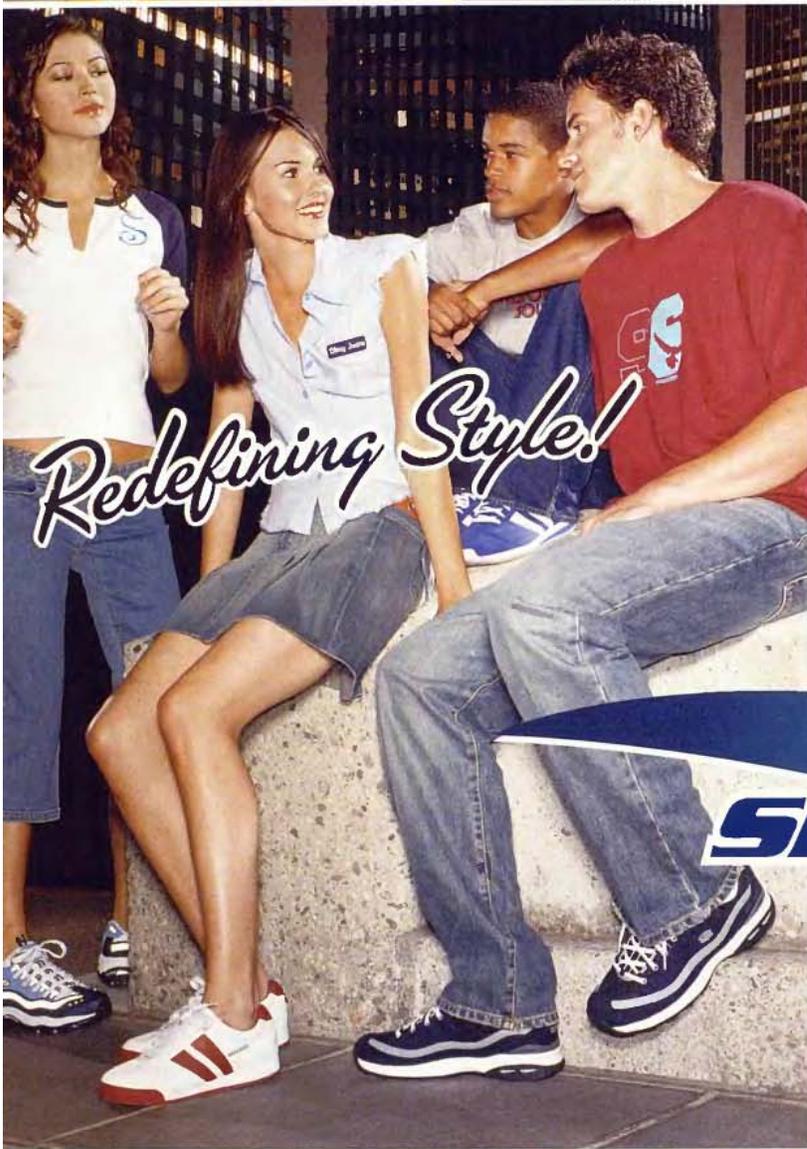
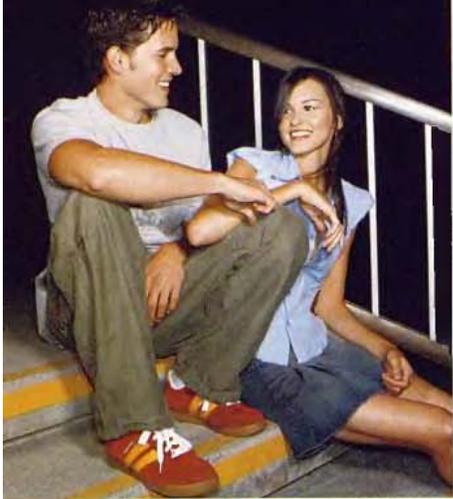




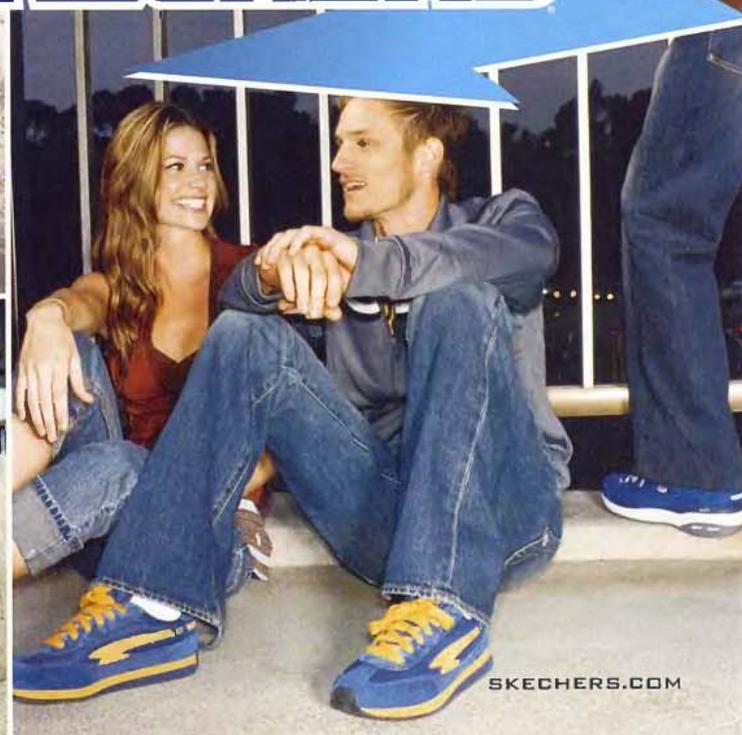
The real reason for **breaks** between sets.



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# PLAYBOY

## after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

### CAMEL NO. 5

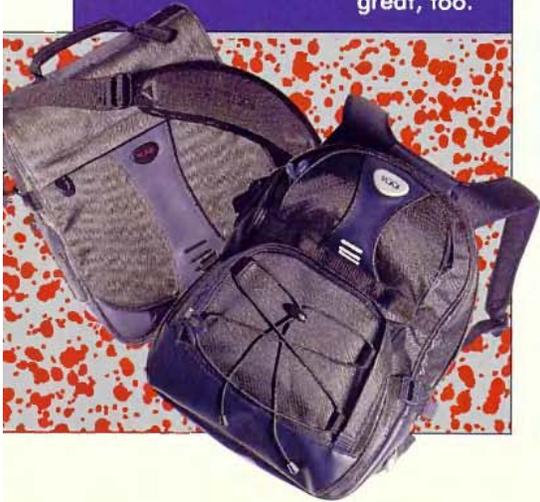
After years of trying, French perfumers have re-created Kyphi, the fragrance of the pharaohs. Kyphi was hailed as an aphrodisiac by Egyptians, who wore it in their hair and nether regions to fire up their sex lives. Modern chemists mixed the blend from 50 ingredients, including incense, juniper, mint, cinnamon, myrrh and pistachios. However, it won't be produced commercially because it is considered too pungent. Also, a key ingredient is cannabis, making it illegal to manufacture—despite how difficult it is to keep perfume lit.

### VIRGIN DEFLOWERED

In another setback for family values, Virgin Atlantic Airways has announced that it has had to make repairs to several of its new Airbus A340-600 airliners that have private mother-and-baby rooms that have private mother-and-baby rooms with diaper-changing tables. Apparently, some Virgin passengers have snuck into the small chambers and demolished the

### TOTABLE

Now that you've graduated from Dockers and Lands' End, the time is right to upgrade your commuting gear. Tumi's T-Tech series includes the Barrow bag (below left), favored by Third Eye Blind's Stephan Jenkins. And you'll see the Thompson backpack below right being hauled around by Kiefer Sutherland this season on 24. If you are going to use something that's indispensable, it might as well look great, too.



### NOTABLE

A fortune-teller told Andre de Dienes there was a girl in Hollywood waiting for him to photograph her. Soon after de Dienes set up shop in Los Angeles, an agent told him about a model who had just started in the profession who might do nudes. Her name was Norma Jeane Baker. De Dienes writes, "When Norma Jeane arrived at my bungalow later in the afternoon, it was as if a miracle had happened to me." And it had. *Andre de Dienes' Marilyn (Taschen)* is a lavish, oversize collection of his photographs of the woman who would become the fabulous Ms. Monroe. It's everything a Kennedy could hope for—and more.

tables by fucking on them. We suspect the problem was compounded by occasional bouts of sudden turbulence.

### GET YOUR DASYPYGAL MUG OFF MY FEATHER SPITTER

Any guy who's worth his margarita salt is a student of slang—particularly when

it comes to sex. We're not beyond going on the web to pick up new phrases, either. We've compiled a best-of list that was pulled from online lexicons, notably *Roger's Profanisaurus*.

*Babia majora*: Contemporary meaning for a quantity of fine women. Was used in *Wayne's World* in the singular sense: "In Latin, she'd be a *babia majora*. If she

were president, she would be Baberham Lincoln."

*Beaver cleaver:* Penis.

*Beef curtains:* Labia.

*Bobbing for apples:* Administering cunnilingus while your girlfriend is upside down or inverted—in the position for a pile driver, say.

*Contrecation:* A pseudo-bookish term for fingering.

*Dasyphygal:* Another technical term, meaning hairy-assed.

*E. coli pie:* A rim job.

*Feather spitter:* A screamer—a woman who bites into the pillow.

*Friendasaurus:* The ugly friend of a hot chick.

*Grits:* Acronym for Girls Raised in the South.

*Greyhound:* English for a short skirt. As in, "one inch from the hare."

*Irrumate:* Penis in mouth.

*Mumblers:* Camel toe—the crotch of obscenely tight pants. The lips move but you can't understand a word.

*Offshore drilling:* Adultery; cheating; nailing some strange.

*Philematology:* The science of kissing.

*Play the rusty trombone:* A twisted male fantasy in which a woman (we hope) practices anilingus and gives a hand job at the same time.

*Punching the clown:* To masturbate, a.k.a. wack-a-mole.

*Pygombé:* A woman with large, sexy buttocks.

*Sixty-eight:* One-sided oral sex—"I'll owe you one."

*The 69th Street Bridge:* A woman who is being eaten out by one guy while arching her back and giving head to another guy at the same time.

*Thunderbird:* A big woman.

*Triple crown:* A woman with a guy in each of her three openings, referred to in the porn industry as airtight.

*Vatican roulette:* The rhythm method of contraception. Risky business.

## ANNA NICOLE VS. OZZY: REALITY BITES



One is heavy metal, the other is just heavy. Anna Nicole Smith was our 1993 PMOY, Ozzy Osbourne was never sexy. Still, they have a lot in common.



ANNA NICOLE	CATEGORY	OZZY
Breasts	Most charming trait	Profanity-laced vocabulary
Humping	Pet dog can't stop	Crapping in house
Personal assistant Kim	Posse member who creeps us out	Ghost of Ozzy's dead guitarist, Randy Rhoads
Marriage to J. Howard Marshall II	Misunderstood past event	Biting off bat's head
"Do your homework."	Parental advice	"Wear condoms."
Lifting food to mouth	Workout routine	Shuffling around the house
Stock in Red Bull soared	Best unintended result of show	Careers for Osbourne children
Her stepson is in the news again.	Worst unintended result of show	Liza Minnelli and David Gest have their own reality show.
Liberace	Decorative tastes similar to that of	Aleister Crowley
Lipstick	Never leaves home without	Sharon

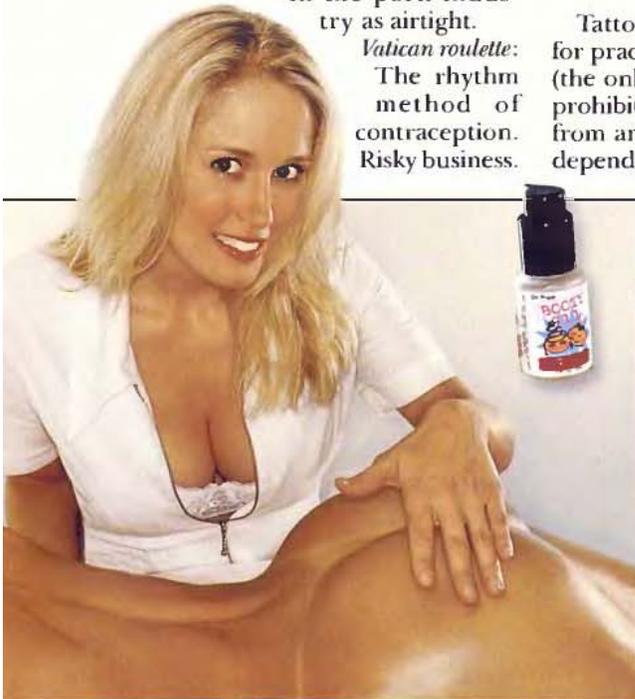
### BODY LANGUAGES

Tattoo artist Ronald White, arrested for practicing his craft in South Carolina (the only state other than Oklahoma to prohibit tattooing), is getting legal help from an unexpected source: former independent counsel and Clinton nemesis

Kenneth Starr, who says that epidermal etchings should be allowed and defended as an art form. So should blow jobs, Kenneth, but never mind—what's past is past.

### GETTING THE MESSAGE

We print this item only because we know the typical PLAYBOY reader will otherwise never hear about the Rejection Hotline, a phone number that's provided to subscribers, usually female, to give to strangers. The unfortunate guy who scores these digits at a bar or party and then has the fortitude to call is rewarded with this recorded blow-off message: "The person who gave you this number," says a stern male voice, "obviously did not want you to have their real number. Maybe you're just not this person's type—short, fat, ugly, dumb, annoying, arrogant or just a general loser." After some more harshness, it concludes, "Accept the fact that you're rejected. Get over it. And please do your best to forget about the person who gave you this



### KEEP THAT HEINIE SHINY

We can't think of a better reason to leave the lights off than ass acne. The luscious Jillian Wright of Glow Skin Spa in New York wants to change all that, and has developed Booty 911 (left), a glycolic acid and lavender skin treatment that will smooth the behinds of you and your loved ones. Available through spacadet.com, Booty 911 helps men and women stay cheeky clean.

# TREK THEM HOME



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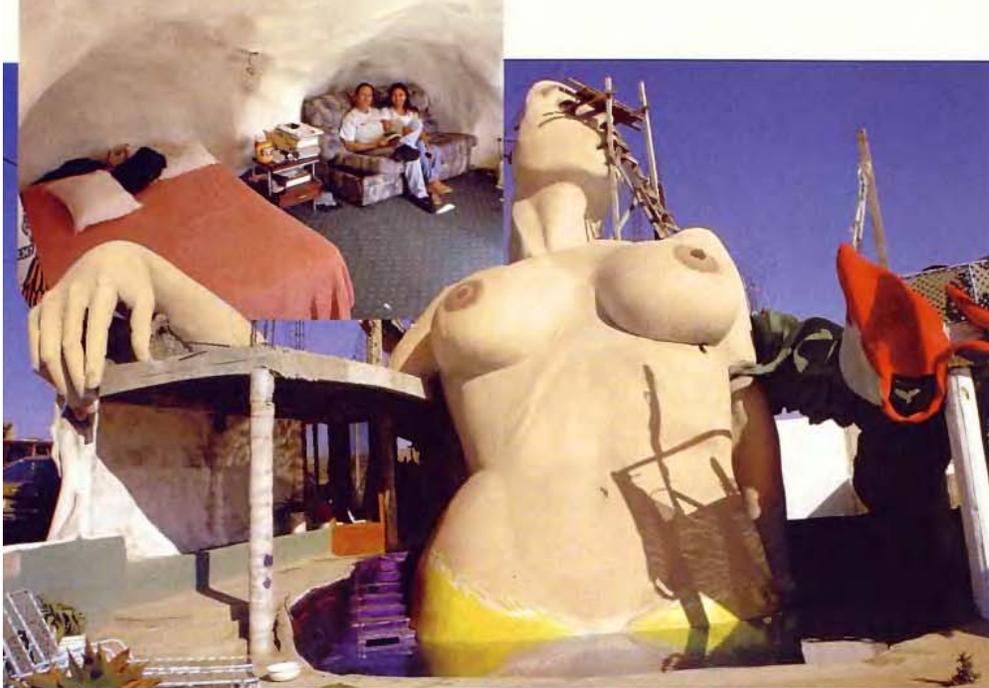
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## FOUR RMS, CROTCH VU

We say Tudor, he says haoter. Armando Muñoz Garcia goes to sleep with his head at the breast of his true passion every night. Garcia is a sculptor who has spent the past 12 years building a house in the form of a nude woman. Situated in the Mexican town of Rosarita, the three-story house is a hot property. There's a bedroom behind the breasts, a living room (with hot tub) at the belly and a bathroom in the rear. Garcia is still working on the top of the house—which means no one knows what's going on inside her head.

number, because trust us, they have already forgotten about you." The voice and concept belong to Emory University grad student Jeff Goldblatt. He offers the service in 14 U.S. cities and Dublin. Each city averages some 50,000 calls a month,

and the numbers in Boston and Charlotte—cities loaded, apparently, with either inept guys or inaccessible women—have sometimes crashed from overload. What ever happened to the straightforward "My number? It's 1-800-FUCK-OFF, creep"?



"There is a beautiful thing which is wonderful, to look like a woman, not a green bean."  
—Laetitia Casta

## MORE WINE, MY DEAR?

What do pussy and celery stalk have in common—other than the obvious kinky possibilities? Answer: You expend more calories than you absorb by eating either one, according to Bruno Fabbri, an Italian dietician. Fabbri has studied the exercise value of sexual activities and has determined that 15 minutes of oral sex burns up the caloric equivalent of a swallow of wine. Follow that with 26 minutes of vigorous fucking and you've canceled out half a pizza. (Italian pizzas must be awfully small.) Fabbri paid particular attention to the energy consumed by un-

clasp your date's bra: eight calories if you use both hands, 18 calories for just one hand, and 87 calories if you use your mouth. While his bra stats smell fishy, it's enough to convince us to switch to the Italian Dinner Date Weight-Loss Program.

## THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS

Aaron Funk, who has recorded several CDs on the Planet Mu label as Vene-

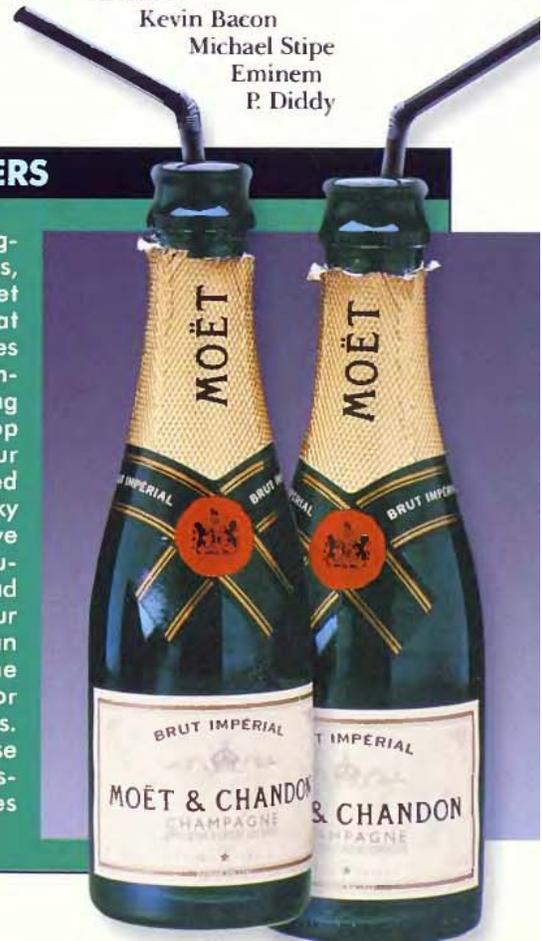
tian Snares, is on the verge of a breakthrough for electronic funk. Together with his girlfriend, Rachael Kozak (who performs under the alias Hecate), he is at work on an album created exclusively from samples recorded during sex. "People I've played it for don't believe it," says Funk. "They're like, 'No, no, no—you sampled high hats there, I know it.'" It's essentially alchemy, shaping sex into a new form." The couple recorded directly to minidisc during a European tour and captured the sounds of anal and oral sex, bondage, caning, spanking and microphone insertion. Funk says, "It's weird to deconstruct the sounds of sex. It makes you conscious of a lot of stuff you'd normally ignore. I remember thinking, 'Shit, like, oh, that slap will make a good snare drum. Or, Wow, that was a freakish set of grunts and moans—I want to make that into a choir later.'" So far the duo has completed a few songs—including *Hymen Tramp Choir*, *Perus* and *Blood on the Rope*—that play with the genres of breakbeat, ambient and dub. A full-length CD, *Nymphomatriarch*, will be released this spring on Hymen Records. "I like to listen to sex when I'm having sex," Funk says. Soon you can hear his sex, too.

## TEN WHITE BOYS WHO CAN'T DANCE

Bruce Springsteen  
Bono  
Moby  
John Mellencamp  
Ozzy Osbourne  
Al Gore  
Kevin Bacon  
Michael Stipe  
Eminem  
P. Diddy

## CHAMPAGNE SHOOTERS

Normally, we don't think about packaging when it comes to wines and spirits, but the clever marketers at Moët et Chandon have hit on something that makes sense: four-packs of minibottles (187 ml each) of their White Star champagne. Think of them as single-serving juice boxes for grownups. You can pop the cork, drop in a straw and sip your way to the good life. It's the preferred method of ingesting bubbly among slinky models at runway shows. (Or so we've been told. Whenever we've been fortunate enough to slip backstage, we've had our eyes on other things that tickle our nose.) The four-pack also comes with an extended lip device that slips into the neck of the bottle, creating a flute for those who wouldn't think of using straws. All this is designed to make your impulse for a glass of champagne easier to satisfy. We're all over anything that makes impulses easier to satisfy.



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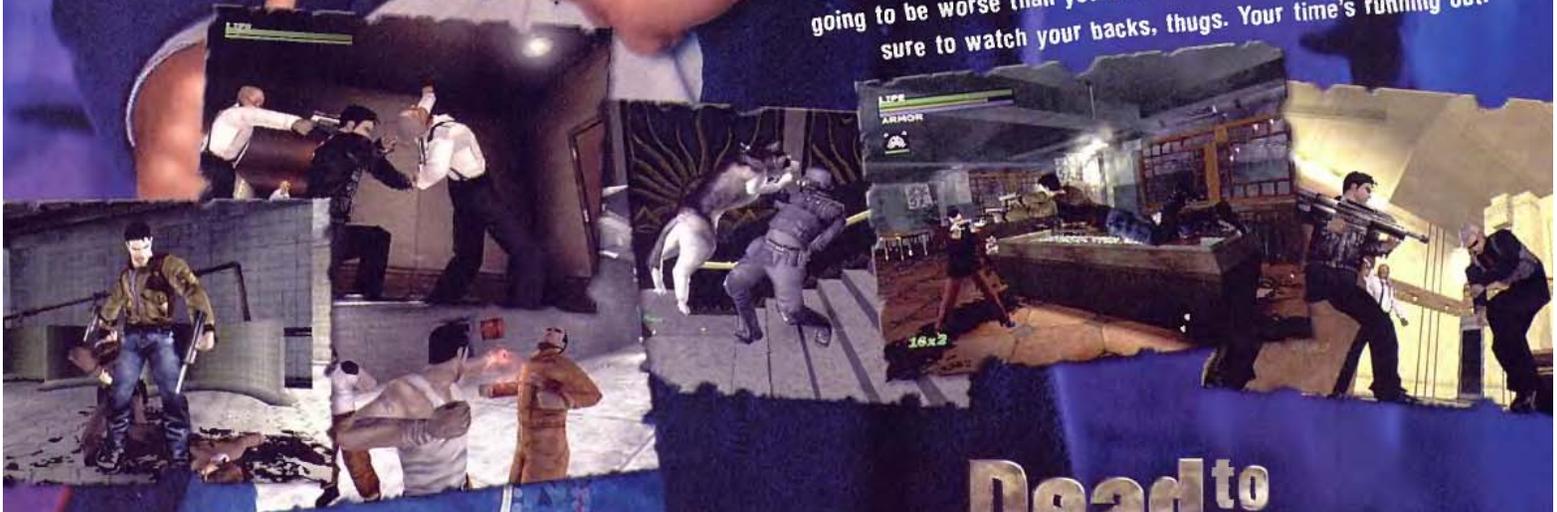
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**BOOM!**

Push any good guy too far, eventually he's gonna make some bad things happen. Ex-cop Jack Slate is no exception. But when he explodes, things are going to be worse than you can ever imagine. So be sure to watch your backs, thugs. Your time's running out.



Blood  
Mature Sexual Themes  
Violence



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# RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

## QUOTE

"The people who look at Eminem and think what a cool, tough guy he is should remember that he lived at home with his mom until he was 26."—EMINEM'S MOTHER, DEBBIE MATHERS

## BAD STOCK

The total value of stock cashed in—prior to the recent market collapse—by officers and directors of the 1035 companies whose stock prices subsequently declined the most: \$66 billion. Value of stock cashed in by officers and directors of AOL-Time Warner: \$1.8 billion. By officers and directors of Enron: \$994 million. Of Charles Schwab: \$951 million.

## SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY

Value of Iraqi oilfield-rebuilding contracts awarded by Saddam Hussein to Halliburton in the Nineties, when the firm was run by chief executive Dick Cheney: \$24 million.

## ROLL PLAYING

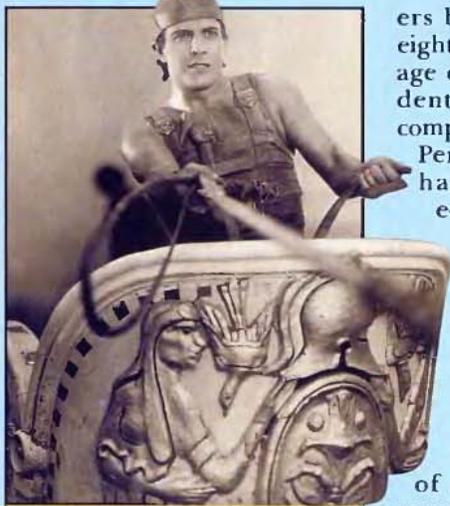
According to an Indiana University survey of heterosexual condom users, percentage who put condoms on only after beginning intercourse: 43. Percentage who remove them before the finale: 13. Percentage who accidentally put the condom on inside out and have to reverse it: 30.

## SOMETHING ABOUT BRUCE

Number of men and boys in Queensland, Australia who have gone to the hospital during the past four years for injuries to the penis caused by zippers: 13.

## ATTACHED AT THE CHIP

Percentage of current college students who had begun using comput-



## FACT OF THE MONTH

The first Rose Bowl football game was played January 1, 1902 between Stanford and Michigan. The Wolverines' lopsided 49-0 victory caused organizers of the Tournament of Roses to replace football with chariot races, polo and ostrich races as the main sporting events until 1916, when they brought back football.

ers by the age of eight: 20. Percentage of college students who own a computer now: 85.

Percentage who have multiple e-mail addresses: 66. Percentage who use e-mail to report or explain absence from class: 65.

## LAUGH RIOT

The number of files on *Mad* magazine compiled by the FBI between 1957 and 1971: 36.

## ALL ABOARD

Number of passengers in a Long Island Railroad car when a man, his wife and his brother had a three-way: 25. Number who reported this to the conductor: 1.

## STEALING HOME

According to a survey of 8000 U.S. teens, percentage who first had sexual intercourse at a motel or hotel: 3. Percentage whose first time was outside: 3. Percentage whose first experience was in a vehicle: 4. Percentage whose first experience was in their own family's or their partner's family's home: 56.

## BLOW BACK

Amount of reimbursement for legal fees sought under the terms of the independent counsel law by Bill and Hillary Clinton: \$3.5 million. Amount sought by Monica Lewinsky: \$1.3 million. Amount that was awarded to Ronald Reagan following the Iran-contra investigation: \$562,000. Amount that was awarded to George H.W. Bush: \$272,000.

## CALL WEIGHTING

Amount Gwyneth Paltrow paid for a Nokia Vertu cell phone made of precious metals and a crystal-encrusted face: \$23,000. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

## STEVE-OH

Steve-O, a.k.a. Stephen Glover, has leaped from an airplane without a parachute. He has swallowed a goldfish and regurgitated it. He has pierced his ass cheeks and linked them together. All these stunts were part of his job as Johnny Knoxville's go-to gross-out-guy on MTV's *Jackass*, a role he reprised for the recent *Jackass: The Movie*. Glover now hawks his new DVD, *Don't Try This at Home*. "I have this super hang-up with trying to have some sort of historical significance," says Steve-O. "I'm all about getting footage." This may explain why he has been seen repeatedly stapling his testicles to his legs in public, the highlight of the DVD and an act that finally



## WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #4

**Because I knew he could advance my career:** "And I wanted to have control over an older man. He's 17 years my senior, but I always knew I could have him. I flirted with him for two years and started teasing him in e-mails. Then I got bored with the tease and wanted the satisfaction of seducing such a powerful guy. He didn't disappoint, and came back for more. Afterward, I loved knowing that I'd fucked someone so high up and that no one else knew. My boss was surprised at the strings I could pull after that, not knowing I'd actually pulled much more than strings."

—A.C., Hoboken, N.J.

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1953

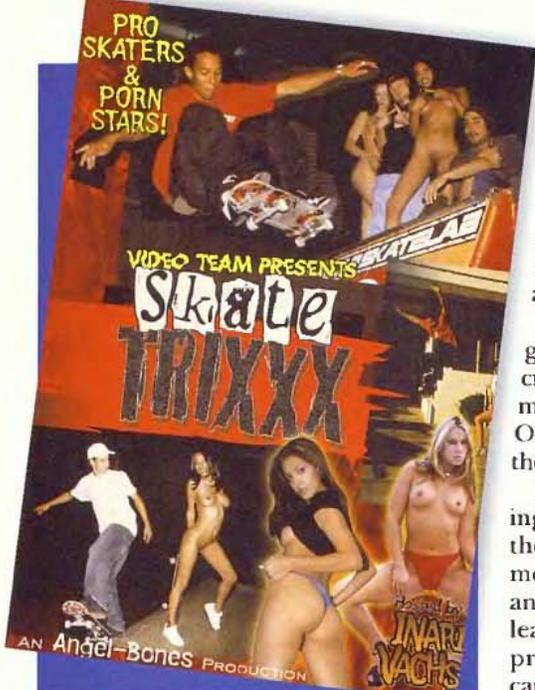


DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1830

Hef says drink responsibly

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## DISTURBING TREND

While we're all for mixing it up and trying new things, we are not necessarily in favor of publishing or promoting the results. We're referring to *Skate Trixxx* from Video Team, which brings skateboarders and porn stars together. We notice that *Skate Trixxx 2* is already out, so before there's a third, let us strongly urge everyone involved to keep the two disciplines separate. OK?

got him arrested on obscenity charges. (Yes, the staple holes sometimes end up infected.) "I turned down a ridiculous stunt as part of the finale of *Jackass: The Movie*," says Steve-O, proving that he does draw the line somewhere, "because my father would disown me. Let's just say it involved putting a finger in a man's butt." He's obviously more discerning when it comes to lust objects. "I saw Jennifer Love Hewitt at the MTV Video Music Awards and I was stoked on her," he says. "And I think I'd get along with Alyssa Milano. I'm not a slut—I'm a people person. And I'm a hard worker. I try to learn from each experience. I'm also easy to please. I've got a small wiener and I come superfast."

## THE TIP SHEET

**Breast Christmas Ever:** An annual year-end stunt run by Atlanta radio station WKLS. The hosts of *The Regular Guys* morning show reward a lucky girl with a new pair of breasts. Put those two front teeth on hold, Santa.

**Strange bedfellows:** The brainchild of New York shrink Frederick Levenson, Theradate is a new matchmaking service for people undergoing psychotherapy. Two months in, Levenson had yet to recruit any members—meaning, alas, that no one had the chance to say, "Honey,

I'm nuts about you."

**Disa Eythorsdóttir:** American bridge player, the first professional to be stripped of a medal for refusing to take the mandatory drug test that the World Bridge Federation adopted in January 2000 in order to have bridge considered as an Olympic sport.

**Skyboxes:** The unofficial name given to the \$100,000 deluxe crypts in Los Angeles' new \$200 million, high-glam Cathedral of Our Lady of the Angels, a.k.a. the Taj (Cardinal) Mahony.

**Trail mix:** A combo drug making the rave and club rounds in the Vancouver area. It includes meth, ecstasy, ketamine, Viagra and sometimes heroin, and is at least two drugs more than seems prudent and three more than you can count to after taking it.

**Jazzradio.net:** With the future of web radio in doubt here in the U.S., check out this award-winning Berlin jazz station. You can even watch the beautiful Leslie Nachmann, gold medalist at the 2002 International Radio Programming Awards, on the studio-cam. She'll get your horn blowing.

**Wine Press:** Harcourt is threatening to become a major publisher of wine books

with *Oz Clarke's Pocket Wine Guide 2003*, *Oz Clarke's New Wine Atlas* and a superb collection of tasting notes, *Michael Broadbent's Vintage Wine*.



"It's delicious—you just feel so alive when you're really acting that it's something like an orgasm."  
—Angela Bassett

## ATTACK OF THE KILLER ZIPPERS

In the sticky tradition of *Worst-Case Scenarios* comes *Sex Disasters* (Greenery) by Charles Moser and Janet Hardy. A blend of medicine, etiquette and ethics, the advice covers the following crises: "I can't get this cock ring off!" "She was the best-looking woman at the

nightclub—until I got her home, then it turned out she wasn't a woman at all!" "My asshole is bleeding. Should I be worried?" "Hey, where did that condom go?" And, finally, "See that door? It's locked from the inside—and my sweetie is in bondage on the other side!" Of course, the answer to that one is easy—just ask the ex-bouncer she's fucking to open it for you.

## BABE OF THE MONTH

Actress **SUSAN WARD** followed a veterinarian around when she was a kid, and by the time she was 13, her parents' house had sheltered birds, snakes, wallabies and a potbellied pig. Now she can count millions of male fans as pets. After paying her dues in bottom-shelf productions such as *Poison Ivy: The New Seduction*, Susan put our libidos on notice by playing a bitchy bisexual murderess in *The In Crowd*. Kissing then killing a girl helped her get the role of one of Jack Black's girlfriends in *Shallow Hal*. Offscreen, Susan races cars at a track at speeds up to 155 mph. If you can keep up, catch her in the new comedy *Would I Lie to You?*



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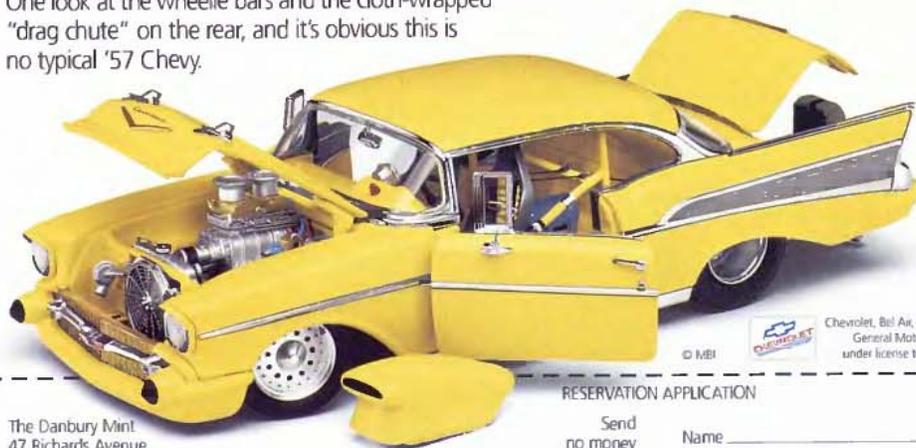
The supercharged Chevy engine is painstakingly reproduced.



At the rear, you'll see the parachute bag and wheelie bar.



The custom racing interior is meticulously detailed.



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## PREVIEWS

**Daredevil:** The popular Marvel Comics hero gets the big-screen treatment from Ben Affleck (in a role for which Matt Damon, Edward Norton and Mark Wahlberg were also considered). So what's a ripped, physically challenged (he's blind) overachiever to do? Become an attorney by day and martial arts-savvy, tight-wearing vigilante by night. There are truckloads of special effects, plus Colin Farrell as the deadly assassin Bullseye and Jennifer Garner sexing things up as Elektra, the Greek tycoon's daughter out to snuff Daredevil. All signs point to this being the month's big fun movie.

**Shanghai Knights:** Jackie Chan's manic charm and Owen Wilson's loopy, stoner rhythms played so well off each other in the action romp *Western Shanghai Noon* that the actors have been reteamed. This time they're off to Victorian London to avenge Chan's father's death but instead get tangled in a conspiracy—involving such legends as Jack the Ripper and Sherlock Holmes—to kill the royal family. The revved-up action could put *Shanghai Noon* in the shade.

**Duplex:** This dark comedy stars Ben Stiller and Drew Barrymore as a couple so fed up with Manhattan's cutthroat competition for real estate that they're driven to kill the cute little old lady who lives in their dream home. It's directed by Danny DeVito, who showed he knows something about snuffing little old ladies in *Throw Momma From the Train*.

**Dark Blue:** Mad-dog novelist James Ellroy has moved from the old-time police corruption of *LA Confidential* to latter-

day police abuse. The original script for this thriller is set in Los Angeles' racially charged atmosphere of 1992, just before four white officers were acquitted in the beating of Rodney King. Heading the cast is Kurt Russell (as a police detective battling scary inner demons), with Ving Rhames, Michael Michele and Brendan Gleeson as fellow officers.

**Basic:** After the mind-numbing *Rollerball*, rumors have director John McTiernan returning to something closer to *Die Hard* with this military thriller. John Travolta and Connie Nielsen play DEA agents who investigate the disappearance of a legendary Army sergeant and his cadets in Panama. The buzz is that the movie crackles with humor and that Travolta gets back to his mean, lean, stripped-down self. Count on costars Samuel L. Jackson, Andy Garcia, Giovanni Ribisi and Taye Diggs to enliven things considerably.

**Eddie Griffin: Dis-Funk-Tional Family:** Six studios reportedly bid against one another to release this movie, which combines concert footage of the whippy, foul-mouthed comic with *Osbourne*-style documentary bits on Griffin's family members, such as former pimp Uncle Buckley and amateur-porn filmmaker Uncle Curtis.

—STEPHEN REBELLO

## REVIEWS

BY LEONARD MALTIN

Pedro Almodóvar made his reputation with outrageous sexual comedies such as *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* and *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* He made a giant leap forward with his last film, the



Daredevil's Garner.

intensely moving *All About My Mother*. Now he combines his audacious sense of humor with his mature approach to human drama in another superb movie, *Talk to Her*. Its leading man is a nerdy type who cares for a young woman in a coma. Suffice it to say that nothing is predictable in this inventive film, least of all a faux silent movie with some of the most astonishing imagery of the female body ever put on film.

At first, *The Emperor's Club* is uncomfortably reminiscent of *Dead Poets Society*,

## AN AVALANCHE OF ENTERTAINMENT

December brings professional moviegoers a sense of dread. That's because the studios try to shoehorn so many films into the last week of the month to qualify for critics' 10-best lists and Oscar nominations.

Debating at the end of December are Roberto Benigni's *Pi-nocchio*, the all-star musical *Chicago*, Martin Scorsese's long-awaited *Gangs of New York*, George Clooney's *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, a new version of Charles Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*, *A Few Good Years* with Michael and Kirk

*25th Hour* with Edward Norton. (This follows a normal quota of releases including the romantic comedies *Two Weeks' Notice* and *Maid in Manhattan*.)

The ostensible reason for this glut is that so many people go to the movies between Christmas and New Year's Day. But the real reason is awards. Too often, good films released earlier in the year are forgotten by December 31, so the distributors insist on year-end exposure. Tired of all this contrivance, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has announced its intention to move the Oscar ceremony to February in 2004, hoping to shorten the campaign season and undercut some of the huckstering.

—L.M.



Grant and Bullock on *Notice*.



A Fiennes-looking J. Lo.

Douglas, *The Hours* with Meryl Streep, Nicole Kidman and Julianne Moore, Steven Spielberg's *Catch Me If You Can* with Tom Hanks and Leonardo DiCaprio, and Spike Lee's *The*

# PICK UP A SURE THING.

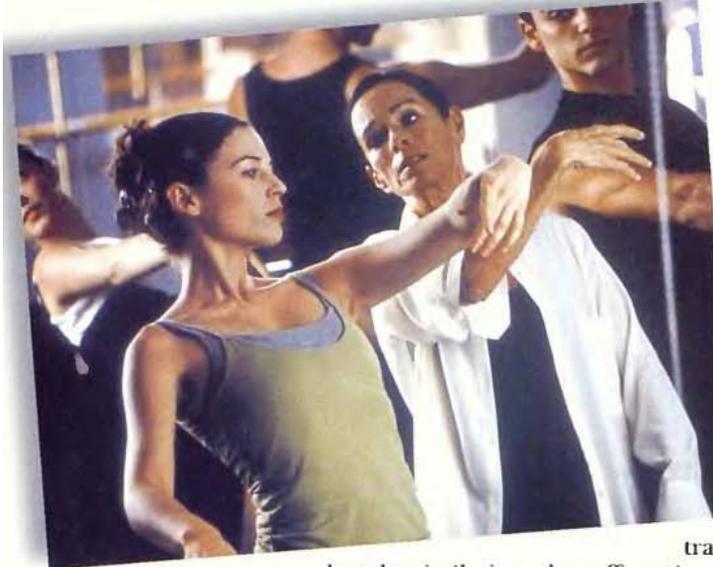


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A graceful Talk to Her.

this manic exploration of the creative process, as the screenwriter agonizes over the film adaptation of a book about a man who steals rare orchids. He's so paralyzed by the assignment he can't bring himself to meet the author (Meryl Streep) or her colorful subject (Chris Cooper), both of whom are going through their own painful

transitions. Devilishly clever

but the similarity is misleading. At a tradition-bound East Coast prep school, Kevin Kline portrays an admired classics professor who uses psychology to inspire a troubled new student. But things don't turn out as he thinks they will, for the story takes a series of subtle and surprising twists.

**Lost in La Mancha** should be required viewing for all aspiring filmmakers, as it chronicles the making—and unmaking—of Terry Gilliam's dream project, a variation on *Don Quixote* starring Johnny Depp and Jean Rochefort. Directors Keith Fulton and Louis Pepe capture every wrenching minute of the debacle as a would-be film production falls to pieces.

If you thought *Being John Malkovich* was out there, it was just a warm-up for the weirdness of *Adaptation*, the new film from writer Charlie Kaufman and director Spike Jonze. Nicolas Cage plays Kaufman and his twin brother, Donald, in

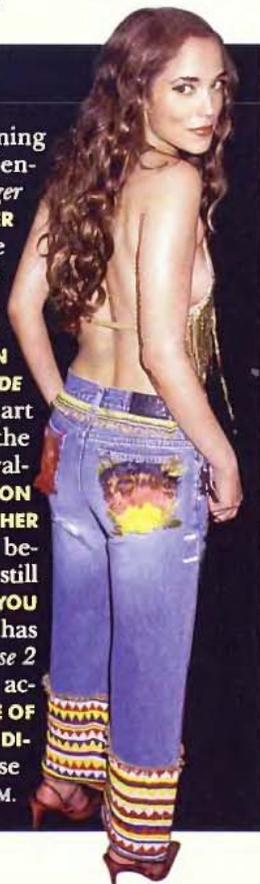
but off-putting at the same time, *Adaptation* is a film that will please some viewers and annoy others. It definitely scores points for originality.

**About Schmidt** affords us the opportunity to watch a master at work. His name is Jack Nicholson, and in Alexander Payne's new film he plays a man who retires from his job with an Omaha insurance company at the age of 66. It is then that he begins to grasp the emptiness of his life. So he takes to the road in search of happiness, which he's not likely to find at his daughter's wedding, since she's marrying a guy he can't stand. *About Schmidt*, which Payne and Jim Taylor adapted from Louis Begley's novel, unfolds slowly—perhaps too slowly at times—but paints a droll picture of Midwesterners who, let's just say, aren't terribly deep. It all leads up to a heartrending finale involving the man who may well be America's finest actor.

## SCENE STEALER

**ELIZABETH BERKLEY. FIRST NOTICED:** In the long-running TV series *Saved by the Bell*. **MOST RECENTLY SEEN:** With pal Jennifer Beals in a plum role opposite Campbell Scott in *Roger Dodger*. **WHAT WAS THE BIGGEST CHALLENGE YOU FACED AFTER THE NOTORIETY OF SHOWGIRLS?** "There were about three years that were really tough. I had to enlighten people as to who I really was, and that I wasn't like the character in the movie. I had to do some cleanup work that was no fault of my own." **CAN YOU DESCRIBE HOW YOU FELT WHEN WOODY ALLEN CAST YOU IN HIS MOVIE THE CURSE OF THE JADE SCORPION?** "I was downtown in New York outside an art gallery, and my cell phone went off. I cried as if it were the first movie I was ever offered. It's the ultimate stamp of validation, and I so needed it." **YOU'VE WORKED ON THE LONDON STAGE FOR SIR PETER HALL IN LENNY. DO YOU HAVE ANY OTHER DREAM JOBS?** "I'm looking forward to being in *Chicago*, because I really would have been a Fosse girl if he were still around. That's the kind of dancing I love to do." **DO YOU HAVE ANY ROLE MODELS?** "I admire Michelle Pfeiffer, who has never compromised her integrity. She started off in *Grease 2* and no one took her seriously. She is kind of a character actress in a leading woman's body." **EVER CARE TO GO TO ONE OF THOSE SHOWINGS OF SHOWGIRLS WHERE VIEWERS RECITE THE DIALOGUE DURING THE FILM?** "One day, because I have a sense of humor about it now."

—L.M.



## SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by leonard maltin

**About Schmidt** Jack Nicholson adds yet another masterful portrayal to his gallery, as a Midwestern insurance salesman who retires in his 60s and discovers that his life is empty. **YYY**

**Adaptation** Nicolas Cage plays screenwriter Charlie Kaufman (*Being John Malkovich*), who agonizes over his new movie assignment—adapting Meryl Streep's novel for the screen—while his twin brother pursues a commercial screenplay with no trouble at all. Weird just for the sake of being weird, but fascinating, too. **YYY**

**The Emperor's Club** Kevin Kline as an inspiring professor at a traditional prep school turns one troubled boy around—or does he? There is more than meets the eye in this interesting morality tale. **YYY**

**The Quiet American** Michael Caine gives another solid performance as a *Times* of London writer in Vietnam during the Fifties in this low-key adaptation of Graham Greene's novel. Brendan Fraser co-stars as an American who shakes up Caine's comfortable existence—and beliefs. **YY½**

**Rabbit-Proof Fence** Australian director Phillip Noyce returns to his roots for this extraordinary true story of three aboriginal girls who escape from a work camp and travel 1500 miles to return to their mother. **YYY**

**Red Dragon** Anthony Hopkins is back as Hannibal Lecter, and he isn't the only familiar thing about this film—a slick but pointless remake of 1986's *Manhunter*, with a better cast than it deserves. **YY**

**The Ring** Naomi Watts stars in this shaggy-dog tale of a videotape that causes its viewers to die. Based on a Japanese hit, this lumpy film might cause smart viewers to walk out. **Y½**

**Standing in the Shadows of Motown** The unheralded backup musicians on all the great Motown hits finally get their due recognition in this entertaining documentary. The songs are as irresistible as ever. **YYY**

**Sweet Home Alabama** Reese Witherspoon flexes her new movie star muscles in this lazy, formula-bound romantic comedy. She's so appealing she almost keeps it afloat. **YY**

**Talk to Her** Pedro Almodóvar manages to top himself with this audaciously original yet moving story of a nerdy man who takes care of a beautiful young woman in a coma—and forges a bond with a man whose lover shares the same fate. **YYYY**

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

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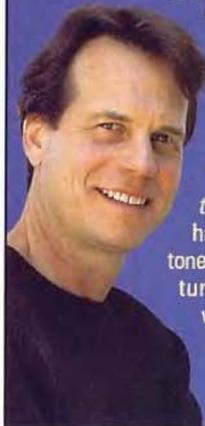
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## GUEST SHOT

**Bill Paxton**, a veteran of nearly 60 feature films, added the title of director to his résumé with the release of 2001's thriller *Frailty*. A film enthusiast who only recently made the switch to DVD, Paxton describes his latest viewing picks: "I enjoyed *Fight Club* and *Three Kings*, the directors' commentary tracks and behind-the-scenes stuff. I also just watched *The Entertainer*, with Laurence Olivier, and *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*, which has the kind of gothic tone that I was trying to capture in *Frailty*. I'm glad I watched *Trees Lounge*, a great bar movie, and *Super Troopers*."

—LAURENCE LERMAN



### A BATCH OF BACHELOR PARTIES

In *A Guy Thing*—out this month—Jason Lee, engaged to straight-laced Selma Blair, wakes up in bed the morning of his wedding with (gulp!) naked Julia Stiles. Those damned bachelor parties. Nothing good ever happens—too much booze, random nudity, lap dances, wanton intercourse. . . .

**Bachelor Party** (1984): Here's all you need to know: The sex-show donkey snorts all the blow. And this: Tom "Mr. Two Oscars" Hanks stars.

**Very Bad Things** (1998): What happens to the bachelor party hooker is depressing, but what happens to the Vegas hotel security guard—now that's horrifying. Careful with that corkscrew.

**Live Nude Girls** (1995): Did the title get your attention? Cynthia Stevenson, Olivia d'Abo, Kim Cattrall and Dana Delaney share their sexual secrets during a sleep-over bachelorette party. They're girls and they're live, but they're only partially nude.

**Date With an Angel** (1987): Suffering from his bachelor party hangover, Michael E. Knight, who is about to marry no-nonsense Phoebe Cates, discovers beautiful and vulnerable Emmanuelle Béart in his swimming pool. And she's an angel, like from heaven. Talk about having your prayers answered.

**The Bachelor Party** (1957): An unhappily married Don Murray ventures into a co-worker's bachelor party and, after self-examination brought on by stiff drinks, realizes why he needs a trip to the Dominican Republic—to get a quickie divorce! Watch for creamy Carolyn Jones

in one of the shortest performances to win an Oscar nomination (six minutes).

**How to Murder Your Wife** (1965): Nostalgic for the good old days of male chauvinism? This one's for you. Wealthy swinger Jack Lemmon wakes up after a bachelor party to find he somehow wed Virna Lisi. That isn't bad, but he has a killer little black book of numbers.

**The Body Disappears** (1941): So, it's bad enough you end up in bed with strange women after a bachelor party, but in this worst-case scenario, the doomed groom-to-be becomes invisible. Wait, think of the honeymoon possibilities.

**Stag** (1997): Mario Van Peebles throws a bachelor party with two exotic dancers (including pop star Taylor Dayne), one of whom is offed while the other is getting off the groom. It doesn't pay to be a bachelor party ho.

**Captain Kidd's Kids** (1919): See how long this has been going on? Silent star Harold Lloyd gets bombed at a bachelor party and fantasizes about an island full of female pirates. Please tell us what he was drinking.

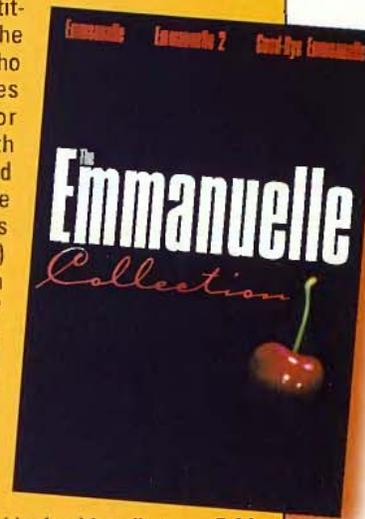
—BUZZ MCCLAIN

### DISC ALERT

It's springtime for DVD: *The Producers* (1968), long available only on VHS, is finally out on disc (MGM, \$25). It boasts a new 16x9 transfer, deleted scenes and a new documentary featuring director Mel Brooks. A film many would include on their lists of the funniest ever made, this contemporary classic proved even more potent live, when Brooks adapted

## GUILTY PLEASURE

The three-disc **Emmanuelle Collection** (Anchor Bay) resurrects the best of Seventies erotica. The luminous Sylvia Kristel plays the titular role of the French nympho who searches the world for affection with anyone and anything. The eponymous original (1974) is boxed with *Emmanuelle 2* (1975, with a great bathhouse scene) and *Good-Bye Emmanuelle* (1977). The discs are dubbed and subbed, with trailers. —B.M.



the tale as a Broadway musical. With all respect to the Nathan Lane–Matthew Broderick winner of a record dozen Tony Awards, Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder deserve credit for finding the magic in this material (which won Brooks the Best Screenplay Oscar). The duo concoct an investor-fleeing scam that's built around mounting the worst musical of all time, *Springtime for Hitler*, only to have it turn into a hit. It is among the great ironies that something could be so hammy yet kosher. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

## video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
BLOCKBUSTER	<i>Minority Report</i> (future cop Cruise takes it on the lam when he's pegged for a killing yet to come; Spielberg at his techy best), <i>XXX</i> (Vin Diesel cracks wise and delivers crazy stunts as an extreme athlete turned world-saving spy; dopey fun).
ACTION	<i>K-11: The Widowmaker</i> (Ford and Neeson battle for the soul of the USSR's first nuke-shooting sub; better than its box office), <i>Reign of Fire</i> (London, 2020: dragons rule—until a few tough Yanks come to kick flying-lizard ass).
DRAMA	<i>Unfaithful</i> (Diane Lane cheats on Richard Gere—with gusto; Adrian Lyne digs a corkscrew into cuckoldry and pulls out a gem), <i>Undisputed</i> (Tyson-like pug Ving Rhames faces the prison champ, Zen master Wesley Snipes; yep, a knockout).
SPY GAMES	<i>Austin Powers in Goldmember</i> (Mike Myers taps fresh sources of crude and gets Dr. Evil a new partner; uneven but easily forgiven), <i>Bad Company</i> (Anthony Hopkins puts Chris Rock through espionage school; clichéd, but has its moments).
ART HOUSE	<i>Sunshine State</i> (development plans send a beach town's folk into agonizing reappraisal; rich work from John Sayles), <i>Lovely and Amazing</i> (a family of not-so-faulty women wrestle with low self-esteem; the year's funniest chick flick).

RYAN ADAMS, America's most prolific singer-songwriter under the age of 30, dusted off demos from the past two years to make *Demolition* (Lost Highway). True to form, it's a poignant glimpse into his heartbroken soul. —ALISON PRATO

On its sixth release, *One Beat* (Kill Rock Stars), Sleater-Kinney sounds surprisingly like the Minutemen—laying political lyrics over shifting time signatures and complicated melodies. Carrie Brownstein, Janet Weiss and Corin Tucker have matured as a band, growing more attuned to one another with every album. —ANAHEED ALANI

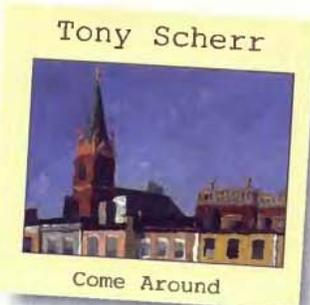


GEORGE SCHILL

Jets to Brazil front man Blake Schwarzenbach secured his position as punk's poet laureate by penning punk-rock-boy-loses-punk-rock-girl pop songs with *Jawbreaker*. His latest group mixes terminal depression with a sneer. On *Perfecting Loneliness* (Jade Tree), the group gives up the keyboard-laden sound, leaving room for distorted guitars. It's potent stuff. —JASON BUHRMESTER

Tony Scherr plays bass in Sex Mob, a jazz band. But his solo CD, *Come Around* (Smells Like), is more country than bebop. His guitar playing and laid-back singing are haunting, and his songwriting stands out. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

Ikara Colt is England's answer to the Strokes. On *Chat and Business* (Epitaph), the band's energy is poured into disciplined songs with knife-edge time, chord and texture changes. Ikara Colt has the attitude, in-



TONY SCHERR

**DEPARTMENT OF FINE ART:** Marilyn Manson's first art exhibit was mounted in Hollywood. Called the Golden Age of Grotesque, it featured 50 watercolors. . . . **REELING AND ROCKING:** Randy Newman is composing songs for two films—*The Cat in the Hat* and *Seabiscuit*. . . . **STEVEN SODERBERGH AND GEORGE CLOONEY** will co-produce a film bio of *Buddy Rich*. . . . **METHOD MAN AND REDMAN** have teamed up for another comedy, *Ghetto, Inc.* about friends who start a rap label to get out of the hood. . . . **PAUL SIMON**, who rarely writes movie music, has contributed a song for *The Wild Thornberrys*, an environmentalist animated film. . . . **MICHAEL STIPE'S**

next production stars *Macaulay Culkin* and *Jena Malone*. Called *Saved*, it's about a pregnant girl at a Christian high school. . . . **NEWSBREAKS:** *Courtney Love* swears that a *Nirvana* greatest-hits album will be out by Christmas. . . . **BUSTA RHYMES'** new CD is expected any day, and you can see him in *Halloween 8*. . . . Look for the book and CD *Music Makers: Portraits and Songs from the Roots of America*, edited by **TIM DUFFY** (musicmaker.org). Duffy has photographed and recorded artists who link us to our musical roots. . . . **J. LO'S** sitcom is beginning to take shape. It will revolve around a Puerto Rican family that is living in the Bronx. Open auditions have been held. Is there a part for **BEN**? —BARBARA NELLIS

tensity and—best of all—musical purpose missing from many of New York's post-Strokes bands. —TIM MOHR

*One Big Trip* (Red Urban) is a novel CD-DVD combo: Side one bumps with tracks by Dilated Peoples and Jurassic 5. Flip it to watch a road flick in which five kids, backpacks stuffed with ecstasy and opium, search for meaning on an anti-*Road Rules*. —A.P.

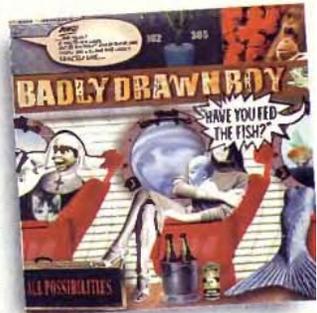
El-P follows up his solo hip-hop debut with *Fan Dam Plus: Instrumentals and Remixes* (Def Jux), a fine set that begs the question: Who needs the flow? —L.F.

On *Water Hymns* (Killdeer), Noahjohn blends elements of Mogwai's dirge-rock and Yo La Tengo's indie-folk. It's countrified strings, mournful twangs, plaintive vocals and alt-country energy. —T.M.

Radian mixes computers with live instruments. *Rec.extern* (Thrill Jockey) creates an

organic soundscape that becomes more compelling with each listen. —L.F.

After his first release, Damon "Badly Drawn Boy" Gough was called a low-fi songwriter, a dig at his sparse arrangements. *Have You Fed the Fish?* (Twisted Nerve) finds him composing expansive arrangements with strings and horns that suggest Phil Spector. *40 Days, 40 Fights and You Were Right* are examples of his songwriting at its most potent. —J.B.



The Foo Fighters' music has been overshadowed by headlines, mostly about Courtney Love. *One by One* (Roswell) kicks the drama to the curb in favor of straight-up colossal rock. The only headline now should be FOO'S FOURTH GOES TRIPLE PLATINUM. —A.P.

FC Kahuna's *Machine Says Yes* (Nettwerk), from the CD of the same name, is the single of the year. It combines the best of electro, indie, soulful house and the simple percussion of big beat. It's a sleazy, catchy dance-floor classic. —T.M.

With the death of Bob Marley, reggae moved from rustic spirituality to urban carnality. *The Biggest Dancehall Anthems 1979-82* (Greensleeves) presents 40 powerful hits that exult in the flesh. —L.F.

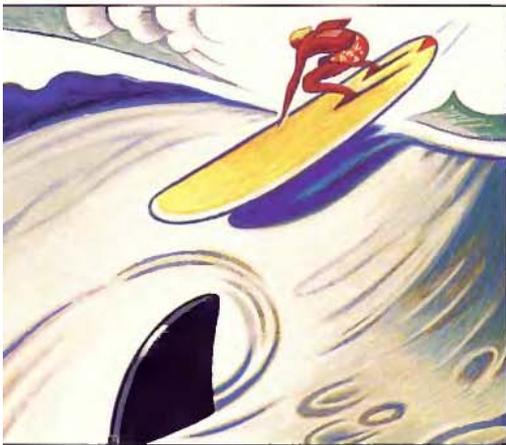
The Jazzyfatmastees' *Tortoise and the Hare* (CoolHunter) recalls some of R&B's sexiest moments—late Prince, early En Vogue, disco-era Donna Summer. —A.A.

ROCK METER

	Alani	Buhrmester	Froehlich	Mohr	Prato
<b>Ryan Adams</b> <i>Demolition</i>	4	9	3	7	8
<b>Badly Drawn Boy</b> <i>Have You Fed the Fish?</i>	3	8	4	8	6
<b>Ikara Colt</b> <i>Chat and Business</i>	7	7	7	8	7
<b>Tony Scherr</b> <i>Come Around</i>	7	6	8	6	4
<b>Sleater-Kinney</b> <i>One Beat</i>	9	7	6	6	6

## TECHIE PHOBICS

We can understand a phobia about needles (trypanophobia) or about being buried alive (taphophobia). But if you suffer from arachibutyrophobia (a fear of peanut butter sticking to the roof of your mouth), then you need professional help. More plausible phobias can be dispatched with electronic gadgets. Anyone suffering from a fear of sharks (selachophobia) may want to check out the Shark Shield (\$470). Strapped to your leg, it produces an electromagnetic field that causes pain to sharks if they swim nearby. A fear of dogs (cynophobia) isn't unreasonable—especially if you work as a mailman. The Dog Chaser (\$20) from Safety Technology emits a painful high-frequency sound that's audible only to pooches, bad or good—so use the handheld device judiciously. The Dog Chaser's range is 15 feet. To thwart all wildlife and set your agrizoophobia at ease, try the YardGard Electronic Yard Protector (\$125). Ultrasonic tones blasted across a 4000-square-foot area will repel any small four-legged critters. (You may not



want to test it on a bear.) For a raging case of nucleomitiophobia—who's afraid of nuclear weapons?—try the GammaScout (\$300). This handheld Geiger counter warns when radiation levels reach an amount that indicates the end is near. To banish ghosts (plasmophobia), the Trifield Natural EM Meter Model 2 (\$300) measures shifts in electric and magnetic fields supposedly caused by the paranormal. If your girlfriend is scared of getting lost in wide-open spaces (agoraphobia), get her a GPS locator watch from Wherify (\$400). At any time you can log on to the Internet and see a map displaying her exact location. Just remind her to carry a cell phone so you can give her directions. And if you can't muster the nerve to approach that blonde who's sitting across from you at the bar, you may have calignephobia—a fear of beautiful women. Something less personal might work, in which case try com-

municating with her online. That is, if you don't have cyberphobia. —LAZLOW

## IS DVD OVER ALREADY?

When we replaced our dusty collection of VHS tapes with shiny new DVDs we

cord high-quality HDTV programming and movies on blank digital videocassettes. Moreover, these machines are backward-compatible, so all S-VHS and VHS tapes can be played, too. D-VHS movies are expected to sell for \$35 to \$45 each. There are currently about 150

## Wild Thing

Buried somewhere in that stack of CD-Rs are thousands of your favorite files—everything from the rare Strokes *New York City Cops* MP3 to Jenno Jameson porn video clips. We put our collection in the KDS PC-controlled CD Organizer (\$140). It organizes up to 75 discs, including audio CDs, MP3s, DVDs, CD-Rs, CD-RWs and computer games. The software allows you to search the entire collection by keywords to track down the file you need. Once the file is found, the motorized tray pops open with the desired disc. The software also includes a "lend" notification, which is handy for tracking down who borrowed your copy of *Reservoir Dogs*. The small tower connects to the USB slot of a Windows-based PC and doesn't require special cables or additional hardware. One downside: Because the device doesn't actually play CDs or DVDs, they must be removed from the tray and placed in your player. —M.S.

