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ENTERTAINMENT

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The Interview of the Century?

## UP ALL NIGHT

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(Bail not included)

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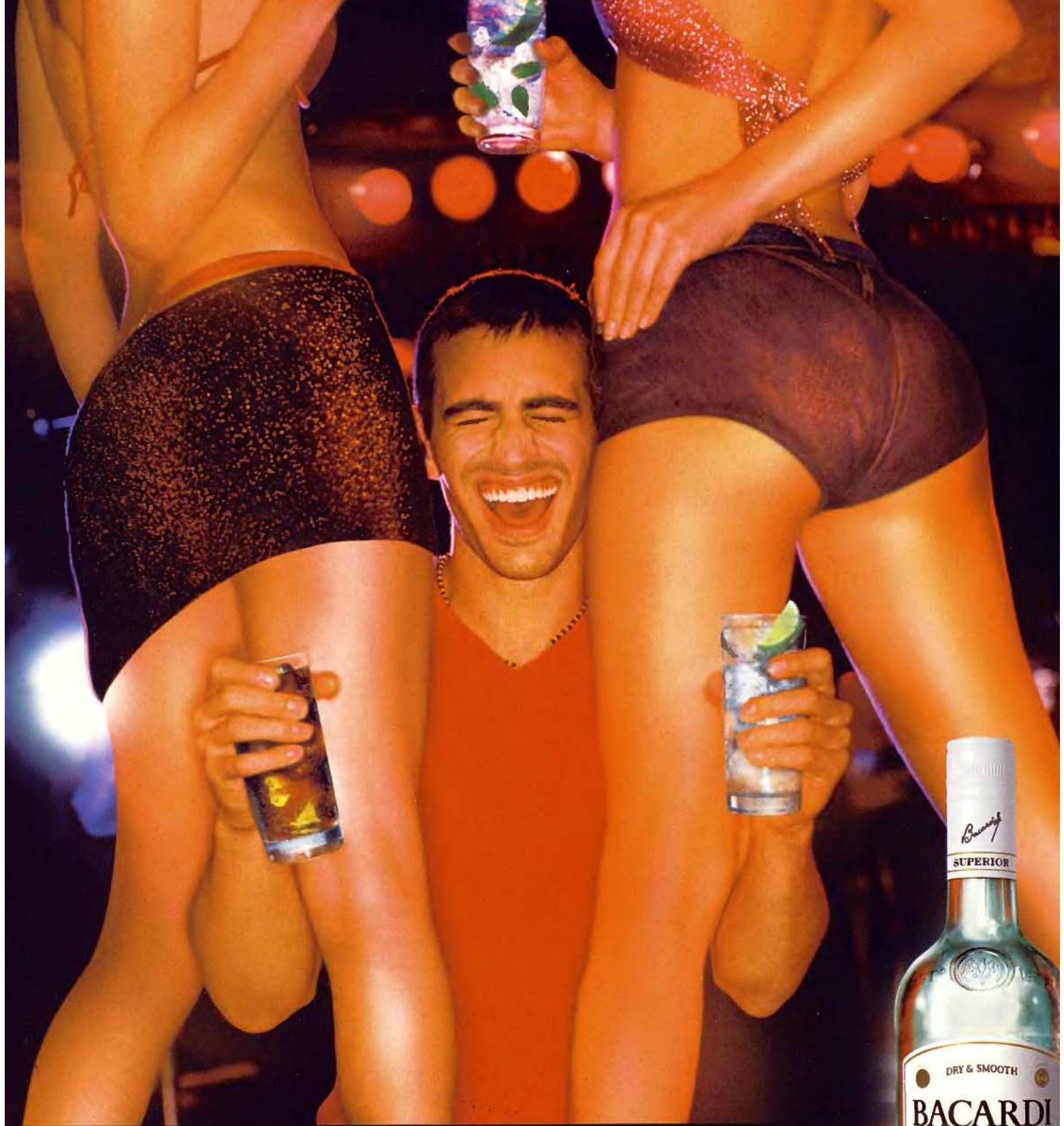


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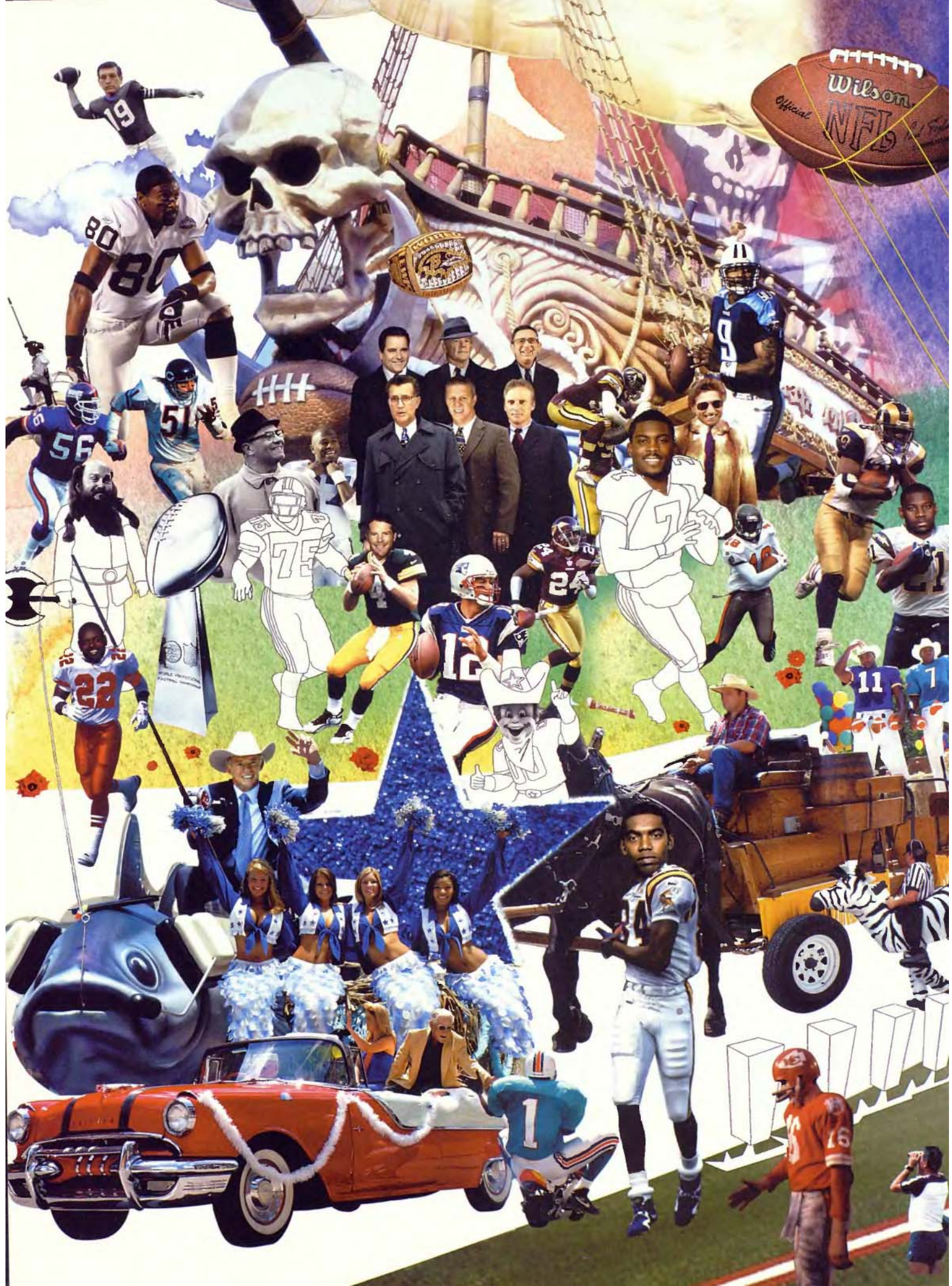
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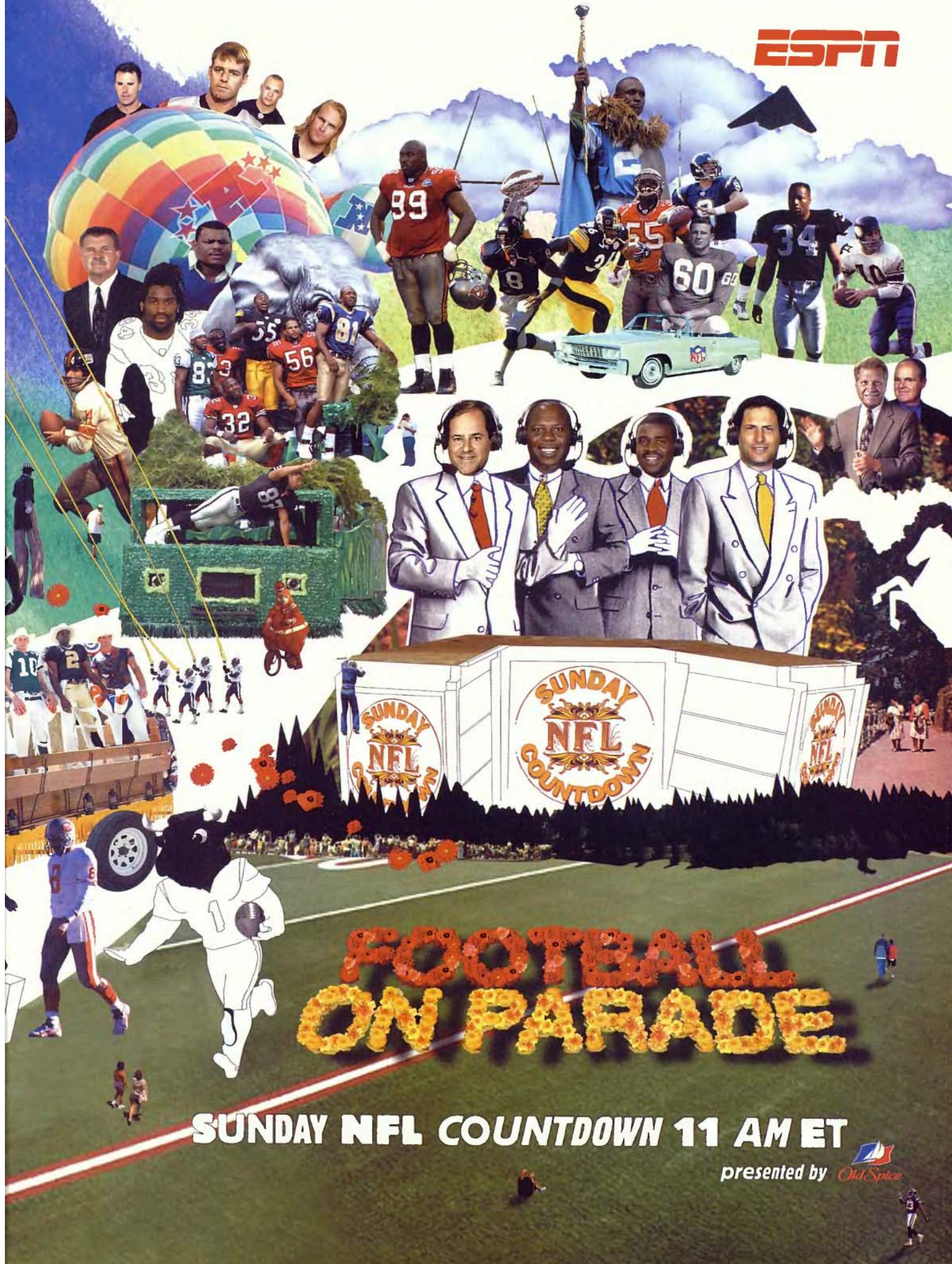
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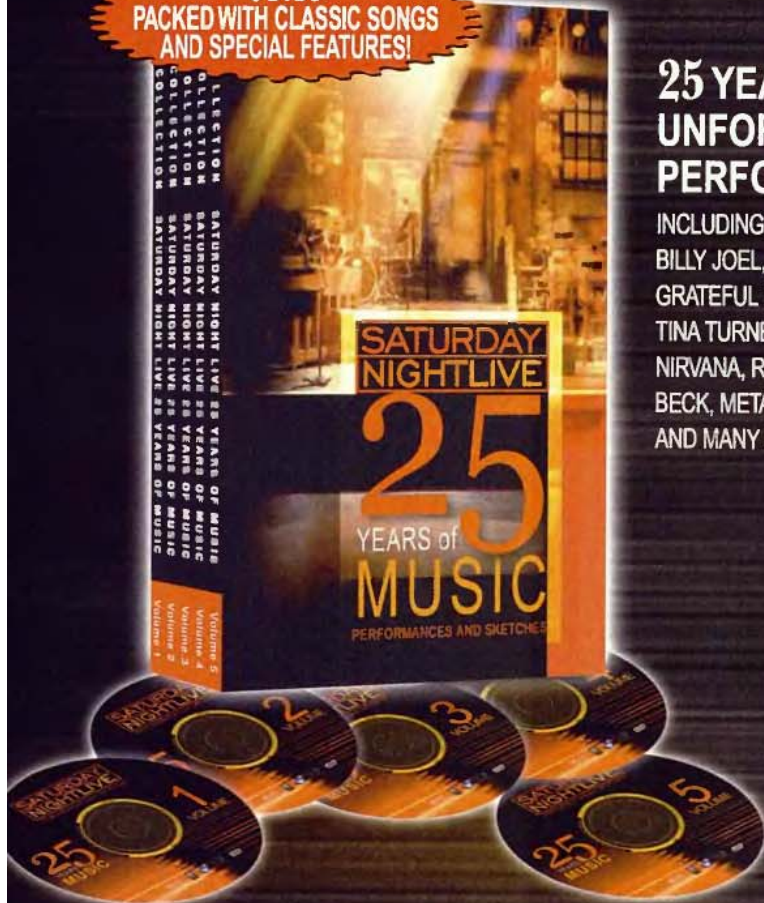
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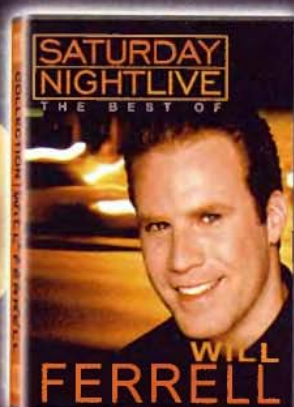
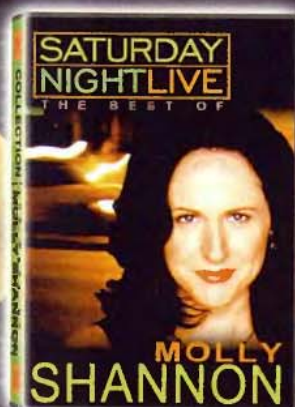
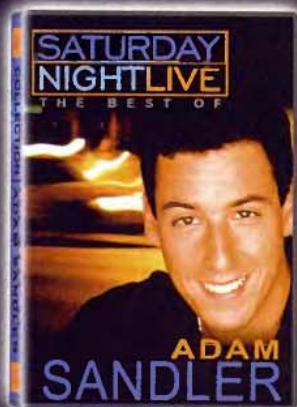


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For most Americans, their first glimpse of **O.J. Simpson**'s getaway Bronco on the freeways of L.A.—on live TV—is a moment they will never forget. It was the beginning of a saga that captivated and polarized the nation as O.J.'s role in the double murder was tried in both criminal and civil courts. Now O.J. gets a hearing in this month's *Playboy Interview*. "I was fascinated by a guy who is so notorious, so loathed," says Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, who met Simpson in Miami. "Everyone I knew was appalled by him and thought he'd gotten away with murder. I went with that in mind as well. While my verdict about Simpson's guilt was unaltered, he is a more complicated person than I had anticipated—not likable, but interesting. Everyone asks me, 'Did he seem to be lying? Did he betray with his eyes or tone of voice that he was lying?' The answer is no, not once."

Sure, you might learn a thing or two about Papua New Guinea in college, but what you'll really remember is the time you hooked up on the roof of the library. "College is a time when people get their ya-yas out," says Associate Editor **Alison Prato**, who edited *Sex on Campus*, "so it's always interesting to find out exactly what's happening in higher education. This year, the biggest trend is student porn. Kids are sick of watching unoriginal skin flicks, so they're making their own. Then there's the Wellesley shuttle that students call the Fuck Truck, which buses horny students from the all-girls campus to Cambridge. I say good for the girls."



For 18 years now, we've conducted our annual College Fiction Contest. This year's winner is 1%, by **Hardin Young** from the University of Arkansas. "I wanted to get as much slang in as possible," says Young of his story of a biker out for revenge. "Some I got from my brother—he's a Harley-Davidson mechanic. And I also know some people who are in prison. So it's a mix of biker slang and prison-speak. The gang war is based on a real one between the Hell's Angels and the Mongols. But mostly I like the idea of a character who is desperate to conform to something but totally incapable of it."



**Dave Attell**, hardworking star of Comedy Central's *Insomniac*, comes by his job honestly. "I have trouble sleeping," complains Attell. "I usually go to bed around seven in the morning." That has given him the chance to scour the country for oddball nightspots, and in *Open All Night*, Attell reveals his favorite nocturnal haunts, from an all-hours truck stop to a naked karaoke joint. "I go from town to town, seeing what's happening, who's working late. Half the time I end up standing in a freezing-cold rain in the middle of the night, hoping I might run into a hilarious midget."



Texas journalists **Molly Ivins** and **Lou Dubose** take a hard look at the Bush administration's impact on ordinary Americans in *Ambushed*, an excerpt from their upcoming book, *Bushwhacked*, to be published by Random House. "The media spend entirely too much time on the Dow Jones average," explains Ivins, "which is essentially a meaningless number. We decided that we needed the Doug Jones average—Doug Jones, average American. How's old Doug doing? Is he up or is he down? This is an attempt to answer that."





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go up  
and down...



JOE ROGAN & DOUG STANHOPE

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# PLAYBOY

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## cover story

The only thing better than watching college football is watching college girls shoke their tight ends in the stands. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Woydo told Miss February 2001 Lauren Michelle Hill that there is no "I" in team—and no clothes either. Keeping with the theme, our Rabbit goes deep.







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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

## CASABLANCA NIGHT AT THE MANSION

Hef and his son Cooper dressed as Bogie and Claude Rains on *Casablanca* Night at the Mansion. After watching Hef's favorite film, friends shared champagne and caviar by candlelight in a room converted into Rick's Café Américain. At *Playboy*, the fundamental things still apply as time goes by.



## RADIO DAZE

When he's not looking for America's next idol, Ryan Seacrest hosts a radio show in Los Angeles. Hef and Playmates Stacy Fuson, Jennifer Walcott, Shauna Sand and Miriam Gonzalez join him in a live broadcast from the Mansion.



## NIKKI'S BIG NIGHT OUT

July cover girl Nikki Ziering's party at the L.A. club Nacional attracted such guests as Coolio (left), Jason Biggs (right) and Robin Leach, who

appeared with Nikki on *I'm a Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here!* Nikki's unintended exposure on the cover was the talk of the evening.



## GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

Hef knows where the girls are. Out on the town with his party posse, he hooks up with Paris Hilton at 1650 (left), with rapper Lil' Kim at White Lotus (above) and, back at the Mansion, with Pamela Anderson, savoring dessert before a Sunday night movie screening.



## AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Christie Hefner hosted a party, attended by *PLAYBOY* publisher Diane Silberstein, Bill Marovitz, Arianna Huffington and Bill Maher, prior to the 25th *Playboy* Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl.



## THEY'LL DRINK TO THAT

The Dewars party at the Mansion brought out guys in kilts and women with furry tails. Left, PMOY Christina Santiago, Penelope Jimenez and Julie Cialini wonder what's under a Scotsman's kilt. While former *PLAYBOY* cover girl Dita von Teese performs, Playmate Bunnies line up for drinks on the house.





# SPIKE TV'S BIG NIGHT



Spike Lee's objection to Viacom's renaming its TNN cable channel Spike TV didn't dampen the spirits at the Mansion launch party. (1) Carmen Electra purring with the Pussycat Dolls. (2) *That '70s Show* stars Danny Masterson and Wilmer Valderrama. (3) Hef and his platinum party posse in Pussycat fashions. (4) Ice-T with his fiancée Coco. (5) Traci Bingham with the host. (6) Master Marston Hefner playing it cool with Playmates Julie McCullough and Pennelope Jimenez. (7) Miss October Audra Lynn making waves with the Pussycat sailors. (8) Kelsey and Camille Grammer. (9) *SNL*'s Seth Meyers with his bro *Mad TV*'s Josh Meyers. (10) Paris and Nicky Hilton. (11) George Stults of *7th Heaven*. (12) Hef with Pam Anderson and Stan Lee, the creator of her animated show *Stripperella*. (13) Jaime Pressly with the Pussycats. (14) Owen Wilson in a blonde sandwich. (15) Hef and girlfriends with Stone Cold Steve Austin. (16) Penny Jimenez and Lance Bass. (17) Dita von Teese shaken, not stirred.







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## NAUGHTY NIKKI

It looks like Nikki Ziering's nipple is peeking out between the fingers of her right hand on the cover of the July issue. Are you aware of this? Whether you are or not, PLAYBOY is pushing the limits again. Keep it up.

Gunther Scharnhorst  
Coarsegold, California

*Our quality-control technicians scan each of our covers to make sure the Rabbit Head logo is where it should be, the model is perfect and beautiful and all the cover lines are spelled correctly. Nothing escapes their notice. Nikki Ziering's nipple was just their way of saying "Have a nice day" to the rest of us.*



Nip and tuck.

Nikki Ziering is more than enough to get my heart racing. Tall, blonde and beautiful—what else could I ask for?

Nathan Shaw  
Great Falls, Montana

Nikki's cover and photo spread are spectacular. Only PLAYBOY could deliver her in all her glory. I have been waiting for this.

Stephen Lee Roldan  
Aiea, Hawaii

You took this beautiful woman and turned her into a Pamela Anderson look-alike. Why?

Brad Abel  
St. Louis, Missouri

## HOW HIP ARE YOU?

As a self-described hipster chick, I find *The Hipster's Guide to Dating* (July) both intriguing and disappointing. Picturing some Abercrombie & Fitch-wearing, Dave Matthews Band-listening frat

boy donning hipster garb to bed an indie rock babe is the best entertainment I've had since the Faint played my town. Most hipster girls can spot a phony a mile away, and I doubt most of your readers would invest the time and energy to come across as genuinely emo, anyway.

Andie Lyons  
Denver, Colorado

Back when I was a hipster chick, we didn't judge guys by the type of music they listened to or the clothes they wore. If we liked a guy and wanted to fuck him, we did. I ended up marrying a mechanical engineer who listens to Steely Dan and classical music. Go figure. By the way, the hipster slang is hilarious.

Leslie Iverson  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I laughed my ass off when I saw the word shellacked defined as hipster slang for drunk. I was shellacked in the 1960s. Obviously some expressions are so old they're new again.

Barton Yarborough  
Yolo, California

## GAS UP

You suggest that it's best to buy gas early in the morning, before the sun's heat gets going (*Mantrack*, July). PLAYBOY readers can sleep in. Gasoline is stored underground, where the temperature varies little during the day.

A.J. Bima  
Reno, Nevada

*While we appreciate your point, we still like to fill our tank early in the morning.*

## 2 FINE

*2 Fast, 2 Furious, 2 Fine* (July) is phenomenal. Why isn't Linda O'Neil a Centerfold? It would make my dreams come true.

Mark Harris  
El Paso, Texas

I've been a subscriber since 1997, and since turning to this pictorial I've been in heaven. The two things that I love—imports and naked women—make a beautiful combination, especially with Linda O'Neil. She needs her own pictorial.

Jomar Bibera  
Las Vegas, Nevada

*We'll pass your suggestions on to the Photo Department.*

## LISA MARIE

I love this woman (*Playboy Interview*, July). She is brutally honest, smart,

dedicated to her children and hard-working, and she doesn't take any shit.

Kelly Marie Santo  
Seminole, Florida

This is one of the best interviews I've ever read. She seems pretty cool and without bullshit.

Angelina Jones  
Toronto, Ontario

Elvis's daughter is a mixed-up, foul-mouthed young woman. It's too bad she's immature. She may look exactly like her father, but she doesn't have his class.

Alan Kelso  
Niagara Falls, Ontario

I grew up with Elvis and his music, but I knew nothing about Lisa Marie Presley except that she was briefly married to Nicolas Cage. Now I think I'm in love.

E.D. Cherney  
Lorain, Ohio

It's nice to see she can deal with the legacy. The resemblance is spooky.

Bill Murray  
Winthrop, Massachusetts



She's all shook up.

How can we keep a straight face when Presley says she didn't do this to get attention? More important, did she or didn't she screw Michael Jackson?

Tom Manning  
Houston, Texas

*Read it again. She says she did.*

## A PIG IN A POKE

The short story *Joint Custody* by Steve Amick (July) is a hilarious send-up of



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81	Crown Royal®
81	Jack Daniel's®



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Professional Tasting—Chicago, IL—2003

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ex-lovers, and the purple pig illustration is a beauty.

Mary O'Brian  
Washington, D.C.

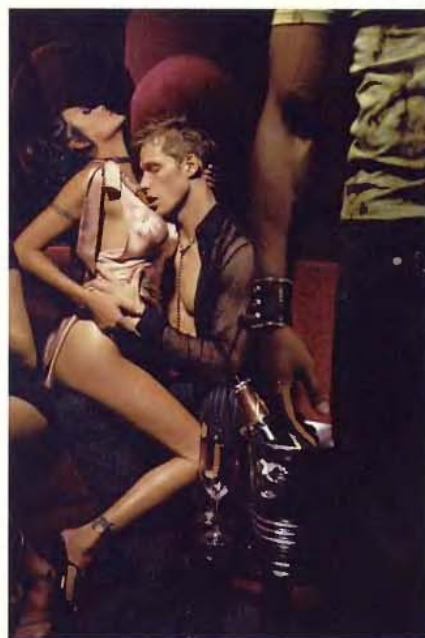
## RADIOHEAD HEADS UNITE

In his review of Radiohead's CD *Hail to the Thief* (July), Tim Mohr criticizes songwriter Thom Yorke for using single-word repetitions. Mohr claims that Yorke is repeating the word penetration in the song "2+2=5." Actually, he is saying "paying attention," something your readers might expect from Mohr as your music critic.

Michael Thompson  
Thornton, Colorado  
*Tim Mohr responds: My apologies for misinterpreting Yorke's words. My copy didn't come with lyric sheets. I still think the lyrics—and music, for that matter—are strings of unfinished ideas rather than fully crafted songs. Experiment for experiment's sake shouldn't be praised.*

## EDGY SEX

I appreciate Heather Caldwell's *Sex on the Edge* (July). Although I have never tried foxy, I know a lot about other



Sex and drugs.

drugs. I have to agree with Dr. Alexander Shulgin, who worries about the long-term effects of these drugs that have not been studied sufficiently. I'm glad PLAYBOY is staying on the cutting edge and bringing this information to the rest of us.

Monica Lenz  
Boulder, Colorado

## BABE OF THE MONTH

Jordan Ladd (July) is very sexy. She needs her own photo spread.

Bryan Warren  
Litchfield, Connecticut

## CZECH-UP

Every few years you show us a true beauty, and Playmate Marketa Janska (*Czech Mate*, July) is one. I'll expect her Playmate of the Year DVD this time next year.

Efraim Sulejmani  
Buffalo, New York

## EXPLAINING THE FINGER

July's *After Hours* "Tip Sheet" claims that the Agincourt gesture—a.k.a. the Finger—did not originate at the Battle of Agincourt. That's because the gesture originally consisted of two raised fingers, the middle and the index. During the battle, the English, with their technologically superior longbows, allegedly taunted the French by raising the two fingers they used to draw the bow and kill the enemy while standing at a safe distance. Different gesture, same meaning.

R.S. Jacques  
Sedona, Arizona

## LET'S HEAR IT FOR MARTHA

In July's *Playmate News*, in "30 Years Ago This Month," you salute Playmate Martha Smith. I love her because she isn't shaved and waxed. She looks like a woman—a natural, earthy one.

Douglas Lassiter  
Omaha, Nebraska

## 20 QUESTIONS

What could be sexier than a beautiful woman who is smart and down-to-earth and has the female version of Mick Jagger's lips? Rachel Weisz (July) with her clothes on is as big a turn-on as other women with their clothes off.

Jack Nelson  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

## IN PRAISE OF ASA

Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis attacked a truly wonderful man when it got Asa Baber two years ago. As the personification of masculine courage, Asa thought not of himself but of others stricken with ALS. As we continue the battle, we'll do so with the memory of Asa in our hearts.

Robert Ross  
Chief Executive Officer  
Muscular Dystrophy Association  
Tucson, Arizona

*To make a donation in Asa's memory, his family requests that you consider one of the following: MDA/ALS Division, 1020 West 31st Street, Suite 310, Downers Grove, IL 60515; The Call Academy, The Asa Baber Scholarship, P.O. Box 1588, Cambridge, MA 02238; or The Asa Baber Fund, Jenna Druck Foundation, 3636 Fifth Avenue, Suite 201, San Diego, CA 92103.*





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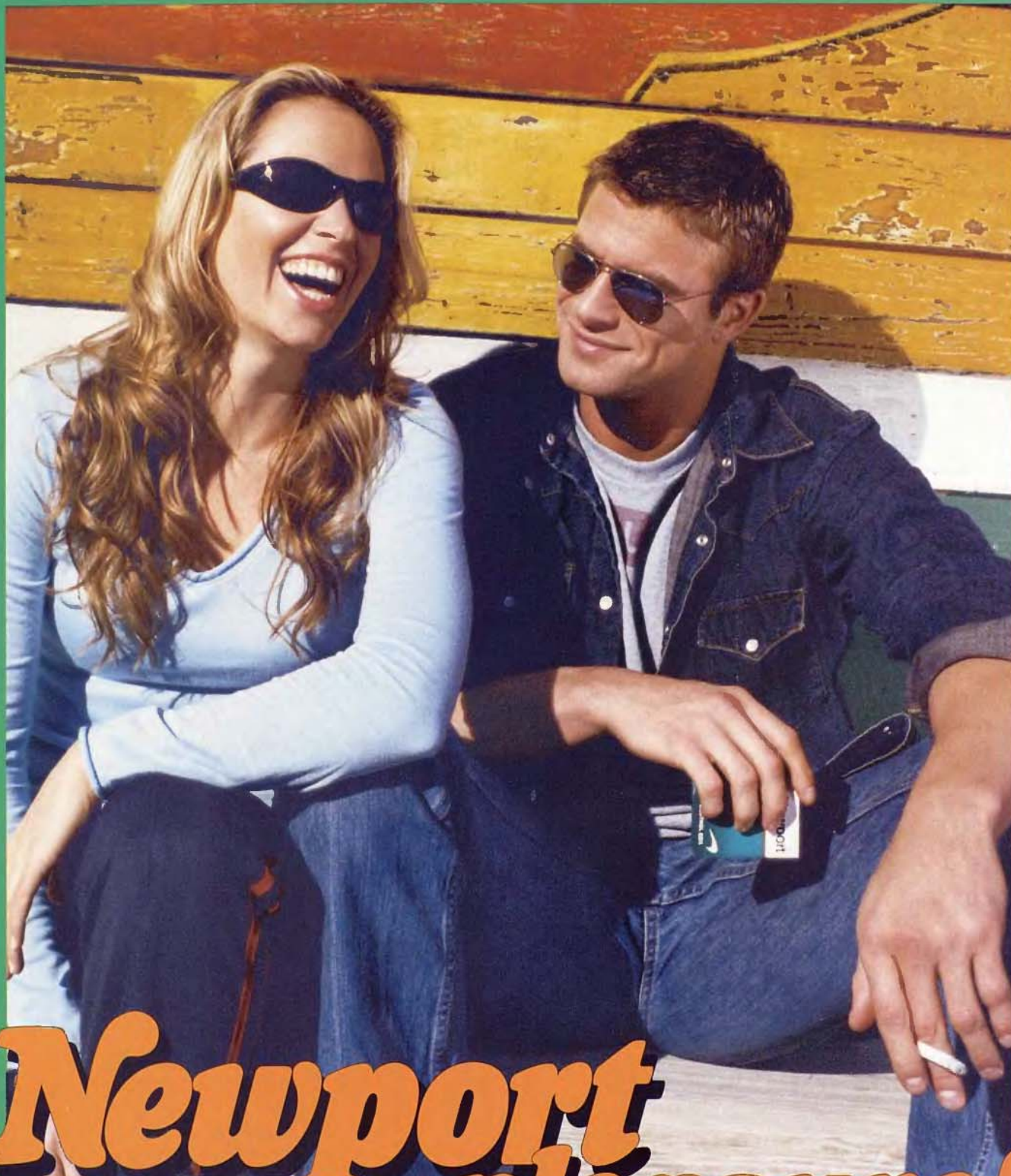


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babe of the month

## Tanja Reichert

For this Hollywood siren, getting noticed is a picnic

Imagine walking into your apartment and finding Tanja Reichert in a tangle with another girl. Sounds good enough to sell tickets to your friends, right? That's the thinking behind the opening scene of *Broken Lizard's Club Dread*—her next film and one that can count on the kind of word of mouth-to-mouth that should overcome its wacky title. "In the movie I live with a guy and a girl, and we have this weird relationship," Tanja says. "We do lots of naughty things until a serial killer shows up and spoils all

"We do lots of naughty things until a serial killer shows up and spoils all the fun."

the fun." Tanja is perhaps best known as *Relic Hunter's* Karen Petrusky, a character she says is not unlike her—except for two not so small details. "My boobs were exaggerated way out of proportion on the show. But Karen was smart and used her sexuality to her advantage." So, has Tanja, who has also appeared in *Scary Movie* and *Legally Blonde 2: Red, White and Blonde*, ever given in to an on-set fling? "It was one of those learning experiences that I will never do again, because it complicates things," she says. We'll take that as a yes. Off the set, Tanja likes snowboarding and wants to try scuba diving. "I'm into doing extreme things," she says. "Well, some but not all of them. I'm a selective thrill seeker."





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## barometer

## IT'S OCTOBER AND...



...you're waiving your love of Bud and hot dogs to indulge in a foreign version of same. Yes, Oktoberfest is about drinking large amounts of beer, but it's also about savoring the superior forebear of the overprocessed weenie: the bratwurst. The serving girls in dirndls will satisfy your need for buns.

...you wish everyone would piss off. When will everyone stop insisting that you have a nice day or that you need another cup of coffee? Who the hell are these people? They are a nuisance is who they are. And you are a grouch. October 15, National Grouch Day, is your chance to tell them how you truly feel.



...we're running out of time to join the mile high club with a sonic boom. British Airways' Concorde will make its last JFK-Heathrow flight this month. When a couple on the same flight as BA CEO Rod Eddington recently got frisky, he reportedly told the stewardess, "Let them enjoy themselves." Good show.

...you'd better be able to build a fire. A night under country stars is romantic, but you know how women are—always cold. Passion alone won't cut it. If you want her to shed the sweatshirt, you need the literal kind of heat. Also, make sure your pocketknife has a corkscrew, and load the iPod with classic Fleetwood Mac.



...the pressure is on to pick a good Halloween costume. Martha Stewart in prison garb? The Iraqi minister of information? The Incredible Hulk? Nah—too obvious, and not scary enough. Try dressing up as SARS or as a smarter, more handsome clone of yourself. Then send us a picture.

## special ops

## AT EASE, PRIVATES

G.I.s BRING FREEDOM, SEX TOYS TO IRAQ



Operation Iraqi Freedom was more than a dirty little war—it was positively kinky. While the Pentagon was shipping tanks, cruise missiles and chemical suits to the Gulf, purveyors of adult wares report that our men and women in uniform were stockpiling their own weapons of mass distraction. At Good Vibrations, erotic video sales to military personnel spiked 600 percent, and condom sales 900 percent. Many of the nonlubricated rubbers were

likely used to protect gun muzzles from sandstorms (a common wartime practice), but the lubed sheaths, with chemicals that could harm gun barrels, were reserved for soldiers' personal cannons. San Francisco-based MyPleasure saw "at least a three- or fourfold increase in orders from overseas military during the runup to the war and the early part of it," according to founder Sandor Gardos. Two thirds of the company's military traffic involved G.I. Janes ordering items designed for "solitary enjoyment" (implementing their own embed program) or men ordering bunker busters for their wives in their absence. "Men were calling us with requests such as 'I don't know when I'll be back, and I don't want her to stray. Could you recommend a good starter item?'" says Gardos. "The more colorful items could be used for barter with the locals. I bet a lot of Iraqis have never seen an egg-shaped vibrator before." Maybe not, but they had a dictator who was a giant dildo.

## drink of the month

SINGLE MALT UNPLUGGED  
THESE SCOTCHES DON'T MESS AROUND

Unlike most scotches, which are diluted with water before bottling, cask-strength malts come straight from the cask and pack an unrestrained punch. This fall, the 116-proof Lagavulin Cask Strength Single Islay Malt (\$125) will be available in limited quantities, as will the near cask strength 92-proof Glenmorangie Sauternes Wood Finish Highland Malt (\$300). Pour freely but dilute with care.



ice age

## LORDS OF THE BLING

When only the most conspicuous accessories—barely portable slabs of gold encrusted with nose-size diamonds—will do, rappers, jocks and divas turn to their favorite gem dandies. In the comically excessive jewelry game, the Iceman and the Jeweler rule their respective coasts. And they hate being compared to each other.

<b>SUBJECT</b>	
Chris "Iceman" Aire	Jacob "The Jeweler" Arabo
<b>BASE OF OPS</b>	
Left Coast, dog	NYC, yo
<b>GHETTO FABULOUS SINCE</b>	
1993. Stalked NBA stars after games until they started buying his wares	1991. "Diamond jewelry is important for rappers—a way to advertise their name."
<b>SIGNATURE DESIGN ELEMENTS</b>	
Red gold; diamond-and-platinum dog tags	Platinum-and-diamond everything
<b>A-LIST CUSTOMERS</b>	
Eminem, Halle Berry, Allen Iverson, Shaq, Will Smith, Michael Jordan, Cedric the Entertainer	J. Lo, P. Diddy, Ja Rule, Wyclef Jean, Foxy Brown, Lil' Kim, Jay-Z, Missy Elliott, Busta Rhymes
<b>BLINGIEST BLING</b>	
A \$2.1 million red-gold necklace studded with three-carat diamonds for rapper Baby, of Cash Money Millionaires, inventors of the term bling bling	A 22-carat diamond ring for producer Pharrell Williams; four-finger gold nameplate ring covered in 60 carats of diamonds for Biz Markie
<b>DIS</b>	
"I'm an artist and a gemologist. I design and create things—other people follow."	"I've never seen Iceman's work. No comment."

park and ride

## AUTO EROTIC

Though we proudly maintain that America invented backseat sex, leave it to the Italians to celebrate it as a national passion. Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi recently waxed nostalgic about being part of a generation that shared its collective first kiss in the tiny Fiat 500, and now the Tuscan town of Vinci has renovated a public parking lot and billed it as the country's first Love Car Park, complete with romantic lighting and receptacles for used condoms. Why the tolerance for such rampant carnal knowledge? In a country where nine out of 10 young people live with their parents into their mid-20s, there aren't many options. "Administrators have to cater to the needs of the people, and for young people here, having a place where they can be intimate is a genuine need," says Vinci mayor Giancarlo Faenzi. "Who in Italy hasn't spent an evening of intimacy with his or her companion in the relative privacy of a car?" Think of a drive-in theater the size of Arizona and shaped like a boot, and you've got the Italian dating scene. Italian writer Luciano De Crescenzo says that even though he had to stick his legs out the window, the Fiat 500 was the only place he could afford to get laid until he was 30. So remember De Crescenzo and be grateful for roomy American SUVs the next time you want to stress-test your shock absorbers with the engine off.





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members only

## HOUSE OF WHACKS

THIS MUSEUM IS A GREAT PLACE TO PUTZ AROUND

Each year, thousands of men travel to Iceland hoping to ogle the world's most beautiful women, only to return home raving about a killer whale's schlong. Explanation? They swung by the Penis Museum. Officially called the Icelandic Phallogological Museum, this point of interest is tucked away in the capital of Reykjavik. The place is a regular Dicksonian, housing 183 penises representing 68 different species: Everything from five-foot whale wangs to field mouse micromembers are suspended in liquid display cases or mounted jutting from the walls like lonely antlers. "Someone has to do it," explains proprietor Sigurdur Hjartarson, a 61-year-old history teacher who's been building the place prick by prick since it opened in 1997. "I only know that people without a sense of humor enjoy their visit less than the others." In addition to featuring bull scrotum-skin lampshades, the institute has a collection of life-size casts from visitors who have agreed to donate their johnsons after death so their descendants can observe them with detached pride. We're also informed that the human penis stands out among mammals for not having an erectile bone, or baculum. While the baculum allows other species to copulate at short notice, humans are aroused more gradually. That's why men must engage women in elaborate foreplay rituals—such as taking them on dates to penis museums.



body language



## NAKED NONAGGRESSION

Formed late last year by Californian Donna Sheehan, the antiwar group Baring Witness inspired more than 75 "nude peace protests" in 26 countries to express opposition to the war in Iraq. The message Sheehan hoped to send around the world: Exposed female bodies are supposed to remind us of the vulnerability of human flesh. The other message? Always carry a telephoto lens.

employee of the month



## WORKING GIRL

CENTERFOLD LINDSEY VUOLO: MARKETING ASSISTANT BY DAY, MODEL BY NIGHT

**PLAYBOY:** *What's Miss November 2001 doing punching a clock in our New York office?*

**LINDSEY:** I'm career-oriented. I didn't pose for PLAYBOY just to be a model. I stayed in college, and after I get my marketing and communications degree next year, I plan on going to grad school. If modeling and acting fit into my schedule, fine.

**PLAYBOY:** *Are you gaining experience?*

**LINDSEY:** Sure. I help with online marketing and public relations. I work on media alerts, keep an eye on e-commerce and offer opinions on pop-up ads. That sort of thing.

**PLAYBOY:** *Did you ever think you'd be this involved?*

**LINDSEY:** Without PLAYBOY I wouldn't have this smile on my face. I sent my pictures in on a \$50 bet with a friend. I didn't even know what a Playmate was, though the signs were there: I was voted biggest flirt in high school and most likely to appear on the cover of *Vogue*—right idea, wrong magazine!





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# rush hour rome

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# R A W D A T A

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### Royalties

Net worth of Queen Elizabeth II:

**\$397 million...**

and of Harry Potter author J.K. Rowling:

**\$444 million**



### Shock and AWOL

The U.S. military has misplaced a few small items. Keep an eye out for the following:

**36** Javelin missile command launch units  
**32** tanks **56** aircraft



### Penal Enhancement

On June 30, 2002 the total U.S. inmate population topped **2 million**. The average federal prison operates at **31%** over capacity, and **25%** of all federal prisoners are not U.S. citizens.

### Tofu Town

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals has offered the town of Hamburg, New York, reputed birthplace of the hamburger, **\$15,000** to change its name to Veggieburg. Reward to be paid in nonmeat patties.

### Buzz Kill

Tally in the Alabama legislature when voting on whether to repeal the state's law banning vibrators and other sex toys:

**Yes 28, No 37**

### He Shaves She Shaves

Women have strong opinions on various kinds of trimming, according to a Remington Products poll. How they like hair on our faces:



clean shaven  
**48%**



goatee  
**16%**



mustache  
**14%**

### Shoe Me the Money

Annual compensation reportedly promised to NBA stars for their first shoe-endorsement contracts:

1984	Michael Jordan	Nike	<b>\$500,000</b>
1992	Shaquille O'Neal	Reebok	<b>\$3 million</b>
1996	Allen Iverson	Reebok	<b>\$5 million</b>
1997	Tracy McGrady	Adidas	<b>\$2 million</b>
1999	Yao Ming	Nike	<b>\$50,000</b>
2003	Carmelo Anthony	Nike	<b>\$3.5 million</b>
2003	LeBron James	Nike	<b>\$13 million</b>



### Price Check

#### The Boy King

Amount certain issues of *The Drum*, the student newspaper of Maine's Lisbon High School, are commanding in online auctions. The precious issues date to the mid-1960s and feature stories believed to be some of the first ever written by young Steve King, better known today as Stephen.



### Faster Times

Tickets issued by the California Highway Patrol for speeds greater than 100 mph

1992: **5,290**  
2002: **15,372**

### The Bottom Five

#### Least Popular Walt Disney World Rides

According to *The Unofficial Guide to Walt Disney World 2003* (based on average scores for all age groups)

- 56.** The Flying Unicorn
- 57.** Snow White's Adventures
- 58.** El Rio del Tiempo
- 59.** Pteranodon Flyers
- 60.** Tomorrowland Indy Speedway

(ultra-slow flight on horned Pegasus)  
(witch jumps out, kids cry for hours)  
(river ride; authentic as Taco Bell)  
(really boring despite that catchy name)  
(seven miles an hour—easy, Dale)







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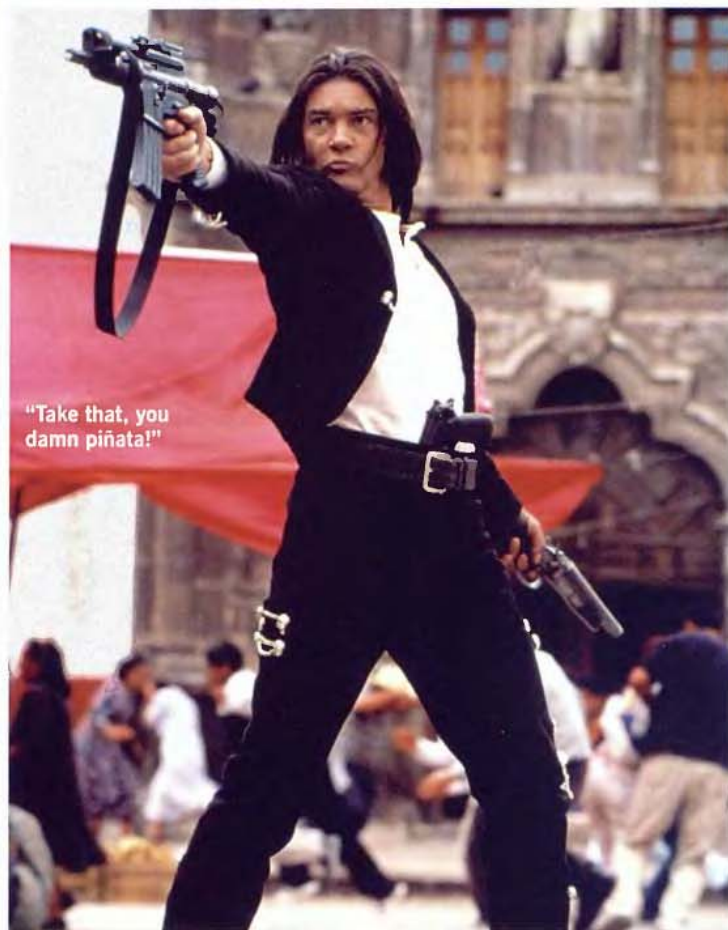
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# R E V I E W S

## m o v i e s



"Take that, you damn piñata!"

### movie of the month

## [ ONCE UPON A TIME IN MEXICO ]

Banderas seeks revenge south of the border—again

If the body count from gunfights, explosions and other forms of mayhem in *Once Upon a Time in Mexico* is any indication, actors love to go out with a big bang. Ask Cheech Marin, who plays a sleazy informant in director Robert Rodriguez's finale to *El Mariachi* and *Desperado*, in which a guitar- and gunslinging Antonio Banderas again hunts down drug kingpins, sleazy CIA agents and, hell, anyone else who gets in his way. (Y Tu Mamá También this isn't.) Says Marin, "The first day I got to San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, where Robert was filming, he threw a big party with his incredible cast—Antonio, Johnny Depp, Eva Mendes, Mickey Rourke. The next thing I know, we're shooting a scene, and I'm wearing greasy hair extensions, an eye patch and a fake Versace shirt, getting shot to shit, gushing blood, explosions going off all around. I'm thinking, Yeah, this is what it's all about. Actors want to play, and we know that Robert makes cool movies and is going to find new ways to kill us on-screen." But once dead in a Rodriguez flick, you're dead, right? Says Marin, "Actually he's killed me in five films, but when you're part of his stock company he just keeps bringing you back movie to movie. We die, but we get to go to these great parties." (September 12) —Stephen Rebello

"Gushing blood, explosions—this is what it's all about."

### now showing

#### Cabin Fever

(Jordan Ladd, Rider Strong, James DeBello, Cerina Vincent)

Five college grads rent an isolated cabin to smoke a little weed, do a little dance, make a little love. Instead, a hermit infects one of them with a flesh-eating virus, then things get weird. Funny, gory weird, that is.

**Our call:** This knowing goof on don't-go-in-the-woods scare flicks from *Deliverance* to *Evil Dead* gets under your skin. Bring your sense of humor—and a heavy-duty barf bag.

#### Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star

(David Spade, Alyssa Milano, Craig Bierko) Smartass maestro Spade plays a sitcom has-been frantic for another 15 seconds in the limelight. Mirth (along with loads of cameos by real-life washed-up child stars) ensues when our hero hires a yuppie family to provide the childhood he never had.

**Our call:** Now that Adam Sandler has ditched his man-child shtick, it's up to Spade to carry on. But can we resist the lure of Corey Feldman and Emmanuel Lewis in the same movie?

#### Under the Tuscan Sun

(Diane Lane, Raoul Bova, Sandra Oh) Sexy comeback kid Diane Lane plays a newly divorced and depressed writer (is there any other kind?) who gets her groove back by taking a young Italian lover while restoring an old Italian villa. Loosely based on a best-selling memoir.

**Our call:** Don't get burned. We couldn't be unfaithful to Lane if we tried, but unless this offers more than spaghetti sauce-label scenery, it'll just be Lifetime with a bigger budget.

#### Underworld

(Kate Beckinsale, Scott Speedman) A horror-fantasy romance set beneath urban streets pits vampires against werewolves in an ancient blood feud reminiscent of the Capulets and the Montagues. Beckinsale plays a sleek and deadly vamp who falls for hirsute hunk Speedman. Talk about your star-crossed lovers.

**Our call:** Splicing Shakespeare-inspired melodrama with *Blade* bloodletting could produce cult cool, unless a so-so script and been-there-done-that special effects put the bite on this one.

### BUZZ





## critical mass

## [ PAYCHECKS RELOADED ]

Already jealous of rich, pampered movie stars? Don't read this

Those \$20 million-a-movie salaries scored by Jim Carrey, Chris Tucker and Cameron Diaz? Chump change, compared with the mega-paydays that fine-print-savvy stars can engineer.

**KEANU REEVES**

**Cash cow:** *Matrix* trilogy

**Estimated payday:** \$148 million to \$330 million. For *The Matrix*, which raked in \$456 million worldwide, Reeves commanded \$10 million against 10 percent of the gross. He re-upped for \$15 million each plus 15 percent of the gross of *The Matrix Reloaded* and *The Matrix Revolutions*.

**Ka-ching!** Factor in a slice of video games and assorted tchotchkes and you have a deal so rich it paid Reeves \$25 million during *Reloaded*'s first week of release. Whoa, indeed.

**TOM CRUISE**

**Cash cow:** *Mission: Impossible* and *Mission: Impossible II*

**Estimated payday:** \$200 million. As star and co-producer, Cruise hand-picked his directors and pocketed a whopping 20 percent of the gross of the spy thriller franchise, which has earned \$1 billion worldwide.

**Ka-ching!** Cruise may get an even bigger share of a third *Mission: Impossible*, so he probably didn't sweat those recent orthodontist bills.

**BRUCE WILLIS**

**Cash cow:** *The Sixth Sense*

**Estimated payday:** \$100 million. Willis accepted a salary of \$10 million (half his rate) to star in unknown direc-

tor M. Night Shyamalan's little ghost story. In return, he was promised 17 percent of the gross. One \$672 million phenomenon later, Willis's foresight seemed almost...supernatural. **Ka-ching!** Since Bruce also negotiated for 17 percent of home video sales, he can walk around for years whispering, "I see dead presidents."


