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Ron Jeremy

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evil empire

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Drug myths
debunked

KILL BILL'S DARYL HANNAH NAKED!

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groundhogs
and glory

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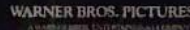
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For most actors, having just one role that stays forever lodged in the popular consciousness would be enough. **Bill Murray** could have hung it up after *Caddyshack*: His gopher-hunting groundskeeper will be quoted through the eons. But he's gone on to star in some of the most memorable comedic roles of the past 25 years, in movies such as *Stripes*, *Ghostbusters*, *Groundhog Day* and *Rushmore*. In anticipation of Murray's latest movie, *Lost in Translation*, Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker** caught up with the kingpin of comedy for 20Q. "He doesn't give you one-liners," says Kalbacker. "I don't know if *intellectual* is the right word to use, but I felt I was in the presence of a real thinker. If he'd never done comedy, I never would have suspected him of being a comedic actor. That's not to say he wasn't funny—but it wasn't shtick."

With his movies *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*, **Quentin Tarantino** single-handedly renewed the concept of the Hollywood auteur. With Tarantino set to return to cinemas with *Kill Bill*, we sent **Michael Fleming** to speak with the ornery director in this month's *Playboy Interview*. "He said if he ever paid an actor \$20 million, he'd get his money's worth," Fleming reports. "He'd strap a camera to his face and throw him off the Empire State Building. And if the guy wasn't willing to do that kind of stuff he'd dock his pay. It also turns out he has as encyclopedic a knowledge of the *Playboy Interview* as he does of the Hong Kong action genre."



Daryl Hannah swam into our dreams as the mermaid in *Splash*. Now she's back on the big screen as a leggy villain in *Kill Bill*. Photographer **Tony Duran** shot her in Los Angeles for our cover pictorial. "I view this as my biggest celebrity shoot ever," says Duran, whose own fame as a glamour lensman rose after a series of shoots with J.Lo, including a pair of album covers. "When I started taking pictures of celebrities, the first one I wanted to shoot was Daryl Hannah. She's always intrigued me. A movie like *Blade Runner* creates visuals you always remember. There's something really cool about her."



In *God and Satan in Bentonville*, **Dan Baum** visits Wal-Mart's company town in Arkansas. "Wal-Mart's identity is fully wrapped up with Bentonville," says Baum. "The place is hilariously inconvenient to get to and from. The company cloaks itself in a Disneyfied version of rural values—thrift, piety, community—and creates a cult around itself that lets it get away with paying people very little. I've never seen a company as concerned with keeping the goodwill of its employees as Wal-Mart is. It markets itself to its own employees as much as it markets itself to customers."



This month's fiction, *Dent Island*, is by **Pete Dexter**, the winner of the 1988 National Book Award for his novel *Paris Trout*. Dexter has also seen five of his screenplays made into major movies. "*Dent Island* is based on something that really happened," he says, "though it's not dead accurate, of course." The story also draws from some sources quite close to home. "The part about rewriting a kid's school paper? I did that. Giving my kid a \$20 bill to eat a pea? That's true too." Dexter's novel *Train* was just published by Doubleday.



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Headquartered in small-town Arkansas, Wal-Mart shrouds itself in a cult of the rural. But beneath the aw-shucks facade, the world's biggest corporation is changing America the same way it changed its company town: one underpaid but smiling employee at a time. **BY DAN BAUM**

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With more than 1,800 flicks under his ample belt, Ron Jeremy is the world's most famous—and well-endowed—adult star. And he just hit the half-century mark. Celebrate with him as we take you into his Hollywood home, his standing-room-only bedroom and his straight-to-video world. **BY ERIC HEDEGAARD**

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It's Fantasy Fulfillment 101. Our reporter hung out with the grown-up campers who paid \$6,000 to sing, strum and strut with the aging stars of bands such as Night Ranger, Grand Funk Railroad and the Ramones. Warning: This may be the one rock-and-roll story that doesn't involve sex and drugs. **BY DAVID PEISNER**

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Pennelope likes it doggy style. We're panting already.

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When a Harvard schoolteacher moves to a tourist town with just one electrician, the locals drive her loco. **BY PETE DEXTER**

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After a six-year hiatus from filmmaking, the auteur behind *Pulp Fiction* returns with *Kill Bill*. In an Oscar-worthy *Playboy* Interview, the Hollywood hood explains why he expects this movie to KO all box office records with a one-two punch, what it's like to drop ecstasy at the Great Wall of China and how it feels to become a rock star in your 30s. **BY MICHAEL FLEMING**



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cover story

Daryl Hannah made waves playing a mermaid in 1984's *Splash*. Now she's storming theaters in *Kill Bill*, in which she plays a one-eyed assassin. For photographer Tony Duran she takes off her tail, eye patch—and clothes. Our Rabbit steals the seat with the best view.