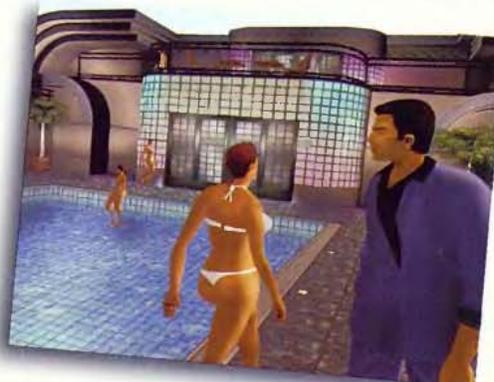


knew it would be only a matter of time before a new format arrived. Hard to believe, but it's already here. This time, we're going back to tape. A new format dubbed D-Theater was recently launched by JVC, the company responsible for the original VHS format. D-Theater digital cassettes (also known as D-VHS tapes) resemble regular VHS cassettes but hold up to 50 gigabytes of data. That means they yield more than twice the lines of resolution of DVD technology (1080 versus 480) for even better picture clarity and deliver Dolby Digital Surround sound at a higher bit rate (576kbps, compared with 448kbps for DVD). The real draw to D-VHS players is their ability to re-

titles available, including *Terminator 2*, *X-Men*, *Basic Instinct* and *Independence Day*. D-VHS players such as the JVC HM-DH3000U are hitting stores now at a cost of \$800 to \$1500. Besides the steep price of equipment and movies, there are a couple of obvious limitations, such as fast-forwarding and rewinding tapes. The tapes can also become twisted or torn. Film fanatics spoiled by DVD's special features and extras will miss them with the D-VHS format. Our advice: Steer clear of D-VHS until you are one of the 2 million or so households with an HDTV. Without it, you won't be able to take advantage of the benefits that D-VHS offers. —MARC SALITZMAN

## games

Last year *Grand Theft Auto III* proved that saving the universe was for suckers. Real fun was in stealing cars, pulling off gangland hits and avoiding the law, all in the name



of making a quick buck. The new sequel, **Grand Theft Auto: Vice City** (by Rockstar Games, for PlayStation2), takes place in a model of Eighties-era Miami. New controls let you bail out of moving vehicles, shoot out tires, steal motorcycles and helicopters and pull off drive-bys in a stolen boat. Our tip: Pick up one of the game's seven soundtrack CDs. Rumor has it that each CD acts as a key when placed in your CD-ROM, giving you access to unique Vice City cheat codes that are accessible only from the CD. —JASON BUHRMESTER

Count on a slim turnout of fans for the next *Star Wars*. They'll be locked away

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playing **Star Wars Galaxies** (by LucasArts, for PC; Xbox and PlayStation2 in 2003), a new multiplayer online game based on the *Star Wars* universe. Players create a character from one of eight species (including Wookiee, but not Jawa), choose a profession such as a smuggler, bounty



hunter or Jedi Master and then co-exist online in a galaxy far, far away with players from around the world. Expect to shell out a monthly subscription fee if you want the force to remain with you.

—DARREN GLADSTONE

**XIII** (by Ubisoft, for PC, Xbox, PS2 and GameCube) is an ingenious first-person shooter that's staged in a cool two-dimensional comic book setting. You'll use weapons along with surreal flashbacks to unravel the conspiracy-based story line. Violence in the form of shooting, stabbing and hostage taking is accompanied



by an "ouch" or "bam" icon in a nod to the game's comic book heritage. XIII is an innovative twist on the genre.

—D.G.

Japanese game developers are obsessive about their giant-robot games. For the folks behind **Steel Battalion** (by Capcom, for Xbox), that perfectionist attitude means ditching the standard controller and creating a 40-button command center that controls every aspect of the military robot, from reloading and launching missiles to washing the windshield and tuning the radio. So serious were developers about realism that players who ignore the flashing

eject button will witness their characters be-



ing killed and their saved games being erased, forcing them to start the 32-level game from the beginning. The \$200 package includes controller, floor pedals (not pictured) and Steel Battalion, the only game currently compatible.

—J.B.

## THE REVERSE COWGIRL'S BLOG

The Reverse Cowgirl's Blog ([blogs.salon.com/0001437/](http://blogs.salon.com/0001437/)) is where I turn for a daily dose of sex-related news, gossip, tidbits and cartoons. Susannah Breslin is one funny freelance sex writer, and her weblog has attracted a large readership. I asked her why she started the blog, and she explained that it gives her the opportunity to report on "things that are too weird, too kooky or too extreme" for her editors. "I wanted it to be edgy and funny and sexy, and not so damn helpful or PC or boring or dumb, like a lot of writing about sex." Oh, and if you're wondering what a "reverse cowgirl" is, you'll just have to look it up on Google, because Breslin isn't telling.



## ALL-IN-ONE ENTERTAINMENT

The Windows XP Media Center operating system turns the personal computer into a digital jukebox that can store and play TV, music, video, photographs and DVDs. I've been playing with an early version of the Microsoft software, which comes installed on special media-center PCs manufactured by a number of top PC makers. The user interface is clean. When you start it up, you're given these options: My TV, My Music, My Pictures, My Videos, Play DVD and Settings. The supplied remote control is well designed and not as complex as you might expect of something that controls so many features.

The most impressive part is My TV, which operates like Tivo. You select programs to watch or record from an on-screen schedule (which is automatically downloaded from the Internet), pause live programming or search for shows starring your favorite performers. My TV is missing some of the more advanced features of full-fledged personal video recorders, but you don't have to pay a onetime or monthly fee to activate the system.

## MOZILLA'S MO BETTA

Microsoft's Internet Explorer is the most popular web browser in the world. But it's not the best. That title belongs to Mozilla ([mozilla.org](http://mozilla.org)), a volunteer-built browser that offers everything Explorer has going for it, plus a bunch of great features. Here are three reasons to switch. One:



You can set a preference to prevent pop-up windows. Two: You can right-click on any banner ad and select a menu item that prevents the originating site from sending images to your browser. Three: You can open links as "tabs" that appear along the top of your browser window. Don't be fooled by the new release of Netscape 7.0. It lacks a built-in pop-up killer and will fire a barrage of AOL ads every chance that it gets.



## RECORDS YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BEAT

On January 26, 1972 a flight attendant from Yugoslavia survived a 33,330-foot fall without a parachute when the DC-9 she was in exploded. On April 25, 1998, doctors removed an eight-inch knife embedded in the skull of a Florida man. Six months later a man from Ohio succeed-



## QUICK HITS

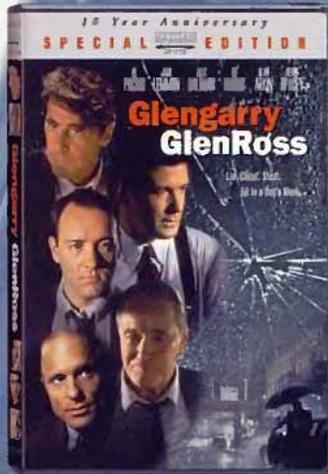
This Italian coffin maker knows that sex sells, even when you're dead: [cofanifunebri.it](http://cofanifunebri.it). . . There are no shipping charges for purchases at [bestbuy.com](http://bestbuy.com). . . Find out how your country stacks up in the sex department at [boston.com/news/daily/27/sex\\_chart.htm](http://boston.com/news/daily/27/sex_chart.htm). . . Watch Mel Gibson, Brad Pitt, Jennifer Connelly and other celebrities shamelessly tout products in Japanese TV commercials at [japander.com](http://japander.com). . . Play games at "the original world's smallest website": [guimp.com](http://guimp.com).

ed in stacking nine golf balls without their toppling over. What do all these people have in common? They're record holders, officially recognized on the Guinness World Records site ([guinnessworldrecords.com](http://guinnessworldrecords.com)). In addition to photographs and descriptions of extreme feats, there are amazing clips in the Video Vault, including one of a man diving 30 feet into 12 inches of water.

—MARK FRAUENFELDER

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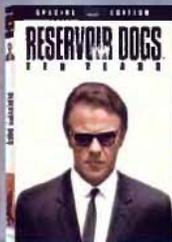


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JUDGMENT DAY

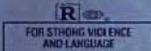


DUNE

NOT RATED



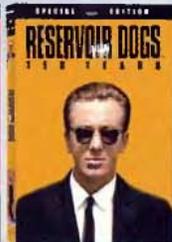
RESERVOIR DOGS.  
MR. WHITE VERSION



RESERVOIR DOGS.  
MR. BLONDE VERSION



RESERVOIR DOGS.  
MR. PINK VERSION



RESERVOIR DOGS.  
MR. ORANGE VERSION



RESERVOIR DOGS.  
MR. BROWN VERSION

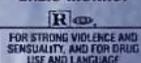
UNDER \$20 SRP



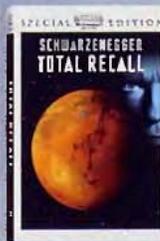
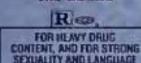
MADE



BASIC INSTINCT



THE DOORS



TOTAL RECALL



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Multiplayer video games were built for talking trash. Otherwise, there would be no one to appreciate your touchdown dance. For the PlayStation2 and Xbox console systems, multiplayer gaming is no longer limited to four guys parked on a living room couch. By tapping into your home broadband connections, these systems have spawned vast online gaming arenas—a realm that has historically belonged to PCs. Connecting your Xbox or PS2 to the Net means more opponents and teammates (whether they're your buddies down the street or a girl from the other side of the globe). If a smartass Swedish kid keeps killing you, use the voice-chat headset to round up your crew to deliver a royal beatdown. Hand out enough asswhoopings and you'll be ranked on a scoreboard that tracks individual player performance. Rankings also allow game servers to match players of equal skill, so you don't end up stomping a rookie at NFL 2K3 or getting gunned down at Unreal Championship. Game play is unlimited and the service never closes. This convenience costs you, though, whether it's an annual or monthly subscription fee, the price of an online adapter or a fee for an exclusive download. While most of the games that offer online play are so far limited to action, racing and sports, count on seeing both companies—Xbox and Sony—roll out new role-playing games. Sony has announced PS2 versions of the popular Everquest series and an online edition of Final Fantasy XI. Microsoft has created True Fantasy Online, a medieval-theme multiplayer game. There's talk about Xbox and PS2 versions of LucasArts Star Wars: Galaxies. Also look for companies to develop serial games, with downloadable levels unrolled in installments. "I love the idea of a 35- or 40-minute Mission of the Week download," explains J. Allard, general manager of Xbox. "I'd rather play that than watch *West Wing*." Nintendo plans to have its online game component available this holiday season. —JASON BUHRMESTER



**XBOX**



**PS2**

**What you need:** The Xbox Live starter kit (\$50). It includes a voice-chat headset and a one-year subscription to the Xbox Live service. You'll also need broadband Net service, since Xbox Live isn't compatible with dial-up connections.

**How it works:** Once you set up your account and pick a Gamertag user name, you'll cruise through a log-in screen to a gaming lobby. There you can check your standing in the rankings and see if anyone from your "friends list" is online.

**Joining a game:** If your favorite opponent is playing someone else, send an instant message inviting him to bail out and join you. If he accepts, he'll need to switch game discs in his Xbox console. To save time, the system will skip the setup screens and insert him right at the line of scrimmage. No friends online? The Quickmatch feature will throw you into a game with the click of a button. To pair up with a worthy opponent, try the Opti-match option.



**Game to own:** Halo 2. The sequel to Microsoft's best-selling alien shooter will include an online element that focuses on squad-oriented team battles. Use new vehicles and weapons to decimate opposing players. It's *Starship Troopers* with a crew of your drinking buddies.



**Don't forget:** MechAssault, Tony Hawk Pro Skater 4, Tom Clancy's Ghost Recon, NFL 2K3, Unreal Championship.

**Verdict:** Instant messaging, player rankings and voice chat in every title give Xbox Live an edge. Watch for developers to use the Xbox' hard drive to deliver downloadable characters, levels and other content.

**What you need:** The PlayStation2 Network Adapter (\$40). PlayStation2 online, unlike Xbox Live, is accessible from both broadband and dial-up connections. The adapter connects to the back of your PlayStation2 and is compatible with most Internet service providers. It requires no additional subscription fee and Sony includes a mail-in coupon for a free copy of Twisted Metal: Black Online. The company requires you to have a PS2 memory card with at least 137kb of free space to save your settings.



**How it works:** Insert a game disc into your PS2 and log on to your ISP and the adapter will guide you to the proper start page. Each game has its own lobby where you can check scores and find opponents. Sony is requiring video game companies to run their own online services, so count on a variety of experiences and, in the future, differing prices.

**Game to own:** SOCOM: U.S. Navy Seals is Sony's flagship online game. The first-person military shooter is the only title so far to support a voice-chat headset for communicating with teammates and accomplishing your mission objectives. Just don't count on playing it through your dial-up connection. The intense 16-player action is too much for phone lines, so you'll need a broadband connection.



**Don't forget:** Tony Hawk Pro Skater 4, NFL 2K3, Tribes: Aerial Assault, Auto Modellista.

**Verdict:** Despite the stripped-down service, Sony's great selection of games delivers the goods. Count on wasting several weekends playing multiplayer titles such as Everquest and Star Wars: Galaxies once they launch. Still, a few features such as a "friends list" would help.

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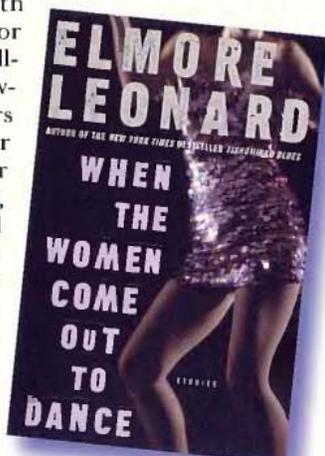
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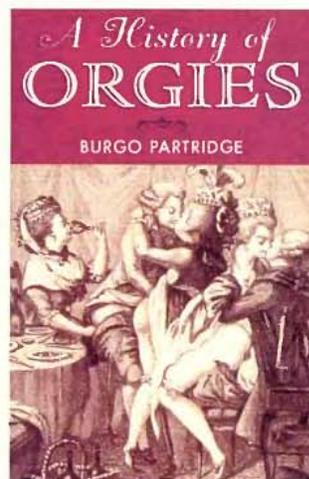
Novelist Elmore Leonard's trademark offbeat characters are in long supply in his new short-fiction collection, *When the Women Come Out to Dance* (Morrow). In the course of nine stories, you'll meet a bandito with heart, an insurance investigator with style, a housemaid with killer connections, several wary lawmen, and thugs and murderers of varying villainy. Treats for Leonard's fans include familiar folk from his previous novels, such as *Out of Sight*'s federal marshal Karen Sisco and garrulous former baseball player Chickasaw Charlie Hoke from the recent *Tishomingo Blues*. Best of all, the novella *Fire in the Hole* picks up on U.S. Marshal Raylan Givens a few years after his exploits in *Riding the Rap*. This time around, the noble lawman has a showdown with a buddy from his coal-mining youth. Another novella, *Tenkiller*, in which a movie stuntman returns home to find his farm infested by a family of redneck hijackers, is set for filming with Bruce Willis. *Tenkiller* is a good yarn—tough, funny and sexy—but in this fast company it gets shaded by Raylan's bright *Fire*.



—DICK LOCHTE

GROUP GROPE

Scholars take note, voyeurs take heart: In *A History of Orgies* (Prion), republished for the first time since 1958 as part of Prion's Lost Treasures series, Burgo Partridge traces his subject from ancient Greece through the 20th century. Greek orgies were essential parts of Dionysian festivals, which also included excessive drinking, elaborate rituals and erotic dancing. Ancient Roman orgies weren't as classy. Participants engaged in self-flagellation, human sacrifice and the throwing of feces. The Catholic Church was a lot more fun during the Renaissance. Priests often got it on with groups of nuns. *Orgies* includes stories about the sex lives of Casanova and the Marquis de Sade (he slipped boring guests Spanish fly to get the party going). Live vicariously until your invitation arrives in the mail.



—PATTY LAMBERTI

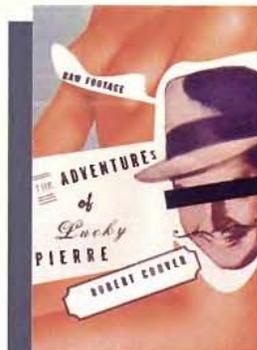
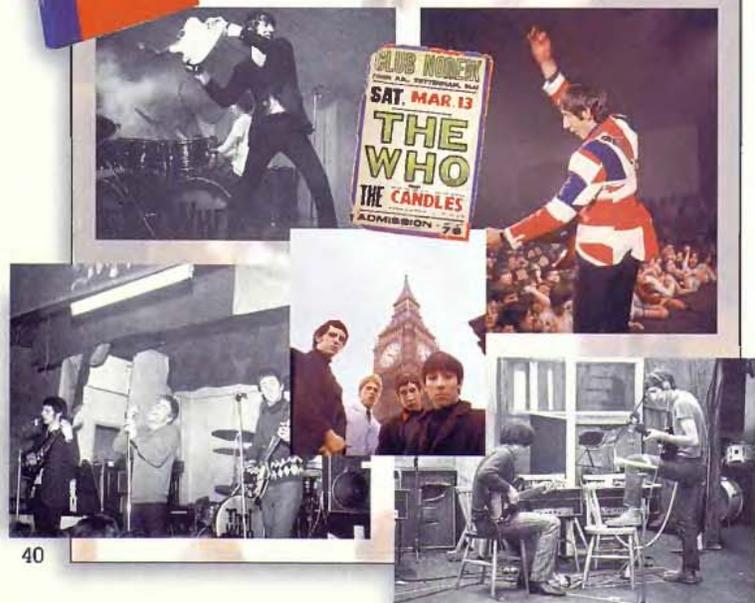
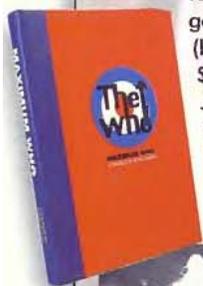
PICK POCKET

The venerable British travel publisher Footprint has recently launched a new series of definitive city-guide pocket handbooks. Bilbao, Cape Town, Havana, Madrid, Naples and Bologna are available now. In the spring, Footprint will add Berlin, Copenhagen, Reykjavik and Stockholm. What makes them great—aside from the stuff you'd expect from a seasoned travel guide—are tips aimed at spontaneous travelers. For more information, go to [footprintbooks.com](http://footprintbooks.com) and get away.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

And then there were two: With the death of the Ox (bass player John Entwistle), Genesis' limited-edition *Maximum Who: The Who in the Sixties* has an even higher nostalgia factor. The 1250 copies bound in quarter leather and red cloth go for \$390 each, while the 250 deluxe copies (bound in full leather) signed by Roger Daltrey are \$570. Photographs are from Tony Gale, Colin Jones, Chris Morphett, Dominique Torlé, Dovid Wedgebury and Baron Wolman; text is by Daltrey, Pete Townshend and the Ox himself. Call the Govinda Gallery at 800-775-1111 to order or for additional information.

—BARBARA NELLIS



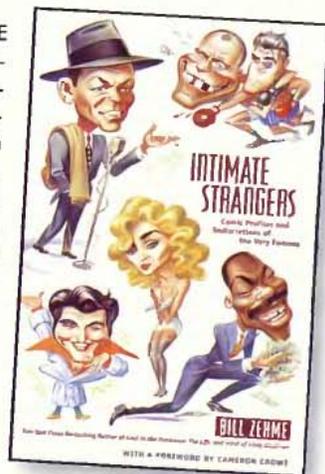
SERIOUS SKIN

Robert Coover has written 11 novels, but *The Adventures of Lucky Pierre* (Grave) may be his masterpiece. *Lucky Pierre* is ostensibly the tale of a porn star (and his muses) in a dystopian city where every theater—the Pricktoria, the Phallus, the Bare Mount—shows nothing but porn. Coover offers a typically wild ride, a panoply of perversions and comic broadsides. But what starts as a vaguely lewd shaggy-dog story morphs into a grand meditation on sex, memory and the discontinuity of time. No one else could have written such an exhilarating book.

THE FAME GAME

Bill Zehme has a peculiar ability to get celebrities to let their guards down. In *Intimate Strangers: Comic Profiles and Indiscretions of the Very Famous* (Dell), he lies in bed naked with Sharon Stone (her idea), discusses flatulence with Cameron Diaz and paints Los Angeles blonde with Hef. Also revealed are the elusives (Johnny Carson and Warren Beatty), the powerhouses (Arnold Schwarzenegger and Tom Hanks) and the funny-men (Jerry Seinfeld and Woody Allen). And if that's not enough name-dropping for you, Cameron Crowe penned the foreword.

—ALISON PRATO



MEET SARAI, YOUR FAVORITE NEW TV STAR

How did 20-year-old Puerto Rican native Sarai win Playboy's Hedonism III contest? She and her husband were vacationing in Jamaica for their one-year anniversary, and when she heard about our contest, she begged him to stay an extra week so she could audition. "I've

*Next Door.* What, in Sarai's opinion, makes a regular girl stand out? "Being real is sexy," she says. "Real boobs, a simple beauty. A quiet girl who's actually wild. I intend to win. It's a dream at my fingertips."



Sarai (right) faces tough competition.



A SEXY, FREAKY URBAN LEGEND

When we asked you to send us your favorite urban legends, we were inundated with titillating tales. *The Ice Palace* by Weld Tremolo of Louisville, Colorado gave us a big chill. "During my travels, I stumbled on-

to a tiny Alaskan town with few amenities—just a grocery store, some bars and an old movie theater called the Ice Palace. There were no employees in the theater—just a box on

an empty counter with a sign that read TWO DOLLARS, PLEASE. Oddly, the patrons chose to sit in the front of the theater. I sat in the rear and started watching the movie. Then I noticed a lone viewer in the back. I moved to the seat next to her. When I leaned toward her to say hello, she placed her finger across my lips and said, 'Shhh.' Her finger was unusually cold. She leaned her head on my shoulder. I was captivated. The cool flesh of her hands surrounded my penis. The movie ended as I enjoyed an explosive orgasm. As I pulled up my pants, the

woman got up and left. I tried to follow her to the lobby but found no one except a weary old man. I quickly left. I stepped into the closest bar, hoping to find her. The bartender told me this:

"The man is the theater owner and a regular customer at my bar. He thought his daughter would become a movie star. One night, while drunk, he forgot that he had told his daughter to sit in the back of the theater and wait for him. She waited all night during a fierce storm. He found her in the morning, frozen stiff." Got a better one? Submit it to [playboytv.com](http://playboytv.com), then watch the stories come to life on *Sexy Urban Legends*.



always wanted to be a model," Sarai says. "My husband agreed to stay as a gift to me." (We're sure being in the midst of gorgeous naked ladies for an extra week was hellish for him.) Sarai was the first to sign up for the competition—and after a wet T-shirt contest, a bikini contest and a striptease, she walked away the winner. "It was nerve-racking for me. You're half naked in front of strangers and you don't know what the judges are looking for. All the contestants were supposed to do a two-minute striptease and take off their thongs. I was doing a naughty-secretary

**"When the music stopped, I still had my thong on. I pulled it down and walked off stage."**

thing, and while I was dancing, one of my shoes fell off. So I kicked off the other one to make it look like it had been planned. My routine was accidentally cut short, so when the music stopped, I still had my thong on. I quickly pulled it down and walked off stage." Embarrassing, yes, but the improvisation paid off.

"I won a trip to Hedonism, a photo shoot with PLAYBOY and two appearances on Playboy TV." Sarai's first appearance had her kicking back and dispensing sex advice on the *Night Calls 411* couch with hosts Tera Patrick and Crystal Knight. Next, she will compete against two women on the immensely popular *Sexy Girls*

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

"The craziest place I've had sex?" says Lindsey Vualo, who stars with several Centerfolds in *Playmates in Bed*. "It was a one-night stand. I went to see someone in Ohio, and we had sex in the front seat next to his friend, driving! I was 17. I had no shame." Watch the video—available at [playboystore.com](http://playboystore.com)—to spy on Lindsey and the gals in their most intimate settings: Serria Tawan and Christi Shake

throw a private pajama party, Lani Todd and Heather Carolin pleasure a day-dreaming man and Stephanie Heinrich gets doted on by a French maid. It's breakfast in bed like you've never tasted.



**ORIGINAL SPIN**

If the Playboy Cyber Club's models make your head spin, here's a new twist. Our 360-degree feature uses

Brittany says. "It's round and it's not going away. I've learned to embrace my butt because it's so out there. When I told my dad I was posing, he



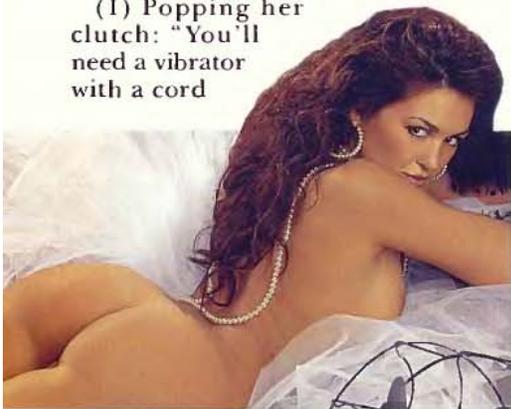
the latest technology to enable you to move models around your computer screen as they rotate in three dimensions. As you can see with October 2002 Cyber Girl Brittany Evans, it's like watching your own peep show. "I've been told I have a ghetto booty,"

sighed and said, 'Well, I've been looking at somebody's daughter for the past 25 years.' With that, he gave his blessing, though I don't think he'll look at the pictures." Download Quick-time 5 to enjoy Brittany and your other favorites from every angle.

**SEX TRICKS YOU NEED TO KNOW**

When things get dull in the sack, it's not like you can ask your girl to wait while you look through a book for a new position. You need to hit the bedroom prepared. Here are five tricks to bone up on, compliments of Playboy.com's Love and Sex section.

(1) Popping her clutch: "You'll need a vibrator with a cord



and a separate on-off switch—such as a remote-control egg—positioned on her clitoris," says Laura Korn, who offers this trick from her best-selling *Great American Sex Diet*. "Your partner needs to tell you when she's about to come. As she's having her first contraction, turn off the vibrator. She'll probably look at you funny, so turn it back on. Then turn it off for a second or two. Then turn it on. You get the idea. The anticipation will drive her wild, and you'll extend her orgasm by several minutes."

(2) The amaretto popsicle: It's hard to imagine improving on the blow job, but

we admire a woman for trying. To start, she pours herself a snifter of amaretto (or your favorite liqueur). When it's time for business, she dips her fingertips in the amaretto and drips it over your torso and cock (penalties for unlicked drips). To help out, put your fingers in the amaretto and let her alternate between them and your cock.

(3) The perpendicular: Get naked and stand face-to-face. Put your penis halfway into her; put her hand around the rest. Let her keep it in contact with her clit and regulate the pressure and tempo. Put your hands around her ass to help keep the rhythm. According to the Playboy.com user who gave us this tip, his girlfriend often faints after coming this way.

(4) The circle sweep: Using your index finger, make small, slow circles

around her clitoris, but don't actually touch it. After about 15 circles, go a bit faster as she starts to get wet. After 25

**CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH**

Name: **TAVANIA KAYE**. Birth date: April 13, 1972. Place of birth: Dallas. Where you've seen her before: She was the winner on Fox TV's *Who Wants to Be a Princess?* In her CD player: Sting, U2, Dave Matthews Band. In her DVD player: *The Usual Suspects*. "I love Mafia movies." Actor she's hot for: Benicio Del Toro. Actress she admires: Catherine Zeta-Jones. A typical morning: "Coffee, first thing. Then I go for a walk or a run." Goals: "To train for a marathon and drive a race car." What makes a woman sexy: "Confidence and a great pair of shoes."

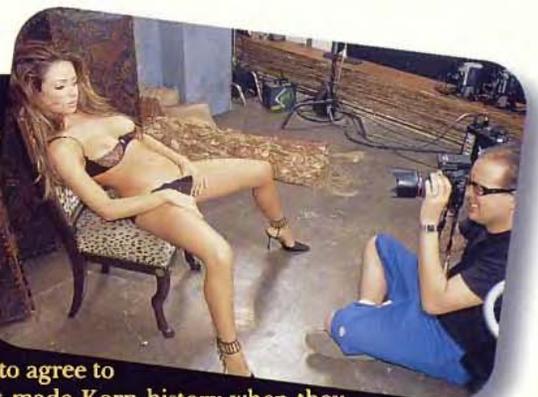


circles, take that same finger and make a sweeping motion back and forth like a pendulum. In the words of Monty Python, don't stampede the clitoris.

(5) The lip tease: Have your girl lie on her back with her legs slightly apart while you gently touch her vulva. Spread her labia with your fingers. Let the labia close, then part them again. Work her up to orgasm by running your hands over her thighs and pubic area.

**KORN GETS KINKY**

When Playboy.com invited Korn singer Jonathan Davis to be its next celebrity guest photographer, the bespectacled alt-metal icon accepted—but only if he could use his fiancée, former porn star Deven Davis, as his model. Previous guest photographers Nelly and Tommy Lee had photographed Playmates and Playboy models, so we were happy to agree to Davis' terms. The beauty and her beast made Korn history when they visited our Santa Monica studios to shoot the racy photos. "I've always liked PLAYBOY, so anything having to do with you guys is fun," Deven says. "And because I was with my man, that made it even more fun." See what kind of love she made to Davis' camera in A&E at Playboy.com.



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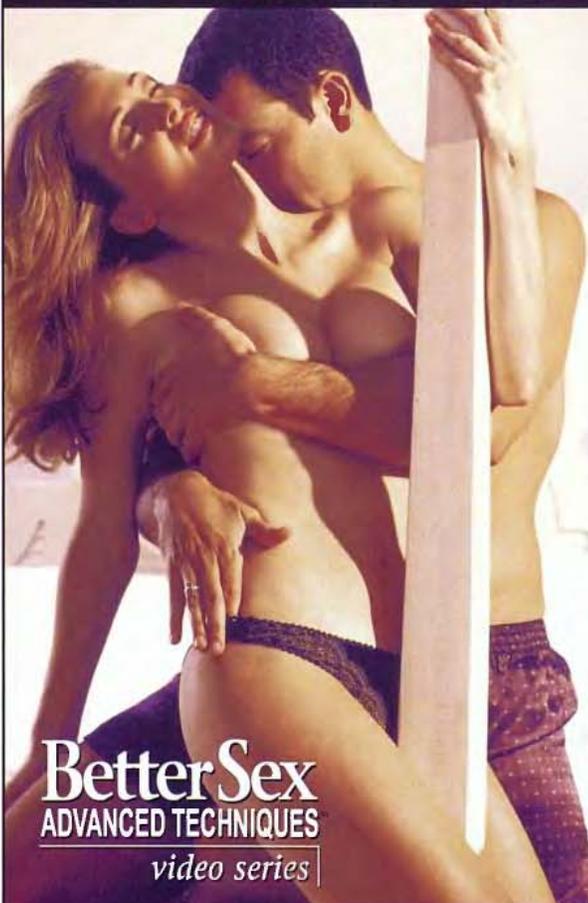
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By ASA BABER

HAPPY NEW YEAR, amigos. To prepare you for the collisions and conflagrations that are bound to occur between the sexes in 2003, PLAYBOY recently sent me on assignment to all 50 of these great United States. I am happy to report I have completed my mission successfully and have returned to corporate headquarters with reams of top-secret information, some of which I will share with you here.

Following the magazine's editorial mandate, I have personally interviewed every woman in the country. I know that sounds impossible, but it's the truth. It was an exhausting task (one that has put me in a wheelchair for the time being) and I confess that I'm now a shadow of my former self. Nonetheless, somebody had to do it, and I was the guy.

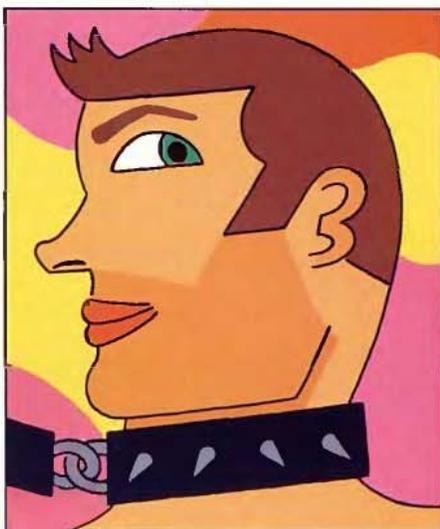
During the interviews I asked each woman in America one question: "What do women want from men in 2003?" That simple interrogatory elicited a rip tide of responses—vigorous, colorful, occasionally obscene and frequently hostile.

Printed below are three of the most important things women want from men this year. (My complete report, *Women Speak, Men Cringe*, will be published soon and stocked nationwide in the Men First, Way Before Women and Children and Puppies bookstore chain.) For a preview of my masterpiece, read what follows. Prepare to be astonished: This is going to be a tough year for us.

*The first thing women want from men in 2003: obedience.* I was shocked to learn that this quality is at the top of every woman's list. One hundred percent of the women in America see men as disobedient creatures and want them to follow orders more closely. "He never does what I tell him to do" was the most common statement made. (Or to quote a redheaded massage therapist from Las Vegas with great tits: "Men are like bucking broncos, but I'm here to break all of 'em.")

Consider this terrifying fact: Ninety-seven percent of the women I polled said they were going to up the ante and demand that men obey their orders. How do they plan to enforce their command? It sounds simple but effective: Ninety-six percent of American women have read the autobiographical revelations of a professional dominatrix named Hellfire Divine, whose book *Wrap His Balls in Red-Hot Coals and His Heart and Mind Will Follow* has been ensconced on the *New York Times* best-seller list for the past 204 weeks. Clearly, something sinister is going on.

It gets worse: Two thirds of my female compatriots admitted to the purchase of handcuffs, whips, cattle prods, barbed-



## 2003: WHAT WOMEN WANT

wire cock rings and other accoutrements of the dominatrix trade—and they plan to use them on their significant others who misbehave. In short, 2003 could be the year when you finally get slapped and branded in your own domicile—or is that already happening to you, Mr. America?

*The second thing women want from men in 2003: sexual fidelity.* This is harsh news. I wasn't sure how to break it to you, so I'll just unload it like a dinosaur taking a dump on an anthill. My apologies. "I am sick and tired of men fucking around and lying about it," a dentist with a great ass told me in Hollywood. "This is going to be the year that men and their promiscuous dicky-dunking stop cold," she said.

I asked her how women could change an ages-old sexual dynamic in just a year. "Nothing to it," she answered as she showed me her self-produced videotape, *Good Night, Mr. Happy*, which she had just mailed to every woman in the country (along with a start-up kit). I have seen gruesome videos in my time, but this one is particularly painful to watch. The dentist, using a blowpipe made by a tribe from Brazil, shoots a curare-tipped dart into the tip of her sleeping mate's penis. "He never felt a thing," she says, smiling, "and he won't be able to get an erection for months. Watch out, boys: In 2003 you will not get to boogie behind our backs without paying for it."

*The third thing women want from men in 2003: complete honesty about every fucking thing you can think of.* What I have already listed on this page is heavy news. But the third thing women want from us is the one thing that could kill the spirit of ev-

ery man in captivity. (FYI: That means you too, artsy-fartsy dude, because no matter how much you try to disassociate yourself from the pack with your rhetoric and supposed sensitivity, underneath your lamb's-wool hairpiece, you are just as manipulative of women as any of us wolves out here on the prairie.)

"We want complete honesty," declared a gorgeous, tough-talking wench with great legs from the National Security Agency near Washington, D.C. "Women now have the technology to detect dishonesty in any of you lying bastards. Try coming home with lipstick on your fly and telling us you dropped strawberry sorbet in your lap. That bullshit will not play with us anymore."

I was taken aback by the vehemence of her remarks, but I maintained my poise and asked the question that had to be asked: "Are you implying that American women have been awarded access to the NSA's superfast computers and voice-print analyzers and retinal scanners and brain-wave detectors and microwave sensors and satellite surveillance capabilities and stuff too secret to describe?"

"You bet your booty, Ace man," she said, laughing. "You clods are now wired for sound and followed around 24-7. This year, you aren't going to get away with anything without us gals knowing about it in real time. History is being rewritten as we speak. You don't have a chance."

Never in my long career have I felt as threatened as I did when I heard that spook chick's words. To think that in 2003 the women of America will use all the technology their sisters inside the government can provide so they can track us and hack us and gather evidence against us made me cry like a prisoner in chains.

So there you have three of the 110,468 things women say they want from us in 2003. I urge you to read my complete report, even though it does not present a pretty picture of our future under the thumb of the so-called fair sex. We can hope, of course, that the feminine conspiracy to control our wilder instincts and demand civilized behavior from us will fail, that men will reassert their right to total masculinity (as opposed to the frilly-shit masculinity taught in American classrooms).

I wish I could be a role model for you guys this year, an example of a man who knows who he is and holds on to his integrity and doesn't kowtow to the incessant and unreasonable demands of the scolding, prying, dominating, puritanical femmes in our lives. But I want to get laid, too, you know?



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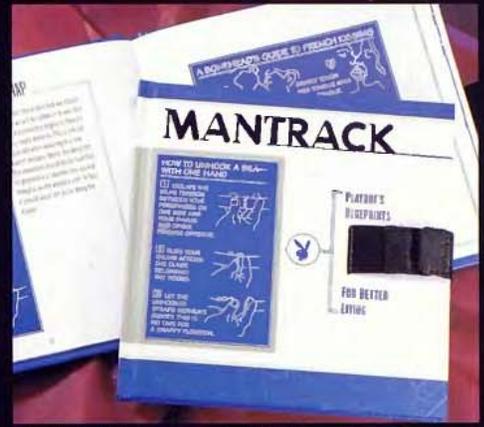
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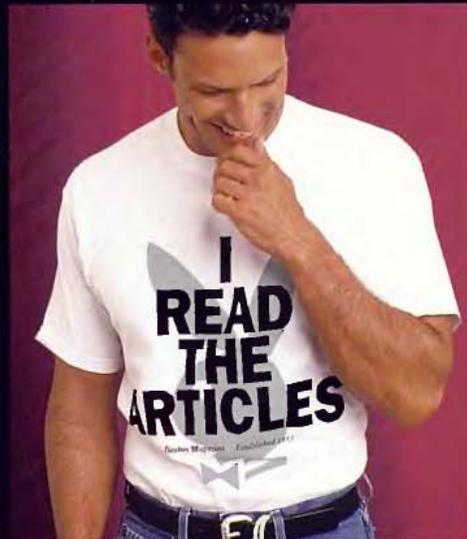
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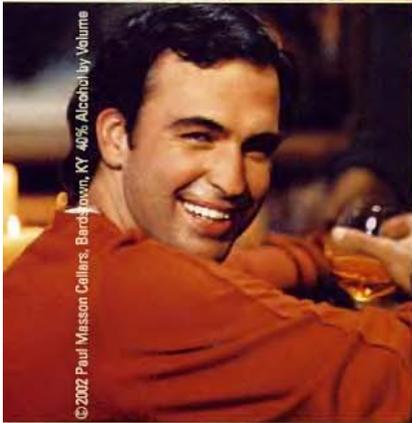
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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal



## Element of Surprise

Honda designed the Element as a mobile crash pad. It sleeps two with the rear seats stowed against the interior walls. Or stash a 10-foot surfboard, skis, bikes and snowboards in its 76 cubic feet of cargo space. Composite body panels are scratch-resistant. For beach bums, the seats are waterproof and the urethane-coated floor has a drain hole. Because the Element is built without a B-pillar (the piece of frame that's mounted vertically between door openings), the side cargo doors have a 55-inch opening for easy loading. It also makes a great party spot. We drove an Element along California's Half Moon Bay and found its four-cylinder 160 hp engine peppy as hell. (Both automatic and five-speed transmissions are available.) The Element comes in several configurations, but you'll want the EX model with four-wheel drive and removable skylight. Loaded, it's about \$21,000. You bet the sound system plays MP3s.

### HOW TO ROAST CHESTNUTS

- ① CHOOSE LARGER, MEATIER NUTS. TAKE ONLY THOSE THAT ARE FIRM AND HAVE RICH BROWN SKINS. AVOID NUTS THAT ARE MOLDY, BLOTCHY OR HAVE HOLES.

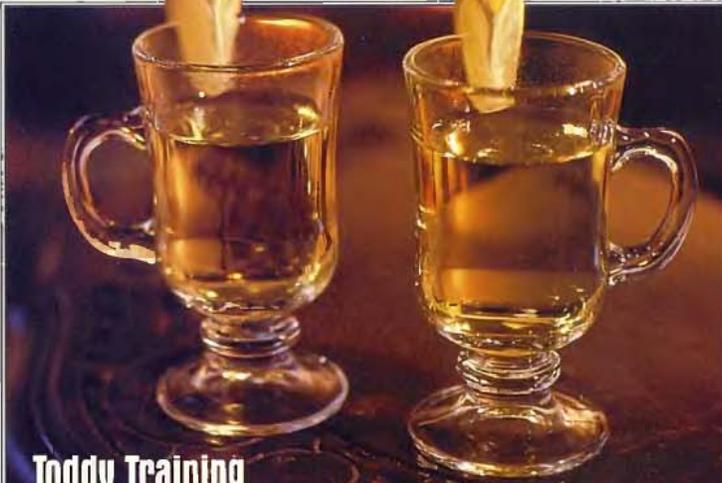

- ② SCORE CHESTNUTS—IT WILL KEEP THEM FROM EXPLODING WHILE ROASTING.


- ③ USE A CHESTNUT-ROASTING PAN (WITH HOLES PUNCHED IN ITS BOTTOM). SPRINKLE CHESTNUTS WITH WATER, PLACE IN A SINGLE LAYER IN PAN, COVER AND PUT OVER MEDIUM FLAME.


- ④ SHAKE PAN FREQUENTLY AND ROAST UNTIL SKINS HAVE DARKENED AND PULLED BACK FROM SCORED AREA—FROM 10 TO 15 MINUTES. AVOID CHARRING.


- ⑤ WRAP CHESTNUTS IN TOWEL, SQUEEZE THEM TO CRUSH SKINS. LET SIT WRAPPED FOR FIVE MINUTES.





### Toddy Training

A hot toddy is the perfect après-ski worm-up, and it also does wonders for a head cold. Here's how to make a great one. Pour an ounce of brandy or whiskey and one teaspoon of sugar into a mug. Fill the mug with boiling water. (Tip: If you're using a glass mug, preheat it first.) Twist a lemon peel above the toddy and drop it in. Our recipe is from Christopher O'Horo's *Hot Toddies* (Clarkson/Potter), which also offers recipes for glögg, hot-buttered rum, tom and jerrys and other "soul-warming drinks."

# MANTRACK



## Showtime

We've discovered one more reason to come home to home theater. It's the Theater Chair from Salamander Designs in Sweden. We love the fine leather and cunning but comfy design that adjusts to nine different positions. The footrest disappears when it's not in use. The chair's seat is generously proportioned but the chair doesn't overwhelm a room. Midnight black (above) and cocoa brown are the shades of leather available. Price: only \$899, including a warranty.

## Toast of the Town

Guys need two kitchen appliances: a coffeemaker and a toaster. Here's where we pop up. The new Rowenta



Brunch (left, in a two-slice model) makes breakfast a lot more fun. Its bogel function toasts only the bagel's cut side and a defroster adjusts the toasting time to accommodate frozen bread. Brunch doesn't do windows, but it does have an easy-to-empty, dishwasher-safe crumb tray. The price: \$60, available in several colors. The

steel model pictured here is \$80. A four-slice model (\$150) offers all the features of the two-slicer, plus it can toast two different breads simultaneously.

## Clothesline: Slash

The former guitarist for Guns n' Roses (who now has his own band, Slash's Snakepit) says he's definitely not the fashion statement of the millennium. "My style is whatever looks cool and is casual enough to wear onstage or off. Maybe a leather jacket, cowboy boots and a T-shirt or a button-front shirt. Nothing extravagant. No ties!" Onstage, Slash likes a rhinestone necklace featuring the letters S and P, which stand for Slash and Perla, his wife and mother of his first child. Silver skull pendants are popular with him as well. "Not because of anything other than they just look cool. I like silver, that's the main thing." His favorite designer? "My mom. Other than her I never pay much attention to designers."

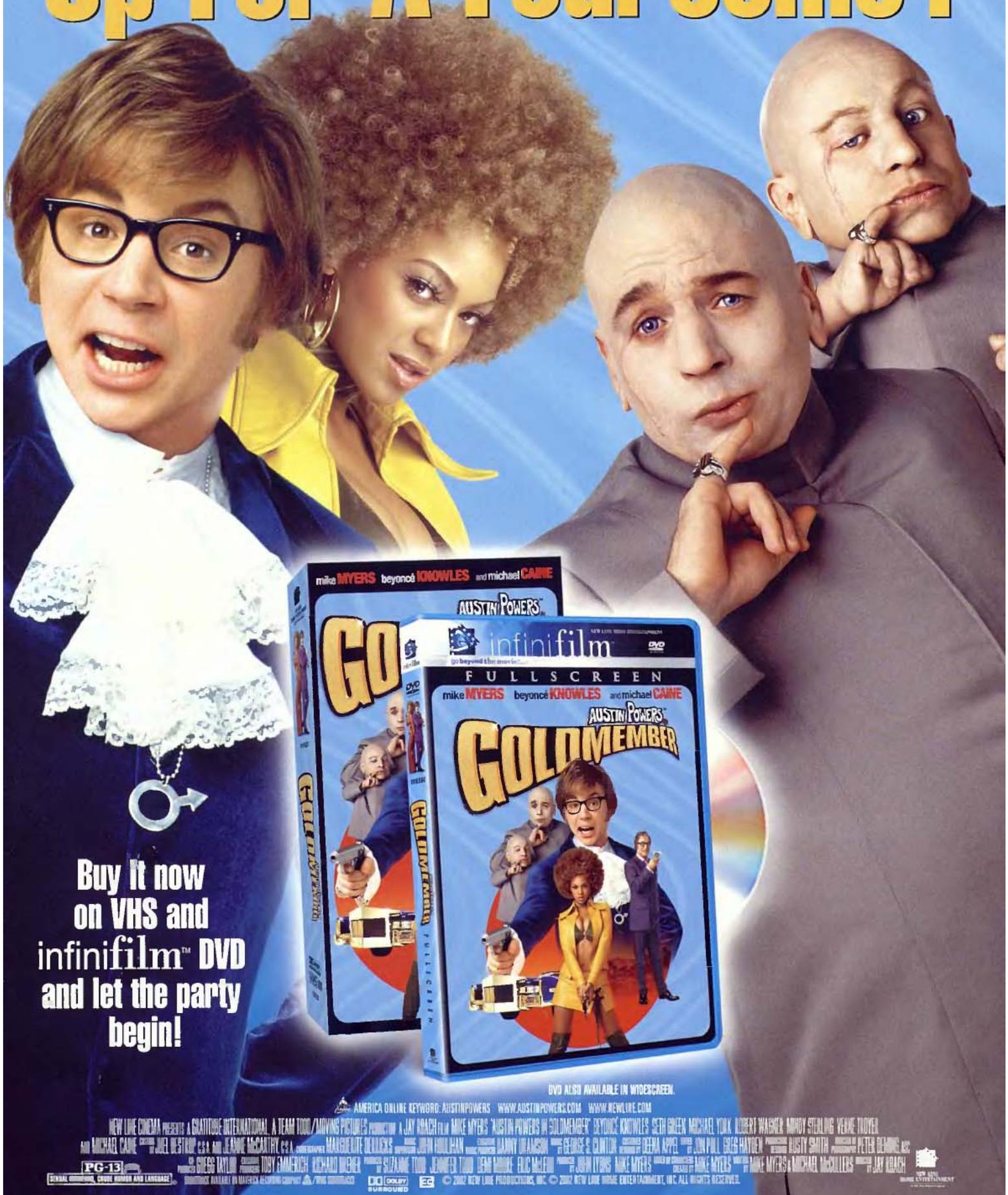


## Guys Are Talking About...

**Getting organized.** At least get your credit cards in order—and to help accomplish that there's the Auto Card Manager, a pocket-size gizmo (below) that releases whatever credit card you choose (it holds six) at the push of a button. A money clip is attached to the back. Price: \$40. Personal engraving is additional. • **Marseilles.** France's second-largest city has been rediscovered, bringing an influx of artists, entrepreneurs and tourists. The food of Marseilles is *cuisine du port*, or seaport cuisine—exotic and earthy with its star dish, bouillabaisse. If you can't visit Marseilles, there's Daniel Young's *Made in Marseilles* (Young was restaurant critic for the *New York Daily News*), a cookbook that celebrates the city's uniqueness with essays on the aperitif *pastis*, the outdoor bowling game *pétanque* and the history of the saffron trade. Price: \$32.50. Harper Collins is the publisher. • **Jet lag.** La Prairie, a spa in midtown Manhattan's Ritz-Carlton, offers "jet lag therapy" that includes an aromatherapy body massage, hand and foot reflexology and a facial, all conducted in a private room, of course. A 90-minute session costs \$225, plus gratuity.



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# The Playboy Advisor

**M**y girlfriend loves to dance. I don't, so I told her it was OK to dance with other guys when we go clubbing. However, I didn't mean she could bump and grind. You know the kind of dancing I'm talking about: The girl grinds her butt in the guy's crotch; when she's facing him, she grinds her coochie on his leg. Call me old-fashioned, but the way I see it, my girl is dry-humping a stranger. She says there's nothing sexual about it, but when she does it to me, I get aroused. My girlfriend has never given me a reason not to trust her. She tells me that no matter what, she's coming home with me. But if she has no problem dry-humping a guy in front of me, what is she doing when she's not with me? Am I being paranoid, or could this be an indication of infidelity?—R.M., Charleston, West Virginia

*Your girlfriend is freaking. It's all the rage. Her argument that it's not sexual is naive, but it's a long way from cheating. A lot of guys find it a turn-on to watch their girlfriend teasing strangers. If you're not one of them, she should respect that.*

**W**ho decides whether a porn star wears a condom? Every now and then you see a film in which every guy isn't wearing one. I know it's not because of the female stars, as I've seen the same women perform with and without them. Can you explain?—S.G., Calgary, Alberta

*The industry had a scare a few years ago when at least seven performers tested positive for HIV. In response, large production companies such as Vivid and VCA went condom-only. Still, given the choice, only a few performers (about one in six, according to the Adult Industry Medical Health Care Foundation) insist on condoms—those who don't get hazard pay and more work. The performers who work bare comfort themselves with the idea that they're having sex within a relatively small group and that monthly HIV testing is mandatory. But there are other risks. AIM has seen an increasing number of cases of gonorrhea and chlamydia. The next time you watch sex performers work without a net, appreciate the risks they're taking for your arousal.*

**I**n July PLAYBOY ran a photo of a beautiful woman who was described as "hirsute Samantha." How dare you! As an endocrinologist, I know this girl is normal, as is any woman who doesn't shave her armpits, including the majority in Europe and Latin America. Don't you understand that axillary hair represents in many ways a sample of what is in the crotch? That's something Spanish dancers know as they raise their arms. The Greek novelist Nikos Kazantzakis tells us



about a sultan of old who chose his odalisque for the night by dipping a tip of his linen hankie in the lady's armpit and sniffing it. I published a short story recently in *Americas Review* in which the hero's sighting of the hairy axilla of his estranged girlfriend revives his lust for her.—C.S., Chevy Chase, Maryland

*What can we say? The model is hirsute—and sexy, which is why we ran the photo. There's something to be said for body hair: First, it captures pheromones. Second, it means she won't be borrowing your razor.*

**A**bout a year ago my wife started using unlubricated condoms with no spermicide when we had sex on Saturday mornings. After sex, she would leave in a hurry, saying that she had to go somewhere. After several months I asked her what she was doing. She paraded three women through the house in various stages of pregnancy and said she was helping them start families. Her idea was that she could be like a loving aunt or sister to the children. I would have been happy to help these women personally, but my wife said that would have been adultery. Since my wife donated my sperm, will I have to pay child support if one of these women goes to court to get it? Is this something that's common—women helping other women start families through their husbands?—W.C., Little Rock, Arkansas

*We suspect your letter is an attempt at humor, but there's a lesson in it. If a child is created by deceit using your sperm—even if you weren't an active participant in the insemination—a judge will still make you pay. We've never heard of an exception, regard-*

*less of the circumstances. Perhaps you should sell your story to the tabloids to finance your expanding family.*

**I**'ve noticed that it's difficult to travel any great distance without looking as if you've slept in your clothes. I see many different materials used for making travel clothes. Which fabrics are most likely to come out of a suitcase looking reasonable?—L.H., Juneau, Alaska

*Polyester, rayon, wool and acrylic. But there's no need for a new wardrobe—just refine your packing technique. Ours is to roll our trousers, carefully fold our shirts and find a laundry when we arrive. We had a shirt pressed in Italy that looked so good we were reluctant to wear it.*

**M**y best friend gave me a massage. She rubbed and sucked my breasts and put her fingers inside me. This almost happened once before, but she stopped herself. This time I said it was OK. I like men, but I also enjoyed exploring my bi curiosity. Is it all right for two women friends to have sex every so often?—K.K., Tampa, Florida

*OK by us. Personally, we're tri-curious. We'll try anything that involves two women.*

**I** just landed my first job. The office holiday party is approaching and I'm nervous about it because I'm afraid I'll do something stupid. Any advice?—T.H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*If nobody did anything stupid at holiday parties, who would go? The best advice is to limit your alcohol intake to that warm, friendly point just before you can't legally drive, and never get drunker than your boss. Consider it an opportunity to get to know co-workers who might become friends and perhaps help you advance (or keep you out of trouble). There's another benefit to attending: A British newspaper surveyed 1000 people and found that about 10 percent had started a relationship at a company holiday party. In addition, five percent said they had removed some of their clothes. We'd guess many in the second group also belong to the first.*

**M**y husband has an odd but wonderful talent. He can make his penis appear to sing by moving it in time to music. It cracks me up. In bed, he drives me wild when he makes his cock throb and twist while he's inside me. Is this common?—S.T., Columbia, Illinois

*We tried it once, but America's Funniest Home Videos sent back the tape. Your husband is onto something. Penis dancing is a great way to strengthen a guy's PC muscle, which gives him more control and stamina.*

If he also can give his wife a laugh by doing it, all the better. She'll feel more relaxed, and her mouth will be open to drop a curtain on the show.

**W**hat do you do when you have a best friend who is in love with you but you're falling in love with one of his friends?—V.R., Duluth, Minnesota

*We wouldn't keep any secrets from either of them. What you might lose is offset by what you might gain.*

**M**y wife wants to trade our king-size bed for two doubles. She says I move around too much and wake her up. She also complains that I wake her up when I get into bed. She says she loves me but just wants a good night's sleep. Do you have any suggestions?—R.G., Las Vegas, Nevada

*Many couples have trouble sleeping together but feel that their marriage will suffer if they don't share a bed. That's probably true—your bed is a refuge where you can discuss the day, make long-term plans, critique your kids and learn to compromise. We know one couple who bought a mattress—the Tempur-Pedic—that helped solve a similar problem. It's made of a foam that conforms to your body and reduces tossing and turning. The wife says her husband no longer wakes her when he climbs into bed and that he also moves around less during the night. First visit a sleep specialist to rule out sleep apnea or a movement disorder.*

**I**m 21 and have been married for a year. I love my husband, but he's the only person I've slept with. There's this hunk at work who wants to fuck me. I don't want to cheat, but I don't know if I'll be able to help myself. Should I have sex with this guy so I can stop thinking about him all the time? And did I make a mistake in getting married so young?—J.M., Wausau, Wisconsin

*You think it's tough to resist this guy now? Sleep with him and see how bad it gets. Lust for people besides your spouse is OK. The marriage changes only how you respond to that lust. Ideally, you'd be able to go home, tell your husband about this hot guy (since he's felt the same way about other women and since he trusts you) then ride that energy into the bedroom. Perhaps he's mature enough to do that, but we doubt your relationship is. In that sense, you married too young.*

**I** put an ad in an alternative weekly to meet some new people, and every guy I have had lunch with so far has been a creep—about half are married and just looking for quick sex. Can you help?—H.T., Atlanta, Georgia

*Personal ads attract mostly misfits and cheaters, so it becomes a numbers game. Keep at it and you'll get better at screening prospects. For the big picture, pick up a copy of *My 1000 Americans* by Rochelle Morton*

*(guys should read it as a primer on how not to act). Morton placed an ad and shared a meal with every third guy who responded to it. She managed to meet several dozen nice guys, but mostly her book is a catalog of creeps. The most memorable was a married guy who brought along his four-year-old daughter. When he went to the rest room, the girl said her daddy wanted Morton to touch his pee-pee. When the guy returned, the girl blurted, "I said it, Daddy," while he feigned ignorance. Morton says that if she had to do it again, she would be more specific in her ad and initial conversations about what kind of guy she hoped to meet. "If you go into the process with low expectations, you won't be disappointed," she writes. "And you might hit the jackpot."*

**T**he answer you gave to a question in September about the reduction of volume and force of ejaculate with age is dangerously misleading. It could well be that the inside of the prostate is being taken up with cancer. It happened to me at the age of 53. Get a checkup if anything changes.—G.K., Fort Worth, Texas

*It's doubtful that a reduction in the force or volume of your ejaculation has anything to do with prostate cancer. It's more likely you'll experience pain or have difficulty urinating—and at that point it could be too late. That's why it's important to have a rectal exam and/or blood test annually after you're 40, or earlier if you have a family history of prostate or breast cancer. The Prostate Cancer Research Institute has a help line, 310-743-2110.*

**T**here is a hot girl who works at a pharmacy in my neighborhood. I want to get her phone number. My friend suggested that to break the ice, I grab a box of condoms and ask her if she can gift-wrap them. What do you think?—C.L., Chicago, Illinois

*How often does your friend get laid? This is a cold call, so we doubt she'll volunteer her number at the counter. There are a hundred ways to start a conversation. Compliment her, ask her about a TV show, a magazine, anything that might spark her interest. She may need a few visits to size you up, which is why it's great that she works at a drugstore—you'll always need something she's selling.*

**I** am planning a trip to Nevada soon and would like to visit a brothel. Any advice for a first-timer? How much should I expect to pay? Would I do better to hire an escort? I don't want to get ripped off.—M.R., Cleveland, Ohio

*We don't have much experience in this area, so we called a friend who hires an average of three escorts a month and also has made several trips to Nevada brothels (he claims his hobby has done wonders for his love life, since he no longer worries about getting laid and has more confidence when meeting women). Our buddy says the brothel experience is "like visiting a bar, except*

*you know you're going to get fucked." Once you arrive, greet the madam, have a drink, watch the game and meet the women on your own time. Expect to pay at least \$400 an hour for the sex. You'll get a better deal hiring an escort in any major city, but you risk arrest and perhaps disease (legal prostitutes are tested regularly). Our friend pays about \$300 an hour for women he rates as eights or nines. He finds them online; sites such as *TheEroticReview.com* allow you to search for "providers" by location, hair color, race, breast size, piercings and other criteria, then read or post reviews. One tip: Put your cash in an envelope, leave it on the dresser and never discuss it. And one further note: Our friend is single.*

**W**hat is it about champagne that makes it go straight to my head? I can barely drink two glasses before my husband tells me to slow down.—T.Y., Phoenix, Arizona

*An experiment conducted by researchers at the University of Surrey in England confirmed that bubbly champagne gets a person drunker faster, especially when you drink from a flute. No one is sure why, but one hypothesis is that the carbon dioxide in the bubbles speeds up the absorption of the alcohol into the intestines.*

**A**fter 10 months of chatting online with a much younger woman in another state, we agreed that she would visit me with the express purpose of giving me the gift of being the first man to have sex with her. Our chats have been erotic and fun, so when the time comes for her visit I want to be ready. She says she's willing to try anything. Naturally I'm excited but also concerned about the anxiety and pain she might feel. I'd like to give her the most pleasure possible.—G.G., Eugene, Oregon

*That's a nice sentiment. Did you get her badge number? Let's assume this is on the up-and-up, and some uninhibited virgin of legal age can't wait to give her "gift" to a stranger in a strange land who's willing to send cash to pay for the trip (are we right?). You can't do much to prevent any pain she may feel except provide gobs of lube, use a condom and take it slow. It's going to be awkward no matter how much you prepare. Anxiety may affect you as much as her, especially if our suspicions are correct and there's something fishy going on.*

*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 provocative, 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](http://playboyadvisor.com).*



## BUSH FAMILY REHAB

the president's niece got treatment. lucky her

In January 2001, police arrested an accomplice to terror—Noelle Bush, the 24-year-old daughter of Florida Governor Jeb Bush and niece of newly appointed President George Bush. She had attempted, at 1:15 A.M., to fill a fraudulent prescription for the anti-anxiety drug Xanax at an all-night drugstore a few blocks from the Governor's Mansion in Tallahassee.

The governor said he was "deeply saddened" by the arrest but that the public and media should butt out.

Noelle Bush, a first-time offender, didn't get jail time. Instead, she attended a drug court, where a judge sentenced her to an inpatient treatment program.

Six months later a staff worker at Orlando's Center for Drug-Free Living found Bush with unauthorized prescription drugs. A judge found her in contempt and jailed her for three days. This brought tears to the governor's eyes. He asked everyone to pray for his daughter.

In September, a counselor at the center found a small rock of crack cocaine hidden in Noelle Bush's shoe. This time, for some reason, the staff did not call the police. Rather, another rehab patient alerted authorities.

"A woman here was caught buying crack cocaine tonight," she told a police dispatcher. "A lot of the women are upset because she's been caught about five times. She does this all the time and gets out of it because she's the governor's daughter. We're sick of it because we have to do what's right, but she gets treated like some kind of princess. We're just trying to get our lives together, and this girl's bringing drugs onto the property."

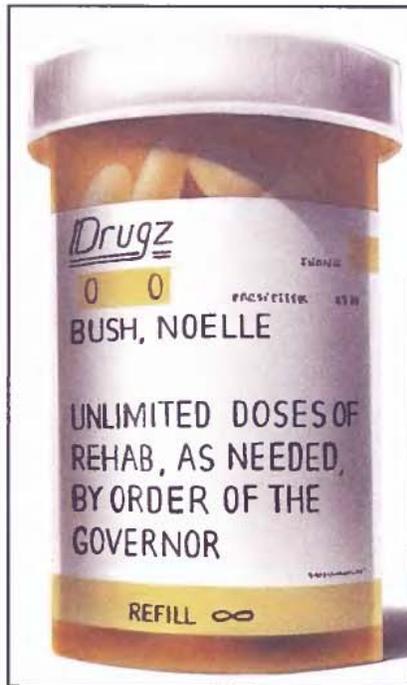
Bush was not arrested at the time because treatment center employees refused to give statements.

Again, Governor Bush didn't want to discuss it. "This is a private issue that relates to my daughter, myself and my wife," he said.

That's convenient. But the war on drugs is anything but a private issue. Thousands of people have been sent to prison for abusing drugs; it's estimated that in Florida, 10,000 nonviolent offenders are jailed each year instead of receiving treatment. Noelle

Bush was one of the lucky ones, apparently. She received 10 days in jail for being found with crack, then returned to the center.

Instead of getting a helping hand, most addicts are called names. The Bush family's stance has been unequivocal: Drug users support terror. Noelle's uncle George believes it ("If you quit drugs, you're joining the fight against terrorism in America") and the public service ads championed by the White House reinforce the message. The Drug Enforcement



Administration in September opened an exhibit called *Target America: Traffickers, Terrorists and You* that included, shamefully, a piece of the World Trade Center.