**MIKE MYERS**

**Cash cow:** *Austin Powers in Goldmember*

**Estimated payday:** \$88 million. Dr. Evil may not grasp the value of a million dollars, but Myers does. As star and co-creator of the spy spoof, he extracted a shagadelic 21 percent of the gross atop his \$25 million salary. **Ka-ching!** Split among Powers, Dr. Evil, Fat Bastard and Goldmember, the take for each is a paltry \$22 million.

## art house


**Lost in Translation**

Bill Murray slips into *Rushmore* mode in this understated but hilarious tale of a married movie star and a confused girl (Scarlett Johansson) who push the limits of friendship when they're thrown together in Tokyo. If writer-director Sofia Coppola keeps making movies this good, we may forgive her infamous performance in *The Godfather Part III*.

—Andrew Johnston

## SCORE CARD

Capsule close-ups of current films by Leonard Maltin

**CHARLIE'S ANGELS: FULL THROTTLE**

Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore, Lucy Liu and a bikinied Demi Moore offer plenty of eye candy, but with all that talent (and loads of money) you'd think director McG could make a better movie than this. ♪♪

**THE HULK** This isn't a standard superhero yarn; you expect something different from *Crouching Tiger* director Ang Lee. Eric Bana and Jennifer Connelly are excellent—but then the Hulk becomes a video game character and we get angry. ♪♪½

**JOHNNY ENGLISH** Austin Powers meets Inspector Clouseau. Rowan Atkinson, a.k.a. Mr. Bean, is great fun as a Bond wannabe who's a world-class bumbler. Pop singer Natalie Imbruglia is his leading lady in this consistently funny slapstick comedy. ♪♪

**LEGALLY BLONDE 2: RED, WHITE & BLONDE** Reese Witherspoon is fun to watch, but this sequel is a take-the-money-and-run contrivance, seemingly written by 10-year-olds for eight-year-olds. Sally Field and Luke Wilson suffer along with us. ♪

**PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN** Johnny Depp is the most fashionable pirate in movie history in this romp inspired by the Disneyland ride. Geoffrey Rush and beautiful Keira Knightley share his sense of fun, even if the plot gets bogged down at times. ♪♪

**SINBAD** Brad Pitt and Catherine Zeta-Jones deliver such lively performances you would almost swear you were watching them in this fantasy-adventure-romance cartoon about the legendary sailor. And the animation is just as lively. ♪♪

**TERMINATOR 3: RISE OF THE MACHINES** Arnold is back—as he keeps reminding us—but he's trumped by a sexy new cyborg (Kristanna Loken), relentless in her pursuit of Nick Stahl and Claire Danes. No match for the first two flicks, but not bad in a no-brainer kind of way. ♪♪½

**THIRTEEN** A 13-year-old girl falls in with a precocious classmate who leads her astray. Evan Rachel Wood is the girl, Holly Hunter is her well-meaning mom, and the scheming friend is played by Nikki Reed, who co-wrote this searing film with first-time director Catherine Hardwicke. ♪♪½

♪♪♪ Don't miss  
♪♪ Good show

♪ Worth a look  
♪ Forget it



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cd of the month

# [ RANCID \* INDESTRUCTIBLE ]

Did the old punks lie down with corporate dogs?



Punk sage Joe Strummer hit the nail on the mohawk when he sang a warning to rockers who flip the finger at selling out: "He who fucks nuns will later join the church." Rancid fans will certainly have that maxim in mind as the group releases its first major-label album after years of sneering at the idea that they would join Green Day, Offspring and other Cali punks gone corporate. But Rancid avoids hand-wringing embarrassment and instead delivers its best work since 1995's *And Out Come the Wolves*. The band shifts stylistically between ska rhythms ("Tropical London") and straightforward snarls ("Born Frustrated"). Even as Tim Armstrong uses his throaty growl to beef about being "knocked out, beat down, black-and-blue," you can tell he isn't going to take it lying down. If the suits want to tangle, they're in for a fight. (Warner Bros.) **✓✓✓½** —Jason Buhrmester

## ANDREW W.K. • The Wolf

It used to be endearing how Andrew W.K. would thrash around and sully his whites. His bombastic debut, *I Get Wet*, was so fun that everyone jumped on the bandwagon. They partied. They puked. The hangovers have waned, but on songs such as "Long Live the Party" he's still urging us to do keg stands. Though Andrew's a classically trained musician, *The Wolf* is part Meat Loaf, part aerobics routine. Is the party over? (Island) **✓½** —Alison Prato



## MILES DAVIS • Jack Johnson Sessions

Thirty years ago Miles blew up the jazz world with a furious guitar-driven album influenced by Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone. Producer Teo Macero crafted the original *Johnson* by cutting and pasting together hours of recordings by a tight electric band. The unedited sessions—four and a half hours on five discs—sound even better. Discursive, sprawling and nasty, this is still years ahead of its time. (Legacy) **✓✓✓**

—Leopold Froehlich



## BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB

### Take Them On, On Your Own

Given its name, you'd think Black Rebel Motorcycle Club would sound a little tougher. Instead, the band's vibe recalls mopey U.K. rockers such as the Stone Roses and the Jesus and Mary Chain. But with a lo-fi sound and a punky edge that benefits this CD's moodiness, BRMC is a notch above that crowd. The fast songs are the best, but even the slower tunes have a unique signature—something of a rarity these days. (Virgin) **✓✓✓**

—Patty Lamberti



## SPIRITUALIZED • Amazing Grace

Spiritualized recorded this album fast—in live takes—infusing its rock evangelism with heightened energy. Although horn flourishes and gospel harmonies supplement the guitars and organs, the record is marked by the spontaneity of the band's landmark live album. Still present are pleas to God, barely veiled drug references and Spiritualized's extreme dynamics—thunderous crescendos and quietly plaintive passages. Amazing indeed. (Sanctuary) **✓✓✓½** —Tim Mohr



phoning it in

# [ PHARRELL WILLIAMS ]

Pharrell Williams and Chad Hugo, the superproducers known as the Neptunes, have their own side project, NERD. They released their first CD, *In Search Of*, last year. Their second album is due out this month. We caught up with Williams at the MTV Beach House.

**PLAYBOY:** You have produced Jay-Z, Snoop, Justin and Britney, just to name-drop a few stars. What does it take to make a hit record?

**WILLIAMS:** It just takes an initial feeling, man. It's a big ball of clay. You just form it until the sculpture is right in your mind. Put a beat behind it, and after that, melody and rhythm.

**PLAYBOY:** You and Chad are better known behind the scenes. Tell us something about him that most people don't know.

**WILLIAMS:** He's hilarious. He may be a little more retarded than me.

**PLAYBOY:** Every artistically inclined kid gets picked on in childhood. What was your Achilles' heel?

**WILLIAMS:** My Mr. Spock ears.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you remember about your first girlfriend?

**WILLIAMS:** She had a big fat booty. I also remember that you had to act like you didn't really like her. All that dumb kid shit.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't do drugs. You don't drink. You don't smoke. What do you do that's edgy?

**WILLIAMS:** The other night I had one white russian, and I had a hangover for the whole next day. You will not hear about my drinking anything with alcohol ever again.

**PLAYBOY:** What is your biggest vice?

**WILLIAMS:** I probably curse too much. Nah, you know what? I take that back. I'm too nice.

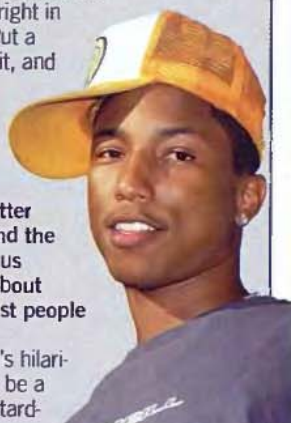
**PLAYBOY:** How many women have you slept with?

**WILLIAMS:** Wow. I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** At what point did you sit back and think, Holy shit, we've made it?

**WILLIAMS:** I never look at it like I've made it. You always gotta keep going. You can't look over your shoulder.

—Dewey Hammond





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## game of the month

### [ HALF-LIFE 2 ]

Brain-sucking aliens return for seconds

Eurotrash afflicted with crabs are always good for a laugh, except when the crabs are 90 feet tall and feeding on an entire metropolis in *Half-Life 2* (Sierra, PC), the sequel to one of the greatest first-person shooter games ever. Reprising the role of research scientist and reluctant hero Gordon Freeman, you are on a mission to battle the infestation of a future Eastern Europe's City 17 (which is only fair, since you accidentally opened a portal to the alien invasion at the end of the first game). A graphics overhaul delivers detailed facial animations and sophisticated physics that leave battle zones strewn with debris after intense shootouts with shuffling corpses, overfed crustaceans and other assorted foes. Locking yourself in a room won't help as alien super-soldiers smash windows and cut holes in doors to hunt you down. Whoa, fellas, why don't we just head down to Red Lobster and talk it over? **★★★★**—Scott Steinberg



**BACKYARD WRESTLING: DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME** (Eidos, PS2, Xbox) Until the Rock gets pile-driven onto a flaming picnic table, our wrestling allegiance is to the underground backyard movement. In this first official game version, you pummel opponents with stop signs and car doors or body-slam them from rooftops in environments as interactive as a level of *Tony Hawk Pro Skater*.

Bonus: We finally fulfilled our dream of beating guest stars Insane Clown Posse with a baseball bat. **★★★**

—Jason Buhrmester



**KILL SWITCH** (Namco, PS2, Xbox) Finally, a shooter for cowards! *Kill Switch* is the first game to let you hide behind objects and blindly fire around corners. That ability comes in handy during six military missions staged in deserts and submarine bases. Shooting what you can't see requires sharp senses, though; watch out for grenades that can temporarily blind and deafen, leaving you vulnerable to enemies who love to trap you between a rock and a hard place. You have to come out of hiding sometime, sissy. **★★★** —S.S.



**TRUE CRIME: STREETS OF L.A.** (Activision, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) What does this action game packed with guns, cars and crooks have that *Vice City* doesn't? The voice talent of Christopher Walken and Gary Oldman as characters, for one thing. As ex-cop Nick Kang, you run and gun through 250 square miles of L.A. and use martial arts and heavy firepower to clobber Mafia thugs. If that doesn't scare them off, the hip-hop soundtrack may. **★★★**

—Marc Saltzman



**NHL 2004** (EA, PS2, Xbox, Gamecube, PC) The latest version of the best hockey game finally gives puck heads what they want: fisticuffs. Expanded fight controls include grappling, punch selection and the ability to pull off the gloves whenever rink rage overcomes you. A 20-year dynasty mode serves as a reminder of your legacy as a brutal enforcer. Perfect your cross-check, then take a friend to the boards in the online mode exclusively for PS2 owners. **★★★★½**

—John Gaudiosi



## celebrity review

### [ ALIEN ANTS VS. ] BIO-MACHINES

The smooth criminals of nu-metal meet *Alter Echo*

Sneak onto any modern-rock band's tour bus and you'll find a video game system buried beneath the groupies. We asked Alien Ant Farm vocalist Dryden Mitchell and bassist Tye Zamora to pass some miles playing *Alter Echo* (THQ, PS2, Xbox), a sci-fi game that lets players change shapes. Their call:

**MITCHELL:** The graphics are stellar. When the character morphs, it's pretty gnarly. I dig this, but games are so complex these days, I feel like an old man. Luckily, hints popped up, because the controls



are really intricate. I think *Galaga* is more my speed, because you can't move forward or backward, only side to side. **RATING:** Three (four being *Galaga*, the greatest game ever).

**ZAMORA:** Really cool. I liked morphing into different creatures. The graphics coloring looks like a painting—strange, but I dig it. The slow-motion mode is interesting even if it makes it hard to line up your attack. My one complaint: The hero should have been named Kevin instead of Nevin. Kevin is a better name. **RATING:** Three (four being *Tetris*, the greatest game ever).

## wired

**Philips Limited Edition Jordan MP3 Player (\$230)** His Airness probably knows as much about digital music as we do about guarding Shaq. Still, this Michael Jordan edition MP3 player (limited edition of 10,000) looks fly down at the court. Forget about jamming into overtime—the 256 MB memory holds just enough tunes for a decent workout. At least the player won't skip if Sprewell starts throwing elbows.





## dvd of the month

## [ SCARFACE ]

Say hello to De Palma's spiffed-up violent classic

This 20th-anniversary gift set edition finally pays fitting tribute to the most violent and fiercely defended gangster film of modern times. Brian De Palma, armed with a script by Oliver Stone, gives shape to one of Al Pacino's most energetic performances.

Cuban immigrant Tony Montana's rags-to-cocaine-riches story is vibrantly played out—with the chain saw and say-hello-to-my-little-friend scenes in all their original glory. The gift set delivers a digitally remastered version, a vast improvement on inferior editions. **Extras:** Included are De Palma's commentary, a "Creating Scarface" special, a look at the battle over the film's rating and a collectible film cel sliced from an original print. They're even throwing in a Tony Montana-monogrammed money clip. Don't let him catch you flashing it on his turf. **YYY½**—John Rezek



### CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS MIND

(2002) Did Chuck Barris, the goofy host of *The Gong Show*, live a double life as a CIA assassin? George Clooney's directorial debut survives the gong, partly thanks to Sam Rockwell's quirky performance. Not many big laughs, but your teeth will go dry from grinning at Barris's expense. **Extras:** five acts from *The Gong Show*, just to jar your memory; screen tests; seven featurettes; and commentary by Clooney and cinematographer Newton Thomas Sigel. **YY**

—Buzz McClain



**THE KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE** (2002) Hollywood legend Robert Evans recounts his life of sex, drugs and resurrection in this autohagiography, which employs his smoke-and-a-drink narration to good effect. An actor turned producer, Evans won big (*Love Story*, *Chinatown*, *The Godfather*) and lost big (his wife Ali MacGraw left him for Steve McQueen), but it's more interesting to hear him tell the story. **Extras:** yet more interviews with the self-promoting Evans. **YYY**

—Gregory Fagan



**IDENTITY** (2003) A dark and stormy night. A spooky motel. Ten disparate, stranded strangers. Director James Mangold combines these clichés with a deviously clever murder mystery punctuated by slasher-movie contrivances—and not a scene is wasted. There's also a hell of a cast, John Cusack, Ray Liotta, Amanda Peet, John C. McGinley and Alfred Molina among them. **Extras:** a head-spinning alternative ending, deleted scenes, Mangold's commentary, a making-of featurette and storyboard comparisons. **YYY**

—B.M.



**THE HUNTED** (2003) When special-ops assassin gone plumb loco Benicio Del Toro starts carving up Oregon sportsmen, the feds call in the guy who taught him everything he knows: Tommy Lee Jones. It's *First Blood* meets *The Fugitive* played out as a mano a mano between two Oscar winners; in the hands of *French Connection* director William Friedkin, it's a tasty cut despite the familiar tropes. **Extras:** six deleted scenes and four making-of documentaries. **YYY½**

—G.F.



## quick study

## [ FILM SCHOOL ]

This month's lesson: Join the cult

**Midnight madness:** Do you find yourself passionately defending your favorite movie even as it's being vilified by the few who have actually laid eyes on it? A cult movie is a cinematic misfit deserving of ridicule, yet acolytes watch it repeatedly and even host parties to brainwash new members, as the granddaddy of cult films, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (1975), exemplifies. Cultists find comfort in thinking they alone were touched by the poignancy of *Harold and Maude* (1971) or the angst of Tod Browning's *Freaks* (1932)—it shows how vapid the multiplex masses are. No one ever set out to make a cult movie—it's impossible. Still, common denominators are high-camp dialogue (*Pink Flamingos*, 1972), over-the-top acting (*Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, 1966) and



insanely original ideas (*Boxing Helena*, 1993). Cult films needn't be ancient to be revered; contemporary entries include *Showgirls* (1995), *Dazed and Confused* (1993) and *Office Space* (1999), the subject of frequent happy-hour screenings. **Further study:** *Head* (1968), *Rock 'n' Roll High School* (1979), *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes!* (1978) and *Re-Animator* (1985). They're not for everyone, but then, you're not everyone. —B.M.

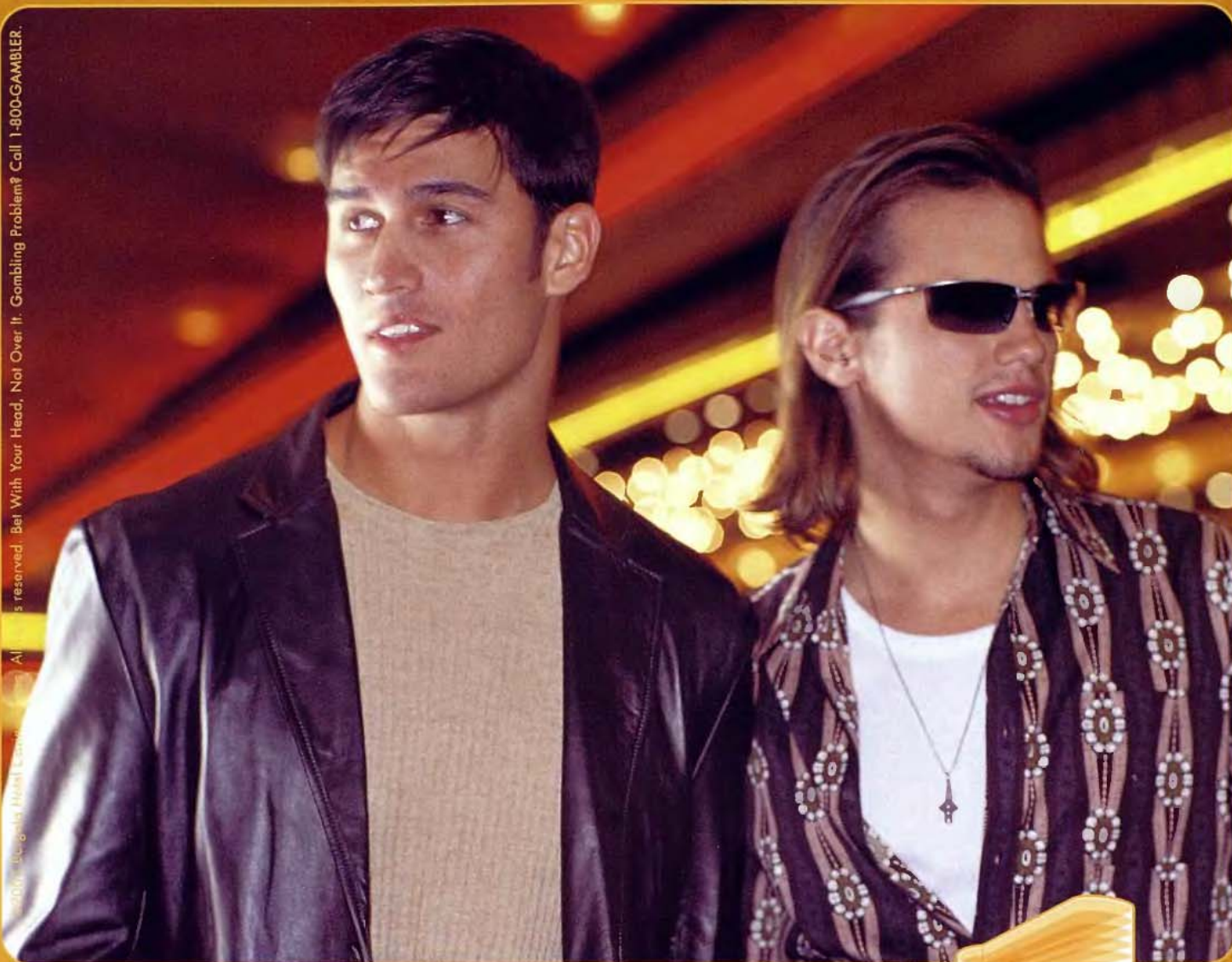
## sleaze frame

Now that she's won an Oscar, it's unlikely we will ever again see the magnificent **Jennifer Connelly** (left) as we did here, lounging pondside with a bosom buddy in the Dennis Hopper drama *The Hot Spot* (1990). No wonder Don Johnson's love-struck drifter character sweated through the entire movie. These days we'll settle for admiring Connelly's beautiful mind.





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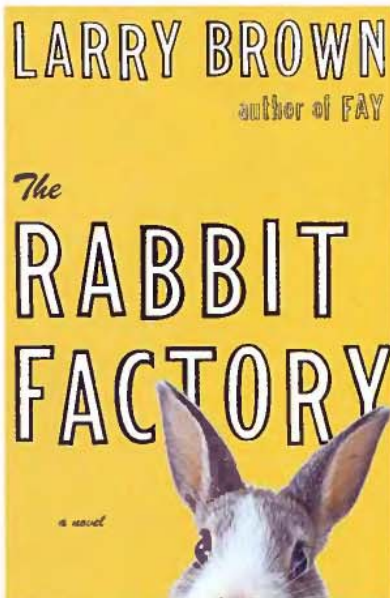


## book of the month

[ THE RABBIT FACTORY ]  
LARRY BROWN

Strippers and bad marriages, Southern style

For a writer whose works have been set almost exclusively in Mississippi, Brown has covered a lot of ground since his first book of short stories appeared 15 years ago. His plots and characters have lost some of their severity over time, and the ex-fireman's writing has become more refined. He avoids much of the grotesquerie that limited his earlier work, yet he maintains a distinct sense of place. In his fifth novel, half a dozen plots are twined together to curious effect. The narrative, as usual, is wonderful. From the dissolution of a broke-dick marriage in Memphis to the redemption of a stripper from Tupelo, Brown offers hope in the small victories of day-to-day life. It's not exactly clear what unifies these plots other than geography and heartache, but the discontinuity may well be the point. Perhaps *Rabbit Factory* strives to show how enduring and inescapable our pasts are to us all. (Free Press) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



## COSMOPOLITAN • Toby Cecchini

Bartenders know that there's more drama behind the bar than in front of it: employee trysts, petty theft, feuds, drugs. In the vein of *Kitchen Confidential*, Anthony Bourdain's foray into the underbelly of the restaurant world, *Cosmopolitan* is a memoir with a bartender's-eye view, making readers privy to how chaotic slinging cocktails—and dealing with us drunks—can be. Cecchini, who started mixing in the 1980s and now co-owns a New York City

bar, ruminates about the career he takes very seriously and about how bartenders are more powerful than their customers think. ("You can strike up a conversation, rally for a few minutes and, if you choose, simply walk away.") They will also judge you on what you order, so no buttery nipples. We'll have another round, barkeep. (Broadway) ★★★ —Alison Prato



## SWAGBELLY • D.J. Levien

It's hard to believe, but a pornographer's life isn't always a happy one. In this funny novel, Elliot Grubman is a hybrid of any number of famous smut entrepreneurs. While his magazine, *Swagbelly*, enjoys enormous success, the rest of his existence sucks: His wife has left him for her rock-climbing instructor, his son won't speak to him and wants to convert to Catholicism, he may have gotten an underage girl pregnant, his heart isn't ticking properly and he suddenly can't get it up.

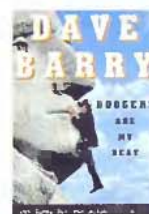
Not exactly a cautionary tale, it does make the reader a bit less envious of a libertine lifestyle—for an hour or two, anyway. (Plume) ★★★½ —Patty Lambert



## BOOGERS ARE MY BEAT • Dave Barry

*The New York Times* once described humorist Dave Barry as "the funniest man in America." The newspaper of record has also lavished the same kind of praise on Chris Rock. What gives? In this umpteenth culling of Barry's syndicated column, he lampoons easy-target topics such as the Florida election recounts, customer service, kiddie concerts and that already well-trod standby, computer woes, with a patented, predictable wit that probably goes better with a Sunday-morning Danish than the satirical bite of a Chris Rock stand-up zinger does. Rock deserves a recount. (Crown) ★

—Jason Buhrmester



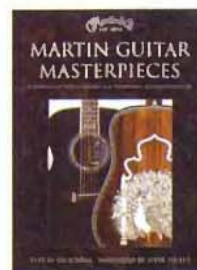
## made you look



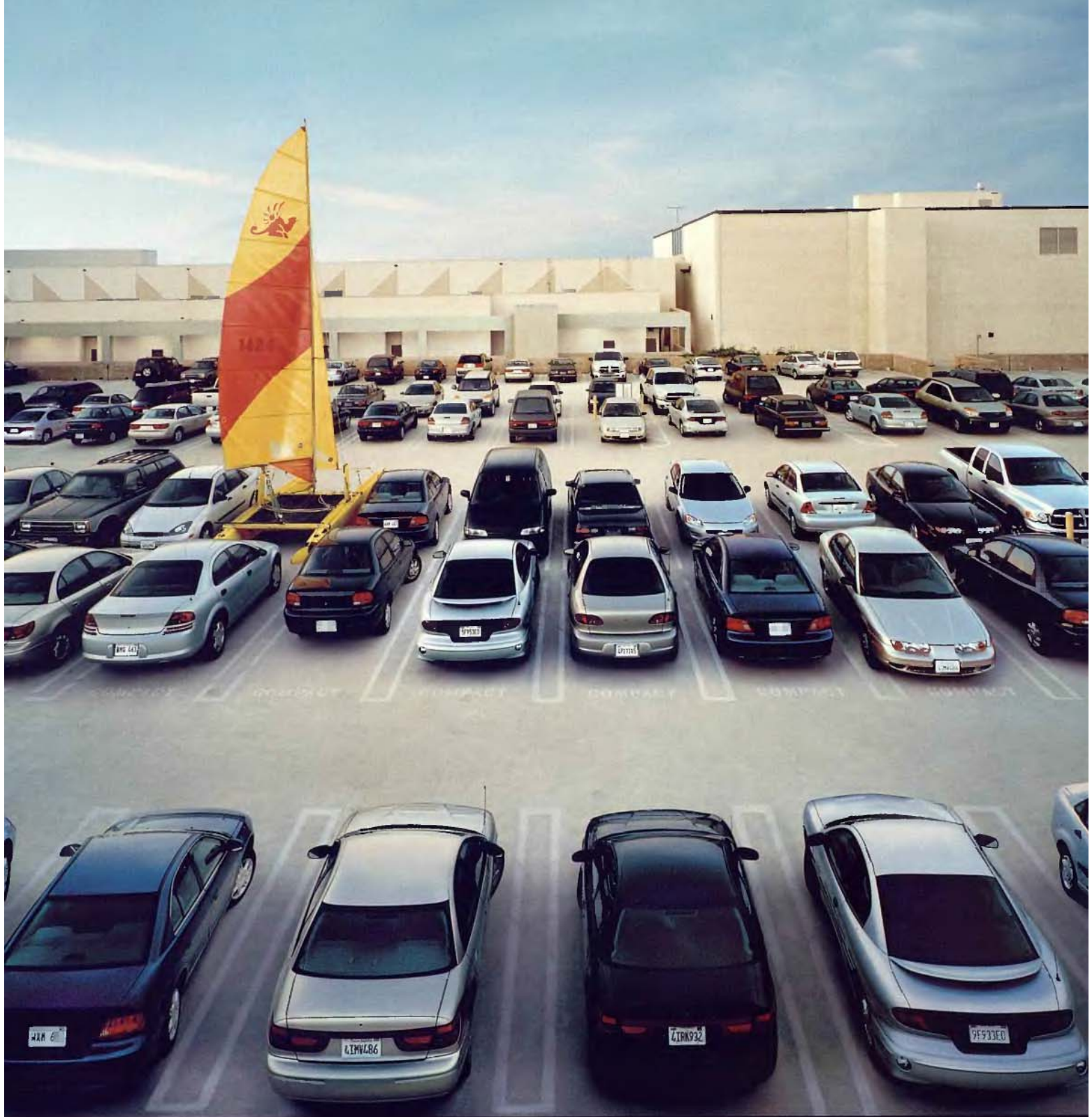
## MARTIN GUITAR MASTERPIECES

During the 1960s, anyone who played acoustic guitar wanted one made by C.F. Martin and Co. Jimmie Rodgers played one, the Kingston Trio played two. *Martin Guitar Masterpieces: A Showcase of Artists' Editions, Limited Editions and Custom Guitars*, by Dick Boak, pairs guitars with their players. The cover model (right) was made for Eric Clapton and Hiroshi Fujiwara. This book is a tribute to serious craftsmen. (Bulfinch) ★★★

—John Rezek







go someplace better.



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Call girl: On *Private Calls*, Aurora Snow has phone sex with viewers. So what happens when she takes on unsuspecting regular joes?

### LURE OF THE RINGS

When it comes to talking dirty, Aurora Snow cleans up. The hostess of Playboy TV's *Private Calls*—not to mention the AVN Female Performer of the Year—gives such good phone that we decided to play a prank: Aurora, whose velvety voice would make a eulogy sound alluring, called unsuspecting businesses to inquire about the erotic potential of their products and services. The results? Several elated phone operators.

#### Nut Job

PLANTERS OPERATOR: May I help you?  
AURORA: I have a question about your nuts. Sometimes they're salty, and sometimes they aren't salty enough. Why?  
PLANTERS: Let me get this straight: There

are times when our nuts are really salty and other times they aren't salty enough?  
AURORA: Yeah. I need really salty nuts. I like to suck off all the salt. Why aren't yours salty?

PLANTERS: [Long pause] This is unusual. We have strict quality procedures. This may be due to a machinery malfunction. I'll tell quality control. One nut should not be saltier than another.

AURORA: I agree! So the next time I have your nuts, they should be pretty salty?

PLANTERS: Definitely. If there's a problem, call back and I will help you.

#### Fully Charged

ENERGIZER OPERATOR: Energizer hotline.  
AURORA: I have a problem: In my vibrator, your batteries don't last very long.

I'll be going and going, and they just stop.

ENERGIZER: What kind of batteries? AURORA: Energizer AAs.

ENERGIZER: What I would suggest, hon, are the E2 Titaniums. They should last longer in your vibrator.

AURORA: Really? Do you know this firsthand?

ENERGIZER: No, but they definitely do last longer.

AURORA: Good, because I can make the Energizer bunny look like a lazy ass.

#### Woof! Woof!

PETCO OPERATOR: This is Petco.

AURORA: I'm looking for adult-size choker collars and leashes.

PETCO: We have designer collars, leather leashes....

AURORA: Do you have matching ones? I like it when mine match. They're for a fetish party.

PETCO: [Silence]

AURORA: Are you still there?

PETCO: Yes. Well, our collars range from 19 to 30 inches.

AURORA: Nineteen inches? Wow! Do they irritate the neck? Have you ever worn a collar?

PETCO: Um, no.

AURORA: Really? You should try it. I bet you're a real tiger.

PETCO: Yes, ma'am, I think I will try that.

#### Bush League

ALWAYS GREEN LANDSCAPING OPERATOR: Good afternoon, how may I help you?

AURORA: Do you trim bushes? I have a big bush in the front. Can you trim it?

OPERATOR: Yeah, sure, whatever you need. We'll handle all your bushes.

AURORA: Would it be possible for you to remove my bush?

OPERATOR: Oh, yeah. Removed entirely?

AURORA: Yes, I think so. I have to think about it a little more.

OPERATOR: I'd be happy to look at your bush and give you an estimate today.

Want more of Aurora's phone calls? Check [PlayboyTV.com](http://PlayboyTV.com) for your local listings.



### SPOT THE FAKE: NIGHT CALLS EPISODE TITLES

*Night Calls* is known for its sexy, pun-riddled episode titles. Can you figure out which one isn't a real title?

**WEAPONS OF ASS DESTRUCTION**

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## MASCOTS INC.

We're suckers for chicken suits, hot dog costumes and any other getups that give people license to act like incognito jackasses in public. But to do so on a regular basis? Sure enough, when Playboy.com interviewed former college sports mascots, we found out one thing: They're a few yards short of a first down.

### Stanford's Tree Roots for the Home Team

PLAYBOY: How did you land the job?

TREE: I was wearing a bulletproof vest, and my friend shot me with a pistol.

PLAYBOY: We understand you had bodyguards, the Tree Protection Service.

TREE: Yes, because Tree has a history of getting into fights.

## LIKE NAKED GIRLS? IF SO, READ ON



What did Adam Diaz of the Art Institute of Colorado say when he won our College Nude Photography Contest? "I haven't gotten straight A's, but this is 100 times more important than that." Diaz got to spend a

day shooting Playboy intern and model Jenny Haase. Jealous? Enter this year's contest at [playboy.com/on-campus/collegephoto](http://playboy.com/on-campus/collegephoto).



From left: The Stanford Tree, post-binge; Minnesota's Goldy gets more tail than you do; Auburn's Aubie asks, "Think she can see my boner?"

PLAYBOY: Did being Tree help you get more wood than usual?

TREE: Stanford has a tradition called Full Moon in the Quad, which has evolved into an orgy. One year, dressed as Tree, I kissed 645 women.

PLAYBOY: Any pregame rituals?

TREE: I sat in an entirely black room, freebasing cocaine and listening to AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" on repeat.

### Minnesota's Goldy Gets Some

PLAYBOY: How did you get along with the other mascots?

GOLDY: My rival was the giant inflatable Subway sandwich. I knocked the crap out of that sub. I also took care of Bucky Badger from Wisconsin. Put him right through a card table.

PLAYBOY: We hear you weren't modest about your rug-cutting skills either.

GOLDY: I had the best dance moves in the mascot world. I did anything from the worm to break dancing.

PLAYBOY: Ever get laid as Goldy?

GOLDY: Goldy's a ladies' man. He's well endowed. Ever seen the size of his tail?

### Auburn's Aubie Wants Respect

PLAYBOY: Did you get hurt on the job?

AUBIE: No, but some of my predecessors were injured. One Aubie jumped into some hedges and landed on a fence post.

PLAYBOY: Ever beat up other mascots?

AUBIE: A few times. Whenever other mascots infringed on my territory, I made sure that Auburn came out on top.

PLAYBOY: Was there a downside to being a mascot?

AUBIE: People didn't respect that there were real people doing this. I've heard of mascots' being thrown off balconies. Not funny.

For additional mascot interviews, go to [Playboy.com/on-campus](http://Playboy.com/on-campus).

## CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

Name: **Jessica Renee**. Birth date: January 13, 1981. I love to watch: "His hips as we're making love." In one word, I'm: "Tempting. My devilish body and innocent face are enough to tempt anyone." Worst pickup line: "Want to get married?" Worst date: "This guy who kept storing





A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is lying down, propped up on her left arm. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her right arm is bent, with her hand resting on her left shoulder. She is wearing a small, light-colored stud earring. The background is a solid, vibrant blue.

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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal

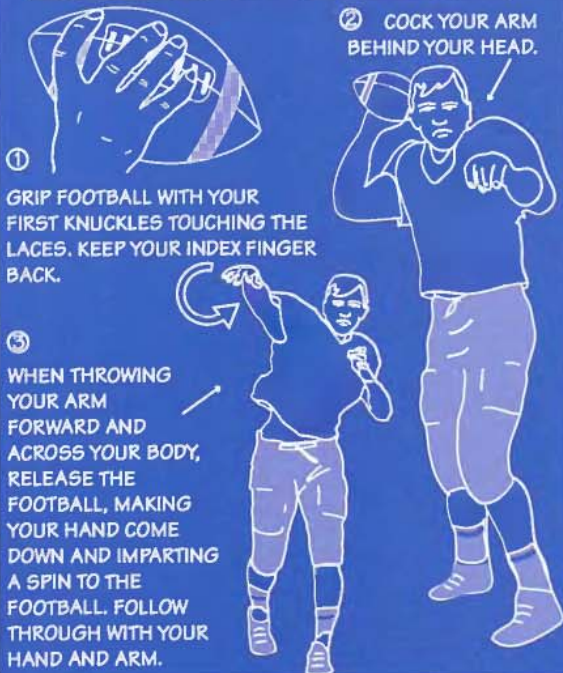


## Party in the Back

Roll up in a customized Tailgate Party Truck from Galpin Ford and you'll be the star attraction of any pregame festivities. The pickup bed has a built-in stainless steel barbecue by Emberglo, a sink, an ice chest, a blender, two refrigerated beer kegs, dual 110-volt outlets and—for additional entertainment—a DVD player with a 13-inch flip-out LCD screen. The custom interior is more Rolls-Royce than redneck, featuring leather upholstery, a leather-wrapped steering wheel (wash the sauce off your hands), a leather-and-carbon-fiber dash and a suede headliner. A Pioneer sound system with inside and outside speakers will help keep the party pumping—as if you need help. Under the Ford F-150's hood is a standard 5.4-liter 255 hp V8 coupled with an automatic transmission. The base price for all this indecent pleasure is \$70,000. Expensive, yes, but a Bentley that costs three times as much doesn't come equipped for keg parties. Other lucky vehicles have also been Galpinized; go to [galpin.com](http://galpin.com) for a look.



## HOW TO THROW A PERFECT SPIRAL



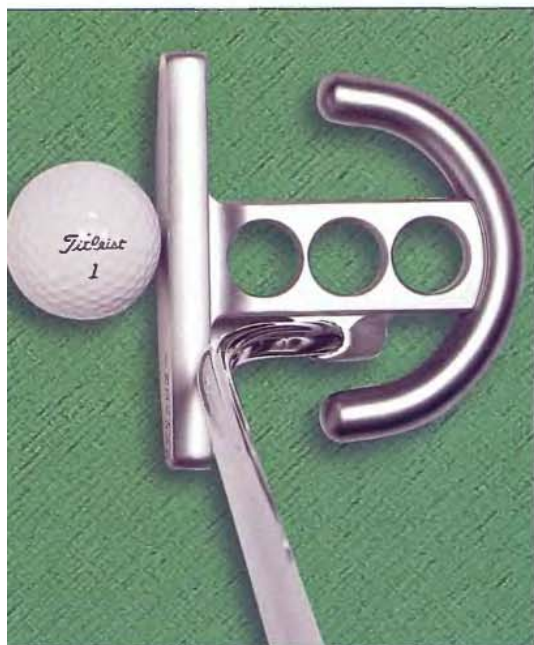
## By a Whisker

When we describe what it's like to shave with Panasonic's new Pro-Curve Shaver, it sounds like we're talking about putting a Ferrari to our face: The motor revs to 13,000 rpm, the blade angles to 30 degrees for close cornering, and the pivoting head rocks forward, backward and sideways to better follow the contours of your facial landscape. Plus, this \$140 baby can be driven in the wet and rinsed off under your shower or sink faucet. It even has a quickie recharge feature that allows you to power up in five minutes. We've never shaved with a helmet on before.





# MANTRACK



## Different Stroke

Is it (1) a brand-new iron, (2) a kitchen appliance or (3) a putter? The answer is (3), and the designer is Scotty Cameron, who spent five years creating the Titleist Futura, a club that looks like no other and is good enough to find its way into the golf bags of Phil Mickelson, Stuart Appleby, Craig Stadler

and Scott Hoch. Hoch won the Doral Open with it. The \$275 Futura feels lighter (75 percent of its weight is in the stainless steel "horseshoe") and plays softer than it looks. Two plugs have been milled into the back of the face to hold weights for greater balance, so the ball makes a distinctive "click" when struck and rolls off the face of the putter without digging into the green. The Futura also comes with a fancy cushioned silver head cover and a pivot tool. Potential drawback: This thing is so attention-grabbing, spectators will expect great things. Better practice.

## Oh, Behave!

**Pad Parties**—The Guide to Ultra-Entertaining is a hardcover how-to that's groovy, baby. It has info on bar basics; pad-proven recipes; the rhythm method of party prep; mood music for gearing up, peaking (A Night at the

Playboy Mansion by Dimitri from Paris is a must) and coming down; instructions on how to make an opium den incense burner; and 10 innovative hangover cures. The book is dedicated to "Devil Dail, the life of my party." Who's the author—Austin Powers? Nope, it's Matt Maranian, whose previous best-seller, *Pad*—The Guide to Ultra-Living, turned every reader into the host with the most. (Chronicle Books, \$22.95)



## Clothesline: Steve Harris

One of the surviving stars of ABC's *The Practice* says that his personal style is "comfortable." "I've got a weird build and can't buy clothes off the rack because of my shoulders, my chest, my waist and my big butt—which is why I can't wear Levi's. In fact, I look best in clothes by Italian designers. I like Gucci shoes, and I have a favorite black leather jacket by Diesel. When I went to the Emmys I wore a Prada tuxedo. I try not to shop where everybody shops, although I do like to puke around Saks Fifth Avenue for the variety of clothes they offer. A lot of times, though, I go to stores off the beaten path. If I see an outfit that turns me on, I'll wander in and ask if they'll design something for me."



## The Perfect Time ...

**To buy a used car:** When the model you covet is two to three years old. Most new cars depreciate about 50 percent within two years. In the third year you can buy a decent car for about half the price the first owner paid. • **To relocate:** From mid-October to mid-May during the second or third week of the month. About one in six Americans move each year, including one third of all people in their 20s. Summer, when school is out, is crunch time for moving companies. Year-round, moving intensifies on the first and last days of the month, when leases expire. If you hire a mover at off-peak times, you can save 10 to 15 percent and probably get better service. • **To tackle tasks that require high alertness:** Mornings between nine and 11. We also read faster during those hours, say chronobiologists. • **To rise in the morning:** About the same time every day. One way to mess up your biological clock is to sleep in on weekends. Oversleeping creates the same effect as jet lag. If you oversleep, expose yourself to sunlight ASAP.







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# The Playboy Advisor

Six months ago I asked out a girl from one of my classes. It turned out she was a lesbian with a live-in girlfriend. Despite that, she seemed to be flattered by my interest and began calling me at home almost every day, asking if I wanted to get together to study. We started hanging out, but eventually her partner blew a fuse and told her to quit flirting with me. I've no desire to be involved in their domestic dispute, so I asked her to stop calling. She refused. Last week, while I was out with another girl, she showed up at the cafe and sat at the table behind my date, giving me the evil eye. The next day she came up to me in class and screamed, "You ditched me for another girl!" I'm feeling trapped by someone who is supposedly gay and whom I never committed to anyway. Any advice?—N.S., Chico, California

*Bisexuals are known for their mixed signals. Tell this woman that you consider her a friend and you'd like it to stay that way. Then keep your distance.*

If Barry Bonds hit a golf ball pitched at 90 mph on the sweet spot of his bat, would it travel farther than if Tiger Woods hit the same ball from a tee? On one hand you have a stationary ball, a longer shaft and greater club speed. On the other hand you have a ball traveling 90 mph in the opposite direction, a shorter shaft and slower club speed. My buddies and I are split on which ball would travel farther.—C.H., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

*You have the beginnings of a sports reality show—or a Vegas line. We asked Robert Adair, a Yale physicist and author of *The Physics of Baseball*, for his take. "Woods's drive would go farther," he said. "His club head is traveling at about 120 mph. Bonds's bat is traveling at about 75 mph at the sweet spot. Bonds could make it a closer call by hitting the ball at the end of the bat, which might reach a speed of 95 mph. But because the elasticity of the ball during the collision is greater off the driver, I think Woods would get more backspin and thus a little better trajectory. The uncertainties are such that I would bet on Woods over Bonds 10 to one but not 100 to one."*

Do you know of any strip clubs that have female and male dancers on the same stage? I enjoy going to gentlemen's clubs, but my husband thought it would be nice for me to have a male dancer to look at.—C.F., Chicago, Illinois

*Your husband is a considerate voyeur, but tits and balls are not a combination many guys will pay to see (except perhaps on the same person, which is a discussion for another time). The closest thing you'll find are*



*clubs such as the Masters in Myrtle Beach or Cleopatra's Viewpoint in Portland, Oregon, both of which have female and male dancers performing in adjacent rooms.*

Amateur porn stars have dark areas around their butt holes, but professionals don't. What's the difference?—T.W., Los Angeles, California  
*Makeup.*

The Advisor promises to answer any reasonable question. Could you list five or 10 of the most unreasonable questions you've received over the years?—P.D., Bloomington, Illinois

*Sorry, that's not a reasonable question. About the only time we beg off is when a query requires far too much research ("I need the history of sex and the Constitution by Monday, eight A.M.") or borders on the delusional ("Can you send me the phone number of every redheaded Playmate?").*

Several months ago my fiancée came home from work and told me her feelings about me had changed. I moved out, hoping it would blow over. A week later, she started dating her boss. Two weeks after that, she moved in with him. I went to a psychologist, who told me that, based on the statistical evidence, the odds are 80 percent to 90 percent that my fiancée will return. At the suggestion of the psychologist, I went to a psychiatrist, who told me that she wholeheartedly expects my fiancée to return. Now I'm confused and more depressed. Should I expect her to come back, or should I go with my feeling that she's gone for good?—D.R., Miami, Florida

*Go with your gut. Even if your ex comes*

*back, she destroyed your trust. That was probably a fatal blow to the relationship. As for these counselors, they can't know what your ex is thinking. Ask a friend to recommend a professional with a spine. You need help managing your grief, not a shoulder to cry on—and not false hope.*

Whenever I go out for Mexican, the restaurant always has mariachis. If the band's presence at my table is unsolicited, am I expected to tip? If so, how much?—F.H., Washington, D.C.

*Who solicits mariachis? Offer a couple of bucks the first time. If you're on a date, make it a fiver.*

In the beginning of our marriage, my wife was very passionate. Now, 10 years later, she says she has no interest in sex. She treats it like a chore. She refuses to have sex in the morning, doesn't want sex at night and will consider it only on weekends. She makes me feel like it's something I do to her rather than with her. I've tried to talk to her about the situation, but she gets angry at me for bringing it up. Everything in the marriage is fine except for the intimacy. Any advice?—D.M., Baltimore, Maryland

*Without the intimacy, it's not much of a marriage. The typical advice you'll get from self-help books is to be more attentive to your wife's emotional needs and the sex will follow. We wonder why the equation can't be turned around: If your wife fucked you more often, she'd have her emotional and every other need met—and then some. That's why we like what we hear from Michele Weiner Davis, author of *The Sex-Starved Marriage*. She stands up for guys, noting that it's not fair for a wife to refuse to fulfill her husband's desires while demanding monogamy. "A lot of women need an emotional connection to feel aroused," she says. "They can't fathom how to have sex if there's tension in the air, or the kids are home, or there are clothes to be folded. Desire is a decision. I tell women to succumb to their husbands no matter their mood, and see what happens. One group was amazed at the response—their husbands suddenly read to the kids, set aside time to talk, fixed things. And women who think they aren't in the mood often end up enjoying themselves immensely.*

*"Men tell me that sex with their wives is about more than just getting off. It makes them feel wanted, loved, appreciated, masculine. If the wife shuts the husband out, he has one of two reactions: (1) He becomes highly critical because he's so angry, or (2) he withdraws. Neither response will get you laid. My advice for guys is to explain how they feel when they're refused. A husband told his wife in a session with me, 'When I reach for you and you reject me, there's no lonelier feeling.'*



His wife responded, "When you touch me the only thing I can think about is whether I'm in the mood." That was a start."

**M**y neighbor moved and gave me his gas grill. I'm new to the art. Can you run down a few basics?—P.S., Mesa, Arizona

Let's talk steak. (1) Trim fat edges to a quarter inch to reduce flare-ups and heart attacks. (2) Sprinkle both sides of each steak with kosher salt and pepper, then drizzle with oil. Start with high heat, char both sides, then move the meat to a cooler area. Keep your steaks about an inch apart. (3) Use tongs rather than a fork so you don't pierce the meat and let juices escape. (4) Cook with the cover closed. For a rare one-inch steak, cook about eight minutes; for medium, about 10 minutes. Let the steak sit for five minutes after you take it off the grill so the juices have time to settle back to the center.

**I**s there any connection between suckling a baby boy and his continued great attraction to the female breast after he matures?—J.D., Bitely, Michigan

We say no way—many breast-fed men the world over have no special attraction to breasts—but Freud, for one, felt differently. The good doctor believed that suckling led to thumb sucking, which led to kissing (and sometimes "perverse kissing"). He wrote, "No one who has seen a baby sinking back satiated from the breast and falling asleep with flushed cheeks and a blissful smile can escape the reflection that this picture persists as a prototype of the expression of sexual satisfaction later in life." Some Freudians take it a step further, arguing that the vulva sucks the penis in the same way the lips suckle the nipple. Turned on yet?

**D**o you know of any DVDs besides porn that feature multiangle shots?—D.W., Roseville, California

You'll find them on some sports DVDs and concert discs such as King Crimson's *Deja Vroom*, which allows you to switch to any of the musicians. Hollywood so far has included multiangle shots only as part of supplemental features. Often you can dissect stunts or toggle between storyboards and the final cut. The special editions of *Fight Club*, *Hannibal*, *Speed* and *Die Another Day* are notable for their multiangle extras.

**T**wo women in my office were discussing bukkake. I asked what it meant. They laughed and said it's sexy and that I'd like it. That's all I could get out of them. I thought I could get an explanation from you.—J.C., Buffalo, New York

Bukkake is a form of pornography in which a group of men ejaculates onto one woman. Where the hell do you work?

**W**hen we have sex, my wife has multiple orgasms and then tells me to stop because "it's too much." I usually have to reach climax on my own while she watches. Is there any way I can have less stamina?—D.B., Gloucester, New Jersey

Sure. It's called foreplay. Why is your wife watching? Ask her to lend a hand, or mouth, or even a vagina dripping with artificial lube, which may make it more comfortable for her to continue.

**M**y arm is in a sling for six weeks following shoulder surgery. I still want to pleasure my girlfriend during sex, but she can reach climax only when I'm on top and stimulating her G spot. How can we keep our sex life going strong?—D.T., Cincinnati, Ohio

This is a great excuse to experiment. If your girlfriend can climax from G spot stimulation, she must also have other unexplored erogenous zones. Get reacquainted with her clitoris—you don't need two arms to lick her. Bend her over the bed for rear entry; with a strategically placed pillow she may find it delightful. Lie on your back and tell her to climb aboard; she may be surprised at how good it feels to control the depth and speed of your erection. If she expresses frustration, keep a G spot attachment for her favorite vibrator in the bedside drawer. But hold out as long as you can; six weeks is plenty of time to break a few molds.

**W**hy won't my boyfriend get rid of videos of him and his ex making love? They had a bad breakup, and he says he hates her. We even made new videos of us making love, but that hasn't changed his mind.—E.R., San Antonio, Texas

The question is, why do they bother you? They're mementos. She's not coming back. Just make sure your videos are better lit.

**I**s calling someone chief or boss complimentary or derogatory?—R.P., Atlanta, Georgia

We like to hear our name.

**I** own an apartment building. One of my renters hangs out with me while I do work on the house or around the pool, and we have a blast. I helped her assemble some furniture, and we were working way too close together. If I hadn't been her landlord I would have made a pass at her. I'm getting crazy signals, but I don't want to be stupid. A friend told me to be careful. He says that if we start dating she might stop paying rent. The rents pay my mortgage. Any guidance on this?—J.R., Chicago, Illinois

Ask her out. You can't plan your life based on worst-case scenarios.

**I**'ve been a stoner since the age of 13, and I've kept the 4:20 religiously. But I've always wondered where it came from. Everyone I've asked just says, "It's the national smoke-out time, dude." When did it start? What does it represent?—D.L., Corcoran, California

The tradition of smoking reefer at 4:20 P.M.—the stoner version of happy hour—apparently started in 1971 with a dozen students at San Rafael High School in California. Today the 4:20 has seeped into the

culture, with annual hemp celebrations on April 20 and sly pop culture references such as the score of the football game in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, which was 42-0. Steven Hager, editor of *High Times*, says the 4:20 represents "the hope that someday our simple ritual of sharing a joint, bowl, bong or blunt can become an accepted part of normal life." We're holding our breath.

**I** was dating this girl for six weeks. One day, out of the blue, she called it off. I found out that she left because she was afraid of getting hurt. How can I convince her that I won't hurt her?—E.S., Las Cruces, New Mexico

You can't make that promise. Every relationship of any value carries this risk.

**I**'ll ask you and later my HMO: Do you have a thought on the complete removal of the testicles?—C.L., Phoenix, Arizona

Yes. It's not covered.