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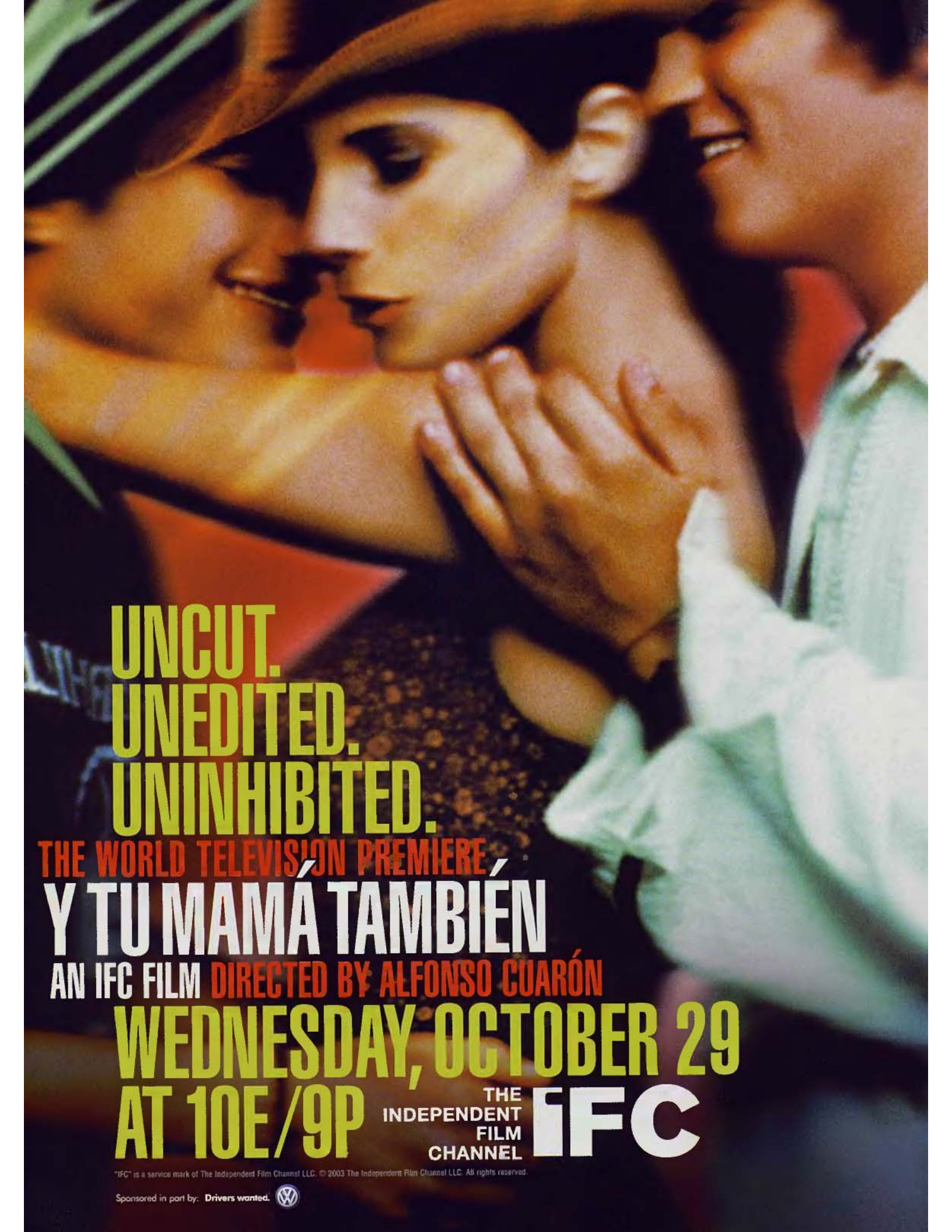
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

A BOWL FULL OF JAZZ

This June marked the 25th anniversary of the Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl, and the stars—from Dave Brubeck (right) to Boz Scaggs (below)—came out to shine. We added a little blues, a Latin beat, a dash of gospel and Bill Cosby at the microphone to satisfy every taste.



HEF'S SUPER BUNNIES

Playboy has announced plans to produce an animated television show featuring Hef and his Centerfolds as superhero crime fighters. The series is being developed by the celebrated Stan Lee, who created *Spider-Man*, *X-Men*, *Daredevil* and *The Incredible Hulk*.



A KNOCKOUT PUNCH

Clowning around during ESPN2's televised Fight Night at the Mansion, James Caan and Hef showed off their pugilistic powers before the real fights began. Caan's latest NBC series *Las Vegas* has him as head of security at a casino where he might have to throw a punch or two, but not at Hef.



ON THE TOWN

When Hef and his party posse come out to play, wherever they are is the cool place to be: at the new L.A. nightclub Bliss, with Corey Feldman and his wife Susie (above); longtime friend Kenny Rogers and his wife Wanda with Hef at the Bench Warmer Trading Cards party at White Lotus (above right); and Internet icon Cindy Margolis and birthday girl Playmate Devin DeVasquez on another night of Bliss (right).



GRETA CHATS UP THE MAN

Fox News's Greta Van Susteren sits down with Hef at the Mansion for her show *On the Record* to talk about his plans for PLAYBOY's 50th anniversary issue and celebration. It's a tough job, but someone has to do it. Right, Greta?



FIREWORKS AND FISTICUFFS

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Every day means fireworks at Hef's, but on the Fourth of July he kicked it up with live jazz and a slew of revelers. A few days later ESPN2 brought Fight Night to the Mansion, with a broadcast seen around the world. (1) Hef's sparklers started an awesome fireworks show. (2) Verne Troyer and his fiancée Genevieve. (3) Steve Valentine and his wife Shari. (4) Thora Birch and Charlie Matthau. (5) The Bluecat Express band. (6) Alana Stewart and Steve Bing. (7) Hef's brother Keith and a patriotic pup. (8) Crispin Glover, Devin DeVasquez and Bill Maher. (9) Super welterweight Nurhan Suleymanoglu beating Jose Medina. (10) Heather Carolin, Ray Crockett and Divini Rae. (11) Julius Erving and Marketa Janska. (12) USBA super middleweight champ Jeff Lacy beat Richard Grant in the main event. (13) Giradie Mercer, Michael Jenkins and Joe Theisman with Centerfolds. (14) Dalene Kurtis and Julie McCullough with Carmelo Anthony. (15) Undefeated Mary Jo Sanders. (16) British cruiserweight David Haye. (17) Playmate Bunnies.





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SEXY SURVIVORS

When Heidi and Jenna (*Soul Sister Survivors*, August) stripped for chocolate and peanut butter during an immunity challenge, I hoped that *PLAYBOY* would be their next stop. The photos are beautiful, but I have to admit I was a little disappointed. Heidi and Jenna are covering up too much. Your photos of another survivor, Jerri Manthey, are better. She bared all.

Mike Curtis
West Orange, New Jersey

I turned 30 in August. Jenna and Heidi were the perfect gift.

Ken Giangordano
Riverside, New Jersey

I have to say you scored by getting them to pose together—but to be honest, Heidi is the gorgeous one.

Ron Serafin
Houston, Texas

This is an awesome pictorial. Jenna and Heidi rule.

Mike Vallier
Pleasant Hill, Oregon



Double your pleasure: Heidi (left) and Jenna.

Just so you know, not everyone watched *Survivor* (although after seeing Jenna and Heidi in your magazine, it appears I made a mistake). It would be helpful if you identified who is who in the photos. On the other hand, now you have an excuse to run another picture.

Scott Beuse
Santa Cruz, California

We found it very easy to tell the two girls apart. Jenna, it turns out, is ticklish between the third and fourth ribs on her left side. Heidi isn't.