Two years ago in California, voters approved a proposition calling for nonviolent drug offenders to be sent to treatment after their first two arrests if they were not involved in any other criminal activity. Those who did not succeed in treatment would be offered alternatives, not including jail. To reduce waiting lists, the measure

doubled state funding for treatment. A similar initiative passed in Arizona in 1996 went under review by the state supreme court there in 1999. It concluded that the program saves the state at least \$6 million each year in prison costs; the price of treatment is covered by an alcohol tax.

If activists in Florida can gather 488,722 signatures in time, residents there will vote in November 2004 on a ballot measure called the Right to Treatment and Rehabilitation for Nonviolent Drug Offenses. It would offer treatment to first- and second-time offenders, as well as offenders who have gone five years without appearing in court. A professional would determine treatment, which would be capped at 18 months.

If passed, the initiative would give many thousands more people arrested each year in Florida the same opportunity Noelle Bush got. But Governor Bush, along with his attorney general and the state police, opposes the measure and asked the Florida Supreme Court to strike it down. (The court approved the wording of the initiative by a 4-3 vote.) The governor later fought to downplay the results of a study that showed the measure could save the state \$55 million per year in prison costs; his office wants the ballot to describe the savings as "unknown."

Bush says that he opposes the measure because "to suggest there should be no penalties for continued drug use is to stick our heads in the sand." He calls the initiative "confusing" but seems to be one of the few people confused by it. His drug czar has mocked the initiative as the Right to Abuse Drugs in Florida—the same propaganda that came out of strategy meetings at the Florida Department of Law Enforcement.

The Florida Alcohol and Drug Abuse Association fears the initiative will overwhelm the system at the same time the governor has fought to cut treatment budgets to balance the state's budget. Yet there always seems to be money for prisons.

We hope Noelle Bush continues to get the help she needs. Pray for everyone else.

By CHIP ROWE

# SNITCH, INC.

what's wrong with John Ashcroft's TIPS program?

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

**W**ithin weeks of the planes striking the World Trade Center, Ronald Ferry, an observant hotel security guard, told the feds he had found an aviation radio inside an Egyptian student's room that overlooked the twin towers. He had been doing an inventory of belongings left behind by guests forced to evacuate during the attack. He said he'd found the transceiver, a device that allows pilots to communicate air-to-air and air-to-ground, in a safe in the student's room.

The feds moved quickly, first holding the student, Abdallah Higazy, as a material witness. Higazy spent a month in jail but volunteered to take a polygraph. According to the FBI, during the polygraph exam the student confessed. Then they charged him with perjury when he denied owning the radio.

But there was a problem. Ferry had made up the story about finding the radio in Higazy's room. His lawyer says that his client was "caught up in the atmosphere after September 11," that "he thought he was being a good citizen. He thought he was helping get the people we wanted to believe are responsible for this act." A court sentenced the guard to six months of weekends in jail.

So he was overzealous. No doubt the same can be said about the FBI agent who obtained the false confession. According to *The New York Times*, Higazy says the agent threatened his family's safety if he did not confess. So confess he did, saying that he had found the device in a subway station, that he had found it under the Brooklyn Bridge, that he had stolen it from the Egyptian Air Corps.

It took almost a year for the details of this story to emerge. Higazy would have made a great witness at the various hearings on Attorney General John Ashcroft's proposed Operation Terrorism Information and Prevention System. According to the attorney general, the war on terrorism called for extraordinary measures. The government needed the eyes, ears, cell phones and e-mail of John Q. Citizen.

*The New York Times* summarized TIPS with a headline that read LOOK OUT, CITIZEN SNOOPS WANTED (CALL TOLL-FREE).

The Justice Department wanted meter readers, truck drivers, letter carriers, cable guys, maids, pizza delivery dudes and other workers whose jobs routinely take them through the nation's neighborhoods to report signs of terrorism to a national hotline. Ashcroft staged a full frontal assault, appearing on a special edition of *America's Most Wanted*. Host John Walsh urged viewers to call in tips on the "cowards," "dogs" and "psychos" responsible for terrorist attacks. The show received approximately 1300 tips.

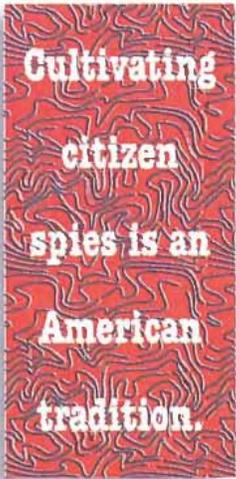
Ashcroft dusted off existing idle networks and offered three-year visas to immigrants who joined the Responsible Cooperator's Program. The bonus for turning in visiting terrorists even had a special name—the S Visa (short, no doubt, for snitch visa). Congress voted additional funds for pay-as-you-go informants (the state department had a bounty program in the millions—one such reward led to the capture of the terrorist who planned the first WTC bombing in 1993).

And the appeals seemed to reap immediate results. In a press conference held two months into the war on terror, Ashcroft announced the government had already charged 93 evildoers. The roundup included 20 men apprehended for obtaining false driver's licenses, specifically those that would allow them to carry hazardous materials. The men were Iraqis with no known links to Al Qaeda. They had been turned in by one of their own. The so-called terrorists were just friends struggling to make a living. A disgruntled former employee of the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation had been selling fake licenses.

Cultivating citizen spies is an American tradition. The Espionage Act of 1917 inspired a homegrown gestapo called the American Protective League, some 250,000 citizens in at least 600 cities and towns. This bit of information comes from the office of Senator

Patrick Leahy, who sent a press release describing the precedent: "The APL spied on workers and unions in thousands of industrial plants with defense contracts and organized raids on German-language newspapers. Members of the league used such methods as tarring and feathering, beatings and forcing those who were suspected of disloyalty to kiss the flag." After the war, the New York Bar Association said of the group: "No other one cause contributed so much to the oppression of innocent men as the systematic and indiscriminate agitation against what was claimed to be an all-pervasive system of German espionage."

During World War II, J. Edgar Hoover recruited an estimated 60,000 volunteers, mostly


from the American Legion, to provide surveillance. These self-appointed patriots were to glean information about subversive activities. Not surprisingly, sex that did not fit with Hoover's idea of morality was one such activity. Into the files went information that so-and-so liked to walk around his house in the nude, that Senator X liked boys, that W.C. Fields had paintings of Eleanor Roosevelt that, when viewed upside down, revealed her sexual organs.

Important stuff. Vital to national security. The FBI used the material in the raw files to maintain its power, to

punish its enemies and to root out instances of nonconformity.

The fascination with sexual information from snitches continued through the Sixties at the FBI. Some of the mess created by a network of informers is just coming to light: Hoover, according to documents obtained by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, became interested in California campuses in 1959, after being shown an essay question on a University of California aptitude test that asked, "What are the dangers to a democracy of a national police organization, like the FBI, which operates secretly and is unresponsive to public criticism?"

By 1960 the feds had compiled files on UC faculty members that included

three-letter bureaucracy. To witness:

- John Dillinger might still be robbing banks (albeit with a walker or in a wheelchair) were it not for the Lady in Red, who turned informant to escape INS problems.

- The Unabomber would still be sending exploding mail if not for his brother's suspicions.

- The wife and son of Randy Weaver would still be alive. After failing to recruit Weaver as a possible informant against the Aryan Nations, the feds made him a target. A paid informant set a trap, persuaded Weaver to sell him two sawed-off shotguns, then told the B.A.T.F. After a long stakeout, feds killed Weaver's wife and son.

- Similarly, informants in Waco told the government that members of the religious compound headed by David Koresh liked to read gun magazines; stockpile black powder, grenade casings and automatic weapons;

sitting at banks of telephones like volunteers on a Jerry Lewis telethon.

There are only 11,000 FBI agents, and they were so overworked that they overlooked the tips of professionals, fellow agents who thought the activity at flight training schools was suspicious, or who wanted to examine the hard drive on Zacharias Moussaoui's computer. Of course, they also whined that their computers couldn't talk to each other, making it difficult to share information—perhaps because 317 of the bureau's 15,000 laptops are missing, along with about 400 weapons. Where's a snitch when you need one? Of course, the power of informants can be gauged by the consequences of ignoring a tip. Robert Hanssen, the FBI agent who spied for the Russians, managed to betray his country for more than a decade because the FBI turned a cold shoulder to the alarm of the spy's brother-in-law.

Better to act than not. When an attentive woman reported that she had overheard a trio of Middle Eastern men plotting at a Shoney's in Calhoun, Georgia, the authorities moved swiftly. The terrorists were medical students on their way to a hospital in Florida.

Acting on a tip from a priest, the FBI rounded up Muhammad Butt, a 55-year-old Pakistani living in Queens, New York. The priest told agents that neighbors had seen suspicious vans outside the Butt residence. The neighbors also said the terrorists-next-door did not cut the grass and never said hello and they "hang their laundry—even their underwear—on the fence. Who does that?"

During his short stint in jail, Butt repeatedly asked for medical assistance. Before he could confess to anything useful, the notorious underwear launderer suffered a heart attack and died. The government, as it has done with so many of the 1200 immigrants rounded up on such tips, pointed out that Butt was a confirmed scofflaw (guilty of overstaying his visa).

The authorities had administered health care, of a sort. They had swabbed Butt's nasal cavity. News that the prison dentist had given Butt treatment for gingivitis prompted a website in Israel to report that, according to its sources, civilians used as terrorist mules to transport radioactive material for dirty bombs had been known to contract gingivitis.

It's not the snitch program that bothers us; nosy neighbors are a fact of life. It's the well-meaning agencies that act on bad information that wreck lives.

# HOTLINE



JAMANDA DUFFY

information on "illicit love affairs, homosexuality, sexual perversion, excessive drinking or other instances of conduct reflecting mental instability." According to documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, the FBI had a list of 72 faculty members, students and employees who were to be detained without warrant during a crisis. Even then, the FBI wanted secret hearings or none at all.

Informants have played pivotal roles in the history of law enforcement. It can be argued that without cooperative citizens, the FBI would be just another

and abuse children and, what's more, were contemplating mass suicide. The feds took care of that problem.

People have always called the FBI to report things like suspicious packages. According to one report, between January 1 and September 10, 2001, the bureau responded to about 300 tips. Following the events of September 11, the phone calls rose to 54,000, some 14,000 of which were actually investigated. In April and May of last year, the FBI received 225,000 tips by e-mail, 180,000 tips by telephone. One can almost picture the shell-shocked agents,

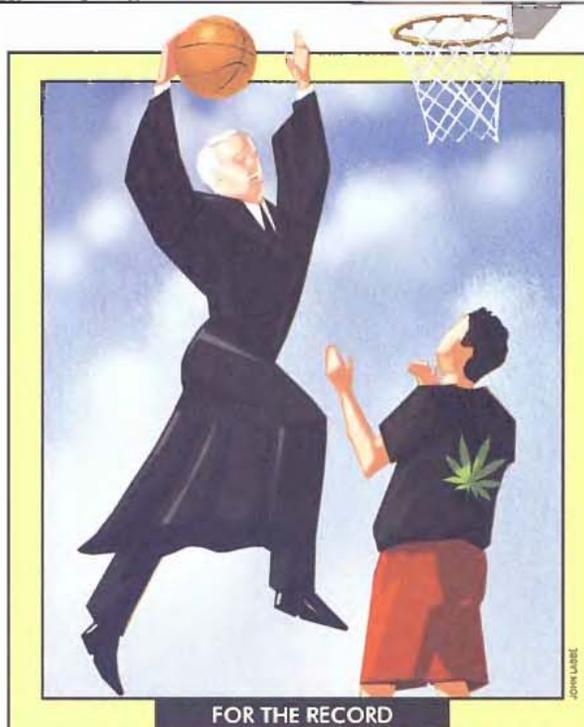
## FREE SPEECH, OR NOT?

In "You Be the Judge II" (*The Playboy Forum*, October), Chip Rowe describes artist Ronald White's struggle against persecution in South Carolina, where authorities arrested and convicted him of illegal tattooing. I co-authored an amicus brief about White's U.S. Supreme Court case on behalf of the National Tattoo Association and the Alliance of Professional Tattooists. As stated in your article, the South Carolina Supreme Court claimed that the process of tattooing is not "sufficiently communicative" to warrant protection under the First Amendment. But if protections extend only to the creation of artwork that is communicative, art that is not easily understood is vulnerable to censorship.

The chief opponent of legalized and regulated tattooing in South Carolina has been state senator Jake Knotts. On numerous occasions, Senator Knotts has said he supports the state law that bans tattooing because his interpretation of Leviticus 19:28 ("Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you") is that tattooing is immoral. Knotts has said, "If God wanted you to have a tattoo, he would have put your name on you. You either believe in the Bible or not." Unfortunately for Knotts and the state supreme court, tattooing is protected speech almost everywhere else in the country, and you either believe in the Constitution or not.

Marc Harrold  
Memphis, Tennessee

Your article insults Mary Lewis because she has ARYAN-1 on her license plate. According to you, she "looks like an asshole" because she is proud to be of the Caucasian race. Oddly enough, in response in the same issue to a letter from a black reader from Berkeley who wrote to correctly accuse PLAYBOY of being filled with liberal bullshit, the most insulting response you could come up with was "You live in Berkeley?" You know who the assholes are? PLAYBOY'S



## JUDGE HOLDS COURT

"Defensive player of the year? Come on. The marijuana's getting to you."

—Judge Marc Kelly, trash-talking his winded opponent—a former prep basketball star—during a game of one-on-one outside a courthouse in Santa Ana, California. The 20-year-old had been arrested for possession; he told Judge Kelly he smoked reefer before recreational games because it helped him play better. Kelly wasn't impressed. "I'm 42, and I don't think you could take me," he said. A few weeks later, they faced off and the judge won easily.

editors, because you don't have the balls to insult a black man from Berkeley but think it's OK to insult the lady from Missouri.

John Schueler  
Oceanside, California  
*You live in California?*

I'm in a similar position to the woman in Missouri who fought to keep her ARYAN-1 vanity license plates. My name is Glenn Dick. I am trying to get vanity tags that read IMADICK from the Idaho Department of Transportation. The DMV rejected my request, saying the plate would offend people. Unfortunately, I don't have the money to fight. Every time I get into the car and start driving, I see my First Amendment

rights disappearing in my rear-view mirror.

Glenn Dick  
Boise, Idaho

I shake my head whenever someone says we have the right to free speech. "You Be the Judge II" proves that it has become more a privilege than a right. Take some of the weird situations you described. It's not OK to tattoo another consenting adult but it is OK to photograph someone without their consent as they walk into an abortion clinic, then post the images on the Internet.

Marco Secchi  
San Jose, California

In October you wrote about the new Indiana law that fines telemarketers who call residents whose names are on a state-run "no-call" list. When the law passed I immediately added my name to the list. You can't possibly know how much quieter it is in my home. I encourage your readers to read about some of the secrets telemarketers don't want you to know at antitelemarketer.com. The site offers great advice.

Todd Wilson  
Indianapolis, Indiana

## PUBLIC DEFENSE

A reader responding in October to Chip Rowe's "False Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) commented: "Justice ends with the first person to run out of money. Those without it end up with public defenders, and judges are never eager to appoint anyone who might be described as 'overzealous.'" This assertion incorrectly implies that a judge appoints public defenders. In most large jurisdictions, the government hires a public defender corporation and the top man in the office assigns lawyers who work for the corporation to defend cases. He tries to assign the most experienced lawyers to the most difficult cases.

Most public defender offices are staffed by committed career lawyers, just like those who choose to work as prosecutors. That good lawyers choose careers as both defenders and as prosecutors

## R E S P O N S E

helps make the justice system work. Only when you have skilled advocates on both sides of an issue can a jury or judge come to a proper conclusion. As we've seen in many high-profile cases, if a suspect is left without a competent defender, the police will lie and cheat their way to a conviction.

The reader did hit on an important point: money. Judges in some jurisdictions have to approve expenditures made by public defenders for investigators, rape kits, travel expenses, etc. Prosecutors are able to spend whatever money they have in their budgets and may spend as they choose without a judge's approval. In most cases, public defenders end up with far less money for investigators than the prosecution. The playing field isn't level. But it is not the fault of the career professionals who represent defendants. We're lucky that we have them. Shakespeare wrote, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." But the character who uttered that line was a dictatorial mobster trying to overthrow a democratic government. He wanted to kill the lawyers because the lawyers were the only ones who knew how to speak up against and stop dictators, or a police state.

Timothy Davis  
Columbus, Ohio

## SEX SELLS

"Selling Sex?" described the religious right's war against risqué advertising (*The Playboy Forum*, October). When I was living in Illinois, I would often read about the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his American Family Association in local papers. Since I moved to Florida, the only time I read about his antics are when PLAYBOY gives him a forum. Without your fetish for bashing Wildmon, he'd never reach such a large audience. Wildmon apparently knows exactly how to pull your chain and get free national advertising. How much do you charge other people for ad space?

William Broderick  
Tampa, Florida

*What are you willing to pay? We could say something clever like: "If a pious, self-righteous moral twit like the Reverend Wildmon didn't exist, we would have to invent him." But he does exist, and keeping an eye on those who work the bully pulpit is part of our beat. We were surprised to find him still fleecing the faithful. Recently, he's been knocking off NPR affiliates to build a radio*

*empire. When was the last time you listened to All Things Considered?*

## EVIL EYE

PLAYBOY took an unfair slam in a column by Wendy Victoria in Fort Walton Beach's *Northwest Florida Daily News*. The columnist discussed how upset she had become when she spotted a middle-school student wearing shorts and a string bikini top on the side of a busy road. The girl was holding a sign promoting a car wash to raise money for her school. This upset the columnist because "this world is just a little too scary, a little too populated with people who get their jollies off underage girls. I'm not just talking about the almost 200 registered sex offenders and predators in Okaloosa County. I'm talking about men who buy PLAYBOY or *Penthouse*, or worse. Men who like their movies with an X rating. Men who are too

old to read the fine print on the Viagra bottle but young enough to fantasize about one last go-around with a beautiful young girl. I'm even talking about perfectly normal, perfectly nice men."

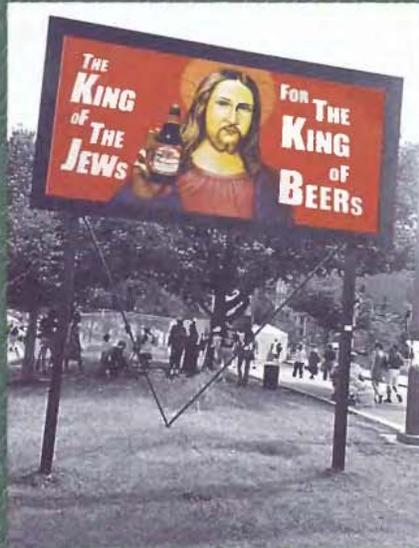
So PLAYBOY readers aren't normal, nice guys? I've been reading the magazine for more than 30 years and I don't believe I fit into any of Victoria's less-than-complimentary categories.

Name withheld  
Fort Walton Beach, Florida

*Nor do we. Most PLAYBOY readers would never let schoolchildren touch their cars. That's a job reserved for women of legal age who happen to be topless.*

*We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

## FORUM F.Y.I.



As part of a citywide festival, Baltimore's Office of Promotion and the Arts asked "billboard liberator" Ron English to contribute one of his signature pieces. His past creations have included billboards with slogans such as "Jihad Is Over! (If You Want It)" or spoof ads for Squirrel Squirrel Beer, the All-OJ Channel and a film called *Barney vs. Godzilla*. English erected the billboard seen above left on a busy street. The city immediately received complaints; the arts office suggested English take down the work to prevent it from being vandalized. He declined, instead asking that city officials give his number to anyone who complained. (English says only "incomprehensible loons" contacted him.) About 10 days later, a vandal destroyed the work with white paint, and a city crew took it down.

# OPRAH AND DR. PHIL

## *Sex for the Simpleminded*

what they don't know could hurt you

If your girlfriend, wife or marriage counselor has some conservative, misguided or just plain inaccurate ideas about sex, you might want to ask if she watches *The Oprah Winfrey Show* or the newly syndicated *Dr. Phil*. The daily talkathons are a veritable fountain of sexual fear, prejudice, harsh judgment and male-bashing.

Oprah doesn't seem to know that people can be happy with sex that is unpredictable, casual, sloppy or nasty. Instead, her show features a parade of misfits who try to get sex cleaned up so we can all enjoy some tidy, wholesome version of it.

You can't talk about Oprah without mentioning her alter ego, psychologist Phil McGraw (a.k.a. Dr. Phil). In what looks like an actual case of elusive penis envy, the worshipful diva finishes his sentences, predicts what he will do and ejaculates over his power ("That's good, Phil, that is good. Bring it on, Phil!"). They are a perfectly matched pair, sharing simplistic feelings and squeamish judgments. McGraw gives Oprah's moralism a psychological veneer and without any apparent self-consciousness tells people what's normal, acceptable or swinish.

After thousands of shows with hundreds of handpicked "sexperts" (whose expertise is usually limited to explaining how men hurt women), what do Oprah and Dr. Phil believe about sex? Here's the dirt:

**(1) Men always want sex.**

When it comes to sex, Oprah believes that men are like ATMs—ready to go 24 hours a day, rain or shine. When she read mail from viewers complaining about their husbands' lack of interest, she was surprised—"Hard to believe," she said. "We thought, you know, men always wanted it." Dr. Phil also finds it hard to believe. When confronted with a man named Robert, who doesn't want sex with his wife, Phil says, "It's just not natural that you're lying there thinking about work or something. What is it you don't like about sex?" And to help Rod, another man whose wife felt sexually deprived, Phil played to the audience. "Are you some kind of weirdo?"

True to his ignorance, Dr. Phil reit-

**By MARTY KLEIN**

erates the point when the shoe is on the other foot. In an episode that's standard talk-show fare, Jeremy wants more sex than his wife. She says she hesitates to cuddle because Jeremy will jump her bones. This makes perfect sense to Dr. Phil, who asks him, "Aren't you pretty much like a crazed dog at that point?"

**(2) Sometimes you need to have sex when you don't want to.**

Many couples face the issue of one partner's being far more interested in sex than the other is. Sex therapists

Oprah doesn't seem to know that people can be happy with sex that is unpredictable, casual, sloppy or nasty.

universally report that this is the most difficult professional problem they see, and that only a fraction of such cases have successful outcomes.

In contrast, Oprah believes desire is a choice, and a change in desire is a simple option: "Know that you can fulfill your partner's wants," she says on her website. "But by prioritizing your needs alone, you're making the conscious decision to not fulfill his or her wants. Talk about both of your needs and wants. Find the middle ground."

**Problem solved.**

Dr. Phil uses the blunt-ax approach to discrepancies of desire, which has been discredited by most sex therapists. He uses guilt ("Is her happiness important to you?") and the myth that you can will sexual desire ("You have to say, 'I want to look at Jeremy's needs as legitimate and I want to ask myself, Is there something I can do to meet those?'" ). And if these techniques don't work, there is always more guilt: Chil-

dren need to see their parents happy and feeling close, so in order to be good parents, couples should have sex even if they don't want to.

And, yes, the "compromise" that's discussed so breezily is that one person should have sex he or she doesn't want, while the other doesn't get the quantity or quality of sex he or she wants.

**(3) Once people get "enough" sex, their high level of desire declines.**

In Oprah's world, high sexual desire is an embarrassing condition—like pimples—to be fixed so life can resume. Dr. Phil seems to think sex drive is like hunger for food: Once you get enough, your appetite fades. This is convenient if you're married to someone who doesn't want sex as much as you do. But for those people who enjoy sex, the more they have, the more they want. In that respect, sex is less like food and more like, well, enjoyable sex.

Here's Dr. Phil trying to convince a high-desire spouse that getting laid once or twice will pretty much solve everything: "Once you kind of feel like you're not being deprived, you'll calm down, and things will be something you can both live with."

**(4) American culture respects male sexuality more than female sexuality.**

Oprah tells the astounding untruth that physicians pay more attention to the sexual aspects of prostate surgery than to those of hysterectomy (while she forgets to tell us that far more men die from prostate cancer than women from uterine cancer). She doesn't say things like, "Look how brave men are—they're willing to get shots in their penises to get erections," or "Think about all the poor men who are lied to by partners who fake orgasms."

Instead, we get Dr. Phil's gender-deprecating humor, in which he puts himself in the same pathetic category as the rest of us. He loves to say, "Men don't get it, but we are trainable." Is he pandering to an audience that's primarily female, or is he just pandering to the woman who made his career?

**(5) Men feel less pressure and are less emotional about sex than women are.**

Male sexuality as discussed by Oprah and her gang is barely recognizable.

Performance anxiety? Feelings? These are abstractions, popping up on the show as cameos. Taking men's feelings seriously would make men too much like women, which would challenge the Mars-Venus point of Oprah's empire. Oprah doesn't want men and women coming down to earth and discovering their similarities.

**(6) Monogamy is the only healthy kind of sexual relationship.**

The issue of sexual exclusivity is so evident (or so upsetting?) to Dr. Phil that he doesn't even pretend to be polite about it. When one Oprah caller told him that her boyfriend "feels we need to be sexually active with other couples," he exploded. "Are you insane? Kick his ass to the curb. In order to be in this relationship, you have to whore yourself and screw his friends? Any guy that's asking you to do that is disrespecting you." Calling the boyfriend "a loser" and "slime," Dr. Phil saw the situation clearly: There was one reasonable person and one bad person.

Would he say that women who don't want monogamy are slime? What would he say to the many American couples who happily swing each month: that the partners should separate, so that each can find somebody healthy with whom they can be frustrated?

**(7) Sincere people have no need for sexual privacy.**

For viewers playing along on the home version of *Oprah*, there's even a little test to determine if something that you or your partner has done counts as infidelity: "Would you do it with your partner standing right there?" Clearly, people in serious relationships shouldn't need any private erotic life. Dr. Phil tells us that "most women say it's insulting" for their partner to look at *PLAYBOY*, and that 90 percent of men would say "it would be too embarrassing to be looking at it with her standing there." If this is true (and don't you doubt it?), an experienced sex therapist would see the juxtaposition as creating teachable moments—a chance for couples to understand each other better, maybe even improve their sexual relationship. Dr. Phil sees it as a chance to moralize, to identify the person who is wrong and to restore unhealthy entwinedness, eliminating privacy and dignity in the process.

**(8) Looking at porn is a form of infidelity—and women don't do it.**

Dr. Phil and Oprah know where they stand on porn—they hate it, and they shame the people on the show who admit they enjoy it. Dr. Phil sounds genuinely confused (and angry) about why anyone would use porn. "She's in the flesh lying there, and you're in another room on a computer screen with some strange woman?"

Dr. Phil says he doesn't want to get hung up on semantics but also says that "turning away from your partner to meet sexual needs is infidelity." This, of course, makes the majority of married men unfaithful—the kind of belief that's good for business if you're Oprah or Dr. Phil.

How does viewing pornography actually affect relationships? We can't say for sure, though it certainly depends on the people involved. There's a common idea that men don't have sex with

always a cheater. What do you think?" In unison, the congregation chanted back to her the solemn testimony of the Church of Oprah: "True!" Oprah doesn't feel alone in her tribulation, though. Women are, she says, "a big old cheated-on club out there." If looking at porn is infidelity, that club is indeed enormous. As Oprah says, "Internet infidelity is huge in this country. If it hasn't happened to you, you know somebody to whom it has happened."

Although every sex survey indicates that women cheat, too, such women are rarely seen on the show. In Oprah's world, infidelity, just like jock itch, is a man's disease. Unlike jock itch, it's incurable.

**(10) It's easy to know what's sexually normal. Moreover, the "abnormal" partner is always at fault when there's conflict and must change.**

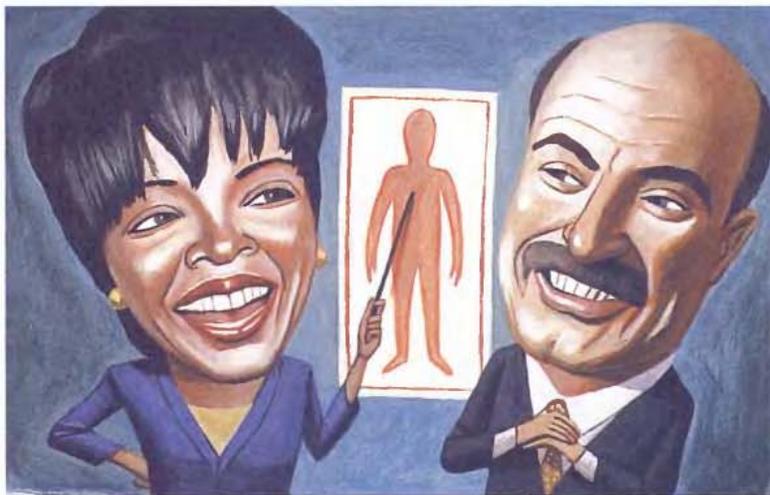
"This behavior is not OK—it's not even almost OK." This is one of Dr.

Phil's favorite expressions. It shows his absolutist approach, in which every problem is a dichotomy and all questions have answers. Dr. Phil confidently reveals who is wrong and what they must change, making the world seem simple and under control. He tells one wife, "This is a perverse and ridiculous intrusion into your marriage. Explain that his viewing of pornography is absolutely, unequivocally unacceptable and that

you will not allow it for one more minute of one hour of one day. He needs to get some help because that's a sick and perverse priority."

The husband's needs, obviously, do not count, and Phil's platitudes about couples working together are revealed as meaningless. Dr. Phil's mission: Find the bad guy and then force him to change—and encourage the innocent victim to threaten to leave the relationship. In case there is any question about power coming from victimization, here's Dr. Phil talking to a husband whose wife busted him for ogling a co-worker and giving her massages: "You don't get to decide whether it's a misdemeanor or a felony. She gets to decide that."

*Marty Klein is a sex therapist based in Palo Alto, California and the publisher of Sexual Intelligence (sexualintelligence.org).*



their wives because they're satiated from jacking off to porn. The truth is, some men want little or no sex with their wives, and they enjoy masturbating to porn.

Despite his lack of data or theory, Dr. Phil presses on: On Oprah's website, Dr. Phil states that a wife shouldn't accept the excuse "Everybody looks at porn" or "It's just the Internet." He ought to know better: These are not excuses, they're facts. And people who use facts aren't necessarily in denial. They may be attempting to have a productive conversation.

**(9) Most men cheat—and they rarely change.**

Oprah's been talking about this one for years, and her unrelenting passion for it sure looks like she's working out some persistent inner demons.

She opened a show by asking the audience: "True or false: Once a cheater,

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## ROAD PORN

HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA—A cop on patrol noticed the four occupants of a Lincoln Navigator watching a movie on two video monitors installed in the SUV



(one a drop-down and the other in the back of a headrest). The officer followed the vehicle and, watching through the open back hatch, realized the video was a porn movie. He arrested the driver and three passengers, ages 17 to 21, on felony charges of disseminating obscenity. One passenger complained that the adult movie, *Long Dark Shadow*, "wasn't nothing freaky. It was just a little bit of getting it on."

## WHO IS THIS?

SACRAMENTO—Two women who say that they were molested decades ago by priests called a church-sponsored hotline to request counseling. The person who took the call questioned them at length. Only later did the callers learn that the line is staffed by a lawyer and that their conversations were shared with diocese officials. The diocese says it hired the lawyer "because of her skills as a mediator and a listener." The two women sued the diocese and the lawyer for fraud, negligence and emotional distress but offered to drop their action if the diocese shut down the hotline. It refused.

## PECKED UP

PLEASANT GROVE, TEXAS—A year ago someone entered a man's home, tied him up

and beat and stabbed him to death. During the attack, the man's pet cockatoo joined the fray. When police accused two neighbors of the killing, both denied it—until investigators found that DNA in blood on the bird's beak matched that of one of the suspects.

## KEG RULE

COLUMBUS—If you buy more than four kegs of beer at one time in Ohio, you must submit a notarized affidavit telling liquor control agents the time and place of your party and allowing police to enter without a warrant to check IDs. The ACLU challenged the law as unconstitutional—and pointless, since police have never acted on the more than 300 affidavits filed since the statute went into effect. A federal judge agreed, pointing out that the law doesn't prevent anyone with half a brain from buying four kegs of beer multiple times.

## MILITARY MUSCLE

SAN FRANCISCO—A federal appeals court affirmed the government's right to ban the sale of magazines such as *Penthouse*, *Hustler* and *Playgirl* on military bases. A three-judge panel upheld the Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996, which authorized the Department of Defense to ban the sale of material the court characterized as being "at odds with the military's image of honor, professionalism and proper decorum." Military personnel and others who live on bases may subscribe to or purchase the titles elsewhere. The Defense Department allows base stores to sell **PLAYBOY**.

## IT'S A MIRACLE

FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—Police who were conducting an undercover prostitution sting arrested 33 people, including the president of the chamber of commerce and a state trooper. However, authorities charged only 32 suspects with a crime—the trooper somehow fell through the cracks. When the police department's Office of Professional Standards learned of the selective enforcement, it asked the county prosecutor to drop charges against the 32 other suspects. "We don't condone selective enforcement," a spokesperson said. "In all fairness to those who were stopped and charged, it seemed like the right thing to do."

## BALLS UP

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA—When Taliban officials called U.S. soldiers "soft" following the September 11 attacks, sculptor Jeff Tritel responded by creating a novelty he calls American Brass Bumper Balls. Tritel says the lifelike golden scrotum, designed to hang from a vehicle bumper, is symbolic of "an intrinsically American attitude." Tritel attempted to trademark his brass balls logo, but the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office turned down the application as "immoral or scandalous matter."

## SCARLET LETTER

TAMPA—Florida lawmakers wanted to make sure that every absentee or estranged father in the state would know if his child were put up for adoption. So they passed a law requiring every mother who put up her child for private adoption to provide state officials with the name of the father. If the woman isn't certain who fathered the child, the statute requires her to place a notice in the local newspaper listing the names and physical descriptions of every man she had sex with at the time of conception. The law has had unintended results. In one case, a 12-year-old assaulted by a man who disappeared would have



been compelled to publish her name and a reference to the attack (a county judge intervened). In another instance, the wife of a man who wants to adopt his 12-year-old stepson would first have to recount her sexual history in print.

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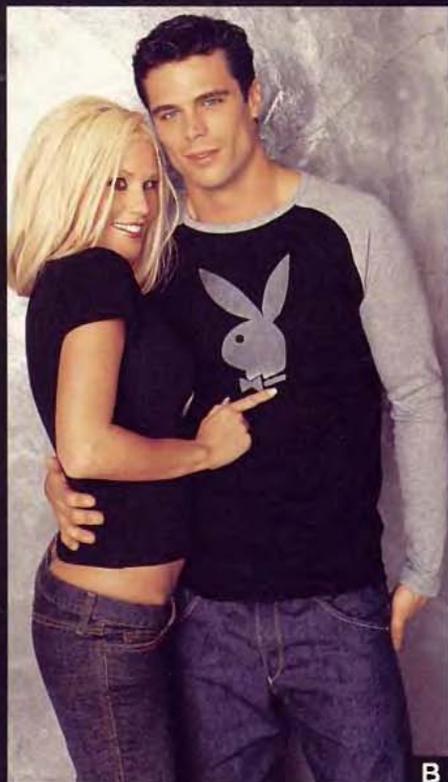
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*Hef shown in one of his favorite shirts with some of his favorite girls (2002 Playmate of the Year Dalene Kurtis, Christi Shake and Tiffany Holiday).*



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HALLE BERRY

*a candid conversation with the oscar-winning actress about the best 007, sexy billy bob thornnton, her feuds with ann coulter and angela bassett and why controversy haunts her life*

Controversies and problems have dogged Halle Berry all her life. Her maternal grandparents shunned her family because her mother married an African American. She was elected prom queen but then was accused of stuffing the ballot box. When she was 22 she was told she had diabetes, but she mistakenly injected herself with insulin for years when other treatment options were available. Her marriage to baseball player David Justice in 1992 lasted four years and ended in public misery. In 2000 she was arrested for leaving the scene of an accident and was dubbed "Hit-and-Run Halle" by the press. After she married musician Eric Benét in 2001, he found himself in a tabloid as a sex addict seeking treatment. And when she received an Oscar for Best Actress last year for *Monster's Ball* (becoming the first black woman to win), actress Angela Bassett said she wouldn't take a role where she had to be a prostitute on film.

Controversies aside, she has fierce determination and a sense of where she's going, and she has really great breasts.

Those breasts made their first public appearance in *Swordfish*, and their second in *Monster's Ball* when she ripped open her blouse and told Billy Bob Thornton to take her. He did, and Berry took home an Oscar for the role.

Now Berry is rumored to be a member of the

\$20 million-per-film club. For the 36-year-old Berry, that might heal a lot of old wounds.

Born on August 14, 1966, Berry grew up in both Cleveland's inner city and its suburbs, often confused about her identity and never quite fitting in. Her abusive, alcoholic father beat her older sister and mother and left the family when she was four. Her mother urged her to be an achiever to overcome racism. Berry became the president of her high school class, editor of the school newspaper, a cheerleader, a member of the honor society and, when she was 17, Miss Teen Ohio. That beauty pageant led to others—Berry placed prominently in the Miss Teen All-American, Miss USA and Miss World competitions. She went to Chicago to try modeling and study acting and later moved to New York, where she landed a role on the TV series *Living Dolls*. Her career was launched when Spike Lee cast her as a drug addict in *Jungle Fever*. In 1991 she played a femme fatale in the movie *Strictly Business* and an exotic dancer in *The Last Boy Scout*. She also worked on the TV show *Knots Landing*. In 1992 she starred opposite Eddie Murphy in the romantic comedy *Boomerang*.

A variety of films, both serious and silly, followed: *The Flintstones*, *Losing Isaiah* with Jessica Lange, *Executive Decision*, *Race the Sun*, *Girl 6* and *Baps*. In 1998 she returned

to TV for a miniseries, *The Wedding*. Then came the political satire *Bulworth*, with Warren Beatty. She played her idol in *Introducing Dorothy Dandridge* and won a Golden Globe for Best Actress. In 2000 she worked with Hugh Jackman when she played the character Storm in *X-Men*. Berry appeared opposite John Travolta and Jackman again in the 2001 crime thriller *Swordfish*. In *Die Another Day*, the current James Bond film, she holds her own opposite Pierce Brosnan.

PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel to Vancouver, where Berry was finishing *X-Men 2*.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't Jinx, your character in *Die Another Day*, originally written as a villain?

BERRY: When I was hired she was. But she has changed—she's not the villain anymore. In the beginning, Bond doesn't know what she's doing—he sees she's carrying a gun and sneaking around, shooting at the same people he's shooting at. He puts two and two together and realizes that they're fighting for the same cause. She does for the U.S. what he does for England. She becomes Bond's partner midway through the movie.

PLAYBOY: Was the character changed because of your Oscar? There are rumors you might become the first female Bond.



"For me to sit here and say, 'I feel white,' somebody would try to commit me. It's not a choice you make. When people see me, nobody ever thinks I'm white. No person in my whole life has ever thought that I was white."



"I'm tortured! I'm one of those tortured souls. I'm always interested in going to the depths of someone's pain. I relate to pain. It's a cathartic place for me to go, and through that I get to work out a lot of the pain in my own life."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREGORY CROW

"Billy Bob Thornton is wild sexy; Pierce Brosnan is another kind of sexy. He's more put-together sexy. He's got rugged good looks. With Billy Bob, you never know what he's going to do or say—he's unpredictable."

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**BERRY:** They have asked me if I'd be interested in doing another one. Or to do a spin-off with the character Jinx.

**PLAYBOY:** Jinx without James?

**BERRY:** Yeah, just Jinx. We'll see.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are your favorite Bond women?

**BERRY:** My favorite—and I'm happy to pay homage to her—is Ursula Andress in *Dr. No*. It was the first one I saw.

**PLAYBOY:** That was the first James Bond movie—and Andress made it memorable when she emerged from the ocean in that bikini.

**BERRY:** In this movie I get to bring that scene to life again. It's pretty cool. Half-way through shooting it I thought, This is probably going to be career suicide. There's no way I can win at this.

**PLAYBOY:** Who is your favorite Bond?

**BERRY:** Until I saw Pierce's first one, *Goldeneye*, I liked Sean Connery better than anyone else. But *Goldeneye* was an innovative, edgy Bond movie—one of the better ones. I gave a lot of that credit to Pierce. He brought something new and had huge shoes to fill. He has redefined Bond for himself.

**PLAYBOY:** Is he as sexy as your *Monster's Ball* co-star Billy Bob Thornton?

**BERRY:** Billy Bob is wild sexy; Pierce is another kind of sexy. He's more put-together sexy. He's got rugged good looks. With Billy Bob, you never know what he's going to do or say—he's unpredictable.

**PLAYBOY:** What is it about Billy Bob that women like? He isn't good-looking.

**BERRY:** There is something really open about him. He's open about who he is, with all of his quirks and shortcomings. He's funny. And he's dangerous. Most women will say that can be sexy. He's not predictable. We only had 21 days together, and each day was a surprise.

**PLAYBOY:** Angelina Jolie said she would beat up any woman who made eyes at her man. Was this a hint that their relationship was in trouble?

**BERRY:** I didn't sense that. He was still wearing her blood, saying how much he loved and adored her every day, letting me hear the songs he wrote about her. I saw no signs. I was as shocked as anybody when I heard what was going on.

**PLAYBOY:** You appeared shocked when you won that Oscar. Do you remember the moment?

**BERRY:** I probably had an out-of-body experience. Had I not seen the tape later, I wouldn't remember even walking up there. I do remember looking at Russell Crowe, and him saying to me, "Breathe, mate." Then I saw Denzel, and he had a light on his head. He was the only person I saw, for some reason.

**PLAYBOY:** Some observers thought that you wouldn't win because you were too young. What were you thinking?

**BERRY:** I thought Sissy Spacek was going to win. Diane Keaton was the first person to reach out and tell me she thought I'd done a great job, and that meant so

much. Diane Keaton wrote me a letter. She told me she didn't know if the Oscar brings out the best in anybody, so don't feel defeated if you don't win, just keep on your path.

**PLAYBOY:** How did it feel when both you and Denzel won on the same night?

**BERRY:** As it was unfolding I felt a part of history. I never thought that would happen. After I won I thought, Oh God, Denzel's not going to win. And I thought he would win before I would win. He's done so many wonderful pieces over the years, it had to be his time. And it wouldn't be both of us. That night we were standing there with our Oscars, and I said to him, "Now, Denzel? Am I worthy?" I've been wanting to work with him for so many years, it's almost like a joke. He looked at me and laughed, like, "OK, kid, sure, uh-huh." But I'll keep trying.

**PLAYBOY:** Writer Ann Coulter wasn't impressed by your win. She wrote: "It's interesting that Berry makes such a big deal about being black. She was raised by her white mother who was beaten and abandoned by her black father. Clearly, Berry has calculated that it is more advantageous for her acting career to identify with the man who abandoned her rather than the woman who raised her." Are you that calculating?

**BERRY:** No, and I can't even respond to that. It's so ridiculous. To sit in judgment of another person like that is insane.

**PLAYBOY:** You called your award a victory "for every nameless, faceless woman of color who now has a chance because this door tonight has been opened." But Coulter claimed: "Yes, at long last, the 'glass ceiling' has been broken. Large-breasted, slightly cocoa women with idealized Caucasian features finally have a chance in Hollywood."

**BERRY:** She's bitter. Poor woman. I know my win has made a difference. I wasn't seeing that night with rose-colored glasses on, as in: Now that I've won it's going to start to happen. But what that night did, and I know it's true because hundreds of women of color—Indian, Asian, Spanish, black, actresses, medical students—have come up to me and said, "Because of that night I now have hope and the belief that if I work hard enough it can happen for me." Before that night I even questioned whether it was really possible to achieve something like that in my lifetime. Nobody had ever done it, so why should I think it would be me?

**PLAYBOY:** If Coulter is bitter, how about Angela Basset? I'm sure you've heard what she said, that she turned down *Monster's Ball* because she didn't want to play a prostitute on-screen. She said it was "such a stereotype about black women and sexuality."

**BERRY:** I don't know what that's about. She was at my party the night before. According to Lions Gate and Lee Daniels, who produced it, she was never offered *Monster's Ball*.

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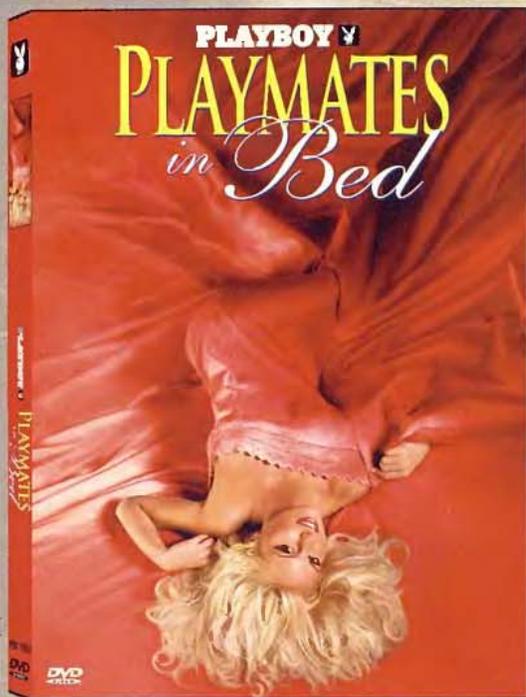
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**PLAYBOY:** She said she also wants an Oscar, but "it has to be for something I can sleep with at night." How have you been sleeping lately?

**BERRY:** I'm sleeping so wonderfully, looking at that baby every night before I go to bed. It's such a personal choice, what we do as artists. I'm in a different place than she is, and that's OK. We're different people. It's an individual journey. I'm proud of it. I sleep well at night.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she call you after saying those things?

**BERRY:** I haven't spoken to her.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you angry about it? Did it upset you?

**BERRY:** It made me a little sad that she feels that way. I respect her opinion. But it's sad that it's become such a negative. I thought it was such a positive time for all of us, but maybe not everybody sees it that way. Maybe she didn't like that I mentioned her name in my acceptance speech. But I was coming from a pure place of wanting to recognize those who I thought should have been there before me, or the ones I hope will get there.

**PLAYBOY:** Bassett wasn't alone. Felicia Henderson, executive producer of *Soul Food*, said: "So many want to stand up and applaud Halle. But others say, 'Isn't it sad that she had to be the sexual object of a white man?'" It shows that it's a man's world, with sexism and racism."

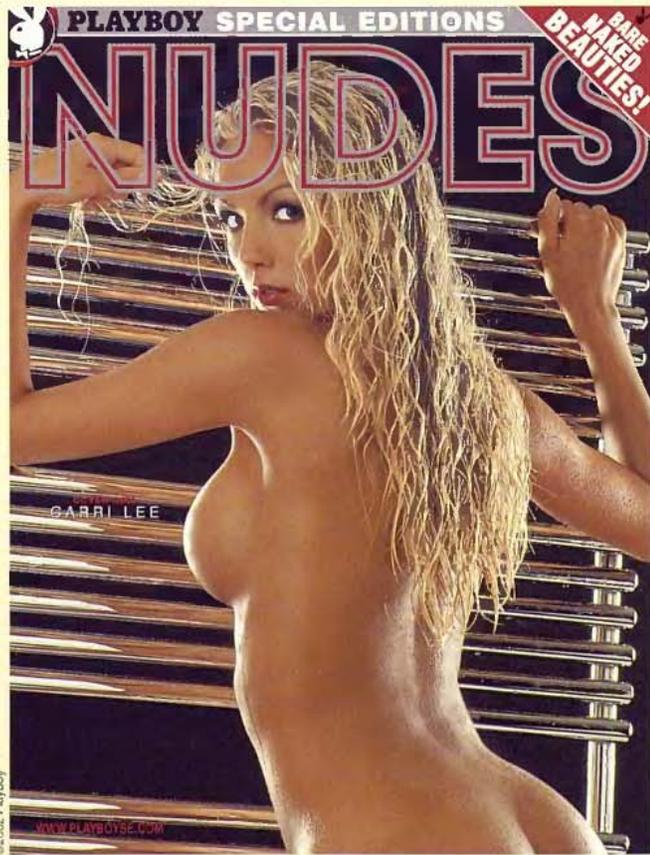
**BERRY:** It's amazing that people want to make it about color, especially black people. We say we want to be viewed as equal and not let our color be an issue, yet we're the first ones to say something about our color and our differences. I've never seen life through those eyes. I identify with being black because that's how people identify me, because I don't look very white. But as I go through life, I see people as people. I never thought it would be degrading to the black race or to myself to appear in a love scene with a white man. It's acting, it's art, it's what it's all about. To me *Monster's Ball* was true; it could very well happen. I related to the character and the story. I grew up with a white mother, so it was normal to me. If it isn't for someone else, I'm sorry.

**PLAYBOY:** How has the Oscar changed your life?

**BERRY:** Professionally, I'm feeling for the first time that I'm just a woman, and that "black" isn't preceding me. That feels great, and even if it's fleeting, I'm in the moment. I'm being viewed as an actress who is worthy of a certain caliber of roles. It's such a sense of accomplishment—that it happened to me, that I'd be the one to make this statement, to be chosen.

**PLAYBOY:** It's also changed the caliber of your bank account: You reportedly make \$20 million per movie now.

**BERRY:** Hasn't happened yet, but it might. It's amazing. And that doesn't happen to everybody who wins an Oscar, so I count my blessings. It's put me on a whole other level in the industry.



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

**PLAYBOY:** In *Monster's Ball* you and Billy Bob play two people who would never be together if you didn't have the commonality of pain. Did you relate to that character?

**BERRY:** Yes, very much, which is why I wanted to play her. To me she was real, she was human. She had a lot of the same insecurities I have and have had in my life. I didn't judge her. I never saw her as a prostitute or any of the ways some people have tried to describe her. I saw her as a woman who was struggling, who was dealing with the cards that were dealt her in the best way she could. And who was going to win. I always knew she was going to win.

**PLAYBOY:** That controversial sex scene you shot with Thornton—didn't the director promise you final cut on that scene, so if you went too far you could ask for a different edit?

**BERRY:** When I read the script I knew that I had to do it. It was such an integral part of the movie, more than just a sex scene. I just hoped we could translate that onto the screen, the way we both saw it. But when they said I could have final cut, that certainly made me a lot freer to try things.

**PLAYBOY:** Your character was tortured, and you've said you love playing tortured souls. Why do you love it?

**BERRY:** Because I'm tortured! I'm one of those tortured souls. I'm always interested in going to the depths of someone's pain. I relate to pain. It's a cathartic place for me to go, and through that I get to work out a lot of the pain in my own life.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still have a lot of pain?

**BERRY:** I think I must. I'm still trying to work it out. It doesn't keep me from living a happy life, but going way back to my childhood, there's a lot of pain that I've struggled to work through. Through my art I'm finding new ways to deal with it, process it, purge it, discard it, understand it.

**PLAYBOY:** Does a lot of that early pain stem from your biracial background?

**BERRY:** I grew up in an inner-city black neighborhood. I was half-and-half, and that seemed to be an issue. Then when my mom moved up to the white suburbs, being black was a big issue.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you always identified with

being black?

**BERRY:** Yes. It's not a choice you make. For me to sit here and say, "I feel white," somebody would try to commit me. When people see me, nobody ever thinks I'm white. No person in my whole life has ever thought that I was white.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said that you felt like an outsider in high school.

**BERRY:** Yes. And I tried really hard to fit in. So I was in every club, the president of my class, editor of the newspaper, in the honor society. I popped my wad at school all day trying to be Miss Everything.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? Was it racial?

**BERRY:** I never felt equal. I thought that if I made the honor society they would know I was as smart as they were; if I ran

I felt like such an outsider that I was inspired to do all those things. I had to do those things in order to feel equal. Never superior. That just leveled me out. If I didn't do all that stuff I would have felt inferior. Those things gave me a sense of worth and value in high school. I felt sometimes being black made me less; I was starting to buy into that philosophy. So when I could get the whole student body to vote for me for president, or I could be the head cheerleader, or control the newspaper, in my 14-, 15-, 16-year-old mind, I felt power. My mother told me, "Being a black woman, when you grow up, you're going to have to be good at everything. So do it all."

**PLAYBOY:** What was it like being raised by a single parent?

**BERRY:** It was tough, and not just financially. She also had the social issues of being a white woman with little black kids. She felt discrimination. Her family disowned her for a while. She got a lot of the looks, sneers, stares and little comments.

**PLAYBOY:** When her family disowned her, that meant they didn't want to see you either.

**BERRY:** Right.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that get reconciled, or did you always feel distance from her side of the family?

**BERRY:** I always felt distance. But when my grandmother was dying, she changed. It often happens when people are at the end of their lives—they start to see life as it really should have been. She was very remorseful.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you when that happened?

**BERRY:** Twenty-six.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel about it?

**BERRY:** I felt bitter growing up. I used to feel that maybe we weren't good enough for Grandma.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your father's side?

**BERRY:** I was a little closer to my grandparents on my father's side, but even there I felt really angry over the years, probably still do. My sister and I, we were black. And my father's parents had a lot of animosity toward my mother—she was "that white this, that white that." I felt a lot of pain for my mother.

**PLAYBOY:** You were four when your parents separated. How often did you see your father after that?

**BERRY:** My father came back for a year in

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the paper I'd control what's in the paper and make it diverse; if I were a cheerleader I was going to be the captain.

**PLAYBOY:** The high school prom queen gig was a bitter experience—you were accused of stuffing ballots and wound up flipping a coin for the title. Why didn't you just tell them to shove it?

**BERRY:** I was too young to be that mature. I knew I hadn't done what they said, and I wasn't going to allow anybody to accuse me of something I didn't do. If I walked away, in my mind, at the age of 16, that would have been conceding to some of the things they were saying, and they might think there was some truth to it.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it hard to cry race when you seemed to have so much going for you?

**BERRY:** It's not crying race, it was because

1976, when I was 10. It was my mother's attempt to reconcile because she felt we needed a father. It was the worst year of our lives. I'd been praying for my father, and when I got him I just wanted him to leave. My mother would cry; they would fight. It was scary. He was still an alcoholic. He almost killed our dog. He threw her against the dining room wall and she fell on the floor and didn't get up right away—that's an image that's stayed in my mind. My father would beat my mother, beat my sister. But he never did that to me. So I had a lot of guilt and shame.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you see the beatings?

**BERRY:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** And did you ever try to stop your father?

**BERRY:** No, and that is why I have a lot of guilt, because I would run. I never did a thing. When my sister would be in the room with the door shut, she'd be getting it with a belt. I would just freeze and be more afraid that it would happen to me than being able to help her. I grew up with a lot of guilt about that.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your sister ever resentful because you didn't get hit?

**BERRY:** Probably. I'm sure she must have been. I would have. "Why am I getting it and she's not?"

**PLAYBOY:** Why your sister and not you?

**BERRY:** My sister was outspoken and rebellious. I was meek and shy. I'd just slip around, do nothing, not kick up too much dust.

**PLAYBOY:** You lost your virginity at 17. Was it a good experience?

**BERRY:** For me it was time. I don't regret it one bit. It was with my first boyfriend—he calls himself "the original boyfriend." That lasted until I was 20.

**PLAYBOY:** He talked you into trying out for beauty pageants. Do you regret that?

**BERRY:** Yes, in many ways, because it perpetuated my physical self a lot more than I ever wanted to. But it was also very significant in a way, because I gained a lot of confidence in myself. That confidence has served me throughout my life. So I got something meaningful out of it. But most of what the pageant was about was superficial.

**PLAYBOY:** It was the beauty pageants that

led to modeling, then to commercials. How long did you model?

**BERRY:** Three years.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you learn from being a model?

**BERRY:** That I hated it and didn't want to do it. There had to be a better way to make a buck! It was the most boring work I ever did. Not being able to have a say, being a human coat hanger. I didn't feel good about that.

**PLAYBOY:** When you went to Chicago to become a model, you lived with a roommate who skipped out of her share of the rent, leaving you with a \$1300 bill. You've said that was a turning point in your life, making you realize you were on your own.

**PLAYBOY:** Later you found out you were diabetic.

**BERRY:** I didn't know that until I moved to Los Angeles and was doing my first TV show, *Living Dolls*.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you scared when you found out?

**BERRY:** I thought that I was going to die. When they said, "You have diabetes," knowing nothing about it, I heard "cancer." I was thinking, I'm 22, I'm just getting started. I was really afraid. But I quickly got educated about what it was. I went through a tumultuous time. I got on insulin right away when I shouldn't have, so I was a slave to the shots, and to eating and trying to work. Later, I found a better way to manage it.

**PLAYBOY:** When you finally landed your first movie, it was as an addict in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever*. Did you finally feel like a serious actor?

**BERRY:** I don't know how seriously anybody took me, but it got me away from that beauty pageant-model stigma, because that's all I had done up until then. My first acting job was playing a model on television. So the movie gave me a chance to show a different side of myself. It also proved the kind of chances I was willing to take.

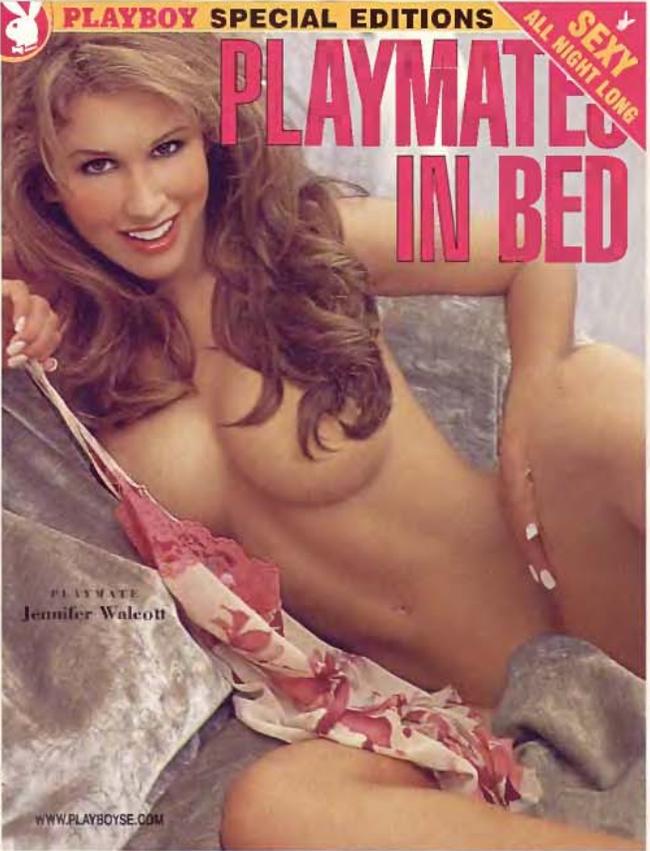
**PLAYBOY:** For *Jungle Fever* you interviewed real-life addicts and you didn't bathe for 10 days prior to filming. For *The Last Boy Scout* you danced at a strip club in Hollywood. How important is it for you to do research?

**BERRY:** If I'm playing a character that lives a life that I have no basis to relate to, then I have to go do something. When I did *Jungle Fever*, I'd never seen crack, a crack pipe or a crack addict. Once I got that part I went to a real crack den with an undercover policeman.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you plan to get out of the business before your face drops?

**BERRY:** Yeah, that's why I'm not worried about anybody feeling sorry for me when my face drops. I'll be the first one to say, "Thank you, it's been a nice life." I wouldn't want the pressure to compete. I will go find something else to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you ever consider surgery to keep your face from dropping?



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**AT NEWSSTANDS NOW**

**BERRY:** Yes, and also I fell out with my mom. I didn't speak to my mom for almost a year and a half. She got married and I wasn't there. What happened was, I was really broke, I had zero dollars, and I called my mother, who didn't want me to go to Chicago in the first place. She drove me, but she cried the whole way. When I hit rock bottom and my roommate left, I called my mom and asked her for a loan and she said no. My pride hadn't allowed me to ask her until that point. It hurt. A year and a half later I realized that was the best thing she could have done for me, because I've been totally independent since then. I've never asked anybody for a dime.

**BERRY:** No, I'm dead set against that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever worry about your boobs sagging?

**BERRY:** They sag now [laughs].

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of people credit the success of *Swordfish* to your boobs.

**BERRY:** I don't know what that says about the movie if that was the highlight, but I felt good doing it. I took all the comments, both good and bad, with a grain of salt. I faced my fears, I grew.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't your husband, Eric, encourage you to do the topless scene?

**BERRY:** Yes. He saw me struggling with it and he asked me why. He could see that my concern was with what other people would think. He said, "Look at every sculpture and painting in our house, which you have chosen. They're all of the naked form. You obviously dig it, so what's your problem?" I said, "I guess I'm worried what people think about me. They don't expect me to do this." And he said, "Why are you living for the expectations of other people? Live for yourself. Do you want to do it?" It was that simple. But he helped me realize I was being stifled by it.

**PLAYBOY:** Eventually you said there was no explanation for appearing topless, you did it because you wanted to.

**BERRY:** It was liberating to do it, have it come out and not care what people thought about it. Yeah, it was gratuitous, but so what? I wanted to do it, and guess what? I'm allowed to. I think my presence in that movie helped the box office.

**PLAYBOY:** You turned down the role in *Speed* that made Sandra Bullock's career. Do you regret it?

**BERRY:** The film you saw was not the script I read. That bus never left the parking lot. I was too green to know that what's on the page today isn't going to be on the page tomorrow. Also, I had just gotten married and was feeling the pressure to be a wife and not to be away for three months.

**PLAYBOY:** You took the initiative and proposed to your first husband, David Justice. In retrospect, is it better when the man proposes?

**BERRY:** I don't think so. That would be

such a blanket statement. Every situation is different. I joked about it, saying the next time I was going to wait to be asked. But in all seriousness, it depends. I've known lots of women who have proposed to their husbands—men who were dragging their feet, afraid of it. Women have biological clocks, we have certain goals and dreams for ourselves, and sometimes we have to present that to the men in our relationships.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you worry when you were proposing to Justice that you might get rejected?

**BERRY:** No. I kind of knew he wanted to; it didn't come out of the blue. My attitude was, If we're going to do this, let's just do it. What are we waiting for?

when it's appropriate.

**PLAYBOY:** You were once in an abusive relationship. Did you feel you were reliving your childhood?

**BERRY:** Yes, because I saw it as a kid, and I swore it would never happen to me. And when it did, I took off running as far as I could go. It's very shocking. You never expect anybody to haul off and punch you.

**PLAYBOY:** You have vowed never to disclose the name of the person who hit you in your ear and caused you to lose 80 percent of your hearing. Why would you want to protect someone who did that to you?

**BERRY:** It's not really protecting that person. I have never been one to kiss and tell, or say something that would hurt

someone else when it doesn't matter. Whenever I tell my story, what matters is that it happened to me. Who actually did it is not at all important.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't wear a hearing aid—can you hear everything around you?

**BERRY:** Yes. Over the years it's gotten better. I don't think I need to wear one.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said that David cheated on you "with prostitutes, strippers, every twinkie walking by with a skirt." Why would someone cheat on Halle Berry?

**BERRY:** I'm trying to understand it, too. [Embarrassed laughter] The sad part is, when that happens you think, What's wrong with me? I've learned that it's not about me. You have to ask that person, "What is going on

with you that keeps you from staying committed? If you don't want to be committed, just leave. Why do the dance and play the game and tell the lies and live the deceit?"

**PLAYBOY:** Is it easier now for you to leave when you know something's wrong?

**BERRY:** Yeah. I didn't do that in marriage the first time because I took those vows really seriously and I thought you just had to work it out. I thought I'd marry once and be married for life, ready to deal with the ups and downs. I'm realistic, I know that's what marriage is—there's no perfect marriage, it's not a fantasy, it's real. People are human, they make mistakes. They have desires, and they have to confront them. It's hard. I

*Evan Williams.*  
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**PLAYBOY:** Did you find that a lot of men were intimidated by your looks?

**BERRY:** I've lived most of my life dateless, or if I liked someone I had to let him know, because he wouldn't approach me otherwise. I got used to that. I became a little more aggressive.