**O**ne of my girlfriends owns an expensive glass dildo she says is made of the same material as the Pyrex bowls in her kitchen. She raves about it and even offered to lend it to me. I'm afraid it will break. Have you ever heard of these toys?—M.D., Orlando, Florida

We first heard about them the same way most of our readers did—on Playboy TV's *Sexcelera 30*. They were introduced about five years ago by two guys in Florida—Steve Ritchie was a yacht captain and Dave Reynard owns an answering service. The partners had already patented two sex toys, the *Aqua Vulva* and the *Whip Lite*, when Reynard and a girlfriend discovered the illicit pleasures of a glass martini mixer. The men realized that inserting a glass stick into orifices wasn't safe for the masses, so they investigated making dildos from borosilicate glass, better known as Pyrex or, in this case, Boronex. The advantage of borosilicate glass over rubber or latex, they say, is that you can drop it in hot water for a few minutes and it will stay warm for 10 to 15 minutes of sex play. Glass also feels smoother and, because it's nonporous, requires only a few drops of lube. Finally, it's easy to clean. Each toy is handmade, which accounts for the higher prices (most cost between \$100 and \$200). Get info online at [astroknots.com](http://astroknots.com), or phone 800-292-9173 for a catalog. If you invest in a glass dildo, keep in mind that it's not the best toy for sex in the driveway. But you won't have any problems in bed.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting [playboyadvisor.com](http://playboyadvisor.com).





# THE PRESIDENTIAL PACKAGE

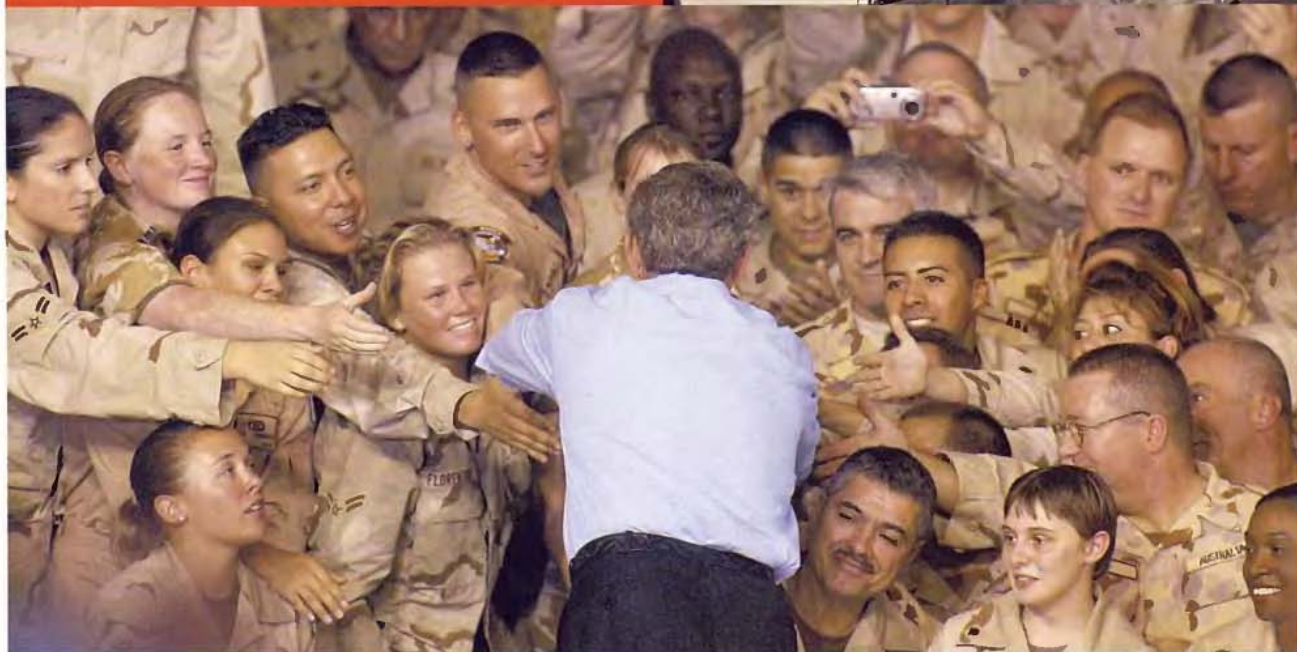
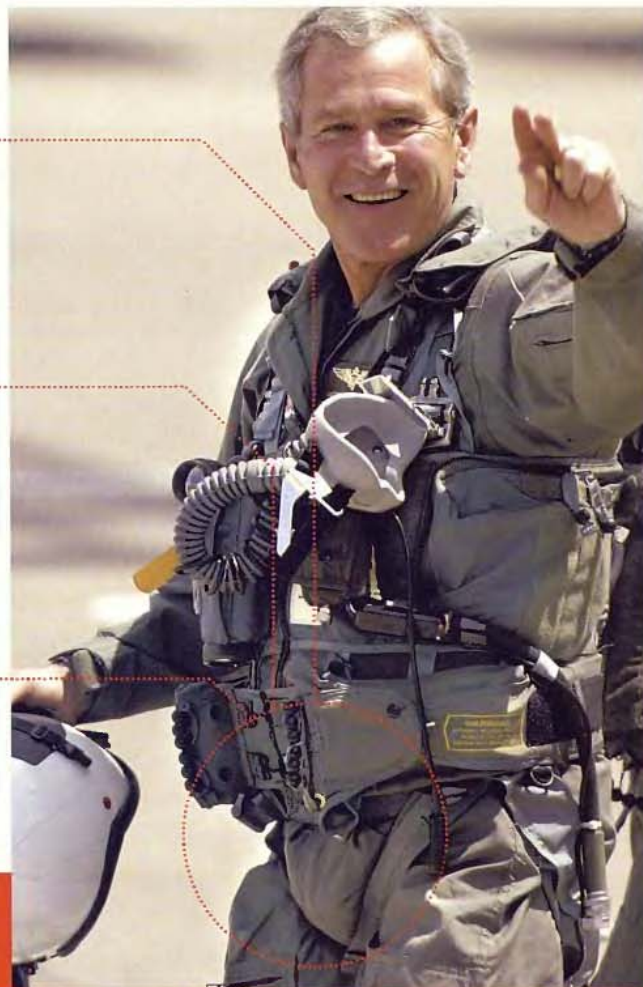
Tempest in a teacup?

"And here comes George Bush. He's in his flight suit, he's striding across the deck, and he's wearing his parachute harness. It makes the best of his manly characteristic. He has just won every woman's vote in the United States of America. You know all those women who say size doesn't count—they're all liars." —G. GORDON LIDDY, *Hardball*, MAY 7, 2003

"There was something novel about this occasion, but it passed utterly below the radar. Bush's outfit gave him a very vivid basket. This manly exhibition was no accident. The media team that timed Bush's appearance to catch just the right tone of sunlight must have chosen that uniform and had him try it on. I can't prove they gave him a sock job, but clearly they thought long and hard about the crotch shot. Clearly Bush's handlers want to leave the impression that he's not just courageous and competent but hung." —RICHARD GOLDSTEIN, *Village Voice*, MAY 21, 2003

"I have to protest that I'm second to none in respecting certain aspects of the male anatomy, but I must say, the notion that senior members of the Republican Party actually contemplated shoving a sock down the commander in chief's tightie-whites just didn't occur to me. I confess, all I see is a guy in an airplane suit. But hey, what's an attack queer supposed to see?" —ANDREW SULLIVAN, *Salon*, MAY 23, 2003

Don't ask, don't tell: On June 6, the *Chicago Tribune* ran this photo of the basket-in-chief greeting troops in Doha, Qatar. Please, no jokes about weapons of mass destruction.





## BEHIND THE BUZZ

Do these street drugs really make sex better?

## LSD

**HYPE:** When LSD first became popular on the street, the drug was said to turn your entire body into an erection, make sex last forever and create orgasms that touched the cosmos.

**STREET REP:** After experimentation, many guys found that LSD was just as likely to shrink your package to the size of a baby carrot—or at least make you think it had. Sex could be cosmic or comic. Out-of-body sexual experience was an oxymoron. Caution, kids.

**HYSTERIA:** Rumors circulated that a medical study had found that LSD damaged chromosomes, leading to the idea that recreational use might leave you resembling a character drawn by R. Crumb. Or worse.

**REALITY CHECK:** "The early science about the drug's causing mutations turned out to be bogus. But the mere factoid popping up in the middle of a psychedelic ascent could and did trigger countless bad trips," says Ethan Nadelmann, head of the Drug Policy Alliance. In other words, the promised six-hour orgasm could become a three-day nightmare of torturous, repetitive thoughts—such as, Oh, my God, don't let my kids grow up to be Republicans.

## MDMA

**HYPE:** As Jacob Sullum relates in *Saying Yes: In Defense of Drug Use*, pharmaceutical giant Merck first synthesized MDMA (better known today as ecstasy) in 1912. But it wasn't until the 1970s that MDMA became popular as a therapeutic drug. Therapists reported that it produced feelings of euphoria and empathy in patients and could "enhance communication and insight." A leading proponent of the drug called it "penicillin for the soul."

**STREET REP:** A person who distributed MDMA on the club scene in Texas during the 1980s chose the name ecstasy because "he felt it would sell better than a drug called empathy." The drug's street rep promised enhanced sexual pleasure. *Time* quoted one source who said the experience felt

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

like a six-hour orgasm (what the hell is it with the six hours?), and crafty dealers started stamping white pills with SEX. Ecstasy became known as the hug drug in part because of the feelings of affection it caused. But in many men it triggered impotence.

**HYSTERIA:** The Drug Enforcement Administration considers ecstasy the legal equivalent of heroin (a Schedule I drug), invoking images of death by overdose. Indeed, the Drug Abuse Warning Network documents a handful of MDMA-related deaths each year.



**REALITY CHECK:** Ecstasy impairs the body's ability to regulate temperature. Ravers can die from overheating and dehydration. Common sense says that to play it safe, users should drink plenty of water, abstain from alcohol and get off the dance floor every now and then. Ironically, the rave mantra "hydrate, hydrate" led to deaths by water intoxication—too much water too quickly can mess up the sodium level in your blood and cause your brain to swell. That's not the part of your body you want to become tumescent.

The guys in lab coats have reported that ecstasy causes structural changes

in the brains of raving rats that have been forced to consume the drug for extended periods of time or in exorbitant amounts. Studies involving humans are harder to read. One shows impairment in current users but not former ones. Scientists have documented decreased performance on cognitive or recall tasks executed by users. The government crusade against ecstasy, well intentioned as it may be, obstructs attempts to self-regulate. As it did during the 1960s, the street takes better care of its own than the DEA does: ravers offer sample testing to weed out counterfeit drugs, including those that may contain the potentially lethal PMA.

## STEROIDS

**HYPE:** Steroids enhance performance, maximize the effects of workouts, cut recovery time and turn every weekend jock into Mr. Olympia.

**STREET REP:** Few guys talk about the zits, the weird behavior or the sexual side effects. There is a widely told story about a weightlifter who boasted about his chest, biceps and calf measurements but also admitted that his testicles had shrunk to the size of peanuts. Then there was the steroid-crazed athlete who fucked a Coke machine.

**HYSTERIA:** Doctors have used steroids safely on patients since the 1930s. It is only the specter of unsupervised use, coupled with uncorroborated anecdotal evidence, that leads to crisis. One of the common fears is that steroid use messes with liver function and thickens the muscles of the heart.

**REALITY CHECK:** Some weightlifters who use steroids have heart and liver ailments. But a 1999 study at the University of North Texas found that steroids were not the cause. Pump ridiculous amounts of weight even without steroids, and you are likely to suffer liver damage and thickening of the left ventricular wall of the heart.

Yoga, anyone? We hear it's great for sex.



# LOST CAUSE?

A frontline report from the war on drugs

**A**s executive director of the Drug Policy Alliance ([drugpolicy.org](http://drugpolicy.org)), Ethan Nadelmann has been one of the most vocal critics of the federal war on drugs. A former Princeton professor, he founded the alliance in 1994 with backing from billionaire George Soros. Nadelmann spoke with writer Daniel Lazare.

PLAYBOY: Are we fighting a lost cause?

NADELMANN: Not at all. Surveys have shown that most Americans believe the drug war has failed. More than two thirds support treatment rather than incarceration for nonviolent offenders. Three fourths say medical marijuana should be legal and 41 percent say marijuana use should be treated as a health problem. Lately, we've had good news. In Tulia, Texas, where one cop arrested 10 percent of the black population for allegedly dealing—no drugs were ever introduced as evidence—a judge overturned the verdicts, and the cop is being prosecuted for perjury. The Canadian parliament is calling for decriminalization of marijuana. The mayor of Vancouver supports clean needle sites for addicts to slow the spread of HIV.

PLAYBOY: Two years ago you speculated that President Bush would liberalize federal drug laws. What happened?

NADELMANN: I knew it was a long shot as long as Attorney General John Ashcroft, then-DEA chief Asa Hutchinson and drug czar John Walters were in charge. We won 17 of 19 ballot initiatives and referenda to reform drug laws between 1996 and 2000.

PLAYBOY: Was there a turning point?

NADELMANN: January 20, 2001. We were beaten in Ohio on an initiative that would have allowed for treatment

instead of incarceration, we lost in Arizona on reducing mandatory minimum sentences and we lost in Nevada on legalizing marijuana. The administration is now pushing for drug testing in schools, workplaces, everywhere. What began as a way of elimi-

ment and increasingly in control of the third. The U.S. also has a quasi-religious adherence to abstinence.

PLAYBOY: Yet the spiritual leader of the right, Ronald Reagan, seemed indifferent to the issue.

NADELMANN: Maybe, but he appointed people such as Carlton Turner, who

as drug czar told boys that marijuana could make them gay.

Rudy Giuliani, then the number three man at Justice, wrote most of Reagan's early drug strategy. The problem is, the harder you crack down, the more likely it is that traffickers will focus on drugs that are more potent, easier to smuggle and harder to detect.

PLAYBOY: This past spring George Bush signed a law, known as the Rave Act, that makes it illegal to sponsor an event at which any illicit drug is used. Did you fight it?

NADELMANN: We were able to temper it and extract assurances from Joe Biden, the Democratic senator who sponsored it, that it would not be used to threaten political events.

Yet when the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws and Students for Sensible Drug Policy held an event, the sponsors were warned what might happen to them if anyone was smoking a joint. Whenever the government creates tools that prosecutors or the police can use, politicians' assurances are meaningless.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a road map for drug-war peace?

NADELMANN: You need to focus on the state and local levels. Look at what's happening in Seattle, where doctors, lawyers, police chiefs and legislators are changing criminal justice-driven policy into public health-driven policy. That's how change happens.



As part of its campaign depicting marijuana as the root of all evil, the Office of National Drug Control Policy has created dozens of ads designed to startle parents.

nating drug abuse in the military and deterring use by pilots and others in safety-sensitive positions has become a way of ensuring that every person's blood and urine are free of prohibited substances.

PLAYBOY: Why the change?

NADELMANN: The reactionary wing of the more conservative party is firmly in control of two branches of govern-

## THE REAL ENEMY

**29,106** The number of cases in which a legal or illegal drug was mentioned as a contributing factor or a direct cause of a person's death in 1999 (the last year for which extensive figures are available). Some details:

Drug	Cases	Drug	Cases
Cocaine	4,864	Elavil (antidepressant)	477
Heroin	4,820	Tylenol	427
Codeine	1,395	Prozac	305
Valium	811	Oxycodone	262
Speed	690	Xanax	252
Marijuana/hashish	670	Aspirin	104
Benadryl	641	PCP	98



# INTENSIVE CARE

Interrogation or torture? By JAMES R. PETERSEN

**C**On November 28, 1997 two police officers intent on uncovering suspected narcotics activity were rousting individuals in a vacant lot in Oxnard, California. They heard a bicycle approaching on a darkened path that crossed the lot. They ordered Oliverio Martinez to dismount, spread his legs and place his hands behind his head. During a pat-down, an officer discovered a knife in Martinez's waistband.

Martinez tried to flee, and one of the cops tackled him. In the ensuing scuffle, the officer shouted, "He's got my gun." The second officer fired her weapon five times. Bullets ripped into Martinez's face, destroying his eyes, and into his spine, severing nerves and leaving him paralyzed from the waist down.

Paramedics arrived, and with them Oxnard police officer Ben Chavez. He accompanied the gravely wounded Martinez to a hospital emergency room, where the officer turned on a tape recorder.

What happened in the next 45 minutes is open to debate. Was it an investigation, or was it torture?

CHAVEZ: What happened? Oliverio, tell me what happened.

MARTINEZ: I don't know.

CHAVEZ: You don't know what happened?

MARTINEZ: Ay, I'm dying. Ay. What are you doing to me? No!

The tape contains Martinez's screams, his repeated belief that he was dying and his cry, "I am choking."

Chavez persisted. Finally identifying himself as a police officer (it's not clear whether Martinez, who had been blinded and appeared to be in excruciating pain, realized that Chavez was not part of the hospital staff), he said, "If you are going to die, tell me what happened. Look, I need you to tell what happened."

Between screams, Martinez spilled a confused stream of details: He had fought with police, he had pointed a gun at himself or at police, an officer shot him. Then he stopped.

MARTINEZ: I don't want to say anything more. I want them to treat me. It hurts a lot.

CHAVEZ: You don't want to tell what happened with you over there?

MARTINEZ: I don't want to die. I don't want to die.

Martinez survived. He sued the police department. He argued that Chavez had violated his Fifth Amendment rights. The officer never gave a Miranda warning, and the methods he used to extract an involuntary confession violated Martinez's right to due process.



Aggressive questioning—long a staple of Hollywood scriptwriters—now has the Court's approval.

Most Americans, at least those who grew up within 20 feet of a television set, can recite the Miranda warning: You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law. And so forth.

No matter. In May the U.S. Supreme Court ruled against Martinez. Justice Clarence Thomas declared that Miranda is only a guideline, not a right.

Further, the Court stated, the Fifth Amendment ensures only that an individual cannot be forced to testify against himself at trial, during a legal action or as part of a criminal case. Because Martinez was never charged, his statements never became evidence. He was never placed under oath or threatened with "the cruel

trilemma of self-accusation, perjury or contempt."

In the age of Ashcroft, when acts of terror have created new extralegal forms of interrogation, removing the etiquette of Miranda is troubling. Since we don't have access to the holding cells on Guantánamo Bay, we can judge worst-case scenarios only by what happened to Martinez. He was simply left in agony, or given the impression that he would be, until he talked. Thomas found no basis for the belief that "freedom from unwanted police questioning" is a fundamental right or that "mere coercion" is a violation of due process.

The 14th Amendment protects the individual from police methods that are "so brutal and so offensive to human dignity" that they "shock the conscience." Justice Thomas was not troubled by Chavez's behavior: "Martinez was a critical nonpolice witness to an altercation resulting in a shooting by a police officer, and the situation was urgent given the perceived risk that Martinez might die and crucial evidence might be lost."

Justice Ruth Bader Ginsberg did not agree. In her dissent she noted that Martinez's statements were not "the product of his free and rational choice," that such unfettered interroga-

tion was "the functional equivalent of an attempt to obtain an involuntary confession from a prisoner by torturous methods." Decades of jurisprudence have sought to eliminate torture as a government practice, the banal abuse once summed up by a British officer in India: "It is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence."

Now, such excruciating methods appear to be excusable—as long as prosecutors don't charge you. Oliverio Martinez asserted his rights: "I'm in pain. I'm not interested in talking. I think I'm dying. Please." The officer ignored him. The Supreme Court has as well.



# READER RESPONSE

## DRUG STAMPS

You published a gallery of drug-tax stamps ("Stamp Out Drugs," *The Playboy Forum*, July) and mentioned that most are bought by collectors. How do they get them?

Dean Ivester

Chapel Hill, North Carolina  
*If you don't mind leaving your name, you can usually buy stamps by mail from a state's department of revenue (officials everywhere promise not to share your information with police). If you'd prefer to keep your collection private, visit in person and pay cash. Most states have order minimums of \$100 or more. In Kansas, the stamps expire three months after issue. In North Carolina, you must purchase them within 48 hours of buying illegal drugs (or moonshine, which also is taxed). Many states that sell drug stamps provide ordering information online. A few of the stamps we displayed were discontinued when legislators repealed the tax law or a state court found it unconstitutional. That makes the stamps all the more valuable.*

## TOTAL TERRORISM ALERT

James R. Petersen is far too quick to dismiss the Terrorism Information Awareness program ("Threat or Put-On?" *The Playboy Forum*, April). He's probably right that TIA will do a lousy job finding terrorists because it will generate too many false positives for federal agents to keep up. If Petersen thinks TIA's likely failure makes it a joke, though, he's missing the point. The biggest threat of the system will be to ordinary Americans. Each false positive places suspicion on someone who isn't a terrorist.

What will the government do with these suspicions? Early reports aren't comforting. Aviation-security officials are using screening lists to stop many travelers simply because their names resemble those of bad guys. A reporter recently interviewed 18 people named David Nelson and found they all had been harassed at airports because someone with a similar name is apparently on the federal alert list. So far, authorities haven't figured out a way around this problem, although it's not clear they've tried very hard.



FOR THE RECORD

## BRING OUT YOUR GUNS

"Can you imagine doing this in Utah or Colorado?"

—A Marine stationed in Baghdad on the door-to-door searches he and his colleagues conducted for illegal guns. They went through more than 2,000 homes but found only a handful of weapons.

Surveillance programs that are supposedly aimed at national security threats have long been used against dissidents. For years J. Edgar Hoover used the FBI to harass Martin Luther King Jr. Ancient history? Hardly. This past year we learned that Denver cops had for years been tracking political activists, including a Quaker antiwar group.

Petersen poked fun at TIA's Human-ID-at-a-Distance plan because it had a range of only 150 meters. Not to worry: The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, which administers TIA, has two new programs. The agency is working on the next generation of facial recognition to improve the identification of people at long range, and on recognition and monitoring techniques to identify and classify crowd activity. The latter could be especially useful at demonstrations.

It's tempting to make fun of TIA. But the same people that brought us

the much lampooned color-alert scheme also pushed through the USA Patriot Act and vastly expanded surveillance. TIA could make innocent people look like suspects. If so, the joke will be on all of us.

Lee Tien

Senior Staff Attorney  
Electronic Frontier  
Foundation  
San Francisco, California

## WEB OF SPAM

The rapid growth of spam did not occur because "the geeks had their chance and couldn't get the job done" ("Spammers in the Big House," *The Playboy Forum*, July). The fight is still on, with technology beginning to overtake the spammers. The problem is that the number of spammers has exploded since the mid-1990s. Fortunately, current anti-spam technology keeps a significant percentage of that mail from being delivered. The combination of technology and tough new laws will help crack down on spam before it does irreversible damage.

Bob Dorr

Brightmail Inc.  
San Francisco, California

You touched on this issue in passing, but I have never understood how anyone could argue that anti-spam laws impede free speech. Nearly every piece of spam I get is advertising. Just as companies don't have a right to advertise in a magazine or on TV (they must pay for space or time and have to meet the magazine's or the station's standards for content), they also don't have a right to advertise in my in box.

Daniel Tynan

Wilmington, North Carolina

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



# FORUM

## NEWSPRONT

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

### POLE POSITION

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA—During a bachelor party that extended into the early hours of the wedding day, a groom's friends paid three strippers



at a club to pull the man of the hour onstage. The women told him to lie on his back and straddle the pole. Two of the dancers pinned the man's arms while the third slid down the pole. The fun ended when the stripper landed on the man's genitals. According to a lawsuit the man filed against the club, his injuries prevented him from having sex on his honeymoon.

### BIBLICAL JUSTICE

DENVER—While a sequestered jury deliberated over a convicted man's sentence, several jurors read aloud verses from their hotel Bibles calling for killers to be executed and instructing Christians to obey the government. A few jurors later said they had decided to vote for the death penalty after hearing the verses. Earlier this year, a judge resentenced the man to life without parole. He criticized officials for not keeping "extraneous information" out of the hands of jurors.

### FETAL RIGHTS

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—This past December an assailant raped and impregnated a severely retarded autistic woman in a group home. Because the

victim had no family, an official from the Florida Department of Children and Families asked a judge to appoint a guardian to make medical decisions for her, including whether she should abort. Jeb Bush, the state's pro-life governor, demanded that the judge also appoint a guardian for the fetus. The judge refused.

### GROUPIE REVENGE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS—A man placed an ad for a position as an assistant to the rock band Creed. When women arrived for interviews, the man would claim that he was the band manager and inform them that as part of the interview they had to have sex with the lead singer. If a woman agreed, he would turn off the lights and leave the room, only to return a few minutes later impersonating the front man. One woman accused the man of assaulting her. During the man's trial, a police officer testified that the victim told him she had made up the allegations because she was upset. The judge ruled that the man was "immoral" and "reprehensible" but not a rapist.

### WILD SEX IN ENGLAND

LONDON—Lawmakers debated a proposal that would allow gay men to have group sex legally, make streakers and nudists exempt from charges of indecent exposure, criminalize sex with the dead for the first time and make sex in public okay as long as the couple reasonably believed that no one would see them.

### THE WAY WE WERE

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—Katy Johnson, crowned Miss Vermont in 1999 and 2001, uses her website to promote abstinence and sobriety. Tucker Max, author of *The Definitive Book of Pickup Lines*, uses his website to meet women. He also boasts of his exploits, including those that he says involved Johnson. He remembers her as having a ravenous appetite for sex and booze. Johnson sued Max for invading her privacy by publishing "embarrassing private facts" about her (facts that, according to Johnson's attorney, she denies) and using her name for profit. A judge ordered

Max to remove all references to Johnson from his site.

### CONDOM EDUCATION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Supplying condoms to students does not promote promiscuity, according to a study from George Washington University. Researchers found that 49 percent of students at Massachusetts high schools that don't provide condoms reported having sex, compared with 42 percent at those schools that supply the prophylactics. Student use of condoms was greater at schools that provided them (72 percent) than at those that didn't (56 percent). And schools that offered condoms did a better job distributing material on HIV.

### PISSED OFF

NEW ORLEANS—A 41-year-old waiter awoke to find his rented home on fire. He rushed outside as police arrived. Feeling the need to urinate, the man relieved himself behind an oak tree. When he had finished, officers accused him of exposing himself to bystanders who had gathered to watch the fire. "I tried to tell him, 'Sir, my bathroom is burning,'" said the man,



who was arrested and charged with lewd conduct. "As soon as I zipped up, he put handcuffs on me." According to an officer, "even the firefighters couldn't believe he was doing it in front of all those people."





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

# Hot Spot Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

the inside story on

## Learning "The Ropes"...

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

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

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

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

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



*satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.*

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

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

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

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with

Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

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

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

Aren't you glad you asked?

*Jamie Ireland*

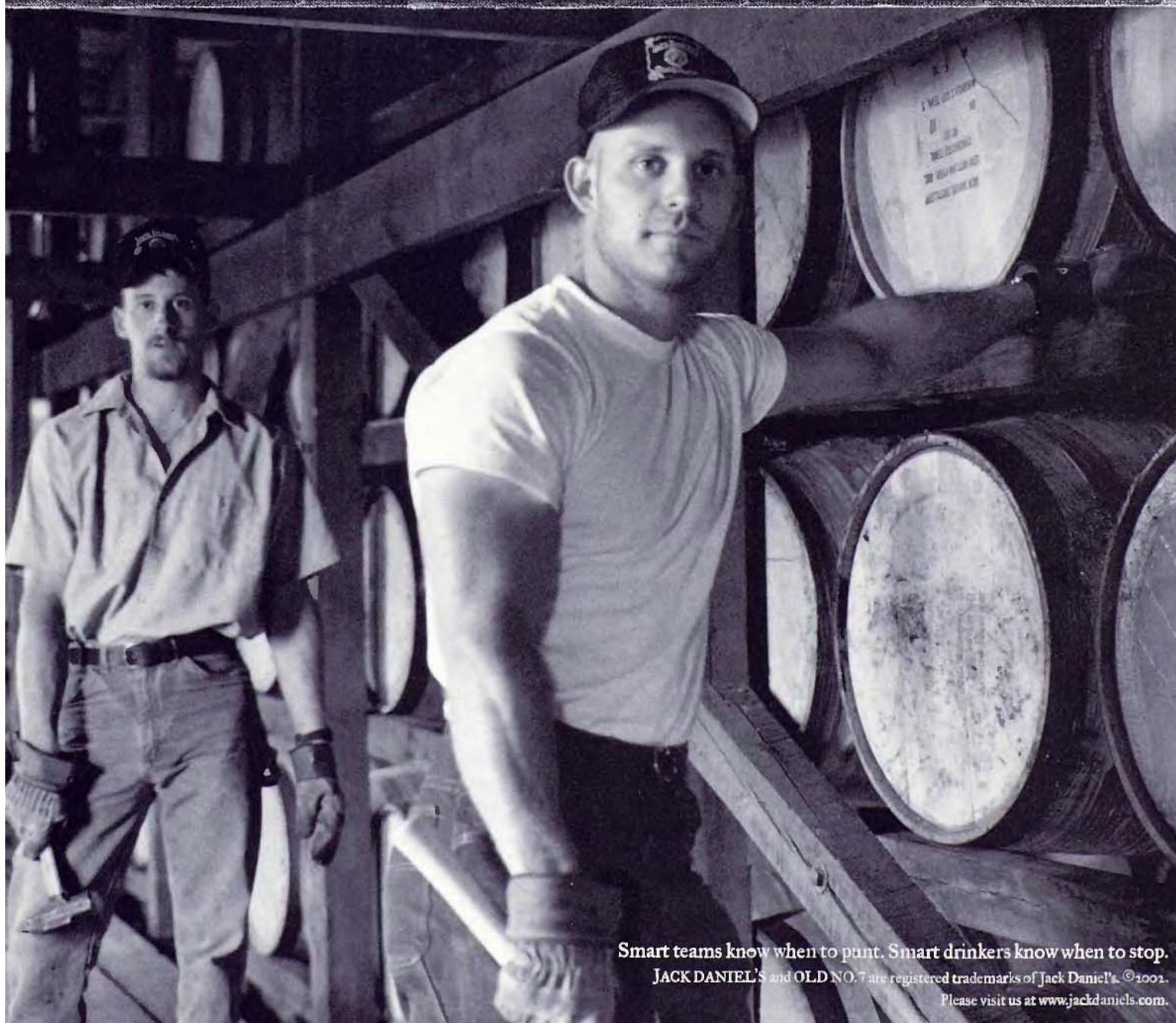
Jamie Ireland

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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# O.J. SIMPSON

*A candid talk with the world's most notorious ex-athlete about his kids, his women, his brushes with the police and why he doesn't feel like a pariah*

Few Americans, living or dead, carry the notoriety of Orenthal James Simpson. And few celebrities have ever divided the public so decisively. How one views O.J. Simpson—and the verdict in his 1995 criminal trial for double murder—has become a litmus test for all matters of race, injustice, police power and celebrity in the U.S. In a tale filled with strange twists and turns, this may be the strangest: The former All-Pro running back and B-list actor stands as one of the most intriguing—and most despised—figures of the late 20th century.

Forget Scott Peterson and Robert Blake. No accused murderer, and no crime, has captivated the nation quite like the murders of Simpson's ex-wife Nicole Brown and her friend Ronald Goldman. From the first news reports of the near decapitation and multiple stabbings to the bizarre Ford Bronco chase broadcast live on TV to the subsequent trial of the century, which found Simpson not guilty, America was riveted. Some considered the verdict an appalling miscarriage of justice; others saw it as vindication for a man who had been framed by a racist police force. Next year is the 10th anniversary of the 1994 murders, and the controversy has yet to diminish.

Despite his acquittal in the criminal trial,

Simpson was found responsible for the murders in a 1997 civil suit brought by the victims' families, who were awarded \$33.5 million in damages. Nicole's parents also sued Simpson for custody of their grandchildren Sydney and Justin.

After the court awarded him custody of his own children, Simpson moved his family from Los Angeles to southern Florida, but controversy dogged him there, too. In December 2000 he was charged with battery related to an alleged road-rage incident (he was acquitted). Later that year, federal agents searched his home for ecstasy and other drugs. No charges were filed. Several reports allege violent incidents involving Simpson and his current girlfriend, Christie Prody. Earlier this year, Sydney, who was 17, called 911 while fighting with her father. Child protective services investigated, but once again, no charges were filed. In addition to appearing in police blotters, Simpson is constantly in the tabloids. Recent reports claim that he received millions of dollars to star in a porno video and that buckets of golf balls were being dropped on his home at night, allegedly by police who were annoyed by being called so often.

Despite owing millions of dollars in legal fees, Simpson lives comfortably, albeit with-

out the lavish perks of his former life. His primary income is his NFL pension, which, according to published accounts, totals \$300,000 a year. Simpson may be a perpetual subject of the press, which reports on his comings and goings from courthouses, restaurants and golf courses, but since his move to Florida he has rarely granted interviews. Recently, Simpson agreed to sit down for his most in-depth and candid interview since the murder trial. To face off with him, *Playboy* sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff** to Miami. Simpson was accompanied throughout the interview, as well as in a subsequent follow-up session, by Yule Galanter, his attorney.

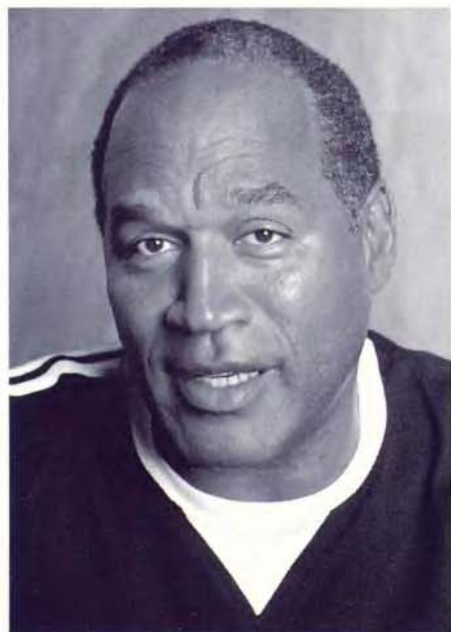
**PLAYBOY:** Nearly a decade after the murders of Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman, do you still maintain your innocence?

**SIMPSON:** I do. I had nothing to do with it. I am totally innocent.

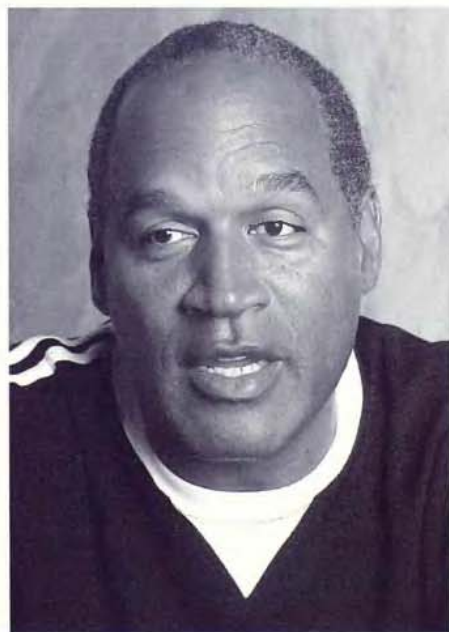
**PLAYBOY:** And yet you remain one of the most hated men in America, someone most people think got away with murder.

**SIMPSON:** Maybe according to the media, but that's not my experience. Most people are supportive.

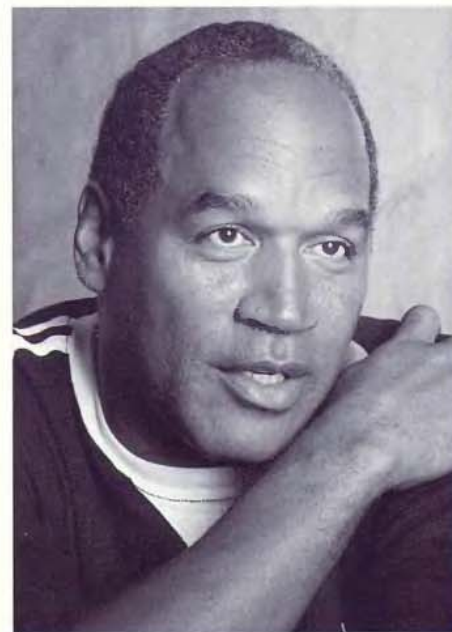
**PLAYBOY:** Most people we talk to are still angry about your acquittal.



"That was one of the few times I did lose my temper. I said, 'A lot of people think I'm a murderer. That's something I've got to live with. But if you call anybody an asshole, you've got to be prepared to get bloody.'"



"Linda Deutsch, Greta Van Susteren—those are people I have respect for. Greta doesn't try to belittle people. I'm a big Greta fan. Barbara Walters can kiss my ass. That lady has no integrity as far as I'm concerned."



"When I got out of jail, I kind of appreciated pot more than I ever had in my life. I didn't have my kids. I couldn't go nowhere. They used to call me Two Puffs: Two puffs, I'm home. Then I'd sleep like a baby."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CJ WALKER



**SIMPSON:** Early on, a few times somebody would get up and leave a restaurant when I sat down, though not much. Somebody broke the antenna on my car, someone spit on my car. I read stories about how I was kicked out of all these places or they wouldn't serve me, but it's bullshit. The truth is, I have trouble paying for my meals when I go out. People are always picking up the tab. Maybe somewhere people are saying other things, but I don't hear about it, except on television.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you resentful that your acquittal wasn't enough to exonerate you in the minds of most Americans?

**SIMPSON:** If the trial hadn't been on TV, most people would feel differently. If this had happened in Canada, where they don't let the media go on and on during a trial, it would be different. I was tried by the media before I was tried in court. Look at Scott Peterson. Ask anyone in America about him. They'll say the guy is guilty. But [at the time of this interview] we haven't heard one shred of evidence.

**PLAYBOY:** But Americans heard evidence in your case.

**SIMPSON:** They watched the media coverage. Most people don't know what was a rumor, what was true. There's a lot of money to be made by continuing the O.J. story. The other day I was trying on a pair of golf gloves, and the next day it's in the papers. The guy in the store sold the story. Negative stories sell. It's just like the reactions from people on the street. They have never been as bad as the media have made them out to be. The media want me to be this pariah, and I'm not.

**PLAYBOY:** That depends on who you talk to.

**SIMPSON:** No matter how they approach me, most people's reactions come down to this: "You went to court, and the jury says you didn't do it." Many people say, "You got screwed." Some say, "We don't know if you did it or not, but please take care of those kids."

**PLAYBOY:** Though you were acquitted in the criminal trial, you were held responsible for the murders in the civil trial.

**SIMPSON:** The civil trial was just a money thing. I don't think anybody can put the two in the same category. The chairman of a tobacco company gets sued because he allegedly knew that his company was killing people. But I'm willing to bet he's still in the same country clubs, he goes to the same restaurants. He paid his fine, and that's that. That's the way civil trials generally work. In my life, the important trial was the criminal trial. I was convicted by the media, not by the jury. The

media blame everyone for the fact that I was found not guilty. They blame Judge Lance Ito, even though he consistently ruled for the prosecution. They blame Marcia Clark, the district attorney. They blame everything except the fact that I was innocent.

**PLAYBOY:** But most people don't believe in your innocence.

**SIMPSON:** The jury did. They came back with their decision quickly. If there was any reasonable doubt, they would not have come back so quickly. The majority felt I was jobbed. Unfortunately, the media didn't let that be the story. The show went on. Many people blame jury nullification, the fact that the jury was loaded with blacks. That's the biggest pile of

guys are liars and the jury knows they're lying. You're going home." When the jury knows that the cops are lying, they never convict.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you as confident?

**SIMPSON:** I was, because of my faith. From the start, I thought they were going to let me out of jail any day. I got a little disappointed as time went on, because I never thought it would go that far. I didn't understand the impact of the media, though. In a high-profile case, if you ask the public at the beginning of a trial and again after the verdict if they think someone is guilty, there's not much difference.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there parallels between your case and the Scott Peterson case?

**SIMPSON:** I heard that Scott Peterson had \$10,000 on him when he was arrested. Well, they said that I had \$10,000 when I was arrested, but I had \$3 or something. You never hear about it when it proves untrue. The first report on CNN about the Peterson case said that he had changed his look and was 30 miles from the Mexican border. It gave the impression that they caught him fleeing the country. They didn't say that's where he lives. They didn't say that he may have changed his looks so he could go out without everybody recognizing him—so he could go out on the golf course. They created the impression that he was fleeing, so he's guilty. I'm not saying that he isn't, but I don't pretend to know. I will say that at least 50 percent of my new friends thought I was guilty before they met me. They've changed their minds now that they've hung out with me, met my friends and met Nicole's real friends—not the Faye Resnicks and the wannabes, those party people the media focused on. Now, when they see the tabloid stories about me, they get madder than I do. I

have to calm them down. Someone puts out that I did a porno movie. It starts in some tabloid, then the mainstream media pick it up.

**YALE GALANTER:** *The Globe* or *The National Enquirer* came out with a headline: O.J. SIMPSON GETS PAID \$10 MILLION TO DO PORNO FILM. I can assure you that if anybody offered O.J. Simpson \$10 million to be in front of a camera, with or without clothes on, we would take the money.

**SIMPSON:** I would have done it in the middle of Bayshore Boulevard. Before the article came out, the person who tried to set me up admitted the truth, but the paper still wrote the story as if it were a fact.

**PLAYBOY:** Who tried to set you up?



"When I became an infamous guy, it was like I had some kind of Spanish fly emanating from my body."

crap I've ever heard. Go into the jury room in almost any major city. The vast majority of jurors, no matter how many blacks live in the city, are black. I've seen the jurors talk about my case. The older Caucasian lady said something like, "Look, when you see nothing there one day, and then three weeks later it's there—"

**PLAYBOY:** You're referring to the charge that the police planted evidence.

**SIMPSON:** Yes, and even people who believe I'm guilty believe that the police planted evidence. Early in my trial, after [LAPD detectives] Philip Vannatter, Tom Lange and Mark Fuhrman testified, one of the deputies in the jail told me, "I don't know if you did it or not, but those



**SIMPSON:** Some guy. He tried to set me up with these girls: "Come in the room. Have a drink." They had cameras, thinking they were going to catch me doing someone. I guess the guy sort of felt guilty. He warned me—not that I was going to do anything anyway. Another time, in Las Vegas, I went to a room with a guy who had half a million dollars and these two girls who were in the porn business. He said, "After sex, we'll put a million and a half dollars wherever you want." I wasn't interested, though I might have been with one of the girls. All my friends thought I was crazy. They would have gone for it. I'm a bachelor—I can do what I want. But my mother was still alive at the time. I have two young children. I have turned down millions of dollars. That's the truth, but no one is interested in that story.

**PLAYBOY:** How does the media scrutiny affect your day-to-day life?

**SIMPSON:** I am calcified by it all.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it make you angry?

**SIMPSON:** It's one thing to target me, but don't try to put these inferences on my kids. I think the average person would agree that my kids have gone through a lot. It's not too much for me to ask that they be left alone. They are terrific kids. The president's daughters have gotten into trouble. Governor Jeb Bush's daughters have had troubles. Nobody calls President Bush or Governor Bush bad parents. If my son and daughter had committed any of those indiscretions, the reaction would be, "Oh, those poor kids. What would you expect?" Nobody wants to give me credit that, as a single parent, I've done something right, because I have two exceptionally well-adjusted kids.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet Sydney recently called 911, reportedly after a fight with you.

**SIMPSON:** I keep asking her why she called. She says, "Well, I just wanted to ask them a question," and she did: "Is it abuse if he tells me I'm a pain in the ass?" It wasn't even an argument. She was on the wrong side of something with her brother, and I told her to look in the mirror. She's kind of driving everybody crazy around here. It's just a teenage-daughter thing. The media make it a hundred times more than that. Nobody was in danger, nobody was threatened, and the police let it go. It was a nonincident.

**PLAYBOY:** How many teenagers call 911 just because they were reprimanded?

**SIMPSON:** Evidently it happens quite often. When the police came, they knew immediately what it was, and yet it became a media event because someone sold the story. I have learned that you can't believe what you read or hear. I don't know if Robert Blake or Scott Peterson is guilty. I have my opinion, but I would never say it publicly. Until these guys are proven guilty, they are innocent.

**PLAYBOY:** Which of your children had the hardest time losing their mother and then

# O.J.'S TROUBLED TIMES

Life since the acquittal has hardly been without controversy



**January 25, 1996:** In his first post-trial interview, Simpson says "I'm innocent" on BET, but critics accuse the network of throwing softballs.

**December 20, 1996:** After a contentious trial with the Brown family, the court awards Simpson custody of his two children.

**February 4, 1997:** "There's a killer in this courtroom," says one attorney. The civil jury agrees, finding Simpson liable for the deaths of Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman. The court awards the plaintiffs \$33.5 million in damages.

**March 27, 1997:** The court orders Simpson to turn over his assets—including his Heisman Trophy (bought later at auction by a businessman, left) and his home (later demolished, below).

**February 16, 1999:** The Brown and Goldman families split the proceeds from the auction of his possessions, but Simpson is left with generous NFL and personal pensions that remain untouched under Florida law.

**October 10, 1999:** Before moving to Florida, Simpson flies to Miami after a panicked phone call from his new girlfriend, Christie Prody. He calls police from Prody's home, reporting that "o friend" is "loaded out of her mind" on drugs and is driving.

**May 25, 2000:** Prody reportedly slaps Simpson at the Florida hotel where he is living while looking for a new home. The press says it's a "knockdown, drug-out fight." Simpson refuses to press charges against Prody.

**December 4, 2000:** Simpson allegedly mixes it up with another motorist in a traffic dispute. He is charged with battery and faces jail time if convicted.

**October 24, 2001:** Simpson is acquitted of the road-rage charge.

**December 4, 2001:** The FBI and DEA search Simpson's home as part of an investigation into an ecstasy ring. They never file charges.

**January 18, 2003:** Simpson's 17-year-old daughter Sydney calls 911 during a fight with her father. "I don't want to be with my father," she tells police. "He tells me he doesn't fucking love me. That's not like an abuse thing?"





surviving the trial and custody battle?

**SIMPSON:** My daughter had more time with her mother. She was just a teenage girl. My son, Justin, is probably more easygoing. Sydney's a little more serious. From day one she has been more protective of me. She's heard people, relatives or otherwise, say things about me, and it took her a while to forgive them. Anytime she perceives that somebody has slighted me, she tenses.

**PLAYBOY:** It was recently reported that someone, possibly the police, has been pelting your house with buckets of golf balls, dropping them from a helicopter.

**SIMPSON:** Ridiculous. It's not true.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have an altercation on a Florida golf course with a man who called you a killer?

**SIMPSON:** That's one of the few times I did lose my temper. Fortunately, he was a lot bigger than me, so it wasn't like I was picking on somebody. First he was like, "Hey, Juice." Then, "There are snipers out there. I hope they don't shoot." Then he said something like "You're a fucking asshole." I dropped my bag and went over. I knew I couldn't hit the guy, but I got right up on him. I realized he was a big nothing because he let me get right up on him. If anything happened, I was going to get a couple

quick shots in. If he withstood that, I was going to get my ass kicked. I was so mad I was yelling, spraying saliva all over him, making sure I was extra juicy. Finally, he apologized. He said, "I thought it was strange you didn't do nothing when I called you a murderer but you did when I called you an asshole." I said, "A lot of people think I'm a murderer. That's something I've got to live with. But if you call anybody an asshole, you've got to be prepared to get bloody."

**PLAYBOY:** How does the attention you get now compare with the attention you received as an athlete and an actor?

**SIMPSON:** It's a little more caring. It's more about me. One fan—someone who thought I got a raw deal—made this very plush condo available only to me. He just felt that I needed a place to have on weekends, when my kids aren't around. He didn't ask me for anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that your pension is \$300,000 a year?

**SIMPSON:** Whatever it is—and you're not too far off—no more than \$20,000 is my NFL pension. All the rest is my personal pension. That's another thing they like to dog me on. Give me some credit. I did prepare for that rainy day, though I did not expect a monsoon.

**PLAYBOY:** You owe \$33.5 million in the civil suit. How much have you paid?

**SIMPSON:** Whatever they got from selling my stuff. The police came and took everything—my art, the rugs. I went out to play golf.

**PLAYBOY:** Does the civil suit provide a disincentive to work, since your earnings would go to the Goldmans and Browns?

**SIMPSON:** I have vowed that I will never pay anything other than what the law says I have to pay. I will not raise a finger to pay them. If it means I can't work, I won't work. However, if I did a show tomorrow and they gave me \$100,000, I could keep it and spend it. No law says I have to hand it over—they've got to get it. By the time they did, it would be gone. I've got a little more latitude here in Florida. The state has something called head of the household, which means that my base salary is protected.

**PLAYBOY:** If you had the money, would you like to pay off the Browns and Goldmans?

**SIMPSON:** Hell, no! They don't deserve one red cent. I didn't commit this crime. If it means that I have to sit on my butt, or sit on a golf course, for the rest of my life and not make one extra penny, I'll do that. It's not because of the Browns. People don't understand that the Browns didn't sue me.

**PLAYBOY:** That's untrue. They were a party to the civil suit.

**SIMPSON:** No, they sued on behalf of the estate of Nicole, just as a way to protect my kids. Lou Brown told me he was signing on to the lawsuit so that if I lost, Goldman wouldn't get everything. Before I left L.A., people were shocked to

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see me, Judy and Lou Brown sitting together laughing and watching the kids perform or having dinner. It's more than putting our differences aside for the kids. You could never do that if, in your heart, you thought somebody really did that.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean if you thought somebody killed your daughter.

**SIMPSON:** Yeah. Judy and I, we've had no problems. We've talked quite often. Judy and I talk about everything that is going on with the kids.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you empathize with Fred Goldman? His son was murdered, and he is convinced that you are the murderer.

**SIMPSON:** At one point I did, but then I learned about his relationship with his son. In the civil trial, he said that he practiced tough love when his son came to him for help to stay out of jail. My ass! He didn't help his son, and his son went to jail. Then he had the unmitigated gall to say, "I think it helped, because the next time it happened I didn't even know about it until after he'd gone to jail." If it had worked, he wouldn't have gone back to jail! Who lets their kid go to jail for traffic tickets, or whatever it was? You don't practice tough love unless he's a drug addict or something. And Goldman's mother—oh, Jesus Christ, she was the worst of all. She ain't never spoke to her kid, and she was the first one to file a lawsuit.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel when Nicole's father sold her diaries to *The National Enquirer*?

**SIMPSON:** That was wrong. Lou was having a big money problem when this happened. I understand what he did, but not [Nicole's sister] Denise. Denise is all about the money. She was a welfare child, living at home with no visible means of support for years leading up to Nicole's death. Just look at her tax returns. She was on welfare. She helped bankrupt Orange County. Her only income in the past 15 years has been since Nicole's death.

**PLAYBOY:** We read that Denise is running for Senate.

**SIMPSON:** She never would. She would have to open up her books and her past. Trust me, I know her past. There are bodies buried. And I mean literally.

**PLAYBOY:** Literally?

**SIMPSON:** Everybody knows she had a lot of problems. She has a boyfriend who was murdered.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that she was involved?

**SIMPSON:** No, I'm not suggesting she had anything to do with it. I'm not saying she killed anybody, but I'm just appalled at what she has done.

**PLAYBOY:** Back to the changes in your life. What's it like playing public golf courses after playing only private country clubs?

**SIMPSON:** People think I was kicked out of all these private golf courses, but it's bullshit. I chose to resign. I just didn't

think it was right for me to come there bringing all that baggage. I've played a lot of private country clubs since then with no problems, though. It's ironic when I do get shit, because I ain't been convicted of nothing. The vice president has two DUIs. The president has one, doesn't he? I don't even have drunk driving on my record.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you were charged, and acquitted, in a road-rage incident. It was reported that you cut off some guy, got in his face, screamed at him and yanked off his glasses. What happened?

**SIMPSON:** I was driving my kids home. We were all fine, and all of a sudden this guy's on my tail. I stopped, got out and looked to see if something was wrong with my car. He got out and said, "You cut me off!" I said, "Man, you chased me down." He was in my face and I said, "Man, look—fuck you." I got in the car laughing. I said to my daughter, "Now, that guy needs decaf." Then they tried to prosecute me. They said that I took a guy's glasses off his face? Allegedly, that's my crime. For that, they asked for the maximum sentence of 17 years. It was the most amazing thing I ever heard. If the kids hadn't been in the car I would have made a deal. I would have taken anger management. I wouldn't have run the risk of going to jail. But because I've preached to them, "You've got to stand up; you can't let people run over you," I had to go to court and fight this. I wasn't nervous the day they read the verdict in the criminal trial, but I was nervous as hell when they were about to read this verdict. Everything I've ever believed in wouldn't matter if I was found guilty in any of these trials, or if I didn't get my kids in the custody trial. The only trial I lost was the civil trial, and for that the only thing I lost was some money. I didn't have much anyway by that time. Every other significant trial, I won.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you acknowledge that you lost more than money in the civil trial? It confirmed what most people suspected, and you lost your reputation.