ROCK LITE

I think it's great that Carnie Wilson (August) found a cure for her obesity and that it saved her life. Further, it's great that this talented young woman looks and feels better about herself. But it would have been best if she'd kept it to herself.

Kevin Blair
Westbrook, Connecticut

Not only is Carnie Wilson drop-dead gorgeous, but her photos are impeccably done. Kudos to Carnie and to Stephen Wayda.

Sam Sampson
Colorado Springs, Colorado

COOL CARTOONISTS

The cartoons by Juan Alvarez and Jorge G (July) are outstanding. They keep to a theme but spin off variations each time. I never thought I'd be searching for their latest work before feasting on the Centerfold. Keep them coming.

James Bononi
North Hollywood, California

I love Bobby London's work (August). I'd love to have a drawing of Dirty Duck on my desk.

Alexander Theroux
West Barnstable, Massachusetts

A DOCTOR IN OUR HOUSE

As a female reader of your magazine I send praise for your recognition of the natural beauty of Playmate Colleen Marie (August). I wouldn't even mind if my boyfriend put her Centerfold on the wall.

Laura Gasbarra
Lakewood, Colorado

Wow. Colleen Marie is a knockout, with a beautiful backside.

Francisco De La Rosa
Walla Walla, Washington

CONGRESS IS IN SESSION

Who would argue with Charles Rangel (20 Questions, August)? Reinstating the draft is the right thing to do. The military supplements a one-parent household with extra strength, direction and respect for others. The deaths in Iraq are terrible, but they are nothing compared with the deaths in our city neighborhoods.

Russ Pollman
Fullerton, California

Congressman Rangel is right. We'll end up a has-been superpower when China's billions become better educated than we are.

Joseph Henry
Waynesburg, Pennsylvania

Who is Charles Rangel kidding? The only reason he's seriously considering



Congressman Rangel wants you.

getting out of politics is because liberal Democrats have been steadily losing ground and don't call the shots anymore. Sorry, Charlie.

Mike Celentano
Bremen, Maine

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE MARINES

I am a member of the U.S. Marines, and my tank battalion was deployed in Iraq. We were one of the first tanks to enter Baghdad, with the mission to seize control of Saddam Hussein's palace. Unfortunately, during our very first mission, we quickly became engulfed in rocket-propelled grenades and small-arms fire when our tank's hydraulic system had mechanical difficulties. Our only option, aside from aborting the plan, was to retrieve hydraulic fluid from outside the tank. So I did. Afterward, I realized we had no funnel with which to add the fuel to the reservoir. Fortunately, my commander had an issue of *PLAYBOY* stored inside the tank. It occurred to me to use the ad pages (not the magazine—my commander wouldn't let me) as a makeshift funnel. We did, and it worked. It's important to note that no Centerfolds were injured during this

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81	Crown Royal®
81	Jack Daniel's®



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

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Cpl. Adam Dolce
Williamsville, New York

BEHIND BARS

I read *Jailbait* by Mark Boal (August) with interest and dismay—with dismay because I think it is an extreme abuse of power to use the kinds of tactics described in the article, even though I believe that drugs are a cancer on our society. Did the people in charge seek counseling for these kids? By their own admission, this was done for shock value, and the lives of these young people were ruined.

Freddie Hinton
Oxford, Alabama

You make Altoona sound like a slum filled with impoverished drug dealers. This city has a lot of wonderful people who live well and don't do drugs.

Erin Miller
Altoona, Pennsylvania

Many aspects of the Altoona sting were wrong, but the worst was the punishment of the football player who performed the illegal favor for the hot girl in school. The price he paid was too high. In a town where opportunities are scarce, his dreams of a college career were crushed—and he didn't even do the drugs.

Michael Sullivan
Costa Mesa, California

Why didn't anyone go after the dealers? Instead of getting to the root of the problem, the police and the school administrators ruined several lives over a \$20 bag of pot. Local law enforcement officials and the feds need to realize that busting kids is a waste of time and resources. Find the dealers.

Neil Pierson
Spokane, Washington

Boal's article perfectly illustrates why the war on drugs works better as a public relations campaign than as a means of deterring anyone from selling or using drugs. The politicians benefit, undercover cop Jessica Miller benefits, the school shows it's tough on drugs, and then a whole new crop of dealers and users arrives to fill the shoes of the teens busted in the sting. It's a pointless cycle that drains our human and financial resources.

Jim Powers
New York, New York

I was born and raised in Altoona, and I teach English at Altoona High School. I must be missing something, because I don't see Altoona as a "rusting industrial city." Two of the students in the

article were in my class, as was the undercover narc. Was Boal aware that the students involved in the sting were having trouble in school? As far as describing Altoona High as a poorly achieving school, did Boal know that as a result of stellar test scores on the state exams, it received \$90,000 for the academic excellence of its 2002 junior class? I have nothing against exposing the facts, but bashing people who are trying to make things better is just wrong.

Heather Tippet-Wertz
Altoona, Pennsylvania

Mark Boal responds: Tippet-Wertz says she is sorry I don't view a factory town with a young-adult unemployment rate of nearly 20 percent with a rosier attitude. She charges me with saying that Altoona High is poorly performing, which is a gross misreading; I called the school "prestigious." I welcome Tippet-Wertz's defense of her



The ultimate sting.

school, but I wish she had shared it sooner. When I was in Altoona and asked to interview teachers, she was "unavailable."

GREAT SPORTS MOMENTS

The guys in the Beverly Hills restaurant overlooked Roger Clemens throwing a broken bat at Mike Piazza (*The Greatest Damn Sports Moments*, August). It should have been number one.

Fred Overpack
Brockton, Massachusetts

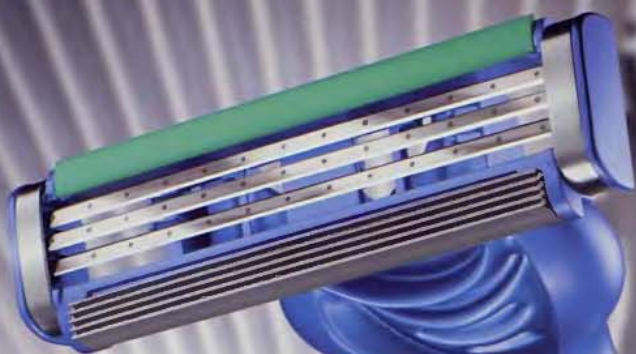
SENATORIAL MISCONDUCT

I don't know what Senator Lauch Faircloth looks like, but your photo of him (*Keeping the Faith*, September) looks a lot like John Glenn.