**PLAYBOY:** Do women want men to be dominant in a relationship?

**BERRY:** Not dominant, but women want men to be strong and know where they are going. When I thought about becoming a wife, I wanted very much to have a husband that I could honor and respect and follow. But I want a man who knows where he's going. I don't want anybody to dictate where I have to go; I want to willingly be able to follow

was always willing to fight the good fight, but it takes two people.

**PLAYBOY:** You've admitted to having temper tantrums.

**BERRY:** I have had a couple, but it takes a lot. The reason my tantrums are so out of control is that I take a lot, take a lot. When I'm pushed I'm not one to have little outbursts along the way. When it gets to a certain point, all hell breaks loose. I'm working at trying to let it out along the way instead of letting it build up.

**PLAYBOY:** So, after being married to a professional ballplayer, how keen are you about sports?

**BERRY:** I won't even go there, what I'm going to say about sports. [Laughs] Since that divorce I haven't watched one professional sporting event. The good thing about Eric, and the reason I knew he was meant to be my husband, is that when I met him he knew nothing about sports. We watch no sports.

**PLAYBOY:** You have said Eric Benét loves you with all your flaws and inconsistencies and double standards. What are they?

**BERRY:** I'm really driven, and that can be a turnoff to some people. I'm impatient. What's good for me isn't necessarily good for somebody else. But that's part of my controlling personality. I know what I'm going to do, but I never know what the next person is going to do, and that comes from the general mistrust I have had since I was a kid, of being abandoned, being left—I always assume somebody's going to do that. I've fought really hard to control situations to ensure that that doesn't happen. But I now realize there's no way to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** You're stepmom to Eric's daughter. Do you plan to have children?

**BERRY:** I hope so. I hope I won't miss it.

**PLAYBOY:** The *National Enquirer* reported that you've been having problems with your marriage and that your husband, Eric, was treated for sex addiction. Any truth to that?

**BERRY:** What's going on in my personal life is so new that I'm not in a position to talk about it at this time. I'm not sure what's going on.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your marriage in trouble?

**BERRY:** I don't think I'm in trouble. I don't feel trouble right now. I feel this is the hard day you talk about when you stand there and take those vows—the good and the bad. Well, this might be that not-so-good day. But trouble? I think this is what marriage is.

**PLAYBOY:** Is part of the problem that you've been away shooting *Die Another Day* and the *X-Men* sequel?

**BERRY:** No. It's marriage. I'm one who is down for the long haul in marriage, and I've always had a realistic view of it. Especially in my first marriage, where I knew that nothing's perfect. We're at a time in our marriage where I really want to be married. Not everything will be perfect, and that's really what I'm dealing with. It's so new for me, I don't think

it's right to talk about it anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said you're not what you appear to be. What is it you think you appear to be?

**BERRY:** People think I'm more fragile than I am. They think I'm weak, but I'm not. They think, Oh, I've got to help her, she's a fragile damsel in distress. That's not me at all. Or they think I'm just a Barbie doll, and that's not me either.

**PLAYBOY:** You pled no contest to leaving the scene of a car collision in West Hollywood. Was that plea fair, or was it something your lawyers advised you to do?

**BERRY:** It was fair—it was what I wanted to do. Clearly I had enough money to have fought it until the cows came home, but that wasn't what I was interested in doing. I always took responsibility for being there. I went to the hospital and reported it myself. But I didn't drive off intentionally. I never would do that. I wasn't trying to hide or escape something. With my head injury, I did something I can't explain. I blacked out.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember it?

**BERRY:** No, and I've been told I probably never will.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you talk to a doctor about it?

**BERRY:** Yes. A lot of them told me I was lucky I didn't black out longer than I did. Sometimes people get that kind of head injury and lose two or three days. But I still grapple with it. I can't explain it, and I want to be able to do that. To understand it for myself. It's disconcerting.

**PLAYBOY:** Were there any drugs or alcohol involved in that accident?

**BERRY:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** What kinds of injuries did you and the other person suffer?

**BERRY:** I had 23 stitches in my head. She had a broken wrist.

**PLAYBOY:** You were found guilty of leaving the scene, and you accepted the sentence—three years of probation and a \$13,500 fine. But in retrospect, you are not happy about it, are you?

**BERRY:** I believe in karma, so I felt if that's what the judge gave me, I was ready and willing to do it, because I want to be right with the world. I obviously did something you shouldn't do—you should not drive away. I felt the need to take responsibility. I couldn't say I was guilty, because I didn't do it on purpose, but I could say I did it, so I pled what the court wanted me to plead.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said the car accident was "the start of me being released from that need to be liked." Was that the positive that came out of it?

**BERRY:** That was the positive, and the catalyst for all these great things that have happened in my career, because I let that go. Just like I can say I don't care what the critics say, or what Angela Bassett has to say. I don't care what anybody has to say, because I'm now on a solo journey, realizing that's what life is really about. Not judging myself through the

eyes of other people anymore. And the accident was the start of that.

**PLAYBOY:** Which of your films are you most disappointed with?

**BERRY:** I was disappointed that more people didn't see *Losing Isaiah*. I don't think I've ever been that heartbroken over a box-office failure of a movie. I put a lot of hard work into that.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you learn anything from working with Jessica Lange?

**BERRY:** What I learned from Jessica was that you have to respect everybody's way of working. She didn't want to talk to me or know me. She didn't want to have anything to do with me, because she wanted to use that for her character. I was disappointed, because I was hoping to pick her brain—she started off in modeling, too. But I didn't get to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** In *X-Men 2* you revisit your cartoon character, Storm. How is this movie different from the original?

**BERRY:** It was different shooting it, because we did it before, so it was more like old home week. A lot of new characters were integrated into the old script.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it any more of an acting challenge for you?

**BERRY:** No, it's still a cartoon to me. It's really about the special effects. They've done the best they can at making a story out of it, but for me it's pretty much a lot of action. If you liked the first one, you're going to love the second.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you do your own stunts?

**BERRY:** Yes. Storm actually flies. They put me in a harness, attached it to a wire, and I flew over water.

**PLAYBOY:** Six years ago you were mugged in the parking garage of the Beverly Center in Los Angeles.

**BERRY:** That was pretty scary. I was walking out with all my bags, and a guy came out of nowhere. He stuck something in my back, I don't know what it was, but I assumed it could have hurt me. He asked me for all the things in my purse. I was ready to strip down, to give up everything. I would have been butt-naked if that was what was needed. He took everything I had and then left.

**PLAYBOY:** It's been reported that you buy G-strings from Victoria's Secret and then tea-stain them to match your skin tone. How do the tabloids get these details?

**BERRY:** I don't know. I have never done that. You know where they get it from? One of the two stylists I work with might do that. And when they buy them, maybe they tell somebody that they tea-stain them. All I know is when I get them, they're the color of my skin. How they do it, I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** You've had a remarkable ascent in a short time. Do you feel satisfied?

**BERRY:** No. The minute I'm satisfied, I die. The minute I stop wanting something else, or setting a new goal, that's when I'm done.





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

# hot spot

# the inside story on healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

## Learning "The Ropes."

**T**his month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love 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, he was hotter and homier than ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd 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. That's what I thought, too. But his newfound vigor and excitement stimulated me, too, and before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

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

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



The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

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

Sincerely,  
Tina C.  
Ft. Worth, Texas

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

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Mioplex Pure Extract. It's a 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 Mioplex 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."

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

Aren't you glad you asked?

*Jamie Ireland*  
Jamie Ireland

Birth

of the

MOB

THE DIRECTOR OF MEAN STREETS,  
GOODFELLAS AND CASINO TACKLES  
THE ULTIMATE MOVIE  
ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF ORGANIZED  
CRIME IN AMERICA

Article By  
MICHAEL FLEMING

# M

artin Scorsese has been one of America's most celebrated directors for 30 years. He's stayed on the fringe of the Hollywood system, avoiding the temptation to make blockbuster films in favor of smaller, personal statements that have won him a loyal following.

Now, the director is ready to supersize his artistic vision. For 25 years, Scorsese had a dream project—*Gangs of New York*. It's the ultimate mobster story—familiar turf for the man who gave us *Mean Streets*, *Goodfellas* and *Casino*—focusing on the birth of organized crime in New York. Set in the 1860s, *Gangs* tells the tale of a city fought over by battle-scarred gangs with names like the Plug Uglies. Scorsese uses this historical backdrop to tell the fictional story of Amsterdam, an Irish street tough (played by Leonardo DiCaprio) bent on avenging his gong-leader father's murder by ruthless rival Bill the Butcher (played by Daniel Day-Lewis).

To make a film of such epic proportions, Scorsese had to leave behind the world of small-budget films and join with Miramax Studios for a \$90 million budget. It wasn't an easy transition. The director engaged in a public struggle with Miramax head Harvey Weinstein over

The gang's all here: Scorsese first cast Robert De Niro in 1973's *Mean Streets*, the first of his mob classics that include *Goodfellas*, *Casino* and now *Gangs of New York*. "Violence in my pictures," he says, "is not pretty."



delays, running time and costs. The violent subject matter—much darker than most big-budget films—added to the problems, especially when Miramax decided to postpone the film's opening by a year after the September 11 attacks, fearing audiences weren't ready for a New York wracked by violence.

Scorsese is used to battles, and he isn't about to let his 25-year obsession hit the screens without a spirited defense.

**FLAVORN:** Your clashes with Miramax and Harvey Weinstein were big enough to warrant a front-page *New York*

**I DON'T LISTEN TO NEW MUSIC OR RUSH TO SEE THE FILM EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT. I DON'T LIKE HYPE.**

*Times* article. How bad was it?

**SCORSESE:** Maybe this says something about *The New York Times*, but the picture was locked two days before that story appeared. George Lucas called me the day after it ran. He said, "Marty, they're saying it's a big movie, you needed more money and scheduling, the producer and the studio said you couldn't have it. Then you work it all out. How is that different from every other movie?"

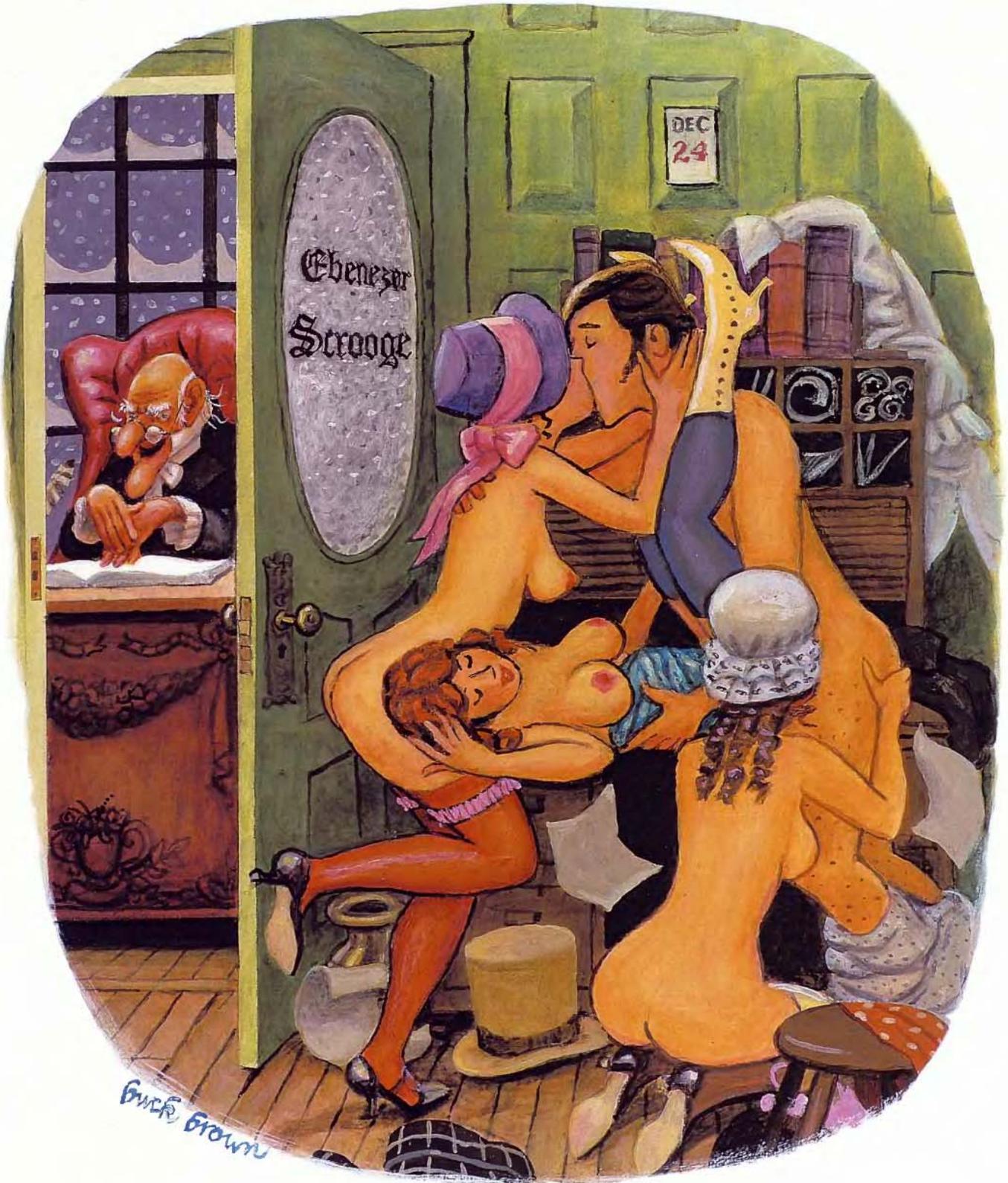
**FLAVORN:** Why has this film taken so long?

**SCORSESE:** People have gotten impatient with me over the years about *Gangs*, but it took me time to sort through it. The motor of the movie was always a young man avenging his father's death. I was more interested in using revenge to focus on the development of a young boy into a man.

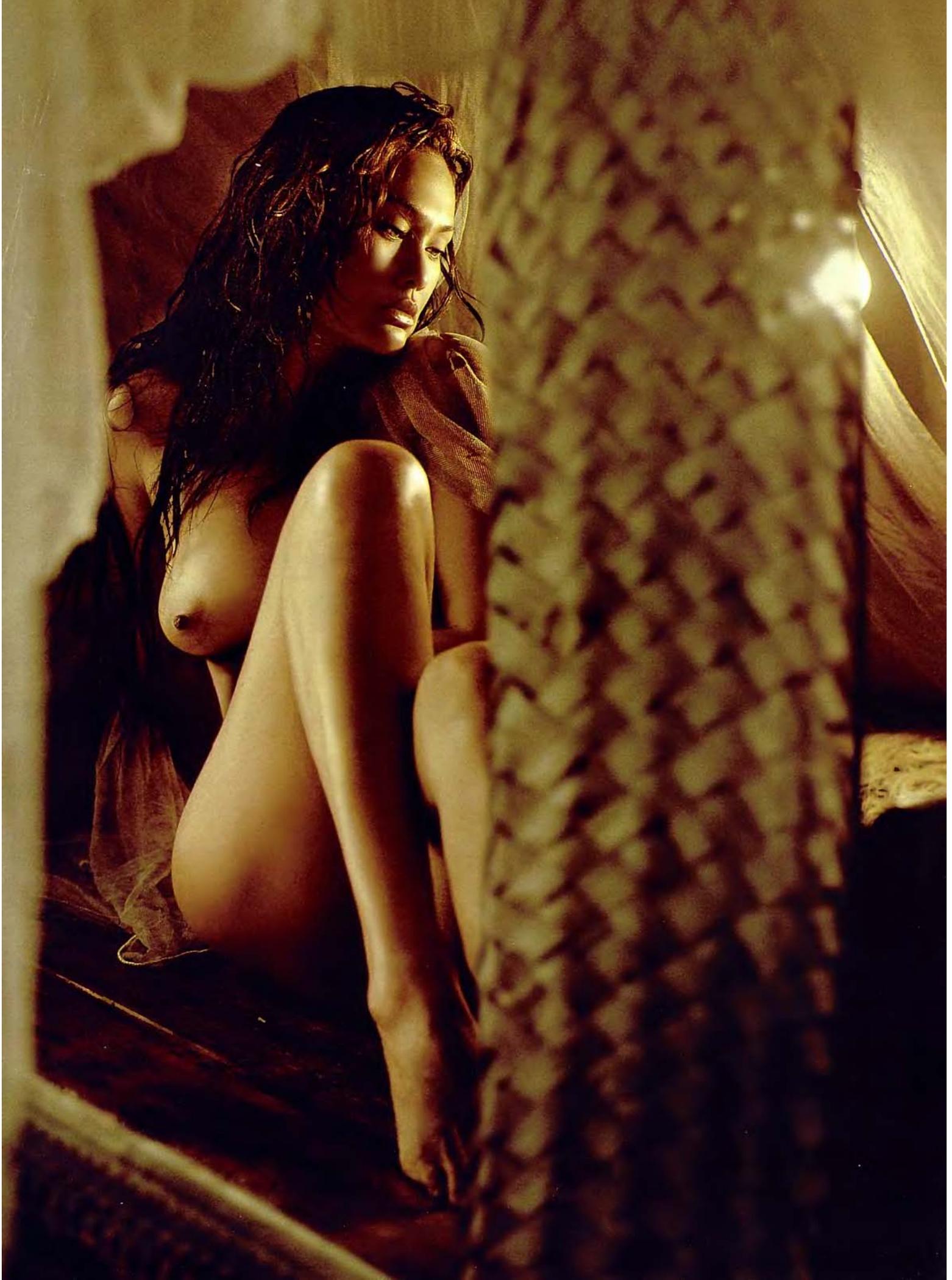
*(continued on page 108)*

**Mean streets 1860:** Scorsese coaxed Daniel Day-Lewis out of semi-retirement and signed Leonardo DiCaprio for *Gangs of New York*, a mid-19th century drama about the mob's start, co-starring Cameron Diaz.





*"I say, Cratchit, I'm glad you stopped complaining about the lack of heat in the office!"*



# Tia Carrere

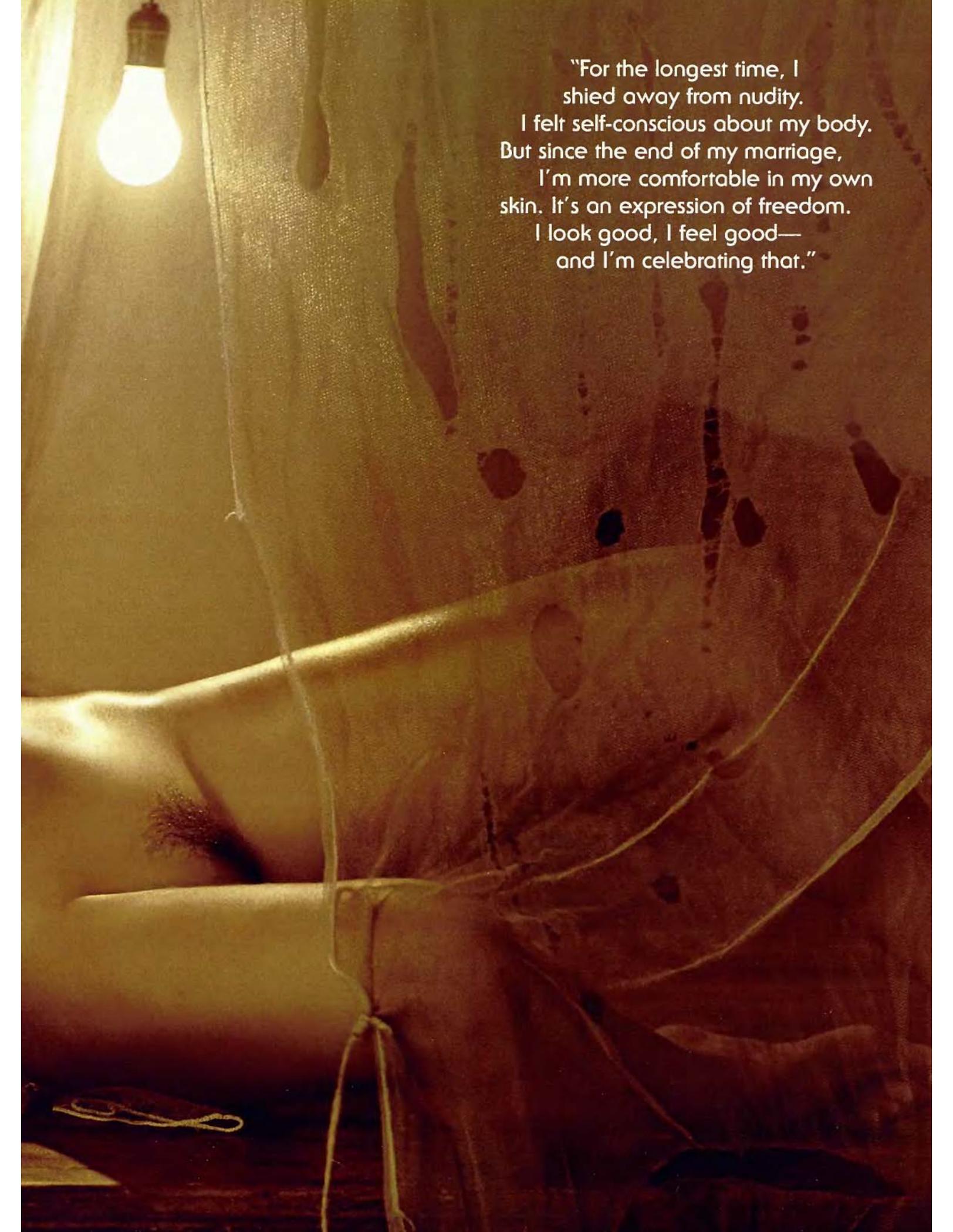
the woman who  
rocked wayne's  
world also puts  
the wa! in Hawaii

**H**awaii is the closest that many of us will ever come to paradise. The black-sand beaches, the dramatic waterfalls and the crashing blue surf are irresistible. But Tia Carrere puts us over the edge. She makes us want to dance and schwing. Apparently, she's always had that effect on people. It all started in a Honolulu grocery store. She popped in for a snack and came out with a job offer for the lead in a film. Tia moved to Los Angeles and landed a role on *General Hospital*, as well as other film and television parts. She said aloha to major recognition with *Wayne's World*. Since then, she's been in dozens of movies (including *Rising Sun*, *True Lies* and *20 Dates*), lent her voice to Disney's *Lilo and Stitch* and starred in her own TV adventure series, *Relic Hunter*. But none of this has changed Tia. She still has the soul of a simple Hawaiian girl—albeit one who kicks serious ass on and off the beach. So grab your board. Surf's up—and the sarong is down.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON







"For the longest time, I  
shied away from nudity.  
I felt self-conscious about my body.  
But since the end of my marriage,  
I'm more comfortable in my own  
skin. It's an expression of freedom.  
I look good, I feel good—  
and I'm celebrating that."

"I'm not a serial dater.  
It's too chaotic for me.  
I'm more of a relationship person.  
You meet somebody,  
you're into him—you're with him.  
Why play the whole game?"





"I don't think anybody knew what a monster hit *Wayne's World* would become," says Tia. But she was pretty sure about Mike Myers. "He is very inventive. Sitting around at two in the morning, he'll start talking in a funny voice, making up characters. A mind that works like that is bound to be prolific." Tia has shown her own versatility over the course of 66 episodes of *Relic Hunter*. "When you're the lead in an action-adventure series, it's mentally as well as physically challenging. Although I work out almost every day—run a couple of miles, and weight-lift for an hour with my trainers—still, you turn it up a notch when you have to learn three fight scenes per show. You zig when you're supposed to zag, you get hit." There's a lot more to Tia Carrere than acting. Singing has always been important to her. "I

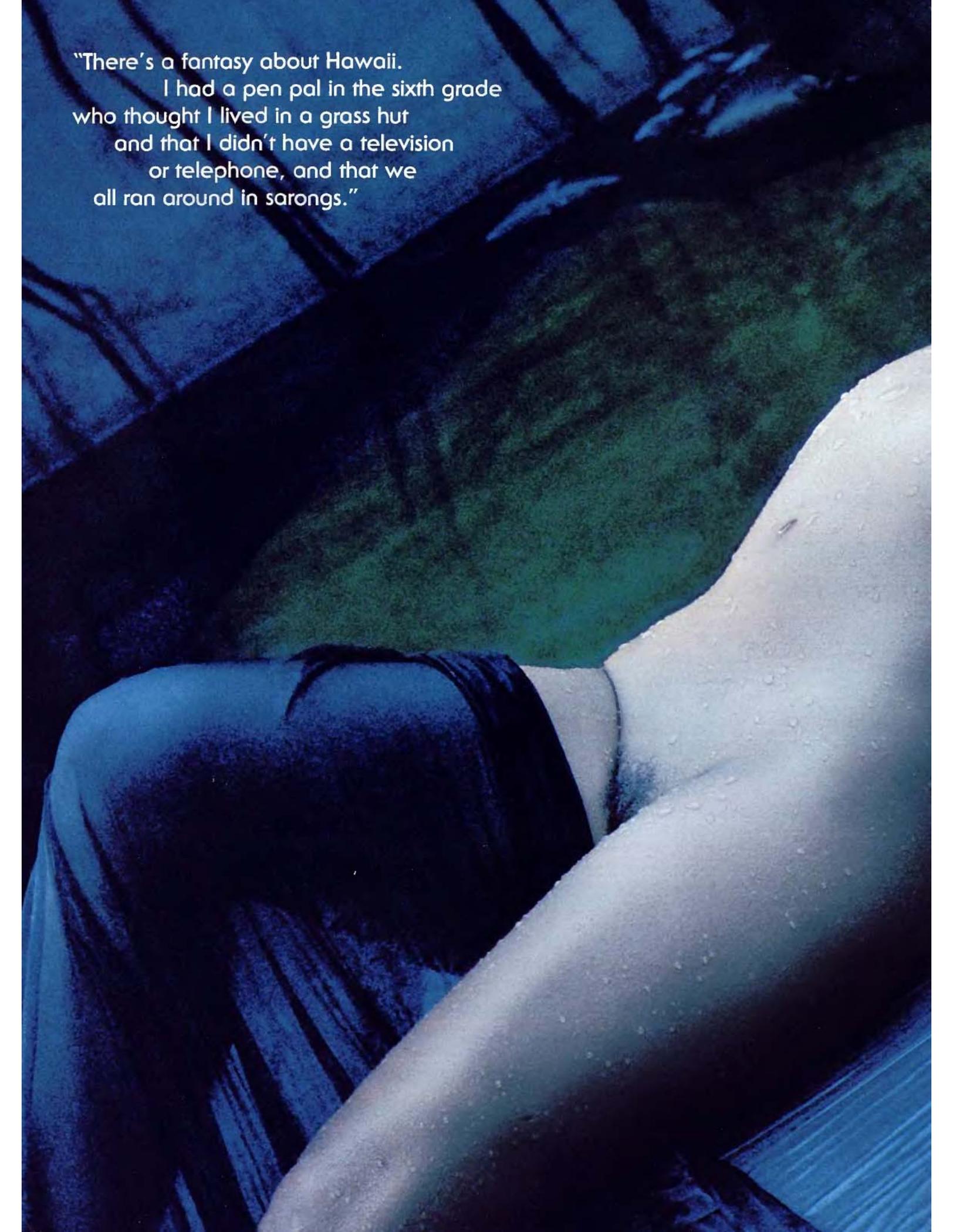
did one record for Warner, and I am working on material for a new one." Her musical talent has generated some memorable experiences. "The coolest thing was singing at a benefit concert with Peter Gabriel. I got to sing *Don't Give Up*. I'm a huge fan of his. I knew I'd be nervous and, sure enough, I couldn't remember a couple of lyrics to save my life. Fortunately, I'd put them on a stand in front of me—just in case." Tia also enjoys simple pleasures. She's no high-maintenance glamour queen. "I enjoy going out for an amazing five-star dinner—but I also like the salad bar at Sizzler."

These days, Tia is enjoying Los Angeles. "I've been working all around the world these past few years on *Relic Hunter*. It sounds glamorous—except when you're living it. It can be fun, but it gets old

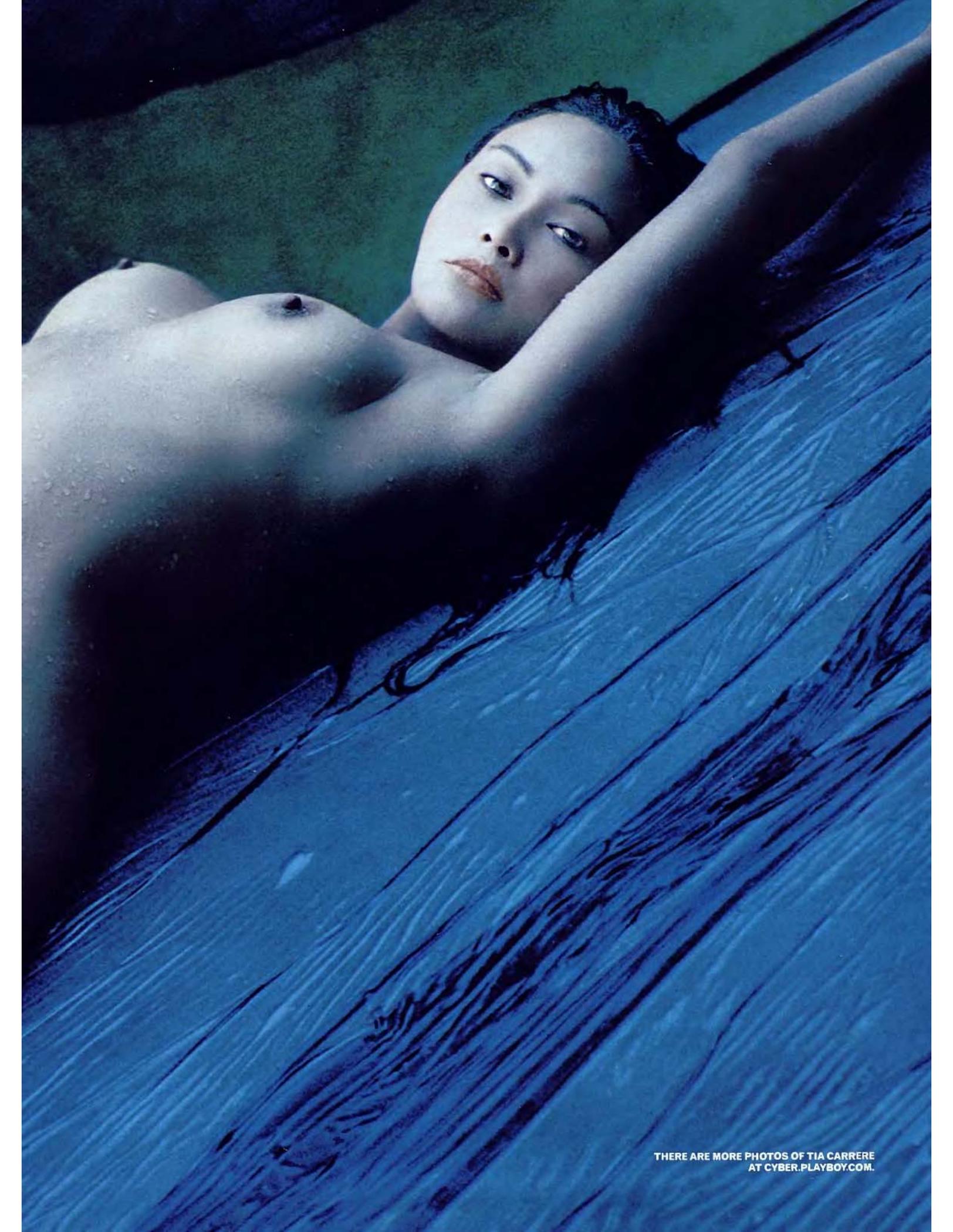




quickly. So I'm relishing the time at home." She describes her pad as Zen. "The bedroom has a high bed with bamboo behind it, and a little wooden lantern. There are bamboo blinds on all the windows, and a woven matt on the ceiling. I also have a Jacuzzi that overlooks the city lights." And if she craves a bit of excitement, Tia hops in her new convertible Mercedes 500SL. "I love my new car. I came back to Los Angeles and thought, This is the car I want, and I worked hard and I deserve it. I've always appreciated beautiful cars, but the first car I ever drove was a VW Bug. If you can drive a Bug on a hill, with that temperamental clutch, you're a superstar—and you can drive any car."



“There’s a fantasy about Hawaii.  
I had a pen pal in the sixth grade  
who thought I lived in a grass hut  
and that I didn’t have a television  
or telephone, and that we  
all ran around in sarongs.”



THERE ARE MORE PHOTOS OF TIA CARRERE  
AT [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).



**T**he Three Kings Pawnshop on Hollywood Boulevard had been burglarized three times in two years.

The criminal methods of each break-in were similar, so the Los Angeles Police Department suspected that the same thief was responsible. But the thief was careful to never leave a fingerprint. No arrests were ever made and no stolen property was recovered. Nikolai Servan, the Russian immigrant who owned the store, was left to wonder about the justice system of his adopted country.

On the day before Christmas of this year, Servan unlocked the rear door of the pawnshop, entered and found that his business had been victimized a fourth time. He also discovered that the burglar was still inside. It was this discovery that ultimately brought Detective Harry Bosch and his partner, Jerry Edgar, to the pawnshop. For the burglar was dead.

When the two homicide detectives arrived they were greeted by Detective Eugene Braxton from the burglary squad. He had investigated the previous burglaries at Three Kings and had gotten there first because Servan had his business card taped to the side of the telephone. When the shop owner came to work that morning and found the dead burglar behind the jewelry case, he didn't dial 911. He dialed Braxton.

"Deck the halls, Harry," Braxton said by way of greeting. "We've got one less burglar in the world. And that makes my Christmas merry already."

Bosch nodded and looked at Servan, who was seated on a tall stool on the other side of the counter. He was about 50 with black hair thinning on the top. He had a lot of muscle that was going soft. Braxton made introductions and

# Chri

**Death And  
Nostalgia.  
Isn't That  
What The  
Holidays  
Mean To  
You?**

**Fiction  
By  
Michael  
Connelly**



**stmas Even**

then Bosch asked that Servan be escorted outside while the death investigation proceeded.

Bosch moved to the area behind the glass jewelry counter. Sprawled on the floor in this close space was the body. He was a white man dressed head-to-toe in black. All except for the right hand—it was not gloved like the left hand was. Bosch crouched like a baseball catcher next to the body and studied it without touching anything. A knit ski mask had been pulled down over the face. Bosch noted that the eyes were open and the lips were pulled back despite the teeth being closed together tightly. He spoke without looking up.

"You know this guy, Brax?"

"I took a look, but I didn't recognize him," Braxton said.

Bosch took a pair of latex gloves out of his pocket, blew them up like balloons to make them go on easier and then slipped them on. He tried to roll the body a little to check for wounds and the missing glove. He didn't find either.

He lifted the bare hand and studied it, trying to figure out why there was no glove. He noticed a discoloration on the pad of the thumb, a brownish-yellow line. There was a matching line of discoloration on the index finger. Using both hands he placed the thumb and finger together. The two marks matched in alignment.

Bosch carefully placed the hand on the floor and moved down to the feet. He removed the right shoe, a black leather athletic style with black rubber sole, and peeled off the black sock. On the heel of the dead man's foot was a circular discoloration that was brown at its center, tapering outward in yellow.

"Over here."

It was Edgar. He was behind another display case on the other side of the shop. Bosch stood up and walked over. Edgar crouched and pointed beneath the case.

"Under the case. I don't know if it's a match, but there's a glove."

Bosch got down on his hands and knees next to the display case, reached under and pulled out the glove.

"Looks the same," he said.

"If it does not fit, you must acquit," said Edgar.

Bosch looked at him.

"Johnnie Cochran," Edgar said. "You know, the O.J. gloves."

"Right."

Bosch stood up and looked into the case. It held two shelves lighted from inside and contained high-end items such as small jade sculptures, gold and silver pillboxes, cigarette cases and other ornate and bejeweled trinkets.

Bosch stepped away from the case

and surveyed the shop. Other than the two display cases there was mostly junk, the property of financially desperate people willing to part with almost anything in exchange for cash.

"Brax," Bosch said, "where's the entry?"

Braxton signaled him toward the back and led the way. Bosch and Edgar followed. They came to a rear room that was used as an office and for storage. Gravel and other debris were scattered on the floor. They all looked up. There was a hole roughly cut in the ceiling. It was two feet wide and there was blue sky above.

"It's a composite roof," Braxton said. "No big thing cutting through. A half hour maybe."

"The roof the entry point in the other three hits?" Bosch asked.

Braxton shook his head.

"He hit the back door the first two times and then the roof. This is the second time through the roof."

"You think it was the same guy all three times?"

"Wouldn't doubt it. That's what they do. Hit the same places over and over. Especially a place like this. A lot of immigrants come here. Russians mostly. They pawn the stuff they brought with them from the homeland. Jade. Gold. Small, expensive stuff. Burglars love that shit, man. That case where you found the glove? It's all in there. That's what the guy came in for. I don't know why he ended up behind the jewelry case."

The three detectives continued to huddle for a moment to discuss their initial impressions, Bosch's theory on what had happened to the burglar and to set a case strategy. It was decided that Edgar would stay and assist the crime-scene teams. Bosch and Braxton would handle Servan and the next-of-kin notification.

As soon as the medical examiner's investigator rolled a set of prints off the burglar's exposed hand, Bosch and Braxton headed back to Hollywood Division along with Nikolai Servan.

Bosch scanned the prints into the computer and sent them downtown to the print lab at Parker Center. He then conducted a formal taped interview with Servan. Though the pawnbroker added nothing new to what he had told them in his shop, it was important for Bosch to lock down his story on tape.

By the time he was done with the interview he had a message waiting from a print technician. The latents were matched by computer to a 39-year-old ex-convict by the name of Montgomery George Kelman, who was on parole for a burglary conviction. It took Bosch three calls to locate Kelman's parole officer and to obtain the dead man's

current address.

"Saddle up," Bosch said to Braxton after hanging up.

Kelman's address was an apartment on Los Feliz near Griffith Park. Bosch's knock was answered by a young woman in shorts and a long-sleeve turtle-neck. She was thin to the point of being gaunt. A junkie. She abruptly collapsed into the fetal position on the couch when they gave her the bad news about Kelman. While Braxton attempted to console her and gather information from her at the same time, Bosch took a quick look around the one-bedroom apartment. As he expected, there was no obvious sign that the premises belonged to a burglar. This apartment was the front—the place where the parole agent visited and Kelman kept the semblance of a law-abiding life. Bosch knew that any active burglar with a parole tail would keep a separate and secret place for his tools and swag.

As he turned to leave the bedroom Bosch saw a saxophone propped on a stand in the corner by the door. He recognized from its size that it was a tenor. He stepped over and lifted it into his hands. It looked old but well cared for. It was polished brass, with a buffing cloth pushed down into the mouth. Bosch had never played the saxophone, had never even tried, but the instrument's sound was the only music that had ever been able to truly light him up inside.

For a moment he was tempted to raise the mouthpiece to his lips and try to sound a note. Instead, he gripped the instrument the way he had seen countless musicians—from Art Pepper to Wayne Shorter—hold theirs. Bosch carried it out to the living room. The woman was sitting up on the couch now, her arms folded tightly across her chest. Tears streaked her face. Bosch didn't know if she was crying over her lost love or her lost junk ticket. He held up the saxophone.

"Whose is this?"

She swallowed before answering.

"It's Monty's. Was."

"He played?"

"He tried. He always said he wanted to take lessons. He never did."

A new rush of tears cascaded down her cheeks.

"It's gotta be hot," Braxton said, ignoring her and speaking to Bosch. "I can run a check when we get back. On those things the manufacturer and serial number are engraved inside. Wouldn't surprise me if it came out of Servan's shop on one of the earlier B and Es. I think I remember a sax being on the property list."

Bosch pulled out the buffing cloth  
(continued on page 104)



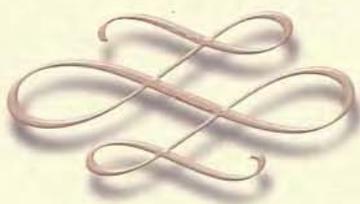
KIRAZ

*"I sure am glad I never stopped believing in you!"*



By John Rezek

# Hot Chocolate



What do women want? Something  
thick, sticky and rich

**T**here may be a woman somewhere who doesn't like chocolate, but she's hard to find. Chocolate can serve as a treat at the end of an exasperating day. It can be a salve that soothes life's injustices. As an ingredient in food, chocolate can transform whatever it accompanies into something extraordinary. And, of course, it seems almost necessary as the conclusion to a thoughtfully prepared and elegant meal.

Most of us cut our teeth on chocolate with names like Snickers and Milky Way when we are children. That sort of milk chocolate, while sweet and temporarily satisfying, doesn't prepare you for the rich variety of quality chocolate—whether it's in confectionery form or in cooking.

Many chefs use chocolate in main-course dishes because it has a complex and appealing depth that intensifies the taste of other ingredients. Moles from Mexico include chocolate to impart that intriguing profundity to the sauces. Some meat dishes, especially game, benefit from chocolate's punchy and bitter quality. We know several chefs who add a measure of chocolate to their chili to mitigate a particularly aggressive heat.

Chocolate has always been associated with romance. The Mayans served a chocolate beverage at wedding ceremonies, presumably because champagne had yet to be invented. In the 1800s Richard (concluded on page 184)

L

ast August we invited PLAYBOY readers and visitors to Playboy.com to participate in an office sex survey. We had a notion that lust was alive and well in the workplace, back in the hands of consenting adults where it belongs. As a nation, we'd moved beyond Anita Hill and Clarence Thomas or the Monica and Bill Show.

The response was overwhelming. More than 10,000 men and women answered a 28-question survey. In addition, our subjects poured out their hearts in essays. When we finally closed the site, we had compiled more than half a million words on the fine points of office sex.

Most of the sex seems to happen

after work or on weekends, at his place or her place. But the stories and stats also captured the spontaneity of sex at the office. (Odd fact: For every three who had intercourse with their clothes on, two (text continued on page 94)

# THE PLAYBOY OFFICE SEX



Once I was sitting in a meeting with four other people, and I realized I'd slept with everyone in the room at one time or another. It makes it easy to control a meeting when every person thinks he has a secret, special connection with you.  
(Female, married, 35)

## Pro

Never dip your pen in the company ink? When it comes to office dating, I say, No risk, no reward. Screw the policy. Are you your own man or not?  
(Male, single, 24)

## Con

I have a policy against dating co-workers, no matter how tempting. Going to work is like being arrested: Anything you say or do can be used against you. (Female, single, 26)



# SURVEY

more reasons  
why it's great  
to be  
gainfully  
employed

## RAW DATA

One out of two  
guys, and two out of three women, have had  
sex with someone from the office.

### Who does whom?

#### Had sex with the boss

Males: 18% Females: 46%

#### Had sex with a peer

Males: 75% Females: 65%

#### Had sex with a subordinate

Males: 26% Females: 22%

#### Had sex with an intern

Males: 12% Females: 20%

#### Had sex with a client/customer

Males: 24% Females: 29%

### When do they have sex?

#### During work

Males: 38% Females: 48%

#### After work

Males: 72% Females: 65%

#### During lunch break

Males: 28% Females: 37%

#### On business trips

Males: 21% Females: 28%

#### After an office party

Males: 23% Females: 31%

#### On the weekend

Males: 53% Females: 48%

### Where do they do it?

#### Their place

Males: 56% Females: 52%

#### Their lover's place

Males: 52% Females: 45%

#### In a hotel or motel

Males: 39% Females: 39%

#### On a desk

Males: 33% Females: 45%

#### On a couch or chair

Males: 37% Females: 43%

#### On the floor

Males: 33% Females: 41%

#### In a bathroom, locker room or shower

Males: 32% Females: 41%

#### In the parking lot

Males: 30% Females: 33%

#### In a closet or supply room

Males: 20% Females: 30%

#### In the mail room or copy room

Males: 11% Females: 21%

#### In the boss' office

Males: 18%  
Females: 37%

### What else goes on?

#### Flirting

Males: 86% Females: 81%

#### Joking about sex

Males: 75% Females: 67%

#### Sending risqué e-mail

Males: 32% Females: 36%

#### Visiting sex sites on the Internet

Males: 36% Females: 38%

#### Kissing

Males: 43% Females: 55%

#### Fondling, petting or mutual masturbation

Males: 27% Females: 40%

#### Oral sex

Males: 29% Females: 42%

#### Masturbation

Males: 32% Females: 40%

#### Keeping condoms or birth-control devices in your desk

Males: 17% Females: 30%

#### Having sex with his or her regular partner in the office

Males: 19% Females: 23%



reported getting completely naked.) Many of our subjects did it on company time on company premises—on desks, on couches, in conference rooms, in copy or supply closets, in parking lots—or in hotels on business trips. The range of sexual behavior is wholesome, joyful and sophisticated.

It begins with fantasy.

**•Two out of three women and three out of four men reported that they had sexual thoughts about co-workers.**

Women were nearly twice as likely to have had sexual thoughts about the boss (43 percent of our female respondents compared with 24 percent of the men). Women were twice as likely to say power is an aphrodisiac (40 percent versus 17 percent).

Fantasy leads to fact. Almost half (46 percent) of the women who had office sex slept with the boss; only 18 percent of the men could make that claim. The statistics suggest that they do it in the corporate suite. Among the women who had office sex, 37 percent did it in the boss' office or on his desk. Undoubtedly, these differences reflect the demographics of power—there are more male bosses in the workplace.

An old saw holds that women sleep up, while men sleep around. Indeed, men were more likely than women to sleep with peers (75 percent versus 65 percent). Demographics might explain why men were more likely than women to fantasize about subordinates (29 percent versus 19 percent) or clients or customers (48 percent versus 36 percent)—they are in more positions of power and may travel more. But one finding took us by complete surprise:

**• Women were more likely than men to sleep with interns (20 percent versus 12 percent).**

#### THE WHY OF OFFICE SEX

**Q: If you met the same person outside of work, would you have been interested?**

*(continued on page 97)*

# IN THEIR OWN WORDS

The Hot, the Heavy, the Hilarious:  
True Confessions From the Corridors  
of Power

## On the Same Page

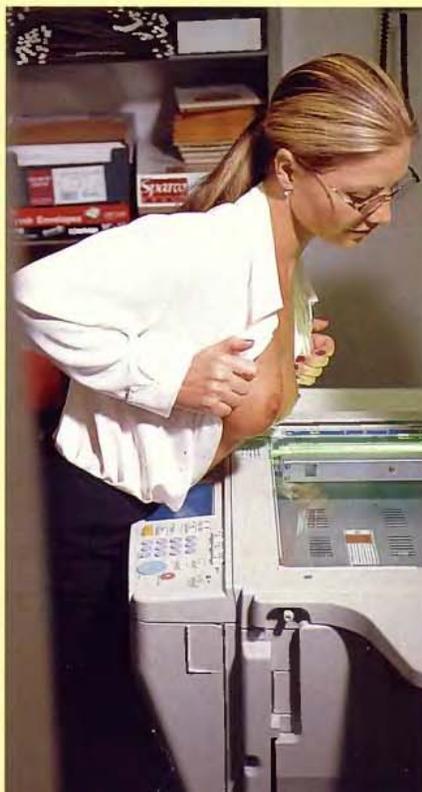
We were working late one night, just the two of us. I went to my office to look at something, and when I came back, there she was, standing absolutely naked in the middle of the office. She was unconcernedly pasting up a page, acting for all the world like nothing unusual was going on. I picked her up in my arms. I laid her on my desk. After we'd both had shuddering, explosive orgasms, we went back to work. (Male, married, 45)

## Road Trip Rules

I travel a lot on business and find the experience liberating. On one trip, I masturbated while standing naked in front of my hotel window, looking across at an apartment building. I saw somebody watching. We both masturbated while watching each other, then I made motions for him to call. He wound up in my bed. Being watched while in the window was the fulfillment of a fantasy for me; the rest was icing on the cake. (Female, married, 32)

## Worst Nightmare

I was involved with a paralegal in my office. We had a fun affair that lasted a couple of weeks, almost completely in the workplace. We screwed in different offices after hours and in a document storage room at lunch, and one afternoon I closed her door for a "meeting" and had her give me head. Then I met someone special. I broke off the affair with the paralegal, and she went ballistic and started stalking me. She came to my apartment several times and threatened to kill me. She called at all hours and would frequently run away from me crying. She told me it was love. It was absolutely crazy. We had never gone on a date. I still can't believe I didn't see how unstable she was before I started putting my dick in her. My fiancée is still making fun of me for that lapse in judgment. (Male, single, 33)



**Office sex affected my work. All I could think about was how she looked naked. On the positive side, I started arriving earlier and working later, and I never took a day off because of illness.**  
(Male, single, 32)



**Sometimes it can be difficult to discipline or terminate someone you are fucking. It is a delicate balance. The most important thing to remember is to fuck only highly competent people. (Male, single, 37)**

### Express Male

My girlfriend had dared me to make it with the FedEx guy. I waited until a really hot one showed up, then I ambushed him. He never had a chance. I had him take the package to a supply room. I was only going to give him a blow job, but after he came in my mouth, he was still hard. I thought, What the hell. I sat on a pile of boxes and let him fuck me. During all the sex, I could hear people in the hall going about their business. (Female, single, 25)

**My assistant pulled down her pants to reveal a black thong. She asked if I wanted to "get me some of that." (Male, no age given)**

### Better Than a Xerox

We had a new employee starting, and her office was set up, including a fresh coat of polish on the desk. When the employee walked into her office that Monday, there was an image baked by the weekend sun into her desk, that of a hairy ass and upper thighs, with palms-down handprints straddling the thighs. We called it our Shroud of Turin, and people kept guessing who it was. (Male, married, 31)

### General Hospital

I work with a group of men and women on the inpatient unit at a psychiatric hospital. We were all around the same age and single, and it was not uncommon to hear of one co-worker hooking up with another. My turn came one Saturday night after a long night of partying at a co-worker's apartment. I found myself a hot young blond who had just joined our staff. We ended up at his place and had a sex marathon for the next 12 hours. He ran out once to resupply our stock of condoms. Monday morning back at work was exciting as we smiled and giggled when we passed each other in the hall. Thoughts of his penis touching my lips and inside my warm, wet mouth only made me want

him more. My fantasies came to a crashing halt when we met that night after work—I got "the talk." He said, "I try hard not to complicate my life." All I could think was, What was his problem? Eventually he moved on to another female co-worker, then another.

We all requested transfers. It was as if we all had become jaded, and it was no longer a fun, flirty place to work. Somehow we ruined it by bringing in all the thoughts and feelings that complicate things—jealousy, insecurity, confusion, possible love and most definitely lust.

(Female, single, 30)

**The sexiest thing she ever did was to flash me via e-mail. One day she wore a short skirt and no undies. Throughout the day she'd e-mail photos taken under her desk.**

(Male, single, 32)



## NEWS YOU CAN USE

### THE THREE-MARTINI HUNCH

The majority of men and women said they socialize with their peers outside of work. More than half do so occasionally. Women were twice as likely as men to do so frequently (23 percent versus 13 percent). Some view it as a way to blow off steam. The rest had something else in mind.

- 28 percent of the women and 15 percent of the men said an invitation to have drinks is a definite indication of sexual interest, while more than half of our subjects said that it indicates a "maybe," a way for friends to test the waters.

*At a weekend seminar (which included a cookout), I introduced the notion of tequila body shots. By one A.M., I was sitting on a sofa with a colleague on my lap. She was wearing a short pair of cutoffs, and I was running my hands up and down her legs. By two A.M., I had massaged her back and was slipping my hands under her shorts. By three A.M., I suggested that we go to the hot tub. (Male, married, 39)*



### THE RISK

- 22 percent of our respondents said they had stumbled across people having sex in the workplace.
- 11 percent of our respondents said they had been caught in the act.

*I was working late on an account when I saw Stacy, my incredibly hot and remarkably single co-worker, at the copy machine. She was wearing a very short skirt and no underwear. When she leaned over to grab something that had fallen behind the copier, her skirt slipped up and I saw everything. Noticing me, she asked if I liked what I saw. I answered with a mumble that sort of sounded like a yes. We screwed right then and there for what seemed like a couple of hours. After we finished we remembered the cameras on the ceiling and the no-sex-of-any-sort policy at work, but we didn't care. The next day we were called into the boss' office and fired on the spot. On the way out I asked for the tape, but he wouldn't give it to me. (Male, single, 24)*

### GOSSIP AS FOREPLAY

- 35 percent of the men and 45 percent of the women gossiped about the behavior of co-workers.

- Not surprisingly, the people who gossiped were more likely to have had sex in the workplace.

Only one of our subjects defended reticence:

*I do not participate in sexual gossip in a professional context. I really couldn't care less if the senior vice president likes to wear crotchless panties and be beaten with a cat-o'-nine-tails. If he is competent and effective and efficient in his professional duties, that's all I need to know about him. To know his sexual proclivities would only damage his cred-*

*ibility. Honestly, could you take direction from a man dressed like Little Bo-Peep? I couldn't.*

On the other hand, there are those who gossiped about the boss:

*I have heard that the chief executive and assistant had sex in his office and that their cleaner found a printed web-cam photograph shredded in the trash. This was soon followed by an employee-of-the-month award for the assistant, complete with a salary bonus. (Male, single, 18)*

- 33 percent of men and 42 percent of women said they had tried to hook up with

**the subject of gossip.**

*I heard that this girl had been giving out blow jobs to anyone who came on to her. At first I didn't believe the gossip; this girl seemed like the quiet type. So the next day I went to see her. I went into her office and after only a few words she was grabbing my package. Man, was I glad I heard that gossip! (Male, single, 21)*

**I treat work as my personal dating pool. It's great, unless the girls get pissed and spread rumors that you weren't good in bed or you have a small penis.**

*(Male, single, 26)*

# MEMO TO LEGAL

## WHO IS OFF-LIMITS?

More than a third of the men and women said no one is off-limits, in effect stating that sex between consenting adults is the prevailing code.

But when we broke down potential sex partners by marital status, a clear prejudice emerged:

- About half of the men and women thought a married supervisor is off-limits; fewer than 20 percent thought a single boss is taboo.
- The discrepancy was even greater for co-workers: Forty-one percent of the women and 45 percent of the men thought married peers are off-limits; 10 percent of the women and eight

percent of the men thought the same of single co-workers.

- The same bias, almost four to one, applies to subordinates, clients and customers.

When we broke down the taboo by the subject's marital status, a fascinating pattern emerged. Single people were more likely to view married co-workers as off-limits. Those who are married were more likely to see other marrieds as fair game. (This may also be a factor of age. The median married man, for example, was 10 years older than the median single man, the married woman six years older than the single woman. Think seven-year itch.)

Our advice: Don't let marital status stop you. Flirt.

## IS IT HARASSMENT?

Almost everyone thought a boss who promotes a sex partner or who fires someone who turned him down is out of line. (Men were more inclined to condemn. Nine out of 10 men viewed such actions as harassment. Only eight out of 10 women did.) But certain actions that are promoted as zero-tolerance behaviors were not universally condemned.

- Only 26 percent of the men and 21 percent of the women thought that a boss who asks an employee out is committing harassment.

- More men than women (63 percent versus 49 percent) thought that an employee who keeps asking a co-worker out, after being turned down twice, is a pest.

- Only 22 percent of the men and 17 percent of the women thought that telling a woman she looks hot is actionable.

- Fewer than half the men and women thought that a boss who asks about their sex life or who

volunteers details about his or her own sex life is guilty of harassment.

- Only 30 percent of the men and 24 percent of the women thought that telling dirty jokes in mixed company is out of line.

- Even touching is tolerated (a mere 15 percent of the men and 18 percent of the women object to a co-worker touching their arm or back while talking).



**Eight out of 10 men said yes; seven out of 10 women said the same. On the other hand, this means two out of 10 men and three out of 10 women believed the office created interest and/or swayed sexual judgment.**

When we asked what was sexy about the office, the overwhelming majority of respondents cited flirting. Teasing works. More than half of the men and women said familiarity and proximity breed lust (spend enough time with someone and eventually you'll be tempted). The same number said curiosity ("What are they really like?") was a motivating factor. Men were more likely to be aroused by office fashion, but only slightly (60 percent versus 48 percent of women).

About a third of our subjects said that competence was attractive and that the level of communication in the office was better than with strangers. About one in five

*I think sexual talk and flirting are healthy. I've been a manager in several different offices and find I do my best work when I am working with a strong, bright person. I always get a sexual feeling when the work is good.*

*(Female, married, 34)*

thought that teamwork was an aphrodisiac.

Even without consummating the act, some found the atmosphere pleasurable:

*I worked in an office as the only male with 15 women. Under today's rules I had an ironclad case for sexual harassment. I was groped, grabbed and repeatedly propositioned. But being such a sex object was actually one of the most gratifying experiences of my life. It made me blush a few times, but I'd go home feeling sexy. (Male, married, 34)*

**And going all the way was even better:**

*I was working for a large company*  
*(continued on page 100)*

# MONSTER'S BALL

you can run but you can't hide





**By Ken Gross** Big SUVs are here to stay. The Navigator helped put Lincoln back on shopping lists. Cadillac's Escalade (above) has spawned another, longer 2003 version named the ESV. Owners of Volvos, BMWs, Porsches and Volkswagens could soon be trucking in vehicles that aren't too far away from trucks. General Motors and AM General's Hummer2 (opposite

page) is a civilized version of the go-anywhere military machine that beat Saddam's Republican Guard. Got any 18-inch steps you need to climb? No problem. The \$49,000 Hummer2 will walk right up and over them. Plus, unlike its urban predecessor, Hummer2 is small enough for you to reach over and touch whoever is riding shotgun. The flip side to (concluded on page 182)

## SEX SURVEY

(continued from page 97)

in downtown Houston and was very attracted to a man I worked closely with. There was a lot of flirting between us, and one night while working late, we just started kissing in the conference room. We were fondling each other, ripping clothes, sucking, licking—you name it, we were doing it. We were lying on the table, and neither of us had a condom and I was not about to take any chances. I rolled on top of him and slid him down to the edge of the table, got on my knees and gave him a blow job. Before he came, he grabbed me, ripped off my bra and threw me down on the table. He came all over the place. There was come on the charts and ad work we were to present the next morning at a board meeting. (Female, married, 29)

It's fun to see a sexual partner on a daily basis, especially when your relationship is secret. We heard it described as eight hours of foreplay, delightful distraction, being in heat all the time. More than one person said office sex provided motivation: "I started arriving earlier and working later, and I never took a day off because of illness."

The most common complaint about sex in the workplace was not the sex but the end of sex. Jealousy, turf wars and close proximity can make breaking up problematic. The confined space that makes office sex sizzle can turn a breakup into bad theater ("She was a drama queen") or unending torture.

When I saw her at work the next day, she treated me like nothing had happened. I tried to start a conversation with her at her desk, and she basically blew me off. It was a self-esteem destroyer. I felt completely used and refused. She's still working with me, but I've heard she's taken advantage of a couple of my co-workers and has gotten herself a nasty reputation. At least her being talked about behind her back has provided me with some sense of revenge, but to this day, even though I got laid and everything, I'm disgusted about having been played by a chick. (Male, single, 21)

The workplace is like high school, only you get paid to show up. If you handle yourself knowing you will see the person again, you should survive.

## LUST AND MARRIAGE

- About a third of office flings were just that—one-shot affairs or something that was over in a few days.

- About a third lasted longer than a few weeks.

- About a quarter evolved into multiyear relationships.

- Seven percent of the men who had office sex ended up marrying their partner; six percent of the women did.

We had a secret affair for about four months. Every day we would fuck. Either he would ask to see me in his office (he would

lift up my skirt as he bent me over his desk), or we would have a nooner at his apartment. One time he called me into the warehouse area and we fucked against a wall in the storage area. It was the greatest sex of my life—this man made me come every time. Eventually, we got caught. We left work early to go to a Cubs game, and we were sitting in the front row when he got hit in the head with a bat. The accident appeared all over the TV, and from then on everyone knew. In the end we got married. And, yes, we have a tape of the Cubs game. (Female, married, 24)

We asked our group to describe their most recent office fling:

- 48 percent of the women and 61 percent of the men said both partners were single.

- 29 percent of the women and 16 percent of the men said their partner was married.

- Eight percent of the women and nine percent of the men said they were the ones cheating.

- 15 percent of the women and 14 percent of the men said that both were married.

I was dancing with her at the office Christmas party when she leaned toward me and said, "If you weren't married, I'd want to suck your cock." I asked, "Why should you care that I'm married—you are, too!" She shrugged and smiled. We danced. Then she took me by the hand out of the room. Another company was having its Christmas party at the same hotel. "Let's join them," she said. She turned around, with her back to me, and put my hands on her breasts. People were trying not to look. She worked her hand down the front of my pants. "You're so hard," she whispered in my ear. I noticed that the party was being videotaped, but it didn't matter. No one here knew us. She took me by the hand, again, and we walked out the door into a hallway. We went into an adjacent office building and stepped behind a concrete column. She dropped to her knees and undid my trousers. After a few moments had passed, she paused to look up and say, "I want you to come across my face." "No," I replied, "I want to have sex with you." She said, "I've never done that with anyone but my husband, and I haven't got a condom." I took a condom out of my pocket and put it on. She stood up, then bent over against a concrete column. Lifting her dress and pulling her panties to the side, she stuck her ass out toward me—"How do you want me?" I entered her and began thrusting, leaning against the column with my left arm. Then we noticed we were being watched. Maintenance workers down the hallway, in the door of the hotel, were looking our way. "Shh," I said, and began to thrust more slowly. Suddenly, she straightened up, brushed her dress down and set off walking down the pathway back to the hotel. There I was, with my pants around my ankles, my cock throbbing in a condom, alone in the night. I pulled up my pants, buckled my belt and fol-

lowed her back, catching up with her as she arrived at the hotel bar. It was pretty clear we weren't going to finish. Her husband was at the bar when we walked in. "Where the hell have you two been?" Then, turning to me, "Fucking my wife?" We had a good laugh about that. I ordered a drink, then excused myself to go to the men's room to take off the condom. (Male, married, 42)

Call it the "I may be married, but I'm not dead" factor. Marrieds were just as likely as singles to flirt, fantasize and gossip. Husbands were more likely than singles to spend time looking at sex sites on the Internet (41 percent of married guys compared to 34 percent of single guys). Although they socialized after work, married people were twice as likely as singles to view an invitation to drinks as work-related, not sexual.

Married men were more likely than singles to have had sex with a subordinate (32 percent versus 24 percent), perhaps because they tended to be older (and, consequently, more likely to be in positions with people working under them). Married women were less likely than single women to have slept with the boss (36 percent versus 49 percent). When it came to having sex with interns, though, singles of either gender were the most likely opportunists. Bill Clinton was an exception, not the rule.

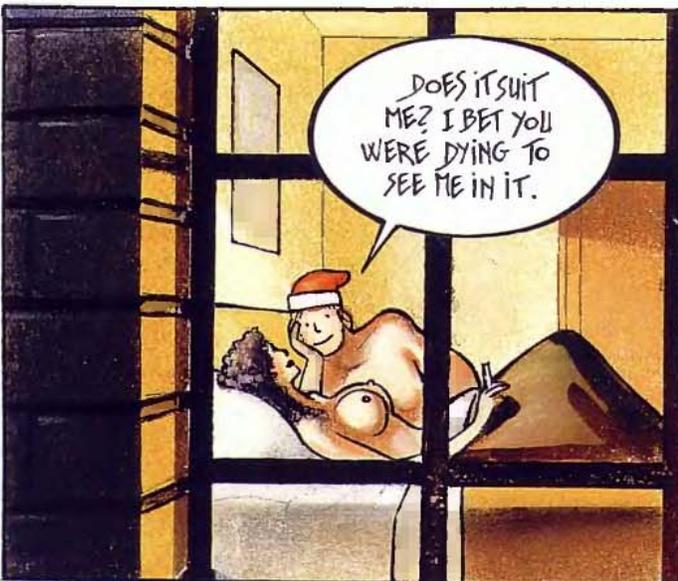
On the trust-your-lust question, single and married men were in harmony with their hormones. But married women were far more likely to admit that the office tempted them (41 percent said they would not have been interested in the same guy outside the office, compared to 28 percent of singles).