**SIMPSON:** That's the only reason I kept fighting. A lot of friends told me that I couldn't win that trial. They had it all set up—the way they picked the jury. The hardest part afterward was adjusting to having two kids and not having unlimited funds. When we first moved here I had no credit cards. I had to get a car, buy a house. I had no cash to put down, so I was hustling. In many ways, though, my life is better now. My budget ain't what it was, that's all. I don't have the Ferrari, the Rolls-Royce. I always used to drive my Bronco anyway. I'm fine as long as I can get to and from the golf course.

**PLAYBOY:** How often do you play?

**SIMPSON:** Pretty much every day.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you get from golf?

**SIMPSON:** [When they found Laci Peterson's body] Scott Peterson was out  
(continued on page 151)

THEY TOOK EVERYTHING HE HAD.

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# SIEGE AT RAINBOW FARM



**In 2001 a hippie campground famous for peace, love and weed erupted in violence and death. Was it another Ruby Ridge or the collapse of a failed utopia?**

**by dean kuipers**

**O**n the day that he purchased Rainbow Farm, Tom Crosslin said destiny had led him to the place. By the late 1990s the farm would become a well-known rest stop on the hippie trail, a scenic overlook for the migratory flocks of travelers and Phish fans who crisscrossed the country. For the thousands of blue-collar pilgrims who stopped there looking for a few days of fun and freedom in Michigan's vacation lands, it was a benevolent little campground. And on any other Labor Day they would have been there: thousands of happy stoners setting up tents for Crosslin's annual marijuana-legalization fest, a party he'd named Roach Roast. But on Friday morning, August 31, 2001, he was storming around, telling the last of the local kids to leave.

"Get the hell out of here," Crosslin said, "and don't you dare come back. Just watch the news tonight."

Crosslin and his lover, Rolland "Rol-



**Blood on the grass: the body of Rollie Rohm. His death marked the end of a violent standoff.**

lie" Rohm, were in desperate straits. They were facing drug and firearms charges brought against them by a local prosecutor, Scott Teter. If they lost the case, they were looking at serious jail time and the loss of their property under drug-war forfeiture laws. They had posted bail, but it was now in danger of

being revoked. Instead of showing up at a bond hearing that morning, they had made the momentous decision to blow it off and stay on the farm. They were going to fight for their rights, but not in a courtroom.

When the road was quiet, Crosslin walked to his production facility, a double-wide modular unit that had served as the greenroom during outdoor concerts by Merle Haggard and Tommy Chong. It was now packed with bales of straw. Crosslin set it ablaze, sending the red-winged blackbirds on a nearby pond into a riot of chatter.

Soon Rainbow Farm's other structures were burning: first, a wooden booth where visitors had traded \$65 for tickets to three-day-long hemp festivals, then an old pump house that served Crosslin's home, and a new one he'd built for his licensed campground and RV hookups. Finally, the fire consumed his prize: a quarter-million-dollar main





Tom Crosslin (left) and Rolie Rohm.



## SIEGE AT RAINBOW FARM



Clockwise from top right: the official state sign for Rainbow Farm campground; the ruined foundation of what was once Tom and Rollie's comfortable farmhouse; Rollie's stepfather walks past the shell of Rollie's Beetle; the fire department rushes to the scene; Rainbow Farm campers before the deluge.

campground building housing a coffee shop, a general store, a head shop, the main office, showers for a dozen people and Cass County's best laundromat. Acrid black smoke billowed into the sky above the 54 acres of woods and meadow, and all across the county people read the signals: The four-year public feud between Tom Crosslin and Cass County prosecutor Scott Teter had finally come to a head.

Five days later, after a standoff that involved the sheriff's department, the Michigan state police and the FBI, men lay dead and lives were forever altered. The events at Rainbow Farm quickly became front-page news but were even more quickly overshadowed by the September 11 terrorist attacks. The story—and the troubling issues it raised—seemed forgotten. Until now. Court documents and extensive interviews with survivors make it possible to re-create

the events leading up to the siege and the escalation of violence at Rainbow Farm. It's a story of the destruction of a flawed utopia, a place where a group of outsiders made an attempt at redemption and success but ended up facing the full force of America's drug laws.

### TOM AND ROLLIE

In 1993 Crosslin bought a decrepit farmhouse on 34 rolling acres of woods and cornfield outside the town of Vandalia, Michigan. He paid \$35,000 in cash—a steal—raising the money by selling one of his many properties in Elkhart, Indiana, a building that still bears his logo. When Crosslin moved to Rainbow Farm, it was partly to establish a new household with Rohm. But Crosslin had a larger plan: to build a Shangri-la cum campground where he could live peacefully with his extended family and friends. Two of his employ-

ees, Sheetrock man Morelle Yonkers (a Vietnam-era vet) and his girlfriend, Amy Jo, moved into an old sugar shack and began planting a giant garden. Doug Leinbach, an ex-banker who became the farm's manager, moved into a big white



Tom Crosslin, downed by an FBI sniper in the woods.

## REEFER MADNESS

THE SHORT, SORRY HISTORY OF MARIJUANA IN AMERICA

1629

Colonists introduce hemp in New England.



1765

George Washington, in his diary, discusses separating male and female hemp plants, which makes them more psychoactive. (Many historians believe that was probably not his intent.)



1857

Fitz Hugh Ludlow writes the first popular book about cannabis use, *The Hasheesh Eater*. Nineteenth-century readers are hungry for more. The plant, which is widely grown, remains unregulated.

1915

El Paso, Texas bans marijuana, noting that it is used by Mexicans, Negroes, prostitutes, pimps and other undesirables. The previous year, Congress had passed the Harrison Act, which bans narcotics except by prescription.

1937

Congress passes the Marihuana Tax Act, regulating the sale of weed for the first time.





tepee. Soon Derrik DeCraene, an event promoter, joined them. Over the years, the cast of characters expanded to include a carpenter named Whoa Boy and That Guy, a spare hand. Crosslin was their leader. Crosslin was the boss. And Rainbow Farm was where they were all going to reinvent their lives.

Crosslin was born in Manchester, Tennessee, the third of four children. His family moved to Elkhart when he was still a child. By the age of 14 or so, Crosslin and his older brothers were into beer and pot. Theirs was a world of muscle cars, factory work, girls and getting stoned. "Tom's family was like mine—we were always renting homes," says Leinbach. "They were not wealthy. They didn't have running water in Tennessee. But they were loving."

Like his three siblings, Crosslin quit school around 10th grade and went to work. It was 1971. At one of his first jobs—managing a car wash—the boss shorted his paycheck, and Crosslin borrowed a gun from a friend and got his money. He was arrested and served six months in jail. Crosslin ran with some bikers and got married to a woman with a yellow Harley. He was divorced from her amicably after a year or two, when he came to terms with the fact that he was gay or bisexual. Leinbach, who is also gay, never suspected a thing. "This was not the kind of thing you talked about openly in Elkhart," he says.

Crosslin had plenty of friends and a knack for making money. He started a steeplejack business raising flagpoles. The business evolved into a full-blown service company, providing security and rehabbing buildings. At the same time, Leinbach was managing distressed properties for an Elkhart bank—repos and estate settlements—and he routinely hired Crosslin's company. Soon Crosslin began buying properties using land contracts, sometimes acquiring them with down payments as small as \$1,000.

Crosslin owned at least 20 properties at one point and employed as many as 80 people. Men came to Crosslin when they were in trouble—recently divorced, paroled, dishonorably discharged, closeted. He'd put them on a crew and give them a place to live. Crosslin brought out the pride in troubled people. At quitting time, his houses on Prairie and Perkins streets often turned into big party

places. There would be cookouts, cases of beer, vegetables from his gardens.

According to a friend in Elkhart's gay community, Crosslin was promiscuous until he met Rollie Rohm. Rohm was 16 years old, a slim, longhaired soccer player with a mustache, who had dropped out of school and was looking for work. He had recently fathered a child with Leslie Pletcher, a good-looking woman eight years his senior. They married but quickly divorced. Their newborn son, Robert, lived with Pletcher.



Rainbow Farm supporters, their spirits broken, display their sorrow on a local signboard.

Crosslin, then 34, pushed the rest of his world aside for Rohm. He bought him a red sports car and moved him into his house, where they would sit and smoke pot in the living room hot tub. According to Rohm's stepmother, who had worked with him in school since he was four, he was "a little slow" and suffered from hyperactivity. His natural parents were out of the picture, and the two things that really interested him were rock music and soccer. In Crosslin, Rohm found someone who would nurture him.

"They didn't live a gay lifestyle," says Leinbach. "They didn't want to embarrass anyone. They loved Robert more than anything." Crosslin took Rohm and his son fishing and blueberry picking. He liked to drive, and they would all load into his white Rolls-Royce, with its HEMP 1 vanity plate, and cruise through the countryside listening to oldies and Motown. In 1994, a year after moving into the sprawling house at Rainbow Farm, Rohm, with Crosslin's help, won custody of Robert.

"When Tom bought Rainbow Farm, he wanted to make his living there," Lein-

bach says. "He didn't want to run into Elkhart and tend to rental homes anymore. When he needed money, he'd sell a house. Then he'd buy a new one, so he'd always have assets. But he'd buy distressed homes, and we'd have to renovate them. Even in the middle of a big event, we'd have to drop everything for an emergency plumbing job."

"Tom wanted to do a campground," says attorney Don France, a former prosecutor who handled most of Crosslin's civil cases. "I have an RV camp too. I told him how to get a permit. Campgrounds are transitory, overnight spots along a highway or destination-type places on a river or lake. Tom didn't have any of that, but he represented a lifestyle. People could do their own thing and not be bothered."

"We wanted the farm to be a family campground," Leinbach says. "Most people with alternative lifestyles find it hard to go to a public campground, for fear of arrest or harassment by other campers. This was never a gay campground. Tom liked to say his ideas were messages from the hippie gods. We believed in partaking of marijuana privately, responsibly."

"We were tired of seeing our friends, relatives and others jailed because of marijuana use," he continues. "Too many families destroyed, too many tax dollars wasted, just for the use of a god-given herb. The sense of injustice grew, and then Tom decided, 'We're going to throw hemp festivals here.'"

When Crosslin decided to hold festivals at Rainbow Farm, he did his research. He would allow his visitors to smoke on his land, which is a misdemeanor in Michigan. Technically, a cop can't enter private property to issue a ticket for a misdemeanor. Gathering to smoke pot in the house, Crosslin knew, would constitute a felony called "maintaining a drug house," but no such law existed for an open field. This was the thin green line Crosslin drew around Rainbow Farm, and for five years it protected all of them.

#### THE FESTIVALS

Beginning in 1996, the two annual Rainbow Farm events, HempAid on Memorial Day and Roach Roast on Labor Day, were part Woodstock, part union picnic. They were family-oriented affairs, with

**1961**

Allen Ginsberg appears on a television show and says he smokes pot. Norman Mailer, also on the program, admits he too has partaken. The show causes an uproar.



**1972**

President Richard Nixon's National Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse concludes that "the criminal law is too harsh a tool to apply to personal possession."

**1978**

A judge orders the DEA to hold hearings about marijuana classification. It stalls for eight years; in 1988, a judge finds that "marijuana in its natural form is one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man."

**1982**

President Ronald Reagan launches his zero-tolerance war on drugs with a much-quoted speech in the Rose Garden.



**1992**

Presidential candidate Bill Clinton admits that he tried marijuana while in college but somehow managed not to inhale.



**1996**

After a protracted political battle, voters in California and Arizona vote to legalize pot on the state level for medical use.

**2002**

The FBI reports that police arrested 723,627 people on pot violations during the previous year, representing nearly half of all drug arrests and more than double the number arrested in 1992. Nearly 90 percent of the busts were for possession.



Rohm's son, Robert, wheeling his golf cart among the soft-drink stands and hemp clothing vendors and representatives from the National Organization to Reform Marijuana Laws.

Onstage speakers railed against government oppression. Guests included the chairman of the Van Buren County Libertarian Party, *High Times* editor Steve Hager and MC5 manager and White Panther Party jefe John Sinclair, who, in 1969, was sentenced to 10 years in prison for possessing two joints. Most of them, unlike Crosslin or Rohm, could trace a lineage to the radicalism of the 1960s, when they played to a more engaged audience. At Rainbow Farm gatherings it was hard to tell if anyone was paying attention.

A church group even showed up twice to evangelize. "We got a lot of lost souls out here," Crosslin said. "Might as well let them have a few."

These events from 1996 through 2001 made Rainbow Farm the center of pot activism in Michigan. They each cost more than \$100,000 to produce, and Crosslin needed to sell 2,500 tickets to break even and 3,000 to show a meaningful profit. Only one show (featuring Tommy Chong) ever approached this number. "We were pretty much operating to keep operating," says DeCraene, Rainbow's promoter. "If we fell on our butts, Tom just reached into the old piggy bank."

Crosslin was confident that the shows would eventually become viable, but his determination to build Rainbow Farm into a private utopia was getting in the way of profitability. "We'd spend \$10,000 for Porta Potties," Leinbach says. "We spent tens of thousands on bands, thousands on radios, thousands on golf carts and on medics and supplies to handle emergencies."

"We had our own tent city. We had our own economy," says DeCraene. "It was a beautiful thing. If we were a humanitarian project, we would have gotten awards. But instead we were made out to be villains and pot smokers."

Everyday life at the farm was centered on the nuclear cluster of Crosslin, Rohm and Robert. "Tom and Rollie were a family," says Leinbach. "They wanted their son to know that—contrary to what the DARE programs told him in school—his parents weren't criminals. They were normal people."

"Before they started the festivals, there was a government abuse/neglect charge," says France. "It didn't amount to much—just an allegation that they were homosexuals and had this boy around. But there was no indication of inappropriate activity in the presence of the boy. It was trumped-up. And the

county backed off." Robert took a social worker out to fetch still-warm eggs from the henhouse. According to Leinbach, she came back glowing and declared the farm "a wholesome environment in which to raise a child."

"That boy, he was loved by so many people," says Leinbach. "And he was a good, generous young man. That boy offered us strength at times when we didn't think we could go on. All we had to do was see his smiling face and we were ready to go at it another day."

Not everyone was as malleable as Robert. Crosslin put his faith in human nature on the line when he assembled large crowds of strangers. He tried to impress his philosophy on them: no hard shit. If a marijuana high isn't good enough anymore, get better marijuana. The whole point of gathering was to uphold privacy rights—it was civil disobedience. Show the world that you can use marijuana and be responsible. Take care of your children. Work. Be productive. And change the laws.

At the start of the 1999 season,

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*"If Tom had been more discreet, there wouldn't have been much they could do," says File. "But once he pissed those guys off, there was no turning back."*

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Crosslin's organizers were bent on doing a better job of promoting the festivals, and they purchased lighted signboards along the highway. The state even put in an official campground sign. With the higher profile, they also drew some unwanted attention. Bob File, a member of a prominent family that owns a huge hog and dairy farm adjacent to Rainbow Farm, set up a traveling barbecue and sold pork sandwiches during the events. He says the cops didn't care about the festivals until Crosslin advertised out on M-60. "If Tom had been more discreet," he says, "there wouldn't have been much they could do. But once he pissed those guys off, there was no turning back."

#### THE PROSECUTOR

In the four years that Cass County prosecutor Scott Teter tried to nail Crosslin, they never once talked face-to-face, other than in court. "I understand that Crosslin did some positive things with the community," Teter, 40, now says. He is a law-and-order man

whose moral vision is uncluttered by shades of gray. His career has been marked by an ability to distill life into a series of simple themes and to repeat them over and over.

One of those themes was that Rainbow Farm was a drug mart. "Crosslin believed in the legalization of marijuana," Teter says. "I don't have any problem with that—in fact, our system encourages it. But at some point, his gatherings became 'Come to this property and use, distribute and deal any narcotic you choose.'"

Teter's office in the courthouse was decorated with awards received for work on child support and photos of his family, pillars of local society in Edwardsburg, Cass County's more affluent district. His father, Jack Teter, is a county commissioner and owner of a machine shop, and his mother, Marian, ran Teter Realty. An anti-abortion Republican who campaigned on child welfare and antidrug issues, he said after his election, "I believe I was guided by the Lord." He went on the *Weekend Today* show to talk about his billboard slogan: "If your sex partner is under 16, they won't be when you get out of prison."

Soon after Teter took office, in December 1996, he began targeting Rainbow Farm. On Memorial Day the sheriff and the state police set up a "holiday sobriety checkpoint" on the only road into or out of the farm. All weekend, cars were stopped and drivers were questioned. Many were ticketed.

Teter says he didn't want to start a war. "We had made a decision several years ago that, no, for misdemeanor use of marijuana I was not going to marshal 500 troops and go in and provoke a violent confrontation," he says.

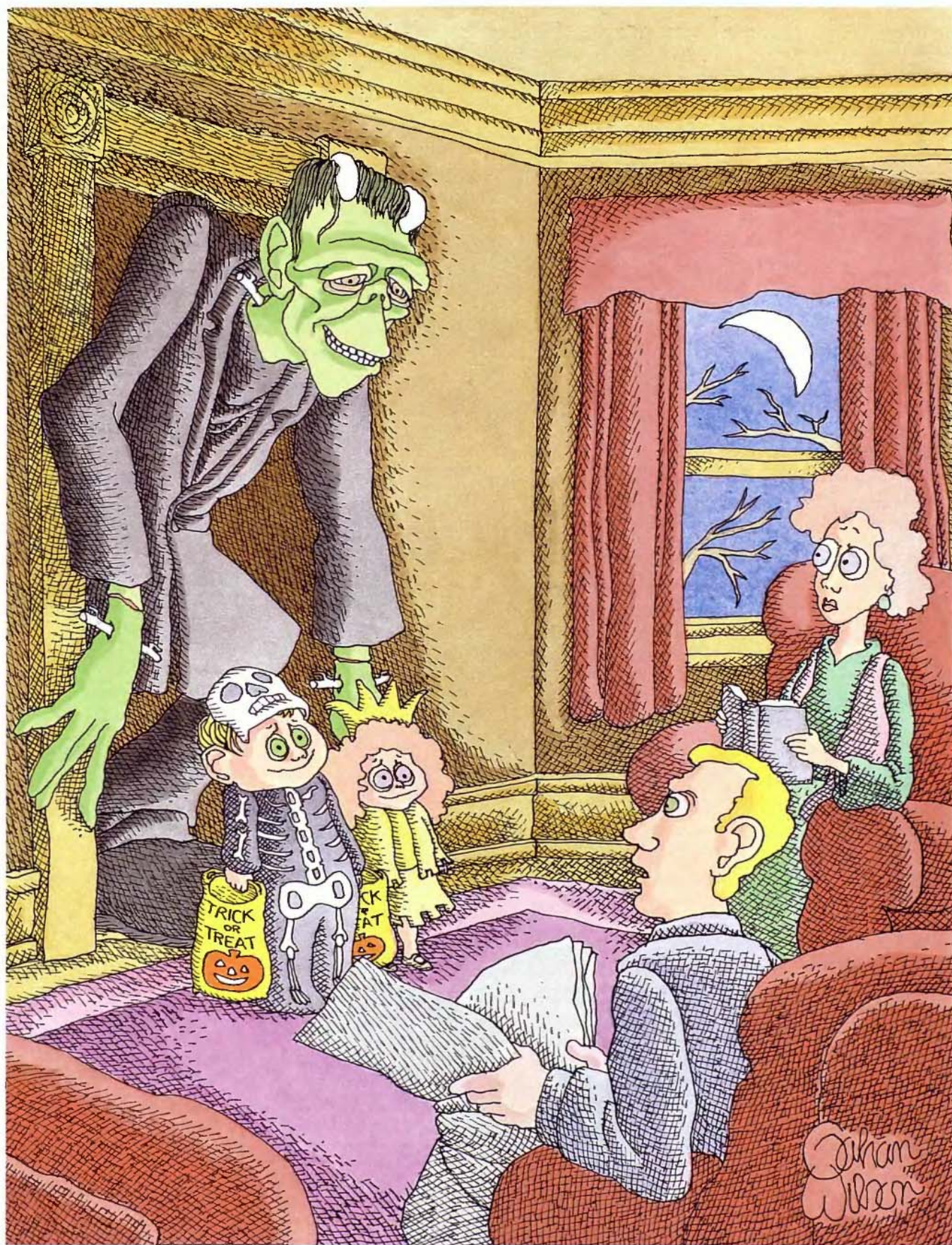
But word was getting out: Go to Rainbow Farm, and you will be harassed—or worse. Ticket sales to the festivals started dropping. "They denied us the opportunity to make a living," Leinbach says. "We don't know how many thousands of people they chased away."

In 1998 Teter sent an undercover narc into the festivals but couldn't find enough evidence to prosecute its organizers. He sent a letter, as he now says, "putting Crosslin on notice" that he knew about "hard drugs" there. When fliers went up announcing HempAid '99, Teter sent another letter, dated March 24, 1999. This time he threatened to seize Crosslin's property if hard drugs were found. The letter sent a cold shock through Cass County. Overnight, what had been a political chess match turned into a blood feud.

•

"That fucking son of a bitch, who does he think he is?" ranted Crosslin when  
(continued on page 159)





*"I don't care if he did follow you home—you can't keep him!"*







# THE RACER'S EDGE

DEANNA MERRYMAN REVVED NASCAR STAR JEFF GORDON'S ENGINE—AND THREW A WRENCH INTO HIS MARRIAGE



**W**hen Jeff Gordon made a pit stop at Deanna Merryman's cosmetics counter at a Florida department store in 2000, she didn't recognize the famous Nascar driver. "All my friends at work were freaking out," she remembers. "I said, 'What's going on? He's this little short dude!'" Deanna, who had a boyfriend at the time, initially declined Gordon's invitations to lunch, but when he asked again a year later, she was free. Soon began an 11-month affair that would ultimately rock the close-knit Nascar world.

Though Gordon's squeaky-clean media image had long alienated as many Nascar fans as it attracted, it helped him amass a fortune from lucrative product endorsements. It was an image enhanced by his wholesomely glamorous wife, Brooke. All that changed when the tabloids picked up on his relationship with Deanna. Brooke quickly filed for divorce. The disgraced multimillionaire moved out of his stately home and even crashed on a friend's couch some nights. Deanna thinks she knows why Gordon took as big a risk with his personal life as he does on the track. "Jeff became a wild man," she says. "He got married when he was 23 and has been on the racetrack since he was a kid. He used to tell me all the time that he never had a chance to have fun."

Deanna appeared on the cover of *Ironman*, a muscle and fitness magazine, and had small parts on the TV shows *Baywatch* and *Veronica's Closet* before meeting Gordon, and also worked for a couple of years as an exotic dancer in Texas—a fact the press pounced on as the story of the affair gathered speed. "One article said Jeff had to end things with me because I'm from the wrong side of the tracks," says Deanna, the daughter of a

## NASCAR ROCKED BY TWIN SCANDALS...

### Revealed! SEXY MODEL WHO BROKE UP JEFF GORDON'S MARRIAGE

**T**HE seemingly picture-perfect marriage of NASCAR race star Jeff Gordon hit the skids after his wife Brooke caught him playing around with a former stripper and Playboy model. Insiders reveal, now the couple is embroiled in a bitter battle over his fortune that sources estimate at \$200 million. "Jeff stands to lose at least \$50 million in this fight with Brooke," an insider declares. "And Brooke is so furious, it could be much more."

Brooke, 32, a former Miss Winston Cup who married the racing hunk in 1994, filed for divorce last month, claiming their marriage is beyond repair "as a result of the husband's marital misconduct."

A *Star* investigation has revealed that the woman who won the Gordon's marriage into a tanglepin is Deanna Merryman, 30, a former stripper who now works as a perfume saleslady at Palm Beach's Neiman Marcus department store on Worth Avenue.

"Jeff first met Deanna two years ago when he was shopping at Neiman Marcus, and he was immediately struck by her beauty," an insider reveals. "Even though he was married to Brooke, he asked her out, but she turned him down cold. She was seeing someone else at the time."

Merryman didn't keep the star driver, who races under the number 24, at arm's length for long.

By early January of this year, the insider says Gordon, 30, and the former swimsuit model were involved in a sizzling romance behind his wife's back.

And on Valentine's Day 2002, the secret fling blew sky high.

"Brooke found out about her husband's cheating and before the day was over, Jeff told Brooke he wanted out of the marriage," says the insider.

Sources say Merryman wasn't the first bit of fun on the side for the asphalt champion.

"Jeff would let up separate trailers on the sidelines of NASCAR tracks—one for his groupies and one for his wife," another insider reveals.

away from the second trailer but in early February—by mistake—his passion wagon was parked only two vehicles away from the trailer he shared with Brooke.

"She eventually caught on that something was very wrong,"

During the week of Feb. 10, when Gordon participated in three races at Daytona, Brooke and Merryman ran into each other. Sparks flew, says a source.

"An eyewitness says Brooke was screaming at Deanna: 'Stay away from my husband!'" says a source.

"Deanna just tried to walk away. She didn't want a confrontation, but Brooke was furious."

Merryman is telling pals that she's not the reason the marriage is over.

"Deanna says Jeff told her Brooke is very controlling and he can't take it," an insider reveals. "He wanted out."

But as the multimillion-dollar divorce case looms, Merryman shouldn't count on taking over as the first lady of the NASCAR champ.

While she's telling pals that Gordon invited her on a romantic Easter weekend in the Florida Keys aboard his yacht *Finish Line*, sources say that after the trip, he called and asked if it's OK for him to see other women.

"Deanna was disappointed, but she didn't show it," says a source. "She played it cool."

Merryman's mother is hoping for the best for the relationship, saying, "They're both very nice young people."

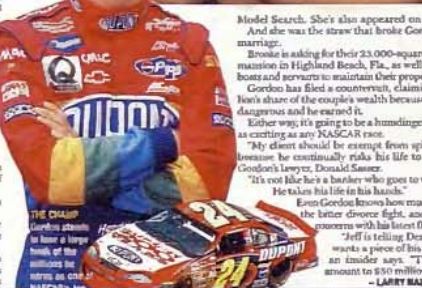
But Merryman has something of a checkered past.

Star has learned that in 1992, she was working in a strip club in San Antonio, Texas, when a male patron of the club allegedly hit her on the rear end.

According to published reports, Merryman filed a bodily assault charge against the man.

The patron told police he was trying to place a dollar bill in Deanna's G-string at PT's Show Club when she "bucked into his tooth."

She seemed to recover from the injury by 1993, when she first posed for a photographer. Since then, she's done photo shoots for swimsuit and lingerie catalogs



Model Search. She's also appeared on And she was the straw that broke Gordon's marriage.

Brooke is asking for their 23,000-square mansion in Highland Beach, Fla., as well as boats and servants to maintain their proper Gordon has filed a counter-suit, claiming Brooke's share of the couple's wealth because dangerous and he earned it.

Either way, it's going to be a humdinger as either as any NASCAR race.

"My client should be exempt from all lawsuits because he continually risks his life to Gordon's lawyer, Donald Sanner."

"It's not like he's a banker who goes to work and takes his life in his hands."

Even Gordon knows how much the bitter divorce fight, and concerns with his latest fling.

"Jeff is telling Deanna a piece of his: an insider says, 'I amount to \$10 million."

—LARRY NAL



Jeff and Brooke Gordon, married in 1994, were famous and photogenic. To most Nascar fans, Jeff, now 32, seemed like the most pious guy ever to drive a car faster than 220 mph. But when Brooke filed for divorce last year, citing Jeff's "marital misconduct" with Deanna Merryman, his goody-two-shoes image crashed and then burned. "One of my so-called friends went to the Star and sold me out for something like \$50,000," Deanna says. "My past got dragged up, and it hurt."





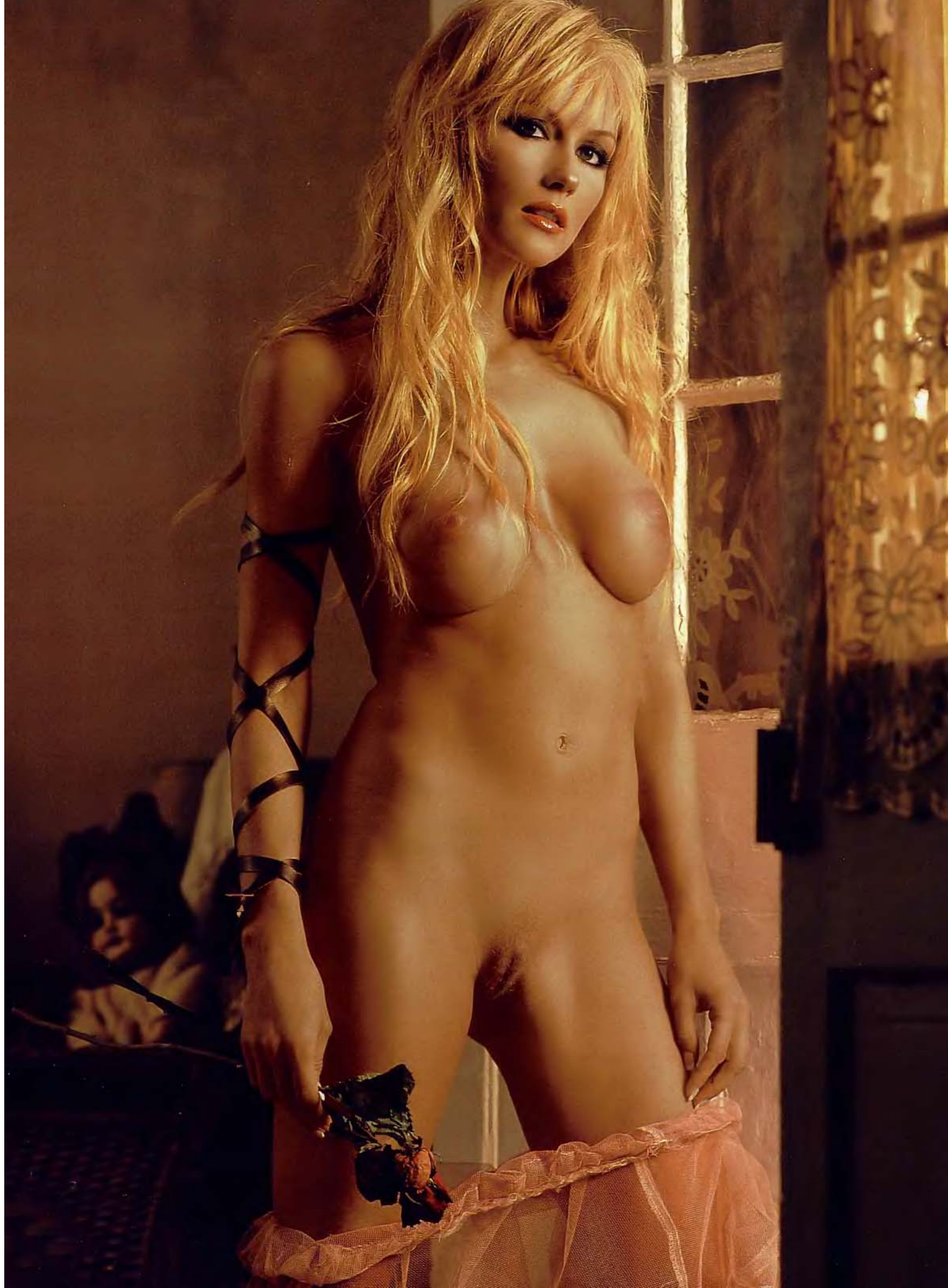




Virginia preacher. "Look, we all have things in our past, but that's not who I am or where I am now. But your past likes to follow you. One thing I loved about Jeff is that we said we would always be there for each other. We used to talk on the phone for four or five hours a night." So was it the ensuing media maelstrom that caused their relationship to hit the wall? "No. Jeff cheated on me with another model," Deanna sighs. "Right before my birthday, I found out he was meeting her at the beach. And you know what? It's going to happen to her, too. It's a pattern that he started."

Now Deanna plans to return to school to pursue pharmaceutical sales and devote more time to charities fighting cystic fibrosis, a disease her brother has. "I want people to know that I didn't pose for PLAYBOY to portray Jeff in any negative light," she says. "This is for me and no one else. My past shouldn't have to follow me just because he is who he is. But I have learned an important lesson: I'll never get involved with a married man again. Or a race car driver."











# SATURDAY AFTERNOON SMACKDOWN

With pro-style schemes and genius coaches, college football is better than ever

**N**ot long ago, people who wrote about college football tended to focus on traditional matters—the guys playing the game and the stuff happening on the field. Things have changed: These days, sports reporters spend more time searching police blotters than team stats. And why not? Plenty of players and coaches are making the task of ferreting out dirt easy. Added to the usual list of credit and telephone fraud, DUIs, gambling scandals, thefts, sexual assaults and other assorted felonies, we've now got a coach dumb enough not only to bring a stripper back to his room after a night of drunken carousing but reportedly to leave her there when he went golfing the next day. That peccadillo cost Mike Price his head coaching job at Alabama, a \$10 million position he'd had for only four months.

And then there's the case of Washington surfer-boy coach Rick Neuheisel, who was stupid enough to place a multi-

thousand-dollar bet on an NCAA championship basketball game. He won the bet. He lost his job.

But all this focus on good coaches gone bad obscures one of the elemental truths of today's college football: The head coach has become the most important guy on the field. For elite teams, the rudimentary power offense has gone the way of poodle skirts and megaphones; the difference between college strategy and NFL strategy is shrinking with each new season. That's why a quarterback such as Michael Vick can make the jump from Virginia Tech to the Falcons so seamlessly, without the traditional three-year learning curve. And why the most effective college teams these days are commanded by guys who can devise and execute sophisticated offensive and defensive schemes that leave lesser programs in the dust.

Not all coaches have been able to adjust to the new realities on the field. The 85-scholarships-per-school limitation means



that Nebraska, for one, can no longer physically overpower opponents by pounding them into the ground with the option attack. Message to coach Frank Solich: Get a passing offense to keep defenses honest.

Repeat after us: Change is good. While traditionalists may bemoan Miami's and Virginia Tech's departures from the Big East, the true implication of this new game of conference musical chairs is sure to be positive for fans—a long-overdue spreading of the wealth. What's next? Maybe the emergence of a new Super West conference to try to wrest the Big East's automatic Bowl Championship Series bid. Boise State in the Rose Bowl? Don't laugh.

The bottom line is that the college game is better and more exciting than ever. The scholarship limits spread the great athletes across more schools, and cable TV money has allowed marginal conferences to upgrade dramatically. And it all comes down to the guy with the chalkboard. That's why we're sticking with Ohio State as our top pick this fall: Nobody better demonstrates the realities of the game than Jim Tressel—a coach who built a world-class system with smarts and perseverance, not a roster full of NFL-caliber players.

So tap the keg and fire up the grill. It's going to be another riveting fall—maybe even exciting enough to keep our attention focused on the field.



**1. OHIO STATE**  
LAST SEASON: 14-0, national champion  
THE SKINNY: At the

beginning of last season, everyone in Columbus predicted the Buckeyes would be good, but they would be much better in 2003. If that turns out to be true, the other teams might

as well stay home and watch ESPN. OSU ran the table and won the 2002 national championship, beating Miami 31-24 in double overtime in one of the great college football games of modern times. This year the entire starting offensive unit—including quarterback Craig Krenzel, flashy running back Maurice Clarett and versatile Chris Gamble, who doubles on D—returns intact. On defense, OSU will be tough as usual, although they'll miss the leadership (and 107 tackles) provided by graduated safety Mike Doss. Coach Jim Tressel is a superior motivator and game planner.

**KEY GAME:** At Michigan (November 22). A rivalry for the ages—the fact that one of the teams is the defending champ is beside the point.  
**PREDICTION:** 12-0



**2. MIAMI**  
LAST SEASON: 12-1  
THE SKINNY: The

Hurricanes are succeeding big-time under head coach Larry Coker. In two seasons, they've won 24 games, one national championship and nearly a second. They'll be mixing it up again this year. Brock Berlin, a transfer from Florida, replaces departed Ken Dorsey as quarterback and brings a stronger arm and better field vision to the party. Pedigreed tight end Kellen Winslow Jr. and running backs Frank Gore and Quadtrine Hill make Miami's offense multidimensional. The defensive side has ample talent in linebackers Jonathan Vilma and D.J. Williams and Playboy All America safety Sean Taylor.

**KEY GAME:** At Virginia Tech (November 1). Miami may not be long for the Big East, but for now this is for all the conference marbles.  
**PREDICTION:** 11-1

# TOP 20 TEAMS For 2003

1. OHIO STATE
2. MIAMI
3. AUBURN
4. VIRGINIA
5. OKLAHOMA
6. MICHIGAN
7. VIRGINIA TECH
8. GEORGIA
9. KANSAS STATE
10. NORTH CAROLINA STATE
11. ARIZONA STATE
12. TEXAS
13. FLORIDA
14. WASHINGTON
15. NOTRE DAME
16. TENNESSEE
17. USC
18. PITTSBURGH
19. WISCONSIN
20. TEXAS A&M

## snap decisions

### Pete Carroll / Head Coach, USC

**PLAYBOY:** How hard will it be to replace Corson Palmer, who won the Heisman last year?

**CARROLL:** It's extremely difficult to expect the next guy to play at that same level. Carson had such an incredible year. He was so perfect.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your experience in the pros influence the job you're doing here?

**CARROLL:** A tremendous amount. I use the same approach, the same style, the same philosophy.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the biggest difference between the NFL and college?

**CARROLL:** You have less time to work with the players, so you can only do so much. You have eight hours a day to work with the players in the NFL and only four hours in college. But everything else is the same.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best thing about college football?

**CARROLL:** The rivalries. USC's rivalry with Notre Dame has tremendous history and significance across the country. UCLA too. Those are incredible games.

**PLAYBOY:** How are the rivalries different?

**CARROLL:** UCLA is much closer to home. It's like a civil war, with kids playing against family and high school teammates. We have to put around-the-clock security near some of the statues on campus and tape up Tommy Trojan far game week. At water coolers around the city, people get after one another. If you win, you help out your fans for a whole year. That's really cool.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best Trojan joke you've heard from a UCLA fan?

**CARROLL:** [laughs] There aren't any, are there?





# HOT FOR CHEERLEADER

What game? At some stadiums, it's hard to take your eyes off the action on the sidelines



University of Miami



University of California



Virginia Tech



Univ. of Southern California

American Cheerleader magazine reported that Miami cheerleaders have a motto: VTL. What that stands for is a squad secret. Very Tan Legs? Vamps Too Limber? Vacuum-Tight Lips? Or all of the above?

This year's dance squad averages 12 years of dance experience and includes students majoring in chemistry, political science and integrative biology. Okay, ladies, but don't neglect those high kicks.

Think all it takes is good hair? Hokie varsity cheerleaders are required to demonstrate a full down cradle toss stretch, a round-off handspring layout and a standing back. We get dizzy just watching them.

They may look like cheerleaders, but those young ladies in the tight sweaters, carrying pom-poms and yelling "Go Trojans!" aren't cheerleaders, they're Song Girls. Hmm, do they take requests?



## 3. AUBURN

LAST SEASON: 9-4

**THE SKINNY:** For the past four years Alabama has been busy trying to find and keep football coaches; meanwhile, Auburn coach Tommy Tuberville has been stockpiling talented football players. Finally he has enough of them to make a run at a national championship. The Tigers return 16 starters from a team that won five of its last six games, including a bowl win over Penn State. Jason Campbell is back and better after winning the starting QB spot in last season's seventh game. There's an embarrassment of riches at running back, with Carnell Williams, Ronnie Brown, Tre Smith and Brandon Jacobs. The defense has smarts, strength and experience. The biggest

challenge for Tuberville: getting this team to play up to expectations.

**KEY GAME:** At Georgia (November 15). A win against the Bulldogs on the road would pave the Tigers' way to the BCS.

**PREDICTION:** 10-2



## 4. VIRGINIA

LAST SEASON: 9-5

**THE SKINNY:** Former New York Jets coach Al Groh has dramatically shifted Virginia's football fortunes to the plus side since taking over three years ago. This year the Cavaliers have a chance to win everything in sight. The linchpin for Groh's offense is quarterback Matt Schaub. He led the ACC in passing last season and finished sixth in the nation.

He's got some talented receivers, especially tight end Heath Miller, and a solid group of running backs. The defense returns eight starters, the best of whom are linebacker Darryl Blackstock and end Chris Canty.

**KEY GAME:** At home against Virginia Tech (November 29). In-state bragging rights and recruiting dominance are at stake in this one.

**PREDICTION:** 10-2



## 5. OKLAHOMA

LAST SEASON: 12-2

**THE SKINNY:** Quarterbacks and a good defense win football games. The Sooners have a super defense, but do they have a QB? Jason White, coming off two knee surgeries, has the most (continued on page 148)



## snap decisions

### Larry Coker / Head Coach, University of Miami

**PLAYBOY:** You were on assistant for 22 years before you got the job at Miami. Did you ever think you weren't going to get your shot as a head coach?

**COKER:** I really felt it might not happen for me.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction when you got it?

**COKER:** It was nice, but it didn't take very long until it became, "Now we have to do something with the job." This is one of the top college programs in the country, and there are certain expectations.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it like losing the championship?

**COKER:** It was almost a numb feeling, especially after what transpired. We were down, we come back, and we had a chance to win. We were on the field—the fireworks went off, and we thought we had won.

**PLAYBOY:** Did it gnaw at you during the winter?

**COKER:** I probably had a little more of a hangover effect from the loss than the players did. I don't use the phrase "Forget about it." I use the phrase "Move forward and put it behind us."

**PLAYBOY:** What about the winning streak?

**COKER:** With the winning streak over, it's going to be easier for the team. A winning streak takes away from the focus on preparing for and winning a game.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the most common question you get from players you're recruiting?

**COKER:** "Coach, do you get lots of free stuff at South Beach? Your guys don't pay for anything, do they?"

**PLAYBOY:** What do you tell them?

**COKER:** Most of our guys haven't even been to South Beach. [laughs] They couldn't even find it.



**OFFENSE:** #95 Nate Kaeding, Placekicker, Iowa; #53 Nick Leckey, Lineman, Kansas State; #81 Kellen Winslow Jr., Tight End, Miami; #4 Roy Williams, Wide Receiver, Texas; #73 Shawn Andrews, Lineman, Arkansas; #78 Justin Smiley, Lineman, Alabama; #78 Robert Gallery, Lineman, Iowa; #1 Reggie Williams, Wide Receiver, Washington; #1 Mike Williams, Wide Receiver, USC; #25 Kevin Jones, Running Back, Virginia Tech; #9 Nick Browne, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Placekicker, TCU; #19 Eli Manning, Quarterback, Mississippi. Not pictured: Michael Munoz, Lineman, Tennessee.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
RICHARD IZUI

# PLAYBOY'S 2003 ALL AMERICA TEAM

**DEFENSE:** #11 Derrick Johnson, Linebacker, Texas; #11 Teddy Lehman, Linebacker, Oklahoma; #83 Jason Babin, Lineman, Western Michigan; #11 Karlus Dansby, Linebacker, Auburn; #93 Will Smith, Lineman, Ohio State; #24 Rod Davis, Linebacker, Southern Mississippi; #52 Brandon Kennedy, Lineman, North Texas; #7 Chris Gamble, Back, Ohio State; #20 Cody Scates, Punter, Texas A&M; #9 Stuart Schweigert, Back, Purdue; #3 Marlin Jackson, Back, Michigan; Kirk Ferentz, Coach of the Year, Iowa; #12 Derek Abney, Kick Returner, Kentucky. Not pictured: Sean Taylor, Back, Miami.



For more information on the Playboy All Americas, go to [www.playboy.com](http://www.playboy.com).

OFFENSE

DEFENSE



## Gary Barnett / Head Coach, Colorado

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

**BARNETT:** You'd need three magazines to hold it all. Very little is about Xs and Os. It's about all the other things—organization, logistics, environment. Believe it or not, football is a real small part of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Talk about the differences between Northwestern, where you used to coach, and Colorado.

**BARNETT:** There's a higher level of expectation here. Most people in this state are from someplace else, so you're more of an entertainer. Northwestern has such loyal support; you lose a game, nobody would think the world was coming to an end. Here, you lose a game and it's close to the end of the world.

**PLAYBOY:** What's been your biggest thrill at Colorado?

**BARNETT:** The Big 12 championship game in 2001—

coming from behind, winning it. We were playing at Texas Stadium in a really hostile environment.

**PLAYBOY:** Talk about the rivalry with Nebraska.

**BARNETT:** I sort of revived it. It was huge in the 1980s and early 1990s, then my predecessor Rick Neuheisel tried to downplay it and make it just another game. I think it frustrated the fans. I made it a big deal again. We've been able to win the last two, but we've got a lot of catching up to do.

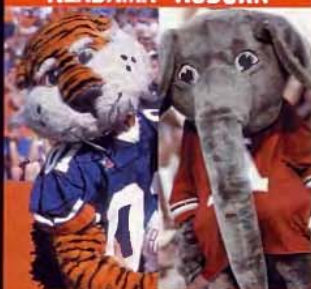
**PLAYBOY:** What's the one thing you try to sneak away for during the day?

**BARNETT:** Three times a week I get on a StairMaster for 30 minutes. That's about it. It's good to be dull right now. The more dull you are, the more likely you are to keep your job.

## BLOOD FEUDS

A look at the most heated rivalries in college football

### ALABAMA—AUBURN



**FIRST PLAYED:** 1893 **SERIES RECORD:** Alabama leads, 38–28–1.

**THE RIVALRY:** This game shuts down an entire state for one afternoon each fall. While Alabama has a more storied football tradition than what Bear Bryant called "that cow college on the other side of the state," it only makes losing that much more painful. In 1989 head coach Bill Curry presided over a conference-title-winning team; yet after losing three years in a row to Auburn, he decided to resign rather than be fired.

**DEFINING MOMENT:** In 1948 the game was reinstated at the prompting of each school's president. The two teams had stopped playing each other in 1907 because they couldn't agree on which officials to use or how to divide the gate receipts. **GREATEST GAME:** Auburn 17, Alabama 16 (1972). With five and a half minutes remaining, SEC champ Alabama was sitting on a 16–3 lead when Auburn's Bill Newton blocked star punter Greg Gantt's kick. David Langner scooped up the ball and ran 25 yards for a TD. On its next possession, Alabama was forced to punt again. Gantt punted, Newton blocked, and Langner scored the decisive touchdown. To this day, Auburn rooters taunt Crimson Tide fans with the chant "Punt, Bama, punt!"

### HARVARD—YALE



**FIRST PLAYED:** 1875 **SERIES RECORD:** Yale leads, 64–47–8.

**THE RIVALRY:** Sure, it's Division I-AA. But this is the game that matters to the Bushes, the Kennedys and others who have had their fingers on the big red button.

**DEFINING MOMENT:** The so-called Springfield Massacre in 1894 resulted in seven players being carried off the field in "dying condition" and the schools breaking off relations for two seasons. Historian George Sullivan wrote, "Newspapers printed a casualty summary similar to those listing victims of a disaster. The game's violence appalled the world and ignited a national uproar about football ferocity—outrage that threatened the sport's future."

**GREATEST GAME:** Harvard 29, Yale 29 (1968). With a squad that boasted future All-Pro running back Calvin Hill, Yale held a 29–13 lead with 42 seconds left, but a touchdown, a two-point conversion, a recovered onside kick, another touchdown and another conversion knotted the score for a Harvard squad led by All-Ivy lineman Tommy Lee Jones. The *Harvard Crimson's* headline blared **HARVARD BEATS YALE, 29–29.**

### MICHIGAN—OHIO STATE



**FIRST PLAYED:** 1897 **SERIES RECORD:** Michigan leads, 56–37–6.

**THE RIVALRY:** How much venom is there between these Big 10 powers? Ohio State coach Woody Hayes couldn't bring himself to utter the name of his archrival, referring to Michigan only as "that school up north." And while the Woodman is gone, the rivalry is still very much alive, as evidenced by last year's nail-biter: a 14–9 Ohio State victory.

**DEFINING MOMENT:** Late in a blowout 1968 victory with OSU leading 44–14, Hayes went for a two-point conversion, adding insult to Michigan's injury. Asked why he went for two, Hayes said, "Because I couldn't go for three."

**GREATEST GAME:** In 1973 both teams entered the game undefeated, with Ohio State ranked number one and Michigan ranked number four. The Wolverines held the Buckeyes to zero yards passing on the sopping Astroturf, but when Michigan missed a 44-yard field goal attempt with just 28 seconds left, the Wolverines had to settle for a 10–10 tie. The Big 10 athletic directors had to choose which team would go to the Rose Bowl and picked Ohio State by secret ballot. Michigan fans threatened to sue. And they're still pissed off about it.

### FLORIDA—FLORIDA STATE



**FIRST PLAYED:** 1958 **SERIES RECORD:** Florida leads, 27–18–2.

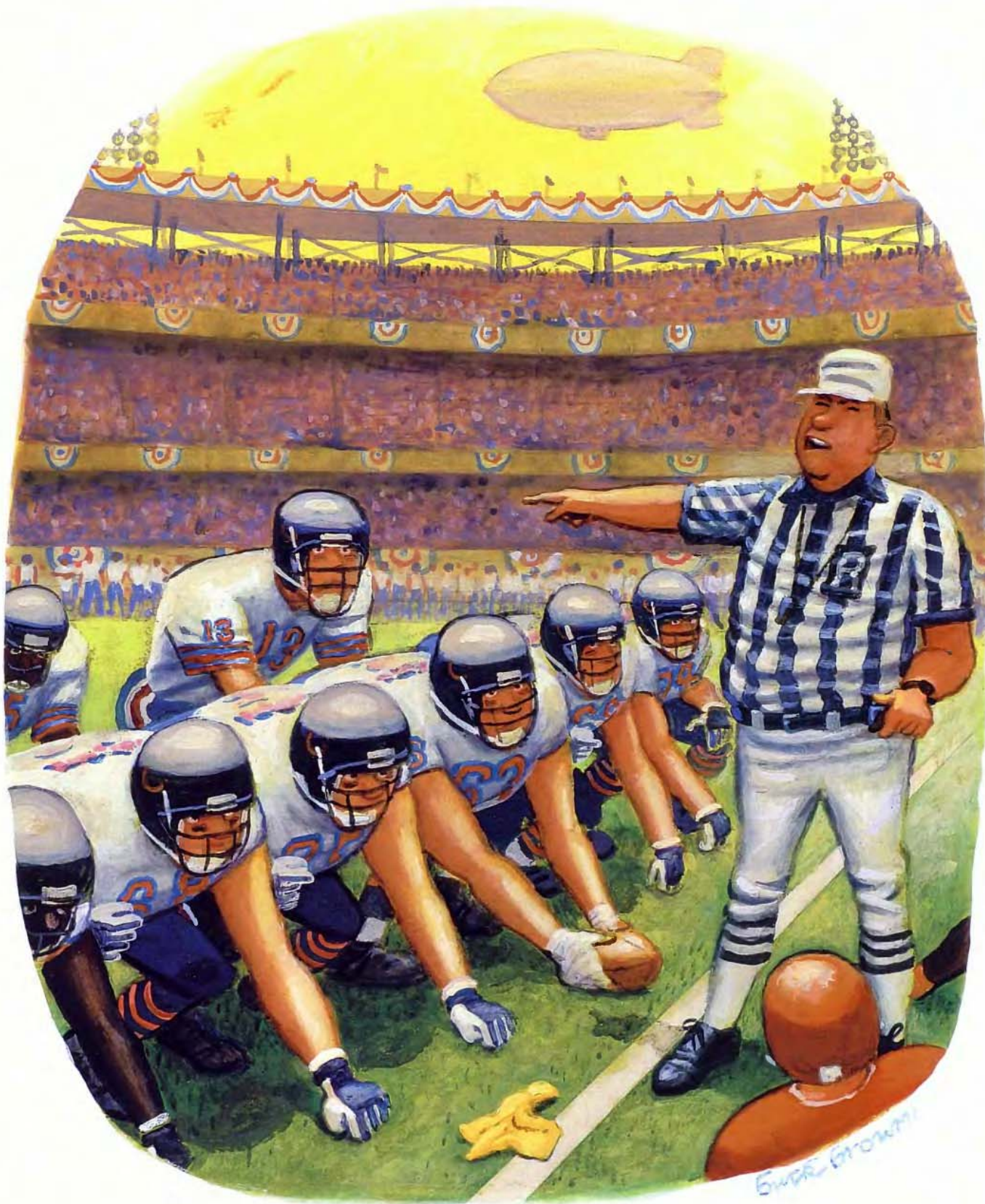
**THE RIVALRY:** Though it's the youngest of college football's classic rivalries, this annual matchup has an intensity—and lately, an animosity—that is second to none. In 1996 the duel was reprised in the Sugar Bowl national championship game; Florida avenged an earlier loss with a 52–20 victory.