James Williams
Akron, Ohio

You're right—that was Glenn. We mixed up our IDs. Our apologies to Senator Glenn.





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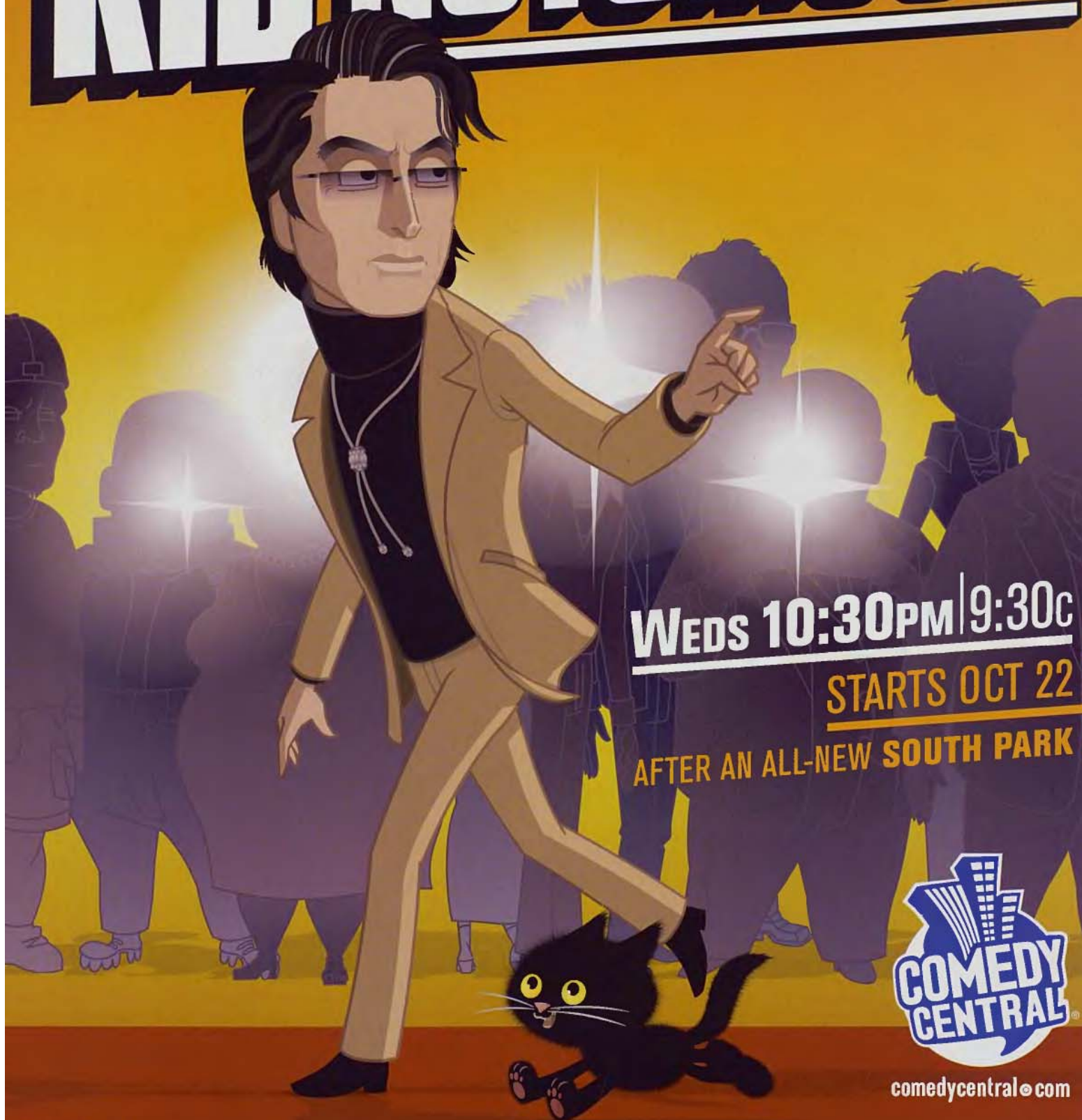


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PLAYBOY

after hours

babe of the month

Taryn Manning

It takes more than one spotlight to satisfy this star

Eminem may have bad-mouthed a former flame played by Taryn Manning in *8 Mile*, but the real Slim Shady liked her band, Boomkat, so much that he put one of its songs on the soundtrack. "I felt he was a kindred spirit," says Taryn, who sings for the soulful trip-hop duo, while her brother Kellin arranges the music. "People call me a triple threat because I act, dance and sing. My dad was a singer and a keyboard player, and people used to call him the funkiest white man on the planet." Taryn

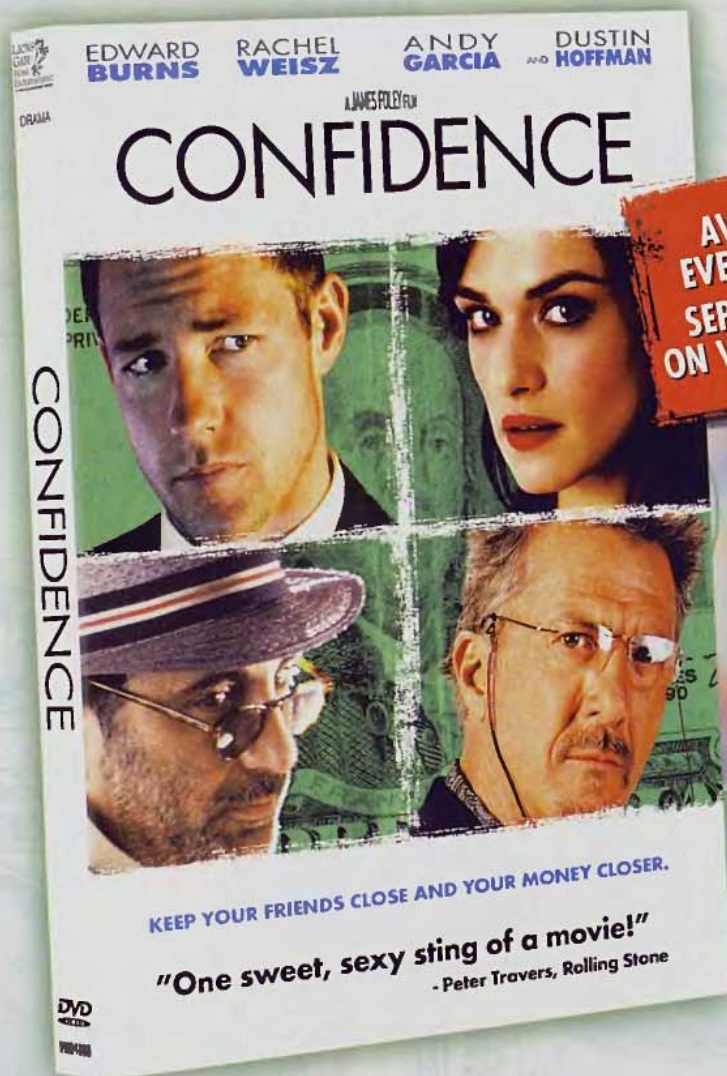
"I never had an on-set romance, but I would have with Eminem. Brittany Murphy got him first."