Marital status influenced where lovers had sex: Married people were far less likely to bring the affair home for obvious reasons. The married were slightly more likely to have sex in hotels and motels. Married men also favored quickies in the parking lot. Those indulging in a little extramarital action were less inclined than singles to do it on desks, conference tables and the like. Call it restraint or discretion (more on that in a moment). When one member was married, the participants were far more likely to try to keep the affair secret.

She was the head of one department; I was the head of another. It started with drinks after work and turned into a daily sexfest. We found reasons to be in each other's office three or four times a day. On the way to lunch I would barely have the car in gear before she would have my pants undone and be sucking me. For two years we didn't eat lunch. She was both an exhibitionist and a sexual dynamo. She'd wear no bra, a garter belt and no panties. In crowded meetings she'd expose herself to me and make sexual gestures. Then we would hit an office and

(concluded on page 180)

# Santa Clues



JUAN AVAREZ • JORGE G

# THE DEATH OF NETWORK NEWS

how did dan, tom and peter become dinosaurs?  
and why is cable news getting all the buzz?

By **BILL O'REILLY**

**W**hen it comes to the current state of network news in this country, the words of Crosby, Stills and Nash may say it best: "It's been a long time coming/Gonna be a long time gone." With more Americans currently watching cable TV than the broadcast networks, the audiences for network news would have declined even if the news divisions were cutting edge. But cutting edge isn't even close when discussing what ABC, CBS and NBC put on their nightly newscasts. Switch on the television in the early evening and you will see the same stories done the same way on all three networks. Ponderous and slow, the broadcasts are like dinosaurs seeking to survive severe climatic changes. Will the evening newscasts become extinct? Maybe. Are they already irrelevant? Many viewers, especially those under the age of 55, think so.

Here are the stats, and they're not pretty. Since 1982, viewership for the three nightly newscasts has fallen almost 40 percent, and the demographics have totally collapsed. According to the Nielsen ratings, the average age for Americans watching Dan Rather is 60. For those tuning in Peter Jennings, it's 58. Tom Brokaw attracts the youngest crowd—the average age of viewers watching him is 57. The golden girls love these guys—however, almost everybody else has bailed. Why? The an-

swer is that network news is timid and predictable. There's simply no juice.

The interesting part is that, in my opinion, the journalists working at the three networks are the best in the world. You don't survive at that level unless you know what you're doing. When it comes to covering news, nobody does it better than network news correspondents and producers—and that includes newspaper reporters.

**Viewership for the nightly news has fallen almost 40 percent.**

But the corporate culture at the networks is fierce. Almost everybody I know who works for the big three works scared. There is ferocious infighting for assignments and airtime. The network news

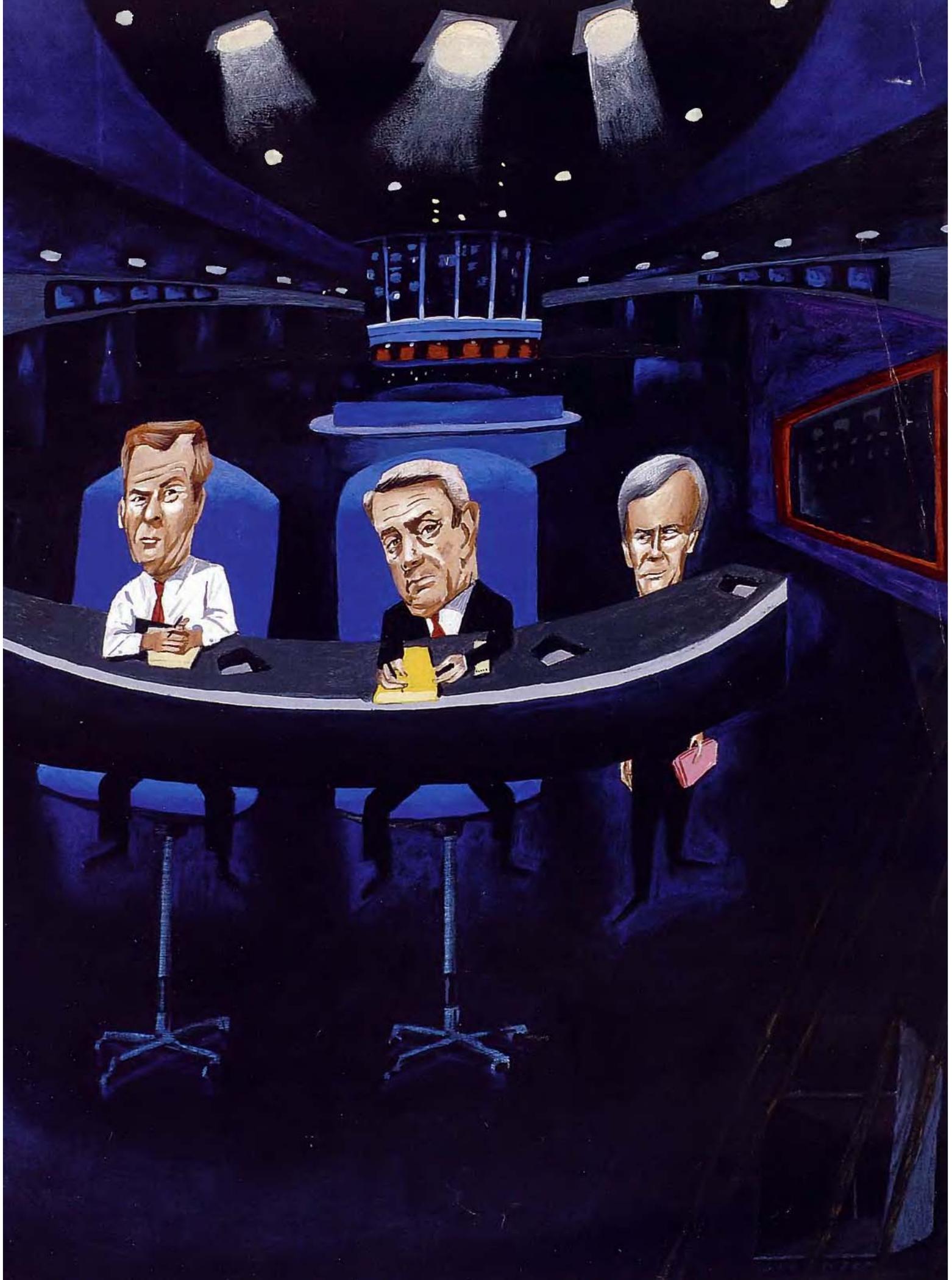
runs 22 minutes each night. There are dozens of correspondents. Do the math.

And then there are the figurative assassinations. If Dan Rather gets run over by a bus tomorrow, who steps in? Ray Romano? Where are the heirs apparent at CBS? Rather is north of 70 years old. There is nobody behind him.

That, of course, is no accident. I worked for CBS in the early Eighties when Rather had just taken over from Walter Cronkite. I swaggered into CBS as a hotshot reporter from WCBS, the New York flagship station. Six months later they carried me out in a body bag.

CBS News as well as ABC News and NBC (concluded on page 193)





# Christmas (continued from page 88)

*"Electrocution. The burns on the hand and foot—where the juice went in and out."*

and looked inside. There was an inscription on the curved brass, but he couldn't read it. He walked over to the window and angled the instrument so sunlight flooded into the bell.

*Calumet Instruments  
Chicago, Illinois  
Custom-made for Quentin McKinzie,  
1963  
The Sweet Spot*

Bosch read it again. His temples suddenly felt as if someone had pressed hot quarters against them. A flash memory filled his thoughts. A musician under the canopy set up on the deck of the ship. The soldiers crowded close. The music beautiful and agile.

"Jesus, Harry, you look like you've seen a ghost. What's it say?"

Bosch looked over at Braxton, the memory retreating into the darkness.

"Let's go."

Bosch let Braxton drive so that he could hold and study the saxophone.

"You ever heard of Quentin McKinzie?" he asked after they were halfway back to the station.

"I don't think so."

"They called him Sugar Ray McK. On account of when he played the sax he'd bob and weave like the fighter Sugar Ray Robinson. He was good. He was mostly a session guy, but he put out a few records. *The Sweet Spot*, you never heard that tune?"

"Sorry, man, not into jazz. I listen to country, myself."

Bosch felt disappointed. He wanted to tell him about that day on the ship, but if Braxton didn't know jazz, it couldn't be explained.

"What's the connection?" Braxton asked.

Bosch held up the saxophone.

"This was his. It says so right inside: 'Custom-made for Quentin McKinzie.' That's Sugar Ray McK."

"You ever see him play?"

"One time. Nineteen sixty-nine."

Braxton whistled.

"Long time ago. You think he's still alive?"

"I don't know. He's not recording. Not in a long time."

Bosch looked at the saxophone.

"Can't record without this anyway, I suppose."

Bosch's cell phone chirped. It was Edgar.

"We've got lividity issues," he said.

"This guy was moved."

"And what's the ME say about cause?"

"He's going with your theory at the moment. Electrocution. The burns on the hand and foot—where the juice went in and out."

"You find the source?"

"I looked around. Can't find it."

Bosch thought about all of this. Post-mortem lividity was the settling of the blood in a dead body. It was a purple gravity line. If a body is moved after the blood has settled, a new gravity line will appear. An easy tip-off.

"You looked around the case where the glove was?"

"Yeah, I looked. I can't find any electrical source that can explain this. The case you're talking about has internal lighting, but there's no malfunction."

"You do a property inventory on the guy yet?"

"Yeah, nothing. Pockets empty. No ID or anything else."

"I'll call you back."

When they got to the detective bureau, Braxton went to get the reports on the prior burglaries at Three Kings. Bosch went to interview room three. Servan was calmly sitting at the table.

"Mr. Servan, are you all right? It shouldn't be too much longer."

"Yeah, OK, OK. You find?"

He pointed to the saxophone. Bosch nodded.

"Did this come from your store?"

Servan studied the instrument and nodded vigorously.

"I think so, yes."

"OK, well, we'll find out for sure. We've got a few things to do and then we'll get back to you."

Bosch left him there. When he got to the homicide table Braxton had the burglary reports. Bosch told him to take the photo of Kelman they had pulled off the computer and show it to Servan to see if he recognized Kelman as a customer.

After Braxton was gone, Bosch started looking through the burglary reports, beginning with the first break-in at Three Kings. He quickly flipped through the pages until he got to the stolen-property inventory. There was no saxophone on the list. He scanned the items listed and determined they were all small pieces taken from the lighted display cabinet.

He flipped back to the summary, which had been written by Braxton. It

reported that the unknown suspect or suspects had broken through the rear door to enter the establishment, then had emptied the display case containing the highest-value items. Braxton noted that the display case had a key lock that had either been left unlocked or expertly picked by the thief.

He went on to the next report and found a saxophone listed on the stolen-property inventory. It was described as a tenor saxophone that had been pawned by someone named Donald Teed. Nikolai Servan had given him \$200 for the instrument. Because the saxophone he pawned had been stolen, Teed was also a victim of the crime. He had been contacted by Braxton and informed. Teed's work number was on the report.

Bosch picked up the telephone and punched in the number. It was answered immediately by a woman who said, "Splendid Age Retirement Home."

"Yes, is Donald Teed a resident there?"

"A resident? No. We have a Donald Teed who works here."

"Is he there?"

"He is here today, but I'm not sure where he is right now. He's a custodian and moves around. Who is calling? Is this a solicitation?"

Bosch felt things falling into place. He decided to take a shot.

"Can you tell me if there is someone there named Quentin McKinzie?"

"Yes, Mr. McKinzie is one of our residents. What is this about?"

"I'll call back."

He hung up as Braxton came back to the homicide table.

"Yeah, he recognizes him," he said. "Said he came into the store a couple days ago. Looked at some of the coins in the case."

Bosch nodded but didn't say anything. After a few moments Braxton got tired of waiting.

"Harry, what else you need from me?"

"Um, can you go back in there and ask him about the display case? Ask him if he's sure he locked it every time. On all the burglaries."

He could tell Braxton was still waiting by the table.

"What?"

"What am I? The errand boy here?"

"No, Brax, you're the guy he trusts. Go ask him the question. And before you do, turn the video back on and advise him of his rights."

"You sure?"

Bosch looked up at him.

"Just go do it."

Braxton wasn't long.

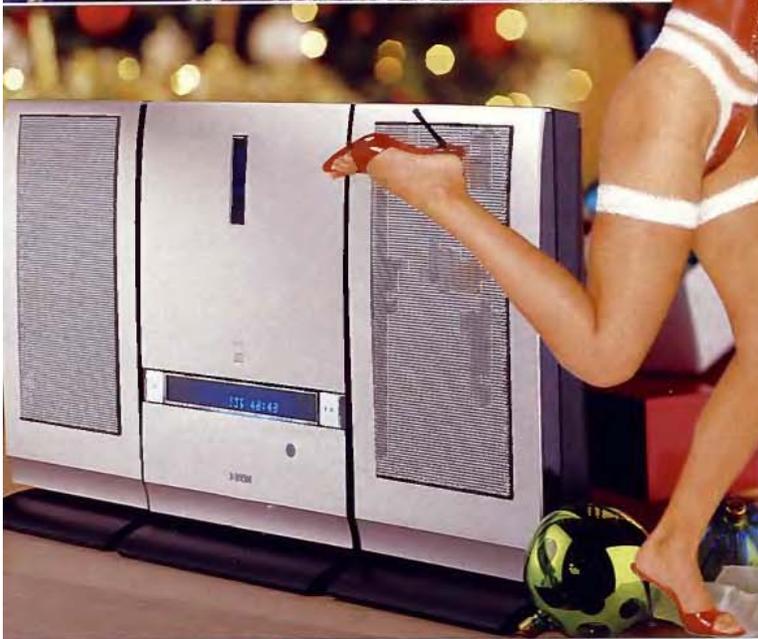
"He said he absolutely locks that case. Even when he's open for business

*(continued on page 176)*

# ELEVENTH-HOUR *Santa*

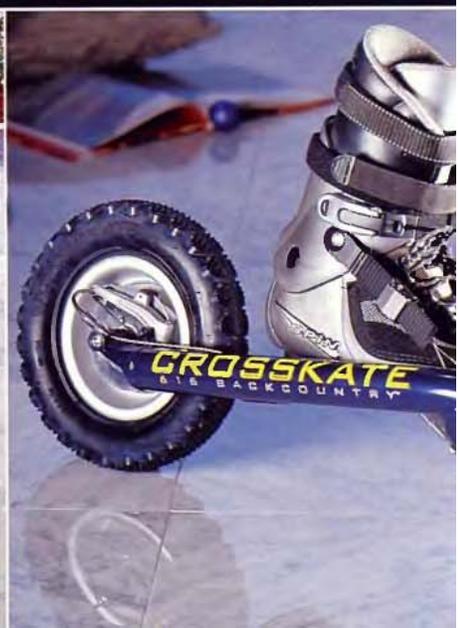
**M**ake your home or car a commercial-free zone with Delphi's XM SkyFi satellite radio (top left, \$130), which receives 100 channels of music, news, sports and talk for \$10 a month. Vehicle- and home-adaptor kits are \$70 each. Playboy Radio, XM's first premium channel, costs an additional \$2.99 a month. Left: Sennheiser's RS65 cordless headphones receive surround sound from your stereo or TV within a range of 200 feet via a transmitter (\$210). Additional headphone sets are \$139 each. Below left: While you're hitting all those holiday parties, Panasonic's sleek-looking DMR-HS2 hard-disk recorder will add your favorite TV shows to its 40-gigabyte memory. The DMR-HS2 is the first recorder with a built-in DVD burner, which allows you to copy up to 52 hours of video on a single DVD-RAM or DVD-R disc (\$1000). Below: We've stocked our bar with Chopin ever since this premium Polish vodka was introduced several years ago. For the holidays, Millennium (Chopin's importer) has packaged a bottle with a free matching stainless steel cocktail shaker in a deal we can drink to (about \$30).





**B**enchmade's blue-handled model 921 pocket-knife (above) features a small blade for simple tasks and a larger one for tougher chores (\$190). The rugged model 92 pocketknife by Beretta has a tanto-shaped steel blade that can be opened with one hand (about \$100). Above left: Steiner's 8x32 Predator binoculars are fitted with distinctive green objective lenses that offer maximum transmission of red hues for better viewing in woodland areas (about \$600). Left: Denon's D-107 AM/FM stereo plays CDs and MP3 CDs. It's less than 3½" deep, but if you can't spare the shelf space, the D-107 system (which includes a subwoofer) can be mounted on a wall (\$750). Below left: Made of denier nylon, Road-Wired's Pod carrying case (\$50) features more than 20 compartments that can be stuffed with such small electronic goodies as Sony's DCR-IP220, the world's first 2.1-megapixel camcorder (\$2000). It records up to 60 minutes of high-quality digital video on MicroDV tapes. In the front pocket of the Pod are HP's Jornada pocket PC, equipped with Pharos' pocket iGPS-CF portable navigator (\$250); SanDisk's Cruzer 64-megabyte portable flash drive (\$75); FujiFilm's 16MB Smartmedia memory card (\$20) and Creative's Nomad MuVo, a tiny MP3 player that holds up to four hours of tunes (\$170). Below: This twin-tipped Seth Pistol ski by K2 was designed in conjunction with pro rider Seth Morrison. It's a wider ski for serious winter tricksters (\$750 a pair).

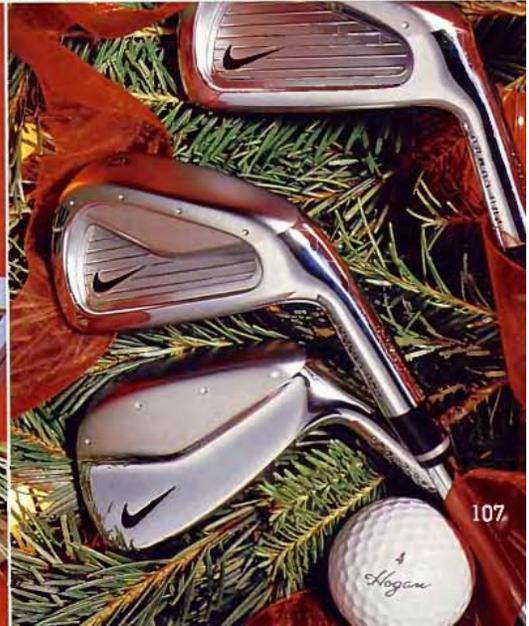
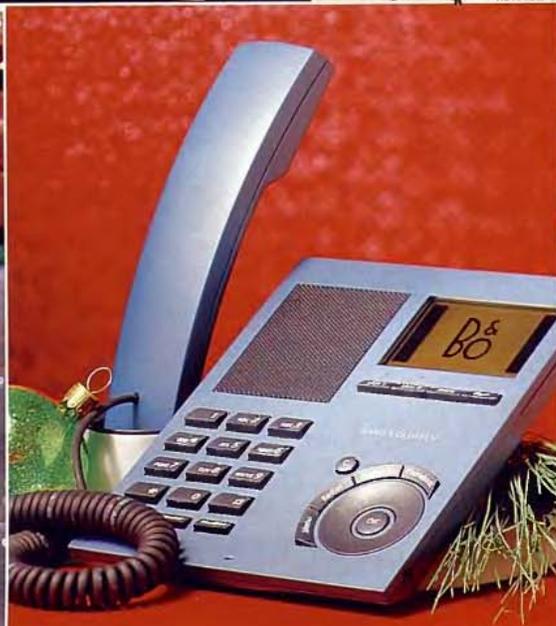
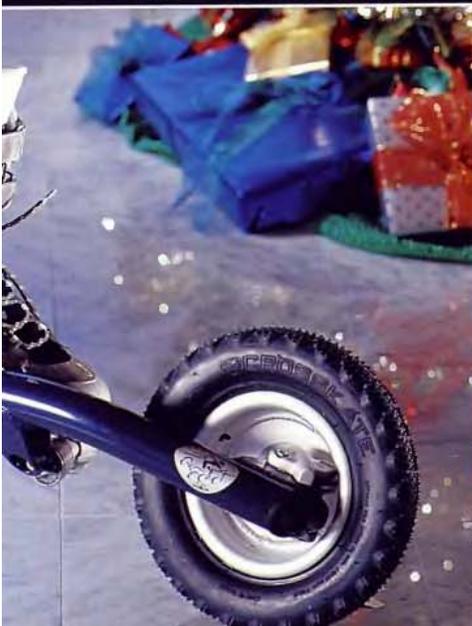
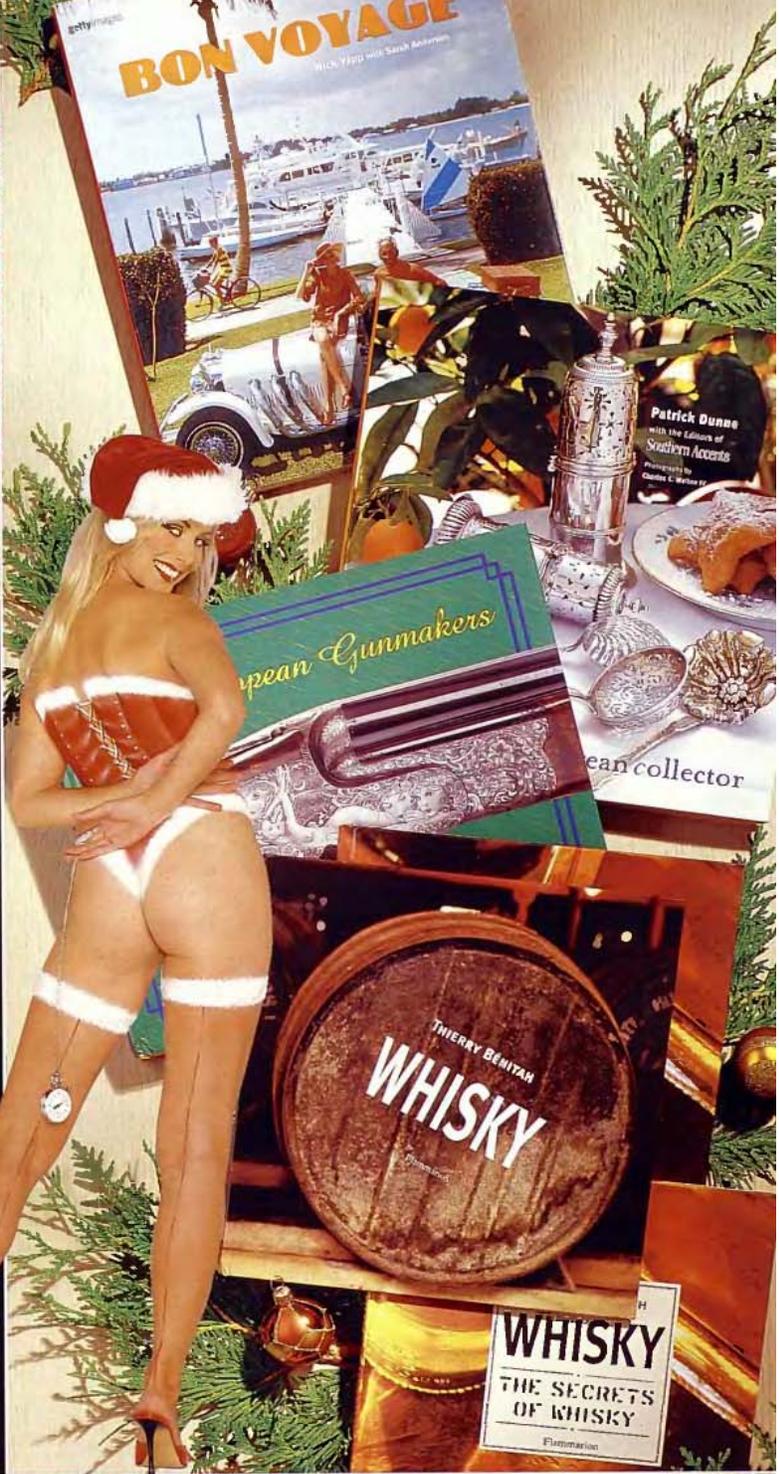
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO





**F**roth au Lait (above center) turns flavored milk into toppings for coffee (or for your girlfriend's body). Leave out the flavoring and you get froths for cappuccino (\$40). Above: This Swiss Army Special Edition of Motorola's i90c cellular phone will be available during the holiday season (\$300, including a matching Victorinox Swiss Army knife). Right: *Bon Voyage* by Nick Yapp with Sarah Anderson focuses on many aspects of travel, from exotic locales to in-flight meals (\$29.95). The *Epicurean Collector* by Patrick Dunne explores the world of culinary antiques (\$40). *Fine European Gunmakers* by Marco Nobili includes firearms with beautifully engraved erotic images (\$69.95). Thierry Bénitah's two-volume *Whisky* set covers "The Secrets of Whisky" and "Tours and Tastings," among other topics (\$29.95). Below far right: Nike Golf's Pro Combo irons incorporate both square and angled grooves, allowing cleaner contact and better control. Tiger Woods shoots with them—who are we to argue? (\$999 for a set of eight irons with steel shafts; \$1099 with graphite.) Next to the irons is the new Ben Hogan Apex Tour golf ball with four-piece design (\$5B a dozen). Below right: Bang & Olufsen's BeoCom3 is a two-line phone with a 250-number phone book (\$350). Below center: The 616 Backcountry by Crosskate is an in-line skate built for off-roading. It has the braking control of a mountain bike (\$595 a pair, including boots).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 186.



## BIRTH OF THE MOB

(continued from page 74)

I wanted to complicate that emotionally. His father was a great figure of the Irish gangs, killed ritualistically by his rival, Bill the Butcher. Bill is such a feared presence in the community that it would be important that Amsterdam avenge his father where everyone would see it. So he has to get close to him and become almost like a son.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself in any of your characters?

SCORSESE: The Bill character is so out there. In part, it's about Bill getting older. It's like me sitting here, telling you that at the age of 59, I don't listen to new music or rush out to see the new film everyone is talking about. I prefer not to hear anything about a film, I just don't like all the hype.

PLAYBOY: But *Gangs* is a big-budget film, and you can't sell a big-budget film without hype.

SCORSESE: There is just too much talk. Everybody knows everything about these movies. I want to be surprised. I wouldn't want to know that *Gangs* was shot in Rome. The rationale is that they are selling the picture, but you know the real reason? They've got all this junk time to fill on cable and satellite TV. There is nothing of any substance and so there are all these secrets being given to the viewer, even though you'd enjoy the picture more if you didn't know what was going to happen. The title *Gangs of New York* conveys where it is, but when the picture opens, you don't see the title and I don't say it's New York until after 15 minutes into the film. I try to convey the impression it could be medieval England, some postapocalyptic world, you don't know. Then, a shot that rises from the ground and goes all the way up into the air, looking down on the geography as it says, "New York City, 1846." That'll get a big laugh from New Yorkers, particularly after the violent sequence that preceded it. But that surprise is all gone now, because there is so much airtime that has to be filled, and you don't want it going to other films. So you reveal all your secrets.

PLAYBOY: Do you still go to the movies?

SCORSESE: I'm getting older, and I feel older. I don't really know how to go about it. Buy a ticket, wait in line? I don't feel the need to.

PLAYBOY: Don't you need to remain in tune with audiences?

SCORSESE: I don't know if I want to be in tune with an audience going to a blockbuster. I go to one of these multiplexes in Los Angeles if they're playing certain independent films. But I have stopped going in New York for quite a few years. A lot of the theaters I felt

comfortable in are gone. I watch movies in my screening room and distributors are kind enough to lend a print they're not using. But I mostly watch older movies, foreign films.

PLAYBOY: Why was there so much focus on the problems around *Gangs* if it was part of the usual give-and-take?

SCORSESE: I can tell you why. Harvey is good with the media. He likes it. It's part of who he is. But Harvey's enthusiasm feeds the media and sets expectations. He said the picture is coming out on Christmas 2001. He really wanted that and I really tried. But the first responsibility you have is to make the best possible movie you can. The media have fixated on the film because he has spoken about it a lot. He announced it a number of times. I haven't.

PLAYBOY: This seems to be a new experience for you.

SCORSESE: What he was saying in public, other studio people in my other movies told me privately. The reality is, this was no worse than *Goodfellas*, which was not made on an epic scale. I finished shooting August 23, 1989—I'll never forget it, because I had Akira Kurosawa waiting for me to play Van Gogh in his movie *Dreams*. I was 15 days late on my movie, but nobody in the media was monitoring *Goodfellas*. This 80-year-old man I admired, Kurosawa, had finished *Dreams* and he was waiting for me. I'll never forget the anxiety I felt finishing that film, which Warner Bros. then released in October 1990. Proportionately, it's the same as *Gangs of New York*, because after September 11 happened, we postponed our opening a full year.

PLAYBOY: You decided that the depiction of anarchy in New York City, even in the 19th century, was inappropriate two months after the World Trade Center attack?

SCORSESE: Harvey and I didn't feel that it was right, so we slowed down. The only difference between *Gangs* and *Goodfellas* is that with *Gangs*, all the conversations you have with the studio, producers, agents or managers that used to be private are now public. Imagine that in a marriage. But it's Harvey's personality, he knows how to work the media, and if he says put it out at Christmas, fine. I have no idea when to release a movie. A couple of times I had direct input in how to release a film and what the PR campaign should be. It worked out terribly. I ruined *Mean Streets*.

PLAYBOY: How?

SCORSESE: We got good reviews at the New York Film Festival in 1973, and Warner Bros. wanted to play it in one theater in New York, then open it here and there. But because the reviews were so good, I thought we should follow

the pattern of *Five Easy Pieces*, a previous festival hit. Open it in five cities, one theater each, immediately. I pressed for that, they did it. And nobody went to see it. It needed nurturing. They got it in New York and Los Angeles, but they weren't amused in Texas.

Then when *Taxi Driver* came along, I thought of it as a labor of love nobody was going to see. We'd had problems with censorship, the studio got mad at me because they'd been threatened with an X rating. I loved this Belgian artist and wanted him to make a painting that would be the poster for *Taxi Driver*. It was beautiful and I loved it. The studio made a B-movie poster, just black and white, Bob De Niro walking up Eighth Avenue, a porn theater behind him and it said, "In every city, there's one." I hated that poster, but it was the one that sold the picture. So it behooves me to listen to people who know about marketing. If Harvey wanted to open *Gangs of New York* on the moon during the vernal equinox, or time it with a celebration of the birth of Apollo, it would be OK with me.

PLAYBOY: Usually the directors of big-budget movies make piles of money. Is it true you gave back your money?

SCORSESE: Well, Leo and I did put money into the picture. I gave back most of my salary, which I'd never done before.

PLAYBOY: Will you make money if the film is a hit?

SCORSESE: I'm not even thinking of that. The die is cast. It was in my mind only to get the best possible picture on the screen. I hope to start another picture in February, so let's put the word out right now. I am ready to work, who wants to hire me? I'd like to be paid this time. I'm not asking a lot, I'd just like to be paid. I've stood in economic danger a little too long. I didn't really get much of a salary on *The Last Temptation of Christ* or *After Hours*. For a while, I was talking about steady television producing. I tried, but I'm more interested in making documentaries about film that might touch some young actors, writers and directors who didn't know about De Sica's *Bicycle Thief* or Ermanno Olmi's *The Fiancés*.

PLAYBOY: There's no money in documentaries. Sounds like you're on your way to becoming a nonprofit organization.

SCORSESE: You're telling me. But I want to do what's right. I don't care about the money at this point, only enough so that I can live. I have a little family. I've always been that way.

PLAYBOY: Why did you settle on DiCaprio as the linchpin for *Gangs*?

SCORSESE: De Niro had told me about him, after working with him on *This Boy's Life*. Bob doesn't mention many names, so when he does, it registers.

(continued on page 185)



*"Here's your Christmas present, darling!"*

© Olivia  
2002



# THE RAMOS FIZZ

miss january is an intoxicating cocktail—part lawyer,  
part businesswoman, all knockout



**R**EBECA RAMOS must have had litigants lined up for blocks when she practiced law in the Lone Star State. Although Miss January graduated magna cum laude with a B.B.A. in finance and passed the bar, the San Antonio native did a career 180 and became a pharmaceutical representative five years ago. “I was a lawyer at a large firm for three years before I moved to Ireland with my fiancé,” she says. “That didn’t work out, but when I came back I met someone who was a manager at a pharmaceutical company, and he of-

fered me a position.” Rebecca boasts a Mexican heritage—and a highly distinguished one. “My grandfather, Henry Gonzalez, was the first Mexican American in the Texas state senate, and he went on to serve in the U.S. House of Representatives for 30 years, where he became chairman of the Banking and Finance Committee. I remember being in the second grade and reading about him in our history books. My uncle, Charlie Gonzalez, succeeded my grandfather in Congress after he stepped down.”



Now it's Rebecca's turn to follow family tradition and make history. At 35, she's the oldest woman ever to become a Playmate, and she is proud to help shatter preconceptions about the women who pose for PLAYBOY. "It's a culturally diverse country, so it makes sense to feature different women," she says. "You don't have to be a skinny supermodel in your early 20s to be a Playmate." Rebecca kept surprising us, especially when she described what kind of guy she's attracted to. "I love men who are cerebral, almost nerdy," she says. "It's not about looks for me at all. If he's wild on the inside or has a wealth of knowledge, I love it!" She gives a throaty laugh when we ask about her idea of a perfect romantic evening. "I can tell women stress over that question, probably sitting in the makeup chair," she says. "One said her perfect date was 'a candlelit dinner in Paris, then a walk on the beach.' I'm thinking, What beach in Paris? I would like to stay at the Hôtel de Paris Monte Carlo in Monaco and take a romantic stroll on the Riviera, followed by amazing sex. That would be ideal."

Rebecca says she would like to move to Los Angeles because it would be a "fun, liberal place to live" for a while. "I would love to be married at some point," she says. "I want a meaningful relationship, and I feel like I've waited this long for a reason. Within the next five years, I hope to meet that wonderful person."

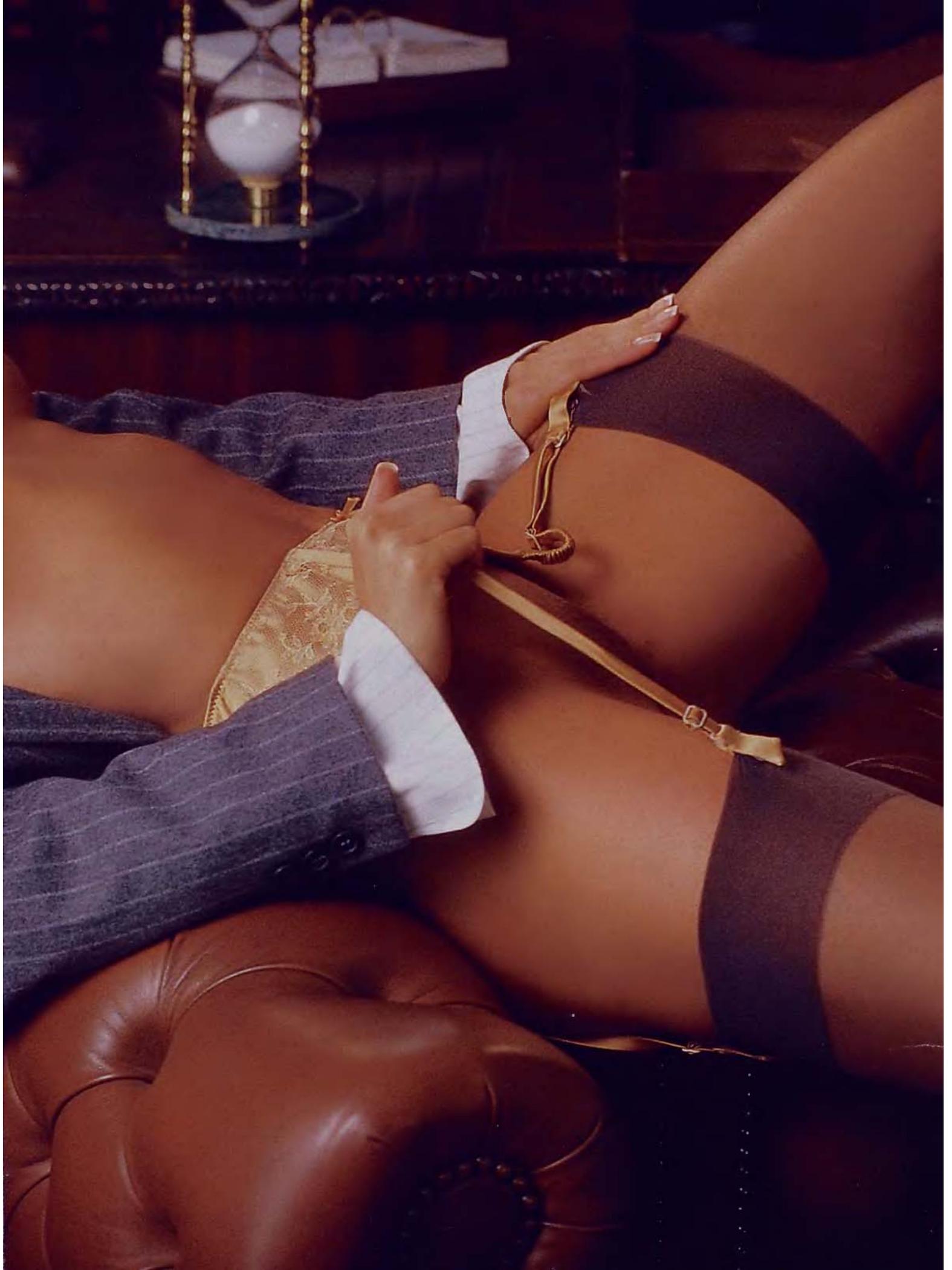
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*See more of Miss January at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).*

"I never thought I would get the chance to pose for PLAYBOY," says Rebecca. "When I heard your scouts were coming to San Antonio, I had to go to the cattle call. One thing led to another, and I appeared in the July 2000 Latin ladies pictorial and became a Playboy.com Cyber Girl. Being Miss January could be a happy ending to a chapter in my life, or it might lead to something more. If it daes, I'm sure I'll be successful at it."









MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Rebecca Anne Ramas

BUST: 34DD WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 8.26.67 BIRTHPLACE: San Antonio, Texas

AMBITIONS: To pursue a meaningful personal and professional path with passion.

TURN-ONS: A man who is intelligent, confident, has a sense of humor and is adventurous.

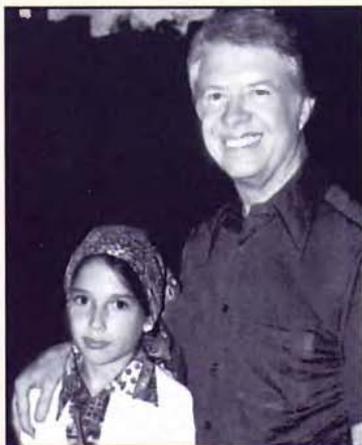
TURNOFFS: Men who are controlling, disrespectful, dishonest and insensitive to a woman's needs.

EARLIEST CHILDHOOD MEMORY: A family Christmas gathering where I was playing with an old Mrs. Beasley doll given to me by an aunt.

I HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR: Chocolate.

I AM MOST PROUD OF: My education, independence, physical fitness and my family's accomplishments in politics.

IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: Become fluent in Spanish and travel the Orient and South America.



With President Carter at the White House.



11th Grade Sis-boom-bah!



Me cuddling with my pussy.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**T**hree men walked into a bar. A priest, a pedophile and a homosexual. Actually, that was just the first guy.

**A** newspaper reported a truckload of Viagra has been hijacked. Police are looking for hardened criminals.

**T**he government is requiring new food labels that are more specific. Products will now be labeled: no fat, low fat, reduced fat and fat, but great personality.



**W**hat do a condom and a coffin have in common?

They're both filled with stiff. But one's coming and one's going.

**T**wo Italians, Venanzio and Lorenzo, were sitting at a cafe. Venanzio said, "Do you like an ugly woman witha longa straggly hair?"

"No, I don't like dat," Lorenzo replied.

"Then, do you like a woman witha garlic breath?" Venanzio asked.

"No, I don't like dat, either," Lorenzo said.

"Then you musta like a woman with a fat ass anna varicose veins?" Venanzio said.

"Notta me," Lorenzo answered.

Venanzio paused, then asked, "So whya you keepa screwing my wife?"

**W**hat are the four secrets to having a happy marriage?

It is important to find a woman who cooks and cleans.

It is important to find a woman who has a lot of money.

It is important to find a woman who likes to have sex.

It is important that these three women never meet.

**P**LAYBOY CLASSIC: What two words will clear out a men's rest room?

"Nice dick."

**W**hat do you call two Mexicans who are playing basketball?

Juan on Juan.

**W**hy does a man have a hole in his penis?  
To get air to his brain.

**H**ow does Michael Jackson pick his nose?  
Out of a catalog.

**W**hat is the punishment for bigamy?  
Two mothers-in-law.

**A** widowed woman was sitting alone on the beach when an older gentleman sat down near her. Smiling, the woman said, "Hello. How are you today?"

"Fine, thank you," the man replied, and then opened a book.

"I love the beach," she said. "Do you come here often?"

"First time since my wife passed away last year," he replied.

"Do you live around here?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, continuing to read.

The woman couldn't think of what else to say. Finally she asked, "Do you like pussycats?"

The man threw down his book, tore off both their swimsuits and made passionate love to her. When they were finished, the breathless woman asked, "How did you know that's what I wanted?"

The man replied, "How did you know my name was Katz?"



**W**hat do you get when you breed a donkey with an onion?

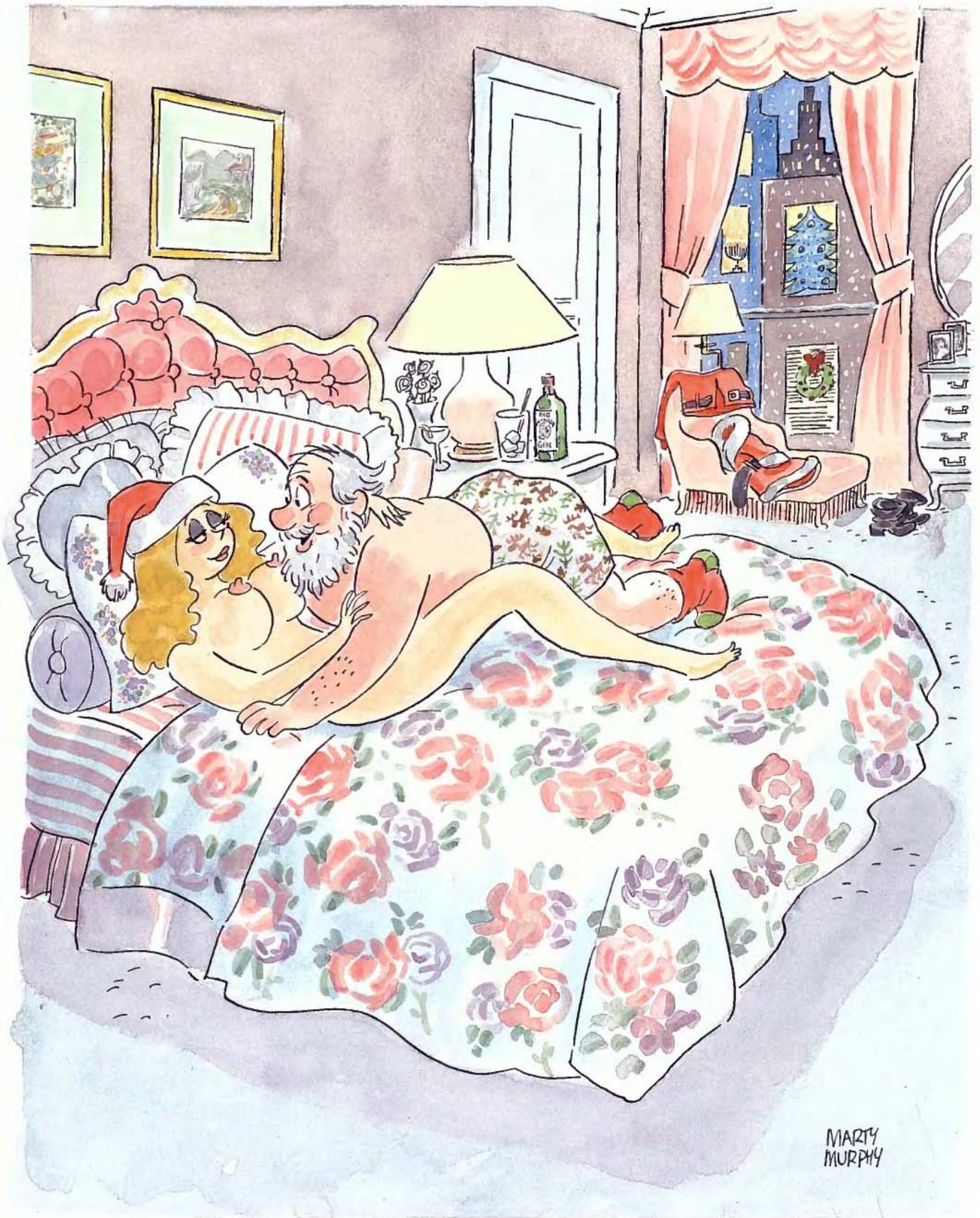
Most of the time just an onion with long ears, but now and then, a piece of ass that will make your eyes water.

**A** husband and wife were celebrating her 40th birthday at a restaurant. He asked, "What would you like for your birthday, darling? A Jaguar? A trip to Europe? A fur coat? A diamond ring?"

She replied, "I want a divorce."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wasn't planning on spending that much."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to [jokes@playboy.com](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



*"Reindeer style? Well, basically, it's a lot like doggy style . . . !"*

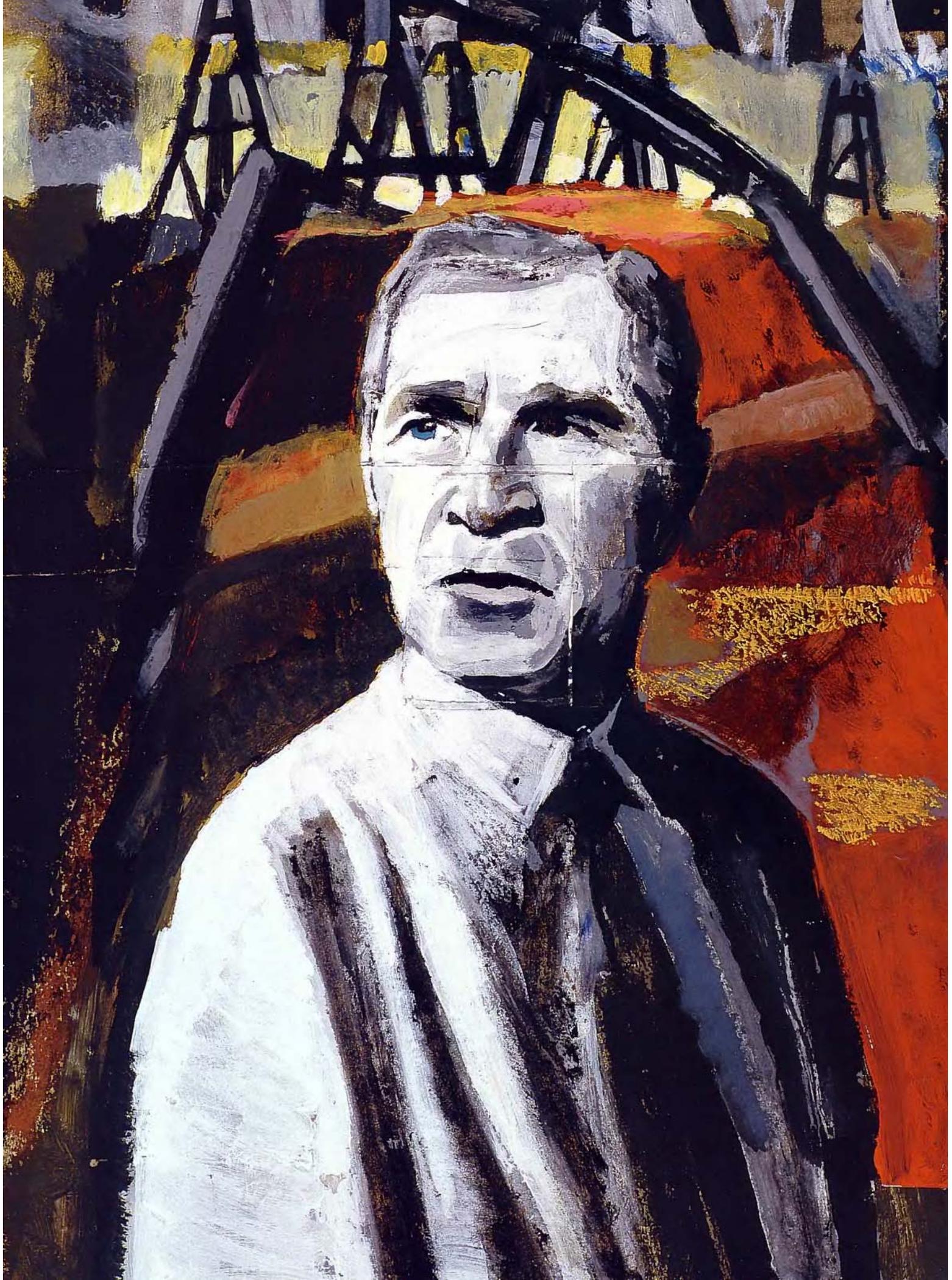


**HE BLEW OUT OF WEST TEXAS, QUICK ON THE DRAW AND ITCHING FOR COMBAT.**

**HERE'S THE SCARY PART: TO MEET HIM IS TO LIKE HIM**

**Profile By MIKE SHROPSHIRE**

**T**he economy! The sinking of the Dow! Enron! Halliburton! Harken! Worldcom! The trampling of civil liberties! John Ashcroft! The intelligence failures of September 11! Indecision on the Northern Alliance! Israel! Anthrax! Tom Ridge! Budget deficits! Iraq! By any standards, the high approval ratings of President George W. Bush are remarkable. Obviously, the Cowboy President has convinced Americans he is a leader. They're buying his talk of good versus evil, his talk of those who aren't with us are against us. Texas talk, right out of the movies. "When I take action, I'm not going to fire a \$2 million missile at a \$10 empty tent and hit a camel in the butt," Bush said shortly after September 11. It was something his father would never—could never—say. You have the genetic heritage of Barbara Bush's sharp tongue to thank for that. For George W. Bush the notion of going after Saddam Hussein is not an act of jingoism, but raw and natural instinct. Texas is native habitat for every category of poisonous snake found in the Lower 48. *(continued on page 166)*



# BOOM TIME FOR BUTTS

THE BEHIND IS THE CENTER OF A WHOLE NEW WORLD—A WORLD WHERE BUTT CHEEKS ARE THE NEW BREASTS



GILLIAN ANDERSON  
JENNIFER LOPEZ



MEAGHAN GOOD



SHAKIRA



BRIT BUTTS



CHARLIZE THERON



NINA KACZOROWSKI

In *The Naked Ape*, Desmond Morris theorized that cleavage was a frontal representation of the crack of a woman's ass—a practical way for two-legged creatures to avoid bending over all the time to display the real thing. But we don't need to be teased by ersatz cleavage anymore. The genuine item is all around us.

The lure of the ass has caused a tectonic shift in the cultural land-

scape. Celebrities used to spill out of their tops to steal a scene or get some press. These days, when starlets want to attract attention of award ceremonies, they flash their buns. (For evidence, check the photos.) There are two reasons this is so titillating—the left cheek and the right cheek. Peekaboo thongs have made each cheek a star. Instead of a single juicy peach, (concluded on page 154)

ROSE MCGOWAN



NAOMI CAMPBELL



CHRISTINA MILIAN



ANNA KOURNIKOVA



ATHENA CANSINO  
DENISE RICHARDS



CANNES CAN



BRITNEY SPEARS



TONI BRAXTON



EMMANUELLE GAGLIARDI



# Vengeance is MINE

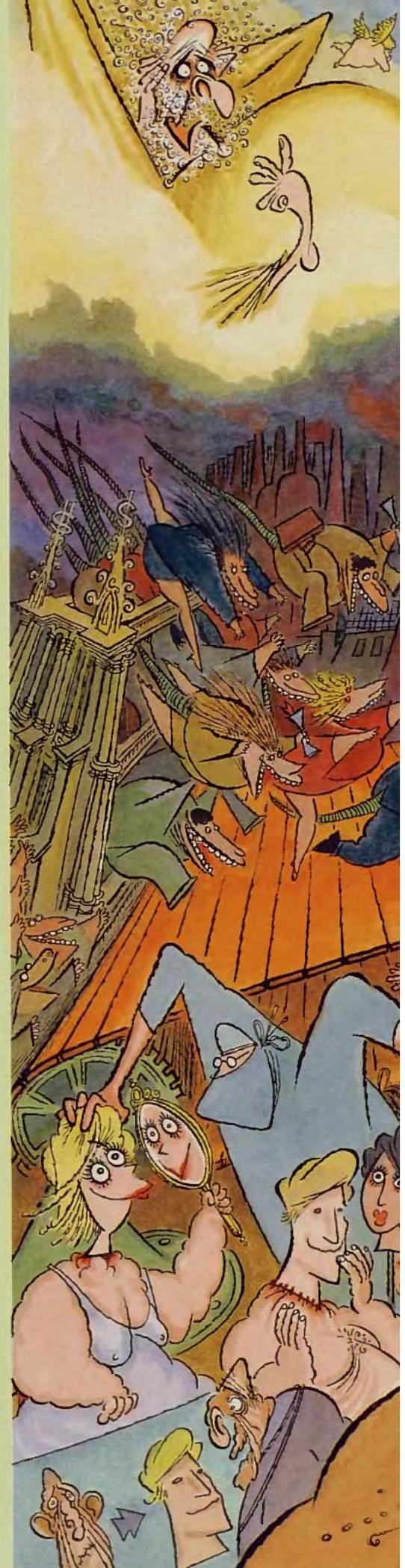
By Shel Silverstein

*They were raisin' hell all over earth  
When the noise got so damn loud  
That it reached up to heaven and woke up God,  
Who was sleepin' on a king-size cloud.*

*He says, "How they expect a body to rest  
When they raise hell at three in the morn?  
Damn, I'm gonna kill 'em all,  
Teach 'em a lesson—  
Hey, Gabriel, blow your horn."*

*Gabriel grins and fingers his valves.  
He says, "Ooh, I'm gonna play some shit.  
I been waitin' so long, I got so many songs  
But the music has got to fit.*

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH







*"So tell me, how you gonna do it, Big G,  
With fire or with flood?  
You gonna plague 'em with a pestilence,  
Or cover 'em over with mud?"*

*"You gonna hit 'em with a thunderbolt?  
Or maybe turn off the sun?  
Or just reach down a big old thumb  
And crush 'em, one by one?"*

*And God says, "Gabriel, y'know, now I see  
Just why you stayed so small.  
Why wreak my vengeance in just one way,  
When I can cause 'em all?"*

*"So first I'm gonna hang 'em  
And watch 'em squirm awhile  
But I think I'll do it with neckties  
So they can choke in style.*

*"Then while they're hangin', I'll come with fire  
And fill their lungs with smoke.  
But I'll let 'em do it with cigarettes,  
And if that don't make 'em croak,*

*"There's poisons that I'll feed 'em  
In their daily bread each day.  
And they'll gulp the preservatives  
and eat the dyes  
And lick away the pesticide spray.*

*"Then I'll destroy their mortal souls  
And like the serpents they're gonna crawl  
For a puff of grass or a line of coke  
Or a sip of alcohol.*

*"And I'll bend their backs and break their minds  
By givin' 'em prizes to chase  
And they'll sweat and they'll be  
strainin' for that golden ring  
And they'll die while runnin' the race.*

*"And the thought of bein' fat or old  
Is gonna scare 'em right out of their wits.  
And if there's any left—well, they'll  
munch each other  
Or blow each other to bits.*

*"Anyway, they've sown their poison seeds  
And this is the crop they're gonna reap."  
And Gabriel put away his horn  
And God went back to sleep.*



*"You know, every New Year I meet my true soul mate at this party!"*

# THE YEAR



## WELL, OUR FIGURES ADD UP!

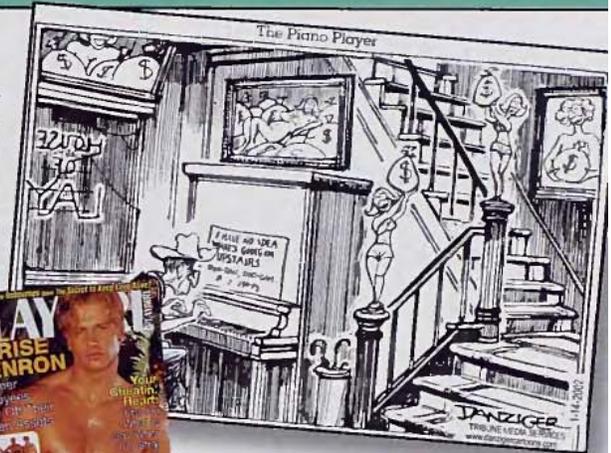
Near-daily revelations of corporate improprieties—financial and otherwise—provided fodder for cartoonists and magazine editors in 2002. Topping the scandal roster: President Bush's Enron buddy Ken Lay. When PLAYBOY announced it would celebrate *Women of Enron*—among them Vanessa Schulte, below—in its August issue, *Playgirl* (no relation) followed with Enron's guys. We still prefer the girls: Witness December's *Women of Worldcom*, with such live wires as Shannon Lea (bottom).



## CAN YOU TRUST ANYBODY ANYMORE?

The scope of the Enron debacle undermines the credibility of modern business culture. Let's get back to basics.

By Barry Swartz



I'm so not getting a promotion for this!



## THREE'S A CROWD, PART ONE

Cris Judd probably thought he got a J. Lo blow when she left him after less than a year of marriage for Ben Affleck, her on-set romance while making *Gigli*. Now Cris knows how Puffy felt.

# IN SEX

moguls misbehave, demonstrators disrobe and celebrities switch partners. just another ho-hum year in sex

## STOP IT OR WE'LL STRIP!

### PETA, PETA, VEGGIE EATER

Having trouble getting your message across? Just doff your duds. People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, which pioneered the strategy, uses it to protest (1) the running of the bulls in Pamplona; (2) meat eaters, with a poster of Traci Bingham; (3) Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey's circus, with Brandi Valladolid in tiger stripes; (4) fur, with a poster of *NYPD Blue*'s Charlotte Ross; and (5) Premarin, the hormone replacement therapy made from pregnant mares' urine.

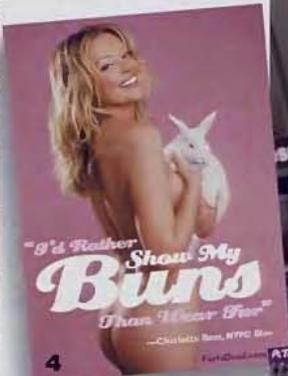


Women 'bare skin' against leather

By KARLA JACKSON  
THE TAMPA TRIBUNE  
TAMPA — Amid a bustling lunch crowd Thursday, women lined up on a downtown street to protest against the use of animal skins in leather goods.

### REARGUARD ATTACK

During G-8 summit sessions near Calgary, anti-globalization forces sent a stern rebuke (10) to Gap stores, accused of unfair labor policies in developing countries—and (11) stripped to save forests.



DEFRA NO COVER UP!

### SHOW AND YELL

Taking a leaf from PETA's playbook, others peeled to protest: Camilla Jackson (6) objects to Britain's proposed fox-hunting ban (Dad is chairman of the Master of Foxhounds Association) by riding through the center of London in pink panties and boots. Lesbian activists in Tel Aviv (7) oppose Israel's occupation of the West Bank and in Berlin, topless dissidents (8) target nukes.



Prairie moon peeps through  
Larry Elliott  
Thursday, June 27, 2002  
The Gazette  
Huddled up in one of the remotest spots in the second-biggest country on earth, leaders of the G8 states began their annual get-together yesterday free from prying eyes.

### Women threaten nudity as weapon in oil standoff

### THE VERY THREAT OF YOU

The mere prospect, seen as shaming, that these Nigerian women (9) might take off their clothes forced Big Oil to grant jobs, electricity and schools.



**THE YEAR IN SEX**

**DIVORCE PAPERS MOVE BILLY BOB & ANGELINA CLOSER TO ALTAR**

**BILLY BOB & ANGELINA SPLIT**  
He's partying... she's home with new baby

**THE SEXUAL LIFE OF CATHERINE M.**  
*Catherine Millet*

**HENRIC**  
Légendes de Catherine M.



**STRETCHING THE JOINT**  
Puppetry of the Penis' flexible cock-and-balls artists practice balloon sculpture for adults.



**I'm so not inhibited!**



**THREE'S A CROWD, PART TWO**

When Billy Bob Thornton left wife Angelina Jolie, rumor-fanned by the tabloids—had him back in the arms of one of his exes, Pietra. Didn't turn out to be true, but we can see the potential attraction.



**Beware, you sexy thing!**

**THONGS ARE DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH**

**SPECIAL MEDICAL REPORT**

**NEWS BULLETINS FROM OUR CRACK REPORTERS**

Thongs pose a health hazard, warned a gynecologist in the *National Enquirer*. Tell that to (1) London club dancers Honey and Linda; (2) Australian swimsuit model Anna-liese Braakensiek; (3) Victoria's Secret model; (4) Anita Webb, soccer star girlfriend; and (5) model Shaune Bagwell.



**FRENCH LESSONS**

In her scandalous (and best-selling) memoir, French art-journal editor Catherine Millet describes orgies and sex with some 100 men. Then husband Jacques Henric segued with a book of explicit portraits of his freewheeling wife.



**Ready or not, here Anna comes**

PASADENA, Calif. — What the Osbournes were to 2002...

**I'm so not rich!**

**E! busting out with new bio series**  
By MELISSA GREED

**THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT?**

Still waiting to collect her inheritance, Anna Nicole Smith debuted her E unreality series. Most critics panned the show, but at least one writer described it as "the most addictive guilty pleasure on TV right now."

**Thou Shalt Not**

- Grind
- Bump
- Fondle
- Hump
- Lick
- Roll
- Mash
- Shove
- Wallow
- Disrobe
- Jack
- Booty dance

From Cincinnati's Walnut Hills H.S. rules against freak dancing.



**BOOTY CHECK**

Freaked out by freak dancing, Rita Wilson, the vice principal of a San Diego high school, caught flak for raising girls' skirts to check for thong panties. Other schools adopted stringent rules for dance-floor conduct.



**DOKTOR FEELGOOD**

Your future is behind you, claims blind German clairvoyant Ulf Buck, who prognosticates by feeling his clients' buttocks.



**CURTAINS FOR ASHCROFT**

Tired of Attorney General John Ashcroft's being upstaged at photo ops by a bare-breasted statue, the Justice Department spent \$8000 on a set of blue drapes to obscure *The Spirit of Justice*. And we thought justice was blind.

I'm so not a tit man!

I've got your drapes, Mr. Ashcroft.



**Justice Dept. covers up statues**

WASHINGTON — The Justice Department has spent \$8000 on blue drapes that hide a statue in the Great Hall of the agency's headquarters, said spokesman Shane Hill. The drapes were occasionally hung in front of the aluminum statue.

**Stripper's child returns to Christian school**

**JUICE AND NOOKIE**  
A Christian school expelled, then readmitted, a student because Mom, Christina Silvas (right), stripped.