**DEFINING MOMENT:** "Two guys were on top of me, and I felt someone tugging on my leg. He kept twisting harder and harder until I felt it rip and then pop." That's Florida running back Earnest Graham's account of the knee injury he received in the 2001 game. FSU's alleged perp, Darnell Dockett, who was caught on film trying to stomp on QB Rex Grossman's hand during the same game, was reportedly overheard in the locker room saying, "Did you all see what I did to Earnest Graham?"

**GREATEST GAME:** FSU 31, Florida 31 (1994). Depending on your allegiance, you'll remember this game as the Choke at Doak or the Rally at Tallahassee. Steve Spurrier's Gators jumped out to a 31–3 lead, but Bobby Bowden's Noles came back to score 28 points in the fourth quarter, forcing a 31–31 tie.

—Allen St. John





*"Before the snap, unnecessary groping by the quarterback."*



# sex on campus 2003

**GRADES AREN'T THE ONLY  
THINGS BEING MADE  
AT OUR INSTITUTIONS OF  
HIGHER LEARNING**

## EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Some college traditions are more fun than others

### KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

**Harvard men have horny  
coeds delivered to their doors**

It's one A.M. in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the girls are nose deep in books. What's a guy to do? Await the arrival of the Fuck Truck, a Wellesley-sponsored van (actually called the Senate Bus) that shuttles between the all-female college and Cambridge, where, as a Harvard satire magazine states, girls await "with open arms, legs and condoms to give and receive sweet, loving fucks." Jon Jackson, a Delta Upsilon member and an MIT student, can attest to that: "Our frat is five doors down from one of the Fuck Truck stops," he says. "Every time it pulls up, 50 girls head straight to our door. I've hooked up with three truck girls." Luckily for the lustful, the weekday bus stops running when parties are just getting started, so Wellesley gals face two choices: shell out for a long taxi ride or spend the night. "Wellesley is known for outspoken women," says student Valery Federici. "One night I went up to a guy and said, 'I'm leaving in 15 minutes.' We went to his room and did everything you can in 15 minutes." Do guys ever hop on? "No way," Jackson says. "If a guy's riding the truck, it means he didn't have the balls to make her come to him."



**GETTING WET:** Saying the swim team at Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio is good is like saying the Hulk is kind of pumped. The men's and women's teams have won 43 combined national championships by hitting the pool at 5:30 A.M. and staying substance-free during the season. When another trophy is finally in hand, though, the student body lets loose with an end-of-season bacchanalia called Shock Your Mama. Booze is plentiful and clothing is not—at a recent bash, one coed improvised by wearing a Kenyon admissions view book. Says swimmer Russell Hunt, "Last year a guy in a priest costume was handing out condoms. My favorite, though, was the girl who covered herself in pink Saran Wrap."

**STUDENT BODIES:** Yale students have a lot on their minds, but at least they don't have to worry about what to wear to off-campus "naked parties," where students strip down and get their drink on. Rumor has it first daughter Barbara Bush matriculated at one naked party and that a videotape exists...somewhere. Besides a possible first daughter cameo, what should first-timers expect? Excessive drinking to blot out unsolicited flashing. "That freckly-faced fire crotch from English class walking around flopping his package isn't something you want to remember in the morning," a student says.



## LIVE NUDE HOMEWORK!

That's no stripper—that's my tutor

Only at the University of Nevada-Las Vegas could a student cram for a midterm by getting a lap dance. The popular course, titled Sex, Dance and Entertainment, is "based on the interaction of sex and dance over the past century," says Garold Gardner, an associate professor of dance at UNLV. "I warn students that they're going to be seeing full-frontal nudity, videos of breast augmentation and liposuction, even ejaculation contests with waiters at the original Studio 54." Well, all righty then. Guest speakers include drag queens from the show *An Evening at La Cage*. For fieldwork, students visit the Chippendales-style revue *The Thunder From Down Under*. "When they're not taking notes, the female students go wild, and by the end of the show the guys in the class are asking us for jobs," says dancer Marty Amriott. What about extra credit? "I had one enterprising girl who did a video report on out-call dancers on our campus," Gardner says. "I may start a class on it."

## PORN IN THE DORM

Tired of just watching sex flicks, college students are getting in on the XXX action

**FRAT ROW SCAVENGER HUNT 3** The gist: This "reality" porno features legit porn stars Calli Cox and Sunrise Adams storming Arizona State University and getting frat guys to take showers with them and pleasure them with sex toys. The scandal: When ASU administrators got wind of it, the neo-porn stars faced disciplinary action. Student senate executive vice president Brian Buck was given 100 hours of community service. "I've never been willing to apologize for the school's embarrassment on this issue," Buck says. "It's not my fault that this movie company showed up at my fraternity and made this movie."

**THE STAXXX** The gist: In 2000, the underground student group Porn 'n Chicken (later immortalized in a Comedy Central movie of the same name) invited Yale students to audition—as individuals or as couples—to appear in the school's first full-length sex flick. Think hot sex amid rows of leather-bound books. The scandal: Though reports of hard-core fun in the library proved to be a hoax, a major stir occurred when a trailer for *The StaXXX* was attached to a Yale Film Society presentation of the Merchant-Ivory film *The Golden Bowl*—which, come to think of it, also sounds like a porn movie.

**DREAMBOY USA** The gist: Harvard student Dylan Ryan plays Jack, a horny Harvard student traveling through Europe. The scandal: At the time of this writing, the film had not been released in the U.S., though Harvard's campus paper has written about it. Ryan is experiencing "positive intrigue" from students. "The undergraduate psychology is whatever makes you happy, whatever keeps you safe, whatever you want to do for yourself," he says.



## WHERE THE GIRLS ARE



Jessica Biel:  
Tufts University



Jamie-Lynn Sigler:  
New York University






Anna Paquin:  
Columbia University



Jenna Bush:  
University of Texas

## WHAT'S YOUR MAJOR?

HER FIELD OF STUDY SAYS VOLUMES ABOUT WHAT SHE'S LIKE IN BED

MAJOR	MOOD MUSIC	FOREPLAY	FAVORITE POSITION	SEX STYLE	EXTRA CREDIT
<b>ACCOUNTING:</b> 	"Three Times a Lady"	Balancing each others' check-books	69	When playing "spreadsheet," is thrown off if you do anything unusual, such as enjoy yourself	Always knows how many condoms are left in the box
<b>ART:</b> 	A bunch of stuff that won't be popular until a year after she dumps you	Making a plaster cast of your penis	In front of the mirror with a video camera	Wild, uninhibited, experimental—and that's just by herself	Thinks threesomes are a perfect way to expand boundaries and piss off parents
<b>PHARMACY:</b> 	Acid house	Making you wait an hour for relief	Over the counter	Finally, someone willing to indulge your lab-coat-and-rubber-gloves fetish	Carries a purseful of Viagra
<b>BUSINESS:</b> 	50 Cent, Johnny Cash	Playing a heated game of strip Monopoly	In your ass	Demands significant return on investment with oral-sex parachute	Realizes a merger can be good for both parties
<b>PALEONTOLOGY:</b>	Classic rock	Carefully studying your bone	Mounted	Prefers to do it outdoors 	Influenced by proximity to meat-starved, man-eating predators
<b>MARKETING:</b>	Slick, heavily produced pop	Role playing. Is that you, pool boy?	Outside the box	Spin, spin, spin	Thinks you're the best she's ever had—really



# AMBUSHED!



**Methane madness, flaming sludge and killer lunch meat:  
what happened when three average citizens  
ran into the public policies of George W. Bush**

**BY MOLLY IVINS AND LOU DUBOSE**

**L**et's talk about the connections between people's lives and the decisions made by the federal government. Some concept, eh? Policy matters—stop the presses. There was a time when explaining how the government affects “ordinary people” was considered political reporting. But the press became fixated on the polls, the consultants, the horse race and the partisan bickering, and ordinary people pretty much fell off the screen.

Government no longer works for most people in this country. It works for big corporations, it works for big campaign donors, but it works less and less for average Americans. While talk of Christian compassion wafts through Washington, people are not only getting screwed—losing their life savings, pensions, health insurance, jobs, unemployment comp, home heating help—they're also getting sick, being hurt and even dying because the people's interest now takes second place to big-money contributors.

In Texas we have been dealing with postpartum blues since George W. left the governor's mansion in Austin. He left us tax breaks for the rich that make it impossible for government to provide a decent education or basic services for working people, bills written by energy lobbyists working the cash-and-carry model of government perfected here in Texas and the elimination of the most basic workplace protections. Those of us who knew the president when he was governor of our low-tax, low-service, no-regulation state are seriously not amazed by what he's done in Washington.

The good news is, we're trying not to be a Third World state anymore. The bad news for you is, to borrow a line from a Texas boogie band, “We bad, we're nationwide.” The worst public policy Dubya created here has gone national. “We can show Washington how to handle a budget surplus,” Bush said in his 1999 State of the State address. And has he ever.

Dubya was our governor. Now he's your president, and every one of us sooner or later will be affected by his decisions (including his appointments, his predilections, his beliefs, his whims and those of his cronies), many of which are never even reported in the national press. Here, then, are

three never-before-told stories of how the Bush administration has affected the lives of average Americans.

## **HOME ALONE ON THE RANGE**

Men like Ed Swartz are the heroes of the modern Republican Party's creation mythology. He is the man Ronald Reagan pretended to be when Reagan rode his horse around Rancho del Cielo in Santa Barbara, California. Swartz is a Western rancher who pays his own way. He believes in property rights, an individual's constitutional right to own a gun and a work ethic that can turn 5,000 acres of semi-arid range land into a working ranch. He brands his own cattle, mends his own fences and waters his own ranch. He was chairman of the Campbell County Republican Party and is a member of the National Rifle Association. He even smokes Marlboros—with an evident pleasure that seems almost sinful.

Swartz has lived for years with the open-pit coal mines—Eagle Butte Mine, Caballo Mine, Buckskin Mine—he uses as points of reference when he gives directions to his 5,000-acre ranch north of Gillette, Wyoming. The state he lives in produces one fourth of the nation's coal, and the county he lives in produces 97 percent of the state's coal. The Swartz ranch sits in the middle of Campbell County, so Swartz understands full well what fuels the economy on the northern border of Vice President Cheney's home state. He doesn't have a problem with exploitation of the region's mineral wealth.

Like other ranchers in northern Wyoming and southern Montana, Swartz is caught up in the biggest minerals-extraction boom ever to hit a state that lives by the boom-and-bust cycle. There's nothing like a minerals-extraction boom to bring out the worst in the people doing the extracting.

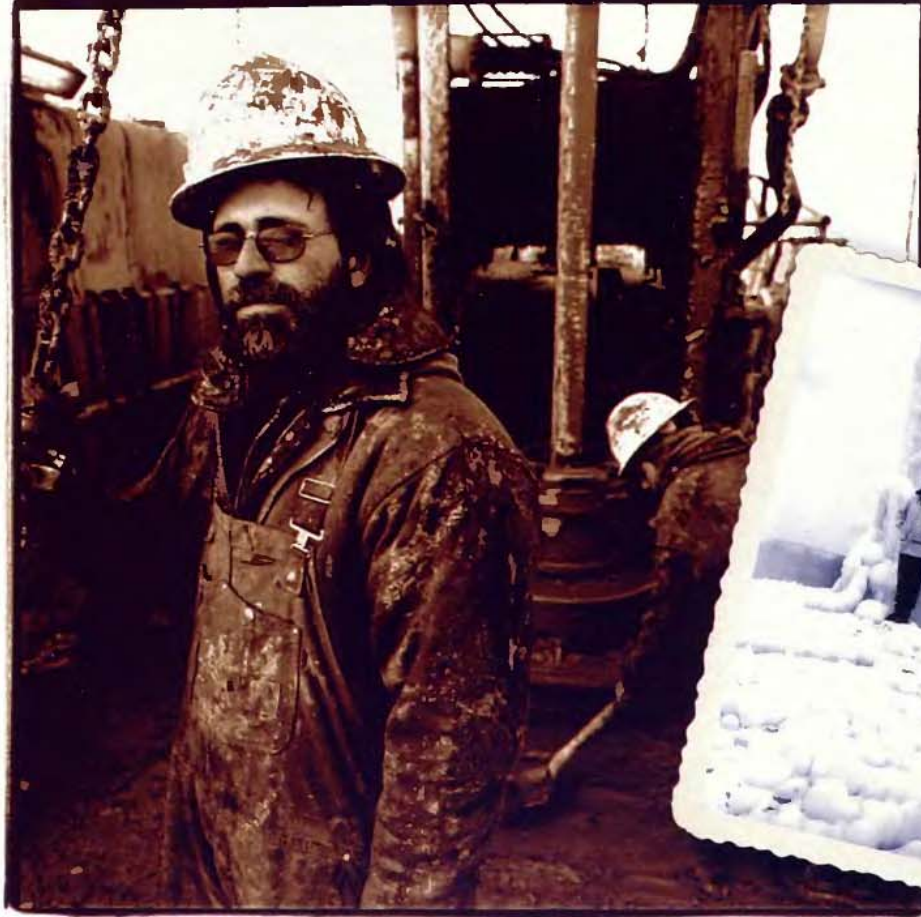
It's not coal that has Swartz suing his own government and returning to a regional environmental group he helped found 30 years ago. It's coal-bed methane, locally called CBM. Methane is a clean-burning natural gas found in most coal formations; it is produced by waterborne bacteria interacting with coal. In the 1980s a simple technology was developed to

**Rancher Swartz: Bush and Cheney pals poisoned his grazing land. “We can't make a living here,” he says.**









Dirty business: A coal-bed methane well is drilled near Clear Creek, Wyoming (left). Below, an atomizer disperses excess water, an experimental method that prevents stream releases.



release the gas. Wells are drilled into coal seams, and sections of casing pipe are strung together and inserted into the coal formation. When water is pulled out of the formation by a submersible pump, the gas flows up the pipe. CBM wells cost about \$50,000 to drill and can be completed in two or three days.

An estimated 12.5 trillion cubic feet of methane is trapped in coal "cleats," or seams, in northern Wyoming—enough to supply the nation with natural gas for about a year. Cheap, quick access to it started a CBM gold rush in Wyoming's Powder River basin. Land men show up unannounced, lay contracts on kitchen tables and tell ranchers, "I'm going to make you a rich man." One northern Wyoming land man drove a huge SUV with a plastic dorsal fin attached to the top and signs on the doors that read LAND SHARK. Others persuaded owners of private mineral rights to sign \$4-an-acre leases, then flipped the contract within days for \$6, \$8, \$10 or \$20 an acre. (For a point of reference, some federal leases sold for \$400 an acre.) Small drilling companies cut roads, drill wells and lay pipelines, only to be gobbled up by big players like Marathon Oil, now the number one CBM producer in northern Wyoming. Eighteen thousand wells were drilled. Five thousand miles of new roads were carved out of Wyoming ranch land, and a web of pipelines was buried in the ground to move the gas to high-pressure arterial lines that carry it out of the region. Production goals in

the national energy policy report, released by Vice President Cheney in May 2001, are fueling a second boom. Its size and scope make the first one look like a small increase in production.

Sitting at the kitchen table of his modest frame house, Swartz slowly draws on a Marlboro and uses the index finger of his free hand to trace the Wildcat Creek drainage basin. "If it wasn't for cigarettes, coffee and nervous energy, I couldn't keep working," he says. The Bureau of Land Management map is two years old, but the land in the watershed above Swartz's ranch is covered with dots marking existing CBM wells. And the CBM boom hasn't yet begun.

Ranchers who homesteaded the rugged hills and breaks of northern Wyoming had large tracts of land but little water. Annual rainfall averages 11 inches, but it's been a while since rainfall has been average. For five years the region has been in the grip of a drought that has ranchers caught between cloudless skies and the cattle market. All over the region, ranchers are selling off cattle in an effort to survive the drought.

Swartz depends on natural irrigation of the rich alluvial creek beds on his ranch to provide grazing and hay for his cattle. He and his father built 13 spreader dikes—staggered berms that extend two thirds of the way across the streams at right angles, reaching out like fingers from alternating sides of the bank. They force the snowmelt or rainwater to meander from bank to bank rather than

flow down the channel. By the time the creek dries up in summer, grasses in its bed are thoroughly watered. Two irrigation dams allow Swartz to flood the hay meadows beyond the creek bed, then return the water to the stream. "For years, if a flood came down that crick, hell, we'd just kick it out onto the meadows," Swartz says. "All these years, we've never killed any vegetation. My father never soured a meadow. I've never soured a meadow. The cricks are the heart of this ranch. Kill the cricks, and we can't make a living here."

Coal-bed methane wells produce far more water than gas. In 2001, the 250 million metric cubic feet of gas produced in Wyoming produced 513 million barrels of water. Hitting the coal-bed methane targets set by the Bush energy planners for the Powder River basin will require enough pumping to cover the state of Rhode Island with one foot of water.

Since 1999 some of that water has been flowing down Wildcat Creek and through Ed Swartz's ranch. It was pumped out of wells upstream from the Swartz ranch and impounded by Redstone Resources. When the company's in-stream reservoirs are filled, the water flows down the Wildcat. Swartz calls it "killer water." It's so high in saline content that when it interacts with soils, it kills plant life. "The grass along this creek was belly high. Look at it. It's all dead," says Swartz.

Swartz had gone to court years earlier to defend his water rights and prevailed, winning on appeal in the Wyoming Supreme Court. "I thought I'd cut a fat hog on the ass when we won that lawsuit," he says. And he probably had. That was before the CBM boom.

"We get no help from the state of Wyoming," Swartz says. "They love the money too much." The limited CBM program that started while Bill Clinton was president, mostly on land where mineral rights were in private hands, helped turn a \$700 million state deficit into a small surplus, and everyone from the governor to the county commissioners in Gillette is promoting unrestricted development. "We love gas," Governor



Jim Geringer gushed in 2001. The local county commissioners are such avid CBM boosters that they rejected the report of an industry Ph.D. they'd hired to look at the effects of development. It contained "too many negative comments," a commissioner said.

When your state government is controlled by an industry that threatens your livelihood (and the environment of an entire region), where do you get help? Wyoming ranchers banded together under the banner of the Powder River Resource Council and looked to Washington, hoping the EPA would at least require some environmental safeguards. Bill Clinton and Al "Save the Earth" Gore were not exactly Earth Firsters, but they put actual environmentalists and conservationists at the EPA and Interior.

At the Bush-Cheney Interior Department, Swartz had to plead his case before a man who had worked as a lobbyist for the very company Swartz claims is destroying grazing along Wildcat Creek: Redstone Resources was one of Steve Griles's clients. In addition to lobbying for Redstone, Griles lobbied for five other big companies drilling coal-bed methane wells in northern Wyoming. He organized the Coal Bed Methane Ad Hoc Committee, an industry group working to sweep away restrictions on CBM production. On Capitol Hill he lobbied for Western Gas Resources, which describes itself as the largest acreage holder, gatherer, transporter and producer of gas in the Powder River basin.

"Hell, he's one of them," Swartz says.

At the Bush-Cheney Interior Department, they're all "one of them." If Deputy Secretary Griles steps aside because of his conflicts of interest (which he has yet to do), Swartz will be kicked along to Rebecca Watson, the Montana lawyer Bush appointed as assistant Interior secretary for land and minerals management. Watson has a CBM history of her own. She was legal counsel for Fidelity Energy, another big methane operator in Wyoming, and was also a staff attorney for the Mountain States Legal Foundation. The Denver-based nonprofit law firm, founded by James Watt in 1977, is the most notorious anti-environmental operation in the West. Watt laid out Mountain States' agenda in brief when he said, "We will mine more, drill more, cut more timber."

The whole CBM bunch is so inbred they might have walked right out of a Faulkner novel. When Dick Cheney was still CEO of Halliburton, its oil-service division was already tapping into the new revenue stream in Wyoming's methane beds. And Secretary of Interior Gale Norton is an

alumna of the same Mountain States Legal Foundation founded by Watt.

Swartz, as they say in Midland, is shit outta luck.

When no one at Redstone answered Swartz's letters and phone calls, and after state regulators assured him the water in his creek was just fine, he hired a lawyer. He's suing two state regulators and Redstone Resources. His suit presents the dizzying possibility that Griles and Watson will appear as witnesses for both Redstone and the Department of the Interior.

"I'm paying for lawyers on both ends of this lawsuit," Swartz says. "As a taxpayer, I'm paying the salaries of the lawyers at the state agencies. Now I've got to pay my own lawyers to sue them. I'm getting shit full of it. If I don't win this lawsuit and get the state of Wyoming to restore my resources, I don't know what I'll do." While Swartz was paying lawyers, Griles continued to be paid \$248,000 a year from his former lobbying firm, National Environmental Strategies.

But Swartz will need more than a win in court to clean up the crick. He points to yellow sections of the Land Management map on his kitchen table. They represent federal ownership of mineral rights and account for two thirds of the land in the Wildcat Creek drainage above the Swartz ranch. Each section is virgin yellow, without a single dot representing a CBM well.

When Swartz filed his lawsuit in spring 2002, there were fewer than 15,000 CBM wells in the Powder River basin—all on land where mineral rights are privately held. If the Bushies at Interior have their way, in 10 years the yellow sections on Swartz's map will look like a Seurat landscape.

It's all in the plan. After the Senate in 2002 blocked Bush and Cheney's plan to drill in the Alaska National Wildlife Reserve in the first ANWR showdown, Norton, Griles and Watson pushed Interior into every energy reserve in the West. The "CBM play" in Wyoming is the largest natural-gas drilling project ever pursued by the federal government. It might even save us from terrorists, according to Watson. At a Denver coal-bed methane conference in April 2002, Watson said that after the terrorist attacks of September 11, increased natural gas production is essential to "our way of life, our economy and our national security."

If we don't drill, Bin Laden wins.

## READY TO EAT, PREPARE TO DIE

In August 2002, Dr. Frank Niemtow was admitted to Presbyterian Medical Center at the University of Penn-

# FIVE FOOLPROOF WAYS TO BUSHWHACK THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

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**STEP ONE: THE NAME GAME** Use MTV-generation attention spans positively. Just give everything the right name: Clear Skies for reduced caps on industrial emissions, Healthy Forests for loggers felling healthy trees. Democratic response: "Yeah, but...." Bzzzzzzt! Sorry, time's up! Quick segue to Baghdad missile-cam footage. Holy shit, that's Tariq Aziz's house!

## STEP TWO: TEXAS TWO-STEP

Implement sexy new programs in two stages: One, create them; two, pay for them, but then skip stage two. Drape yourself in photo ops with rescue workers and sponsor a \$3.5 billion First Responders Act—then sit on your hands as the money for the act never gets approved. Or kiss a few million babies with the No Child Left Behind Act, then quietly make it the Most Children Left Behind Act by failing to approve \$6 billion of the budget for it.



**STEP THREE: SUPPORT TROOPS** Fly onto an aircraft carrier in full battle regalia, surrounded by troops. Then, in the middle of a war, cut benefits for veterans. And don't forget those troops at home: Quietly try to terminate overtime pay for emergency rescue workers. Overtime benefits can't wear a bomber jacket on the cover of *Newsweek*.



## STEP FOUR: HUMAN RESOURCES

Great appointments strategy: Let a facsimile of a human being sit at the top, then pack the lower ranks with eager monsters to handle the fine print, where the dirty work gets done. For example, let Christie Whitman take her lumps in public while deputy EPA administrator and former Monsanto lobbyist Linda Fisher holds the fort.

**STEP FIVE: UNFUNDED MANDATES** Pass a big federal law and force states to comply with it, but make them pay their own way. Then laugh in all 50 of their faces while they bankrupt themselves. It's foolproof! Look tough announcing a Code Orange, but have the states pay \$70 million a week for each alert.

Meanwhile, slash state funding. And just as the school closings and layoffs begin, Joe Public gets his \$19 federal income tax refund. Four more years, baby!

—Matt Taibbi





sylvania with a liver infection. For a man two years this side of 100, he was remarkably resilient. "Eat lots of protein," his doctor told him as he was being sent home to recover. This was sound advice, but it plunged Dr. Niemtzow into a medical nightmare as bad as anything he had ever confronted in his small family practice in New Jersey.

*Listeria* is a common bacterium, so common it is found in the soil under Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square, across the street from Niemtzow's elegant condo. It is carried by the dogs that walk through the park and by the cats that graze the trash barrels behind the upscale restaurants just off the square. For the most part, *Listeria* is as harmless as it is commonplace. But *Listeria monocytogenes* is a nasty bug—that's the strain you want to avoid. It is psychrophilic: It thrives in cold. In your refrigerator, *Listeria* is as robust as the green-black mold growing on that chunk of Parmesan you bought two years ago. Once you eat it, it's like a time bomb; it can live up to two months in your body before it makes you sick. If your immune system is suppressed, if you are pregnant, if you are very old or very young or just unlucky, even a small amount of it can kill you.

Niemtzow was careful about what he ate. He was Jewish and avoided pork; he did not eat the fatty foods that have turned us into a high-cholesterol nation. When the doctor at Presbyterian told him to eat lots of protein in order to rebuild the strength the liver infection had cost him, the old family practitioner doubled up on ready-to-eat deli turkey. What could be safer? Soon, he was back in the hospital. When a doctor specializing in infectious diseases told him he had listeriosis, Niemtzow, who knew a good deal about public health, was shocked. He couldn't imagine how he had been exposed to it. When he learned he had contracted the disease by eating ready-to-eat turkey, most likely from one of two regional meat-processing plants infested with *Listeria*, he thought it was bad luck.

No. Much worse than that.

The industry doesn't want you to know it, but ready-to-eat meat is not ready to eat. A USDA website warns that ready-to-eat meats, such as lunch meats and hot dogs, if not thoroughly cooked, are a risk to pregnant women, the young, the old, cancer patients—anyone whose immune system is suppressed. The industry has successfully fought to keep that warning off packaging labels and grocery coolers. Do you know anyone who cooks ready-to-eat deli meals? Almost all of it is perfectly

safe, but every now and then a *Listeria*-tainted batch of luncheon meat or hot dogs makes it into supermarkets and restaurants. Some of the people who eat it die: 500 a year in the United States.

Later in his second term, Bill Clinton responded to a deadly outbreak of listeriosis in the Midwest by starting the slow process of writing rules to require USDA testing in all plants that process ready-to-eat deli meats. By that time, Clinton had turned the USDA and its Food Safety Inspection Service into something that was beginning to look like a public health agency. Clinton's *Listeria* regs were ready to be printed in the Federal Register—which is to say, put on the books—when George W. Bush moved into the White House in January 2001. The *Listeria* regs were immediately put on hold by Bush's chief of staff, Andrew Card.

They were on hold when Niemtzow ate his ready-to-go deli turkey.



**Busting the ombudsman:** Martin was fired by Christie Whitman, who did little else during her first year of running the EPA.

They were on hold when he checked out of Presbyterian Hospital for the second time, terribly weakened by his devastating bout with listeriosis.

And they were on hold when the Niemtzow family was sitting shiva to mourn the death of its patriarch.

Frank Niemtzow was a very old man. He would have died of something before long, even if he hadn't gotten listeriosis. But Clinton's USDA rules were written to catch the very food-borne bacterium that led to Niemtzow's death.

Unfortunately for Niemtzow—and for the six others who died in the same outbreak and for the 46 other people who were sickened and for the three women who miscarried—the Republican Party is the party of unregulated meat and poultry. That is not a partisan charge; it is a statement of fact. The Republicans win elections in the "red states" in the center of the country, where cattle and chickens are produced and slaughtered. Democrats win their elections in the "blue states" on the

coasts. Republicans use the USDA to pay off their contributors from the red states. The result of the crude electoral calculus is laissez-faire food-safety policy whenever a Republican is in the White House. In the 2000 election, the corporate food-production combines donated \$59 million in hard and soft money, 73 percent of it to Republicans.

Neither Bush, his chief of staff Andrew Card, his political strategist Karl Rove, nor Secretary of Agriculture Ann Veneman can plead ignorance. They were warned. Former Agriculture undersecretary Carol Tucker Foreman was utterly dismayed that the *Listeria* regs she had lobbied Clinton to enact weren't safely on the books before the Bushies moved into the West Wing. She started to work the Bush Cabinet even before it met. Tucker Foreman knew that food-poisoning victims had planned a protest for the day Veneman was scheduled to take the oath of office. She got word to

Veneman that the *Listeria* regs could save lives and suggested the protesters might stay home if the regulations were pulled off Bush's kill list. No agricultural secretary wants to begin her term surrounded by mothers holding unseemly, poster-size photos of children killed by *Listeria monocytogenes* and *E. coli* 0157:H7. It makes a special event so much less fun. The back-channel deal worked. Veneman got the White House to remove the *Listeria* rules from a long list of killed Clinton policies. The food-safety protesters stayed home.

Then the *Listeria* rules disappeared. The political appointees at the USDA used every bureaucratic mechanism available to them. Just because you didn't read about this food fight in your daily newspaper doesn't mean it wasn't an epic battle. One confrontation at a May 2002 conference brought the life-and-death nature of the debate into focus. Rosemary Mucklow of the National Meat Association stood up and said the Centers for Disease Control's statistics on deaths by food-borne pathogens were way too high. "I want to know where the bodies are buried," she demanded. When Nancy Donley stood up to respond, it was as though all the oxygen had been sucked out of the room. "I can tell you where one body is buried," said Donley. Donley's six-year-old son died an agonizing death in 1993 after eating a burger tainted with *E. coli* 0157:H7.

Still, the story remained below the media's radar screen until a Pennsylvania Wampler processing plant had to recall 27 million pounds of lunch meat because

(continued on page 156)





*"Sorry, but sawing me in half doesn't count as foreplay."*



# Working Without WIRES

PENN & TELLER DEMONSTRATE THAT WIRELESS ELECTRONICS ARE NO BIG TRICK



## [ PARTY STREAMER ]

Sony's 400-watt MHC-GSX100W minisystem (\$300) will send your hot downloaded tunes poolside by wirelessly streaming them from your PC. Once you've worked through your MP3 collection, spin tracks from the system's 60-disc changer, or simply grab a girl and tell everyone else to get lost.



## [ HOT FLICKS ]

GoVideo slyly describes its networked DVD player (\$300) as a wireless way to stream audio, images and video files from a PC to a TV. Our translation: Those bootleg movies you downloaded (shhh!) can now be viewed on your home theater setup instead of on your crummy computer monitor. No more popcorn butter on your keyboard! But you didn't hear it here.



## [ CONTROL FREAK ]

Philips's iPronto programmable remote control (\$1,500) can command your entire home theater setup, and by tapping wirelessly into your broadband connection, it can access online content such as news, weather and sports scores. One tap on the 6.4-inch touch screen and you can watch the stock you sold to pay for this gizmo skyrocket. It's best not to look.



## [ TRICK PLAY ]

It's fourth-and-one and you've finished your beer. Here's the play: Tuck Casio's XFER cordless TV (\$1,500) under your arm and break for the refrigerator while watching the big game on the full-color eight-inch flat screen. The tablet TV uses the same technology as your cordless phone to receive the signal up to 100 feet from the base station—far enough for trips to the fridge or to the neighbors to beg for more ice.



## [ GARAGE ROCK ]

Rockford's Omnifi car stereo system (\$600) spins digitized tunes from a 20 GB storage unit that can be updated wirelessly with new songs via an optional accessory connected to your PC. Schedule the included software to transfer fresh content to your car automatically, whether it's a sports broadcast, a news report or a Grateful Dead marathon from an online college radio station in Idaho.



## [ BRINGING UP ] THE REAR

With all the connections for your home theater system's speakers strung around like trip wires, your living room looks like a war zone. To clear the clutter, the wireless rear speakers of Pioneer's HTD-630DV home theater package (\$600) receive surround sound signals from a transmitter attached to the system's five-disc DVD changer. The beer cans on the floor are your problem.



# FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Miss October proves there's beauty in the heartland



**T**hough Audra Lynn grew up on a farm in rural Minnesota, her dreams of the future never had much to do with harvesting crops or herding livestock. "I was an only child and pretty spoiled as far as taking care of the animals was concerned. I helped clean the stalls, but my mom did most of the dirty work," she says. "When I was five, I wanted to be beautiful like the mannequins I saw in department stores. I would stand by them, pose and not move. People would just walk by and stare at me." By the time she was 15, Audra was putting that practice to good use as a model, but her parents made sure their daughter explored other interests. "I took piano lessons for years," she says. "I have a nice collection of gold medals for ice-skating. I can do pretty much everything you see on TV. I stopped for three years because I had foot surgery. Recently I went to a rink and started pulling off doubles like they were nothing."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA









Miss October almost purrs when the subject of men comes up. "I want to be the hunter," she says. "If a guy comes up to me in a bar and I didn't see him first, I won't give him the time of day. I want to spot my prey first!" When Audra does find her man, even the sky doesn't limit her affection. "I bought land on the moon for one boyfriend," she says. "He told me he wanted to be an astronaut, so I got a deed and a satellite picture of land on a part of the moon called the Sea of Rainbows. I love to spoil my boyfriends. If you treat me like a princess, I'm going to make you my prince."



















"One time at the Mansion, I put my diamond rings on a table by the pool because they got too loose when I went underwater," says Audra. "I figured they were safe, but one of the Mansion birds took off with them! I chased down the thief and got one of the rings, and the zookeeper helped me find the other. They sparkle, so I guess birds are like, 'Ooh, what's that?'"









PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Audra Lynn (ALL natural)

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 1/31/80 BIRTHPLACE: Albert Lea, Minnesota

AMBITIONS: I'm only 23-my ambitions and goals change month to month. (H)

TURN-ONS: A truthful, faithful, secure older man who makes me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Being taken for granted.

THINGS I'VE MODELED FOR: Macy's, Dennis Kirk cover, wearables cover, Marshall Field's + now Playboy.

I'D LIKE TO OWN: A house and horse ranch in the Rocky Mountains.

CITIES I HAVE LIVED IN: Hartland, MN, Albert Lea, MN, Scottsdale, AZ, Westminster, CO, Denver, CO, Chicago, IL, Fort Lauderdale, FL, Brentwood, CA, Santa Monica, CA.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: A plan A + B for every situation!



me at age 14 with my old dog.



Showing my horse, "could be famous."



Modeling in miami at age 16.





SEE MORE AUDRA AT  
CYBERPLAYBOY.COM



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** man scheduled to have an appendectomy was seen running down the hallway just before his operation. A concerned nurse stopped him and asked, "What's the matter?"

He said, "Another nurse just said, 'Don't worry. It's a very simple operation. I'm sure it will be all right.'"

"I don't understand. She was just trying to comfort you," the woman said. "What's so bad about that?"

The man replied, "She wasn't talking to me. She was talking to my doctor."



**A** mother walked into her daughter's room, holding a condom in her hand, and said, "I found this while cleaning your room today. Are you sexually active?"

Her daughter replied, "No, don't worry. I just lie there."

**T**HIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Saddam Hussein decided to send George W. Bush a letter to let his enemy know he was still alive. Along with Saddam's signature, the only thing written on the piece of paper was 370HSSV 0773H.

Bush couldn't figure out what this meant, so he asked Colin Powell. Powell had no clue either, so they sent the letter to the CIA. The CIA experts couldn't decipher it one way or another, so they sent it to an MIT professor. The professor looked at it and said, "Perhaps the president should try reading the message upside down."

**A** man walked into a bar and ordered a Manhattan. When the bartender served the drink, the customer noticed a piece of parsley floating in the glass. "What in the world is this?" the man asked.

The bartender peered into the glass and replied, "That's Central Park."

**R**ecalling a date from the previous week, a young lady said, "At the end of the evening, he told me he wanted me for a friend."

"Sometimes that happens," her girlfriend said.

The young lady replied, "Yeah, but on the second date, he brought along the friend."

**A** sailor met a pirate in a bar. The pirate had a peg leg, a hook and an eye patch. "How did you end up with a peg leg?" the sailor asked.

"I was swept overboard in a storm," the pirate said. "A shark bit off my whole leg."

"What about the hook?" the sailor asked.

"We were boarding an enemy ship," the pirate said. "The other seamen had swords. One of them cut my hand clean off."

"Incredible!" the sailor said. "And the eye patch?"

"A seagull dropping fell in my eye," the pirate replied.

"You lost your eye to a seagull dropping?" the sailor asked.

"No, mate," the pirate said. "It was my first day with the hook."

**A** scientist invented a bra that offered so much support women would no longer have to worry about their breasts bouncing up and down when they went jogging. After he announced his invention at a conference, the men in the group took him outside and beat the crap out of him.

**T**wo men were sitting in a bar, complaining about their wives. The first husband said, "Marriage is like a barrel that's filled halfway with honey and the rest of the way with shit."

The other husband, who was newly married, muttered, "I must have opened mine upside down."



**A** study proved that 90 percent of women, at some point in their lives, have some form of intelligent DNA present in their systems. The study also showed that of that 90 percent, 83 percent spit it back out.

**B**LONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde telephoned a long-distance operator and asked, "Could you please tell me the time difference between Taipei and Las Vegas?"

The operator said, "Just a minute..."

The blonde said thanks and hung up.

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





*"Don't worry about my husband, the werewolf. On a night like this,  
he's out humping some poor peasant's leg."*



PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

# 10%

By Hardin Young/University of Arkansas

## ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE WHEN RAY RAY OF THE FREAK PATROL GOT MACHETED BY A RIVAL MOTORCYCLE CLUB

**T**he war started when a few members of the Order macheted our sergeant at arms, Ray Ray Alvarez, at a bar and grill in San Jose. They told him to take off his colors. Our colors were the same as our allies', the Soldiers of Mars: red on white, a top and bottom rocker, and a sidepiece—your standard three-piece patch for outlaw motorcycle clubs. They were also the same colors as the Order's, practically an invitation for someone to go alpha male on someone. Another problem was the 1% patch Ray Ray was sporting on his leather. They said he was no one-percenter and it was an insult to the guys who were. Now, Ray Ray was a big boy, and he told the Order guys there was only one way to find out if he was a one-percenter, so they rat-packed him: whacked him with machetes and kicked the guacamole out of him. Ray Ray lived, but he was a quart low on the red stuff and being held together with stitches and surgical tubing, shit shoved up his nose and dick. Luger and I went and saw him at the hospital. "Hey, Ray Ray, don't you worry, bro. We're gonna kick mud holes in those chumps."

Ray Ray made a beeping sound in between the Darth Vader breathing, but I saw it in the way his eyes stared up at the ceiling: He wanted us to kick mud holes in those chumps.

I also told him I'd just have his old lady pay the \$100 he owed me, if that was okay.

That night in bed I told Nona about it. "I don't understand. I thought they were fighting the Soldiers of Mars," she said.

"We're allies." My club was the Freak Patrol.

She sat up on her side. Nona had dark skin and long black hair and the best rack money could buy. There is nothing like a

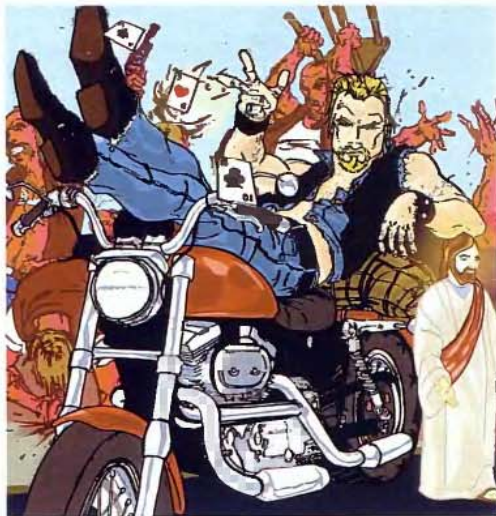


ILLUSTRATION BY BENJAMIN MARRA









The illustration for this year's College Fiction Contest story was produced by Benjamin Marra, a student in Marshall Arisman's class at New York City's School of Visual Arts. Clockwise from top left are pieces by the runners-up (also SVA students): Brian Meulener, Charles Hearn, Christopher Murphy, Reuben Negron, Victor Deak and Nicole Browner.

two-year-old pair of tits on a 30-year-old body, like adding a whole new wing on the house. She had a scorpion tattoo on her right boob and a Little Devil on the inside of her thigh. She claimed she was mostly Indian, Paiute or Lummi or

some other tribe long demapped, but nowadays everybody claims to have some Indian, like if they got a skin in the bloodline that somehow excuses their other land-swiping ancestors. Whatever helps them sleep at night. At

the rate we're going, someday we'll all claim we're spades. Me, I don't sweat the past. The skins got the shaft? Call it God's will. My people put your people in chains? Your people should have had their shit together.

"What does that mean? You get all the Soldiers' problems but none of the rewards of their business?"

"It means we hang out. We ride together."

"So you could be killed? Or go back to prison?"

"I'm not going back to the joint."

Nona was a stripper at the Silicon Palace. You know that stuff you see in the movies about the kindhearted stripper who just does it to pay for college or to support her daughter? Total horseshit. Most of them are geeked on gak or shooting dope, one step away from prostitution, basket cases whose daddies were never around. Or were around a little too much. We'd talked about making an amateur porno movie to sell on the Internet—what can I say? chicks dig me—but hadn't got around to it. Nona snuggled up closer.

"I'll hide drugs in my pussy and mule them into the prison for you. I'll write petitions. If you die, I'll get a tattoo on my back of you with a big mustache and a headband."

"Right on."

"Just be careful. Don't act without thinking, like you did with Charlie."

Her boss, Charlie, fired her from the Pink Poodle because I kicked in his car door after he asked her to be in a threesome. I'd been trying to get Nona to do that for months, and this cock-sucker wants to chisel in and turn it into something sleazy?

"This is so exciting," she said, climbing on top of me. "You could be maimed. Or crippled. You might have to eat through a straw."

We fucked till the pictures fell off the wall, then I made her make me a sandwich.

I first got the bug when I was a kid. My father and I were on a road trip out West, South Dakota, Wyoming, somewhere. We stopped for lunch, and bikes suddenly filled the whole street, a wall of chrome and thunder. There must have been a hundred of them, long-haired Vikings in leather, gunning engines and sneering at the hicks in their feed-store caps. Four guys gassed ahead to block the next intersection, a bike blocking each lane of traffic on each side of the street so the pack could roll past. It was fucking beautiful.

I went to my first Bike Blessing two years ago, when I was 28. You could feel it a mile off: the rumble of  
(continued on page 140)



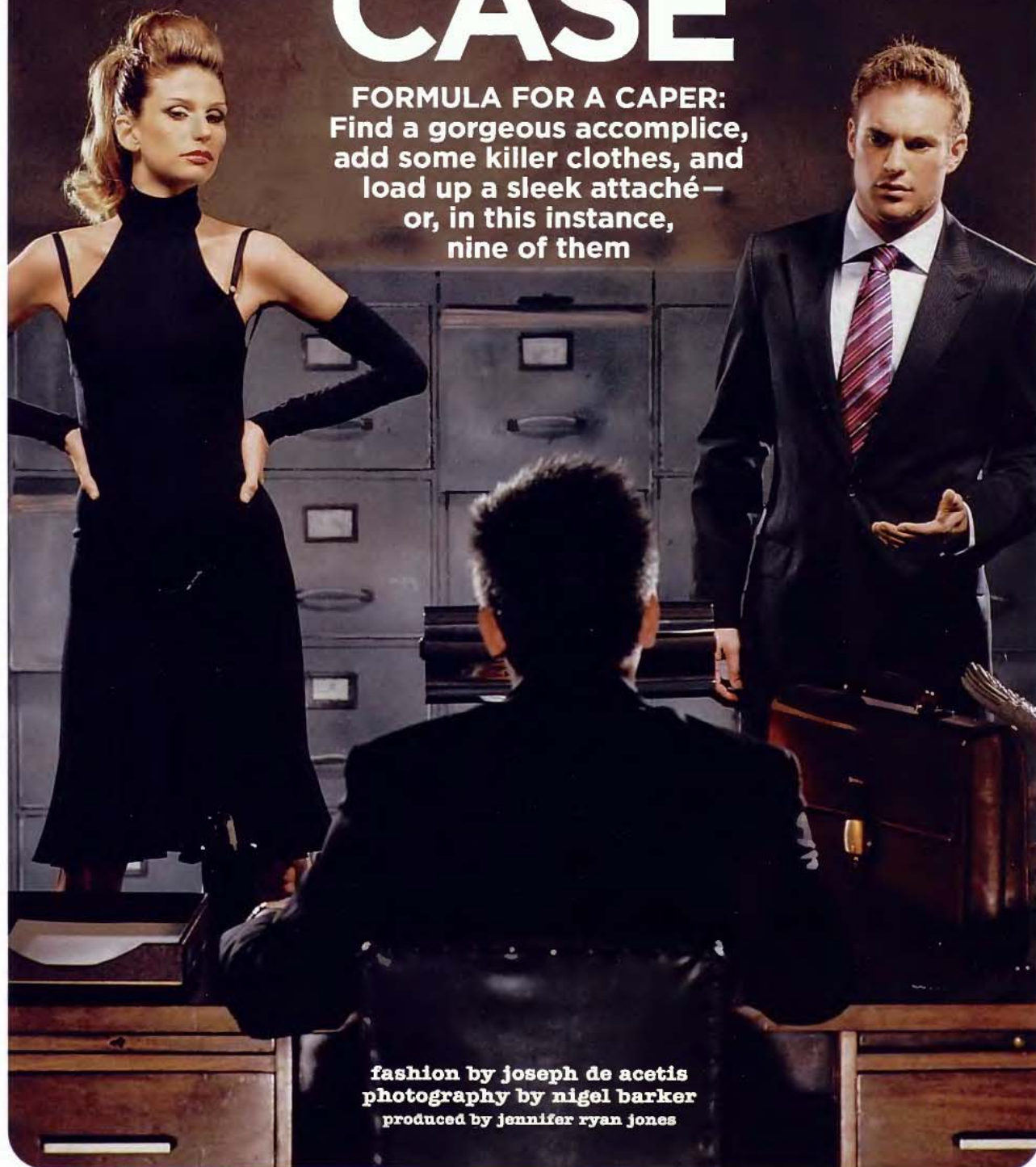


*"Annie! I just slept with a guy who knows the dentist who fixed the teeth of one of the semifinalists on American Idol!"*



# THE BRIEF CASE

FORMULA FOR A CAPER:  
Find a gorgeous accomplice,  
add some killer clothes, and  
load up a sleek attaché—  
or, in this instance,  
nine of them



fashion by joseph de acetis  
photography by nigel barker  
produced by jennifer ryan jones

**THE CAPER** Fashion is a confidence game. Nothing makes that point better than your briefcase. It isn't some girlie handbag that you switch every time you go to lunch. Whether you're in business or working the streets, it defines you. So when a man asks you to take a leather briefcase by **Dunhill** (\$675)

to give to a friend, just go with it. Thus begins a great adventure. The Man With No Face is in a striped suit by **Boss Hugo Boss** (\$895). The bag man is in a pinstripe suit (\$895), shirt (\$125) and silk tie (\$95), all by **Boss Hugo Boss**. Every story's got a dame. Ours is in a dress by **D&G** (\$350).



**THE SWITCH** Mr. Inconspicuous is in a trench coat (\$300) and dark-brown suit (\$299) by **Claiborne**. His shoes are from the Strada Studio Collection by **Bostonian** (\$100). The bag man swaps a leather Sardon bag by **John Lobb** (\$760) for a Parker briefcase by **Ghurka**

(\$750). He's in a suit (\$550) and trench coat (\$595) by **Calvin Klein**, a shirt by **Geoffrey Beene** (\$39) and shoes by **John Lobb** (\$760). She's in a coat by **Coach** (\$398), a skirt (\$19) and sweater (\$19) by **H&M** and shoes by **Stuart Weitzman** (\$230).





**THE PINCH** From far left: The chase is on. Ms. Copette is in leather jeans by **Coach** (\$498) and velvet boots by **Salvatore Ferragamo** (\$410). Our man is in a leather blazer (\$1,400), pants (\$205), shirt (\$180), tie (\$110) and loafers (\$350), all by **Salvatore**

**Ferragamo**. The black leather case is by **Jack Spade** (\$595). She's in a jacket (\$2,395) and skirt (\$750) by **Boss Hugo Boss**. Johnny Law is in a suit by **Borelli** (\$2,250), a shirt by **Geoffrey Beene** (\$39), a tie by **Tommy Hilfiger** (\$40) and shoes by **Testoni** (\$425).



set design by Video Games





**THE USUAL SUSPECTS** From left: Stubble is in a suit (\$425) and shirt (\$50) by **Tommy Hilfiger** and shoes by **Mark Nason** (\$85). His portfolio is by **Dunhill** (\$540). Our man, with case by **Sutor Mantellassi** (\$800), is in a suit (\$1,495) and shirt (\$185) by **Canali** and shoes by **Mark Nason** (\$85).

The next perp is in a suit (\$495) and shirt (\$43) by **Kenneth Cole** and shoes by **Mark Nason** (\$140). His nylon briefcase is by **Kenneth Cole** (\$149). Shorty is in a suit (\$890) and shirt (\$200) by **D&G** and shoes by **Mark Nason** (\$140). His case? **Bottega Veneta** (\$1,500).





**THE GETAWAY** Getting busted offers a chance to put the loyalty of your friends to the test. Sometimes what you learn is disheartening. But in this case, the girl makes good—with bolt cutters. She's in a velour motocross set by **Enyce** (\$148) and sneakers by **Reebok** (\$75). The bag man turned fall guy is

in a velour jacket (\$68) and matching pants (\$60) by **NYBased**. His shoes are by **Reebok** (\$75). The cop on the ground is in a shirt with French cuffs (\$65) and jeans (\$110) from Blue by **Sean John**, and a belt with a large buckle by **Ben Sherman** (\$45). His shoes are by **Testoni** (\$425).



**THE PAYOFF** Our man, left, completes his mission in a suit (\$900), shirt (\$224) and tie (\$100), all by **Gianluca Isaia**. She's in a blouse (\$360) and sandals (\$270) by **Salvatore Ferragamo** and a skirt by **Angel Rox** (\$200). The briefcase, by **Calvin Klein**

(\$995), goes to Mr. Big, the mastermind of the operation. He's in a mini-herringbone jacket (\$199) and pants (\$100) by **Clai-borne**, a cashmere sweater by **Tommy Hilfiger** (\$225) and shoes by **Kenneth Cole** (\$199). His watch is by **Seiko** (\$450).





# FACE *to* FACE

These wheels of steel make the most of time and space



PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
STEVEN CIUCCOLI

FASHION BY  
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

PRODUCED BY  
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 147.

PLAYBOY  
FASHION



One watch for all occasions? Forget it. These days, smart guys have a wardrobe of timepieces to keep up with all their styles and needs. So check out these precision tools, all designed for specific tasks. From far left: In pole position is a solar-powered Atomic Solar G-Shock by **Casio** (\$150). For a power-suit look without the power price, consider the stainless steel number with metal band by **Tommy Hilfiger** (\$95) or the stainless job with no-slip leather band by **Calvin Klein** (\$125). For flash and function, the metal bracelet chronograph by **Oris** (\$1,775) is ideal. Fitness freaks will enjoy the Ironman Triathlon Mega-Lap Sleek

digital watch by **Timex** (\$70), while divers will appreciate the Seastar 1000 by **Tissot** (\$425)—it's water resistant to 300 meters. Bottom left: The digital watch by **Kenneth Cole Reaction** (\$65) is mod and magnificent; the black-face Khaki by **Hamilton** (\$295) presents a more classic look. At bottom right, from left, are two multifactinals and a collectible: The Formula 1 Micrograph by **TAG Heuer** (\$2,195) records laps to one hundredth of a second; the StarTech 3000 by **Swiss Army Brands** (\$275) measures altitude, barometric pressure and temperature; and the chronograph is a Dr. No from **Swatch**'s 007 Collection (\$75).