turned heads as Britney Spears's pal in *Crossroads* and can next be seen playing a mountain woman in *Cold Mountain*. Making movies and promoting an album, *Boomkatalog One*, doesn't leave much time for dating, but Taryn says she prefers guys outside showbiz. "With actors, I feel like I'm fighting for the mirror," she says. "I never had an on-set romance, but I would have with Eminem. Brittany Murphy got him first." Taryn confesses that being fired from a movie inspired her to start writing music. "That just fueled me," she says. "My definition of success is to have fans who are really into our lyrics—maybe they put Boomkat on to get through a difficult time. I want people to know that singing is truly my calling."



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- OWEN GLEIBERMAN, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



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- DAVID ROONEY, VARIETY

"A SLICK AND SMART CAPER MOVIE."

- JEFFREY LYONS, NBC

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barometer

IT'S NOVEMBER AND...



...we challenge you to watch the **Indy 360**. That's 360 minutes—or three movies—of Spielberg-Lucas-Ford action, now out on DVD as the *Adventures of Indiana Jones* boxed set. Classics from the cinematically challenged 1980s, they will go nicely with that bull-whip you've always wanted.

...you officially have **12 months** till the big presidential election. Twelve months to decide whether you're better off now than you were four years ago. Twelve months to endure reductive sound bites and endless mudslinging ads. And 12 months to teach Grandma how to use a butterfly ballot.



...you and some buddies are making a pilgrimage to **Los Angeles** for the Southern California Linux Expo. Or the L.A. Jewish Family Health Fair. Whatever—it's surely not to go to the **AdultCon 5** pornfest (November 23). That's your story, and you're sticking to it.

...you're going to try a **turducken**—the Frankenstein fowl that John Madden molested on *Monday Night Football*—for Thanksgiving. It's a duck inside a chicken inside a turkey. If you're not up for the prep (you must bone three birds, and that's no euphemism), order yours from turducken.com.



...your mind is heading **south**—of the border, that is. For our spooky holiday, kids dress up and beg for candy. For Mexico's, the whole family packs a picnic basket and spends a day and a night chilling with dead relatives at the cemetery. Now that's scary. The Mexican Day of the Dead is November 2.

moonlighting



STRIP PUB

AMATEUR ENGLISH DANCERS HEAD DOWN TO THE LOCAL ALEHOUSE TO CATCH A DRAFT

Bump and grind has replaced bangers and mash as the best reason to visit a pub while in London. It seems that enterprising young British women have hit on a novel way to raise quick cash: They just duck into the corner tavern and give surprised Bass swillers an impromptu striptease. The bare-busking trend, known as jugging, has simple rules: Hipster chicks turned dancers strip onstage (the trend has advanced to the point that pubs are prepared for the girls) for about three songs, played by DJs, then pass around a pint glass for tips. Patrons typically drop a £1 coin or a £5 note (about \$8) per tip, so the lark can pay off. Some girls grab the cash and head out for a night of clubbing, while others perform more regularly and report making up to \$500 for hitting a few pubs in an evening. Hardly any are experienced strippers; in fact, a recent London TV show profiled two bank employees who have popped over to a nearby pub during their lunch hour to make cash withdrawals from wide-eyed male co-workers. Jugging provides a female-friendly, mostly silicone-free environment. The best neighborhood to find strip pubs is Shoreditch, the area east of Liverpool Street Station, where a number of establishments, such as the White Horse on Shoreditch High Street or the more upscale Browns on Hackney Road, are within a few minutes' walk. One big advantage of strip pubs is the no-door-charge policy. And unlike at many American strip clubs, the women get totally nude, the drinks are cheap, and the vibe is intimate. All of which more than makes up for the warm beer.

spot the bunny

RABBIT HOLE

HARE-LINE CRACK DETECTED

Just because this building in Deptford, New Jersey has seen better days doesn't mean that it can't dream of ornamental glory. It's no mansion, but even targets of vandalism sometimes get a lucky break. After all, it's not easy to get your picture in *PLAYBOY*.



game plays

WIDE WORLD OF TRICKS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO PRO TO CHEAT AT SPORTS

Big-leaguers aren't the only athletes fiddling with their gear. Thanks to old tricks and new technology, a weekend sportsman can augment his game with readily available illegal equipment.

BASEBALL: When Sammy Sosa popped his cork in June, many fans logged on to eBay in search of their own illegal lumber. Joaquin Cheney, a San Diego chef, unabashedly sells corked bats for \$55 apiece as a side business. "You'd be crazy to play with anything else. I certainly don't," he says. Do-it-yourselfers can drill a hole about an inch in diameter eight inches into the barrel and then pack it with cork or Super Balls.

BOWLING: In 1973 PBA bowler of the year Don McCune became kingpin by soaking his ball in a solvent called methyl ethyl ketone, which softens the hard polyester, allowing for more hook—a practice the PBA banned the following year. Illegal solvents are a gamble: A heavily soaked ball can lose chunks on impact. Another hard-to-detect trick is "plugging," drilling a hole in a strategic spot and filling it with lead to create a bias that will improve your hook.