**HOUSTON, WE HAVE A PROBLEM**

It was an accident, says Houston dentist Clara Harris (1), accused of killing husband David (2) by running over him three times and then leaving her Mercedes atop him. Seems she suspected him of fooling around with Gail Bridges (3), who appeared on Sally to deny she was a lesbian.

Unfortunately for Clara, the gumshoe she'd hired to track her hubby taped the attack.

I'm so not guilty!



I'm so not paying the \$30 mil!



**BLUE CONFESSIONS**

Tales of priestly pedophilia scarred the Catholic Church, especially in Boston, where Cardinal Bernard Law refused to honor \$30 million in reparations to victims. They later settled for \$10 million.

**Shock jocks fired over sex stunt**



**CANOODLING X CATHEDRA**

An on-air stunt backfired when NYC DJs Opie and Anthony aired Brian Florence and Loretta Lynn Harper allegedly doing the nasty in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The jocks were fired, the couple busted.

**GRAPPLER JOANIE LAURER, WHO SHOT TO FAME AS CHYNA, TELLS ALL:**

**CHEATING BOYFRIEND COST ME MY WRESTLING CAREER**

WRESTLING superstar Joanie Laurer, formerly known as Chyna, was dumped from the World Wrestling Federation — because her live-in boyfriend was having a real-life affair with the boss' daughter.

**THREE'S A CROWD, PART THREE**

Joanie Laurer blames her WWF ejection on an affair between her live-in lover, Paul "Triple H" Levesque, and Stephanie McMahon, daughter of WWF honcho Vince.



# THE YEAR IN SEX

## OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLLS

Barbie has competition from the likenesses of Playmates (1) Victoria Silvstedt and (2) Karen McDougal (\$49, at Playboystore.com), plus-size supermodel Emme (3) and even porn star Jenna Jameson (4), who sold 6000 action figures in a month.



## MO' SEX IN THE BIG APPLE

Fear the Disneyfication of NYC? The Museum of Sex celebrates Mae West, S&M clubs and porno. Says curator Grady Turner (below): "The subject isn't going away."



## STREAKERMANIA!

A surprised Prince Andrew and wife Sophie (1) watched as serial stalker Mark Roberts (2) was ushered from a Commonwealth Games track meet. Later, Roberts vaulted the net at Wimbledon (3). Also at the Commonwealth Games, unidentified male (4) and female (5) streakers did their stuff at a hockey match and on the bowling green. A nude ad caused a flap at a rugby match in Sydney (6); Brynn Reed (7) lost his civil service job for streaking the queen in Newcastle; in Munich, a German fan (8) scored with football fans.



## OUR KIND OF EXERCISE CLASS

Pole dancing, as in this *Girls Gone Wild* video shoot (1), is the latest celebrity fitness craze. Fans are Jennifer Aniston (2), Sadie Frost (3), Heather Graham (4), Christina Applegate (5) and Daryl Hannah (6), in *Dancing at the Blue Iguana*.



## HEY, STEVE, YOU FORGOT YOUR RUBBERS

DNA tests pointed to Steve Bing (1) as the fella who had knocked up both Elizabeth Hurley (2) and Lisa Kerkorian (3), wife of megamogul Kirk Kerkorian (4), who reportedly had Bing's trash rifled for evidence. Busy, busy Steve.



## DA-DA-BING!



## OOPS!

*Penthouse* nudes of tennis star Anna Kournikova (1) turned out to be shots of Judith Soltz-Benetton (2), who sued in a different court.



## THREE'S A CROWD, PART FOUR

*The Sopranos'* James Gandolfini (1) ticked off wife Marcy (2) by taking up with production assistant Lora Somoza (3) and filing for divorce. The aggrieved spouse is countersuing for big bucks.





**AND THE JOYSTICK GOES TO:**

Golfer Cristie Kerr, kissing the oddly phallic trophy she won at the LPGA's Long Drugs Challenge tournament in April.



*I'm so not in meltdown!*

**BUT FIVE IS REALLY A CROWD!**

Britney Spears (1) denied she was depressed over her breakup with 'N Sync's Justin Timberlake (2), who reportedly took solace with singer Janet Jackson (3), actress Alyssa Milano (4) and dancer Jenna Dewan (5).

**A BIRD IN THE BUSH**

I love you, a bushel and a pecker? Liberty, the American poultry industry's poster bird for Thanksgiving, took a break to engage in some fowl play with a perplexed President Bush.



*I'm so not reelectable!*

**IN CASE YOU DON'T GET HBO**

Kim Cattrall (Samantha on *Sex and the City*) and hubby Mark Levinson authored *Satisfaction: The Art of the Female Orgasm*, with visual aids by Fritz Drury.



**BUST-SEE TV**

HBO's *Sex and the City* got its fifth season off to a flashy start with three of its stars—Kristin Davis (1) as Charlotte, Cynthia Nixon (2) as new mom Miranda and Kim Cattrall (3) as Samantha—bare-breasted in a single episode. Even wilder was the close of *S&C*'s fourth season, where Samantha catches lover Richard (James Remar) going down during a nooner (4). On CBS, *Big Brother 3*'s live feed featured peanut-buttered privates (5), later blurred for broadcast.



**SEPARATED AT BIRTH?**

Although tabloids noted a resemblance between Princess Diana's ex-lover James Hewitt and Prince Harry, former bodyguard (and fledgling author) Ken Wharfe brands such speculation as rubbish, saying the two met after Harry was conceived.



**EXIT POLLED**

Voters in Georgetown, Colorado recalled mayor Koleen Brooks, a former stripper, after she allegedly flashed tavern patrons and threatened to abolish the police department.



*"Sorry, honey—but it's out with the old, and in with the new!"*

# Centerfolds On Sex



Lexie  
Karlsson



## ADDRESSES

### ON LIKING ORAL SEX

I love to give oral sex, but the guy has to be kempt. I prefer for him to be trimmed down there, just because I have more success. I like a well-groomed man.

Then I can get to more areas, and I think the sensation is better, too. I love it. I can come from giving him oral sex. I don't even have to touch myself. I can get really excited from that, but it helps if he's really into it, too. I like having lots of eye contact when I'm doing it. I like to see him get really excited.

### WHAT I LEARN WHEN I WATCH MEN MASTURBATE

It's great to watch the man I love masturbate. Masturbation is another dimension. You can do things to yourself and he can do things to himself and you do things to each other, and it's a whole other thing. It doesn't need to be in bed on top of each other or bending over, or whatever. It's more the visual that's exciting. I want to watch his technique and see what he likes. Knowing what he likes is a big turn-on, because the more I get in tune with it, the better sex gets.

Every man has a different technique. With oral sex, guys like different things. Some guys don't like it if you go up and down really fast, and some guys do. Some guys want you to be rough, and some want you to be gentle and slow.

# Santa's Naughty CEOs

With the Help of Deep Elf, One of America's Most Penetrating Commentators Explores an Undiscovered Corner of Corporate Corruption

By Arianna Huffington

## "Ho, ho, ho!"

The sound was clear, even if the video was jumpy. It showed a fat, florid-faced man sitting at a desk with a pad and pencil, talking to himself and making notes. Outside his frosted window, a snowstorm was raging.

"Ho, ho, ho. . . ."

"**John Rigas**—his whole family, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

"**Dennis Kozlowski, Martha Stewart**, ho, ho!"

"**Sam Waksal**, another ho!"

"So many hos, so many memories. . . ."

The diminutive fellow who gave me the tape was blunt. The man at the desk was his boss, Santa Claus himself, and all that ho-ho-hoing was anything but jolly.

One after another, Santa shouted the names of more tainted members of America's corporate elite—**Ken Lay, Bernie Ebbers**, on and on, each, in his pimp-talk estimation, a ho.

"Let's put it this way," the visitor said. "It takes one to know one."

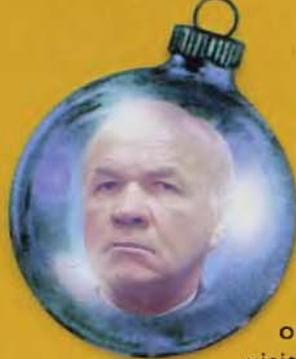
According to my little friend, Santa Claus is anything but the benign and bumbling fellow his PR specialists and spin doctors would have you believe. Santa is a chief executive officer, a pioneering CEO in fact, whose ideas of way-way-offshore unaccountability, for example, were copied by his friends in the ranks of high-flying CEOs.

His workshop, my visitor assured me, was the model for the sweatshops some of his multinational cronies had set up throughout the third world.

The tape continued. Santa moved from his desk to a roaring fire,







into which he then threw file after file of papers. "This is so much safer than a shredder, no matter what anyone tells you," my visitor, a jittery fellow, said.

He refused to tell me his name, but when he had finished relating his story, I knew what to call him: Deep Elf.

In a nutshell, reports Deep Elf, Santa is worried. Like a lot of his cronies, Santa felt he'd dodged a bullet during the uproar about corporate corruption. Not only did he have links with some of the people who have been in the headlines, but he's also dreading where the calls for reform might lead.

Deep Elf said he'd seen "some heavy shit" during the years he toiled for Santa. As the elf explained it, while nervously lighting his fifth cigarette, Santa had enjoyed the same sort of breaks other CEOs had—including some corporate Capones who deserve to find coal in their stockings instead of stock options.

"Santa has been playing with the same loaded dice that his buddies have used. I mean corporate welfare—and

time next year," Deep Elf said.

I was familiar with the outrages that so upset my visitor. And I was pleased that he had come to me with his tale of yuletide woe. I have had my eye on the fast-spreading slick of corporate corruption for the past year and I've learned never to be surprised when someone new gets covered in oil.

For a while, it seemed as though people were catching on, especially when some of the secrets of the vaunted business success of Vice President Cheney came to light. Cheney, a veteran of Congress, the White House and the Defense Department, improved Halliburton's performance with more than \$1 billion in government financing and loan guarantees.

But, to be fair, a Halliburton subsidiary did end up giving a little something back to America—in the form of a \$2 million settlement that ended an investigation into possible overbilling of the Pentagon during Cheney's stewardship. In one case, the company may have charged \$750,000 for work that actually cost \$125,000. Despite the overbilling, Halliburton continued to be

**"This year has been really scary. Especially after so many of Santa's friends have turned out to be dirtbags."**

panies to cut taxes and trim debt using a complex shell game. When the government tried to rain on the parade, Jon Corzine—now a member of the Senate Banking Committee, then Goldman Sachs' CEO—signed an overheated letter to Congress that decried government efforts to "impose completely arbitrary" distinctions between assets and liabilities.

Corzine's demand was tantamount to saying that people should stop making "completely arbitrary" distinctions between right and left, or black and white. Or, perhaps more to the point, right and wrong. Yet it is precisely the distinction between what is debt and what isn't debt that some companies hoped to eradicate. It's as if I went out to dinner and, when the check came, I offered my phone bill as payment.

Deep Elf knew what I was talking about. "Santa invented that little stunt," he said, referring to the MILPs. "Some of his cronies asked him to invent a real-life magic toy that could make real money. He has a good imagination for toys and tricky gadgets. He's crazy about those funny lenticular postcards that show him winking or the Statue of Liberty undressing. So he gave them the basic now-you-see-it-now-you-don't concept and they farmed out the execution to a workshop at Goldman Sachs."

Brilliant, I thought. Santa the CEO dreams up schemes as blatantly dishonest as "heads-I-win, tails-you-lose" and then his cronies fill in the details—and make sure the schemes are officially legal. If you're rich enough to have friends in the right places, such as Congress, Santa can make real magic toys for you.

"Santa has cooked up a million special tricks," Deep Elf continued. "Every year he keeps adding to the generally accepted accounting principles, just to keep the auditors happy. Then there are those top-hat plans, another cute-sounding little swindle, that exempt pension plans for senior executives from the rules and (continued on page 189)

**"Santa was always yakking about Martha Stewart and some of his other big-time cronies, bragging about them—especially to Mrs. Claus. That could have been a mistake," said Deep Elf. "Is she a threat to Santa?" I pressed.**

generally accepted accounting practices and all that. Arthur Andersen has been his accountant for years. He has been using his offshore partnerships to play hide-the-profits for the past decade. Where do you think those bozos at Enron got the idea?" Deep Elf asked.

"This year's been really scary. Especially after so many of his friends have turned out to be dirtbags and we all got a peek at the way it really works.

"Santa is in crisis mode. He could be rehearsing for a perp walk himself this

awarded big contracts, including a new 10-year deal with the Army that comes with no lid on potential costs. I guess it does help to have friends—and ex-CEOs like Cheney—in high places.

The shady rich had gotten richer through a variety of tricks. I asked Deep Elf if he, for example, had ever heard of monthly income preferred shares, protean securities that turn from debt to equity and back again depending on how you look at them. They were the creations of wizards at Goldman Sachs, and they allowed com-



*"A toast to the New Year! May it be another prosperous one for Attila and all us Huns!"*



# GIVE A GIRL A SHIRT

**AND SHE  
MIGHT EYE  
YOUR DRAWERS**

Her dress looks great on your kitchen floor. But your shirt looks better on her than on you. Take it as an opportunity. When she climbs out of bed and starts rummaging around for something to slip into, make sure she finds good stuff. That peek at a small corner of your world could get you into a small corner of hers. Why be selfish? Let her explore your drawers.

**fashion by joseph de acetis**  
**photography by antoine verglas**  
**produced by jennifer ryan jones**

Opposite page: He wears jeans and sweater by Southpole, undies by Under Armour and shoes by Reebok. His watch is by Movado. She's in lingerie by Eberjey (from La Petite Coquette), jewelry by Scott Kay and his jeans—by 2(x)ist. This page: She's in boots by Casadei and a Raffi sweater she swiped from him. He's in a sweater by Dada and pants by Abercrombie & Fitch.



A man in a dark navy suit with a chalk-stripe pattern, a checkered shirt, and a striped tie stands behind a woman. He has his arms around her, one hand on her shoulder and the other on her waist. The woman is sitting on a white modern-style chair. She is wearing a leopard-print bra, a brown single-breasted suit jacket, and matching brown trousers. She is also wearing red high-heeled sandals. The background shows a window with a view of a brick building. The lighting is soft and indoor.

He heads out to work—and she hops into his work clothes. Her animal-print bra and panties are by Liberti, her shoes are by Stuart Weitzman. She raids his closet and slips into a plaid shirt and single-breasted striped suit by Canali. He's in a navy chalk-stripe suit, check shirt, tie and pocket square by Turnbull and Asser. His shoes are by Giorgio Armani and his watch is by Tourneau. Now that he's all ready to go, he has to call in late.

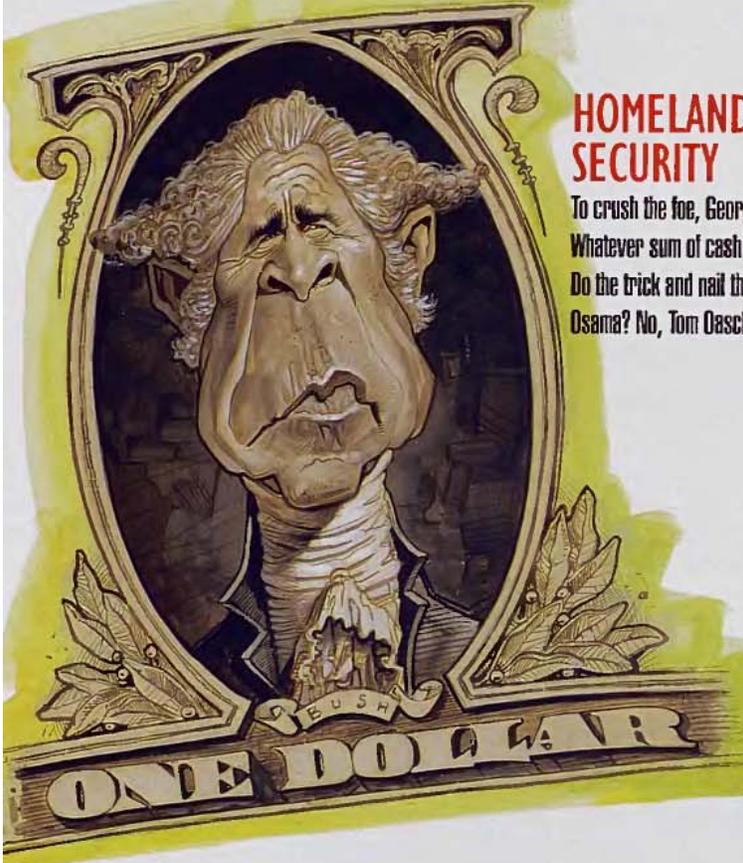
A man in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and black tie is leaning over a woman who is sitting on a bed. The woman has blonde hair and is wearing a black bra with a large, circular, rhinestone-encrusted cup. She is also wearing black strappy high-heeled sandals. The bed has a light purple or pinkish sheet. The man is adjusting the woman's bra. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

For some reason, he is still wearing a single-breasted tuxedo with silk lapels by Boss Hugo Boss and a cotton shirt and silk tie by Baldessarini Hugo Boss. She's in his other formal shirt, a pleated linen one by Turnbull and Asser. (The bow tie is also by Turnbull and Asser; the bed is by Desiron.) Her rhinestone bra and panties are by Cotton Club (from La Petite Coquette), and her shoes are by Gucci.

# THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

*the past 12 months were a spasm of pitfalls,  
pratfalls and bonehead moves. here are a few.*

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER



## HOMELAND SECURITY

To crush the foe, George Bush will spend  
Whatever sum of cash will  
Do the trick and nail that prick.  
Osama? No, Tom Oaschle.



## THE STOCK MARKET

Stockbrokers lied, they toated crap,  
And fleeced us with bum steers.  
The "Wall Street numbers" we like now:  
Fifteen to 20 years.

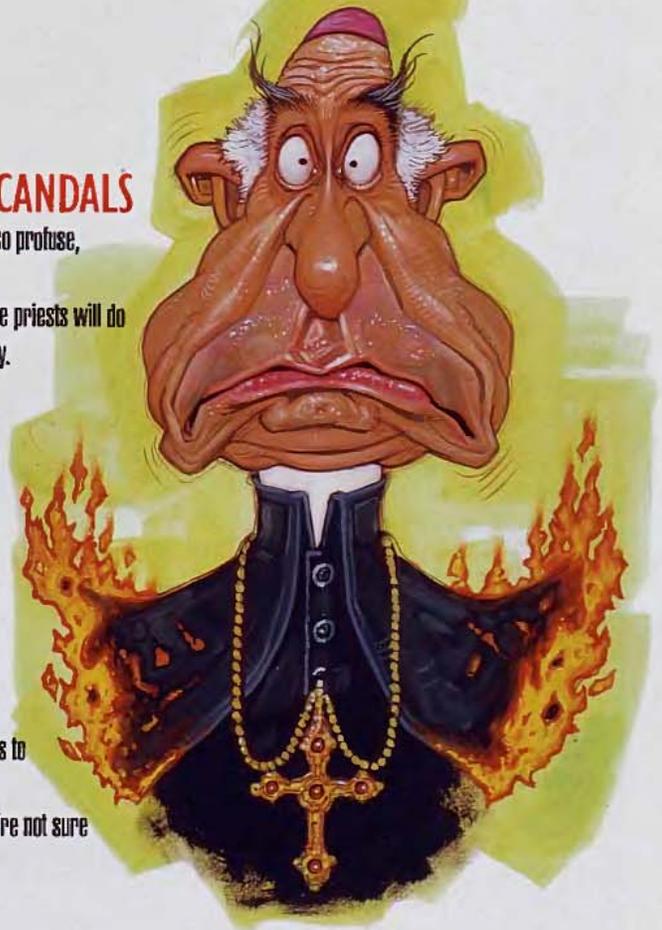


## BOTOX

Though batelism's fatal, Batex  
Shots are all the rage.  
Because, it's clear, we'd much prater  
To die than look our age.

## CHURCH SCANDALS

Tales of abuse grew so profuse,  
It was an ugly story.  
If half were true, some priests will do  
Hard time in purgatory.



## FBI

Our G-men swore, "We'll track foes to  
Their caves, huts and madrasas."  
This pledge from "pros" whom we're not sure  
Can even find their asses.



## MICHAEL OVITZ

Mike Ovitz moaned, "My life's been ruined  
By Hollywood's gay mafia!"  
Oh Mike, don't prate; there are scores of straights  
Who'd love the chance to screw ya.

## DICK CHENEY

"Attack Iraq!" urged Dick, who was,  
We hope, not just divertin'  
Everyone's attention from the  
Mess at Halliburton.

## AIR TRAVEL

With bankruptcies and service cuts  
Air travelers seem screwed.  
The good news: Fewer airlines means  
There'll be less airline food.

## THE ENVIRONMENT

"Global warming's nonsense," said  
Polluters, "spread by liars."  
As half the country battled droughts  
Or major forest fires.

## WHISTLE-BLOWERS

Ms. Watkins and Ms. Rowley made  
Their weasel bosses bristle.  
But damn, it got us hot just watching  
Women blowing whistles.



## JOHN ASHCROFT

From pot to guns to choice to porn,  
Big John went on a hinge  
Of "Justice" that sprang hard-ons all  
Across the far-right fringe.



## LIZA MINNELLI & DAVID GEST

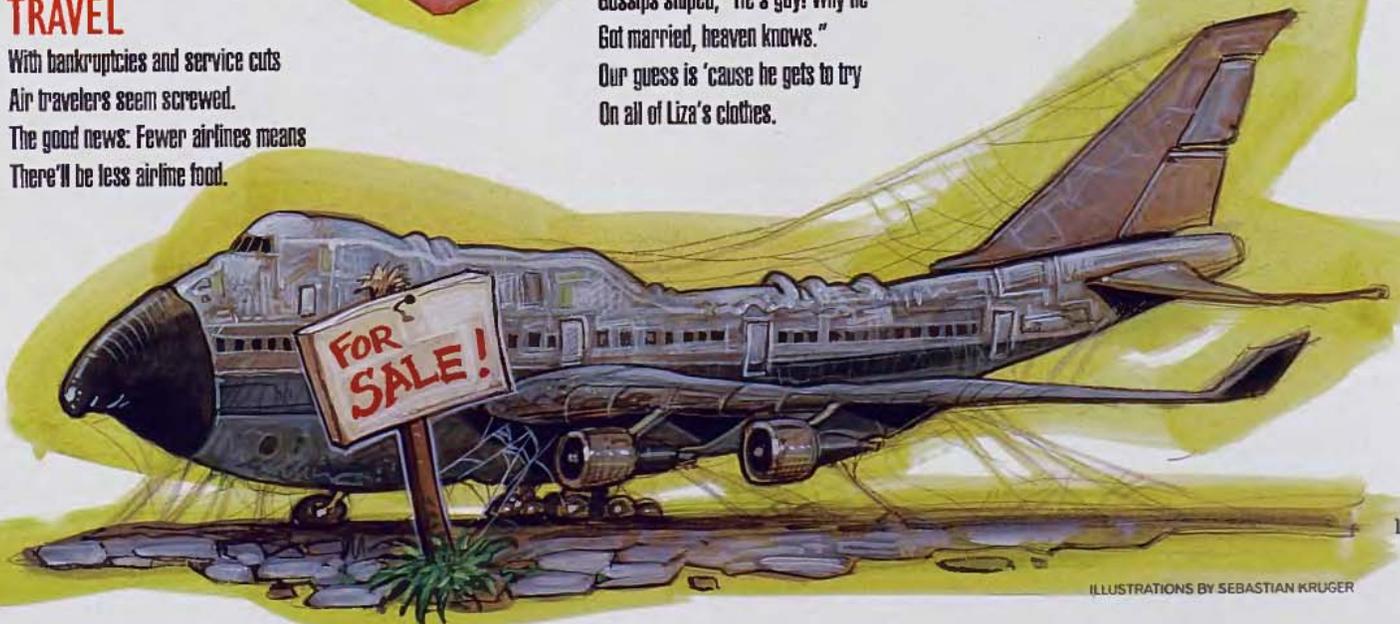
Gossips sniped, "He's gay! Why he  
Got married, heaven knows."  
Our guess is 'cause he gets to try  
On all of Liza's clothes.

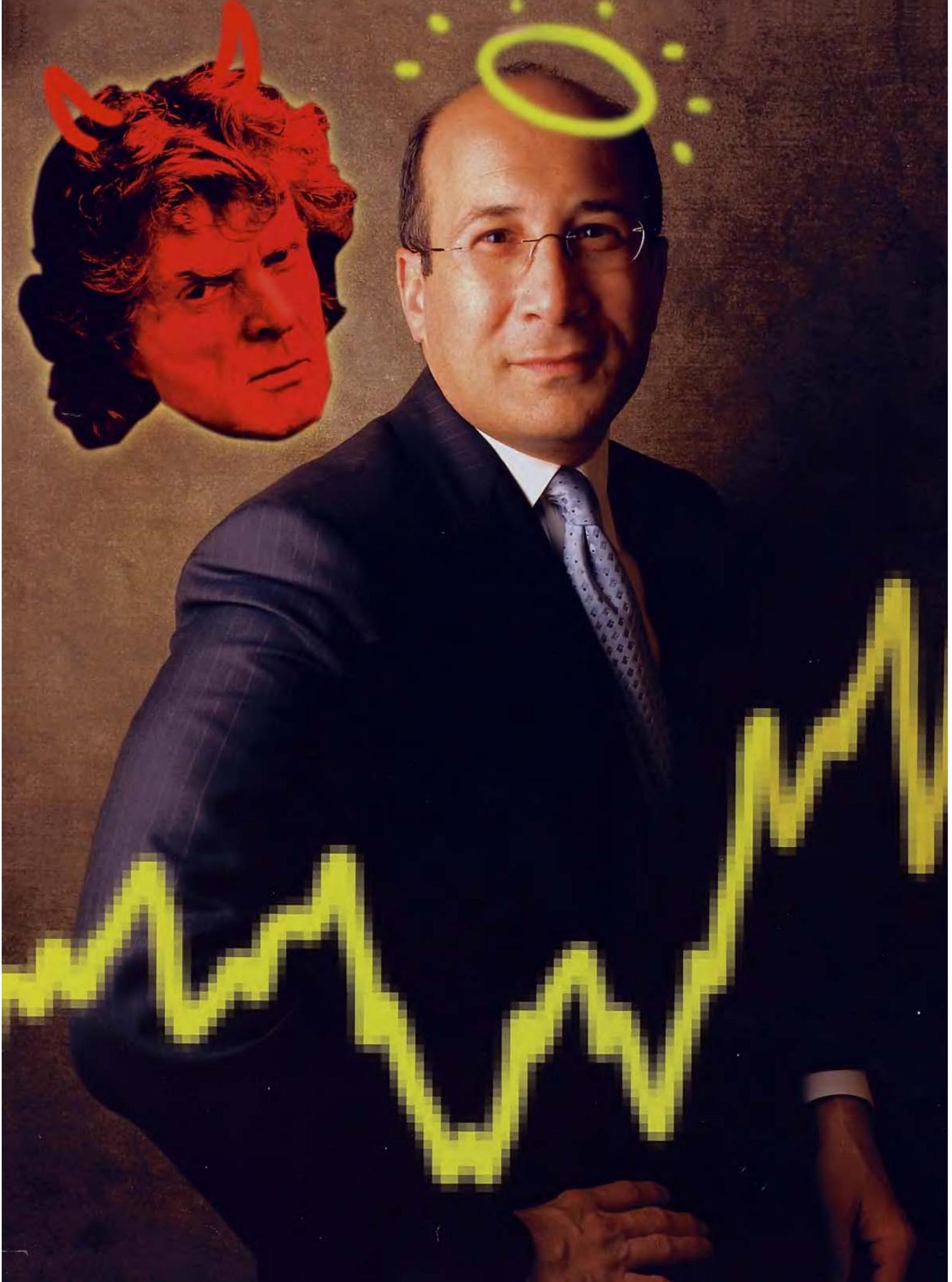
## THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

Some right-wing Christians got so steamed,  
They damn near dropped a clod  
When judges freed the pledge from its  
Confinement "under God."

## MARTHA STEWART

For Martha, queen perfectionist,  
A new array of gripes:  
"Those cells are cold, the food has mold,  
And I look fat in stripes."





# Ron Insana

# 20Q

the gnome of CNBC on market cycles, corporate excess and being don imus' enabler

**R**on Insana didn't set out to become a television business journalist. He took just one economics course, as a college sophomore. After graduation, the theater-and-film major got a job as a production assistant at the struggling *Financial News Network* in Los Angeles. He was soon laid off and joined the staff at a vitamin store. When FNN again beckoned, he quickly moved up the ranks. Two anchors of the understaffed operation called in sick the same day and Insana was tapped to read news updates on the air. A stint as an overnight replacement anchor helped him land his own morning stock market show. In 1991, CNBC acquired FNN and moved Insana to New York.

Over the years Insana has covered bull and bear markets, bankruptcies and bubbles, and recently a good deal of crime and scandal. In May 1999 he teamed up with Sue Herera (one of the FNN anchors whose sick call gave him his break) to anchor *Business Center*, the network's daily two-hour broadcast of news, features and opinion. The show originates from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange after the close of trading.

Insana has more than made up for his lack of formal economic training. He's a serious student of financial markets who peppers his conversation with references to the history and lore of Wall Street. He has just published his third book, *Trend Watching*, which covers investment manias and bubbles.

In addition to his *Business Center* duties, Insana frequently reports for NBC's *Nightly News*. And when the morning's business developments befuddle the irritable Don Imus, the radio host telephones Insana for enlightenment.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker caught up with Insana at the Big Board. Says Kalbacker, "The janitors hadn't yet had a chance to sweep away the day's trading slips and order forms that littered the floor. When I queried Insana about the existence of such debris in the digital age, he remarked, 'This place generates more paper than was used before the arrival of computers.'"

1

PLAYBOY: You anchor *Business Center* for two hours a night from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Was it a coup for the show to land that location, or was the Big Board determined to maximize the after-hours use of its physical assets?

INSANA: It was a coup. If you look at the history of how the Exchange has dealt with the press, it's been an extraordinarily clubby environment where only a select few have had access to the floor. The Exchange derives some benefit from having us there, but I'm not quite sure what the financial arrangement is. I think that it's more a partner than a landlord.

2

PLAYBOY: OK, once and for all, how do those you term the smart money crowd differ from the rest of us?

INSANA: They are different in meaningful ways. The smart money crowd will always have access to what one former hedge fund investor calls "fancy information." If you're a well-resourced hedge fund manager who is pulling in hundreds of millions of dollars in fees every year, you are able to buy—for hundreds of thousands of dollars—information that the public can't immediately get its hands on. There are all kinds of proprietary research, analytics, geopolitical intelligence gathering. What's changed in the past 10 or 20 years, depending on how you want to define the start of business news, is the emergence of a real-time environment, which shrank the information gap between individuals and professionals. An individual who can focus and avoid the noise can do well as an investor. What you can't do, and what professionals can't do even in this environment, is ride anything. In 1999 and 2000 day traders played the momentum game. They made the professionals

look stupid because they were able to ride stocks that went up. But that was an anomaly. The 11,700 Dow was outsize. It should never have happened. The market is normal now in that it's more difficult. People are disconcerted. I know professionals who have been at this for 30 years who say this is the most difficult environment they've ever seen. People who want to become good traders are going to have to dedicate a lot of time, immerse themselves and learn through a series of mistakes. I don't know any professional who does this on a part-time basis. It is a 24-hour job. A hedge fund investor with billions of dollars on the line gets phone calls in the middle of the night.

3

PLAYBOY: Where have all the day traders of the Nineties gone? Did they change into business suits and set out on job searches?

INSANA: They're around. Some people managed to weather the storm. The hardest part of the peak was that the individual day traders were encouraged by some of the day trading operations, which in my view were the modern equivalent of the Twenties' bucket shops—brokerage houses that used to clip people. They would let them trade stocks on margin. They would manipulate a stock to make it a bit better and then they'd drop the stock and people would get wiped out. The day traders of the Nineties were encouraged by the principals in the operations to lend each other money, which allowed them to get around margin requirements. Whenever you use leverage, it can blow up because your losses are amplified. I know some of the best traders in the history of the game who lose billions of dollars—and they're still good. They make mistakes, but they're well capitalized. That's the difference between an individual who takes his 50 grand and tries to pyramid it into something

bigger. If you lose the 50 grand, you're out of business.

## 4

PLAYBOY: What does the Dow tell us?

INSANA: I characterize the Dow as a barometer of intelligent perceptions about the economy and the social, political and military environments. You can even use the Dow to gauge sentiment about where we are as a culture. When investors, particularly those who are making some long-term bets, plunk down their money, they're making assumptions about the future. So as the Dow or the S&P 500 moves higher, you can tell that people think the economic outlook is good because the political and social outlooks are stable. From the late Sixties until the early Eighties the Dow was a reflection of the volatility of the times. It slammed around violently—between 700 and 1000. Looking at the Dow could tell you that the entire fabric of America was being jostled about with oil price shocks, inflation, unemployment.

## 5

PLAYBOY: Financial journalists were criticized for cheerleading for stocks during the bull market. Care to give us your side of the story?

INSANA: I was not among those accused of being a cheerleader during the up years. People criticized me for being too dour in my outlook. I got my share of hate mail as the market went higher. Now, I was not universally negative. I agreed with people who suggested that the technology was transformational. But the real question was: Did stock prices overestimate the near-term benefits? I like market history. The canals and plank roads of the 1830s were similar to the Internet, making business more efficient, making communities smaller, allowing our wives and daughters to get to church faster. They were community developments, which are echoed in the Internet. But point out to people that this has happened before, and they say, "No. This is brand-new." That's the risk: not understanding that it's not new. The Internet is going to transform a lot of things. But you can't blindly assume the stuff is so filled with promise that you believe your investment in *pets.com* is going to go up for the rest of your life. The Internet is working great in a postbubble environment. The stocks are gone.

## 6

PLAYBOY: An investor we know acquired Enron stock when the outfit was a pipeline operator, but he claims that over the years he never figured out what Enron's business was. Can you explain

what Enron was up to?

INSANA: I think a lot of people never figured that out. Enron got into market-making capacity for everything from copper to aluminum to natural gas to electricity to fiber-optic bandwidth. Trading those last two like industrial commodities is beyond a lot of people—although that will happen in the future. The problem was that Enron was using a complex trading system to facilitate transactions in a variety of markets. My understanding was they got into areas that were mind-numbingly complex. They would provide electricity to a company that smelts copper. And instead of getting paid for that, they would take physical copper in exchange, then go out in the futures market and hedge their exposure to copper and create layer upon layer of transactions, assuming they were somehow fully hedged when they weren't. When one market went against them, and then another and then another, they collapsed.

## 7

PLAYBOY: Can financial reporters hope to explain to the public the Enron-style wheeling and dealing that may challenge even the most dogged forensic accountants?

INSANA: It's not that the transactions defy explanation, it's just that they require a great number of words. And to simplify the situation in such a way that people understand what's going on might be a difficult, if not impossible, task. We can come up with these broad generalizations about what was done. Was there accounting fraud? Were there sham transactions to pump up revenues and profits? In most of these cases, we can safely say yes. The details are interesting for the forensic accounting people who want to understand how this stuff got through the system. For the layperson who enjoys this level of detail there will be some good books written about it.

## 8

PLAYBOY: *Business Center* has featured at least one stock market watcher who bases his predictions on alignments of heavenly bodies. Wouldn't stadium naming rights be a valid indicator of a company's prospects?

INSANA: Absolutely. It's the contrarian indicator of the Nineties. As soon as a company spends \$100 million to name a stadium, sell the stock. Enron Field. PSINet Stadium. CMGI up in Foxboro, Massachusetts.

## 9

PLAYBOY: We love those talking heads, but isn't financial news a challenge in

such a visual medium?

INSANA: I don't know that we are in a business that has ever produced the Emmy-winning visual. When I started, we would do 16 pages of commodity prices over three and a half minutes. But in the Eighties we consciously tried to understand the dynamics of sports broadcasting. When sports introduced a color commentator, the nature of sports broadcasting changed dramatically. It was no longer one guy telling football fans what down it was. The dynamic of an expert, who was previously involved with the game and had an intuitive understanding of it, added insights. That developed to what we have now. Investors benefit from practitioners—color commentators—who share their views or walk us through a problem.

## 10

PLAYBOY: Please analyze the problem with stock analysis.

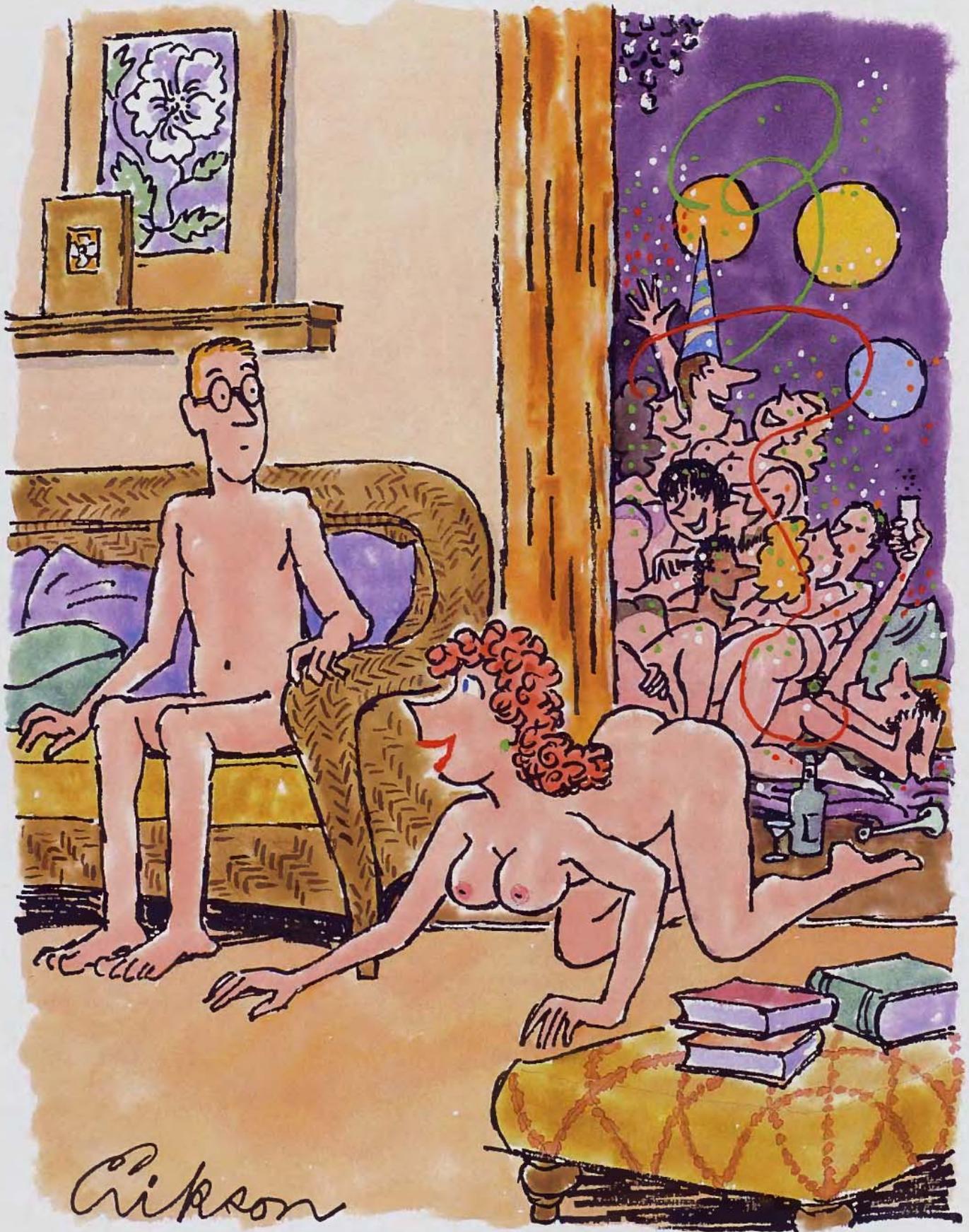
INSANA: At the peak of the market, buy recommendations on Wall Street outnumbered sell recommendations by 100 to one. The old song on the Street is that the pendulum swings between fear and greed. We went so far past greed in March 2000. The investing public was saying, "Give me more." They wanted to hear from Henry Blodget at Merrill Lynch. You had analysts making all sorts of public pronouncements about stocks that they knew were garbage. A lot of companies were brought public that in normal times would have never been given seed capital by private investors. On Wall Street, somebody would go, "We're going to sell pet food!" "Great, fantastic! You get \$100 million." They were rewarded for success before they even tried. In many cases they didn't even have a product.

## 11

PLAYBOY: In the Eighties it was the fictional Gordon Gekko with his "Greed is good" philosophy. What's Ron Insana's best estimate for the cliché investor character of this decade?

INSANA: I am beginning to think that the next play is going to be based on inflation. We might have Seventies-style characters with oil, gas and alternative-energy limited partnerships. Maybe we will see the rise of the commodity huckster. Real estate might also be one of those hot investment areas that will bring out the same type of animal spirit in people. There's going to be another bubble cropping up somewhere in the world that's going to get our attention and our dollars. The risk is that we're going to have an inflation problem

(continued on page 187)



"Ah! Sanctuary."

# BUTTS

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thongs create two magnificently distinct yet complementary globes. (Beauty is all about symmetry.) Thongs also let butt cheeks wobble—and who does not love the free movement of a bare ass? All those Wonderbra-girded breasts seem too constrained and inaccessible when compared to a bucking behind.

In the new world order, Jennifer Lopez is Dolly Parton and Marilyn Monroe—the biggest and the best. Her buns are lauded high and low, and spoken of with a directness not often applied to breasts. There's the urban legend about J. Lo insuring her ass for a billion dollars. (Singer Kylie Minogue is also said to have insured her butt—for £3 million.) Jay Leno makes constant jokes: "NBC will air a Jennifer Lopez special. So if you're thinking of getting one of those wide-screen TVs, this is the time to do it." The *New York Post's* Cindy Adams wrote about a surprise birthday party for J. Lo: "A dozen of her friends were hiding behind her behind."

Still, though J. Lo is the top sex symbol of the age of the ass, she is less the cause than the result of the assification of America. Maybe it all began with Neil Armstrong—the first man on the moon. Maybe not. One thing is for sure: The first thong underwear hit the U.S. in 1981, introduced by Frederick's of Hollywood. Thongs accounted for five percent of underwear sales back then; 20 years later Frederick's is selling 75,000 pairs a week—90 percent of its U.S. panty sales are thongs.

Today's butt fetish was helped along by hip-hop lyrics and music videos. The D.C. go-go band E.U. scored a cult hit with *Da' Butt*, used on the soundtrack of Spike Lee's 1988 flick *School Daze*. ("Ain't nothin' wrong if you wanna do the butt all night long.") Two Live Crew may have been the first platinum-selling act to talk explicitly about anal sex, in *Me So Horny* from the 1989 album *As Nasty As They Wanna Be*: "I won't tell your mama if you don't tell your dad/I know he'll be disgusted when he sees your pussy busted/Won't your mama be so mad if she knew I got that ass?" Rump-shaking bass grooves led to other cheeky anthems like *Rump Shaker* by Wreckx and Effect, *Professor Booty* by the Beastie Boys and *Dazey Duks* by Duice. The United States of Ass finally got a national anthem with 1992's ubiquitous *Baby Got Back* by Sir Mix-a-Lot, a tune based on the aesthetic appreciation of butts rather than their sexual possibilities ("My anacanda don't want none unless you've got buns, hon"). The video for the Luniz' 1995 single *I Got Five on It* featured

some of the earliest peeking thongs—lots of them. More recently, Juvenile's *Back That Azz Up*, featuring the refrain, "Call me big daddy when you back that azz up," went from a dance move to a smash-hit song to a cultural catchphrase. And, with Sisqo's *Thong Song*, the appreciation of hot flossed buns made it to number one.

Getting a piece of ass used to be a metaphor. No more. Now it's exactly what guys look for. Back-door action has become the cherry on the heterosexual sundae. And it's something that mainstream girls can be talked into giving up. (Gently, slowly.) In the bedroom, the ass is the final sphincter frontier, the hat trick, the trifecta. Grandpa yearned for flange. Dad craved a BJ. Junior wants to tap that ass.

Why did the ass ascend? Do we give some of the credit to Tristan Taormino, whose *Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* became an independent publishing hit in the Nineties? Talk about accommodating—she also starred in the best-selling movie version of the book. Trendy and fastidious grooming techniques like the Brazilian wax job also make that region more enticing.

The biggest source of eroticizing, of course, entered the mainstream behind the closed doors of American bedrooms, by way of VCRs and, later, the Internet, DVDs and video-on-demand services. In 1989, a dramatically new style of porn arrived, when John Stagliano—known simply as Buttman—released his first movie, *The Adventures of Buttman* (he's still at it, with titles like *Buttman in the Crack*). His camcorder reality-porn was quickly followed by movies from the similar-minded Seymour Butts and Ben Dover. New porn starlets were able to make reputations as "anal queens" (a new title), and for a time were paid a premium. Two subsequent developments brought the fascinations of these new gonzo porn auteurs to the mainstream. First, the Clinton administration—specifically Attorney General Janet Reno—completely stopped prosecuting adult film companies. The adult video business underwent unprecedented growth, with the number of production companies doubling during the Clinton years. The result of the boom was a market where heterosexual anal sex quickly went from a stunt to a staple. Second, through extensions in cable and satellite TV capabilities, this type of movie could be ordered on demand or by subscription in tens of millions of homes. How mainstream is this stuff now? The Ivy League jokers who shot parts of a student skin flick in their college library (Comedy Central just did a movie about it called *Porn 'n Chicken*)

hosted an anal sex seminar at Yale. Tristan Taormino was the guest speaker.

Buns have become so valuable as aesthetic currency that movie studios can now base expensive marketing campaigns almost entirely on them. In the 1999 Sean Connery thriller *Entrapment*, the central image of both the trailer and the TV ad is co-star Catherine Zeta-Jones in a black body glove, on her stomach crawling beneath laser security beams, shoving her ass up into the air and presenting it to the audience. *Entrapment* was savaged by critics, and any money the movie made—and it managed to take in \$88 million—was largely the result of the marketing campaign. That is, thanks to Zeta-Jones' inviting cheeks.

In the 2001 art-house hit *Sexy Beast*, Ben Kingsley's character, Don, is ridiculed as a reactionary fool because he can't understand why someone would want to play with a bum during sex. In one episode of HBO's *Sex and the City*, Miranda hooks up with a guy who gives her "tookis lingus." After her initial surprise she decides to have another go. Platinum-selling recording artist Lil' Kim raps lines like "I let you come in me, while you stick it in the booty, lick the nut off, then stick it back in the coot, see." (Now there's even a porn star named Lil' Asss.) Anal sex is now prevalent enough among younger generations to figure as a viable alternative for kids raised on abstinence.

It's also clear that girls of all ages now pay close attention to their buns. Thongs outsell panties at outlets like Victoria's Secret. *Cosmopolitan* offered a "thong glossary" to readers shopping for thong-style bathing suits. *Cosmo* identified the "Brazilian bottom" ("ideal for butt-baring beginners"), the "classic thong" ("reveals your entire derriere") and the "G-string" ("lets the whole cupcake hang out"). In the same issue, *Cosmo* featured a piece called *Make That Moon Shine*. "Get your derriere dazzling with a good butt buffing," the article suggested, and went on to reveal a recipe for butt polish (cornmeal, sand or kosher salt and honey). There are now surgical procedures—both bottom lifts and implants—for fuller butts. In fact, FoxNews.com said in April that buttock implants "are quickly becoming the breast implants of the new millennium." And, according to a Knight Ridder News Service piece, physicians now see a previously unprecedented phenomenon—melanoma of the buttocks—as a result of girls' tanning their behinds too zealously. It's no longer the place where the sun don't shine.



# PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW



a roundup of 2002's delightful dozen

**G**LOBALIZATION had a big impact here at PLAYBOY. Our 2002 Playmates proved that beauty loves a melting pot. This year we have women with ancestors from Puerto Rico, Russia, Japan, China, Africa, Hawaii and even Guyana. But only one of these girls will be Playmate of the Year 2003, and you need to tell us who is most deserving. Will it be the screenwriter? The inventor? The fashion designer? The future veterinarian? The former showgirl? The punk-band singer? An aspiring actress or model? Picking only one is extremely difficult, but register your preference online and help your favorite Playmate get one step closer to the crown.

Indicate your choice for Playmate of the Year at [Playboy.com](http://Playboy.com).





*Miss September*  
**SHALLAN MEIERS**

Shallan has been working on her web page and doing a lot of promotional work. "A normal job is definitely out of the question. At one signing, a guy who competes in the Special Olympics gave me one of his medals," she says. "I told him, 'This is such a sweet gesture, but I can't take it!' He insisted. When *PLAYBOY* asked me to pick my charity for the *Street Smarts* game show, I chose the Special Olympics. If someone can be that thoughtful toward me, I ought to give it back."

*Miss November*  
**SERRIA TAWAN**

Script genie Serria Tawan is overseeing two of her screenplays: one titled *Moscow Fiasco* is in preproduction. She also has acted in six independent movies, including *Confidence* with Dustin Hoffman and *The Sisterhood* as the lead vampire. "What I'm happiest about is getting a position at a shelter for abused women and children," she says. "I care about people and think everybody should volunteer." Look for an Olivia De Berardinis pin-up painting of Serria at [rbeditions.com](http://rbeditions.com).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
STEPHEN WAYDA





*Miss June*  
**MICHELE ROGERS**

"Since my issue came out, I've been doing a ton of promotional work, parties and special events for *PLAYBOY*," says Michele. "I've never had a summer where I got to wake up whenever I wanted to, so I went to the beach and just chilled with my girlfriends." Michele says she would use her Playmate of the Year money to open the boutique she's always wanted. "I would be the first Miss June to become the Playmate of the Year," she says. "My family and friends are my biggest fans."

*Miss October*  
**TERI HARRISON**

Teri made her TV debut on ABC's *College Football Preview* and followed that with an appearance on *The Man Show*. "I turned the tables on Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla by becoming the *PLAYBOY* photographer," she says. "I had them on the bed, smacking their asses and making love to the camera. It was a funny skit." Teri wants to be a TV host—for now. "I think when I'm older I would like to read movie scripts," she says. "But not yet—I'm too distracted."

*Miss May*  
**CHRISTI SHAKE**

There is clubwear and sexy lingerie for sale on [christishake.com](http://christishake.com), and Christi is working on a cosmetics line. She's appeared on the TV show *Oblivious* and worked the Guess fashion show with several other Playmates. "I'm still studying acting, but I want to take some child psychology courses, too," she says. "I posed for *Playboy Japan* and did an autograph signing there. I want to thank the boys everywhere for writing to me and showing support. It's so sweet."





*Miss January*  
**NICOLE NARAIN**

Nicole has been getting her groove on as the lead girl in the videos for LL Cool J's *Lov U Better* and Bradshaw's *You Remind Me*. "I'm making my reel right now, and I interviewed them both for it," she says. She's also done magazine covers, *The Howard Stern Show* and two TV pilots (in one she acts as a reality-show host who uncovers cat-fighting behind the scenes of a beauty pageant). "I want to thank Hef for giving me a chance. Becoming PMOY would be icing on the cake!"

*Miss July*  
**LAUREN ANDERSON**

Lauren took some time off from school to do promotional work for PLAYBOY. "I went overseas to judge *Playboy Greece's* Playmate of the Year contest," she says. "It was my first time out of the U.S." The future veterinarian marched on Capitol Hill for PETA and is mourning the loss of her pet duck. "Marble was paralyzed and had multiple sclerosis," she says. "I miss him. Right now I'm busy and not at home, but when I return I want more pet ducks and squirrels."





*Miss April*  
**HEATHER CAROLIN**

Everyone's favorite party girl now lives 10 blocks from the beach in southern California. "I wanted to get away from my small town," Heather says. "I moved here with my best friend, who I've gone to school with since I was 10. We just got a new puppy." Heather played the lead in a video for the Calling and had a two-page spread in the herbalist publication *High Times*. "I still want to be a race-car driver and would love to do *Celebrity Grand Prix* for PLAYBOY," she says.

*Miss February*  
**ANKA ROMENSKY**

Listen up—you might hear Anka on the radio soon. "I started recording my demo tape this past fall," she says. "I sing R&B-style love ballads. It's very sensual and has a little kick to it." The Russian songbird and actress has a new home and a new website, [msanka.com](http://msanka.com). "I moved out of my mom's place, but only one floor up, so I just have to walk downstairs for a home-cooked meal," she says. "Every morning I'm on the computer responding to e-mail. I write back to every one of my fans."

*Miss March*  
**TINA JORDAN**

"I moved out of the Mansion to spend more time with my daughter and to work on my career and website, [tinajordan.com](http://tinajordan.com)," says Tina. "Hef was exhausting me—it's a never-ending party with him!" Tina appeared on MTV's *Cribs* and on *The Howard Stern Show*. "I've been doing signings to the point where I can't even write my name anymore," she says. "It's a pleasure to do even if my name isn't legible. I stay until I finish every one because I never want to disappoint a fan."





*Miss December*  
**LANI TODD**

"I helped host a party with Dennis Rodman and Carmen Electra on Playboy TV," says Lani. "You need to be trained in acting. I would love to start out as a host, because it came naturally to me." As does hosting wayward animals, we discovered. "When I was staying at the Mansion, I adopted a kitty that had wandered on-to the property," she says. "No one claimed him, and I just fell in love with the little guy. I kept him for two weeks and then flew him home to live with me."

*Miss August*  
**CHRISTINA SANTIAGO**

Christina wants to do more acting, singing and dancing but she refuses to make an impulse move to Los Angeles. "I want to try everything so it looks good on my résumé and people know that I've been trained in different parts of the business," she says. Right now she's doing commercials and promotional work and eyeing the PMOY title. "There are a lot more natural girls this year," she says. "To the PLAYBOY readers who appreciate a down-to-earth, ethnic, city girl: Pick me!"



MORE PHOTOS AND VIDEO OF ALL THESE  
PLAYMATES AT [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).



(continued from page 124)

That fact is drummed into the brain of every school kid down here from first grade on. It's a point of pride. The highway sign that greets out-of-state visitors reads DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS. And the unofficial slogan of the Texas Dental Association is: "If you want to maintain healthy teeth, brush after every meal and mind your own business." That's an ethos encrypted into the cell structure of anybody who ever amounted to anything in Texas.

Those people who now persist in burning the effigy of George W. Bush in places the president cannot pronounce need to understand his Lone Star streak. In 1941 Lyndon Johnson lost a race for the U.S. Senate to W. Lee "Pass the Biscuits, Pappy" O'Daniel, who traveled the state reciting the poem *The Boy Who Never Got Too Old to Comb His Mother's Hair*. Texans are a druid-like bunch, after all, and you have to be one of us to comprehend why we do some of the things we do.

The first time I met the president of the United States, he was holding a small radio to his right ear. This was in 1990, at the Texas Republican state convention, and 44-year-old George W. Bush was listening to a ball game. His father happened to be occupying the Oval Office at the time.

A genuine political marvel and honest-to-God cowboy named Clayton Williams was enjoying his coronation as the Republican nominee for governor. From a political standpoint, Texas at the time was a state of personal disasters.

The year before, Texan Jim Wright, Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, had resigned from Congress over a scandal that began when the House Ethics Committee investigated a deal in which he wrote a skinny book for oddly fat royalties. And poor John Tower had been disgraced in confirmation hearings for the post of Secretary of Defense, characterized as a chronic hoister of skirts and cocktail glasses—the party boy of the Senate.

Now came this Clayton Williams cat, a man who had sprung to political fame from the vast nothingness of west Texas, the prairie primeval, on the basis of television spots in which he issued a blood oath to introduce Texas pot-heads and punks "to the joys of busting rocks." The actors employed to play the convicts in the memorable TV ads were actually members of the rodeo team at Sul Ross State University in Alpine, Texas.

Regular Republicans, the regents of the realm, were appalled by the sudden rise of Claytie, as he was known to his adoring fan base, in 1990. It was

well known that Williams had been involved in at least two fistfights. He'd smoked his foes in the Republican primary, but by convention time Williams had flown his balloon into some righteous flak by cracking a joke about rape and confessing to banging Mexican bordertown whores. Williams was proof that attempting to insert decorum into Texas politics was like trying to outlive Bob Hope.

While Claytie spoke, I approached George W. Bush and was able to divert him from his game just long enough to talk about Williams. Bush said, "The question on my mind is how has he dealt personally with the adverse stuff that happened after the primaries"—presumably Claytie's bad press on his "relax and enjoy it" comment—"has all that changed him? Has this changed his zest for politics?" And right then, I learned something about our future president.

Allow me to share this secret: It is impossible for Bush to tell a lie. His eyes betray him every time. So, while Bush was hardly presenting a resounding endorsement of Williams, what his eyes were declaring, with unmistakable clarity, was, "If this hayshaker actually becomes the governor, he'll set the Republican cause in Texas back 50 years."

When Williams finished his speech, he offered a resounding tribute to pols who had helped push Texas into the corral of rock-ribbed Republican states. He listed Bill Clements, the first Republican to occupy the Governor's Mansion since Reconstruction, and he talked about Phil Gramm, and then he mentioned two or three other names. Williams somehow omitted the name of George Herbert Walker Bush, and even though our 41st president was about as Texan as Charles DeGaulle, he owned a mailing address in Houston.

Claytie walked offstage and smack into W., who promptly eviscerated him in no uncertain terms. "He told Claytie to get his you-know-what-ing ass back up there on that stage and recognize his father," is how one of Claytie's campaign aides remembers it.

While George W.'s ferocious allegiance to his presidential father was obvious, the extent of his involvement in the administration has been underestimated. It was George W., in fact, who personally confronted John Sununu, the old New Hampshire egghead, as George H.'s White House chief of staff. After Sununu began experiencing media heat for alleged excesses with government-funded perks, W. paid a call and personally asked Sununu to "step aside because you're hurting my dad."

I like to think now that I was on the spot at the moment when George W. Bush experienced his grand epiphany

to grasp the banner and mount his own political destiny. When Clayton Williams was having his butt reamed by George W. on that summer Saturday in Fort Worth, I was watching from a distance of about 100 feet. I could not hear what Bush was saying nor could I read his lips. But from that distance, I could sure read George W.'s eyes, and they strongly suggested that when it came to politics, the man was becoming impatient with the best seat in the house and now desired to enter the game.

People in these parts like to say that the reason rich Texans pack their offspring away to the Ivy League is that they will be taught to say "That's interesting," rather than "No shit."

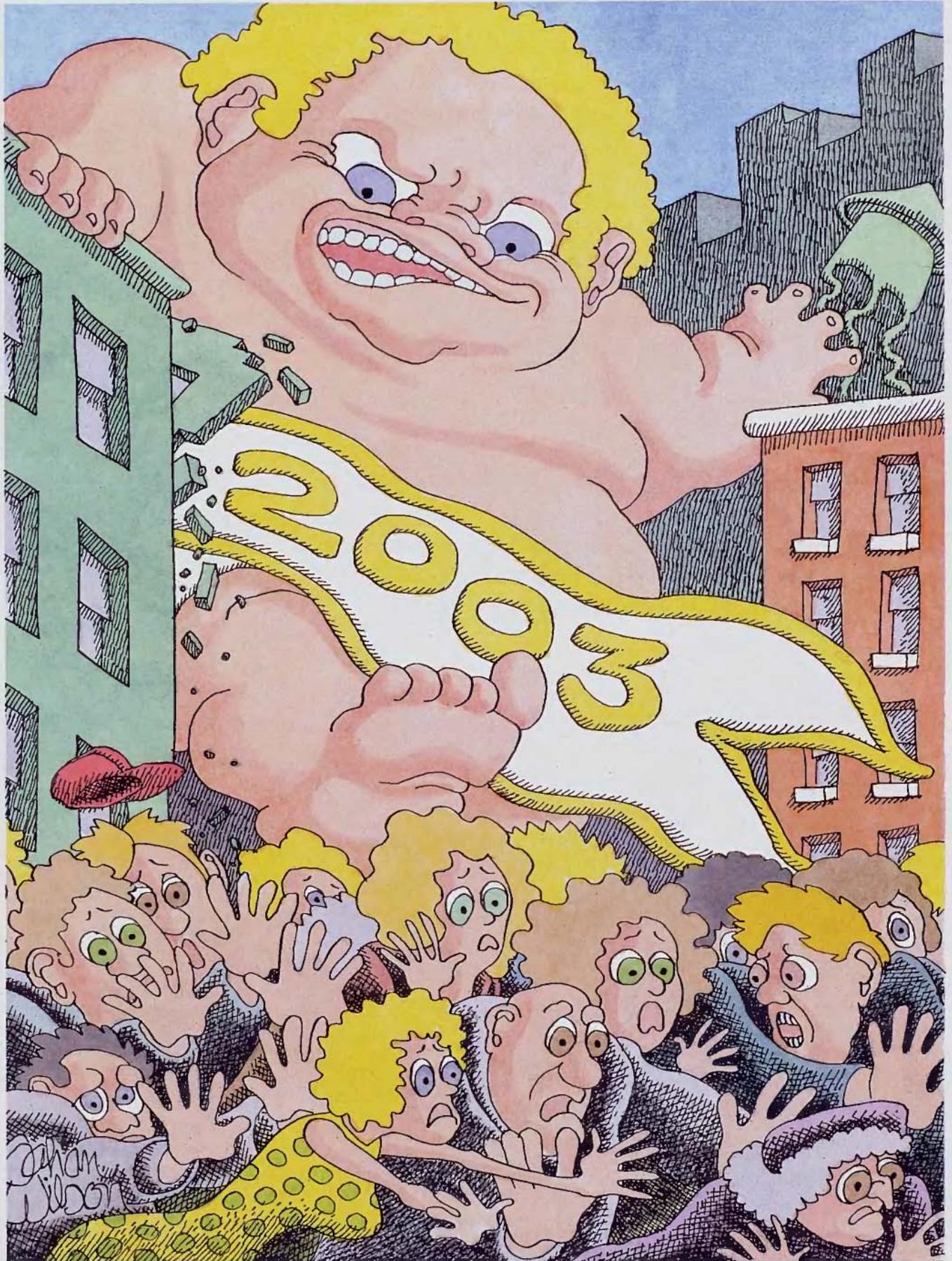
In the particular case of George W. Bush, multitudes of instances can be cited in which that lesson didn't take. That's because George W. is Texan all the way down to his tonsils and toenails, with his cultural and spiritual taproot set deep into that state's western regions, the Lone Star outback.

When George Herbert Walker Bush finished college and heeded Horace Greeley's advice that if you're looking to cash in, head for the sticks, he didn't do it in half measures. He landed way out in Midland, amid the sand fleas and tarantulas, where the wind will blow the mustard off your hot dog. It gave young W. the experience of growing up around individuals who are proud to think of themselves as oil field trash but also as good people.

Parts of west Texas were made even better by the fact that the water supply contained natural dosages of lithium. "More so around El Paso, but it's still a minuscule amount. Theoretically, it may help them to be more relaxed or mellow. I've heard people say there's less violence in that area, but I haven't seen any studies to support it," says Dr. Joel Holiner, a Dallas psychiatrist.

While we are presented with the image of a population of blissed-out zombies riding in pickups, no one is suggesting that a taste for lithium lured George W. back to the harsh landscape of his youth after college in New England. Nor does anybody promote the notion that Bush was giddy on groundwater when he decided to run for Congress out there in 1978.

"I was sort of a professional politician, and I'd never heard of George W. Bush, and hadn't heard that much about his father, when he decided to run," says Kent Hance, who can now claim to be the only person to whup W.'s ass in a political campaign. Hance was the Democrat and Bush, of course, the Republican in the congressional race in 1978. The Democrat had grown



*"I've got a feeling this is going to be a rough one!"*

up in the most distant reaches of the Panhandle, in the community of Dimmitt—where the road ends and the West begins. The congressional district that Bush sought to represent is larger than most Eastern states.