*"Hooray! I've made it past the casting couch!"*



CENTERFOLDS ON

# SEX

TERI HARRISON

## THE LOOK OF LUST

SOME MEN ARE INTO THEIR COCKS A LOT. I JUST THINK THEY'RE REALLY INTERESTED IN THE WAY IT LOOKS GOING IN AND OUT OF ME—AND THAT'S GREAT, BECAUSE IT TURNS ME ON TOO. I'M NEVER UPSET ABOUT THAT. I THINK GUYS LIKE TO WATCH BECAUSE IT MAKES THEM THINK, OH, MY GOD, THIS IS SO GREAT. IT'S HEAVEN FOR THEM.



## ORAL MAJORITY

Men love receiving oral sex, and it's something I happen to be very good at. I end up swallowing almost every time. It's natural. I was really into pleasuring my first boyfriend. I thought it was great, and I would try new things. I would cup his balls and wonder if that felt good, or I would stroke him and then barely lick the top of his penis to see if that felt better. I was experimenting on him. He would be like, "Wow, you are so talented." Except for maybe the first time I ever went down on him. We were in a movie theater watching a rerelease of *Basic Instinct*, way in the back row, and I just slipped my hand over and touched his penis. It was sort of an unconscious thing—and then we figured that since we were there, we might as well take care of it. So I just leaned over the armrest and started giving him a blow job. After a while he was about to come, and his first reaction was to stand up, turn around and let it go somewhere because we didn't have anything to clean up with. I didn't think about swallowing—it was my first time. So he jumped up, freaked out and came all over the curtains.







### BEST PIERCING AND TORTURE PARLOR

By day, **Body Work Productions** in **Cleveland** is a typical friendly neighborhood body-modification shop. But after closing, the staff bolts the door, lowers the shades and starts the piercings—and we're not talking cute little belly button rings. Think five-inch hooks stuck through your chest and back flesh. After being pierced, you're attached to a rigging, hoisted off the ground and swung around like a Goth piñata. This isn't a summon-the-devil ceremony—Body Work staffers are serious performance artists. Toss in loud music, nearly nude bodies and piercings in body parts that shouldn't have holes, and it's like *Cirque du Soleil* for sadomasochists. Bring the kids! (216-623-0744)



### BEST VODOO TEMPLE

If you need a respite from the "show me your tits" Bourbon Street crowd when in **New Orleans**, visit the nearby **Voodoo Spiritual Temple and Cultural Center**. Priestess Miriam, the temple's queen mother, teaches that voodoo isn't just a religion, it's also a type of folk medicine. The priestess said I needed the cleansing ritual, and the next thing I knew, I was on my back, surrounded by candles and wooden idols. As followers chanted and beat drums, I was ordered to shut my eyes. I felt a slithering sensation up and down my body. I figured it was just the whiskey shakes, but I peeked and saw the priestess holding a rather large snake in my face. Apparently the scaly bastard sucks out negative energy. Sure enough, I felt refreshed, as if I'd had a high colonic for my soul. It's customary to make an offering before you leave, and unlike religions that take only money, the voodoo gods aren't choosy. Cigarettes and booze will do. Finally, a religion I can work with. (504-522-9627)





# OPEN ALL NIGHT

**GRAB THE VISINE: SLEEP-DEPRIVED COMIC DAVE ATTELL TAKES YOU ON A MIDNIGHT TOUR OF THE BEST AND MOST BIZARRE IN LATE-NIGHT AMERICA**

WHEN MOST DECENT FOLK ARE SNUG IN BED, DAVE ATTELL, HOST OF COMEDY CENTRAL'S "INSOMNIAC," IS PROWLING THE STREETS, ON THE HUNT FOR FELLOW CREATURES OF THE NIGHT OR JUST A POORLY LIT PLACE TO GUZZLE HIS NEXT DRINK. IF THAT MEANS HE HAS TO VISIT EVERY TRUCK STOP, STRIP JOINT AND NAKED KARAOKE BAR IN AMERICA, SO BE IT. TRY TO KEEP UP ON THIS WHIRLWIND TRIP TO FAVORITE WEE-HOUR DESTINATIONS. TRUST US, YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THESE PLACES WHEN THE SUN COMES UP.



## BEST GIRLS WITH GUNS

I'm a lover, not a sniper, so I made a point of checking out the **Range USA** indoor shooting range in **Memphis** on ladies' night. Every Thursday, pistol-packing local lovelies forgo "Will & Grace" for Smith & Wesson (and free shooting time). There's something erotic about a woman standing squat-legged, breathing slowly, her finger caressing the trigger of a nine millimeter—as long as it's not pointed at me. Take your special lady and watch her get all Second Amendment on your ass. Then go home and make love to the sweet sounds of the Nuge. (901-213-4774)



## BEST DOWN 'N' DIRTY STRIP JOINT

**Atlanta** is known for its world-class, babes-galore gentlemen's clubs. **Clermont Lounge** ain't one of them. The joint does have some hot mamas—it's one of the few strip clubs where you might marvel at a mother-daughter team sharing the pole on-stage. These ladies are not generic, silicone-pumped strippers. Clermont dancers have lived a life. Cellulite is the norm, and teeth are optional. And though the girls may not be "Baywatch" material, they more than make up for it with heart. Until you've seen Blondie Strange smash beer cans between her boobs while Bernadette slaps her ass in time to "The Devil Went Down to Georgia," you haven't lived. (404-874-4783)



## BEST TRUCKER MECCA

To most folks, a truck stop is a place to fuel up and peel out. To me, it's a 24-hour playground to get buzzed off diesel fumes. **Love's Truck Stop** in **North Little Rock, Arkansas** stands out because it's hopping at four A.M. Hungry? Order the fried chicken. Want to get stomped? Mention what a great president Clinton was. I got on the CB radio and flirted with a lady trucker...I think. When it was time to go, I hitched. There's no better way to see America than bound and gagged in a lunatic's rig. (501-945-5400)







### BEST INTRO TO SWINGING

What makes a marriage strong? Trust, communication, antiques? How about sex with other people? That's what goes down at the **Miami Velvet** swing club, a members-only hangout as hot as its hometown. Before you go, stock up on condoms and lube and scope out special events at the online store ([miamivelvet.com](http://miamivelvet.com)). Some nights, Elvis even gives dance lessons. When you get there, down a drink at the bar (it's BYOB), then check out the dungeon room and the Roman orgy room. Don't miss the viewing area, where you can watch couples have sex. Just beware of the towel sharks—swinger slang for guys who arrive stag and hang out wearing towels, hoping couples will invite them on board. Finish up at the buffet, where sometimes more than just the pasta gets munched. (305-406-1604)



### BEST PLACE TO WASH, THEN LOSE, YOUR SHIRT

Anybody can piss away all his money in a **Las Vegas** casino, but it takes a real high roller to lose a bundle in a laundromat. In Nevada, gambling is legal almost everywhere—from the time you land at the airport to the time you depart, rumpled and broke, from the bus station. If the Strip isn't doing it for you, check out **Amy's Laundry Basket**, where you can play video poker and slots while trying to wash the booze-and-stripper smell out of your jeans. When I was there, I picked my favorite one-armed bandit, dropped in a quarter and pulled the arm. Three cherries! Fabric softener for everyone! Hey, only in Vegas. (702-452-5017)



### BEST COCKFIGHT

**Tijuana** isn't in the U.S., but let's not get technical. A night of fun in Tijuana is like a year of fun this side of the border. Anyone can be privy to the PETA nightmare that is a cockfight—I've heard that bouts can even be brought to your hotel room. Up in the surrounding hills, I found a cockfighting training camp where, from the moment they're hatched until the moment they hit the ring, roosters are trained to kill, kill, kill. Taken very seriously there, cockfighting is a true sport. What do you yell at a cockfight? I don't know. Personally, I'm a pit bull man.



### BEST HAMBURGER WITH A SIDE OF ABUSE

My favorite drunk foods are hot dogs and hamburgers—chow down on a few to soak up the alcohol, and your potential public-drunkenness arrest just turned into a warning. If you want to practice for the cop's steely stare, hit the **Wieners Circle in Chicago**, where staffers don't just take your order, they berate you like you're in a scared-straight prison program: "You want fucking fries with that?" Sensitive drunks, beware: They use language that would make Eddie Griffin blush. Tell 'em Dave sent you, or as I'm known at the Wieners Circle, that bald motherfucker who uses too much ketchup. (773-477-7444)



### BEST USED-CAR RACES

Think **Honolulu** is just for surfer dudes? At **Hawaii Raceway Park** you'll find throngs of gearheads more interested in fuel injectors than perfect waves. Watch the fast and furious action from the rowdy stands, or be Vin Diesel for a night and race anything from a high-performance dragster to your mom's 1975 Dodge Dart. The local rule? If it has wheels, it can race. Hell, you were wondering about your rental ride's top speed in the quarter mile anyway, weren't you? Aloha, and pass the nitrous. (808-682-4994)





## BEST HOTTIE WHEELS

Austin, Texas is known as a crunchy hippie town full of college kids, unemployed musicians and computer nerds. I say drop your PalmPilot and head to **Playland Skate Center**, where the Bad Girl, Good Woman roller derby league is one of Texas's best-kept secrets. Watch in awe as local favorites Reyna Terror, Buckshot Betsy, the Wrench and Melicious dominate the rink, leaving mayhem and destruction in their wake. These she-devils are superhot, spurred on by pounding rock music and booze-fueled fans. Just don't stand too close, or you may get pulled into the action as I did. After getting hip-checked, I found myself at the bottom of a roller girl pile—fists flying, thighs pumping, breasts popping. It was heaven. (512-452-1901)

## BEST 24-HOUR ELVIS SHRINE

Sometimes that burning desire to see the King's Twinkie wrapper won't wait till sunrise. Luckily **Graceland Too**, a ramshackle antebellum home in **Holly Springs, Mississippi** that's jammed basement to rafters with everything Elvis, receives visitors at any hour (or blood alcohol level). Proprietor Paul McLeod and his son, Elvis Aaron Presley McLeod, lead the \$5 tour, which includes near-priceless original Sun records and tons of almost worthless crap. (Paul's wife made him choose between her and Elvis years ago. Can you guess who he chose?) Don't miss the room wallpapered with thousands of photos of every Graceland Too visitor. A couple of them even look sober. (662-252-2515)



## BEST REAL-LIFE FIGHT CLUB

If dealing with **Salt Lake City's** Mormons all day has left you with some anger issues, **Club 90** is the perfect place to resolve them. Smoke-filled and packed with drunks, this church of latter-night butt whippings lets those of any faith climb in the ring and duke it out. If you prefer just watching, don't miss the part when two foxy lasses take over the canvas to give oil-wrestling demos. This is no beer-commercial catfight—these girls really throw down. The promoter asked me if I wanted to fight, but I politely declined. My bell was already ringing from the four shots to the head my old sparring partner Jack Daniel's threw me in the parking lot. Kickboxing in Donny and Marie's home state—who knew? (801-566-3254)



## BEST NAKED KARAOKE

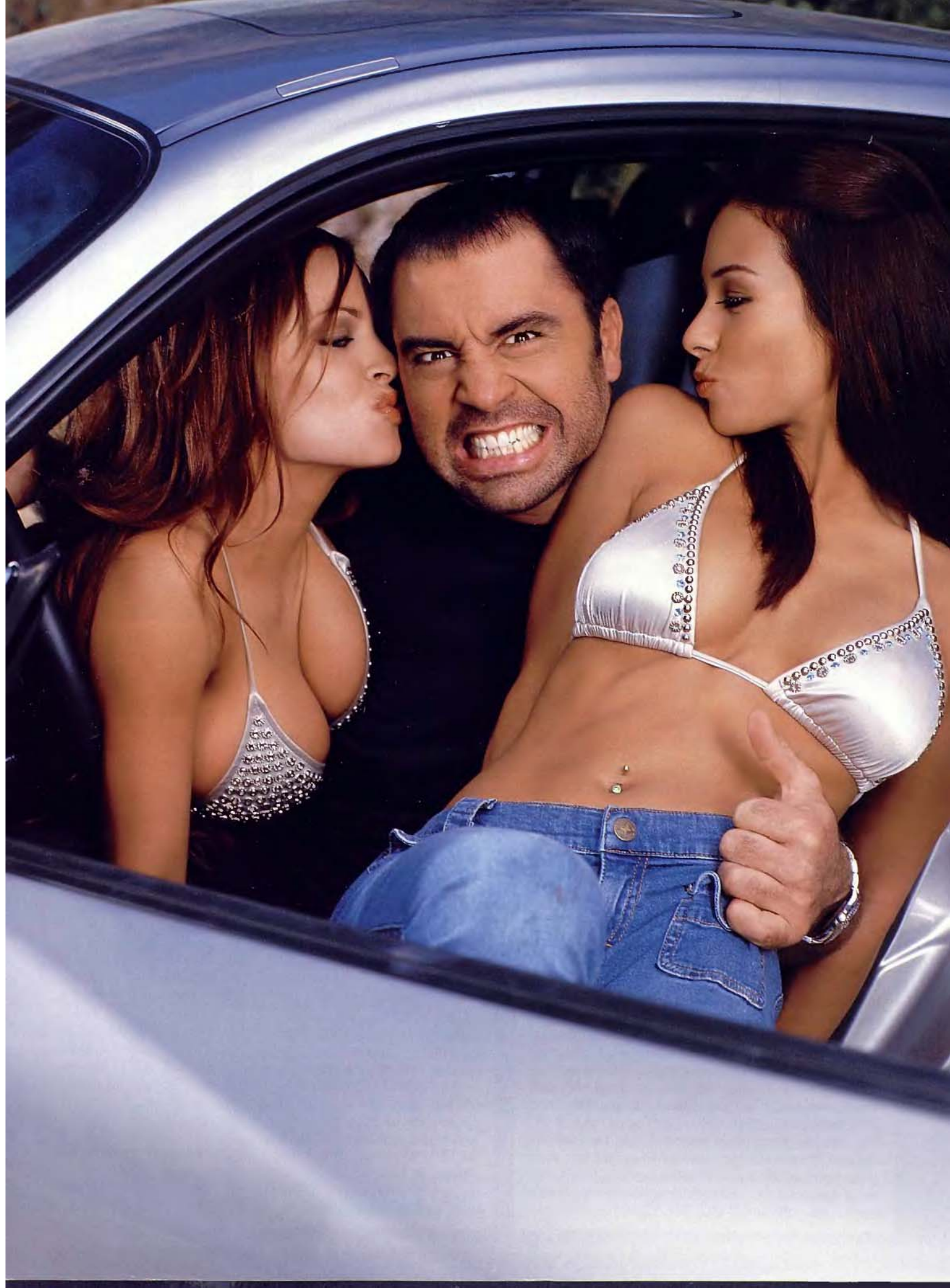
Ending a night of drinking with karaoke is not that unusual. But nude karaoke? Time to lay off the boilermakers. The nudist **Shangri La Ranch**, just far enough outside **Phoenix** to discourage gawkers, hosts nude karaoke on weekends. If you're envisioning hard bodies and buns of steel, think again—it's more like "American Idol" meets "Cocoon." The stars are mostly retirees who enjoy spending their twilight years belting out tunes in the buff. You haven't lived until you've seen a naked, graying college professor warble "Come, Mister Tally Man, tally me banana" off-key. Sit back, sip a brew and try not to get caught staring at Grand-nia's rack. (623-465-5959)



## BEST FIREWORKS SUPERSTORE

Nighttime is the right time to blow shit up, but the vast majority of our great land's fireworks purveyors keep standard retail hours. Powder-filled pyrotechnics are perfectly legal in South Carolina, and **Dynamite Fireworks of Myrtle Beach** takes full advantage by staying open later than most competitors. Its selection of M-80s, blockbusters and Roman candles boggles the mind—if it snaps, crackles and sends up a mushroom cloud, Dynamite has a section for it. I'm fairly sure even some WMDs were tucked away in back for special customers. Ask nicely and the clerks may take you outside to light a few. Just be ready to clam up when the United Nations inspectors show. (843-449-8220)







## Joe Rogan

Is the new host of *The Man Show* just a sensitive guy underneath that macho exterior? Like hell

1

PLAYBOY: Now that you've assumed the recliner throne as host, how will *The Man Show* be different?

ROGAN: Obviously, Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla were funny hosts and it was a funny show, but they had a light-hearted take. My take is more unapologetic. My co-host, Doug Stanhope, and I are going to do shit we think is funny. Here's what's ironic, though: The person at Comedy Central responsible for approving the bits in *The Man Show* is a woman. We're already running into censorship issues, and I don't know how much of our vision is going to get across. Rest assured, though, whatever does get across will be a lot darker and will make a lot of people angry. And that's fine with me.

2

PLAYBOY: Could you give an example of when you butted heads with the censor?

ROGAN: We came up with a bit called the Fuck Bed, about a bed built of steel girders, monster-truck shocks and gym mats. The sketch starts with a guy having sex with his girlfriend. She's about to have her first orgasm, but the bed falls apart. So we test this gigantic bed with a 370-pound bodybuilder having sex with a blowup doll. The censor said that was misogynistic. How could that be misogynistic? Is sex misogynistic?

3

PLAYBOY: What happens when you see a perfect pair of breasts?

ROGAN: I just go, "How great is it?" It just goes right to your DNA. Breasts to a guy are like a lightbulb to a moth. But if I had to choose between no tits and a nice ass, or big tits and a flat ass, I'd go with the nice ass every time.

4

PLAYBOY: Is there any subject that's just not funny?

ROGAN: There is no subject that isn't funny. Funny is funny, but you can't force it. A good comedian says things he thinks are funny. A bad comedian says things he thinks you're going to laugh at. There's funny in everything—executions, abortion, cancer. All of it can be funny if it is treated properly.

5

PLAYBOY: You started in stand-up. Which comics do you admire and which do you hate?

ROGAN: The comics I hate are thieves. Nothing's more disgusting than a guy who steals another person's ideas and tries to claim them as his own. Stand-up comedy is supposed to be "Here's the world through my eyes." It's supposed to be your observations, your thoughts and views on life. When you snatch little pieces of other people's lives and try to palm them off as your own, that's more disgusting than anything. Robin Williams is a known thief. Denis Leary is a huge thief. His whole stand-up career is based on Bill Hicks, a brilliant guy who died years ago.

6

PLAYBOY: You've mastered tae kwon do, kickboxing and Brazilian jujitsu. If an obnoxious bar patron picks a fight, how do you determine which martial art you should employ to whip his ass?

ROGAN: It depends on how obnoxious he is. Martial arts remove the need to prove yourself. If someone calls you a dildo, are you really a dildo? If I don't feel physically threatened, chances are I won't do anything. If you're on a quest to kick the shit out of all the douche bags, you'll never get anything done, because there are more douche bags than normal people.

7

PLAYBOY: Describe the erotic applications of martial arts.

ROGAN: Increased flexibility can lead to more interesting positions. Whether they admit it or not, women are attracted to men who know how to fight. Women are always turned on by the dominating male, because we're all 99 percent chimpanzee.

8

PLAYBOY: You hosted an all-Playmate episode of *Fear Factor*. Are Playmates uniquely equipped for reality TV?

ROGAN: Clearly their architecture is suited for television, because we're most likely to get good ratings by putting on people you would really like to have sex with. We had a girl on who works for IBM as an account manager, and she's beautiful. If she were a Playmate, people would be paying a lot more attention to her. It's a stamp of approval. It's validation that people want to fuck you.

9

PLAYBOY: How many times has something on *Fear Factor* made you throw up?

ROGAN: Only once, and I was at home. I was watching an episode with a contestant drinking cocktail glasses filled with earthworms, and she kept chucking them onto the table. She would get them in her mouth, and they would come flying out. The editing on *Fear Factor* is phenomenal. Those guys know how to add music and sound effects and the close-ups of sweat beading off her face. Dude, I ran into the kitchen and just puked right in the sink. Pathetic. I was so embarrassed. Then I started thinking about how many people across the country probably threw up at the same time. Look at my job and how strong my stomach is, and the fact that 20 million other people are watching that same thing. At least a million people had to puke. I would like to hear from those people.



10

PLAYBOY: How far are we from reality TV being like *The Running Man*?

ROGAN: We've got to get prisoners into the mix. As soon as we start offering prisoners parole if they can get past a certain number of challenges without dying. We need something to lower the value of human life, like a nuclear explosion in Cleveland. I'm trying to pitch a show called *Eat Shit*. You take 10 people and put them in front of 10 scales. In front of those 10 scales you put 20 pounds of dog shit, and whoever eats the most dog shit in one hour wins \$20 million. Can you tell me people wouldn't do it? Twenty million dollars for one hour of misery and humiliation? I'm rich, and I would do it.

11

PLAYBOY: What are we three years away from in the field of adult entertainment?

ROGAN: Mainstream celebrities doing porn. I may do it someday if I want to get out of my *Fear Factor* contract. I may really consider doing porn, because I don't know if I'll be able to do an eighth season of *Fear Factor*. They'll have to pump me full of ephedrine and push me onto the set. How many fucking helicopter stunts can you do before it's enough already?

12

PLAYBOY: You've said that having a dick means you're untrustworthy. True?

ROGAN: There are two different men living inside one body. There's the guy who pays your rent, chooses your career and asks the girl out to dinner. That guy thinks he's running shit. Then there's the other dude who comes out when you get a hard-on. The guy who thinks he's in control is really just driving around the dick, putting it in a position where it's most likely to get some. When you get a hard-on, it feels like you're no longer driving your life but sitting in the back of a long bus watching some other dude drive it. You're trying to talk to him, but there's all this engine noise. "Do you even know where you're going?" He's yelling back, "You shut the fuck up. I'm in control here." When I'm fucking, that's when it's clear to me that I'm really just an animal. We're monkeys with Tivos, but we're just monkeys, man. I'm not buying all the spirituality. C'mon, religion is like a *Charlie's Angels* movie. If you pay any attention to the plot, you're going to lose interest.

13

PLAYBOY: Give us three cardinal rules of dating.

ROGAN: Rule number one: Don't believe the hype. Don't get sucked into some

Sandra Bullock movie in your head. She's not Meg Ryan, you're not Tom Hanks. Rule number two: Be honest. You like watching porn? Don't hide that shit when she comes over. You think Christianity is for sheep, don't lie because she's wearing a cross and you're trying to get in her pants. Rule number three: If you find yourself in a situation in which you can't be honest because you don't have access to a lot of women, you need to change that situation.

14

PLAYBOY: You know you're in trouble with a woman when...

ROGAN: I'm on a date and a girl says, "I'm very spiritual, and I'm looking for a man who's very spiritual," because then I know she has a crazy checklist. When a girl's got checklists—"My last date didn't open the car door for me, which was rude and disrespectful. I like being treated like a lady"—any of that crazy shit, just run. And a girl who says she doesn't like sex? Run. She doesn't like giving head? Run, run, run. Don't try to talk her into it, just run like your ass is on fire and the nearest fire hydrant is a mile away.

15

PLAYBOY: Defend marriage.

ROGAN: People are still getting married? That boggles the mind. My friend got married last weekend. Okay, you're following an ancient tribal ritual that binds you to this person and makes a legal contract recognized by the state. If your best friend came up to you and said, "Listen, man, you know we're best friends, right? Let's sign a contract that says we're best friends for life, and then if we ever decide not to be best friends, we go to court and you give me half your shit." You'd be like, "That's retarded."

16

PLAYBOY: If women are so much trouble, why bother?

ROGAN: Here's an area that gets gray when you become a celebrity, because they're not that much trouble anymore. When you're a regular Joe Schmo working for UPS, if you find a gal, you better hold on to her. If she senses you're not into commitment, she'll find some other dude. But throw celebrity into the mix, and all of a sudden a guy like David Spade becomes attractive. Look, he's a cool dude and I'm not dissing him, but why are chicks attracted to him? They're attracted to him because he's rich and famous, and that's just how it goes. It's a distortion of their natural instincts.

17

PLAYBOY: Have women gotten funnier?

ROGAN: No. There's always been Lucille

Ball, and today there's Sarah Silverman and Margaret Cho. The expectations for women are different. They don't get as much of a break. When a woman steps onstage at a comedy club, she doesn't get the same reception men do if she talks openly about sex or, especially, about politics. It's like running with weights on.

18

PLAYBOY: If you dated a comedienne, who would it be?

ROGAN: I wouldn't do it. I won't date actresses either. It's not worth it. The probability of their being normal is so small. A lot of celebrities date other celebrities because they figure they're the only people who understand them. Plus, it compounds your own celebrity. Melanie Griffith and Antonio Banderas haven't made a good movie between them in a long fucking time, but they're still celebrities because they're married. I'd much rather date an artist or a painter. Those are the kinds of girls I'm into now.

19

PLAYBOY: If you woke up in bed with Sarah Silverman, would you ask her to blow you just to get her to be quiet?

ROGAN: I think Sarah's funny, so no. And I wouldn't ask her to blow me, because I like her boyfriend, Jimmy Kimmel. He's a good guy. That would be kind of rude, and I hope he would extend the same courtesy if he woke up with my girlfriend. I would just say, "Oh, can I give you a ride somewhere?"

20

PLAYBOY: Are you the antidote to Dr. Phil?

ROGAN: I always tell ladies, "Don't take relationship advice from a guy you don't want to fuck, because he's never going to tell you the truth. He's going to tell you exactly what you want to hear because that might get you to fuck him." You ask George Clooney a question, you're going to get an honest answer, because that guy could fuck anyone. When you ask Dr. Phil, that fat prick has to tell you what you want to hear, like "Before getting a divorce, you should exhaust all possible avenues for working out the relationship." Bullshit. He says that only because he doesn't have any options, that goofy, Donkey Kong-looking motherfucker. The ultimate *Man Show* stunt would be the kidnapping of Dr. Phil. We'd pick him up in a limo filled with strippers, get him drunk and make him admit that it's all a scam.







*"And you can sleep well knowing your honeymoon hotel has a state-of-the-art security system!"*





Candy Adams, Macy MacIntyer, Tatum Parker, Meygan Boy, Lexie Ryan—OHIO STATE

**T**he Big 10 deserves its big ups. Its universities have long been hailed for their academic prowess. And the 11 schools (math is apparently not a strong suit) have maintained a storied tradition of athletic excellence, too. Still, in the past few seasons, a lot of fans were grumbling that it was no longer an elite college football conference—Big 10 players didn't have big-time speed, their offensive schemes lacked deep threats, the conference's coaches were still mired in the 20th century (or, at Penn State, in the 19th century). Then Iowa's Brad Banks made a run—and, more important, a lot of passes—at the Heisman Trophy. And Ohio State stunned mighty Miami to win the national championship last year. D'oh! What was the Big 10's secret weapon against all the naysayers? Girls. These 11 campuses are loaded with talent—and as the Beach Boys told us, the Midwest farmers' daughters keep their boyfriends warm at night. Judging by our visit, they keep them downright hot. Need proof? Just check out the photos. And consider taking some night classes.





Miranda Stefanski, Ka Vu, Ana Bella, Rachel Marie—MINNESOTA

ABOVE: Ana Bella, between BIG and 10, wants to be a sex therapist. (We're happy to help her with her homework.) Miranda Stefanski, bottom left, is no rocket scientist—she's an aerospace engineer. Ka Vu, bottom middle, is headed for med school or an MBA after college. Rachel Marie, bottom right, plans to teach.

# GIRLS OF THE BIG 10

It's babes that make this conference a powerhouse



Kristin Angeli, Stephanie Urban—INDIANA

ABOVE: All five of these Ohio State students are natives of Ohio. (No wonder OSU jocks are jacked these days.) Candy Adams is a fashion merchandising major. Macy MacIntyer likes to wakeboard on Lake Erie when she can. Tatum Parker studies consumer affairs. Meygan Bay puts her fashion major to work in the real world: "I make my own clothes and like to dress funky," she says. Lexie Ryan is a psych major who likes to play volleyball. Her ideal guy? "A good farm boy." RIGHT: Stephanie Urban, right, is a self-described all-American girl. Kristin Angeli, left, likes "sun, Spanish food, travel and IU basketball."





Anna Marie—INDIANA



Adrienne Rose—MICHIGAN



Shayne Austin—PURDUE

Indiana's Anna Marie is a studio art major with a naughty streak: "I like betting on sports with my guy friends—and painting their fingernails when they lose!" Adrienne Rose is studying biomedical engineering—and none too soon, it seems to us: "I'm still getting trained, but soon I'll be a licensed sky diver." Shayne Austin has a travel bug: She's already checked off seven countries from her list. At Purdue, she's majoring in nutrition; her life plan is to become a registered dietitian for a pro sports team. Sarah Louise and Lauren Kathleen thoughtfully offer each other a helping hand around the sprawling Michigan campus. Nicole Boiano majors in apparel merchandising and wants to work for a fashion designer. "No country music, please," says Topaz Evans, a biology major who plans to go on to chiropractic school after she's done in Iowa City.



Sarah Louise, Lauren Kathleen—MICHIGAN



Topaz Evans—IOWA



Nicole Boiano—INDIANA





Jill Ann, Lauren DiSera, Josie Lynn, Shana Antonette, Kayla Huyen Nguyen, Lauren Michelle—**PENN STATE**

A pride of Nittany Lions roars: Jill Ann and Lauren DiSera are both majoring in political science, and Josie Lynn wants to be a schoolteacher. Shana Antonette offers a warning: "Don't be fooled by my size. I'm a real tomboy and I'm always ready to go out and throw around the football. I'll run over people." Kayla Huyen Nguyen's major is telecommunications. Lauren Michelle plans to head to law school after graduation. Ashley Cullen aspires to be an NFL sports reporter. Spartan Tiffani Hollowell wants to open a day care center in the future. Asked if she's into sports, she says, "Does Jahn Madden NFL on PS2 count?" Viktoria Wang majors in computing information systems. Quick quiz: What's the name of the trophy fought over since 1925 by Big 10 rivals Purdue and Indiana? Answer: the Old Oaken Bucket. The trophy itself is a 19th century relic snatched from a southern Indiana farmstead well.



Ashley Cullen—**WISCONSIN**



Viktoria Wang—**NORTHWESTERN**



Tiffani Hollowell—**MICHIGAN STATE**





Jo Leigh—**PENN STATE**

Penn State's Jo Leigh is in the honor society and on the dean's list. Now she's made our list, too. She's a criminal justice major with a minor in business. Nibette Faith is a Wildcat. She arrived at Northwestern from Florida and still hasn't gotten used to the cold weather in Evanston. Nibette thinks law school may be in her future. Wisconsin Badger Aurora Marie plans to go to med school after completing her degree in genetics. And the chaps? She grew up in Wisconsin and loves to gallop around the countryside on her five-year-old quarter horse Dakota.



Aurora Marie—**WISCONSIN**



Nibette Faith—**NORTHWESTERN**





Lorissa Lee—**PURDUE**



Yen Shipley—**MICHIGAN**

Snuggling a very happy volleyball is marine biology major—and Boiler-maker—Lorissa Lee. Yen Shipley is majoring in fine arts and would like to open her own gallery someday. Far now, we're glad to exhibit her body of work. More reasons to love Iowa City: Bella Briggs is a psychology major who finds doing her laundry oddly erotic. (No wonder.) Washing is also a turn-on for Sabrina Lacroix. "I like confident men who have big strong hands and a lifetime supply of Mr. Bubbles," she says.



Sabrina Lacroix, Bella Briggs—**IOWA**





Niki Morgan—OHIO STATE



Jessica Bowman—PURDUE



McKenzie Closen—ILLINOIS



Kelsey Simpkins—IOWA

Niki Morgan studies criminology, with a minor in forensic anthropology. In addition to being involved in student government, she plays field hockey. Jessica Bowman loves Hawaii: "It's the best place—you can ton topless there!" All strapped in to her parachute is McKenzie Closen, a marketing major. (One thing is clear: Whatever she's selling, we're buying.) As for the aeronautical theme, this Fighting Illini's grandfather was a fighter pilot in World War II, and his tales of flying P-51s and P-40s instilled a fascination with flight in McKenzie. Ohio State's Alex Faillacci majors in psychology with a minor in film. What is it about psych majors and bad boys? "I've always had an attraction to artistic people, especially rock stars," she says. "It must come from my passion for the arts." In her spare time, Iow's Kelsey Simpkins plays Frisbee golf or fires up a barbeque with buddies.



Alex Faillacci—OHIO STATE





Crystal Lynn, Lisa Danielle—**MICHIGAN STATE**



Elle Kate—**PURDUE**



Nicole Renee—**NORTHWESTERN**



Angel Jade—**WISCONSIN**

Michigan State's Crystal Lynn plays trumpet in both the marching band and a jazz comba. But she's a rocker at heart: "I love rocking in a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt. And I love racing my car every chance I get." Lisa Danielle wants to be a football mom. These days, though, she likes to snowboard and travel when she can. "I'm a Southern belle from Georgia," says Bailermaker Elle Kate, "a Bible Belt conservative turned Hooters girl!" It's true: After biology and chemistry classes, she dishes up wings to the adoring masses. Nicole Renee is majoring in biology and minoring in German, and plans to spend a year in Deutschland as part of her studies. She's also been doing research on sleep medicine. We're guessing she has no problem finding test subjects willing to go to bed for her. J'Tia Taylor is a grad student in nuclear, plasma and radiological engineering. Angel Jade studies nursing.



J'Tia Taylor—**ILLINOIS**





Catherine DeVries, Kalie Taylor—**PENN STATE**



Chloe Clark, Noelle Christian, Angel Jade, Xing Xing,  
Aurora Marie—**WISCONSIN**



Sarah Smith—**MICHIGAN STATE**



Elizabeth James—**OHIO STATE**





OPPOSITE PAGE: Catherine DeVries wants to get a Ph.D. in clinical psychology, and Kalie Taylor is studying to become an elementary school teacher. Group shot: Rutting Badgers. Elizabeth James is always in motion, whether it's ballet, jazz dancing, tennis or skiing. Sarah Smith likes to play golf when she can escape the classroom. THIS PAGE: B-B-B-Brooke! She's pursuing a double major in anthropology and Spanish. "I want to become an international woman of mystery," she says. That's Miranda again, one of our favorite Golden Gaphers. Funny thing about the University of Minnesota: The school's big gridiron rival is Iowa, and the trophy they battle over is a statue of Floyd of Rose-dale—a prize hog. The bronze boar was fashioned after the real Flayd, a pig given by Iowa governor Clyde Herring to Minnesota governor—you guessed it—Flayd Olson after a 1935 bet on the big game (the Gophers won 13-6). The Rosedale in the trophy's name comes from the Iowa farm that donated the original hog. That's the Big 10: from Babe to babes.



Miranda Stefanski—MINNESOTA



Brooke Everett—PENN STATE



(continued from page 110)

Thunderheader pipes, twin cam engines, speakers blasting Monster Magnet's "Space Lord." Incoming clubs converged on the road: the Henchmen, the Alky-Haulers, the Ghost Mountain Riders. Guys in spiked helmets with their hon-eyes hanging on tight. Gunned-up peckerwoods sleeved with cheap prison ink. Missing links with their guts slung over their belts, riding big baggers with windshields. In the lot in front of the club were Twisted Souls on Knucklehead choppers and Mad Hatters on rat bikes, Hell's Angels on Sportsters and Galloping Gooses on Dyna Glides. Bikes were electric blue and blood red and tricked out with drag pipes and monkey bars and beautiful leather saddlebags you could smell from 20 feet away. A bail bondsman's promotional van handed out T-shirts. BROADS in leather tops shim-mied past with their poopers hanging out of their chaps, and there were old-timers with gray beards down to their belts and 1% tattoos on their arms—"one percent" signifying the extra chromo-some, the superpredator, the one per-cent of all humans who would survive a nuclear war with the cockroaches.

And me, Wade Parker.

They raffled off a Shovelhead and had a bike judging, then the priest blessed bikes with holy water from the back of a pickup. I was there with a partner from the joint, Ted Manley. While I'm mentioning Ted, I should come clean about something. Now, I'm not proud about it, but I'm not sorry. Things just get twisted up in the joint. When

Ted and I were cellies, we had a third cellie, a junkie named George. Ted and I are big guys, both over six foot, and we were hulked up at the time, so we figured if we didn't do it, someone else would. George kept a clean house and made us coffee, and I trained him to crawl beneath my bunk in the morning and gently shake me, whispering, "King Wade, it's time to get up. Coffee is ready, your highness." It was all in good fun, and Ted and I laughed about it many nights while liquored up on pruno. When we got short, we figured we needed to get our heads screwed on right before we hit the bricks, so we traded George for a carton of squares. I guess you oughta file that away for later.

Ted and I ran into a guy from the Harley shop where I'd started working. They called this guy Luger because he had a tattoo of a gun on his stomach and it looked like he had a Luger shoved down his pants. He was with the Freak Patrol and asked if we'd seen anyone with Order patches. There was a rumor they were crashing the blessing.

"If you need help, I'll nut up," I said.

"Save it," Luger suggested. "It's club business."

"Fuck that, man," I said. "I'll throw down for the fun of it."

"I appreciate that, Wade," Luger said. "Hang on a second."

Ted looked at me: "What are you doing?" He was an ugly redhead with a crewcut and freckles and arms loaded with bushy hair. He had a fucked-up upper grille and squinty eyes, and it looked like you could hit him with a two-by-four straight between the peepers and it wouldn't bother him none. In the joint,

he used to stir his cotton with his needle and could never figure out why his rigs were dull.

"I hear these guys ride hard," I said. "Maybe this will help get me in."

"You can ride with me," he said.

"You're fucking married, man." To a real hog too, the sort of broad that would slap down 12 bucks for a margarita and a box of squares but bitch about a \$3 gallon of milk. She had a little Dirty Sanchez mustache and a crappy little bike and always wanted to ride with us.

Luger came back with the sergeant at arms from the Soldiers of Mars, a huge fucker named San Jose Scott. He had bushy pork chop whiskers, his arms black with ink. He was holding a bunch of red bandannas.

"Luger says you're in," he said.

"Fuckin' A."

Scott tied a red bandanna around my arm. This way if two clubs were fighting, we wouldn't get confused.

"You're all right, bro," Scott said, thumping me hard on the chest. Luger also invited me to come to church, their weekly club meeting, on Thursday. Even though the Order didn't show, I had the Freak Patrol's respect before I even attended a meeting.

•

The Order was the fastest-growing motorcycle club in America. They'd cracked the old top five—the Vagos, the Outlaws, the Mongols, the Soldiers of Mars, the Sons of Silence—and knocked the Mongols out of southern California, looking to run the state. We'd heard rumors: They were started by Vietnam vets after the war and were into the occult and satanism, and their initiations involved torture and branding. They were into strip clubs, prostitution, meth, the usual shit. It was a turf war, about money, prestige and power. During a recent rally, the cops had pulled over two vans filled with automatic weapons, only a block away. Right before the attack on Ray Ray, the Order had been seen around town in packs of 60, wearing scabbards.

It was time to draw a line in the sand.

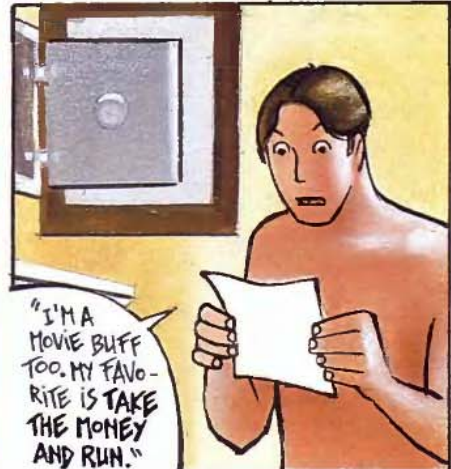
The Milpitas chapter of the Soldiers of Mars, enforcers of the red and white, got on the horn. They were going to make a show of force, and that meant allies—like the Freak Patrol—needed to man up. In this neck of the woods you don't charter a club without letting the Soldiers know, and you sure don't fly their colors without clearance. We were a local club—one charter out of Holy City, about 30 guys—while the Soldiers were national. If they really needed some muscle, though, they could call in a Nomad chapter to break some asses off. Nomad chapters rode 30,000 to 40,000 miles a year, hitting every major rally, going anywhere there was trouble—the last true one-percenters.

At night, riding Nona, I close my eyes





# Hollyween



JUAN IVAREZ • JORGE



and imagine riding as a Nomad. Nothing but fists and asphalt forever.

"Hey!" she'd say, hitting me. "Hey! It's me under here! Me!"

What did I do to get thrown in the joint? It's not complicated: I tried to rob a store with a broadsword. I was chasing the bag bad back then, shooting coke to even out the dope. I don't even remember going in the place. They showed pictures from the security cameras at my trial: me banging on the store doors after I got locked in with an emergency button; me standing in about a half foot of chips and cookie packages as I tried to chop up the Plexiglas security cage around the counter, where the little slope who'd locked me in cringed; me stabbing the frosty machine; me lying on the ground holding my bloody leg while the slope stood over me waving a piece.

I got five years, did 42 months. I tried to rap with the Aryans—I dug the white power thing and all—but when they started saying I had to stick to white

pussy, man, I had to shine those yahoos. The bikers you could reason with: All that shit about wind in your hair and the open road and a nice-looking broad hanging on, it was the only thing keeping me from going crazy when I racked in for the night. I'd never felt like a part of nothing, but I fit right in with those guys. A few bikers even helped me out when a wetback broke off a shank in my side. The doctor said I might have died otherwise, but then, he didn't know I was a one-percenter.

One night the Order rolled past our road captain's house, 20 of them going slow, eye fucking him, letting him know they knew where he lived. He stood on his porch with a hand behind his back, pretending he had a piece. We put together a list of names and addresses using Luger at the Harley shop, where I'd been fired after the service manager caught me banging his girlfriend in the bathroom. If a guy with an Order patch got work done, Luger lifted his name

and address from the work order. Then Nona got harassed, so four of us met at the Iron Monger.

"Yeah, man," I told them, "they yelled at her, spit on her car, blocked her. She couldn't figure out what was up. She freaked out." I took a drag off my cigarette. "When she got back we figured out she had a club sticker on her bumper."

After she'd calmed down, she said it was sexy "getting jammed." She thought she might have run one over when she tried to ditch them. There was a long silver scratch and blood on the side of her Camaro. She'd spent so many years fighting off her stepdad, those chumps didn't stand a chance.

I added, "So you better warn your people if they got a sticker, they might want to scratch it off."

"When we're riding alone, maybe we shouldn't wear our colors. You know, for safety," Boston Bob, the club president, said. He looked like Ron Jeremy but without the big cock thing going for him.

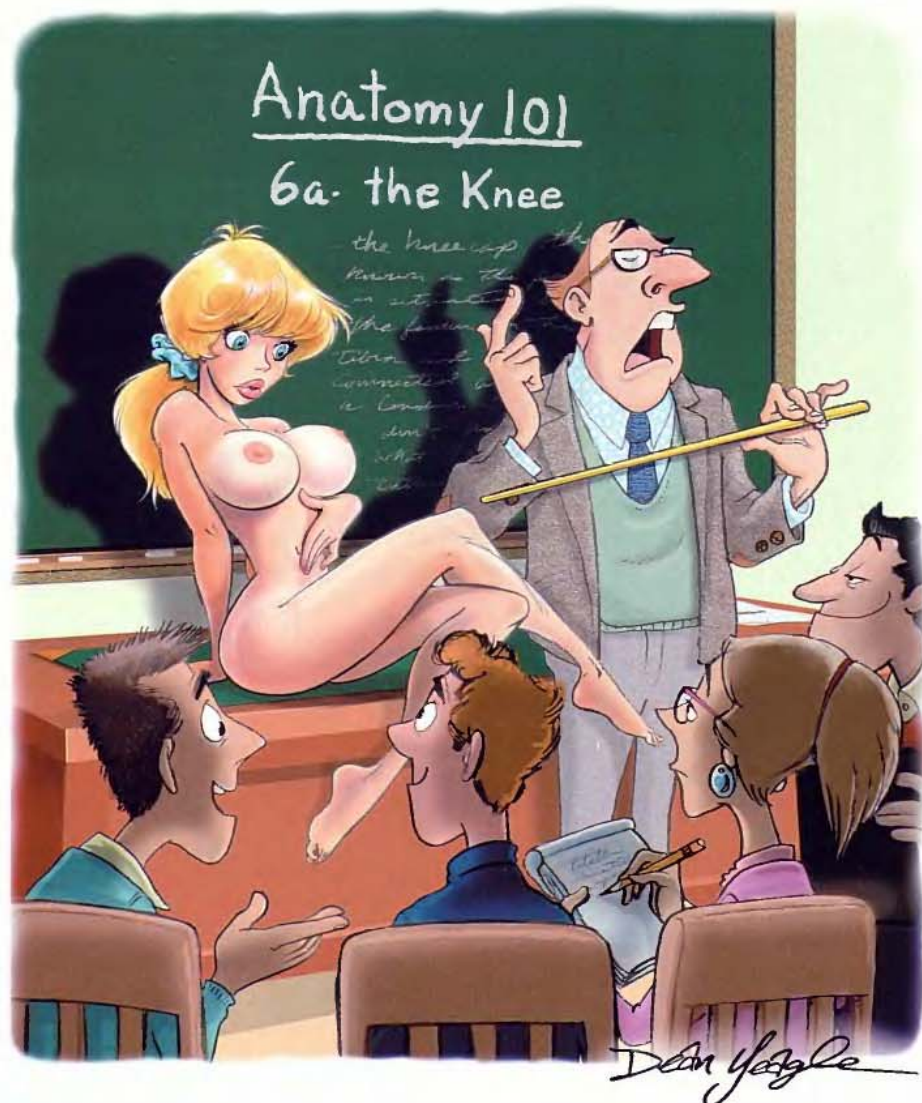
"Safety?" I said. "These colors cost me \$300. I had to kiss your asses for six months. I had to run bags of blow up to the Soldiers in Frisco in the middle of the night. I worked my ass off. My colors ain't coming off."

I noticed then that it had gotten quiet. A bunch of guys had entered the place. They dressed like bikers, lots of prison tats, and their arms had big raised scars. Then I saw the scabbards. The shit hit when a few Soldiers stopped them halfway across the room.

Since you're expected to take one for the team, I always take two. Before Boston Bob and the others were even standing, I was on the other side of the room with my chair, going alpha male on their asses. I knocked one peckerwood out cold and broke two legs off the chair on another guy's mouth. I kicked a third guy in the stones, then wrestled another to the ground and chewed his nose off. I made animal sounds. I'll do that. I was getting ready to chew an ear off when I saw Luger getting choked by a stringy-looking guy. I grabbed a pool stick and broke it on the dude's head. Then I realized Boston Bob was getting his ass kicked by two guys. I lumped one good on the jaw before I got lumped on the melon from behind. I crashed to my knees, hearing bells, everything suddenly black. I was out only a second or two, but when I got back to my feet, the Order was already gone. The bells were police sirens. I stumbled over a broken TV, which I realized was what hit me. Blood dripped from the caved-in screen.

Luger caught my arm. His face was bloodied, an eye already closing. "Come on, man." Our rides were out back.

I glanced around: The place was a shambles, broken pitchers and tables everywhere, guys crawling in puddles of beer and blood with their faces leaking, hysterical broads streaming out of the



"Boy, the prof really knows how to enliven a dull subject!"



bathroom where they'd been hiding. My head was wet, bits of glass embedded in it. Blood was all over my mouth.

"Jesus Christ, Parker," Luger said, "I thought I was hearing a dog."

A few nights later, coming home from the bar, I noticed a guy on a bike. I pulled up slow so I could get a good look at the patch: some kind of Hitler guy waving his fist, a 1% patch. The Order. I took my Mace out and came real close to him: "Hey, bro, you got a taillight out." When he flipped his visor up to look at it, I sprayed him. He wasn't worth getting off my bike, and I didn't want to open my stitches. I told Luger about it, but he got all bent out of shape, said I shouldn't be doing anything without club member backing.

I said, "Hey, man, calm down. Does your pussy hurt?"

He said he had to talk to Boston Bob and hung up.

This got me thinking. It bugged me the way the guys folded the other night, a lot. Now Luger acts like the voice of reason. Maybe the Freak Patrol wasn't such a good match for me. Maybe I had a little more go in me than the rest. The Soldiers of Mars had an open-door policy on Freak Patrol members. We could patch out in a few months rather than the usual year or so. But I'd gotten a big-ass Freak Patrol tat on my forearm—Dizzy, our mascot, a broken-down clown holding a whiskey bottle and a gun. I've run into guys who had huge parts of their arms blacked out because they quit their club and the club wouldn't let them walk around with its tats on them. So there was that to consider.

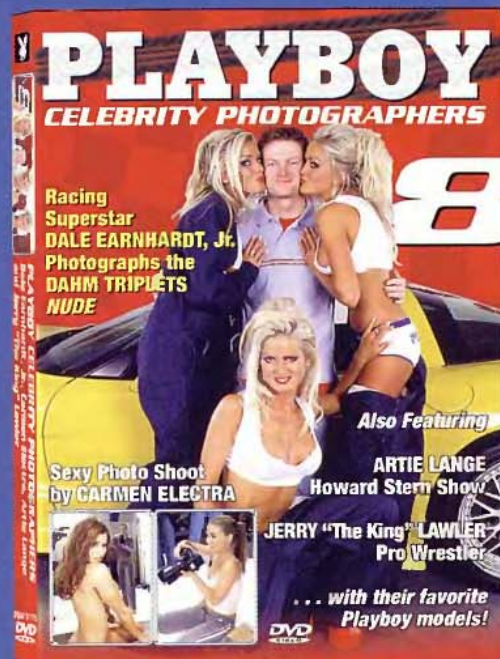
I went to see Ray Ray at the hospital because I was supposed to meet him that night he got whacked to get my money but I spaced it. He looked like the fucking mummy, all wrapped in gauze. Since Ray Ray was half Mexican he was related to most of southern California, and they were packed in there too, all sweating and praying. There was even a priest, since Ray Ray had stopped breathing earlier that day. His old lady, Esperanza, kept kneading his chest and bawling, "*iNo te mueras! iNo te mueras, mi amor!*"

It looked like a bad time to mention the money to her.

I could see the priest was getting nowhere with the confession, so I said I had some information that might be helpful. I'd heard with Catholics, if you just get it all on the table right before you die, you can still go to heaven, which is great: Fuck up your whole life, sneak a sorry in under the wire. The priest, Padre Ramirez, thanked me but said it didn't work like that. He took me aside and asked if I was prepared to meet my maker. I asked him if that was a threat. He apologized, said Ray Ray might have to meet his maker with his soul still

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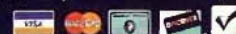
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stained with sin. He asked if I ever felt something was missing from my life, if a great weight I could not name pressed down on me. I admitted that while I was in prison I kind of took advantage of a guy and that sometimes I dreamed about him screaming. I even had nightmares about getting shanked by him. He gave me his card, said I should stop by. Yeah, fat chance, I said.

I felt rotten and needed a drink, so I gave Ted Manley a call and we put some booze away. He's quiet when he's sober, but as he gets liquored up, he scoots closer and closer until he's two inches away, yelling in your ear.

"That ain't right, man, that ain't right! Letting a partner just die like that!" he shouted. "Sitting around waiting! Are you not men?"

I remembered I had a list of names and addresses of guys in the Order. We came up with a plan.

We picked up more liquor, then stopped by Nona's to borrow her car. She'd gone out with a friend. We set out for the closest house on my list, some lump named Van Clausen who lived off McLaughlin in a crappy little duplex. I banged on the door. I guess I thought lights would come on or he'd call out or something, because the door opened a lot faster than I expected. A short, hard-looking guy with a pussy tickler corked me right in the nose while I was trying to remember what the plan was. It involved duct tape, because I was holding a roll of it. While Ted whomped a mud hole in Clausen's face, I shut the door and made sure no one was in the back room. It was filthy. The guy didn't have a garage, so

he'd been rolling his bike inside, the carpet black with grease. I went to make sure my nose wasn't broken.