GOLF: Though non-conforming clubs and balls are illegal only in USGA events or if you are establishing an official handicap, your weekend foursome may look askance at tricks such as freezing a club for a better feel or adding lead tape to the head to alter its balance. The hottest sly move—and the hardest to spot—is applying a crystalline coating to a wedge's face: The gritty surface supposedly puts backspin on the ball, enabling hackers to stick it on the green like Tiger.

employee of the month



HOT DISH

FOOD SERVICE REP SARA ALVARADO DELIVERS MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL

PLAYBOY: *What do you do?*

SARA: I'm a customer service rep for a Chicago food broker. It's your typical office. People always bring in food. But I have tunnel vision when it comes to work. I feel if I'm not working I'm ripping off the company.

PLAYBOY: *Are you the office equivalent of a hot lunch?*

SARA: I try to downplay it. I'm not a big girl, but I have large breasts that stand out if I wear anything sexy or tight. I try to be conservative. But when I go out it's different—I've got cleavage showing. It's like I live a double life. If I ever run into a co-worker, one of us is going to have a heart attack. And when they see these pictures, they'll be like, "Aha! I knew she wasn't just a customer service rep."

PLAYBOY: *Ever considered an office romance?*

SARA: There are elevators in our building—it would be pretty exciting and fun. Like, Ooh, maybe we'll get caught.



package deal



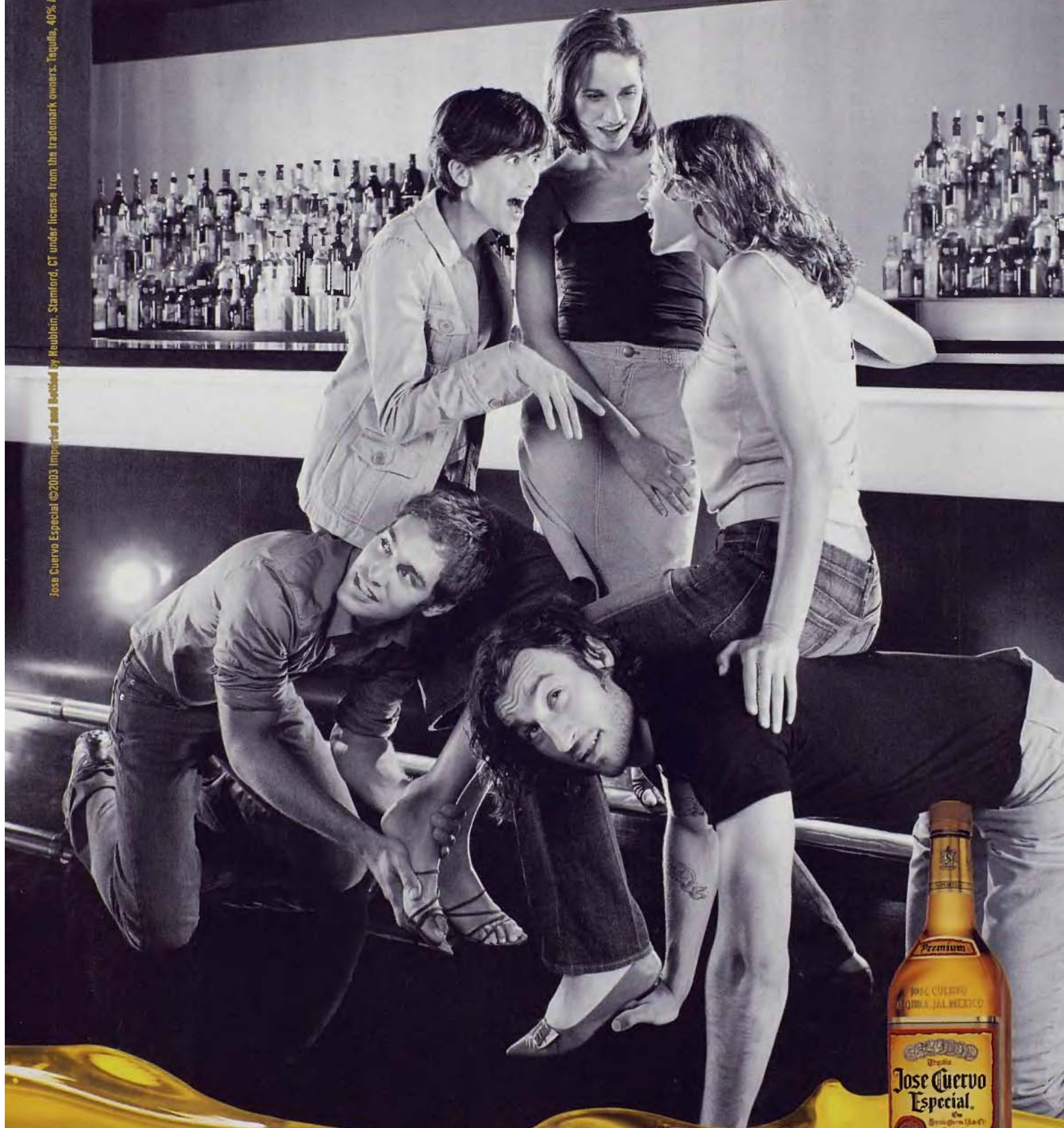
ARTS ENDOWMENT

A DESIGN CONTEST FOR CONDOMS IS A WRAPPER'S DELIGHT

Dustin Hoffman, Clint Eastwood and Fat Albert were a few of the stars on hand—or rather, in pocket—for Planned Parenthood of Western Pennsylvania's Stiff Competition, a condom-package design contest. Entries lifted film phrases ("One word—plastics") and titles such as *Grease*. The winner? Marilyn's "Some Like It On."

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

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FAST AND FRIVOLOUS

DON'T DO THE CRIME IF YOU CAN'T DO THE BIZARRE TRAFFIC SCHOOL

Each year, California requires more than 1 million unlucky leadfoots to squirm through eight-hour traffic classes—at about \$30 a pop—to keep their insurance rates from skyrocketing. Since this is the same state that brought us drive-through funerals, maybe we shouldn't be surprised to find that dozens of niche-themed private schools have sprung up to woo this lucrative market. A few standouts:

The Improv Comedy Traffic School: Saturday courses are taught by B-list comics at the world-famous Improv Comedy Club. It has no two-drink minimum, but it does offer practical advice (keep a camera handy in case of an accident), info with a hint of humor (*stop* does not stand for "slightly tap on pedal") and lots of traffic-themed jokes: If a cop asks if you have drugs in the car, don't respond, "Why? What do you need?" Take my wheel—please!