"George had beaten an opponent in the Republican primary who was an ex-military guy who offered a campaign platform promising a missile in every yard. But George made a mistake early in the general campaign against me. He ran a TV ad that showed him jogging," says Hance. "Nobody out in that part of the country jogs. If folks see somebody jogging, they figure his truck broke and they'll offer him a ride because he's late to work." Hance speaks with the most refined, palace elements of west Texas elocution. With dry teeth and an even drier throat, the people of the high plains avoid putting pressure on the larynx, and speak through their noses instead.

When agitated, the sumbitches sound like Jed Clampett on helium.

Poor Bush. In 1978 he was a newlywed, and pretty much devoted his honeymoon to traveling in a station wagon to dirt-floor towns like Happy, in Swisher County (yes, such a place does exist). He was glad-handing the locals, the cotton and peanut farmers who had creases that ran across the backs of their necks like dry creek beds. All the while, Bush was holding his marriage in place on his solemn oath to Laura that, win or lose, he'd never press her to speak in public.

"Still, George was a quick study, and his campaign caught on because he liked the people out there and the people liked him," Hance says. "We tried to depict him as an outsider. A transplanted rich Yankee. My slogan was, 'I'll take Dimmitt High School over Andover and Texas Tech over Yale and the Harvard Bizness School anytime.' We hit him hard

on the notion that he was getting outside money, too, from places back East. Places like Dallas. Our campaigns crossed paths in Levelland, near where the flying saucer landed on the highway in 1957. Bush asked me if I had ever seen a spaceship. I told him, 'I may see one, I may even go riding in one, but I sure as hell ain't going to tell anyone about it.' He asked me about the outside money issue. He said, 'So, how are your finances? Are you running out of money?' George wasn't being snotty. He was just curious. For a minute there, I thought he was going to offer me a loan."

Hance was the last person to successfully press the case that George W. Bush was not a 24-karat Texan. Hance collected 53 percent of the vote, beat Bush and moved to Washington. Looking back, he recalls an incident that foreshadowed events to come. "All the freshmen congressmen went to this orientation session in the Cannon Building near the Capitol, and when we came out, the rain was pouring hard, like a cow pissing on a flat rock," Hance says. "We all stood there under this awning, staring at the rain, and saying stuff like, 'Goddamn. Jesus. Look at that shit come down. We're all gonna fucking drown.' And this other congressman named Al Gore came out, looked around and said, 'My goodness gracious! What a terrible storm!' I knew then that Congressman Gore was a complete stiff."

By the year 2000, Kent Hance, like most Texas politicians with reasonable survival instincts, had switched his label to Republican. Even so, Hance swears that because of the awning episode he still would have voted for George W.

For years after I first met George W., his public identity remained linked to the Rangers and to baseball. "Bush had an absolute reverence for the game, which I am sure was not diminished when he made a profit of about \$15 million from selling his share of the team," says Frank Luksa, a sports columnist for three Dallas-Fort Worth newspapers for 40 years. "He'd sit out at the old ballpark in Arlington, right beside the dugout, wearing his Rangers hat, not like the luxury-box bean counters who run the franchises now. He'd take a lot of heckling from the drunks in the stands, inviting them down to his seats to talk ball."

Then came 1993, and George W. announced that he was running for governor. Claytie Williams had lost the election in 1990, defeated because he had refused to shake hands with his opponent, Ann Richards. What kind of Texan wouldn't shake hands with a lady?

Richards, of course, is a tough old hide. John Collins is a past president of the Texas Trial Lawyers and, because of smaller events in his litigation career, could carry a business card that read,



*"That's Mr. Clark from accounting . . . every year he pretends to pass out near the punch bowl so you'll have to step over him!"*

# ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia. Collective effort of The Hair & Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic.

## ABSTRACT

The information presented here provides evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. Results may occur as early as 2 months. This therapeutic approach represents advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss).

## HERBAL ORAL CAPSULE

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound responsible for the male sex characteristics as opposed to estrogen and progesterone. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body, testosterone undergoes a series of transformations. This results in various compounds, each with a different physiologic function in the body other than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone, also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp, resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth).

The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles, resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair follicles.

As used in the AVACOR system the organic extract of the herbal formulation acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

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Our Physicians Topical Formula™ is used at the affected sights twice daily on a regular basis.

## RESULTS

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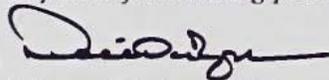
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"He dug up Lee Harvey Oswald and buried Jerry Jones." In September 1991, at a Democratic fund-raising event in Austin, Collins was standing with Governor Ann Richards and Mary Beth Rogers, who had head-coached Ann's big win in 1990. Bill Clinton, not yet even a gleam in the Iowa caucus, delivered a speech. "Both Ann and Mary Beth had a friend involved with politics in Arkansas, and she had heard about Clinton's activities with women. They were thinking he wanted to be like the Kennedys.

"So when Clinton walked over after his speech, Ann looked right at him and said, 'Bill, we've been hearing about all this womanizing and we want to know what you're going to do about that.'

"Clinton tried to grin and make light of it. He mentioned that Richards herself had been targeted in smear campaigns about drug use and said, 'That's all just a bunch of made-up tales.' Then he walked away." The exchange was typical of the kick-'em-in-the-cojones attitude that made Richards seem invincible in 1994.

Before the campaign really started, when Richards was out of sight in the polls and Bush was perceived as the advance man for the earth-hating magnates of Big Oil, I went to Austin to interview people for a quickie Richards biography. My profit margin was based on the notion that Ann would win and, hell, maybe run for president. During that visit, I stopped to see the new house of a friend who had moved down from Dallas, a lawyer named Jerry Hughes. His wife is Karen Hughes, and she was handling media relations for the Bush campaign. "Ann Richards," Karen told

me cheerfully, "is going to lose. There will be three key issues in the campaign, including school finance, and she's on the wrong side of all three." I left the Hughes house with (as the politicians like to say) a heavy heart and a seriously diminished enthusiasm for the biography project. Karen Hughes always knows what she's talking about. Later I would learn that Richards felt the same way. "Ann certainly did not underestimate Bush," says a confidant. "Early in the campaign, she looked at me and said, 'This guy could beat me.'"

The Bush campaign established momentum just as Hughes had predicted. It didn't hurt that the Republican candidate made frequent statewide appearances with Chuck Norris, the kung fu hero of CBS' *Walker, Texas Ranger*. While some diehard Texans harbored reservations about this Walker character—"He drives around all day with a black dude and fights like a Chinaman"—the show gathered a multitude of fans. Not since *The Untouchables* has a television series established such a clearly defined line between good and evil, a concept that seems to be the enduring trademark of the Bush presidency.

Ann Richards, meanwhile, waged a listless campaign against George W., and like Al Gore, disappointed pundits by failing to show any fancy footwork in TV debates. Ann exited quietly, and through the back door.

The Texas Governor's Mansion, like most ceremonial residences of its era, lacks closet space, is drafty and is infested with ghosts. In 1985 Governor Mark

White was giving Ted Kennedy a tour of the upstairs portion and declared, "And in this room, Senator Kennedy, legend has it that Sam Houston himself used to consort with Indian women!"

Kennedy, sensing the presence of the spirits, grinned and asked, "Would there be any about now?"

Friends of George W. Bush contend that Sam Houston stands paramount among his idols. In political ideology, the two men seem opposite. Before his tenure as president of the Texas republic, Houston helped author the constitution that outlawed banks. Bush was more tolerant toward large business. His oil-refinery-and-cement-plant-police-thyself platform was unsettling to advocates of clear skies and fresh water. Thus, the summertime air quality in and around Houston and Dallas remains reasonably acceptable by the standards of Chernobyl. Bush's Texas-style view of tort reform amounted to a judiciary devoted to the unfettered well-being of entities such as Enron and Worldcom. In Texas, His or Her Honor gains access to the bench via the ballot box, an ungainly situation that produces small Page Six headlines such as GRAVEL HAULERS ASSN. ENDORSES JUDGE KLEMM.

And so, on the Halloween weekend of 1997, Bush stood on the steps of the Governor's Mansion, shaking hands with an assembly of writers invited to Austin for the Texas Book Festival. The whole affair was Bush's wife's idea. Laura's passion was the promotion of the impossible dream of advancing the cause of literacy in Texas. The governor seemed genuinely glad to see these odd-looking critters wandering through his house, amused but slightly wary, like Johnny Carson when some exotic little creature from the San Diego Zoo appeared on his program.

Sandra Brown, a former TV weather girl who had become a best-selling romance novelist, was there. She looked great. But nobody else did. Nobody except the governor himself, whose agenda of nondrinking, nonsmoking and jogging had paid off. George W. appeared fit and confident. Like all true Texans, he vowed to quit drinking after his 40th birthday. And Bush did it, too. He actually quit drinking and didn't just switch to wine.

We had a good long talk. He told me that he had enjoyed reading a book I'd written, *Seasons in Hell*, a history of the early years of the Texas Rangers baseball franchise that included the F word in practically every sentence. So enchanted was I with the governor that I stayed to continue that conversation rather than appear in a group photo that included the likes of Jim Lehrer, Carlos Fuentes and Willie Morris. Mostly, we talked about sports.

He said that one of the happiest moments of his adult life came when he watched the White Sox' Robin Ventura



"Actually, I live with a cat, but it's platonic."

charge to the mound to challenge Nolan Ryan. "Ventura," he said, "must have been out of his mind. Nolan cleaned his clock."

He discounted talk that Roger Staubach would seek the Texas governor's office. "I can't see that," Bush said. "Roger is way too thin-skinned to make it in politics." He also expressed bemusement that a Dallas sports columnist had implored the governor to reunite the recently disbanded Southwest Conference. "What in the hell does he want me to do about it? The governor's authority does not extend over football."

Before the end of the conversation, I'd already placed Bush on my all-time top five of engaging public personalities, joining Timothy Leary, Vince Lombardi, Joan Blondell and Mel Tillis. No president in history has been more cruelly mischaracterized by the political cartoonists, the ones who portray the president as a pinheaded mutant with the ears of a pachyderm, a supporting actor in an action scene in *Deliverance*. You can disagree with his politics until your balls fall off, but the real-life George W. Bush spits forth a spark, an ingenuous elan, and to meet him is to remember him.

Another oddball Texas writer was similarly impressed. Kinky Friedman of Kerrville, author of mystery novels and self-described as the Oldest Living Jew in Texas Who Doesn't Own Any Real Estate, says, "I met George at that Texas Book Festival thing at the mansion. I was loaded on Chivas that morning. Larry McMurtry was a no-show, so I put on his name tag. People formed a circle around me, telling me how they loved my works, and I shook all of their hands, and said, 'Thank you kindly. Thank you kindly.' Bush was watching all that. He didn't know who I was, but he knew that I sure as hell wasn't Larry McMurtry, and he told his security people that he wanted 'that guy' to manage his next campaign. We've been friends ever since."

Friedman says that he wrote a column about George W. for *Texas Monthly*, and received a letter from the president thanking him for mentioning his name without using profanity. "He also invited me to sleep at the White House. So I wrote him back, and said I was bringing my four dogs, my four women and four editors. And he wrote back and said, 'Come on up, and you can bring the dogs.'"

"Then September 11 happened, so I thought the deal was off. But, no, he followed up. I didn't stay in the Lincoln bedroom, but I did get to bounce on the bed. I gave him some expensive Cuban cigars, reminding him that by smoking them, we weren't aiding Castro's economy. We were burning his crops.

"Bush is every bit as quick-witted and sharp as Bill Clinton, or Don Imus," says Friedman, who, incidentally, once wrote a song called *They Ain't Making Jews Like Jesus Anymore* and has a new book com-

ing out called *Kill Two Birds and Get Stoned*. "He understands the general perception that he's no genius and works that to his total advantage. He's like Columbo, and the person who underestimates George W. Bush does so at his or her grave personal peril. And he loves and understands baseball, and that's the mark of a well-balanced and sane individual."

Looking back, the White House seems to have always been Bush's destiny—if only for the lack of viable challengers. The thing that seemed to give him fits was not a rival politician, but the state's habit of authorizing too many exit visas to Peckerwood Hill (the cemetery that adjoins Texas' infamous death house), which drew national media attention. During the six years of Bush's gubernatorial tenure, the state of Texas executed inmates at the rate of about one every two weeks. Bush stood in the way of one—exactly one—execution.

"I was interviewing Bush when I told him he faced a sticky problem with the scheduled execution of a man named Henry Lee Lucas," says journalist and true-crime author Hugh Aynesworth. "Lucas was an alleged serial killer who had confessed to the murder of everybody but JFK, but I had uncovered clear evidence that Lucas was not within 1000 miles of the scene of the crime he was

scheduled to die for. Bush was interested right away, and asked me to send him what I had." Through Aynesworth's efforts and what the writer describes as the governor's diligence, Lucas was spared his ride on the journey gurney. "Bush impressed me on that," Aynesworth said. "There was no political gain in it for him whatsoever. In fact, the whole thing was really an embarrassment to the law enforcement community that so strongly backs Bush."

By the mid-Nineties Republicans were warming to the notion of a Texan in the White House. "Republicans were still angry about Bush I losing to this crummy, Southern white-trash guy named Bill Clinton, and the notion of replacing him with Bush I's son had a nice element of payback to it," says a prominent Texas Republican.

Soon, the Lone Star tougher-than-a-bus-station-steak persona would emerge in full, and Bush came forth as a Nolan Ryan-Chuck Norris amalgam. The wagon train was fixing to roll out and cross the old Red River. Bush's reputation for forcefulness had made the rounds. Early in his political career, he was stumping in Fort Worth. "Our paper had a new publisher, so we went to visit the governor and introduce ourselves," recalls Mike Blackman, then editorial director of the



Fort Worth Star-Telegram. "He said, 'I know who you are, and I hate your goddamn newspaper.'

"We were stunned and later went to visit Governor Bush in his office to see if we could establish a clearer or more amiable understanding," says Blackman. "When we got down to Austin, it was more of the same. The governor peeled the paint off the ceiling for about half an hour, and then Karen Hughes met us coming out, and did the same, only she used more-polite language."

I had doubts about my Texan's chances of capturing the White House during the Bush-Gore campaign. The Bush people noted that if Texas were a country, it would rank as the 11th-biggest economy in the world. However, it ranked first among states in adults without health insurance, second for children without insurance, third for children living in poverty and, naturally, dead last in funding for the arts.

I was concerned, too, that the nation would perceive W. as a daddy's-boy elitist. The truth was that, despite his bonanza from the sale of his stock in Harken Energy and his \$14 million profit that came with his sale of the Texas Rangers, Bush was a pauper compared to many Texas boosters—men like Richard Rainwater (a billionaire and a principal investor in the Texas Rangers), Rusty Rose (another of Bush's partners in the Rangers) and Tom Hicks (a man whose investment firm profited greatly during the Bush years and who later paid top dollar for the Rangers). Before and during his tenure as governor, Bush maintained a second home at the ultraprivate Rainbo Club. The Rainbo Club is situated in Henderson County, near the Koon Kreek Klub, which is apparently off-limits to all but the oldest and deepest pockets in the state. (Sometime in the late-Nineties, the name was changed to Coon Creek Club.) The Koon Kreek Klub could exist only in Texas, because there aren't enough rich guys in Mississippi to sustain an ugly deal like that.

But after a debate during the 2000 campaign, when Al Gore had come across as a mix of Chattanooga televangelist and some guy operating a Rodeo Drive pedicure salon, a friend of George W.'s, a guy who had sat immediately behind him for years at Rangers games, turned to me and said, "Can you believe that sumbitch is going to become President of the United States?"

Meaning George W., of course. The question was presented not as an expression of horrified disbelief, but amazement that a person with such a down-home presentation would be, as Dallas lawyer Vincent Perini expressed it, "placed in charge of civilization." Like Bush, Perini is a native west Texan who

had gone off to Yale. "That Yale thing helps the Texan a lot," Perini says. "It's your passport to the East. LBJ never had it, and that's why, even though he would never admit it, he felt intimidated by people like the Kennedys."

On election night 2000, I went to Austin, on the invitation of a person due to be secondarily connected with the new White House, who offered assurances that if the returns came in as anticipated, there would be plenty of free scotch.

As the rain and the darkness gathered around the Texas capital, it was soon clear there would be no free scotch. Austin seemed a city under siege, and the air was brutally tense. The town went nuts when the networks declared Bush the winner, but the shrieks of relief and joy subsided quickly. The omen was crystal clear that even if George W. should get in, his presidency was preordained as a crisis-a-day marathon.

And so it has been.

Texans are hardly a novelty within the Capitol Building and Oval Office. However, a Texan whose administration leans as far to the right as perhaps any in U.S. history and a Texan who seems dead set on global dominance? That's new.

Take political strategist Karl Rove. He's George W.'s witch of Endor, a person known to cast dire spells on anybody who does not travel the paths of political righteousness in the far right lane. Bush calls him Turd Blossom. You don't want to get on the wrong side of Rove. Somehow, camera crews received advance word from Washington about the perp walk of John Rigas, head of Adelphia Communications, shortly before his arrest in New York. The next night Rove told a fund-raising crowd, "Wait until you see what's next—orange jumpsuits!"

September 11 was a turning point for Rove, as it was for the president. People still tell the story of how Cheney went on *Meet the Press* and issued a cogent appraisal of the situation. Rove then scalded Cheney's staff for allowing him to upstage the president. After that, Cheney seemed to disappear. He was sent back into the bunker when the Halliburton mess surfaced. He recently emerged to help sell regime change in Iraq.

In January, after news broke of Enron's collapse, Rove told the Republican National Committee this year's election had to be about the war on terrorism, not corporate scandal. So, as Afghanistan faded from the public eye, the administration heavies began the Hussein-Iraq mantra and never addressed such messes as Enron, Harken, Halliburton, looming deficits, unemployment or the withering of retirement savings.

While talk of an invasion has yielded political dividends that will probably be better than a war itself, Tom Pauken, for-

mer Reagan official and now a Texas businessman, sees trouble. Pauken contends that many Republican notables share his views, but he adds that so far, he is one of the first to go on the record and say what he thinks.

"The political downside for the Bush administration is that it might wind up being more similar to the Nixon administration in its outcome than even the first Bush administration. You had a lot of people in the Nixon administration in high positions with some real insecurities, including the president himself. Now you have Karl Rove, who is very similar to the people I saw in the Nixon administration—the Haldeman crowd who wanted very much to be in control. Control the media, control the message. Politics dominating over policy.

"Unlike his father, who is not insecure, the son, who is very bright, is nonetheless uncomfortable in the arena he's in because he doesn't have the background, the knowledge or the strategic vision to know what to do when a crisis hits. Well, the argument has always been, he has brilliant advisors. But what happens when the advisors disagree between and among themselves? How does Bush render a decision?"

Increasingly, the focus on Iraq seems less like an attempt to fix Dad's mistake and more like a classic misdirection. The public aims of the administration are military, while the private agenda rarely surfaces—like expediting logging in national forests, or pushing to open the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to drilling, or walking away from the Kyoto agreement on global warming.

The thought behind the president's message of regime change is that we'll replace Saddam Hussein with a democratic government. Iran will follow, and then, perhaps, the Saudis. "We can easily turn people who were friendly or neutral toward us into enemies by failing to discriminate between them and our enemies," says Pauken. "It's important to make the distinction between radical Islamic fundamentalists, who are a real strategic threat to us, and the entire Arab world, which is not. The argument was that the shah of Iran had to be replaced in the Seventies. It hasn't been a whole lot better since he was replaced. Do we want to be responsible for all that?"

If the Texas president proposed a Middle East military takeover as a midterm election ploy, imagine the pyrotechnic display that will be scheduled for the reelection show of 2004. But one fellow who was spotted recently on a North Dallas median probably summed up the prevailing attitude in Texas toward international hostilities. The homeless Texan's sign read HOWDY, I'M HUNGRY! and he could care less about Iraq.



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# Texas Money



In mid-July 2002 President Bush vowed to crack down on Enron-style corporate crime. It was a nice bit of theater. As a young Texan with a Harvard MBA and a gold-plated name, George W. Bush benefited from just about every favor, handshake loan and political consideration that came his way. He also took advantage of the federal tax code, government intervention and the wiggly room afforded by murky areas of accounting and SEC regulations. In short, he was a Texas businessman. He played the game by Texas rules—wheeling and dealing enough to get rich without ending up behind bars.

That's the way things are done in the Permian Basin oil fields of west Texas, where Bush, like his father before him, first tried to get independently rich. The business was, and still is, all about raising money.

During the late Seventies and early Eighties, Bush collected \$4.7 million, mainly from investors who may have seen more profit in backing the son of a Washington heavyweight than in hitting oil. Half of the wells Bush drilled came up empty and his benefactors received more tax write-offs than cash—not an unusual turn of events in the oil business. His company changed its name, from Arbusto (Spanish for “bush”) to Bush Exploration, as oil prices fell and its record tempted puns. His father also happened to be a sitting vice president by then. Cash had slowed to a trickle until Philip Uzielli, a wealthy Princeton classmate of Bush insider James Baker, generously provided \$1 million for 10 percent of the company. Bush's prospects were probably no rosier than those of many in the oil patch, but his name paid dividends.

Still shaky four years later, Bush's company was forced to merge with Harken Energy, a Dallas company long on dreams and short on finances whose chairman was another Harvard MBA, Alan Quasha.

Bush's role at Harken was limited. His name shows up in the board minutes, but he spent most of 1988 involved in his father's presidential cam-

**BY DANIEL FISHER**

paign and has always denied playing a role in what seemed like Harken's biggest coup, an exclusive offshore drilling rights deal with Bahrain in 1990, despite the fact that Harken had no international or undersea experience. The year before, things were so grim that Harken itself financed the loan for a sale of one of its subsidiaries, Aloha Petroleum, to insiders, declared it as earnings and fluffed up that year's balance sheet. As with Enron's shell games, this helped mask the company's instability. Temporarily, anyway.

Bush sold most of his Harken stock holdings for \$848,560 in June 1990 to an institutional investor who remains unnamed. This was about five months after the contract with Bahrain and two months before Harken restated its earnings, which the Securities and Exchange Commission demanded it do after investigating the bogus Aloha transaction. Harken's adjusted quarterly loss came to \$23.2 million. Many now argue that because he sat on an auditing committee, as well as on a special “fairness committee” that first met in May 1990 to evaluate how shareholders would be affected by corporate restructuring, Bush may have known there were icebergs ahead.

He reported his stock dump eight months late. Eventually, the SEC investigated for insider trading, but chose to take no action.

The deal that would make George W. Bush wealthy came, like the others, through a family friend. William DeWitt Jr., a former Bush business partner, wanted to buy the Texas Rangers from owner Eddie Chiles, another old friend of the Bush family. Once again, Bush was in his favorite role as agreeable front man, a conduit for the reported \$86 million needed to buy the

baseball team. Only this time Bush put in real money himself. Of his \$606,000 investment, \$500,000 came from old friends at United Bank of Midland, where he had served as director. Bush got a loan from the bank based on his Harken stock, *Newsweek* reported, even though the shares may already have been pledged as collateral.

It was as managing general partner of the Rangers that Bush found the magic combination of government aid, influential friends and exquisite timing that made him truly rich. It meant ignoring, for a while, the conservative, promarket philosophy that he espoused in his political campaigns. But that's the way the game of professional ball is played.

After threatening to leave town, the new owners convinced the city of Arlington, a suburb between Dallas and Fort Worth, to come up with \$135 million in stadium financing by raising the local sales tax by half a cent. It helped that a legislator, who together with a relative owned 45 acres of land near the stadium site, sponsored a bill to allow tax money to subsidize construction of the complex.

Bush and the new owners had the government create a public authority to cobble together acreage for the project. The authority lowballed prices on some plots and even condemned private land—despite the objections of the landowners—only to turn some of it over to the Rangers for future development. The Rangers committed \$48 million, which they planned on raising by a \$1-a-ticket surcharge.

Thanks to the publicly subsidized stadium deal, the Rangers paid off spectacularly for Bush and his investors. Bush received a bump in his two percent stake by an additional 10 percentage points under an incentive agreement between the limited and general partners. In 1998 the team was sold for \$250 million to Dallas investor Tom Hicks, and Bush walked away with \$15 million. In the oil business, all he could do was raise money and lose it for his investors. When he combined business with politics, Bush managed to come up with a cheap home run.

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# Christmas

(continued from page 104)

it's locked. He only unlocks it to put something in or take something out. He keeps the key with him all the time. There are no copies."

"Then our guy used picks."

"Looks that way."

Bosch nodded. He picked up the saxophone. He liked handling it, the feel and weight of it. Again, he remembered the day on the ship, Sugar Ray bobbing and weaving through *The Sweet Spot* and a few other tunes. Bosch fell in love with the sound. It felt like it had come from somewhere deep within himself. He was not the same after that day.

His cell phone chirped and he dug it out of his pocket. Edgar again.

"Harry, they're about to clear here. You want me to come in?"

"Not yet."

"Well, what are we doing?"

"There was nothing with the body, right? No tools, no picks?"

"That's right. I already told you."

"I just read through the reports from the three priors. That display case was

hit each time. It was picked. Servan said it was always locked."

"Well, we got no lock picks here, Harry. I guess whoever moved the body took the picks."

"Servan."

Edgar was quiet for a moment and then said, "Why don't you run it down for me, Harry."

Bosch thought for a moment before speaking.

"He had been hit three times in two years. Every time the high-end case was picked. It's hard to work a set of picks with gloves on. Servan probably knew that the one time this guy took off his gloves was to work the picks. Steel picks going into a steel lock."

"If he put 110 volts into that lock it could've shut this guy's heart down."

"Depends on the amps. There's a formula. It has to do with resistance to the charge. You know, like dry skin versus moist skin, things like that."

"This guy just took his glove off. He probably had sweaty hands."

"It could work. The initial jolt could have contracted the muscles and left our burglar unable to let go of the pick. The

juice goes through him, hits the heart and that's it."

"Then we're talking more than just homicide. This is lying in wait."

"The DA can decide all of that. We just have to bring in the facts. That means you have to get into that case and find out how he wired it."

Bosch closed the phone and looked at Braxton.

"Now I'll go talk to him."

Nikolai Servan was still waiting calmly. Bosch took the seat across from him, folding his arms and putting his elbows on the table in almost a mirror image.

"We've hit a snag, Mr. Servan."

"A snag?"

"A problem. And what I'd like to do here is give you the opportunity to tell me the truth this time."

"I don't understand. I tol' you truth."

"I think you left some things out, Mr. Servan."

Servan clasped his hands together on the table and shook his head.

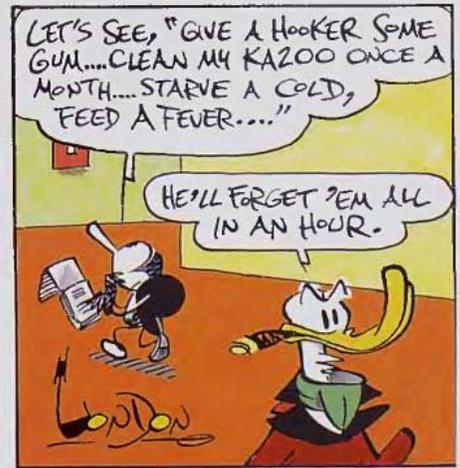
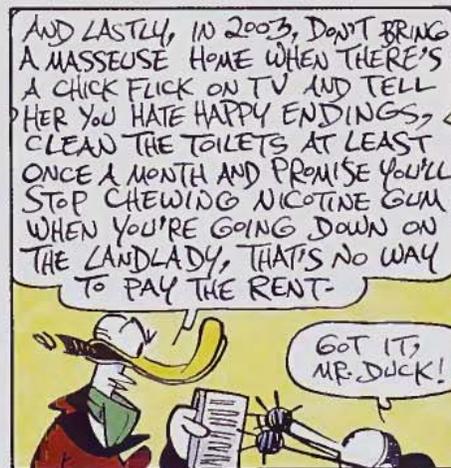
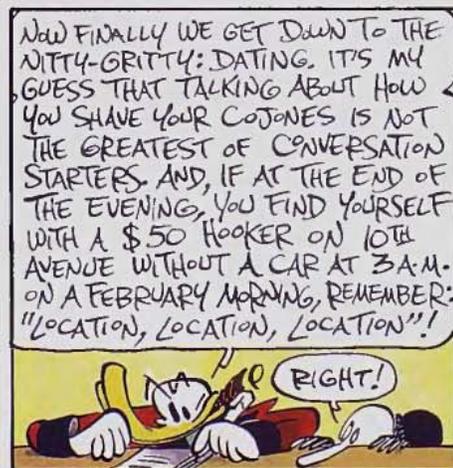
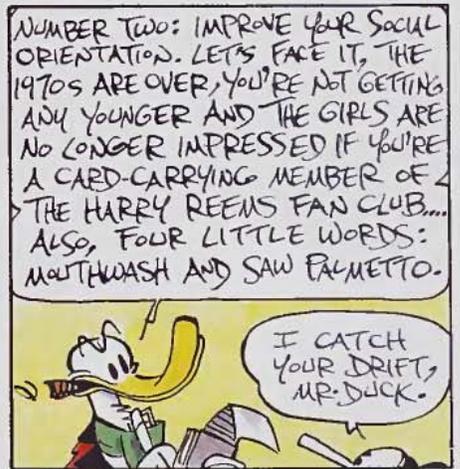
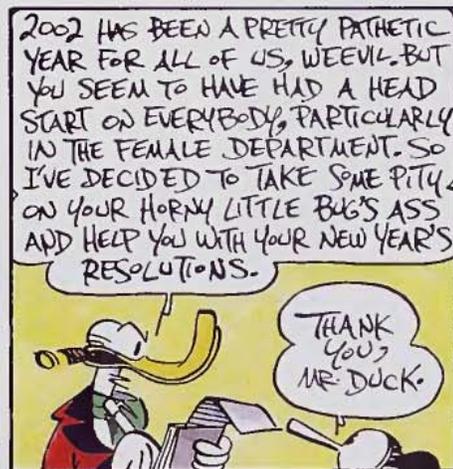
"No, I tol' everything."

"What did you do with the burglar's lock picks, Mr. Servan?"

Servan held his lips tightly together

# Dirty Duck

by Bobby London



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for a long moment and then shook his head.

"I don't understand."

"Sure you do, Mr. Servan. Where are the picks?"

Servan only stared at him.

"OK," Bosch said, "let's try this one then. Tell me how you wired that display case."

Bowing his head once, Servan said, "I have attorney now. Please, I have attorney now."

Bosch pulled to a stop in front of the Splendid Age Retirement Home and got out with the saxophone and its stand. He heard Christmas music drifting out of an open window. Elvis Presley singing *Blue Christmas*.

He thought about Nikolai Servan spending Christmas Day in the Parker Center jail. It would probably be the only jail time he'd ever see. The district attorney's office would not decide until after the holiday whether to charge him or kick him loose. And Bosch knew it would probably be the latter. Prosecuting the case against the pawnbroker was fraught with difficulties. Servan had lawyered up and stopped talking. Afternoon-long searches of his home, car, the pawnshop and the trash containers in the rear alley failed to produce Kelman's lock picks or the method by which the display case had been rigged to deliver the fatal charge. Even the cause of death would be difficult to prove in a court of law. Kelman's heart had stopped beating. A burst of electricity had most likely caused ventricular fibrillation, but in court a defense lawyer would argue that the burn marks on the victim's hand and foot were inconclusive and not even related to the cause of death.

Bosch planned to go back to the pawnshop the following morning. He would look until he found the picks or the wire Servan had used to kill Kelman. He didn't mind giving up his Christmas to do it. He had no plans anyway.

As he approached the front doors of the retirement home he noticed that not much about it looked particularly splendid. It looked like a final stop for pensioners and people who hadn't planned on living as long as they had. Quentin McKinzie, for example. Few jazzmen and drug users went the distance. He probably never thought he would make it this far.

Bosch entered and walked up to a welcome counter. The place smelled like most of the low-rent retirement homes he had ever been in. Urine and decay, the end of hopes and dreams. He asked for directions to Quentin McKinzie's room. The woman behind the counter suspiciously eyed the saxophone under Bosch's arm but sent him down a hallway to room 107.

The door to the room was ajar. Bosch



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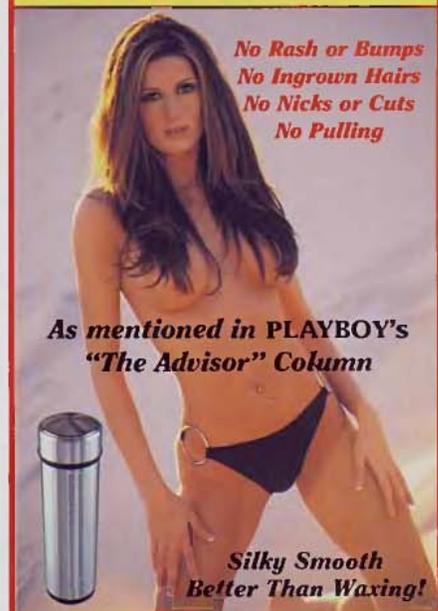
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could hear the sounds of a television coming from inside. He knocked softly and didn't get a response. He slowly pushed the door open and stuck his head in. He saw an old man sitting in a chair next to a bed. A television mounted high on the opposite wall was droning. The old man's eyes were closed. He was gaunt and depleted, his body taking up only half of the chair. His black skin looked gray and powdery. But Bosch recognized him. It was Sugar Ray McK.

Bosch stepped into the room and quietly made his way around the bed. He stood there still for a moment, wondering what he should do. He decided not to wake the man. He put the instrument stand down on the floor in the corner. He then cradled the saxophone in it. He straightened up, took another look at the sleeping jazzman and nodded to him in some sort of acknowledgment. As he headed out of the room he reached up and turned off the television.

At the door he was stopped by a raspy voice.

"Hey!"

Bosch turned. Sugar Ray was awake and looking at him with rheumy eyes.

"You turned off my box."

"Sorry, I thought you were asleep."

He came back in and reached up to turn the television on again.

"Who are you? You don't work here."

Bosch turned to face him. "My name is Harry Bosch. I came—"

Sugar Ray noticed the saxophone sitting in the corner of the room.

"That's my ax."

Bosch picked up the saxophone and handed it to him.

"I found it and I wanted to get it back to you."

The man held the instrument like it was as precious as a new baby. He slowly turned it in his hands, studying it for flaws or maybe just wanting to look at it the way he would look at a loved one long gone away. Bosch felt a constriction rising in his chest as the jazzman brought the instrument to his mouth, licked the mouthpiece and then held it between his teeth. His chest rose as he drew in a breath.

But as his fingers went to work and he blew out the riff, the wind escaped from the weak seal his lips made around the mouthpiece. Sugar Ray closed his eyes and tried again. The same result sounded from his instrument. He was too old and too weak. His lungs were gone. He could no longer play.

Sugar Ray cradled the instrument in his lap as if he were protecting it. He looked up at Bosch.

"And where did you get this, Harry

Bosch?"

"I took it from a guy who stole it from a pawnshop."

Sugar Ray nodded like he knew the story.

"Was it stolen from you?" Bosch asked.

"No. I pawned it. A fellow here did it for me so I could get money for the box. I don't like being in the dayroom with the others. They're all suicides waiting to happen. So I needed my own box."

He shook his head. His eyes went up to the television on the wall over Bosch's shoulder.

"Imagine, a man trading the love of his life for that."

Bosch didn't know whether to feel good or bad about what he had done. He had returned an instrument to a musician who could no longer play it. But as this indecision gripped his heart he saw Sugar Ray pull the saxophone closer to his body. He held it there tightly, as if it were all he had in the world. He brought his eyes to Bosch's and in them Harry saw that he had done the right thing.

"Merry Christmas, Sugar Ray."

Sugar Ray nodded and looked down.

"Why did you do this for me? You think that you're playing Santa Claus or something?"

Bosch smiled and squatted down next to the chair. He was now looking up into the old man's eyes.

"I did it to try to make us even, I guess."

The old man just looked back at him, waiting.

"In December 1969 I was on a hospital ship in the South China Sea."

Bosch touched his left side, just above the hip.

"I got bamboo-bladed in a tunnel four days before. You probably don't remember this but—"

"The USS *Sanctuary*. Off Da Nang. You were one of the boys in the blue bathrobes, huh?"

Sugar Ray smiled. Bosch nodded and continued.

"I remember the announcement that the show was canceled because the seas were too high and the fog was too thick. The big Hueys with all the equipment couldn't land. We had all been waiting on deck. We saw the choppers coming in through the mist and then just turning around to go back."

Sugar Ray raised a finger.

"You know, it was Mr. Bob Hope who told our pilot to turn that son of a bitch around again and put it down on that boat."

Bosch nodded. He had heard it was Hope. One chopper turned again and came to the *Sanctuary*. The small one. The one with the headliners onboard.

"I remember it was Bob Hope, Connie Stevens, you and Teresa Graves, that beautiful woman from *Laugh-In*."

"The man on the moon was there, too."



K. Hilsant

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"Neil Armstrong, yeah. But the rest of the band—the Playboy All-Stars—was on one of the other choppers and it went back to Da Nang. It was only you and you carried your own ax. You played for us. Solo."

Bosch looked at the instrument in the old man's gray hands. He remembered that day on the *Sanctuary* as clearly as he remembered any other moment of his life.

"You played *The Sweet Spot* and then *Auld Lang Syne*."

"I played the *Tennessee Waltz*, too. By request of a young man in the front row. He'd lost both his legs and he asked me to play that waltz."

Bosch nodded solemnly.

"Bob Hope told his jokes and Connie Stevens sang *Promises, Promises*. A cappella. In less than an hour it was all over and the chopper took off. Man, I can't explain it, but it meant something. It made something right in a messed-up world, you know? I was only 19 years old and I wasn't sure how or why I was even over there. . . .

"Anyway, I've listened to a lot of saxophone since then but I haven't heard it any better."

Bosch nodded and stood up.

"I just wanted to tell you that," he said. "You take it easy, Sugar Ray."

He headed toward the door and one more time Sugar Ray stopped him.

"Hey, Santa Claus."

Bosch turned back.

"You strike me as a man who is alone in the world," Sugar Ray said.

Bosch nodded without hesitation.

"Most of the time."

"You got plans for Christmas dinner?"

Bosch hesitated. He finally shook his head.

"No plans."

"Then come back here at three tomorrow. We have a dinner and I can bring a guest. I'll sign you up."

Bosch hesitated. He had been alone so often on Christmases past he thought it might be too late, that being around anyone might be intolerable.

"Don't worry," Sugar Ray said. "They won't put your turkey in the blender as long as you've got teeth."

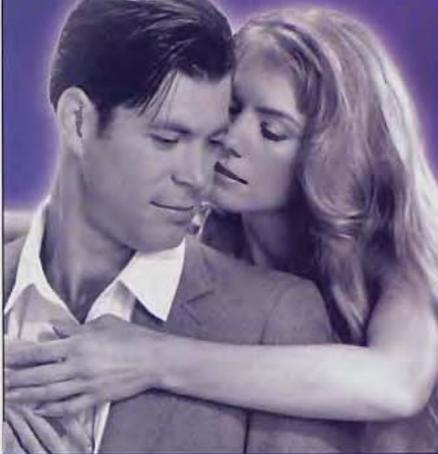
Bosch smiled.

"All right, Sugar Ray, I'll be by."

"I'll see you then."

Bosch walked down the yellowed corridor and out into the night. As he headed to the car he heard Christmas music still playing from an open window. It was an instrumental, slow and heavy on the saxophone. He stopped and it took him a moment to recognize it as *I'll Be Home for Christmas*. He stood there on the walkway and listened until the end of the song.

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## SEX SURVEY

(continued from page 100)

*fuck for an hour or so. We were almost caught several times. Once, we were fucking on the floor and I heard a co-worker rattle his keys as he approached the door. I sat behind my desk (hiding my erection) and she stepped into my closet—completely nude. Her clothes were under my desk. She came out of the closet unbelievably horny. That's when we started our "risky sex" phase. We would fuck after-hours in the lobby, on the stage of the auditorium (during hours), on the hood of my car, in theaters, restaurants and bars. The risk of getting caught was the thrill. I should have married her. We were both already married, though. (Male, married, 45)*

The consequences of cheating don't have to be outlined in the employee handbook:

*I had a very hot anything-goes sexual relationship with the boss' wife some years back. We got caught. She had written me a letter about how much she enjoyed all our positions and toys, along with in-depth details of how we used our tongues to pleasure each hole in our bodies. She decided not to give it to me, instead tearing it up and throwing it into the trash. He found it and pieced it together. When he presented it to me for an explanation, I did not lie. I told him everything and how sorry I was. Of course, I was fired. They divorced and we were together for six more years. That was the best sex I have ever had. (Male, divorced, 55).*

Some of our subjects said they had sex only with married people, on the assumption that married lovers had as much to lose and would honor discretion. Not all were as ugly or brazen as this boss:

*Twice I was involved in close relationships to the extent that when the affair ended it was impossible for us to keep working together. On*

*both occasions, I fired the person with no feelings of guilt—sorry, it wasn't sexual harassment in my mind. Both times the woman was the aggressor in starting the relationship and then raising it to the level of talking marriage. Both breakups were unpleasant. By most standards, I'm sure the women could have sued me for sexual harassment—though I doubt their husbands would have enjoyed the publicity of a trial. (Male, divorced, 42)*

Or as vengeful as this woman scorned:  
*I am currently in a lawsuit. At the time of the affair I was 22 and single. He was 35 and married. Our affair lasted from July 2001 through January 2002, when his wife had a baby (he told me they were not planning to have kids anytime soon). He went to human resources and played a message in which I threatened to get him fired. At the same time, he pulled a Bill Clinton, stating he had never hung out with me or been physical with me, ever. When I got called in (you see, I am a smart blonde), I presented a recorded conversation in which he admitted to having me dress up like a schoolgirl. And, sorry, I also have the Monica DNA evidence. But the company decided to keep this man despite our affair and let me go. They tried to offer me severance twice. I was advised by the labor board to get an attorney. (Female, single, 23)*

## THE LEGACY

One out of 10 female respondents had filed a sexual harassment complaint. Interestingly, men and women were equally vulnerable to such charges. About four percent of the men and five percent of the women said that they had been accused.

In the wake of the Hill-Thomas hearings, many, if not all, of the Fortune 500 companies instituted some kind of sexual harassment training program.

Fewer than half of the men and wom-

en who answered our survey had sat through such training. Of those who received training, a sixth found it useful, a third found it a waste of time and a third became more cautious. A sizable minority (nine percent of all males, 10 percent of all females) thought that such training had made things between the sexes worse.

Sexual harassment training seemed to have a greater impact on men than on women (not surprising, since most training depicts males as predators). They were more cautious, but not much. Still, subjects who had gone through a lecture on workplace etiquette admitted to telling sexy jokes, sending risqué e-mails or flirting.

The sexual harassment hysteria introduced the phrase "unwanted sexual attention" into the national vocabulary and equated it with something just this side of rape. The vast majority of our subjects said they had never made a pass that was rejected (that, or they simply had never made a pass). Of those who had been turned down, a third said it was no big deal. Only a few (six percent of women and four percent of men) said it created a problem. Not surprisingly, women were more likely than men to be the recipients of unwelcome passes, and significantly more likely to say the harassment had created a problem (13 percent versus four percent).

Companies seem loath to intrude on affairs between consenting adults. Only one fifth of our subjects said they worked for a place that policed dating. Two fifths of our subjects said their company had no policy; some (21 percent) expressed ignorance of a policy or disdain for one (20 percent), saying it was nobody's business but their own.

Some notes on the survey: We consulted with sociologist Janet Lever for help preparing the questionnaire. She was part of the team that designed the first Playboy Readers' Sex Survey in 1982 and has since become an expert on sex in the workplace. The current questionnaire ran for six weeks on Playboy.com. Director of Internet Technology Jamie Voris retrieved the data, Carol Edwards at Rand crunched the numbers. Editorial Assistant Malina Lee and Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen tried to find the meaning of it all.

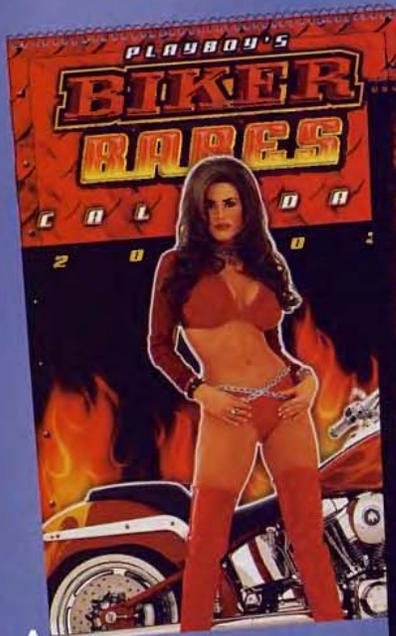
The people who answered the survey reflected the demographics of the Internet. The average age of the men was 29; that of the women was 26. The ratio was nine to one, male to female. We suspect that the women who are comfortable visiting the Playboy website are more likely to be sexually liberal. Some of the answers support that. Would the 155 women who confessed to making photocopies of their genitals on the office Xerox please forward proof?



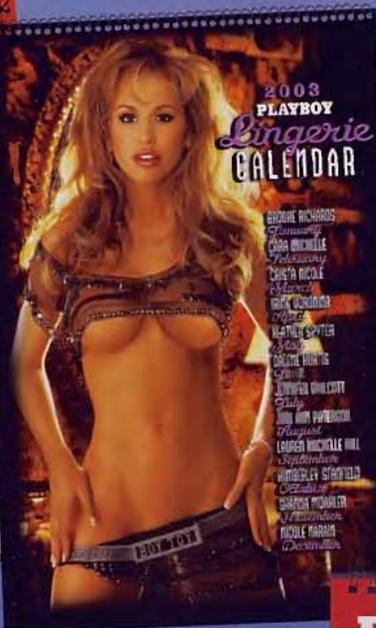
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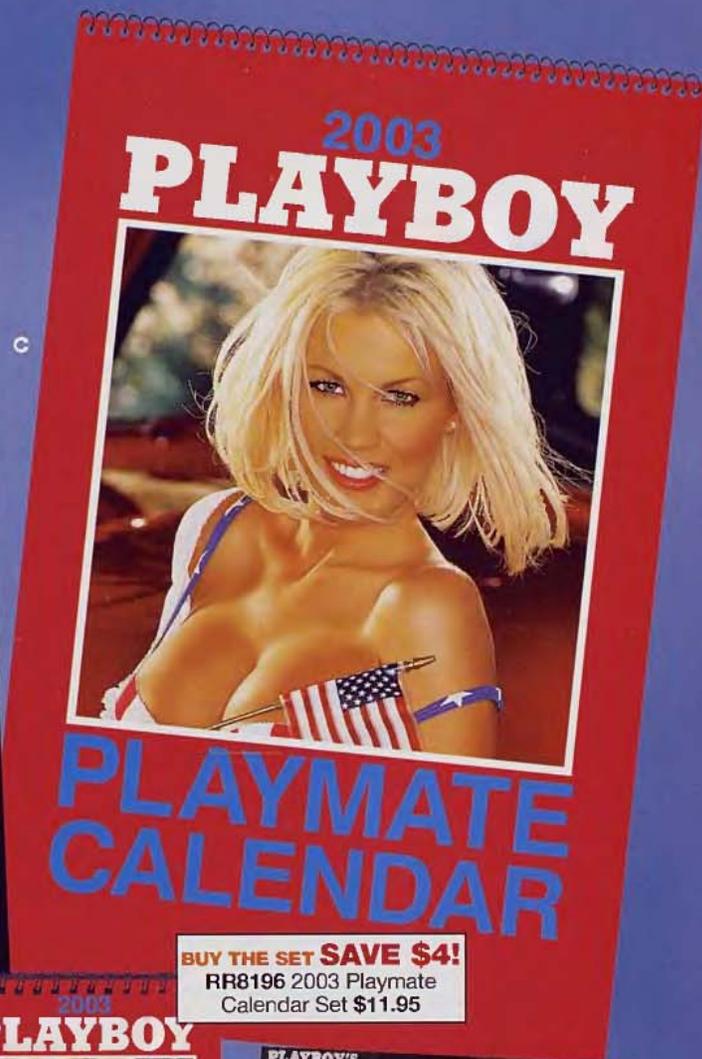
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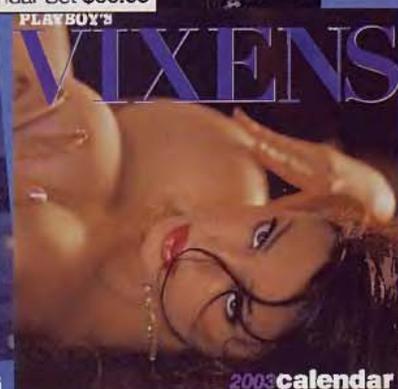
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## MONSTER'S BALL

(continued from page 99)

big SUVs ("flip" is a sensitive word to manufacturers) is that these vehicles ride high, and with an elevated center of gravity are more prone to rollovers in tight turns. Poor gas mileage is another negative. SUVs also block the view of other drivers and, in accidents, make mincemeat of smaller cars. *Doonesbury* singled out the evils of SUVs, and the breed made grim headlines when Ford Explorers equipped with Firestone ATX and Wilderness AT tires suffered an unusually large number of blowouts and tread separations. All-new, fully independent suspension on 2002 models and improved tires solved that problem and Explorer sales revived. But the entire episode cast a pall on SUVs and resulted in a book by *New York Times* reporter Keith Bradsher entitled *High and Mighty: SUVs: The World's Most Dangerous Vehicles and How They Got That Way*.

Bradsher's criticism applies more to earlier models introduced before the manufacturers equipped them with four-wheel disc brakes and handling aids. Other features have made current king-size SUVs much safer. Cadillac's StabiliTrak senses an imminent skid and applies a combination of brake and throttle inputs to correct it. Volvo's XC90 boasts an electronic Roll Stability Control system that slows and manages the vehicle's movements during abrupt maneuvers.

Fuel and safety issues notwithstanding, the big SUVs can hold lots of gear, tow a boat and traverse mud and snow with few problems. Driven properly, they're lots of fun. Here's what's new.

### BIG BRUTES

Although the 3½-ton Excursion from Ford looks to be short-lived, the slightly smaller 2½-ton Expedition still sells well. The new Lincoln Navigator and Explorer-based Lincoln Aviator have fully independent suspensions front and rear and offer premium running gear. Chevy's long-lived Suburban and its GMC clone,

the Yukon XL Denali, still sell well. GMC also offers the Envoy XUV, which features a sliding roof that will accommodate an upright piano.

The Mercedes-Benz G-500 is a serious rock climber that's equally at home in front of the country club. You'll need about \$75,000 for membership. Loaded with electronics, it has an audio system that rivals most custom installations. Range Rover's latest model offers an electronically controlled suspension system for extra height in rough terrain and

liter sport version, will outcorner many sport sedans and still cruise gravel roads. Mercedes-Benz offers an AMG version of its Alabama-built M-Class. The 342 hp ML55 AMG with 18-inch wheels and enormous brakes will go from zero to 60 in just over six seconds and top out at 144 mph.

Coming late to the party, Porsche and Volkswagen showed a pair of extraordinary 2004 SUVs during last September's Paris Motor Show. Drawing on the company's Paris-Dakar rally experience, the

Porsche Cayenne—packing a 340 hp V8 (about \$57,000) or a 450 hp turbo (about \$90,000)—offers Active Suspension Management with three settings, from mild to track-ready. Look for the Cayenne early this year.

The Volkswagen Touareg shares some of the Cayenne's underpinnings, plus a special four-wheel-drive system called 4Motion that distributes torque between the front and rear axles. When slippery conditions are encountered, all the power can be transferred to an axle that has traction. A six-speed, 3.2-liter V6 version starts around \$42,000. There's a 4.2-liter V8, too. VW also builds a V10 turbodiesel Touareg. No decision has been made on whether it will be sold in the States.

### CROSSOVERS

Car-based SUVs such as the Lexus RX300 (soon to be replaced by the 2004 RX330) and the Acura MDX (with its spin-off, the Honda Pilot) offer more driving ease. The best of this crowd is the new Volvo XC90, a turbocharged SUV with Swedish wizardry that actually senses if you're about to go out of control and elec-

tronically applies the right combination of throttle and brakes to prevent the vehicle from rolling over.

Properly driven, big SUVs are safe. They do have different handling characteristics than cars, so be sure you know your vehicle's limits. Our best advice: Match your SUV to your driving style. If you have a sports car mind-set, pick an SUV that's equal to the task.



Above: Porsche's 2004 Cayenne turbo model comes equipped with a 450 hp V8. The top speed is about 165 mph. Electronic suspension lets you pick settings that range from comfort to sports. Price: about \$90,000. A 600 hp, \$100,000 model will be introduced in 2005. Below: Equipped with Volvo's new Roll Stability Control, the 2003 XC90 (about \$35,000) is potentially safe in extreme situations such as sudden high-speed swerves. The XC90's boron steel roof is five times stronger than regular steel and adds more protection in the unlikely event of a rollover.



Hill Descent Control, which allows you to tiptoe down steep slopes with your foot off the brake. Price: about \$70,000. Lexus' LX470 features Vehicle Skid Control and a Mark Levinson superpremium stereo. Toyota's rugged Land Cruiser is the basis for the Lexus LX470.

### SUPER SPORT UTES

BMW waited to develop an SUV so its entry could handle like—what else?—a BMW. The X5, especially the 347 hp 4.6-





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## Hot Chocolate *(continued from page 91)*

*When it comes to the chocolate itself, err on the side of greatness. Buy a premium brand.*

Cadbury, the British confectioner, started the tradition of boxed chocolates and invented the heart-shaped chocolate box for Valentine's Day giving. In 1922 the Buitoni family in Italy introduced Perugina Baci ("kisses"). And, of course, we all know about the promiscuously available kisses from Hershey's.

But is it an aphrodisiac? Hernando Cortéz watched Montezuma drink up to 50 goblets of something called "chocolatl" made from cocoa beans before heading off to his harem. Casanova also consumed chocolate before putting another notch on his bedpost.

Chocolate is a complex food that contains, among many other substances, phenylethylamine and serotonin. Both are released in the brain when we have feelings of love and passion. They cause a rapid mood lift, a rise in blood pressure, an increased heart rate—and produce feelings bordering on euphoria. Chocolate releases those same substances—with the added benefit of providing energy in the process, thus increasing stamina, which may come in handy later. Some research suggests that women are more susceptible to the effects of chocolate than men are.

First and foremost, chocolate is fun. The right equipment, however, makes working with chocolate a lot easier. Start with a double boiler—it's tricky to apply heat directly to chocolate. The most versatile insert is one with sloping sides to fit into pans of different sizes. Our favorite has a bowl at the bottom that accommodates a pound of melted chocolate.

When making cakes with chocolate, you're going to be working with eggs, which means separating and whisking. Get the best and largest whisk you can—one with as many tines as possible. The point of whisking is to beat air into the egg components. To be effective, you'll need a large surface—the inside of a big bowl—and to use long, rapid strokes with the whisk. Of course, there are those who use handheld electric mixers to beat egg whites, and they find a way to live with themselves.

You'll need some large mixing bowls—one for whipping egg whites. A chef may insist on a huge copper bowl, which he chills before putting in the whites. A stainless steel bowl works just fine.

Some recipes call for parchment paper. You'll need it to line cake pans and cooking surfaces. A cooling rack is a good idea, and several rubber spatulas are essential. They scrape chocolate efficiently from the sides of bowls. Own a heavy-gauge nonstick loaf pan, a spring-

form cake pan and a fluted tart pan with removable bottom and you will never have to get another baking dish.

When it comes to the chocolate itself, err on the side of greatness. Hershey's, Baker's and other mass-market brands are fine. But if you're going to go to the effort of making her something special, buy a premium brand. It will go a long way in doing your work for you. Chocolate snobs are among the most argumentative on earth. They will contend that their favorite is best, and they may be right. But once you get into the rarefied world of Lindt, Valrhona, Callebaut, Ghirardelli, Tobler and Scharffen Berger, you're cutting in tall cotton. After you cook with chocolate for a while, you will acquire your own prejudices.

There are a million chocolate recipes, but for starters, you'll only need a few. One simple way to her heart is with a classic gâteau that is virtually foolproof.

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Butter the inside of a 10-inch springform pan. Combine 12 ounces of bittersweet chocolate, broken into pieces, a stick and a half of unsalted butter and three quarters of a cup of granulated sugar in a double boiler over lightly boiling water. Melt and stir until completely blended. Set aside to cool.

Mix five large whisked egg yolks into the cooled chocolate mixture. Whisk in a third of a cup of unbleached flour. Beat the five egg whites in a large bowl until peaks form. Add a third of the egg whites to the chocolate and blend vigorously. Then carefully and slowly blend in the remaining whites. Pour the mixture into the pan and bake until the cake is firm—about 40 minutes.

Let it cool on a rack for several hours before removing the pan. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and serve with an aged tawny port or a glass of sauterne.

Another recipe to have in your quiver is a classic chocolate sauce.

Take six ounces of bittersweet chocolate, half a cup of water, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of heavy cream, one tablespoon of unsalted butter at room temperature and half a teaspoon of vanilla extract (optional). Put all the ingredients in the top of a double boiler and bring to a boil over medium heat while stirring. Simmer over low heat, stirring occasionally, until the mixture thickens slightly—10 to 15 minutes. Spoon over ice cream.



# BIRTH OF THE MOB

(continued from page 108)

Then, *Titanic* came out and he was fine in what that was, a phenomenon. The Di-Caprio I was thinking of was from *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?*, *This Boy's Life*, *Total Eclipse*. And if *Titanic* helped the bankability that I needed on *Gangs*, then fine. PLAYBOY: How important is bankability? SCORSESE: It is interesting. When I tried to do *The Last Temptation of Christ*, it was suggested to me that certain actors who were bankable in Europe could get the money to make the movie. I didn't do it because the actors mentioned didn't feel right to me. Leo was different. I remembered what Bob had told me and my reaction to his performances. Bankability came after that.

PLAYBOY: You coaxed Daniel Day-Lewis out of semi-retirement to play Bill the Butcher. It seems the kind of role you usually had De Niro play.

SCORSESE: Maybe I was thinking that way at one point, years ago. Bob De Niro and I still associate together constantly. We did our important work together in the Seventies, from *Taxi Driver* to *Raging Bull*. Following *The King of Comedy*, everything changed. He started to make different kinds of stories and films. The industry changed, too. Directors had been given giant budgets for their own personal statements, and that all stopped.

PLAYBOY: That happened around the time of Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate*, which almost bankrupted a studio. Have you seen the power shift from auteurs to stars?

SCORSESE: It was a horrible thing for me and guys like Mike Cimino. It's all gone now and a lot of people who were involved then are gone. But in the case of Cimino, it was also the critics who helped destroy the cinema of the director, the way they attacked *Heaven's Gate*. The honeymoon was over.

PLAYBOY: Now the tide is moving in the opposite direction. Studios are less interested in giving big bucks to actors to make derivative blockbusters.

SCORSESE: That may be a good thing. Maybe it can come back the other way. Take some of these young directors, like Alexander Payne, Wes Anderson, Paul

Thomas Anderson, Chris Nolan, Peter Jackson and Baz Luhrmann. Maybe this group can bring it back. I hope they can get their budgets and use them wisely. Because some of us didn't.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you and De Niro haven't done a picture since *Casino*?

SCORSESE: We had explored a lot of who we were. He went off and made his other movies and I had to find my way. We check in with each other, I value his opinion. I've had him read scripts for me, he gives me scripts to read. *Cape Fear* is a good example of a thing I didn't think I would want to do, which Bob and Steven Spielberg pushed me to do. I got him to do *Casino*, but by that point we were ready to do different things. We're still like family. I just went to his 59th

*fellas* without having gone through that process. *Raging Bull* was generated by De Niro and I didn't want anything to do with it because I'm not a sports person. I found that character on my own terms and though we never expressed it, we knew there was a total emotional and psychological compatibility. I look back now, and realize he is me in the movie. I'm sure Bob feels it's him. *Mean Streets* was different, that was a character we both knew from the neighborhood. Back then, the person I did feel was an alter ego for me was Harvey Keitel, whom I met in 1965. With Harvey, Bob and me, there's something very close. I don't know how to deal with it, I don't know what it is. It's very emotional.

PLAYBOY: Were you at all surprised that

De Niro found a second and more lucrative career as a comic actor in films like *Analyze This*?

SCORSESE: Oh, no. I think he always had a great sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Daniel Day-Lewis had basically given up acting when you brought him back to play a villain in *Gangs*. How did you lure him back?

SCORSESE: It was a combination of me, Harvey and Leo. Daniel and I had developed an interesting relationship making *The Age of Innocence*. That film was all undercurrent. They barely moved their faces, but I had to have him betray his emotion in ways that would remain classy in that world. He showed it. Frame by frame, an eyebrow raised here, another subtlety there. The undercurrent of his emotional conflict

was so powerful that it was quite a good experience.

PLAYBOY: This role is exactly the opposite of that.

SCORSESE: He is way out there on this one. If he's displeased, he will tell you, or you will see it in his eyes. Or his eye, because he only has one that works. I told him about the project, but I wasn't going to push Daniel to do anything. We met two or three days, had dinners with Leo and Harvey. Whatever he was feeling about filmmaking itself or his past work, it seemed he wasn't getting what he wanted out of it creatively.

PLAYBOY: He's a hard-core Method actor who stays in character until a film wraps. Playing a barely controlled psychopath



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birthday party. There was Harvey Keitel and his wife, Chris Walken, Chazz Palminteri, all these kids running around, birthday cakes—it was an extraordinary family reunion.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain your creative partnership with De Niro?

SCORSESE: Maybe Bob was an emotional or psychological double. We never really dissected or analyzed it. We didn't need to with *Taxi Driver*—we considered Paul Schrader's script sacrosanct. *New York, New York*, we explored a lot of things, to the point of hysteria. Looking back, I don't think that was the right way to go about it, but at the time I didn't know the right way. And I couldn't have made *Raging Bull* or *The King of Comedy* or *Good-*

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PLAYBOY: When you did a *Playboy Interview* in 1991, you seemed to be a self-tortured guy. As you near 60, has that changed?

SCORSESE: That was after *Cape Fear*. I'm still a pain in the neck to myself, I really am. But I appreciate certain gifts, like the ability to make movies I wanted to make that weren't box-office blockbusters. Each film is a struggle. I can't complain. In my personal life, I have a wife and a new child and that has mellowed me. I look back at other big changes in my life. The passing of my parents in 1993 and 1997. My problems are my own and they have to do with whether or not I can do something of value. I don't want to just go to work, though as I've told you, I have to. But I'm not like those great old Hollywood directors who would get a job and go make a pirate film, then a musical.

PLAYBOY: Was *Gangs of New York* your hardest struggle?

SCORSESE: That had to be *The Last Temptation of Christ*. We had little budget, and it was by far the worst shoot you could think of. There are a couple of pretty good scenes and the actors were great, but I'm still not satisfied because I don't even feel like I completed that film, honestly. We had to release it a couple of months early because of the controversy and never color-corrected it properly.

PLAYBOY: You have mined your own Catholic guilt in films from *Mean Streets* to *Last Temptation*. As someone who nearly became a priest, how do you think Catholics reconcile the pedophilia scandals?

SCORSESE: That's a tough one, but remember, priests are human beings, too. One has to be careful and not reflect too much on the idea of what the church is. We're finding that as many priests as had problems, the majority try to help. There was one who came to my parish at 21 who changed our lives and opened our minds to the rest of the world. He said, "You don't have to live like this, this ghettoized thinking of a Sicilian American community. There's a world out there." The priests who fell in the current situation fell badly. But the real problem is the institution. The anger you have is toward the institution that covered it up. The American Catholic Church's image was Bing Crosby in *Going My Way*. To have that image shattered, it destroys part of our innocence. That's enough now. America has got to grow up. When you have a man-made institution, there's going to be corruption. The conflict is your gullibility in wanting to believe. What really counts is action, and in the places I've seen, the actions have been pretty good. But as an institution, the cover-up is horrible and has to do with politics within the institution itself. The scandal is horrible, but the Vatican and the whole church are going to have to change because of it.