"How about some of that duct tape, Wade?" Ted called.

We taped Clausen up pretty good. Ted suggested we really humiliate him, do a Georgie on him, but I felt that as a representative of the club I couldn't be doing that shit. That patch made me answer to something higher.

The next thing I knew, someone was pounding on me. I kept a Desert Eagle under my pillow, and it was in my hand before my eyes opened. I put the gun to their head before I realized it was Nona.

"Are you fucking totally insane? There is a man in my trunk! You fucking kidnapped someone!"

I decided not to shoot her and sat up for a moment. Apparently Ted and I had dropped off the car last night, clean forgetting about the dude in the trunk.

"I went to the fucking grocery store this morning, and what do I find in the trunk? A fucking body!"

"He's alive, right?"

"He shit himself!" she sobbed. She was a wreck. I could tell she'd been doing coke all night.

"Come on, take some Vicodin. This is not a problem," I said. "We're just getting even for Ray Ray. Don't worry, baby. I'll get rid of him lickety-split."

She sniffed and nodded, gathering herself. A dark hush came over her: "Are you going to kill him?"

I put my arm around her. "Nah, we'll probably just hurt him real bad."

"Can I help?" she whispered.

Nona wasn't thinking right, so I fed her Vicodins and put her to bed. We had a church meeting that night, and Ted was helping me take Clausen there. The meeting was at our treasurer's house. Sonny was a manager at an automotive store, so he knew how to keep the books. He lived in a nice suburb, Morgan Hill, no Mexicans or anything.

It was dark when Ted and I pulled in, all the bikes out front. We came late so we'd miss the first half of the meeting, when guests and prospects could attend. The second part of the meeting was called Heavy Duty—patch holders only. I popped the trunk. Right off Clausen starts struggling and yelling something even though his mouth's taped. He smelled nasty. I whacked him with the tire iron, then we took him inside.

"Christ, Wade," Sonny said, throwing the door closed. "What are you doing?"

"I got one."

"Mother of God, why'd you bring him to my house? I have children!"

"That's your problem. We're having church, right? I thought we could vote on how we get even for Ray Ray."

"Hey," Ted said, "he's coming to. He'll start getting squirmy."

We ignored Sonny and took Clausen downstairs. Everyone was sitting on folding chairs, drinking coffee out of Styrofoam cups. It looked like an AA meeting. We dumped Clausen on the floor and explained the deal. No one wanted anything to do with my plan. They were all tough talk and brotherhood until the opportunity to prove it presented itself.

"You have got to get rid of him," Boston Bob said. "Self-defense is one thing, but this is kidnapping. You're talking about torture."

"I can't believe this," I said. "Ray Ray, our brother, is dying in the hospital. And what are you doing about it? Nothing. You're all gutless punks trying to mad-dog your way out of it, but not one of you has the sack to stick your neck out for a brother. You make me ashamed—ashamed!—to wear these colors." I took my vest off and flung it on the floor. "I thought we stood for something! I thought this meant something!" I noticed Dizzy on my arm. "And this fucking tattoo!" I stormed into Sonny's garage, found a big-ass wood file. I returned and began filing the tattoo off my arm. I didn't get far before six of them wrestled the file away, but my arm was all fucked up and I got blood all over the carpet.

Point made.

So Ted and I ended up dumping Clausen off on his porch. We figured since we didn't squeal when they jammed Ray Ray, they wouldn't squeal either. We still parted his bike, though.



"Well? Aren't you ever going to get around to the unwanted sexual overtures?"

"I heard what happened," San Jose Scott said a few days later on the phone.



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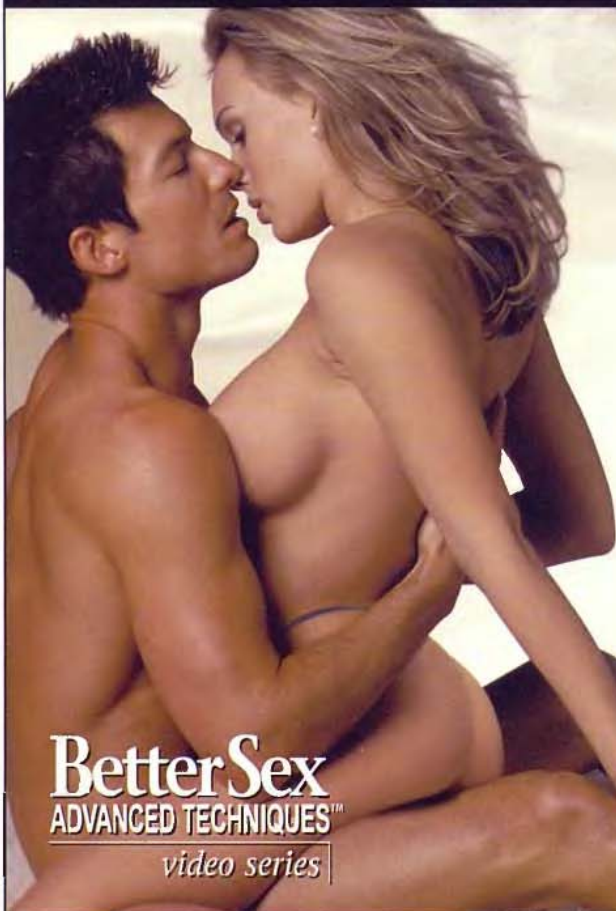
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"We appreciate your commitment."

"Fuckin' A."

"And we'd be happy to let you prospect, but you know we can't have any of the loose-cannon shit. We all need to be on the same page."

"Sure, Scott, as long we ride hard and kick ass."

"You know the Laughlin ride's coming up next week?"

"Yeah."

"We got a Nomad chapter coming in from up north. We're all going to ride down together, in case shit happens."

"Sounds great."

"So you really kidnapped that guy?"

"Fuckin' A."

Ray Ray died 10 days before we all met up at the Soldiers' chapter house in Milpitas to make the Laughlin River Run. They'd planted him at noon the previous weekend, but I was too hung over to make it. Instead, I got a small cross on my back with R.R. in the middle. When I called Esperanza about the \$100, she freaked out, said his hospital bill cost

thousands. I figured I'd let it slide for a while, but I wasn't going to let her buddy-hustle me just because Ray Ray went over the wall. Hey, I got bills too.

The Soldiers were swilling beers on the front lawn as local guys rolled in. The Nomads showed up about 40 minutes later. They rumbled in and parked and climbed off their bikes and slapped shoulders and joked with their brothers, but since I was a new prospect I just stood around slugging whiskey. I noticed one of them was kind of a pretty boy, long dirty-blond hair and scraggly beard, trying to look hard, but you could tell he wasn't. Then I realized: George! I stumbled over.

"Hey, Georgie!"

His eyes got wide for a second, but he didn't let on. "Do I know you?"

"Yeah, it's me, Wade. You know, King Wade?"

"I don't know you."

He turned to say hello to someone. I grabbed him. "Hey, little princess, why's it gotta be all that? Why don't we bury—?"

He spun around and slammed my chest. "I said I don't fucking know you!"

About 40 guys stood around listening, and I realized I better ease off. "Sure, sure, okay. No problem."

San Jose Scott grabbed me: "Is everything okay?"

I told him it was. I could see George muttering to a couple friends. Scott introduced me to some of the Nomads, told them I was the crazy motherfucker that kidnapped Clausen.

We could have made the ride to Laughlin in one day, but we took our time, stopping off at watering holes. We camped outside of Bakersfield, where San Jose Scott was from, and got loaded and told tales of glory. George avoided me all night. I tried to take him aside and tell him I was sorry, that I wouldn't bring it up again. He got mad and walked off, said he didn't know what the fuck I was talking about. Some people, they can't let go of the past.

The next day we hit Laughlin, a little Las Vegas about 100 miles south of Sin City, along the Colorado River, overrun with 80,000 bikers. We hit the main strip in early evening, on the lookout for the Order. A lot of the guys had pieces, but I couldn't risk a weapons charge if a cop stopped me. You could feel the tension as everyone parked their bikes at Harrah's, looking around, not saying much. We saw the Apostates, the Sons of Vulcan, the Hatchetmen, lots of West Coast clubs but no Order. We checked in, and a guy from the Ghost Mountain Riders said he'd seen them earlier, but he didn't know where they were staying.

Scott brought a bunch of blow, so we did a few rails and went to the casino downstairs. We threw our money around like a bunch of drunk Arabs. I hung with the guys from the Milpitas chapter, but there were Nomads around too. I got stupid drunk, started razzing George, calling him little princess.

"Hey, maybe if I pulled out my cock you might remember me then?" I said to him once, when everyone was out of earshot. "You got a good look at it, right?" His face turned so red I thought he was having a heart attack. The guys kept asking me what was up, and I'd say, "Aww, George can tell you." George just got redder and redder, then stalked off. Some people say I overdo things.

I say the rest of the world is half-assing it.

Things get fuzzy after that. I started winning big at the 21 table, laying down \$100 and \$200 bets, doubling down and winning. Some of the guys wanted to go to a different place, and a big group took off. A little after that, I started losing and yelling at the dealer, slapping waitresses on the ass. The pit boss ejected me from the casino. I wandered upstairs and finally ran into a guy named Roach from the Nomads chapter. He said San Jose Scott wanted me. They'd gone back to do a few more rails.

There were six guys in the room,









## PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 80)

experience, but three other players are vying for the job. Coach Bob Stoops, who has done nothing but win since he took over in Norman four years ago, will devise offensive schemes that should shift the pressure from the passing game to the running game. In the meantime, the Sooner defense will remain fast and furious. Tommie Harris anchors the front, with Lance Mitchell and Playboy All America Teddy Lehman providing support as linebackers. If Stoops finds a solution to his quarterback problem, look out.

**KEY GAME:** Against Texas in Dallas (October 11). The Sooners have beaten Texas the past three years under Stoops.

**PREDICTION:** 10-2



### 6. MICHIGAN

**LAST SEASON:** 10-3

**THE SKINNY:** Last year was a season of narrow victories and defeats for the Wolverines: a two-point loss to Notre Dame, a five-point defeat to archrival Ohio State and two-point wins over Purdue and Washington. Nail biting has become a way of life in Ann Arbor. But underappreciated coach Lloyd Carr, who has averaged nearly 10 wins a year and has taken his team to a bowl game in each of his eight seasons, has enough talent returning on offense to widen those margins of victory. John Navarre is back and should be

better at quarterback. Chris Perry, who scored four touchdowns in Michigan's dramatic Outback Bowl win over Florida, is one of the nation's most powerful running backs. Graduation hit the defense hard, but lots of young talent is waiting for its chance.

**KEY GAME:** It is and always will be Ohio State. At home (November 22).

**PREDICTION:** 10-2



### 7. VIRGINIA TECH

**LAST SEASON:** 10-4

**THE SKINNY:** It appeared for a brief moment that Virginia Tech might get left behind in the castrated Big East conference. However, the ACC quickly realized that adding Miami and Virginia Tech was far better than the Miami-Boston College-Syracuse option that was originally proposed. Meanwhile, coach Frank Beamer has built Tech into a national powerhouse: The stadium and athletic facilities have been improved to the tune of millions of dollars. And Virginia Tech will hurt some people on the field this year. Beamer has two of the most exciting quarterbacks in the nation in Bryan Randall and Marcus Vick, brother of NFL superstar Michael. Kevin Jones creates his own kind of excitement at running back, and nine starters are returning on defense.

**KEY GAMES:** At home against Miami (November 1) and at Virginia (November 29). How will Tech handle the heat?

**PREDICTION:** 10-2



### 8. GEORGIA

**LAST SEASON:** 13-1

**THE SKINNY:** Mark Richt's great coaching has turned Georgia from a pretty good team into a very good team in only two seasons. Richt, the former offensive coordinator at Florida State, has been the perfect tonic for quarterback David Greene, last year's SEC Offensive Player of the Year. Tony Milton returns at running back and Fred Gibson at wide receiver, but no one on the offensive line has ever started a college game. On defense, end David Pollack is a pass-rushing whiz (his 14 sacks led the conference last year), while sophomore Kedric Golston is an established talent at tackle.

**KEY GAME:** At home against Auburn (November 15). Whoever comes out of this game on top is in great shape for a spot in the BCS.

**PREDICTION:** 10-2



### 9. KANSAS STATE

**LAST SEASON:** 11-2

**THE SKINNY:** Coach Bill Snyder has his own formula for consistent college football success: good players and a soft schedule. The Wildcats play their typical soft out-of-conference schedule (Cal, Troy State, McNeese State, U. Mass and a weaker-than-usual Marshall) before things get serious at Texas. If Snyder's crew can pull off a win in Austin, a spot in the BCS is a distinct possibility. The offense will be led again by quarterback Eli Roberson, who has already set QB rushing records for a single play, a game, a season and a career. Linebacker Josh Buhl and defensive end Andrew Shull are the primary stoppers on a defense that has been in the top five in the nation for each of the past six years.

**KEY GAME:** At Texas (October 4). When you play as many scrubs as Kansas State does, you sure as hell better beat someone good when the opportunity presents itself.

**PREDICTION:** 10-3



### 10. NORTH CAROLINA STATE

**LAST SEASON:** 11-3

**THE SKINNY:** It seems like only yesterday that the ACC was all about everybody chasing Florida State. Now Florida State may have to do the chasing, and North Carolina State is the lead dog. The reason NC State has gotten so good so fast is head coach Chuck Amato, a former FSU assistant. The Wolfpack went completely big-time last season, whipping Notre Dame 28-6 in the Gator Bowl. An experienced quarterback carries a team a long way in college, and Philip Rivers will be beginning his fourth season as State's starter. Watch out for sophomore T.A. McLendon, who's already one of the best running backs in the country. Amato has holes to





fill on defense, but he's a coach who finds solutions.

**KEY GAMES:** At home against Virginia (November 1) and at Florida State (November 15). These will tell the tale. Can Amato keep the momentum going?

**PREDICTION:** 9-3



## 11. ARIZONA STATE

**LAST SEASON:** 8-6

**THE SKINNY:** Best college quarterback you've never heard of? Andrew Walter, the Sun Devils' junior QB, who threw for more than 3,800 yards last season and is only getting better. Coach Dirk Koetter has quietly rebuilt ASU into one of the powerhouse teams in the West. He has nine starters returning on offense and seven on defense. ASU's only significant loss from last year was first-round NFL draft pick Terrell Suggs. Still, even without Suggs's pass-rushing ability, Koetter thinks his defense will be faster, stronger and deeper. Koetter is keen on defensive secondary players Brett Hudson, Jason Shivers and Riccardo Stewart. A bonus for ASU: Washington is not on the schedule.

**KEY GAME:** At home against USC (October 4). Beating the Trojans could mean a Pac 10 title for ASU.

**PREDICTION:** 9-3



## 12. TEXAS

**LAST SEASON:** 11-2

**THE SKINNY:** Another quarterback quandary. While Chris Simms may have fallen short of the hype that projected him as the second coming of father (and New York Giants legend) Phil, he did manage to lead his team to 26 victories against six losses during his tenure in Austin. Now, though, the signal-calling duties fall to Simms's unproven backup Chance Mock or, worse, a newbie underclassman. At least running back Cedric Benson will put up big numbers regardless of who hands him the ball. Coach Mack Brown's defense will be good, but the hole created by end Cory Redding's graduation is a big one to fill.

**KEY GAMES:** Back-to-back early-season home games against Kansas State (October 4) and nemesis Oklahoma (October 11) will tell the story.

**PREDICTION:** 9-3



## 13. FLORIDA

**LAST SEASON:** 8-5

**THE SKINNY:** Here's a very good team in search of a quarterback (sound familiar?). Five players are vying for the starting spot, including Chris Leak, who was the national high school player of the year last season. If one of them comes through, second-year coach Ron Zook can book his ticket to a major bowl game. If not, his team can enjoy the

Florida sun during the winter. Aptly named running back Ran Carthon and a strong offensive line should be able to keep the pressure off whoever will be taking the snaps. The defensive side of the line is inexperienced, but it also has tons of talent.

**KEY GAME:** At Miami (September 6).

**PREDICTION:** 8-4



## 14. WASHINGTON

**LAST SEASON:** 7-6

**THE SKINNY:** The Huskies figure to be substantially better than they were last year, even after the Rick Neuheisel gambling fiasco and firing. He's been replaced by assistant Keith Gilbertson, who once was head coach at Cal. Gilbertson inherits two guys on offense who are superstar-category players: quarterback Cody Pickett, who passed for a school record 4,458 yards last season, and Playboy All America wide receiver Reggie Williams. Seven starters return on defense. Terry Johnson is the best man up front, while linebacker Marquis Cooper is a tackling machine.

**KEY GAME:** At home against USC (October 25). The Huskies don't play ASU, the other Pac 10 favorite, so a win against the Trojans is a must if they're to take the conference title.

**PREDICTION:** 9-3



## 15. NOTRE DAME

**LAST SEASON:** 10-3

**THE SKINNY:** The good times under second-year coach Tyrone Willingham would really get rolling in South Bend if those mischievous leprechauns planning the Irish schedule would lighten up a bit. This season Notre Dame must face seven teams that played in bowls in 2002, three of which were in the BCS. The Irish, however, are not undermanned. Quarterback Carlyle Holiday, who passed for nearly 1,800 yards last season, is a third-season starter. And junior running back Ryan Grant is only the seventh 1,000-yard rusher in the school's history. Willingham's defense should be one of the best in the nation. Noseguard Cedric Hilliard, linebacker Courtney Watson and defensive backs Vontez Duff and Glenn Earl are all studs.

**KEY GAME:** An early matchup at Michigan (September 13) could set the tone for the season.

**PREDICTION:** 8-4



## 16. TENNESSEE

**LAST YEAR:** 8-5

**THE SKINNY:** Injuries were a big factor in the Vols' disappointing season last year. Nineteen starters missed a total of 71 games. Eight starters will be back and hopefully healthy on offense this season, including four-year starting quarterback Casey Clausen. Running back Cedric



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Houston and Playboy All America tackle Michael Munoz will take some of the pressure off Clausen, who has shown himself to be a proficient but hardly inspired quarterback. Coach Phillip Fulmer will search for players to back up a defensive line thin on experience.

**KEY GAME:** Beating Florida (September 20) in Gainesville would send a very loud message.

**PREDICTION:** 8-4



### 17. USC

**LAST SEASON:** 11-2

**THE SKINNY:** Who's going to replace star QB Carson Palmer? There's no clear favorite entering the season, but the smart money is on sophomore Matt Leinart. If he falters, head coach Pete Carroll has three other candidates waiting in the wings. While the passer may be a question, the catcher isn't: Playboy All America wide receiver Mike Williams is the real deal. Carroll's defense was in the top 20 in

every team statistical category last year and should be just as good this year.

**KEY GAMES:** Out-of-conference games at Auburn to open the season (August 30) and at traditional rival Notre Dame (October 18) are big, but the most meaningful game is on the road against conference rival Washington (October 25).

**PREDICTION:** 8-4



### 18. PITTSBURGH

**LAST SEASON:** 9-4

**THE SKINNY:** Walt Harris has revived Pittsburgh's football fortunes, which were on the verge of disintegration six years ago, and he's built the Panthers into a solid top-20 team. He's got steady Rod Rutherford back for his senior season at quarterback, as well as both starting running backs plus Big East Rookie of the Year Larry Fitzgerald at wide receiver. Harris must fill holes on the offensive line, but his recruiting classes have been strong for the past couple of years. The nucleus

of last year's defense, which ranked 12th in the nation in total D, returns. The Panthers are primed to upset someone big this year.

**KEY GAMES:** Early-season games at Texas A&M (September 27) and at home against Notre Dame (October 11) will tell the tale.

**PREDICTION:** 8-4



### 19. WISCONSIN

**LAST SEASON:** 8-6

**THE SKINNY:** Wide receiver Lee Evans appears to have recovered from a knee injury that canceled out most of the past two seasons. That would bring to three the number of talented receivers (the other two are Jonathan Orr and Brandon Williams) whom quarterback Jim Sorgi can look to downfield. Running back Anthony Davis has All America potential. Coach Barry Alvarez's defense returns nine starters from last season, the best of whom is free safety Jim Leonhard. Bonus for the Badgers: Perennial spoilsport Michigan isn't on the schedule this year.

**KEY GAME:** At home against Ohio State (October 11). An upset here for the Badgers would make the season a success.

**PREDICTION:** 8-4



### 20. TEXAS A&M

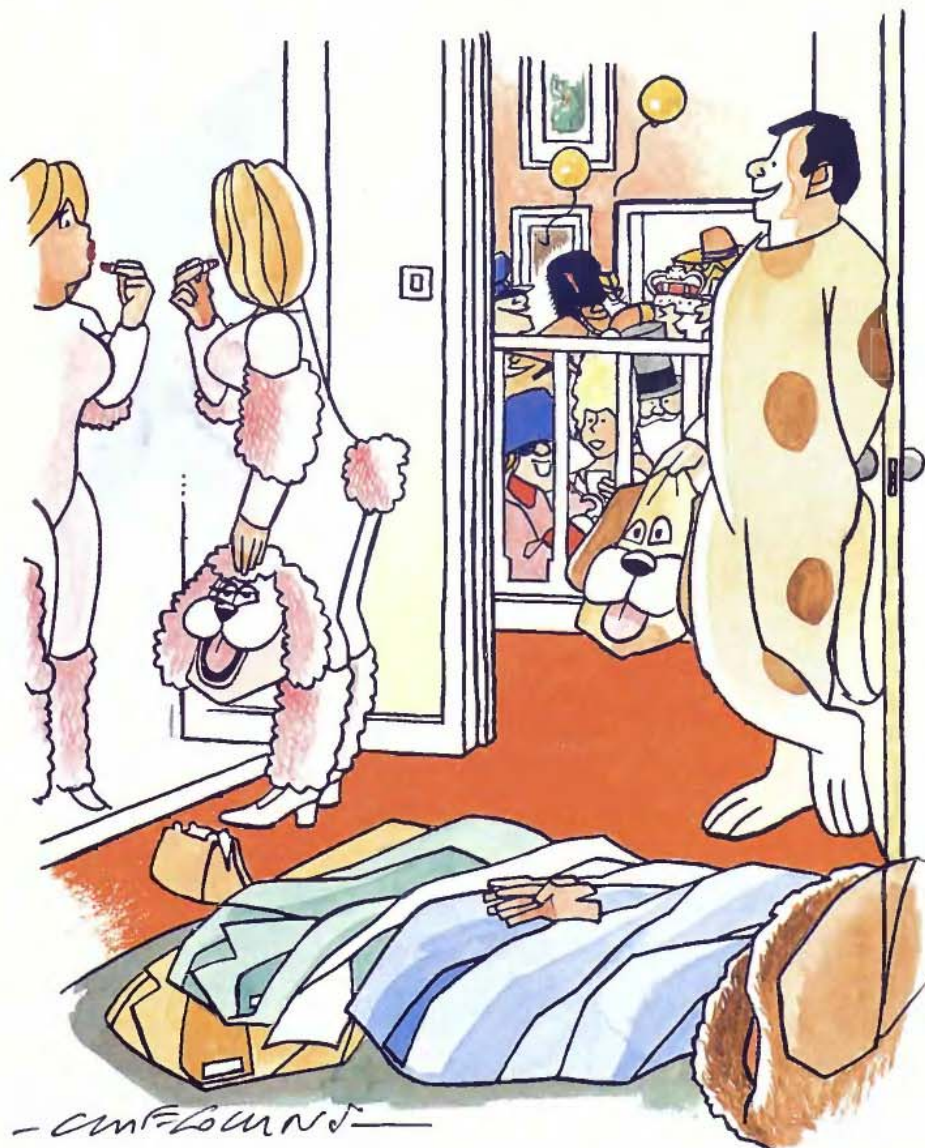
**LAST SEASON:** 6-6

**THE SKINNY:** Dennis Franchione doesn't have many friends left in Alabama after bolting the Tide following just two seasons as head coach. But he'll make new pals pretty quickly in College Station, where .500 football just doesn't cut it. Franchione is organized and disciplined. He's installing a multiple offense and has three quarterbacks (Reggie McNeal, Jason Carter and Dustin Long) who will each get a shot at running the show. The Aggies may start slowly as Franchione introduces new schemes and formations, but by season's end expect A&M to be back among the bad boys in the Big 12.

**KEY GAME:** A win at Nebraska on the road (October 18) could set up a strong second half of the season for the Aggies.

**PREDICTION:** 8-4

For more on college football, go to [playboy.com/features](http://playboy.com/features).



"You've heard of 'dog eat dog'...?"

### ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE AWARD

Nick Browne of Texas Christian University won this year's Anson Mount award, given to an athlete who excels both on the playing field and in the classroom. As a placekicker, Browne set a TCU record last year with 105 points and averaged 1.92 field goals per game, an NCAA best. He's a finance major with a 3.97 grade point average. PLAYBOY has contributed \$5,000 to TCU's general scholarship fund in the name of Nick Browne.



# O.J. SIMPSON

(continued from page 65)

playing golf, and people were saying, "What kind of guy is this? These may be his wife's remains, and he's going to play golf." Well, when I got home from Chicago the week Nicole was murdered, I wanted to get on a golf course. I wanted to get away from all the shit—all the hurt, all the pain. It's the only place I can go to get away from everything. I didn't go, but I had that feeling. I know that far more executives would be in therapy if it weren't for golf. A few of his friends helped Vitas Gerulaitis get off drugs, and then his addiction became golf. I used to play with him every day.

**PLAYBOY:** Is golf an addiction for you?

**SIMPSON:** It is. Next to sex, it is the single most addictive thing I've ever been into.

**PLAYBOY:** Some reports hold that you were on drugs before the murders, back in 1994. Were you using drugs?

**SIMPSON:** No, and I was tested about a hundred times.

**PLAYBOY:** What drugs have you used?

**SIMPSON:** I remember the first time I took a puff of pot. I was a kid, and I was going after a girl. I got so weirded out, I ran all the way home, virtually across town, trying to get it out of my lungs, thinking I would never play professional ball. Around 1972, there was a lot of pot around the NFL. Late in the season, when it was snowing in Buffalo and you couldn't go out, a lot of guys smoked pot. You could sit around and play cards, smoke a doobie and fall asleep, then go to practice the next day. I don't consider myself a pot smoker now, but I think it should be legal.

**PLAYBOY:** How about cocaine?

**SIMPSON:** When I retired from football, everybody was doing cocaine. If anybody in Hollywood tells you they weren't, they're lying their ass off. I was like everybody else, right? My house at the time of the murder was searched more than any house in America has ever been searched. If drugs were there, they would have found them.

**PLAYBOY:** There were in fact stories that you were using cocaine around the time of the murders.

**SIMPSON:** Faye Resnick said, "I was with him at a party once, and he went under the table." It was total bullshit.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you use any drugs now, even occasionally?

**SIMPSON:** I drink some scotch. My drug of choice now is Vioxx. When I got out of jail, I kind of appreciated pot more than I ever had in my life. I didn't have my kids at first. I couldn't go nowhere. They used to call me Two Puffs: Two puffs, I'm home. I watch TV. Then I'd sleep like a baby.

**PLAYBOY:** How about ecstasy?

**SIMPSON:** In 1993, one rather famous young lady brought ecstasy to a party. About 20 people took it. I never felt the

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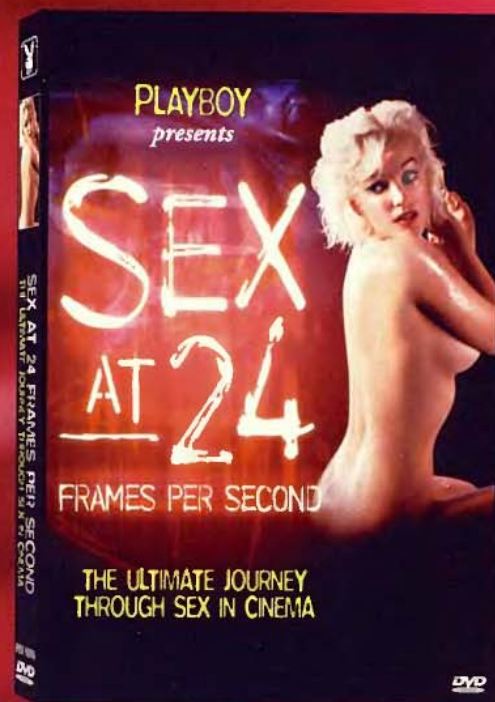
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high. I'm not a pill guy. Pills are not my thing, except glucosamine.

**PLAYBOY:** It was reported that your home was recently searched in relation to an international ecstasy ring.

**GALANTER:** We can't discuss this, because it relates to an ongoing case.

**PLAYBOY:** According to a report in the media, police allegedly found four bags of marijuana, cocaine residue, two drug pipes and a can with marijuana residue.

**GALANTER:** [To Simpson] Don't say anything. The police did not find any drugs, any illegal materials at all, and Mr. Simpson has never been charged. If you read it somewhere, it's bad journalism.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you take sleeping pills?

**SIMPSON:** I took them the whole time I was in jail, but not now.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever have nightmares about Nicole or her murder?

**SIMPSON:** I used to a lot. At first I wasn't able to sleep at all, which is why I took sleeping pills. Now I hardly ever dream about it.

**PLAYBOY:** As an athlete, you probably wondered if women were interested in you or in your celebrity. Did the murders

bring you a different type of attention?

**SIMPSON:** Strange thing is that it's actually easier now. Celebrity and notoriety are an attraction device. I never thought I was handsome. When interviewers asked about it, I said, "What good looks?" I said I was fit but never felt I was handsome. Now everybody is fit and I'm not. I can pretty much tell girls who hit on me just for me. Hell, after the criminal trial, two or three of my first affairs were with people I met at the front gate at my house. The tourists would stop in the driveway, and I got to know them and would have a little fling with them.

**PLAYBOY:** Did some of that attention surprise you? We read that women threw panties over your gate.

**SIMPSON:** They threw them over the wall. The media wrote that I was bragging about it. No, I wasn't bragging about it. I was perplexed by it. I've always got over with women as a good guy—a nice-guy athlete—but when I became an infamous guy, it was almost like I had some kind of Spanish fly emanating from my body. Really. Somebody needs to study this phenomenon.

**PLAYBOY:** How did life change when you moved to Florida?

**SIMPSON:** There is a little more international flavor here. It's a very Latin community. And it ain't like I've dated a lot of girls. I'm 55 years old. I've always had this reputation of dating a bunch of girls, but it's not true. Most of my relationships, even my illicit ones, were long-term relationships. One of my pet peeves is the tabloids' saying I'm always into blondes. My first wife wasn't blonde. Nicole was, but Paula Barbieri wasn't a blonde. Christie Prody, when I first met her, was a brunette. She lightened her hair like a lot of women do. And let me tell you something: A man has no say what a woman is doing to her hair.

**PLAYBOY:** It was said that Christie dyed her hair to look more like Nicole, that she was a Nicole look-alike. To many people, that seemed creepy.

**SIMPSON:** She is by far not the first girl they said was a Nicole look-alike. But with Christie the papers airbrushed her and they took the cleft out of her chin. You know what they can do with photos. Truth is, they don't look alike. I see some of these people on these shows: "It's eerie. She looks so much like Nicole." Well, if I saw a girl who looked like Nicole, I would be totally turned on by her. I always loved the way Nicole looked. I've seen guys marry carbon copies of the lady they divorced. What is so eerie about this?

**PLAYBOY:** Are you still going out with Christie Prody?

**SIMPSON:** Yes. We have dated on and off a few times. We got back together not long ago. She went off to do what she had to do, and I'm seeing her now.

**PLAYBOY:** Are your children critical of the women you date?

**SIMPSON:** There is no doubt about it. Any teenage daughter is going to be critical of anything her father does or says. Boys are a little more understanding of what single dads do than daughters are.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you run any prospective girlfriends by her?

**SIMPSON:** I don't have to, because she is always giving me her opinion, like it or not. Lately, all we've been talking about is college. That's been the big focus with her and me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have to approve Sydney's boyfriends?

**SIMPSON:** With kids, you have no say. I have tried to raise these kids to be independent. I've probably given them more room than I should have and spoiled them a little bit. My daughter drives a Lexus. But I spoil everybody in my life. In addition, my kids have had to endure more than most people's kids. For whatever reason, they have come out of it in pretty good shape. More than not, they still give me fatherly respect.

**PLAYBOY:** How cautious are you when you meet new people?

**SIMPSON:** I can't live in fear.



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**PLAYBOY:** Are you suspicious?

**SIMPSON:** Most of my friends and my daughter have been on me, because they say I am still too trusting. If somebody wants to get you, they're gonna get you. This is me. You like me or you don't. I don't care what your opinion is. What's amazing to me now is that some people can't let me go—Bill O'Reilly, Geraldo Rivera. In a way, it's almost flattery. Ten years later, and they can't let me go. So many things have happened in this country, but they just can't let me go.

**PLAYBOY:** Are some charges more offensive than others?

**SIMPSON:** The worst is the abuse. That bothers me as much as anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you admit that you did get physically violent with Nicole?

**SIMPSON:** There was the one incident that everyone knows about. Her mother and her best friend said publicly, "Nicole came in the room and attacked him." I never made any bones that I reacted wrongly. They investigated, went to every girlfriend I've ever had, and my girlfriends stood up for me. How many guys in this country can go back their whole lives, and their exes all have nothing but good things to say about them? Yet I'm this poster boy for abuse. That bothers me. As an adult I've never had a fight with anybody. Sometimes you have to check a guy who gets a little out of line, but you don't hit him.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain the series of visits from the police related to rows with Christie Prody?

**SIMPSON:** I was living in a hotel when I moved here. Christie got a flat tire about a mile away. She walked to the hotel. I wasn't registered in my name, and apparently she gave the desk a hard time. They called me, and I told them to send her up. They sent her to the wrong room. I heard something down the hall. I looked out and saw her, and I said, "I'm down here." She was walking toward me, just beside herself. A lady behind her, who was already pissed at her for whatever had taken place downstairs, called the police.

**PLAYBOY:** The woman reported that Prody hit you.

**SIMPSON:** She never hit me. It was nothing, and yet the next day, media trucks were everywhere. People like Bill O'Reilly refer to it as the knockdown, drag-out fight at the hotel. It's part of O.J.'s legacy. Another time, I went to her house to drop something off. When I drove up, I saw a neighbor staring. The guy sprints into his house. Five minutes later, I leave. I'm driving home, and I get a call from Christie: "O.J., you won't believe this. The cops just came and asked me if I was all right." I didn't think anything about it, but the next day the papers reported that she and I had a fight so loud that the neighbors called the police. I was pissed. We asked the neighbors. It

was just one guy. Two weeks later, they released the 911 call. The guy didn't even call to report a fight. He thought there was some type of court order against me being within 100 yards of her. It was a total mistake.

**PLAYBOY:** Another time, you apparently called 911 regarding a woman who was high on drugs. The media reported that it was Prody.

**SIMPSON:** It wasn't. Some friends were trying to do an intervention on a girl with a drug problem. She went into hysterics and got in a car. I did exactly what everybody tells their kids to do: Don't let a friend drive under the influence. She wasn't my friend, but I called 911. I just wanted the cops to stop her. I just didn't want this girl to kill herself or somebody else. Suddenly it's a fight between me and my girlfriend. Drugs were involved. I'm the big news.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds like you think it's an accident that you are involved in so many incidents with the police. Most people make it through their lives without the police being called at all.

**SIMPSON:** It's because I'm big news and people make money on it. It all becomes part of the O.J. story.

**PLAYBOY:** Throughout this interview, you have seemed incredulous that people still think you are guilty.

**SIMPSON:** No, it doesn't surprise me, because every day something was in the media—the shovel, the plastic bag. They never talked about the explanations. After the trial I spoke at Oxford and a couple colleges in L.A., and I put it to a vote: Who thinks I'm guilty? Eighty percent did. Why would I do it? Jealousy. Show me one shred of evidence that they presented in the court that goes with the jealousy theory. To this day you hear people say it was about jealousy and control. Yes, she had the thing with Marcus Allen, but that happened years before. They made it like it just happened. On 20/20, Barbara Walters said, "We found out that O.J. had some financial strains. His Hertz deal was up, and they weren't going to rehire him. His NBC deal was up. He's paying in the neighborhood of \$50,000 to \$55,000 a month in alimony and support." Hugh Downs said, "A lot of people say that might give a person a reason to do something drastic." Then they go off the air. They've left the American public with a motive. But NBC had just extended my contract and given me a raise. Hertz, two or three months earlier, had extended my contract and given me a big raise. I didn't pay any alimony. This is supposedly an investigative journalism show, and they just flat-out lied. They could easily have called Hertz, NBC or any lawyer involved in the divorce. They could have called Nicole's parents. They would have known that every facet of this story was a lie. I was so pissed off, I got Barbara Walters on the phone, and she gave me some

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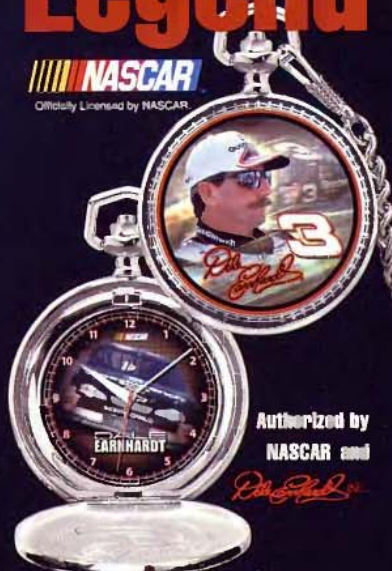


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hullabaloo: "Well, O.J., that really wasn't my story. They just put it on the Teleprompter. I didn't have time to check it. I will look into this." Has she ever gone public and said that story was absolutely false?

**PLAYBOY:** The infamous Bronco ride didn't help. Why, if you weren't guilty, were you trying to get away?

**SIMPSON:** Don't you find it curious that in not one of the trials did the prosecution bring up the Bronco ride? The perception was better than the facts.

**PLAYBOY:** Which were?

**SIMPSON:** I wasn't trying to get away. And I wasn't even driving.

**PLAYBOY:** That's not relevant. Your friend could have been trying to help you flee.

**SIMPSON:** We called the police. They knew where we were going. We were going to my house from the cemetery.

**GALANTER:** One of the first things they teach you in law school is that evidence of flight can be used as evidence of guilt. It's not flight if someone calls the police and says, "This is where we're going, if you want to meet us."

**PLAYBOY:** Many Americans watched the chase on TV. You sure looked like someone who was guilty.

**SIMPSON:** Looked like? Maybe, but you have to know the facts. I was going home, and the police knew it.

**GALANTER:** It wasn't a flight situation. If it were, the prosecution would have used it.

**PLAYBOY:** If the police knew where you were heading, why were they after you?

**SIMPSON:** Ask them! Police from every jurisdiction were there.

**GALANTER:** It was because it was an event. It was on the national news. They preempted everything else on television.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you respond to the theory that you committed the crime but don't know that you did—that you blacked out or have blocked it out?

**SIMPSON:** How ridiculous is that? I don't think I've ever come across as some flighty kind of guy. I've always been outspoken and loud. That's some pseudo-intellectual analysis. Listen, I know I was a very well-liked guy before. I'm an easy target. If everything people like Bill O'Reilly say about my trial were real facts, I wouldn't be here talking to you. I realize that O'Reilly's show is about him being a dick sometimes. But it amazes me that our society has reached a point where the nastier you are, the more popular you are. The other reason my story wouldn't go away is that it helped so many careers, and these people keep it going. They refer to it all the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it bother you that many people have made careers off you?

**SIMPSON:** To be honest, I don't begrudge anybody. I don't begrudge Marcia Clark getting \$4 million for her book. I don't have any feelings one way or the other.

**PLAYBOY:** How about the others?

**SIMPSON:** I have a little sore spot with Robert Kardashian and Larry Schiller, because they didn't have to lie and use everybody, from me to Lee Bailey to Johnnie Cochran. What they did was dishonest. Bob needed the money, and we all agreed to help him with his book. As a lawyer, though, some privileged things couldn't be in the book. To get around that in the end, because they wanted dirt, they made it Schiller's book, with Bob as an advisor. That was wrong. It was bullshit.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any journalists give you a fair shake?

**SIMPSON:** Linda Deutsch, Greta Van Susteren—those are people I have respect for. Greta doesn't try to belittle people. I'm a big Greta fan. But if I start talking about the ones I think were just totally dishonest, the list would be way too long. Barbara Walters and I had finally almost made up and I was going to do her show. At the last minute they wouldn't do it because I wanted it live. I'm not gonna tape it so you can make it whatever way you want. So she told everyone that she didn't want me. I'll be damned if she didn't call me. Barbara Walters can kiss my ass. That lady has no integrity as far as I'm concerned. Larry King kind of came and went with me. We were going to have a debate between my camp and Fuhrman's. We were told that Fuhrman wouldn't go on with my guy, so they canceled him. Larry King told the audience that they wanted somebody from the O.J. camp but we declined to send anybody. I lost my respect for him, though I've gotten some of it back.

**PLAYBOY:** Many people feel that your dream team of defense lawyers are the ones responsible for a murderer—you—walking around free. The verdict infuriated many people who thought you got off because you were rich and famous, and money in America is what matters.

**SIMPSON:** Well, I didn't commit the crime. That is why I got off. I feel in my heart that I got off because I was innocent, but I don't know if I could have proven my innocence if I didn't have the money. And that's a shame. Yes, it is a shame that in this country it costs so much to get good representation.

**PLAYBOY:** If a friend of yours were in a similar situation and could afford the dream team, would you recommend the same configuration, or would you revise it?

**SIMPSON:** The problem I had, and this became a full-time job, was ego, headed by the feud between Shapiro and Lee Bailey. Knowing what I know now, I wouldn't make changes. How can you change success? Obviously, there were too many lawyers, too many cooks, but everybody did a great job.

**PLAYBOY:** Recent reports claim that you





will be doing a reality TV show.

**SIMPSON:** I saw a poll the other day that said 93 percent of people would watch a reality show of mine. That's a hell of a number for anybody. People have been talking to me about doing one, but I expect it will get bogged down somewhere. The average person on the street would love to hear me comment on Robert Blake or Scott Peterson. I have a unique insight on what they're going through.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know Blake?

**SIMPSON:** We used to work out at the same gym back in the 1970s. I understood when he wanted to speak to the public. I fought Johnnie Cochran on that, too. I felt I had to take the stand. Marcia and them would say all these things in argument and in their opening and closing statements, and I wanted to address them. I never could.

**PLAYBOY:** You once said that your mission now is to convince the public of your innocence. Do you still think you can?

**SIMPSON:** I still think that I might be able to. The last thing a couple of people would want is for me to find out I've got six months to live. Then I think I would get to the truth real quick.

**PLAYBOY:** What are you implying?

**SIMPSON:** Why don't we just leave it at that? I always thought that if they had put pressure on Faye Resnick in the beginning, especially when they found out she'd lied to me, they may have learned the truth about who killed Nicole.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying Resnick knows?

**SIMPSON:** Not that she killed Nicole, but they never investigated those people around her, the circle. Maybe it was people she hung out with in that crowd. I'm not saying that Faye was involved directly, but she may know more than she has said. I can't dwell on that. I have my life, my children.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you go to church?

**SIMPSON:** I do. I take my children to a Catholic church. They are Catholic because of their mother. I go to a Baptist church, too. In jail, I read the Koran as well as the Bible. I still read both.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe in heaven and hell?

**SIMPSON:** I do.

**PLAYBOY:** Where will you be heading?

**SIMPSON:** Heaven. I'll be seeing my mother there.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best O.J. Simpson joke you've heard?

**SIMPSON:** I was in the Bronco and when I realized where we were heading, I said to A.C., "I said Costa Rica, motherfucker, not Costa Mesa."

**PLAYBOY:** What one thing would you like to say to those of us who are convinced you're guilty of murder?

**SIMPSON:** Worry about your own soul. I'll worry about mine. Worry about your own soul.



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# AMBUSHED!

(continued from page 90)

*"I can tell you where one body is buried," said Donley. Her son had died an agonizing death from E. coli.*

of *Listeria* contamination. Unfortunately, they—or another company processing ready-to-eat meat in the region—missed the deli turkey that led to Niemtzow's death. Most of the meat had already been eaten, however, much of it by children who ate meat sold to the nation's school lunch program—a fact kept very quiet by the USDA.

The Wampler processing plant in Franconia, Pennsylvania is a squat building that sits close to a state highway 50 miles south of Philadelphia. Tall vent pipes atop the building fill the air with the scent of roast turkey and smoked chicken. Trucks and forklifts move in and out of the parking lot. At the side entrance, workers wearing standard-issue hair nets gather at a doorway to talk on cell phones, smoke, drink coffee, and joke (in Spanish) about their bosses. Management let us know, in English, that reporters are not welcome.

Two-thousand-pound bins of raw turkey and chicken meat arrive daily from the South in refrigerated trucks. The meat is ground, seasoned, tumbled, injected, emulsified, smoked, heated, cooled and pressed into large turkey roasts. It is squeezed into casings to make turkey franks, which are then shipped all over the country.

For almost two years Vincent Erthal was the USDA inspector on the second shift at Wampler's Franconia plant. Erthal describes the plant as one of the dirtiest he had seen in 20 years with USDA. Leaked internal documents obtained from another source support his claims. They describe meat residue from the previous day stuck on equipment; old meat on the tines of forks used to mix meat products; liquid filled with "unknown black foreign particles (possibly from the overhead cooling units)" dripping on 600 pounds of meat; water splashing from the floor onto food products; workers washing their boots and allowing water to splash onto food and food-preparation surfaces; condensation on ducts and pipes above the food-processing area. One hundred sixteen pages of USDA inspectors' reports obtained under the Freedom of Information Act include many similar violations during the year before the recall. In his report, Erthal repeatedly warns of condensate that is contaminating food and food-processing equipment.

Documents covering a period before Wampler's October 2002 recall refer to dozens of earlier violations of USDA guidelines. Water from the floor splashing onto the food products was a red

backed-up drains and standing water in the plant. When the USDA finally got around to taking samples for *Listeria*, the strain of bacteria that cost Niemtzow his life was found in the drains. It was a little late. Tons of ready-to-eat chicken and turkey had already been processed and shipped, and most of it had been eaten.

It didn't have to happen. The rules the Bush administration killed during its first week in office would have required regular testing for *Listeria*—and quick action if it was detected.

## TOXIC AVENGER

*"He fired the best and most decent man who ever worked at the EPA."*—MARIE FLICKINGER, APRIL 2002

"I had run out of hope."

That's how Marie Flickinger felt in 1992 after she learned an EPA contractor was fixing to incinerate toxic sludge on the site of the abandoned Brio Refinery, right in the heart of her Houston neighborhood. Flickinger, who had studied the cleanup plan up one side and down the other, was desperately worried about the threat to the elementary school, the hospital and the junior-college campus nearby. The toxic sludge in the neighborhood was bad enough, she thought; how the hell could the EPA think about making it worse?

Flickinger had researched the birth defects, the miscarriages and the spontaneous abortions that seemed like an epidemic in the residential subdivision near Brio. She had watched the Little Leaguers walk off the baseball diamond near the site with their cleats covered in chemical tar. She smelled the malodorous black substance seeping from the driveways.

Now the EPA was prepared to incinerate 245,000 tons of toxic sludge left by Monsanto, Atlantic Richfield and other corporate citizens in the soil of a 58-acre site 20 miles south of downtown Houston.

Flickinger is the maverick publisher of a community weekly newspaper. She used the *South Belt-Ellington Leader* to report on the problems with the EPA's plan. The agency, she argued, hadn't done a proper site characterization. They didn't know what was in the soil and sludge they were preparing to burn. They didn't know where the sludge pits were. They hadn't tested for metals. And they hadn't looked carefully at the birth defects and miscarriages in the neighborhoods near the abandoned refinery.

According to the EPA, the site was used for "by-product recycling, copper catalyst regeneration and petrochemical recovery." Sediment was cleaned out of indus-

trial and refinery tank bottoms; anything that was reusable was extracted. Styrene and vinyl chloride tars were stored in open, unlined ponds waiting for processing. It was done in one of the state's environmental hot zones, where the Great State's Bermuda triangle of Superfund sites overlaps Houston's Bubba Belt. As they'd say in Texas, "A lot of dangerous chemical shit was boiled, baked, buried and slopped across 58 acres of black gumbo swamp on the edge of Mud Gully. Then the bakers and sloppers upped and hauled ass." Five thousand families lived very close to the site they left behind.

The experts at the EPA had figured out the problem, said Flickinger, but their solution was all wrong. Their plan to dig up the sludge and burn it was a greater public health threat than leaving it all in the ground. "The EPA wouldn't listen to us," Flickinger said. "They treated us like hysterical housewives." By 1992, all Flickinger had to show for her five-year fight over the Brio Superfund site were warnings from local advertisers that the *South Belt-Ellington Leader* was the problem. It was causing "bad publicity" for the south Houston community.

"Bad publicity! The EPA was getting ready to burn toxic material in a residential neighborhood, and they didn't even know what they were burning," Flickinger said.

When a botched EPA cleanup plan threatens your life and the lives of your neighbors, who you gonna call?

Flickinger called the EPA National Ombudsman's office.

Bob Martin answered the phone.

Martin is a Makah Indian from Washington state. He spent the 1980s directing an association of Indian tribes that own mineral-rich lands. He represented Indians in environmental fights in court and before administrative agencies. He ran his own environmental cleanup company. Working as an environmental lawyer for Native Americans, Martin learned not only a good deal about environmental advocacy but also about the nature of the federal bureaucracy. Martin applied for the ombudsman's job, which was established and empowered by Congress to be an independent watchdog over the EPA. He was hired at the end of George H.W. Bush's presidency.

By the time Flickinger called, Martin already had some sense of how the agency worked. After two weeks on the job, he went to Pennsylvania to look into complaints about an EPA cleanup. He went to meetings. He listened to the concerns of the people living near a Superfund site, and he was appalled by the agency's contempt for the community. "I used to think that the government mistreated only the Indians," he said at one public meeting. "I now know they mistreat all Americans." That quote made the newspapers. The next day an EPA administrator walked into Martin's office



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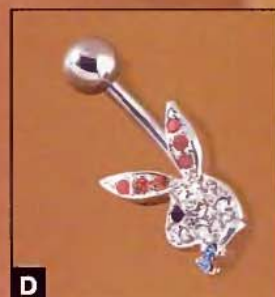
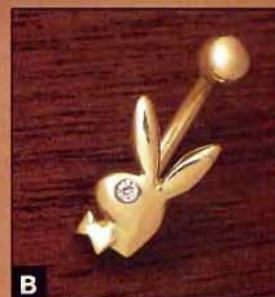
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and handed him a letter of retraction to sign. "I told him that was exactly what I said. I can't retract it," Martin said. His refusal to sign was a small gesture, but it affirmed the independence of the office.

The office wasn't much. Martin had a staff of four, an annual budget of \$100,000 and a toll-free phone line. Yet the ombudsman fielded more than 4,000 complaints a year. His is—or was—an office whose sole authority lay in issuing reports in response to complaints from people who believe the EPA is not responding, or is responding on the cheap and not properly cleaning up a site, or is responding with a cleanup that puts a community at risk. By the time George W. Bush took the oath of office, Martin had more than 100 active cases.

He listened as Marie Flickinger told him about the 13 neighborhood pregnancies that had ended in horrible birth defects, about children born with genitalia that were neither male nor female. She told him the EPA's Brio report didn't mention mercury, but she had found a Monsanto document that asked what had happened to the mercury.

Martin surprised her.

He told her he was coming down to have a look at the site. When he called back to tell her the EPA wouldn't pay for a plane ticket, Flickinger offered to buy him one. Martin suggested instead that they meet at an EPA conference in Dallas. Flickinger showed up in Dallas with a book of documents that convinced Martin the agency had failed.

"They were going to do this in the middle of a community of 70,000 people, near a hospital, near schools. We were going to have to close down San Jacinto Junior College," Flickinger said. "Waste Management had built an incinerator. When Bob issued his report, that sucker was 10 days from starting to burn waste. And they didn't even know what was in the waste they were going to burn."