Finally a Gay Traffic School: The school is designed to provide "a fun, comfortable environment for gays and lesbians." A few instructors even teach in drag. "And some students are lucky enough to meet new friends," says FGTS operator Joey Randall. But when it comes to the rules of the road, this school plays it straight.

Hosanna Driving and Traffic School: This God-fearing school is open to believers and heathens alike. However, the owner and the phone receptionists may greet you with a chirpy "Praise the Lord!" School officials say Hosanna is all about schooling, not converting, and they brake for prayer only occasionally during traffic re-education. Thank you, Lord, and pass the radar detector.



from the vault



STICK FIGURES

FEMALE POLE-VAULTERS JUMP INTO A SEXY CALENDAR

Who doesn't love female pole-vaulters? They have good grips, they like to strip down to gain every last inch, and when you ask them to jump, they ask, "How high?" The Vaultgirls 2004 calendar features the best women in the sport in revealing poses (that's Jillian Starkey, a 2000 Olympic trials finalist, at left). The calendar's lofty

purpose is to raise money for training for the 2004 Olympics—another reason we're carrying a torch for them.



tip sheet

WE'RE PUTTING WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH

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Chunky soup curse: The spooky tendency of NFL players who appear in Campbell's Chunky soup commercials to wind up on the injured list soon thereafter. Victims include Terrell Davis, Kurt Warner, Jerome Bettis and Donovan McNabb. Maybe the slogan should be "The soup that eats like a hospital meal."

Lollipoparazzi: Celebrity photographers who specialize in hounding child actors.

Bullwords: Some 350 words, including *incentivize*, *synergy*, *envisioner*, *paradigm* and *repurposing*, that Deloitte Consulting has compiled as examples of indecipherable corporate babble.

Rudder: The clitoris. "She went wild. I kept my hands on her rudder all night long."

Blondenfreude: A play on the German word *Schadenfreude* (taking pleasure in the misfortunes of others), this term sprang into being in an article about Martha Stewart to describe "the glee felt when a rich, powerful and fair-haired businesswoman stumbles." Now it's being applied to everyone from Hillary Clinton to Courtney Love.



Malpractice: What surgical staffers are urged to write instead of "Do not cut me" on an arm or leg *not* scheduled to be operated on, to avoid wrong-side surgeries. Doctors have found—through sobering experience—that if the first two words of the old-school label are obscured, they're screwed. And so are you.

Marinate: To drink at home.

Backscatter: New scanner technology being considered for use in American airports. The downside for passengers is that the machine "scatters" X-rays to produce nude images (albeit rudimentary ones that fail to reproduce such features as nipples and hair). The upside for the Transportation Security Administration is that it will have no problem recruiting guards.



A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a man and a woman. The man, in the foreground, has dark hair and a light beard, looking intensely at the camera. The woman is behind him, her face partially visible in profile with her eyes closed. They are both wearing dark clothing, possibly leather. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting their features against a dark background.

*IT'S BETTER IN THE DARK.
-KENNETH COLE*

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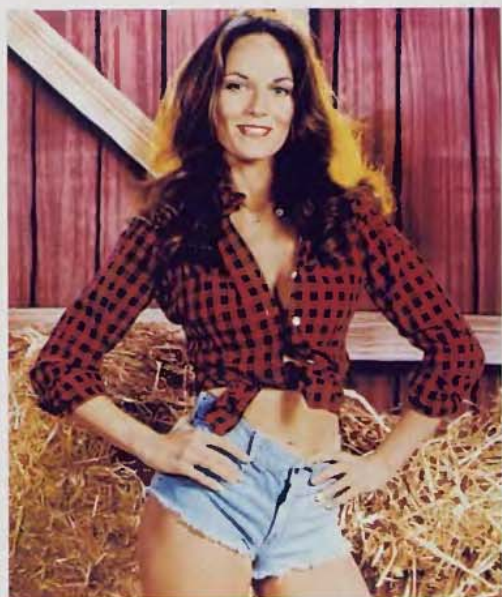


BLACK
-KENNETH COLE

BLACK
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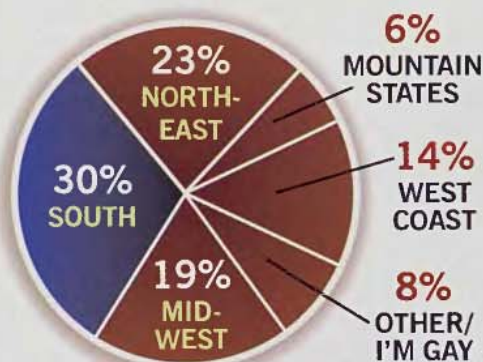
R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



Where Do Babes Come From?

In a recent survey, men were asked which region of the country produces the sexiest women. Their responses:



Mutton for Punishment

On their annual hajj (pilgrimage) to Mecca, Muslims sacrifice a total of **670,000** sheep, leaving in their wake **10,000 tons** of carcasses.

Bye-Bye, Birdie

Number of balls lost by golfers in the U.S. last year: **2.56 billion**

Number of lost balls found and recycled: **1.9 billion**

Number of new golf balls purchased: **600 million**



Spore Loser

Before anthrax-bearing mail tainted the American Media building (former home of *The National Enquirer* and other tabloids) in Boca Raton, Florida, its estimated value was **\$12 million to \$15 million**. It recently sold for **\$40,000**.

Price Check

Flipped Lid

To have his favorite hat flown and chauffeured from London to Modena, Italy, where U2 was playing a show, Bono paid

\$1,636.



Hee-Haw

24% of American teenagers say they would absolutely not get romantically involved with anyone with an unpleasant laugh.



Octopussy's Revenge

The male blanket octopus is about **1 inch** long. The female runs about **6 feet** and weighs **10,000** times as much as her hubby. Not surprisingly, he dies when they have sex.

Epic Dermis

The average person's skin weighs **5 pounds**. Its surface area is **18 square feet**. Numbers for Anna Nicole Smith may vary.

Office Hours

11% of American men admit they hide in the bathroom to get away from their wives and families.