## Ron Insana

(continued from page 152)

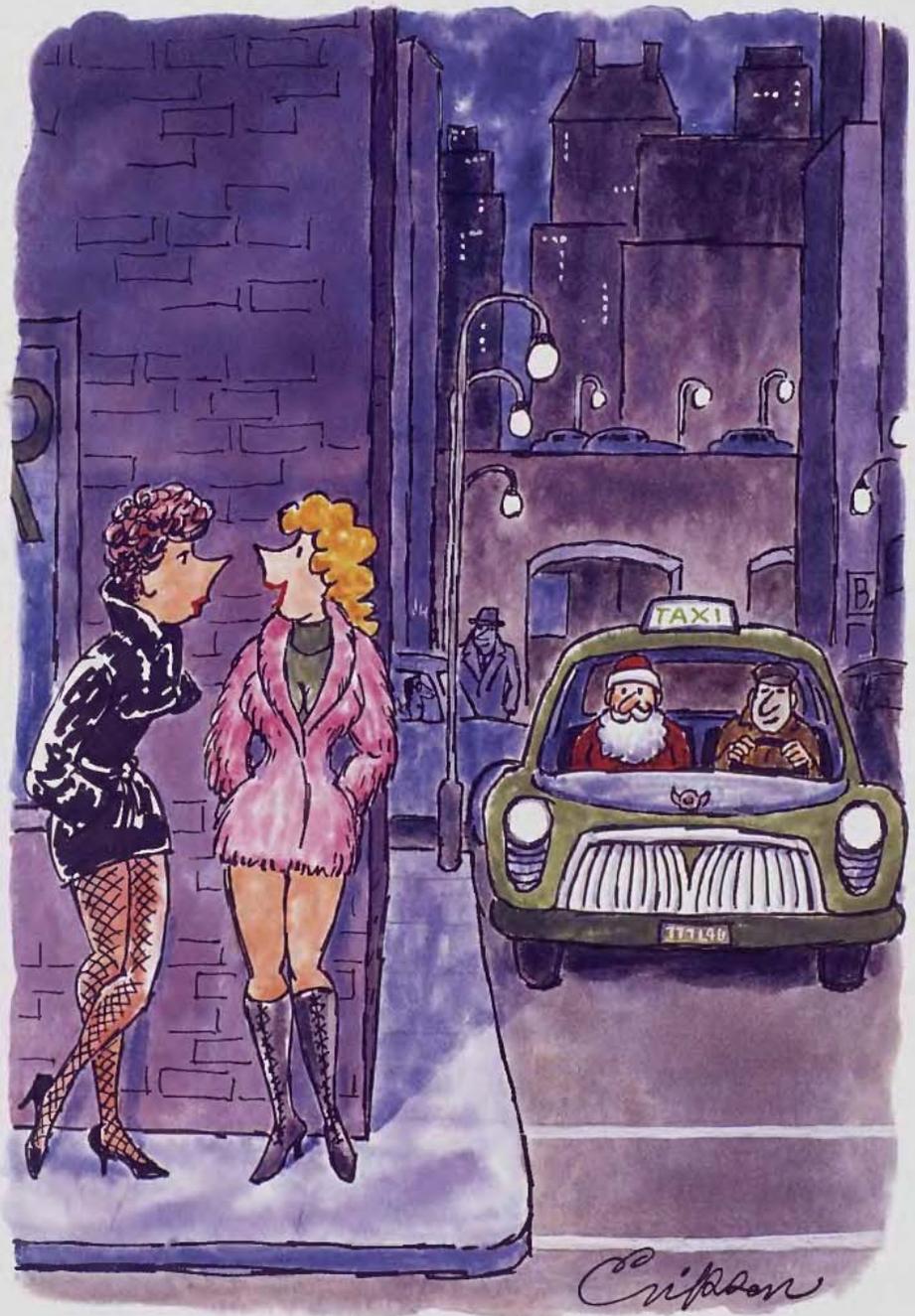
and hard assets are going to be involved for a while.

### 12

PLAYBOY: For many of us, technical stock market analysis can make the eyes glaze over. Why should we pay attention?

INSANA: Technical tools can be helpful—standard chart patterns have a long history of being reliable indicators on everything from an individual stock to a stock market average, to commodities and bonds. In the Seventies Edson Gould

coined the "three steps and a stumble rule": When the Fed raises interest rates three times, one year later the market will be lower. If people had paid attention as the Fed started raising interest rates in 2000, they would have saved all their money. That simple rule should guide most investors. Ninety-nine percent of the time, when the Fed is lowering interest rates, the stock market goes up. One hundred percent of the time when the Fed is raising rates, stocks go down. I am not recommending that people become market timers, but if investors see the climate changing adversely, get out once in a while. Later you can buy the stocks back cheaper. In



"Don't worry. Even during the busy holidays, guys find time to go out and get laid."

this latest bull market, marketers who wanted people to buy stocks said, "Warren Buffett is a buy-and-hold investor." That's bullshit. Buffett is a buy-and-watch investor. He holds a stock for as long as it's working. Buying a stock and sticking it in a drawer is suicide.

13

PLAYBOY: We've read reports of Al Qaeda's financial machinations. Does Osama bin Laden occasionally call his broker?  
 INSANA: He's from a billion-dollar Saudi family. Al Qaeda has an investment arm. I believe that the markets can even discount events such as September 11 if someone like Osama bin Laden was actively shorting airline stocks and reinsurance companies in the week leading up to the attack. There were vague signals in the financial marketplace that somebody was doing something strange. There were allegations in several European countries that reinsurance stocks, which might have held paper on potential targets—maybe the Twin Towers—and domestic airlines stocks were being shorted. It would not be unheard of. There's plenty of evidence to prove that Saddam Hussein was long in oil futures before he invaded Kuwait. The oil market went up about 65 percent in the two months prior to the invasion of Kuwait—for almost no reason. Saddam Hussein, a mass murderer, probably would not be above insider trading.

14

PLAYBOY: How many times do you think you'll cover the "biggest bankruptcy of all time"?  
 INSANA: For the rest of my career. The first one for me was Continental Illinois Bank in 1984. It totally blew up and then was rescued. We'll see more and more.

15

PLAYBOY: As a keen observer of chief executives, and now that Jack Welch is no

longer head of General Electric—and your boss—would you assess his management style?  
 INSANA: I still love him. Jack was as involved in CNBC as he was in any other business he ran. I've never seen anybody command the details of all his businesses as well as Jack did. He would give you details about businesses at the operating level that you wouldn't think a CEO would know. The first time I met him, Jack started boring down to a level of detail that my own supervisors weren't cognizant of. And at that point CNBC was a gnat on an elephant. We were not generating profits. Revenues were slim. Jack had a passion for broadcasting, which was fascinating. He liked the game.

16

PLAYBOY: Jack Welch relinquished a host of embarrassing retirement perks such as groceries and sports tickets when they became public through his divorce proceedings. Other chief executives have received outrageous pay and benefits packages, some while they were heading underperforming companies. What were corporate directors thinking when they originally granted such perks?  
 INSANA: In that environment, one could make money so easily that anyone with oversight responsibility simply looked the other way or never questioned right and wrong. There was a gravy train of historic size pulling everybody toward prosperity, and no one—no one—wanted to rock the boat. The imperial CEO took the notion of greed to a new height. It was brought to us by the biggest stock market bubble in U.S. history. It was no more complex than that.

17

PLAYBOY: What obscure financial statistic would you advise us to become aware of?  
 INSANA: The yield curve. It's the relationship between short- and long-term interest rates. The New York Federal Reserve

did an exhaustive study about which single indicator is the best predictor of recovery and of recession. It's the yield curve. And during normal periods when bond market investors expect growth, short-term interest rates will be substantially below long-term rates, and there's a simple reason for that. If you're going to lend money to somebody for three months, you're not worried that inflation will erode the purchasing power of that loan. But if you're going to lend money to the government for 30 years, there is inflation sensitivity. If you think the economy over a 30-year period is going to grow enough to generate an increase in inflation over 30 years, you will demand a higher interest rate to compensate you for that risk. When taken in concert with the stock market and the commodity markets, the yield curve can almost provide a definitive sense of where the economy is going to be nine to 12 months down the road. With a steep yield curve, gently rising commodity prices and a rising stock market, you are in a recovery mode. If the yield curve inverts and short rates go above long-term interest rates, within nine to 12 months you'll be in a recession. We show it every once in a while. You can find it on a lot of Internet sites.

18

PLAYBOY: Don Imus often comes across as less than gracious when you're offering business analysis on his show. But lately we've detected a certain feistiness on your part. Would you ever dare mutter "moron" and slam the phone down on the I-Man?  
 INSANA: I have become more cantankerous with him, owing to the state of the economy. I am infinitely less patient amid all the constant wealth destruction taking place, not just in my personal portfolio but with everyone else's. Not much has changed between me and the I-Man. My goal is not to defeat Don. The challenge of my morning is to come up



with something equally offensive. While I would never slam the phone down on him, I am looking for the opportunity to engage him in a celebrity boxing event on Fox. And if Imus is not up to the challenge, I'd be happy to fight Lou Dobbs or Neil Cavuto. It's just the greatest satire on radio. The first time I did Imus was quite by accident in 1997. There was a piece in the *New York Post* discussing a Westinghouse board meeting and some of the corporate governance changes they were making. And Imus said on the air, if I recall the quote correctly, "I need to figure this out. Get that fat little Lou Dobbs on the phone." The producer at MSNBC, which runs a simulcast of the Imus show, called me and said, "Get on the telephone with Imus and talk about this." And I did.

## 19

**PLAYBOY:** We understand you once performed a set in a comedy club. Did the audience's reaction confirm your career choice of financial journalism?

**INSANA:** I'm sure the audience felt that. Actually, it was right in the middle of my career. I was a film major and almost every project I did was comedy, from *The Vampire Strikes Back*, which had Dracula coming out of retirement, to *Edifice Rex*, the story of a landlord with an apartment complex. Poorly done and unfunny. There was a show on FNN called *The American Entrepreneur*, and one night they were profiling the gentleman who owns the Laugh Factory in Los Angeles. I'd been taking an improv class and I said, "Give me six minutes. I'm dying to try it." So I got in the middle of all these veteran comics. I did a piece on ethnically correct cars—the Matzoh RX7, which had yarmulke hubcaps and a menorah hood ornament and a speedometer that read right to left. And I had a bunch of Catholic school material I'd developed over time, including Sister Kevin. We really had a Sister Kevin.

## 20

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a strategy for the day when the network deems Ron Insana's personal demographics less desirable to advertisers?

**INSANA:** I am going to happily manage money. When the younger crop is pushing me out the door, I'll go gracefully. Johnny Carson is the TV model. I hope I have 20 or so years between now and then. I've got plenty of ideas on the money management score. It's three-dimensional chess every time they sit down to play. Are you smart enough to anticipate all these variables and correctly position your clients' money in such a way that they're going to do fine no matter what? That's a pure game, and your performance is benchmarked immediately.



# Naughty CEOs

(continued from page 142)

regulations that their employees have to follow. It's much easier to get rich if you make up the rules."

Santa is hardly the only CEO who has been a conspicuous consumer of corporate welfare. But, as Deep Elf explained, Santa has special worries this yuletide. The ostensibly cheerful season presents a number of reminders of scandals past and potential future embarrassments for the honcho of the frozen north.

Would this season, for example, be as cruel to people as last year was, when, by some estimates, close to 800,000 U.S. workers were canned between September 11, 2001 and January 1, 2002? Most of them lost their jobs between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

"It used to be that all he had to worry about was PETA—and the funny thing is, he was clean. He only uses the reindeer for ceremonial occasions, and they eat like he does.

"Now there are reminders all over the place. Do you remember what you did last year in the week between Christmas and New Year's?" he asked me.

I did. It was a pleasantly restful time to pick at the leftovers, play board games and wrap presents I wanted to recycle by passing them on to others.

But some had a less relaxing postholiday period. It was easy to recall that one of the more squalid and mysterious episodes of the recent past in the land of cor-

porate Capones took place immediately after Christmas last year when Sam Waksal, the CEO of ImClone, invited his entire family to a feast of illegal stock profits. Waksal was spending that time making a series of frantic attempts to dump ImClone stock before the FDA's ax fell on the golden goose that wasn't—the cancer drug Erbitux. His father made \$8 million and his daughter \$2.5 million—in what has been reported as insider trading. This year, Dr. Sam is going to need a silver-plated snow shovel to dig out from under the pile of legal problems that have buried him and his family.

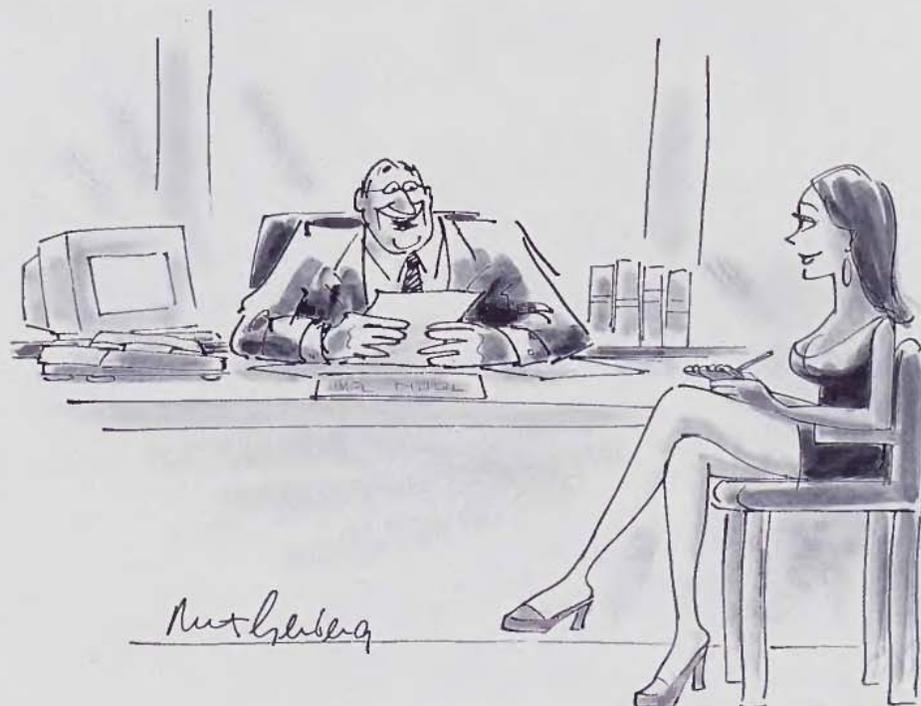
Santa himself, Deep Elf said, was at his usual sandy getaway, a Caribbean spot where CEOs were thick as seashells. The story is that the feds have subpoenaed phone logs from the entire island to see if anyone else talked to Waksal last year.

Martha Stewart wasn't there, but she (and her brokers) managed to sell plenty of her ImClone stock just before its value swooned. Exactly what happened is still disputed.

"Santa said that what she really wants for Christmas this year is a paper trail that will get her off the hook," Deep Elf said, snickering.

"Synergy, that's what Santa and Martha had," he continued. I agreed. For years, starting in the waning days of summer, she's been on our case to start winding the evergreen garlands around the staircase banister, renovate our wreath inventory and in general pick up more of her line of ersatz WASP housewares.

This year, Martha has been busy dodging scary-looking mail—definitely not



"Finally, Miss Wall, I want to let you know that I have a very nice Christmas boner for you."

Christmas cards—from the Justice Department and the House Committee on Energy and Commerce. These invitations, to explain her ImClone transactions, are difficult to turn down.

"Santa was always yakking about her and some of his other big-time cronies, bragging about them—especially to Mrs. Claus. That could have been a mistake," Deep Elf said.

"Mrs. Claus?" I asked. "Does she know any secrets?"

"She could put more than one of his pals away, let me tell you," Deep Elf said. "She can read. She reads the papers just like the rest of us. Before the perp walks, all she ever heard from Santa was how great they all were.

"Santa kept telling her that they were all like him—type A personalities, achievers. Once he said, 'It's hard to shop for them. What do you get for the man who has stolen everything?'"

"Is she a threat to Santa?" I pressed.

"One of his mistakes was always telling Mrs. Claus to think outside the box. One day she did—and she asked him for a revised prenup. You know why? Two words: Jack Welch. She has been on the phone and e-mailing Welch's wife for hours at a time. Then Mrs. Claus got on the web and started reading about Santa's great friend Dennis Kozlowski."

I knew plenty about Kozlowski and wondered if Mrs. Claus had ever met the second Mrs. Kozlowski. Her name was Karen Mayo, and the Tyco CEO had met her when she was a waitress at a restau-

rant near Tyco's Exeter, New Hampshire headquarters. For her 40th birthday Kozlowski threw a party on Sardinia that allegedly cost \$1 million. "Two gladiators meet guests at the door," an e-mail from the planning phase, now in the possession of investigators, said. "We have a lion or horse with a chariot for the shock value." The party also had an ice sculpture of Michelangelo's David "which sprayed vodka from its penis," the *New York Daily News* reported.

Kozlowski, under the influence of his trophy wife, developed an interest in what *The New York Times* archly called "second-tier work by big-name artists." Deep Elf had not seen that story and was amused by it.

"Santa was always talking about how Kozlowski's tax philosophy was just like his," Deep Elf said. "I heard him say, 'If you give the money to the government, they'll probably go and spend it on something stupid like a soldier's salary or a school lunch program.'"

Kozlowski, it turned out, took the slogan for Bush's tax cut—"it's your money"—literally and did not render unto New York authorities the approximately \$1 million in sales tax due on the purchase of some of the "second-tier" work.

Kozlowski faced other charges as well and got out of jail on a \$10 million bond posted by his forgiving first wife, a woman who seems to understand the true meaning of the holiday season.

I asked Deep Elf why he wanted to talk. "Remember when Wal-Mart got into

that mess for allegedly making people work overtime and not paying them for the extra time?" Deep Elf asked with a mirthless laugh. "That's when I decided to spread the word about him—when he said Wal-Mart's mistake was to pay them anything at all. He said they should play by his rules," he replied.

Did Deep Elf have any predictions? I asked.

"Santa is concerned, but basically he's optimistic. He knows the deck is still stacked, that the basic stuff is still intact and that big bucks will buy influence in Washington, maybe forever."

I fear he's right. Real reform is about as likely as a white Christmas in Panama.

It's still a fat season for the CEO culture. Despite the unpleasantness of the past 12 months, the CEOs are going to have a better Christmas than the rest of us—yet again.

Sure, there have been headlines, arrests and pious blather from Washington. But there are plenty more CEOs out there practicing variations on the schemes that have produced big scandal headlines, and it will stay that way.

Rest assured someone will figure out more devious ways to evade last year's restrictions on soft-money donations to politicians and preserve big business' ability to buy influence inside the Beltway.

So as Santa ho-ho-hos his way across the rooftops of Beverly Hills, Greenwich, Aspen and Palm Beach, let's raise a flute of Cristal to the old devil. And the Ghost of Christmas Present, attended by the ghastly children Ignorance and Want, will be stuck scratching at the window, where he can be safely ignored.

But wait, I told myself. What was I doing? Here I was talking to someone who claimed to be an elf from the North Pole. Could I ask anyone to believe me?

Then I remembered what President Bush said when he promised the country he would do everything in his power to attack the sort of corruption that had been in the headlines—and to reform the way of doing business that he and his own CEO cronies had always enjoyed.

"I believe," he said, that "people have taken a step back and asked, 'What's important in life?' You know, the bottom line and this corporate America stuff—is that important? Or is serving your neighbor, loving your neighbor like you'd like to be loved yourself?" That statement was supposed to bolster Bush's credibility about reform. Who is bullshitting whom here?

As far as I'm concerned, if you believe that Bush will try to make corporate life more honest, you probably believe in talking elves, too.



"Lyle, at midnight you're supposed to yell 'Happy New Year'—not 'Get the fuck off my wife.'"



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## BACK TO THE BEACH

Steph returns from the dead as a ghost! Mitch resurfaces after being blown to bits! A supermodel nearly drowns! There are tons of jiggle! It's just another day at the beach in *Baywatch: Hawaiian Wedding*, the TV movie in which 16 cast members—including Pamela Anderson and Brande Roderick—reunite. We snagged an early report from the set. After numerous delays attributed to the \$500,000 salary required by Pam (arguably the movie's star and biggest draw), production is heating up on Hawaii's north shore. Joining Pam in the movie, airing on Fox during the February sweeps, is a boatload of former lifeguards, including Centerfold Elke Jeinsen, who has a pivotal role in one of the film's action scenes. "I play a supermodel who is dressed as a pirate," Elke says. "I get hit by a big wave and thrown into the water. My boots fill up and I almost die. But David Hasselhoff saves my life." What a guy. Producer Doug Schwartz cast Elke because she's a certified diver. "Elke's the only Playmate we're bringing in



from Los Angeles, because of her proficiency in the water," he says. "It was an adequate blast," says Brande. "I was honored to be there because they picked only 14 out of the 68 original cast members. Working with Pamela was great. She's adorable and so funny. David Hasselhoff is a total jokester—he's like a big kid." Also splashing around on film: former *Baywatch* players Yasmine Bleeth, Gena Lee Nolin, Alexandra Paul, Carmen Electra, Nicole Egert, Stacy Kamano and Angelica Bridges. Smart money says the gals—cavorting about in their signature red and yellow

It's not easy being a *Baywatch* lifeguard—you have to know CPR, sprint down the beach, wear sunscreen with a serious SPF and look cellulite-free in the trademark swimsuits. Centerfolds who have fit the bill, clockwise from upper left: Pamela Anderson, Marliece Andrada, Erika Eleniak, Brande Roderick, Elke Jeinsen and Donna D'Errico.

swimsuits—will resonate with audiences in the more than 140 countries airing the flick. Does anyone get lei'd? You'll have to wait and see.

## 35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"People seem to think that I'm a dumb blonde, but I'm smarter than most of the people who talk down to me," Connie Kreski said on her January 1968 Data Sheet. "I want to get out into the world and see and do everything I possibly can." Her desire to travel was fulfilled when, entranced by both her brains and beauty, we named her our 1969 Playmate of the Year. Later, she worked as a stylist on several shoots, including Cathy Larmonth's Playmate pictorial. Connie passed away at her Beverly Hills home in 1995.



Connie Kreski.

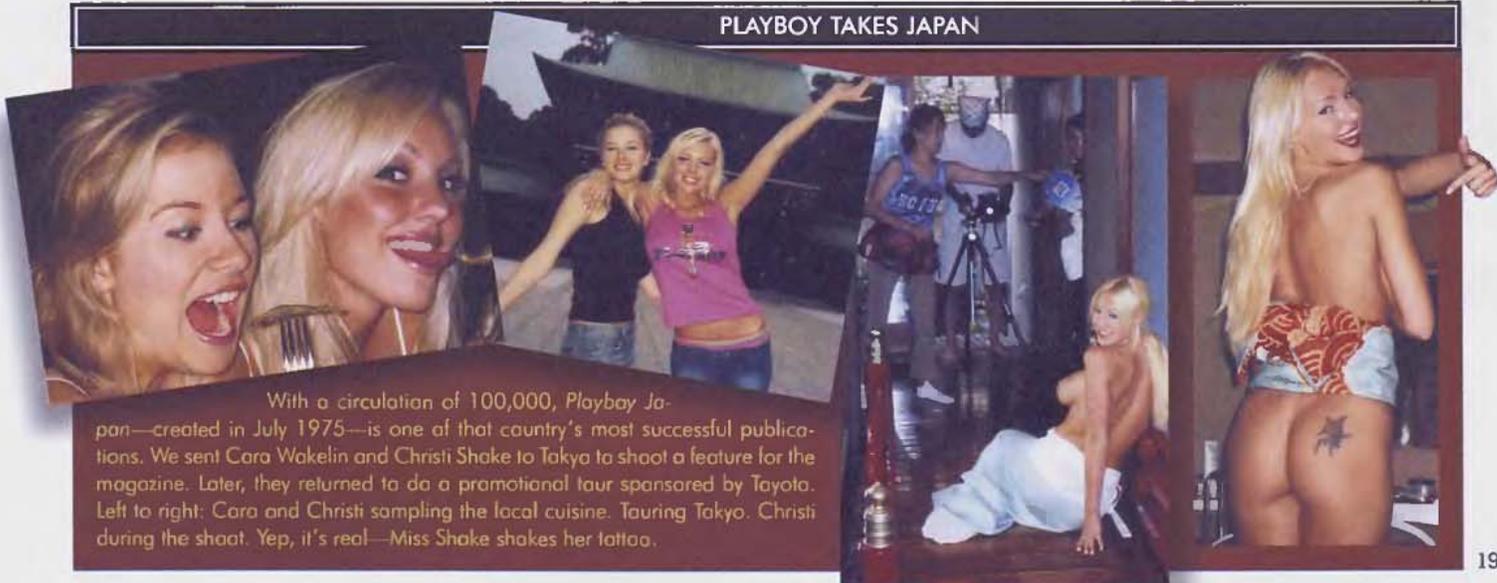
## SHALLAN MEIERS:

"It's hard to date. Since being in PLAYBOY, it's hard for me to know people's intentions. I've met people who don't care what's inside. I'm more like a trophy."

## JAMI FERRELL:

"My favorite body part is my hair. My least favorite is my chest. I do not like my chest."

## PLAYBOY TAKES JAPAN



With a circulation of 100,000, *Playboy Japan*—created in July 1975—is one of that country's most successful publications. We sent Cara Wakelin and Christi Shake to Tokyo to shoot a feature for the magazine. Later, they returned to do a promotional tour sponsored by Toyota. Left to right: Cara and Christi sampling the local cuisine. Towing Tokyo. Christi during the shoot. Yep, it's real—Miss Shake shakes her tattoo.

**My Favorite Playmate By Jackie Martling**



I love **Heather Kozar**.

We broadcast a Howard Stern show from the Playboy Mansion, and I had a few drinks with her. I thought, like everyone else in the world, She could have been mine. Of course, she couldn't have been. She is absolutely gorgeous.



**MARLENE'S TEMPTATION**

Remember when your mom would throw Tupperware parties? Playmate Marlene Janssen has given that concept a kinky twist. In an effort to improve the sex lives of people around the world, she has created Temptations Parties sponsored by Adam and Eve, a popular adult catalog company. During the sexy soirees, distribu-

**PLAYMATE NEWS**

**PAMELA ANDERSON:**

"With two kids, a crazy ex and now my disease, it's going to take a real man to fall for me. After all, I am the poison pin-up."

tors bust out their favorite lubes, lingerie, books, games, vibrators and videos. Tutorials are given and then the products are sold. "The parties often turn into sex education experiences," Marlene says. "We have 600 distributors nationwide and a couple international distributors who conduct four or five parties a month. The most fun part is educating all those consenting adults."



**PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS**

- January 7: Miss October 1963  
Christine Williams
- January 8: Miss July 1976  
Deborah Borkman
- January 8: Miss June 1983  
Jolanda Egger
- January 28: Miss January 1987  
Luann Lee
- January 30: Miss February 1986  
Julie McCullough

**SUMMER'S SHOWTIME SOIREE**



A blue-clad barrage of Playmates showed up to cheer Summer Altice at the premiere party for her Showtime series, *Chromiumblue.com*. "Looks certainly open doors in this town," says Summer, who plays a saucy limousine driver on the series. "But once you're in the door, you have to persuade them to look past the beauty."

**PLAYMATE GOSSIP**

Layla Roberts got to hobnob with Mick Jagger at Cabaret, a club in Paris. "That was a treat," she says. . . . Christina Santiago (shown below) made several dudes' days when she visited the Hines Veterans Administration Hospital in Illinois. . . . Gloria Walker popped us an e-mail to say she is 65 years old and has been married for 45 years.

"I'm having a wonderful time. I'm very active," she reports. . . . Jaime Bergman is busy filming the movie *Dark Wolf*. . . . Anka Romensky is putting together a demo. "I love to sing and want to give it a try," she says. . . . Shauna Sand has her own line of women's shoes, available at shaunasand.com. . . . Congratulations to Laura Cover, who recently married Cincinnati Reds third baseman Aaron Boone. . . . Yep, that is Nicole Narain in L.L. Cool J's *Luv U Better* video. . . .



Christino's good deed.



Sixteen months of Lexie.

Alexandria Karlsen's 2003 calendar (pictured above) is available at lexie.tv. Her first book, *The Divorced Guy's Guide to Dating: How to Meet More Women*, will be published soon. . . . Dalene Kurtis hosts the TNN auto show *The Fast and the Furious*. . . . Pamela Anderson won Best Guilty Pleasure in the AOL TV Viewer Awards. . . . Lisa Dergan reports game highlights on Fox' *The NFL Show*. . . . Playmates added scads of T and A to New York's Fashion Week. Summer Altice modeled in Anand Jon's show, while Teri Harrison sashayed topless—using lollipops to cover her breasts—in Alice and Olivia's show.

# NETWORK NEWS

(continued from page 102)

News are places where you keep your mouth shut and do what you are told. Since that is impossible for me, I washed out quickly. But I watched other fine reporters die slow deaths over the years. Few employees have power at the networks and a drive-by vendetta can cut a correspondent down at any time, especially one with anchor potential.

Miraculously, ABC News' *Roone Arledge* hired me five years after CBS cremated me. Arledge was a creative guy, and Peter Jennings actually liked my style. I did well at ABC News but the harness was too tight. I took an anchor job at *Inside Edition* three years later and haven't looked back since.

Here's what I learned from my time at network news: First, the news divisions are loath to tee off the powerful because they want access. They want to be able to get that presidential interview once a year. Therefore, none of the networks did much investigative reporting during the Clinton years, when all kinds of things were going on. When was the last time you saw a network news program break a big story? They will never admit it, but the networks leave the exposés to the print journalists. Cronkite simply read *The Washington Post* about the Watergate goings-on. Rather, Jennings and Brokaw followed the Clinton scandals through *The New York Times* and correspondent Jeff Gerth.

Second, the people who really run network news are moneymen. Profit guys. News is a major pain in the butt to most of them because news is expensive and the elderly audience means lower advertising rates. Also, controversy is almost forbidden on the nightly news. That's why you don't see commentary. The philosophy is don't rock the corporate boat, don't get anybody mad at you.

Here's an eyewitness report. In 1981 I brought a story to Howard Stringer, who was then the producer of the *CBS Evening News With Dan Rather*. I told Stringer that there was a battle going on in Provincetown, Massachusetts between the gay weekend adventurers and the conservative townsfolk. Stringer, now the top man at Sony in the U.S., told me to go do the story.

Using a hidden camera, my crew recorded all kinds of public sex in the streets of Provincetown. The mayor was outraged and told us so in no uncertain terms. The gays replied that a few exhibitionists shouldn't spoil the party for everyone else. This was before the AIDS plague. With the footage and interviews we got, it was a hell of a story.

It never ran.

When Rather and the boys screened the report there was total silence. We had blacked out any explicit stuff but this was a tough piece. I thought I'd be a

hero. Instead, I got blank stares.

To his credit, Stringer finally told me it was a good piece of journalism but it wasn't right for the *Rather* newscast. He never said why but it was obvious. That story was way too in-your-face—pardon the pun. People would be offended, the gay lobby might complain.

Over the years the timidity of the network news operations hasn't changed much, but television news has. Now you have the 24-hour cable operations that are bold, daring and, at times, light-years ahead of the networks in reporting stories that engage Americans.

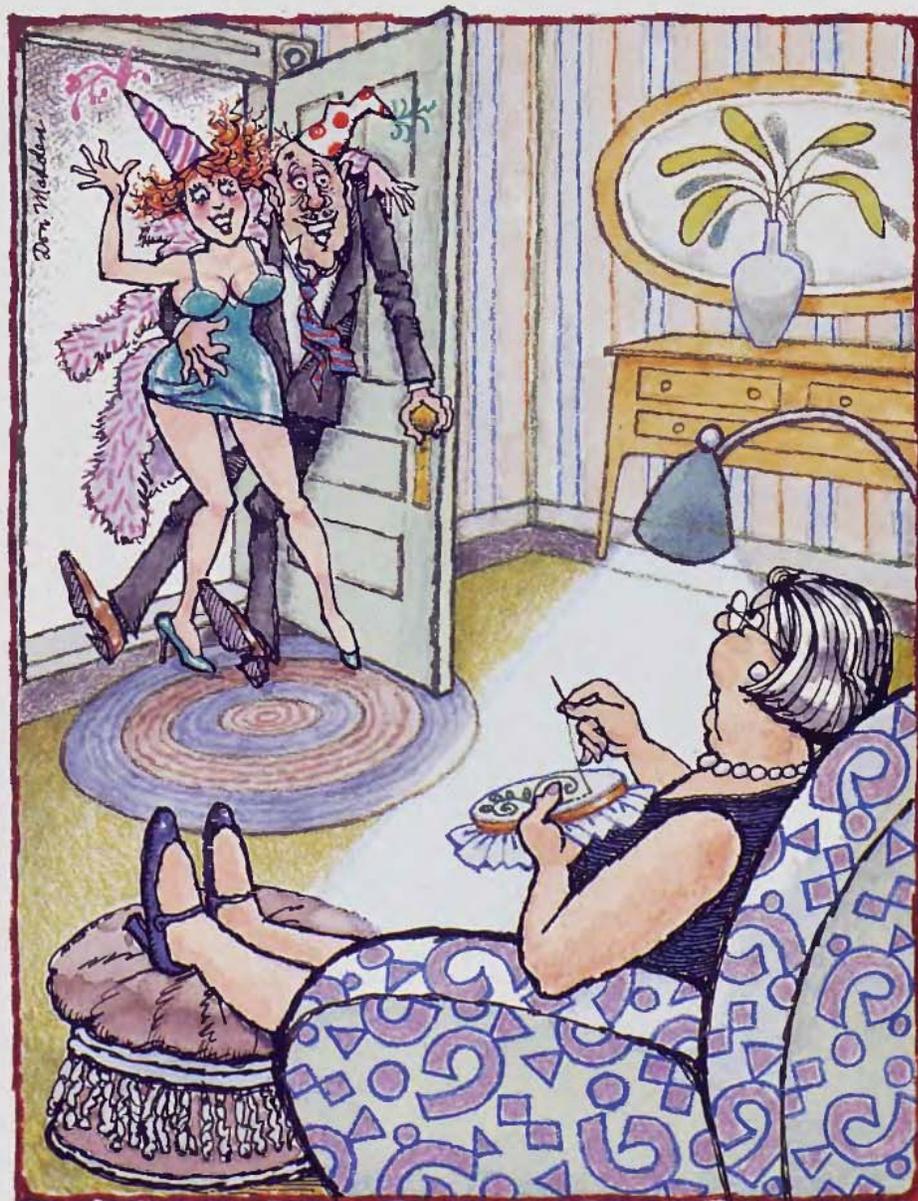
My show broke the September 11 charity story that revealed billions of donated dollars were being held up by bureaucratic bungling at the Red Cross and the United Way. The networks wouldn't touch it.

Fox News Channel also got hold of tax

returns for one of Jesse Jackson's organizations that showed millions in expenses that were not properly itemized. No network reporter would go near the story. Our competitors at CNN were the first to get home-video footage of the World Trade Center attack, which was then shown on all networks. I could give you scores of other examples, but I think you get the picture.

CBS News correspondent Edward R. Murrow went on a crusade to expose corruption and challenge Americans by using TV news as a cannon, firing disturbing images at viewers with the hope that society would turn on the bad guys.

Murrow's name is still invoked in network circles, but I know this: If old Ed is reincarnated and returns to his former profession, the networks will pass on him. He'll be working cable news.



"Martha, meet Vickie, my New Year's resolution."



*Sexy*  
**GIRLS NEXT DOOR**

*These wide-eyed innocents from down the block get the audition of a lifetime and a chance to win a starring role on Playboy TV.*

*New episode premieres December 6 at 7 pm ET/10 pm PT.*

Go to [playboytv.com](http://playboytv.com) for additional air times.

***Only on Playboy TV!***



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# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### RETURN OF THE SCOOTER

**R**acing a scooter through congested city traffic could qualify as an extreme sport, but once you get the hang of cutting around cabs and double-parked cars you'll shave a good chunk of time off your daily commute. The latest scooters start with the push of a button, park on a sidewalk and require just a sip of gas, making them the most pragmatic of motor vehicles. While they aren't designed for use on frozen streets, you may want to order one before the spring thaw starts. Piaggio, the parent company of Vespa, recently introduced a line of scooters in the U.S. The Piaggio LT 150cc has a four-stroke, 12-horsepower engine that gets 45 miles to the gallon. An antitheft system immobilizes

**Right: Aprilia's Scarabeo 150 is designed for racing down cobblestone streets. The two-person saddle will seat both of you comfortably, and a large rear case is capable of storing two full-face helmets (about \$4200).**

RICHARD IZUI



**Left: Genuine builds scooters for riders who want a retro model but don't want to pay collector's prices. The Stella is all steel with manual shift. At \$2700, it costs less than a vintage Vespa P-series. Outfit yours with chrome accessories.**



**Above: The Torpedo 125cc 4t scooter by Italjet includes passenger footpegs and a rear grab rail for the rider in back. Stash your helmet in the storage space under the seat. (Price: about \$3800.) Right: Piaggio originally sold the LT 150cc in Europe under the name Liberty but recently introduced it to the U.S. The four-stroke engine is fuel-efficient and extremely quiet. Chrome-plated sidebars and springs, a large seat and an electronic antitheft immobilizer are standard (\$3400).**

it in case some dirtbag tosses it into the back of his truck. Aprilia designed the Scarabeo 150 after Sixties' motorcycles. The aesthetic extends from its 16-inch wheels to its optional color-coordinated hard side bags. The Scarabeo is highway-legal and rides two comfortably, but it's better suited for short-range travel, not Easy

converter to meet U.S. federal emissions standards. Genuine offers a full range of chrome accessories to trick out the solid-steel body, including mirrors, decorative trim, racks and other items. Don't see yourself on silver? Crazy colors abound for all the scooters, including ice mint and tangerine.

—JASON BUHRMESTER 195

# Grapevine

## Mountain Mamas' High Harmony

EMMYLOU HARRIS, PATTY LOVELESS and ALISON KRAUSS (left to right) toured on *Down From the Mountain*, with Ralph Stanley. Bluegrass aficionados in 60 cities got the message.



© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVY INC.

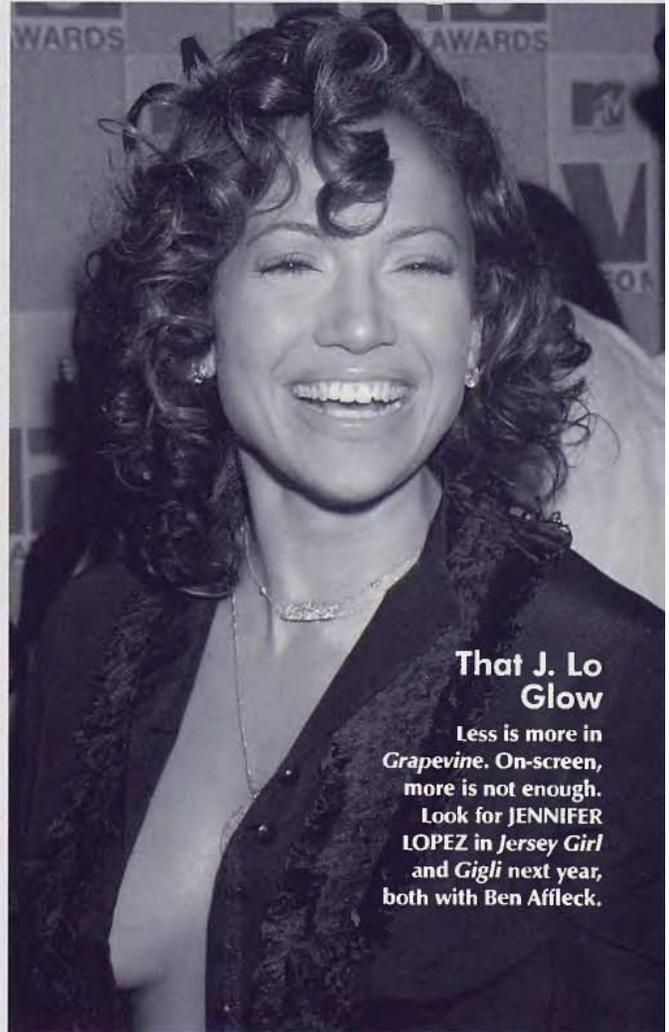
© DAVID LA CHAPELLE/IMMORTAL BRANDS



## Kim Covers a Lil'

LIL' KIM, photographed by David LaChapelle, is among the artists celebrated in *Hip Hop Immortals*. Kim covers her basics—on film and on her recent solo CD.

© GILBERT FLORES/CELEBRITY PHOTO

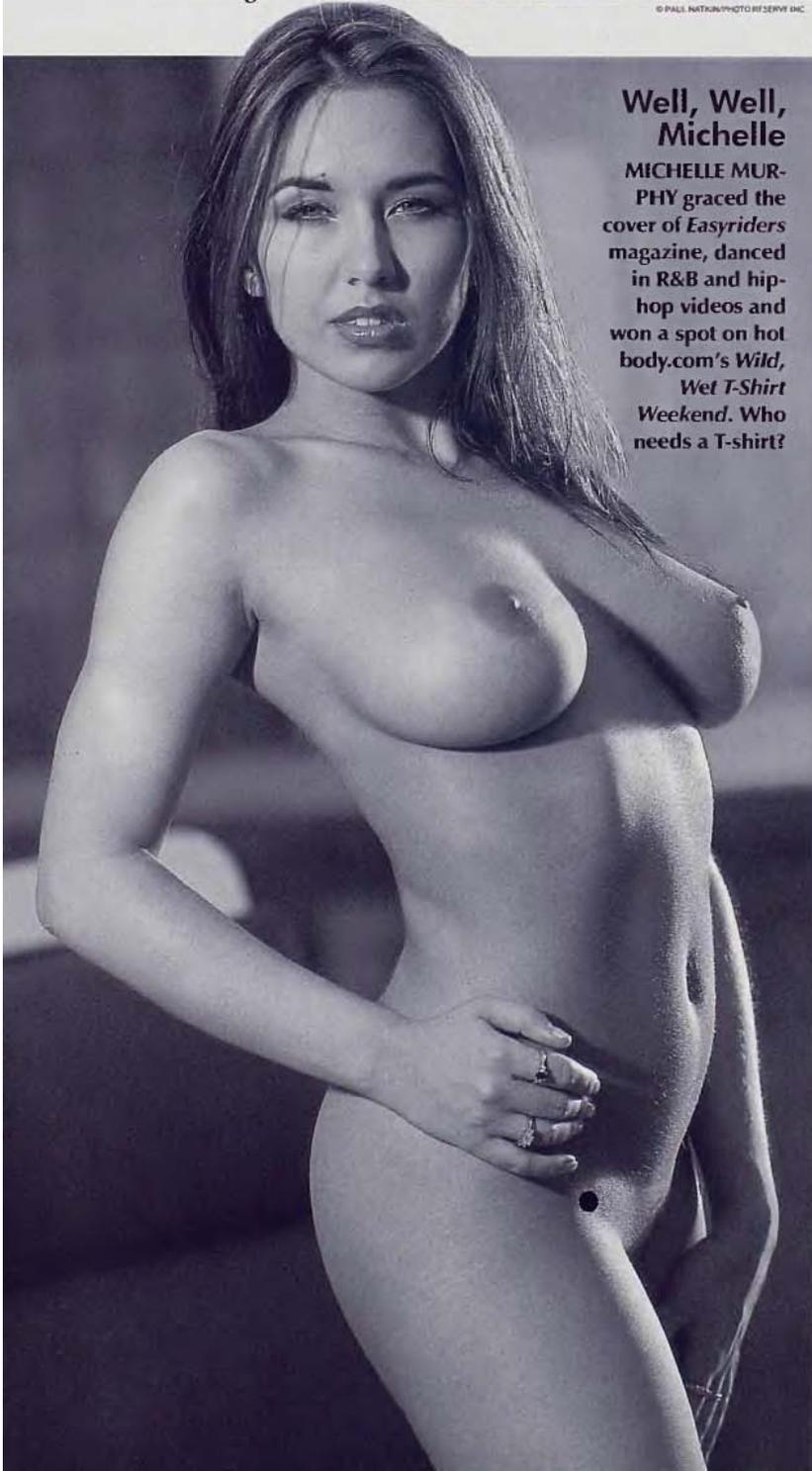


## That J. Lo Glow

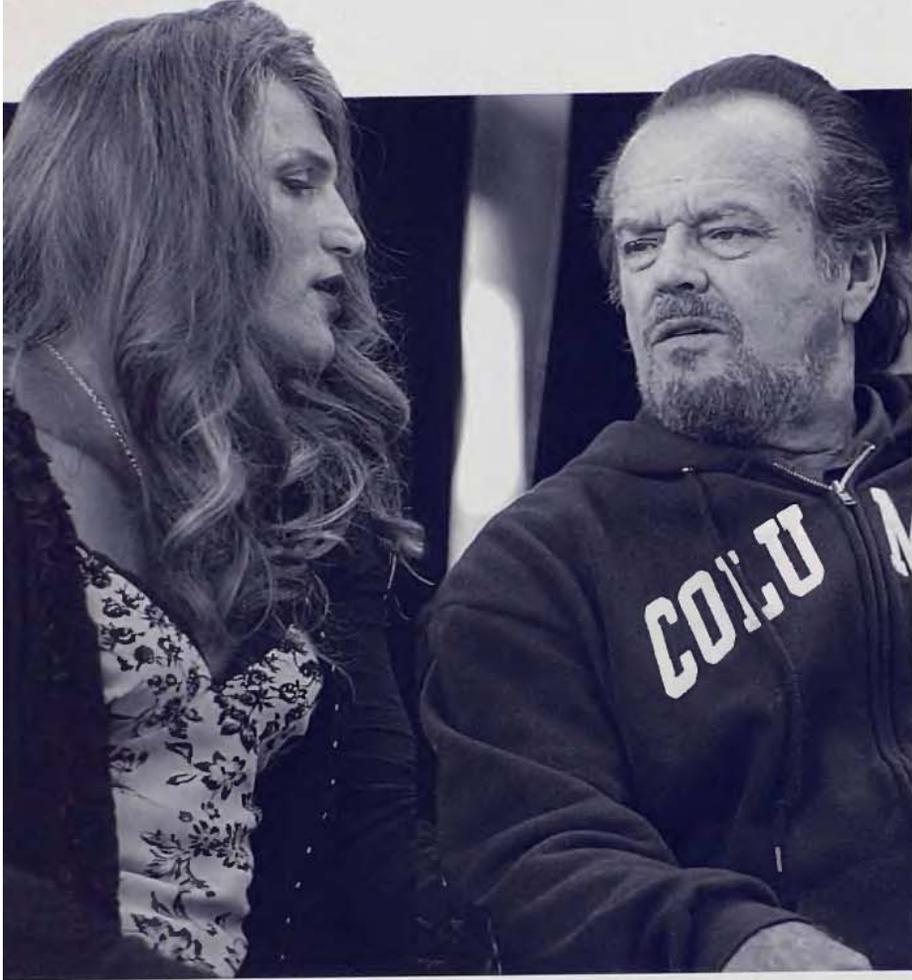
Less is more in *Grapevine*. On-screen, more is not enough. Look for JENNIFER LOPEZ in *Jersey Girl* and *Gigli* next year, both with Ben Affleck.

## Well, Well, Michelle

MICHELLE MURPHY graced the cover of *Easyriders* magazine, danced in R&B and hip-hop videos and won a spot on hot body.com's *Wild, Wet T-Shirt Weekend*. Who needs a T-shirt?



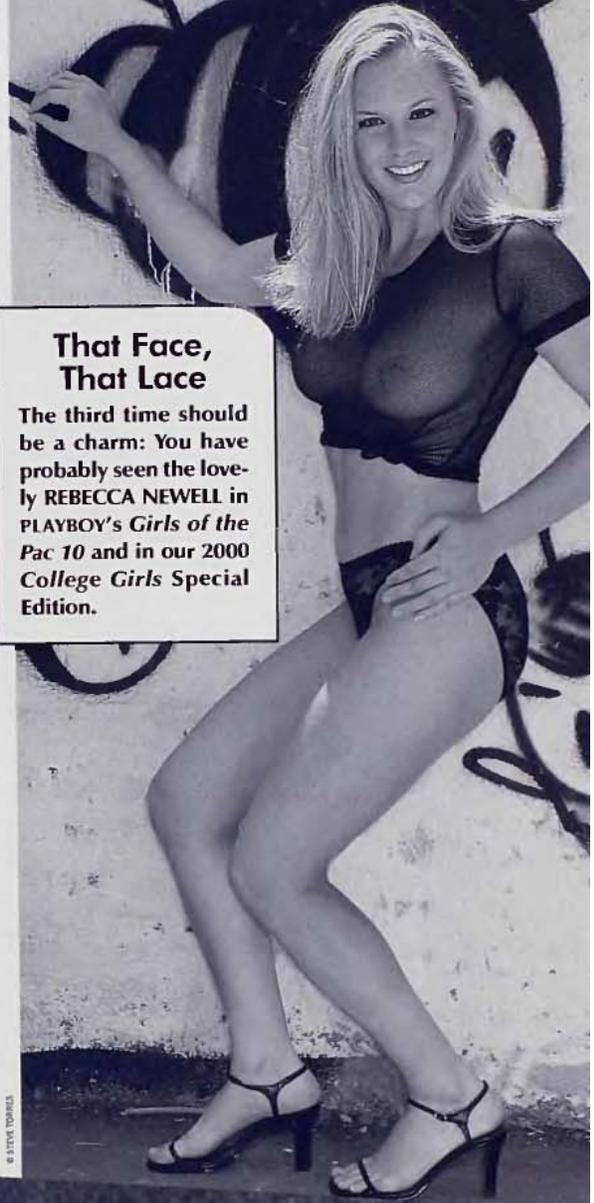
© CHRIS V. SOTRES



### Jack Gets Woody

What does this odd couple have to talk about? **WOODY HARRELSON** plays a transvestite hooker in *Anger Management*, with **JACK NICHOLSON** and Adam Sandler. Woody tries to get in touch with his feminine side. We wish him luck.

© BILL DAVIAN/ATM LTD



### That Face, That Lace

The third time should be a charm: You have probably seen the lovely **REBECCA NEWELL** in *PLAYBOY's Girls of the Pac 10* and in our 2000 *College Girls Special Edition*.

© STEVE TORRES

© CHRIS J. JONES



### Lounge Act

Resting up: **BRITNEY MULLINS** was a Hooters 2001 calendar girl and a Hawaiian Tropic swimsuit competitor. She deserves a break.

# Potpourri



## LET'S GET LIT

Push a button at the bottom of the glasses pictured above (wine, martini, champagne and margarita) and the stems begin to blink. Hit the button again and the glasses glow steadily. Is cocktail hour fun or what? Green, blue, pink and yellow are the colors that are offered in all four shapes. The price: \$8 each, from Kal Kreations at 800-287-9642. Cheers, suds lovers. A chug-a-light beer mug is available, too. Three replaceable button-cell batteries power each of the glasses.



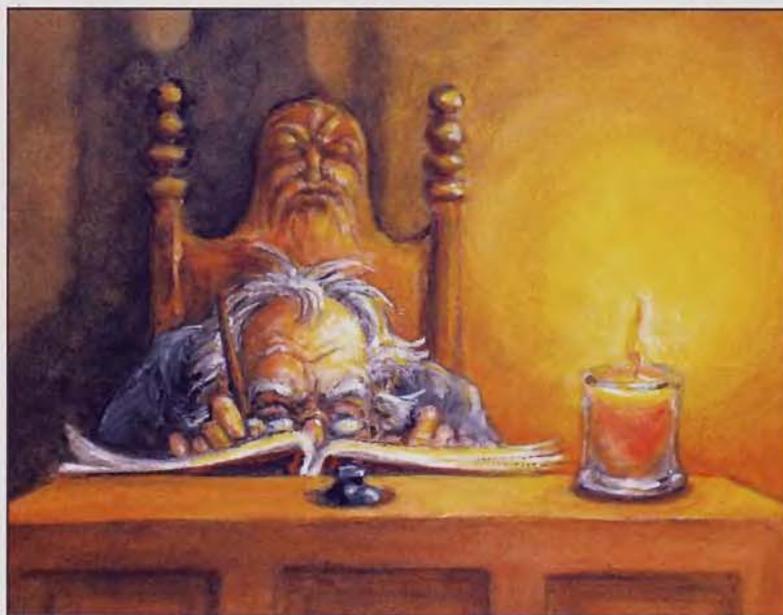
## PUTTIN' ON THE GLITZ

For the holidays, Bright Ideas has created a gift set for two that includes a feather-trimmed satin bra-and-panty set, a simulated-pearl necklace, honey-scented dusting powder with a feather applicator, vanilla love oil, a top-hat ice bucket (you provide the champagne), candles, mood music featuring LeAnn Rimes, Celine Dion and others and—for you—a satin tuxedo-style crotch pouch (with tails, no less). You animal, you. The price: \$104, from 888-588-4332.



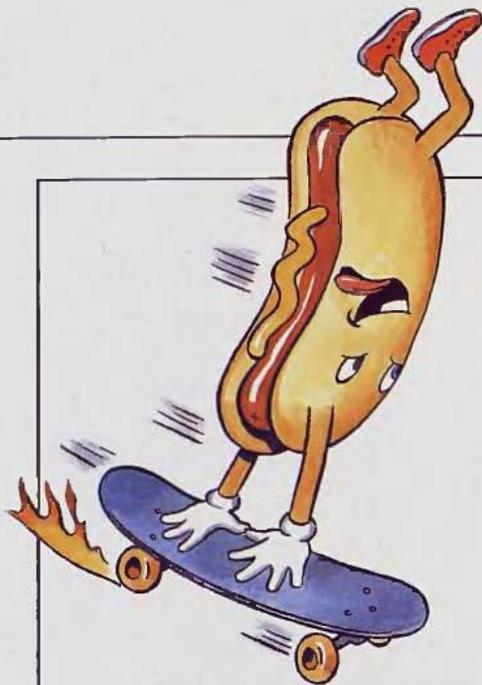
## BABY DRIVER

In last month's *Christmas Gift Guide* we featured a refurbished Fiat 500, the pint-size car that Italians affectionately call the Cinquecento. For a car, it's dirt cheap—\$9995. If that's still too much for your postholiday budget, buy this 17"x11" print created by artist Glenn Reid in a signed and numbered limited edition. Price: \$20, from reidstudio.com. Prints of Italian motor scooters are also available.



## CAPPUCCINO IS IN THE AIR—IT MUST BE JANUARY

If you think scented candles are for sissies, get a whiff of this. Snoop Dogg, Dennis Franz and Tim Allen all subscribe to Cedarburg Seasonal Scents' Candle of the Month Club. Each paraffin wax selection is presented in a 14-ounce glass jar and burns for 60 to 70 hours. December's scent is Christmas Memories. May is Lilac. July is Ocean. October? Hot Mulled Cider, of course. A year's subscription is \$200, six months is \$105 and a single candle costs \$19. Go to cedarburgcandle.com to order.



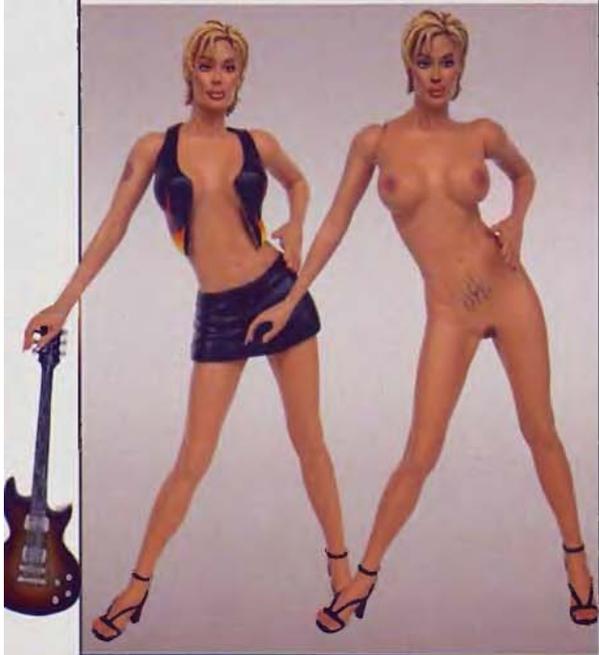
### MIGHTY EXTREME COOKING

Let's say you want to make a tuna casserole and also need to know the right way to fall off a roof. There's only one book for you—*X-treme Cuisine*, a collection of recipes and stunt tips from 50 extreme sports athletes. Robert Earl, who has produced extreme sports TV shows, compiled the recipes in "an adrenaline-charged cookbook for the young at heart." Price: \$24.95. Harper Collins is the publisher.

A. J. GARCIA

### SORRY, BARBIE, KEN IS BUSY

We know we're not too old to play with dolls. Plastic Fantasy's Adult Superstars Series 1 includes 7½" figures of Houston (below), Jenna Jameson, Kylie Ireland and other porn legends. Each features posable arms and head, plus removable clothing. Price: \$19.95 apiece, from [plasticfantasy.com](http://plasticfantasy.com) and adult novelty stores.



**"SHE REMOVED" WHAT?**

The next time you nod off in your smoking jacket while reading *Tropic of Cancer*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or *The Story of O*, mark where you stopped with one of Seduced by Design's sterling silver erotic bookmarks (left). Both were designed to appeal to connoisseurs of T and A, says the company.

We'll study that further. Price: \$24.95 each, from 352-376-5414. Male-inspired bookmarks are in the works.

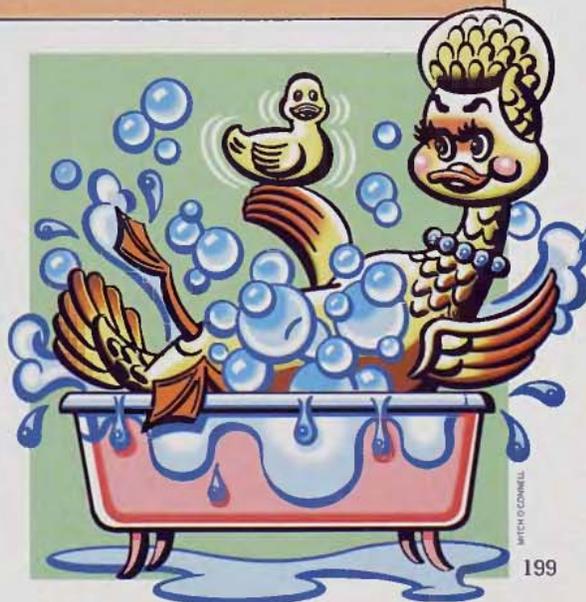


### ANOTHER REASON TO MOVE TO STOCKHOLM

The Koenigsegg CC 8S (above) is a two-seat midengine supercar with gullwing doors and a top speed of 242 mph. Unfortunately, importing is complicated and the price is more kronor than our calculator can convert. It's just one of about 130 cars that are showcased in *The Car Design Yearbook 1*, "the definitive guide to new concept and production cars worldwide," by Stephen Newbury. If you think the Koenigsegg CC 8S is a babe magnet, check out the Venturi Fetish or the Irmischer Inspiro. The book costs \$39.95. Merrell is the publisher.

### LUCKY DUCKY

You played with a rubber ducky years ago, and your girlfriend probably did too. Now tub time is even more exciting because your little yellow pal isn't so innocent anymore. Squeeze the body of I Rub My Duckie and its strong but quiet battery-powered motor turns the waterproof quacker into a vibrating body massager. Price: \$26, from [goodvibes.com](http://goodvibes.com) or 800-BUY-VIBE. A black rubber ducky will be available soon.



# Next Month



MISS EASTWOOD



THE GREAT WHO



SEX ADVICE: "DON'T PINCH TOO HARD"



CYBER GIRLS

**ALISON EASTWOOD**—YOU-KNOW-WHO'S DAUGHTER WENT AHEAD AND MADE OUR DAY. AN ALLURING PICTORIAL FROM THE STAR OF *MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL* AND *HOW TO GO OUT ON A DATE IN QUEENS*

**G-MEN IN CRISIS**—THE BUREAU OPERATES UNDER A SINGLE IMPERATIVE. PREVENT THE NEXT TERRORIST ACT. BUT WITH ITS AGENTS DISTRACTED AND HIGHER-UPS DODGING BLAME, CRIMINALS ARE SITTING PRETTY. BY **JEFFREY ROBINSON**

**JIMMY KIMMEL**—OUR FAVORITE *MAN SHOW* HOST (NO OFFENSE, ADAM) IS A CRASS ACT. ON THE EVE OF HIS LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW DEBUT HE TALKS ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU'D EXPECT: SEX, COMEDY, LOSING HIS VIRGINITY, HOW TO MASTURBATE BETTER AND THE JUGGY GIRLS. AN UNRULY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

**COED CAMPUS SEX ADVISORS**—THEY'RE YOUNG, THEY'RE FEMALE AND THEIR SIZZLING COLUMNS IN COLLEGE NEWS-PAPERS WOULD MAKE CARRIE BRADSHAW BLUSH. MEET THE LATEST BREED OF SEX EDUCATORS. BY **ANTONIA SIMIGIS**

**CATCH 22—JUST TRY**—YOU MAY SLOW DOWN COWBOYS RUNNING BACK **EMMITT SMITH**, BUT YOU CAN'T STOP HIM. HE MAY BE EVEN BETTER THAN JIM BROWN, O.J. SIMPSON, WALTER PAYTON AND BARRY SANDERS. SMITH TALKS ABOUT BIG PIMPIN' IN THE NFL. BY **KEVIN COOK**

**BERNIE MAC**—THE STREETWISE COMIC HAS GONE FROM DRIVING A WONDER BREAD TRUCK IN CHICAGO TO STARRING

ON A HIT SHOW. THE GENTLE GIANT DISCUSSES HIS THREE NEW MOVIES AND WHY MEN'S MANICURES ARE COOL. TWENTY FUNNY QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

**I CONFESS, THE CHARADE**—SEVEN MEN ARE IN JAIL FOR THE RAPE AND MURDER OF A NAVY WIFE, BUT SOMEONE ELSE DID THE CRIME. A SHOCKER OF AN INJUSTICE BY **MORGAN STRONG**

**CYBER GIRLS**—EVERY WEEK PLAYBOY.COM SERVES UP A DIGITAL DARLING FOR YOU TO DOWNLOAD. IT'S ABOUT TIME THE LADIES GOT THEIR OWN PICTORIAL.

**STAND BACK! I'M NOT SURE HOW BIG THIS IS GOING TO GET!**—WHEN IT COMES TO DIGITAL CAMERAS, SIZE MATTERS. WE'VE FOUND THE NEWEST ONES WITH THE HUGEST ZOOM LENSES—THINK OF HOW MUCH FUN YOU'LL HAVE IN THE BEDROOM

**WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN**—PILL POPPING, BREAKUPS, ELECTRICAL FAILURES, BROKEN LIMBS. IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR THIS BAND. THANKFULLY, THEIR BASSIST—THE OX—WAS COHERENT ENOUGH TO JOT IT ALL DOWN. UNUSUAL FICTION BY **JIM SHEPARD**

**PLUS:** RUNWAY LOOKS FROM FASHION WEEKS IN MILAN, NEW YORK AND PARIS. THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BOAT, PLAYMATE **CHARIS BOYLE** DIVULGES HER BEDROOM SECRETS, THE RETURN OF THE BIG BAND, AND SEXY GUYS' GROOMING PRODUCTS—SHE'LL ATTACK YOU