Today, thanks to Martin's efforts, the Brio site is sealed off behind a 50-foot-deep concrete wall, covered with a gas-containment layer and studded with air-monitoring devices and vents that

capture toxic gas eruptions. Standing water and groundwater are pumped and treated, lowering the level of toxins in the bodies of fish caught in Clear Creek. The creek had the highest trace amounts of volatile substances ever detected in fish tested in the U.S. An elementary school and 677 homes that were also contaminated have been abandoned.

Brio was Martin's first big case, and he used it to expand and define the powers of an office that was almost an experiment when he drew his first paycheck.

By the time George W. Bush appointed New Jersey governor Christine Todd Whitman as EPA administrator, Martin had worked with EPA directors appointed by the elder George Bush and by Bill Clinton. He had been at odds with all of them—most recently with Democrat Carol Browner over a controversial incinerator in East Liverpool, Ohio. It was all part of the job. As the Bush administration began to take shape, it was obvious that Whitman wasn't a real player. Early on, she was so often blown away at Cabinet meetings that Secretary of State Colin Powell began to call her "the wind dummy" (a wind dummy is a life-size dummy thrown out of an airplane to help judge wind currents so paratroopers can hit a landing zone). Eleven months after Whitman was appointed, she finally got her feet on the ground and made a decision.

She got rid of Bob Martin.

In November 2001 she ordered her deputy administrator to inform Martin that she was folding the ombudsman's office into the agency, where it would be under the control of the inspector general.

Martin took Whitman to court and won. At least, he got to win for a while. Federal judge Richard Roberts handed down a temporary restraining order barring Whitman from closing the independent ombudsman's office and moving it into the agency's Office of the Inspector General. The inspector general, it should be noted, answers to Whitman.

The restraining order was shorter than the leash Whitman wanted to put on Mar-

tin. In April 2002, Judge Roberts concluded that Martin had not exhausted his administrative remedies. Until he did, the federal courts were not the appropriate forum to hear his case. Martin would have to appeal first to the merit review board, then return to court. Whitman was in no mood to wait. Martin was out of town on EPA business when Whitman seized not only the moment but also 140 file boxes from Martin's office containing information about cases Martin was working on.

"They came in like storm troopers," said Hugh Kaufman, the chief investigator in the ombudsman's office. In addition to taking case files, agents from the inspector general's office removed all computers and telephones. In order to keep Martin from soldiering on with his cell phone and laptop, the raiders changed the locks on the office door.

Who says Ms. Whitman wasn't capable of making decisions at the EPA?

After the raid, Martin was ordered to report to work in the inspector general's office. He could have continued to draw his \$118,000 salary by answering a hotline, but he chose to resign. Under the inspector general, the ombudsman no longer has any independence, or control of budget or staff. Martin said he could not surrender the ombudsman's independence. In fact, he was slightly emphatic: "Never, never, never, never."

He resigned because the office can work only if it is independent. In the inspector general's office, the ombudsman would be working for the agency he is supposed to be watchdogging.

"I would not accede to that," he said. "I would never destroy the office we worked to build. So they had to resort to a bold power move."

Busting the EPA's ombudsman was a small part of a Republican plan that began with Ronald Reagan, continued with Newt Gingrich and now is in the hands of Bush and Cheney. The dirty secret is that the Superfund isn't super anymore. What was once a \$3.8 billion trust, built up since 1980 with a special tax on chemical companies, bottomed out at \$28 million in 2003—not even enough to clean up one of the hundreds of abandoned sites in the country. The money's gone. In 1995 Newt Gingrich killed the tax. Bill Clinton couldn't persuade a Republican Congress to reinstate it. And they'll be serving beer in Lubbock (which has been dry since Prohibition) before Dubya proposes a tax on chemical companies.

Superfund cleanups are now paid for by general revenue—that is, by you and me, rather than by the chemical and oil companies that made the mess. Martin was sent packing because an independent ombudsman could force the EPA to work on sites it is required to by law—to clean them up and to find the money to do so.



*"I should tell you up front: I'm a cash cow."*





## RAINBOW FARM

(continued from page 70)

he received Teter's letter. Crosslin, the self-made hillbilly real estate magnate, had studied up on drug-war forfeiture law. He stomped around the farmhouse, screaming about it. It was a tool meant to break up drug cartels and close crack houses, not destroy men like him who were operating in the open.

"He said, 'Sit down and write that son of a bitch a letter,'" says Leinbach. Rohm sat by while Crosslin dictated. "Tom was pissed. I said, 'Are you sure you want to say that?' He said, 'Hell yes, that's exactly what I want to say.'"

And so Crosslin shot back his reply: "Our friends at the Michigan Militia have their ideas of how we should handle your threats...."

This was not just a random invocation. The Michigan Militia means something in Cass County, a right-wing, blue-collar enclave where politics is often Republican in public and libertarian in private. A number of Constitution-worshipping locals worked security during Rainbow Farm festivals, though Tom Wayne, the militia's official spokesman, declared that potheads could not be militiamen.

Crosslin added a coda to his letter: "I have discussed this with my family, and we are all prepared to die on this land before we allow it to be stolen from us. How should we be prepared to die? Are you planning to burn us out like they did in Waco, or will you have snipers shoot us through our windows like the Weavers at Ruby Ridge?"

"Well, that sort of set the tone that we weren't going to be able to talk this thing out," Teter says dryly. He saw the letter for what it was: a shout of defiance. It caused him to lean even harder on Crosslin. "Crosslin was saying, 'I'm going to do what I'm going to do, and I don't think that you're going to do anything about it,'" Teter says. "I took an oath to do something about it."

"Tom wasn't eloquent, but he was articulate on his points," says Don France. "In essence, it was, 'Leave private citizens alone. If they want to smoke a little pot, they can smoke a little pot. If they want to grow it and make a product out of it, well and good too.' I'm not pro or anti—I don't smoke it, never have—but the thing is, so what? You want to worship the Great Pumpkin instead of a single supreme deity, you can do that, too."

Teter went to work to shut down Rainbow Farm. He began issuing nuisance-abatement injunctions. The first was for violating a "large gathering" ordinance. Crosslin got around this by getting 501(c)(3) nonprofit status through the pot-friendly Columbus Institute of Contemporary Journalism. Then Teter tried to get Crosslin for not having a camp-

ground license. A sympathizer inside the courthouse slipped Crosslin the proper paperwork, and he got a temporary license within days.

HempAid '99 went ahead as planned and turned out to be Rainbow Farm's finest hour. Tommy Chong and his sons, billed as Chong and the Family Stoned, played to 2,800 people who'd paid \$65 a head. That Crosslin was able to pull it off in the face of Teter's obstacles thrilled his employees as well as national pot activists.

Undaunted, Teter had sent narcs from the Michigan state police's Southwest Enforcement Team on a fishing expedition during both festivals in 1999. "Our officers, literally within 10 minutes, made their first buy," says Teter. During the next two years, narcs bought LSD, pot, hash, coke, meth, mushrooms and prescription drugs. Teter acknowledges that this happens at concerts everywhere. "The difference is the knowledge of the owner," he says. "Could Tom reasonably have known that there was the ongoing distribution of drugs on his property? The answer is yes."

However, none of the dozen or so buys was ever traceable to Crosslin. It was a posted policy (on its website and at the farm's entrance) that Rainbow Farm would remove anyone selling dope of any kind. More important, before the federal Illicit Drug Anti-Proliferation Act took effect in 2003, concert promoters were protected from the behavior of the paying public.

"They had tons of undercover cops there," says DeCraene. "We laughed about it. The only thing the undercover cops would find was a kid from Chicago trying to peddle a bag."

Still, Teter had put his endgame in motion. Emboldened by its early success, the enforcement team requisitioned a motor home and equipped it with hidden video cameras, taping naked hippies and people of all kinds getting stoned. Teter was barraging a Cass County judge named Mike Dodge with information that couldn't convict Crosslin but was designed to leave a negative impression. It was only a matter of time before Teter would have Crosslin fighting for his life in the courts.

In the meantime, he fought for his life in the marketplace. The year 2000 was not a good one for Crosslin's enterprises, and his crew went on an all-out push to make money. He had finished building the camp store and RV improvements, which took several hundred thousand dollars out of his pockets. To its usual schedule, the farm added the *High Times* World Hemp Entertainment Expo and a show by Merle Haggard, but it lost \$45,000 on these events, mostly because of poor advertising but also because of its growing narc reputation.

"We were living off chili and nachos from the store," says Leinbach. "That's why I left in September 2000. My father's

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house was being foreclosed in Elkhart. My bills weren't being paid. Tom, Rollie, Derrik and I—we couldn't make a living." In the past, Crosslin had sold properties to keep his quixotic vision alive. And in 2001, strapped for cash, he was forced to make a move he had sworn he never would: He took out a mortgage on the farm itself.

#### NO TURNING BACK

In the spring of 2001 Crosslin and Rohm decided to build a hydroponic room for growing pot in the farmhouse's basement. "They asked my opinion, and I told them, 'It's the most horrible idea I've ever heard in my life,'" says DeCraene. "Have you guys ever heard the saying, 'You're betting the farm?' We were the biggest pot activists in the state of Michigan, for crying out loud. But they were

so high-profile they couldn't get any pot. And this was their solution."

On May 9, 2001 DeCraene woke up with Michigan state troopers in ski masks pointing guns at his head. He was sleeping in the office of the store building. "I was on the couch, and the first thing I saw was a rifle pointed at my head. The cops were so scared, their gun barrels were shaking. I'm waking up out of a dead sleep and thinking, Oh my god, these guys are going to shoot me and just say they thought I was trying to draw a weapon."

"What's your name?" a cop shouted.

"Leave the building. Now!"

"Where are the drugs?"

DeCraene staggered outside and found Crosslin and Rohm sitting in front of the farmhouse. "They herded us into a circle and left us sitting in the sun with

nothing to eat or drink until three o'clock. It was horrible."

The heavily armed squad had come to support the state IRS on a tax warrant. Teter had an informant at the farm who alleged that employees had been paid under the table. But the troopers found the grow room and confiscated 301 starter plants. Cops also found a loaded nine-millimeter pistol and two loaded shotguns. Crosslin and Rohm were busted for manufacturing marijuana (which carried a 15-year maximum penalty). They were also charged with firearms violations and with maintaining a drug house (each of these carried a two-year penalty). Considering that Crosslin was a convicted felon (for the 1970s robbery and a 1995 bar fight), he was potentially facing more than 15 years in prison. Rohm was probably looking at a minimum of two.

The bust was big news—the state police sent out a triumphant press release announcing the arrests. When Teter arrived on the scene, Crosslin saw then-attorney general Jennifer Granholm, a Democrat who is now Michigan's governor, in the car with him. Teter immediately got an injunction banning all future festivals. By the time Crosslin and Rohm were bailed out of jail, Teter had already filed for the forfeiture of Rainbow Farm.

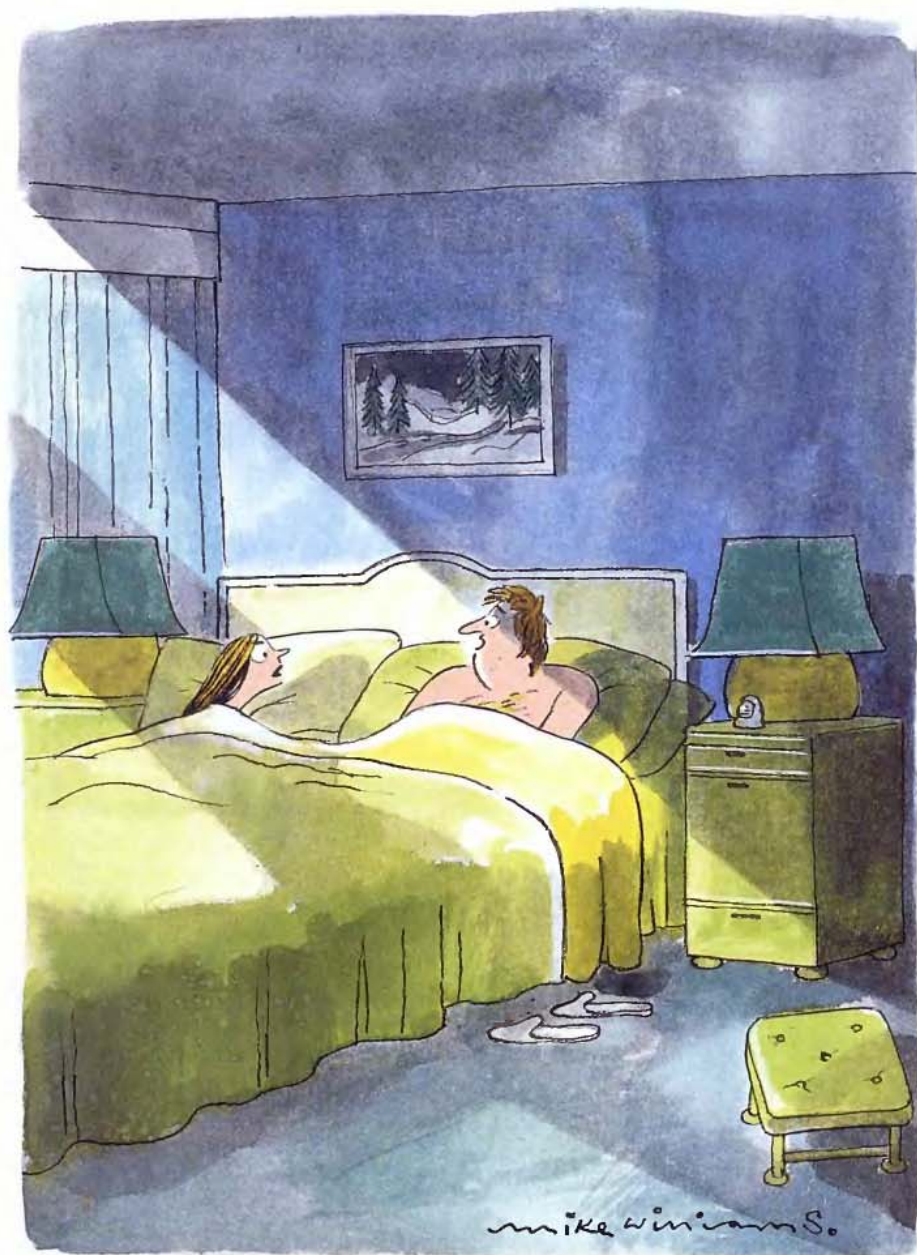
"We were so broke," says DeCraene. "We had band deposits out. All our cash was gone. But we were two and a half weeks from a huge moneymaking weekend that would have set us right."

A week later, the government's battle with Tom Crosslin took a far more personal turn: Robert didn't come home from school. At Teter's behest, sheriffs under the direction of the Family Independence Agency had taken the handsome 12-year-old out of class and placed him in foster care with a former police chief from Edwardsburg. Rohm was disconsolate. He had sought to insulate Robert from the abandonment he had felt as a child. Now everything was lost. Crosslin fell into a sustained rage.

"Tom was very defiant. But my impression of Rollie was that he was scared," says Dori Leo, a former prosecutor and an attorney with Vlachos and Vlachos in Kalamazoo, Michigan who took their case. Leo told Crosslin that if they could get the tax warrant thrown out—and she believed he had a good shot at that—all the other charges would be thrown out too. But she didn't understand that Crosslin knew he wouldn't ever be able to get Robert back to Rohm. He'd failed. His festivals were a bust. His employees had been forced to leave. He had no money. His corner of the world had been invaded; his lifestyle and his vision were crushed.

"Tom knew it was all over, and if he went to court they were going to issue order after order," says Don France. "That's why he acted the way he did."

Crosslin and Rohm closed ranks. Rohm



*"Hey, I'm sorry! We started without you."*



got weekly visits with his son, and at the first one Robert sat on his lap and they both sobbed. Rohm struggled to meet the two conditions that would allow them to be reunited: He moved into the Bonine Mansion, another house owned by Crosslin a couple of miles away, in order to separate from him, and he went to rehab to quit smoking pot. He didn't achieve either goal. Crosslin even held one pathetic gathering at Rainbow Farm later in the summer, attended by a dozen or so people. Two of them were Teter's narcs. Rohm and Crosslin were seen smoking weed, and Teter took action to revoke their bail. Aside from compounding the couple's dire legal troubles, their error ensured that it would be a long time before they could even dream of regaining custody of Robert.

During the week leading up to their bail hearing on Friday, August 31, 2001, Crosslin and Rohm literally gave away the store. Leinbach, security chief Travis Hopkins and others turned up to claim different pieces of their past. If the government was going to take his property, Crosslin wanted it to have as little value as possible. And so on Friday morning he began burning down his buildings.

#### THE SIEGE OF RAINBOW FARM

Buggy Brown, a regular at the campground, was the boyfriend of Nikki Lester, who managed the farm's general store. On August 31 he was over at the File farm next door, milking cows, when he saw smoke pouring into the sky. He rushed to Rainbow Farm and found Rohm dressed in camouflage, carrying a Ruger Mini-14 .223 assault rifle. Brown sized things up and said, "Smoke one last bowl?" They burned one in Brown's pipe as the buildings crackled. Rohm then said, "It's time. You need to leave."

Brown, upset, called Sheriff Joe Underwood and warned him not to send in firefighters. He didn't want anyone hurt. Underwood then sealed off Pemberton Road, about a mile from the farmhouse, which was the only way in or out.

Later that day, .223-size bullets were fired at a WNDU-TV news helicopter, putting a hole in a rear stabilizer. Later, someone also shot at a Michigan state police plane. The shootings brought the FBI to Rainbow Farm. Down Blacks Road, a converted school was requisitioned as a staging area and filled with dozens of government cars, National Guard helicopters and light armored vehicles. The siege had begun.

By about 12:30 P.M., Underwood found Brown and asked him to be his messenger to Rainbow Farm. Brown walked the mile of dirt road from the barricades at Pemberton and Blacks. He found Crosslin cradling the Ruger. "Tom ordered me out of there," recalls Brown. "I left empty-handed." He went twice more that day, once to deliver Dori Leo's cell phone, which quickly died, and once

at sundown. "My last time out I jokingly said that I'd bring them breakfast, and they gave me an order for McDonald's." He saw this as a sign of hope.

Others were less optimistic. That afternoon, Crosslin's dad, along with his brother Jim, his mother, Ruby, and his stepdad, Luther Batey, were allowed to drive out to the farm. "I had a few beers with him," says Jim tearfully. "I told him I loved him. He wasn't coming out."

By nightfall Rainbow Farm was dead silent. State police snipers crawled into positions in the woods from which they could see the house. Inside, Crosslin and Rohm were drinking beer. They had no electricity, no phones, no water—everything had been taken out by the fires.

On Saturday morning FBI profiler Roy Johnson took over communications with Brown, who began by saying, "I want to tell you right now I'm a pot smoker." Johnson sent him out to deliver the McDonald's breakfast. Brown was being debriefed after his first trip when Teter showed up at the command post.

"My girlfriend heard Teter ask someone, 'What is she doing up here? She's one of them,'" says Brown. He threatened to quit unless Teter left. The FBI shooed Teter away. He never came back.

When the cops managed to get Crosslin to take a call on the cell phone, he demanded to talk to Robert. The request was denied. The conversations ended with Crosslin shouting, cursing the FBI, yelling that they had no right to bargain with "their kid."

Sometime between sundown Sunday and noon on Labor Day morning, Crosslin and Rohm unloaded automatic weapons fire on a light armored vehicle, which they referred to jokingly as Sparky. Occasionally they stood on the porch and yelled, "Come and get it, motherfuckers!" When Johnson asked (via Brown) what would bring an end to the standoff, Crosslin sent back the message: "Send Teter in here, and you can all be home fucking your wives tonight."

#### THE ENDGAME

By dawn on Labor Day, 120 law enforcement officers were on the scene, many along the perimeter of Rainbow Farm. That morning, Brandon Peoples, an 18-year-old neighbor and regular at the campground coffee shop, decided to walk onto the farm through the cornfield and managed to slip past the cops. He was determined to convince Crosslin to turn himself in. Crosslin was pissed off to see him but said he could use help on an errand: He needed company on a mission to scrounge up some food from a neighbor's abandoned cabin about a quarter mile away. Crosslin carried his Ruger and a two-way radio and stepped outside. Peoples, holding a feather—he said it was for good luck—joined him. The two men stood by the door and listened for something, anything. A snap of

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a twig. A cough, perhaps—any sound that would give away the position of the FBI snipers. The pair stepped down a two-track path to the south running parallel to the oiled dirt of Pemberton Road and left Rohm behind inside the farmhouse, also with a two-way radio.

Peoples walked in silence behind Crosslin, who had told him falsely that the roads were mined and set with trip wires. Peoples tried his best to walk exactly in Crosslin's footsteps.

They headed down and traversed acres of swamp bottom. Crosslin shouldered in the front door of a small cinder-block cabin belonging to Carl "Butch" McDonald. The old man called Crosslin a "damn good neighbor" and had cleared out days earlier when Crosslin warned him there might be trouble. Crosslin and Peoples grabbed a coffemaker, coffee, steaks, bread, five cartons of cigarettes and other supplies and put them in plastic trash bags. McDonald's house was also full of guns. Crosslin offered Butch's .22 rifle to Peoples to replace the feather. "Don't you want to stick around and have fun?" he asked. Peoples refused the gun.

When they returned to the farmhouse they realized they had forgotten the coffepot. So they went back to McDonald's house and while returning stopped on the steep knoll dubbed Mount This, a favorite spot of festival security workers because of its expansive views of the house and the road. Crosslin was catching his breath. Peoples bent down to tie his shoe. Then Crosslin hushed him: "I heard a noise," he whispered. Crosslin called Rohm on the radio to tell him they were almost back, saying, "Incoming." As he crept across the clearing, Peoples followed, looking down. He again tried

to walk in Crosslin's footprints and clutched the Bunn coffepot fiercely. Crosslin looked into a garbage can, then stepped slowly around the rocks of a fire pit. Suddenly he tensed and stared intently at the dense underbrush.

In the next instant, Peoples heard shots and shouting. FBI snipers Richard Salomon and Michael Heffron popped up and shot simultaneously, Salomon hitting Crosslin above the right eye with a .308 that blew through the back of his skull, killing him instantly. He nearly fell on Peoples, and his brain landed two feet away from his shattered head. Skull fragments raked Peoples's face, and he went down on hands and knees, shuddering and screaming, "I'm hit!" The agents moved in quickly and placed him under arrest. The last thing he saw as he was carted off was his plaid shirt lying in the woods, paces away from Crosslin's lifeless body. Crosslin never fired his gun.

Rohm waited in the house alone.

Rohm's son saw the news on his foster parents' TV. He knew that Crosslin had been killed, and he jumped to the phone and called Tammy Brand, the mother of his best friend Dairik, yelling, "Don't let them kill my dad!"

"We had high hopes that Rohm was going to walk out of there," says Lieutenant Mike Risko of the Michigan state police, "because he was talking to us adamantly and strongly."

Robert agreed to write his father a letter. "Hey, Dad," it read. "Please come out so no one gets hurt."

What happened on that Tuesday morning doesn't make much sense. It might have been a tragic miscommunication or the final statement from a man who felt he had nothing left to lose. State troopers in an LAV tossed Rohm a

phone during the night, and Rohm agreed to surrender at seven o'clock Tuesday morning if he saw his boy. "We agreed to bring Robert out there," says Risko. But just after six A.M., an upper room in the house caught fire, and Rohm emerged, carrying his Ruger.

According to the state police, troopers stormed up in the LAV and told Rohm over a bullhorn to drop the gun. He seemed frightened and confused. Suddenly he turned back into the house. ("Possibly for the dog," Risko says.) He re-emerged on the run and took cover under a small pine tree 10 yards from the house. The LAV moved forward. "At that point he shouldered the rifle," Risko says, "and he was taken out by a sniper." One bullet went through the butt of his rifle and his chest. Like Crosslin, he never fired a shot.

Robert was halfway down the road at the time. He saw the smoke and heard the gunfire, which he believed was the ammo ignited by the fire. Then he was ushered back to the car. By the time he got home, a detail of caseworkers, counselors and FIA officials—his new family—was already on its way to give him the news. That night a harvest moon rose over the destruction at Rainbow Farm, and then it rained.

#### EPILOGUE

During the standoff, a small crowd had gathered at a makeshift protest camp along M-60. A typical sign read OUR GOVERNMENT IS KILLING AMERICANS.

"This was a Waco-like event," says Rick Martinez, Michigan editor for the *South Bend Tribune*. "You have individual rights, but then there's the specter of illegal drug sales. They're parallel events, but it's apples to oranges to grapes."

"You could see this whole thing as Scott's fault," says Lorraine Jaffee, an outspoken foster-parent advocate from Edwardsburg who has had run-ins with Teter. "If he hadn't taken Robert Rohm, none of this would have happened."

The official version of events—that Crosslin and Rohm both raised their rifles—was soon disputed. Within days, investigations were launched by the families, the prosecutor, the state's attorney general, the state police, the FBI, even the Michigan Militia. The lawyer handling a wrongful-death civil suit for Rohm's estate says the state police account of Rohm's death is seriously flawed. "Our forensic experts are the guys retained by the defense team at Ruby Ridge," says attorney Christopher Keane. "Among other problems, there's no way Rohm could have been facing the LAV in a ready-to-shoot position at the time that he was shot. The police case is forensically baseless. Usually, the cover-up is worse than the crime. Here, it's just as bad."

The case is still pending.





# PLAYMATE NEWS



From left: The blushing bride and her 'rents; Liv and Ray happily ever after; Bebe and Jim.

## BEBE AND LIV

We love checking in with Bebe Buell, the former rock muse whose wild life seems as though it were created by TV impresario Aaron Spelling. (If you haven't read her autobiography, *Rebel Heart*, it's got all the dirt on her relationships with rock gods from Iggy Pop to Elvis Costello.) During our latest run-in, we found Bebe gushing about daughter Liv Tyler's recent wedding to musician Royston Langdon. Guess falling for musicians runs in the family. "It was such an amazing wedding," Bebe says of the party at Manhattan's Pastis. "Liv is my proudest life achievement, and we're very excited about Royston's being part of the family." Says Liv, "I love my mom. For a while it freaked me out—you know, during that confused period when you're like, 'Oh my god, I like my mom!' But one day I

woke up and realized this is my friend for life. It has been just her and me since I was born—we're a team." The New York City wedding bash, which came on the heels of a private ceremony in Barbados, attracted more rock royalty than an Aerosmith gig. Guests included Bebe's husband, musician Jim Wallerstein; Liv's two dads, Steven



Tyler and Todd Rundgren; Stella McCartney; David Bowie; Keith Richards; Evan Dando; Chris Robinson and Kate Hudson; and Kirsten Dunst and Jake Gyllenhaal. Next up for Bees: a new CD.

## 10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"PLAYBOY was my launching pad, my only way to Hollywood, and it worked for me," says Miss October 1993 and Playmate of the Year 1994 Jenny McCarthy. Jenny waltzed into our office a decade ago, looking for a modeling gig. She got it, and then some. Jenny, who became a sensation when she hosted MTV's *Singled Out*, can be seen in *Scary Movie 3*.



Jenny McCarthy.

## LOOSE LIPS

"I was hesitant to become a model or an actress. I had normal jobs—cosmetologist, bank teller. Then one night I ran into Hef. He asked for my number, and the rest is history."—Tina Jordan

"I don't do body shots. I'm not about to let some strange person lick me."—Lauren Michelle Hill

## MEET THE FASHIONISTAS



We know what you're thinking: It's much more fun to look at Playmates with their clothes off. But we had to give props to our current crop of fashion mavens, the gals who are burning up the red carpet. From far left: Kelly Monaco at the Daytime Emmys; Tina Jordan at a Diesel bash; Dalene Kurtis at Carmen Electra's engagement party; Seria Tawan at a Justin Timberlake shindig; Irina Voronina at a movie premiere; and Nikki Ziering at a bash for ABC.







## HOT SHOT

BARBARA MOORE

### THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT NICOLE WOOD

1. A model since the age of 12, Nicole has always been drawn to the behind-the-scenes side of modeling, including makeup, skin care and fashion.



2. She hosts and acts as a style agent on the Fox reality show *Ambush Makeover*. "I grab people on the street and totally change their style," she says.

3. Nicole owns the Beauty Lounge ([www.thebeauty-lounge.com](http://www.thebeauty-lounge.com)), a New Jersey spa and boutique that features facials, body treatments, loungewear and accessories.

### POP QUESTIONS: CHRISTINA SANTIAGO

We stopped our Jell-O shot-loving Playmate of the Year for a quick chat between slurps.

Q: Christina, do you have any good sex tips?

A: Yes, I do! Please, please, please do not ask a girl if she is about to orgasm. If she hasn't already, she probably won't.

Q: Are you dominant or submissive?

A: It depends on my mood and the man I'm with. I'm submissive if I'm interested, dominant if I'm not.

Q: Fill in the blank: A man who \_\_\_\_\_ turns me on.

A: Moans. There's nothing hotter than a man who moans!



### MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Lea Thompson

"I think **Pamela Anderson** is fabulous because she will obviously do anything to please the



eyes of men. I couldn't go through all that to look like a Barbie doll. But I've gotta say, "Thumbs up, girlfriend! Go for it!"



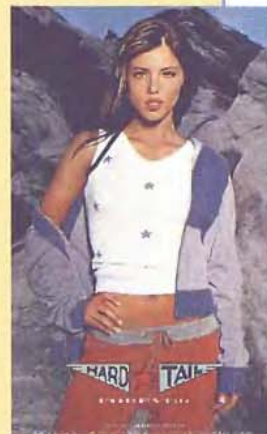
### YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, KELLY

Kelly Gallagher Wearstler, who was recently profiled in *Vogue*, has become an acclaimed Hollywood designer. She's done interiors for celebrity homes, including Ben Stiller's. As a Playmate, Kelly aspired to own a "marvelous design business." Her two books, out in November, are *Unexpected Style* and *Modern Glamour*.



### PLAYMATE GOSSIP

We've always had a thing for Mrs. Robinson, so we love the Miller Lite commercial with Ava Fabian seducing a younger, wannabe stud.... Flip open practically any fashion magazine and you'll find Nicole Lenz (shown here) in ads for Hard Tail clothing.... Rebekka Armstrong continues her work promoting AIDS awareness on the road. Rebekka's latest panels were sponsored by VH1 and MTV.... Happily married couple Jaime Bergman and David Boreanaz hung out at the Ritz-Carlton at Lake Las Vegas with Nick Lachey and Jessica Simpson (pictured below) of MTV's *Newlyweds*.... Penelope Jimenez, Laurie Fetter and Nikki Ziering pulled all-nighters on *Cram*, a Game Show Network trivia challenge that forces contestants to forgo sleep for study.... Barbara Moore appeared on *The Dr. Phil Show* in a hidden-camera segment that showed how women react to beautiful women.... Did you notice Erica, Nicole and Jaclyn Dahm in



Nicole's Hord Tail.



Nick and David: separated at birth?

*Scary Movie 3*'s party scene...? Some guys have all the luck: Ashton Kutcher has yet another beautiful co-star—Angela Little, who shows up in *My Boss's Daughter*. Knowing Angela's penchant for playing movie vixens, we have a feeling she punk'd him. On-screen, that is.





# Walk on the **WILD** side!

**Industrial strength sex appeal.** Not much is left to the imagination as far as her body is concerned, but this black mesh dress will set your mind racing with deliciously decadent fantasies. Nylon/spandex. Imported. One size (fits up to size 12).

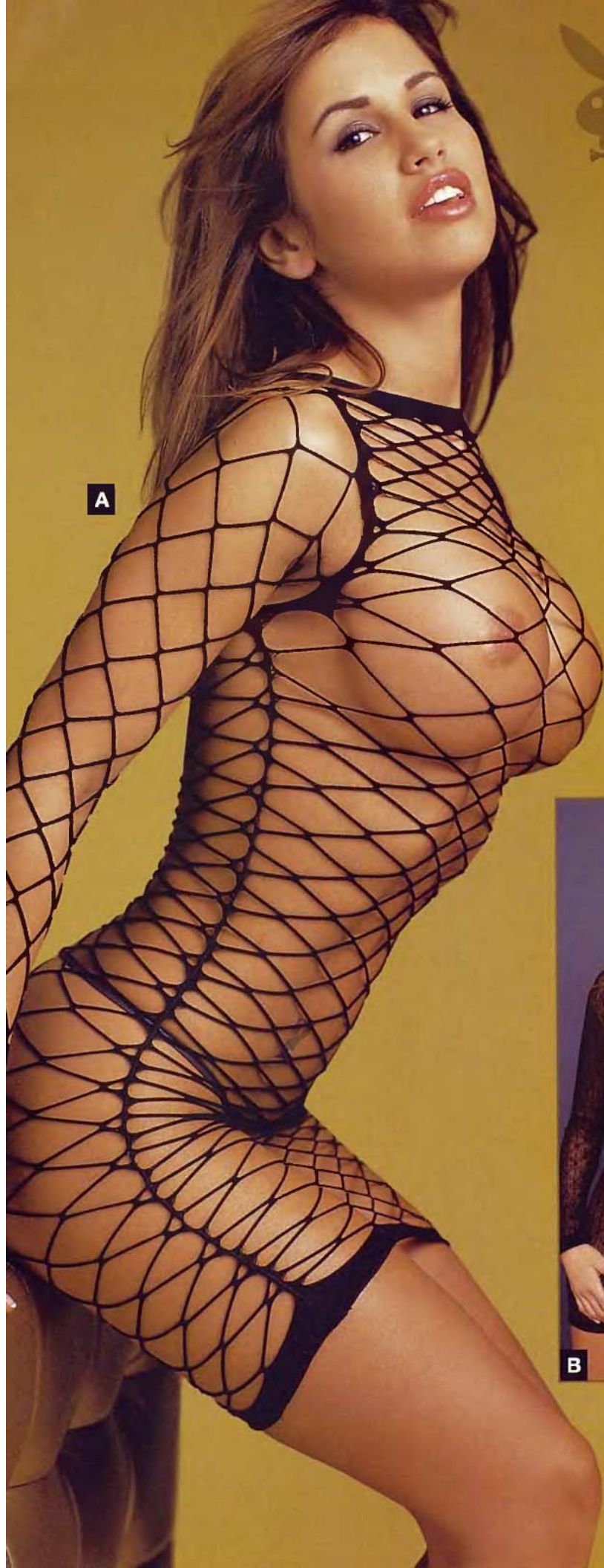
A. TE8504 Industrial Mesh Dress \$24  
TE8107 Sheer Mesh G-String \$9

**How deep is your love?** This sheer, form-fitting, stretch lace dress with a neckline that plunges all the way down to her tummy begs the question, and the answer will be on the tip of your tongue all night long. Nylon/spandex. One size (fits up to size 12).

B. TE8508 Dangerously Deep V Dress \$26

**Beyond flirtatious.** As elegant as it is provocative, this black ensemble will fire up all of your pleasure zones. Lace underwire demi-bra with floral embroidery. Matching thong and stockings feature sexy laces in front. Bra: 32, 34, 36, 38. Thong: S (6-8), M (10-12), L (14-16). Stockings: one size.

C. TE8597 Barely There Lace Demi-Cup Bra \$24  
TE8598 Lace-Up Thong \$12  
TE8599 Lace-Up Thigh-High Stockings \$9



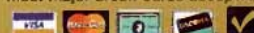
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# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### THE JET SET

**W**hether you're flying first class or stuck in the last row of coach, a few luxuries will smooth out the turbulence in your journey. Wine in a Louis Vuitton leather tote? Why not? Uncork it to celebrate your safe arrival. A bright-red widescreen DVD player guaranteed to turn your seatmate green with envy? You bet. Toss a sterling silver flask, along with a cell phone that transmits photos, into your Italian-leather carry-on bag. Now we just need a destination worthy of all this high-flying gear. —DAVID STEVENS

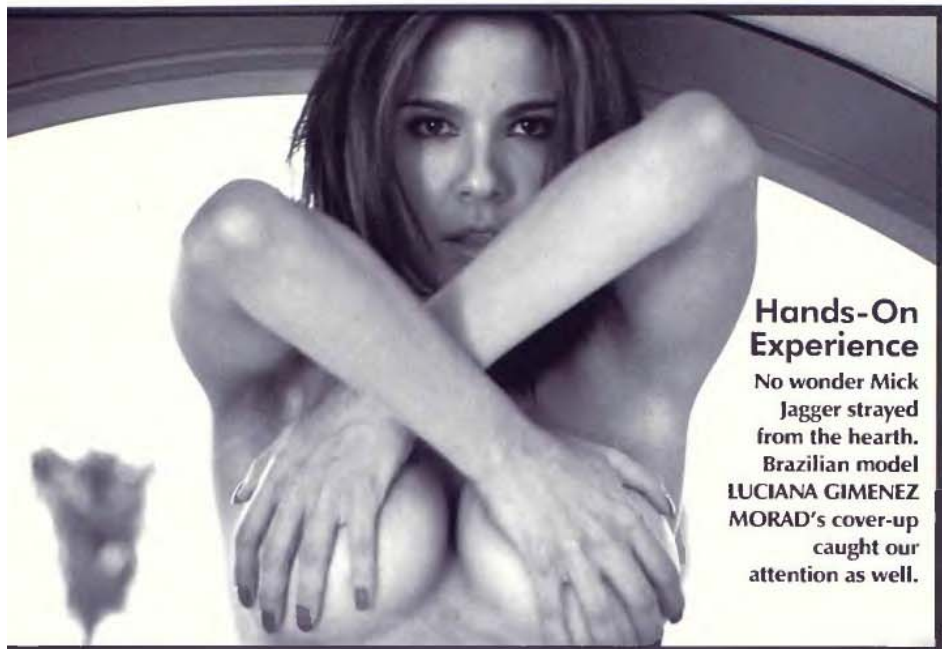
**Right:** Grundig's pocket-size e-Traveller world band radio (\$99). Podzilla digital lifestyle bag with 20 compartments (\$70). Motorola V600 cell phone with integrated camera (\$400). Toshiba's rugged and rubberized SD-P1200 DVD player (\$600). TravelTie self-locking security ties (\$8 for 50). **Below:** Louis Vuitton leather wine tote (\$1,330). Deerskin duffel bag from Bottega Veneta (\$1,980). Stainless steel corkscrew, bottle opener and knife (\$95). Polarized Predator-style sunglasses by Ray-Ban (\$140).

GEORGE GEORGIOU



**Above:** Milano Plonge Italian-leather moccasins, also available in black (\$250). *Hassle-Free Business Travel* by William J. Mitchell (\$13), *The Complete SAS Guide to Safe Travel* by Nick Cameron (\$15) and *Erotic Travel Tales 2*, edited by Mitzi Szereto (\$15). John Hardy four-ounce sterling silver flask (\$295). Nomade wristwatch-compass by Hermès (\$3,100).





## Hands-On Experience

No wonder Mick Jagger strayed from the hearth. Brazilian model **LUCIANA GIMENEZ MORAD**'s cover-up caught our attention as well.

©TIFLES LANDOV



©TIM JAMES

## Thrill the Looking Glass

**REBECCA FLYNN**'s career has included a featured role in *Knight Club*, a stint on FarmClub.com, a music video for Los Tucanes and this double-your-pleasure photograph.



©STEVE TORRES

## Brrr-ing It On

**CHRISSIE VOGT**, who has appeared in surf magazines as a Reef Brazil girl, knows how to keep herself warm—and us hot.



## Deliver Us to Eva

When supermodel **EVA HERZIGOVA** strutted her stuff at the Cannes Film Festival, the paparazzi went almost as wild as regular guys do when she models for Victoria's Secret.



©PHIL MANN PHOTO IN STYLE INC.



## Hot Lips

Critics' darlings the Flaming Lips can be heard on the *How to Deal* soundtrack and on their recent seven-inch vinyl picture disc. If you missed their summer tour, don't fret. Lips will pucker in concert again soon.

©TARA KOSTIN/GETTY IMAGES



## Wing Tip

BAI LING currently has four movies out: a comedy, a mystery and two action thrillers. Next year she'll be in the company of Jude Law, Gwyneth Paltrow and Angelina Jolie in *The World of Tomorrow*, a wild science fiction ride.



## Hip to Be Bare

Cutty Sark spokesmodel AMANDA JILLESSE has posed for CD cover art and danced up a sweat in music videos. We're feeling the beat too.

©STEVE TORRES





## WOMB WITH A VIEW

"Would you like to see my chill-out room?" just might be the next great pickup line. Designobject's inflatable "geodesic hive" is the perfect place to get your bubbles together. The walls are opaque-white PVC, while the area above the entrance is clear. Crawl in, roll the room back and stare at the stars—or do something more strenuous. Chill Out is a \$400 pod built for at least two. We say the more the merrier. Go to [designobject.com](http://designobject.com) to buy or to check out other neat stuff.



## STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

We're not about to visit Death Studios—who knows what might answer the door? This year's crop of full-head masks includes (above, from bottom left) Shock Zombie (\$70), who's eternally searching for Botox and his vintage Harley; Lord of the Patch (\$65), a pumpkin eater that you and Peter don't want to meet; and Gravedigger (\$55), who swallowed his nose recently on Letterman's Stupid Human Tricks. Rounding out the freaky five are (top left) Headsman (\$65) and Iron Skull (\$75). To order, go to [deathstudios.com](http://deathstudios.com) or call 219-362-4321.

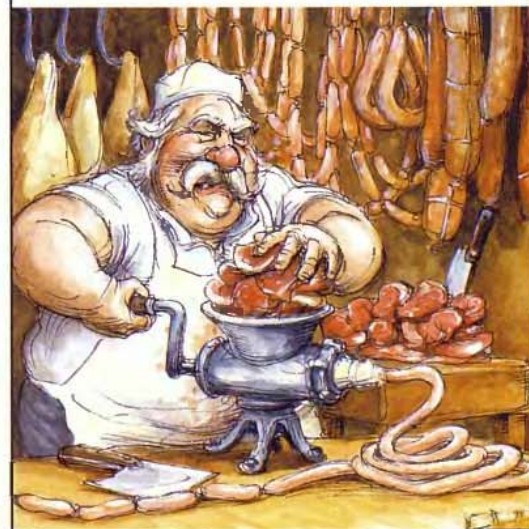
## TERRORISTS FEEL THE HEAT

If you think we gave Saddam and Osama a hot time, add a few dashes of Bomb Saddam Mad Blast and Bomb Laden Mad Blast to whatever you're cooking. Incoming! Both sauces are made with habanero peppers. Saddam's bottle is capped with a black beret; Bin Laden's sports a turban. Hot & Proud to Be an American Hot Sauce tips its top to Uncle Sam. The \$17 set can be ordered at [hotsauceharrys.com](http://hotsauceharrys.com) or 800-588-8979.



## NOT THE SAME OLD GRIND

The Sopranos would love Fortuna's, a company in Charlestown, Rhode Island that's been cranking out sweet and hot Calabrese, Tuscano, Sicilian and other types of sausages for three decades. Italian salamis, cheeses, pastas and more delicacies are also available. A three-month subscription to its Sausage of the Month Club (you get other goodies with your sausages) is \$119; a year costs \$399. Visit [fortunasausage.com](http://fortunasausage.com) to order.





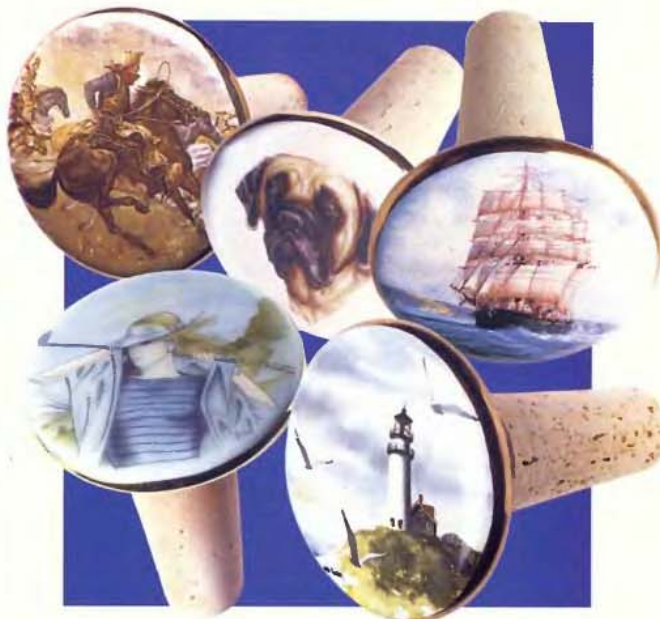
### TEQUILA!

Your girlfriend won't be able to keep her hands off your AsomBroso añejo tequila. Wonder why? It comes in a handblown phallic decanter that is a replica of one discovered in a European castle. AsomBroso is supersmooth, double distilled and costs *mucho dinero* (\$300). But good news, gringos: The cedar-lined box that the bottle is sold in can later be used as a humidor. Other AsomBroso tequilas are priced from \$65 to \$550. Go to [california-tequila.com](http://california-tequila.com) for more information and to buy.



### STOP IT!

The next time you tote a bottle of Boone's Farm to your favorite BYOB restaurant, bring along one of Rappahannock Mudworks' \$10 porcelain or 24-karat gold wine stoppers and the other diners will think you're drinking Château Lafite. The company offers hundreds of classic images to choose from, including scenes of sports, transportation and animals. Mudworks will even customize a stopper with your favorite image. (Keep it clean, guys.) Go to [rapmud.com](http://rapmud.com) or call 800-327-7541.



### FRANCE, YOU'RE FORGIVEN

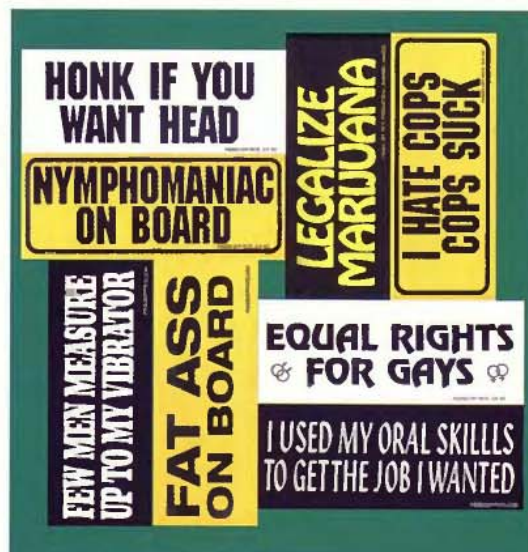
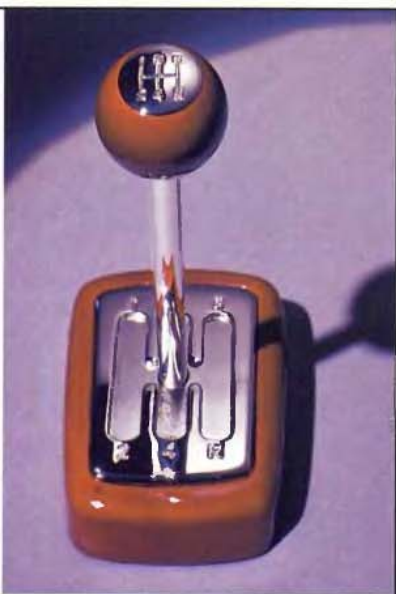
Clothes and inhibitions are annually shed at Cap d'Agde, France's celebrated naked city, where 300,000 nudists, exhibitionists, swingers and voyeurs congregate from March to October. If you plan to join all those bodies beautiful (and, alas, not so beautiful) on the beach, in the sex clubs or even in the supermarkets, *The Naked Truth About Cap d'Agde* by Ross Velton is a must-read. Scarlett, Oh Publishing (888-883-9040) sells the softcover for \$22.

### BUMPER TAGGED

Got a boss with the personality of a pit bull or an ex who's sucking your savings account dry? Pay them back courtesy of Pissed Off Pete. Some bumper stickers he sells in mixed packets of 24 for \$25 are pictured here. Additional ones include I BRAKE FOR PROSTITUTES and MY SUV HELPS ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT MY SMALL PENIS. We hope Pete isn't moving to our neighborhood. Go to [pissedoffpete.com](http://pissedoffpete.com) to order.

### SLICK SHIFT

Daydreaming that you're behind the wheel of a Ferrari is unavoidable when you're doodling with this chrome-and-Italian-wood gearshift pen. The \$25 ballpoint, which is six and three quarter inches high, always seems to find its way back to the console housing instead of under a pile of papers. To add one or more to your garage, call 800-826-8810 or go to [pwmenterprises.com](http://pwmenterprises.com) and click on UNIQUE CAR GIFTS to order. Now, if we could just find a desk chair shaped like a bucket seat.





# Next Month



"SO WHAT IF WE DON'T SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE?"



DENT ISLAND: A PAGE-TURNER.



SKIING SANS THE DORK FACTOR.



DIVINE DIVINI.

**WELCOME TO BENTONVILLE**—THERE ARE 50 CHURCHES FOR THE 20,000 RESIDENTS OF THIS ARKANSAS TOWN BUT ONLY ONE ALL-POWERFUL FORCE: WAL-MART. OUR REPORTER GOES UNDERCOVER IN THE CORPORATE BACKYARD OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST RETAILER TO LEARN THE TRUTH. IS WAL-MART SAVING AMERICA, OR IS IT A PERPETUATOR OF SWEATSHOP LABOR THAT HAS BULLDOZED MOM-AND-POP SHOPS AND SPAWNED A CULT-LIKE FOLLOWING? **DAN BAUM** PULLS UP A SHOPPING CART

**THE HEDGEHOG AT 50**—YOU'VE SEEN RON JEREMY IN ACTION, BUT DO YOU KNOW HOW THE UNLIKELY SEX STAR BECAME ONE OF PORN'S TITANS? HAVING REACHED THE HALF-CENTURY MARK, WITH MORE THAN 1,600 FILMS UNDER HIS BULGING BELT, HE FINALLY COMES CLEAN. PLUS: SIX INCHES OF SEPARATION, STARRING RON'S A-LIST FRIENDS. AN UNFORGETTABLE PROFILE BY **ERIK HEDEGAARD**

**QUENTIN TARANTINO**—OUR FAVORITE VIDEO STORE GEEK TURNED MEGA-DIRECTOR IS SET TO UNLEASH *KILL BILL*, HIS FIRST MAJOR FLICK IN SIX YEARS. WHERE'S THE WONDERKIND BEEN? IS HE STILL A BAD MOTHERFUCKER? AND WHAT THE HELL WAS IN THAT *PULP FICTION* BRIEFCASE ANYWAY? PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

**THE STRAIGHT DOPE**—WAS PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON A POTHEAD? DID WILLIE NELSON SMOKE A JOINT ON THE WHITE HOUSE ROOF? DID DOCK ELLIS PITCH A NO-HITTER ON ACID? YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHICH FAMOUS DRUG STORIES ARE RUMORS—AND WHICH ARE TRUE. BY **STEPHAN TALTY**

**THIS ONE TIME, AT ROCK CAMP**—WHO WOULD PAY \$5,000 TO HANG WITH (MOSTLY B-LIST) MUSICAL IDOLS? WANNABES WHO AREN'T READY TO LET GO OF THEIR ROCK-AND-ROLL FANTASIES. OUR WRITER GRABS HIS ACID-WASHED JEANS AND A FENDER AND JAMS WITH STAR COUNSELOR ROGER DALTREY. AND THEY SAY ROCK IS DEAD. BY **DAVID PEISNER**

**PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO VIDEO GAMES**—EYEBALLS FALLING OUT OF YOUR HEAD? FINGERS RAW AND BLISTERED? RIGHT ON! WE CAN'T STOP PLAYING VIDEO GAMES EITHER—JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE OUR DEFINITIVE LOOK AT THE BEST NEW TITLES, COOLEST NEW GEAR AND HOTTEST CELEBRITY GAMERS. SEE YA ON THE COUCH

**PLUS:** 20 QUESTIONS WITH **BILL MURRAY**, **TARYN MANNING**, FICTION BY **PETE DEXTER**, OUR FAVE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS, SKI SWEATERS THAT WON'T MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY, SEX TALK WITH **PENNELOPE JIMENEZ** AND MISS NOVEMBER, **DIVINI RAE**