Facing Facts

Trends in cosmetic surgery attributable to the current recession (according to the American Society of Plastic Surgeons):

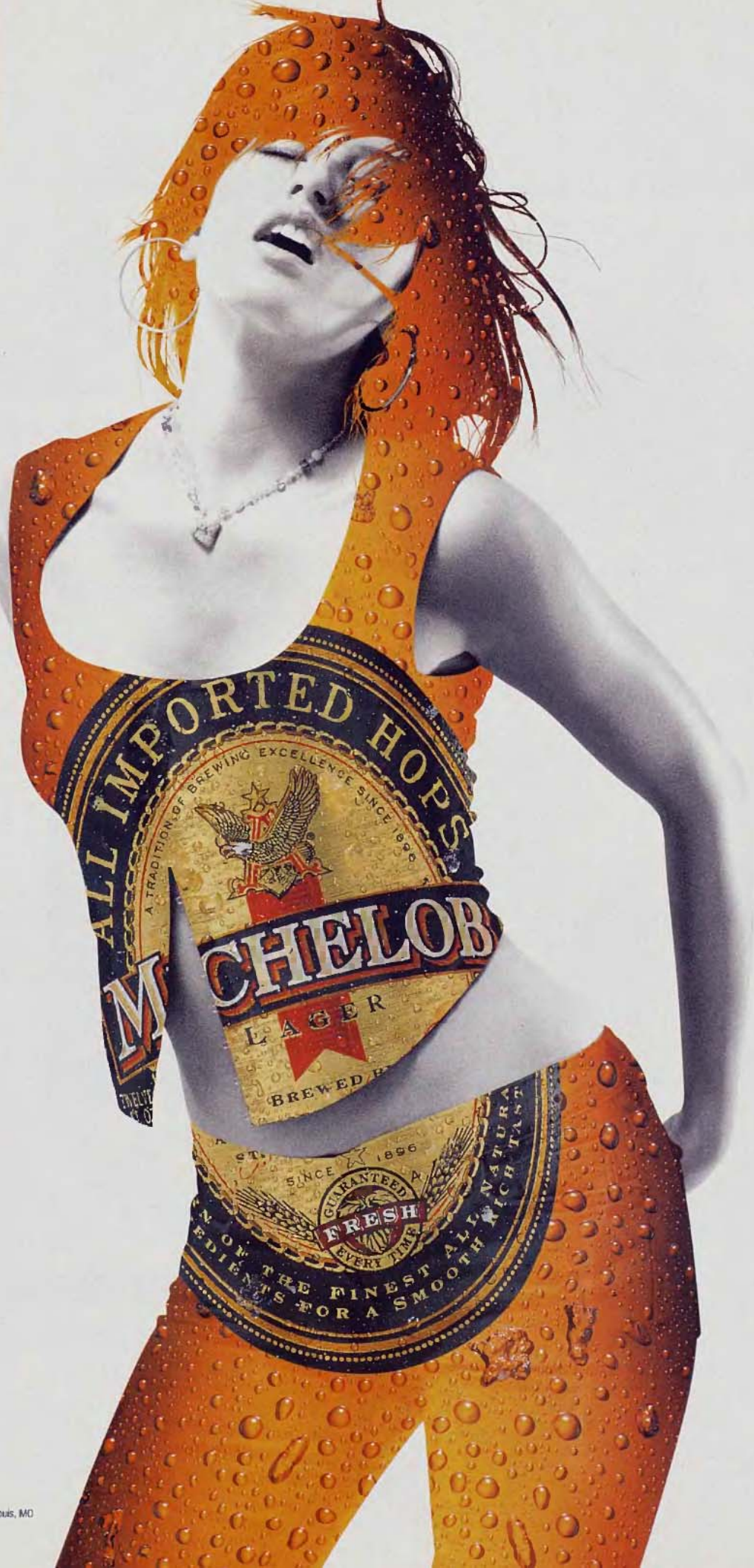


The Bottom Five

Last Players Picked in the 2003 NFL Draft

258. Antwoine Sanders (S, Utah)—Baltimore Ravens
259. Elton Patterson (DE, Central Florida)—Cincinnati Bengals
260. Travis Anglin (WR, Memphis)—Detroit Lions
261. Bryan Anderson (OG, Pittsburgh)—Chicago Bears
262. Ryan Hoag (WR, Gustavus Adolphus)—Oakland Raiders





R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



Penn realizes he'd like one more degree of separation.

movie of the month

[MYSTIC RIVER]

Murder and revenge in working-class Boston

Along with leaves changing color, the return of serious fare to the multiplex is a sure sign that fall has arrived. Certainly no one is going to make a video game out of *Mystic River*. The drama, directed by Clint Eastwood, is based on the best-seller about three childhood friends in Boston who drift apart after one is abducted by pedophiles. Twenty-five years later another brutal crime reunites them. Tim Robbins plays the guy haunted by his molestation, Kevin Bacon is a cop who feels guilty about abandoning his old neighborhood, and Sean Penn is an ex-con whose daughter's murder sparks retribution like something out of Dostoyevsky by way of Dashiell Hammett. Picture Eastwood directing a high-voltage cast through this scenario and we're talking one dark, testosterone-driven set, right? "Actually, there was no swagger, no macho crap," says Robbins. "I've been on sets like that, but these guys are adults with nothing to prove. Clint doesn't fool around. He gives you old-school Hollywood, where you work with a crew that's been together for years, shoot a certain number of hours, then go home and have a life. It was like being invited to Thanksgiving dinner with this efficient family. The only bad thing was that it lasted just seven weeks." We suspect we'll be thinking about the movie at least that long. (October 10)

"Clint doesn't fool around. You shoot, then you go home."

—Stephen Rebell

now showing

B U Z Z

The Whole Ten Yards

(Bruce Willis, Matthew Perry, Amanda Peet) You don't remember all the loose ends at the conclusion of 2000's comedy hit *The Whole Nine Yards*? Oh, you don't remember any of it? Suffice it to say that smooth hit man Willis and wussy dentist Perry team up again, this time to take on Hungarian mobsters.

Our call: We wouldn't walk 10 feet to see this. Next thing you know, they'll crank out a lame sequel to *Analyze This*. They did? We must have been busy that weekend.



Kill Bill

(Uma Thurman, David Carradine, Lucy Liu, Darryl Hannah) Quentin Tarantino is back, with an homage to the furious fists and lightning swords of classic kung fu flicks. In this first half of a two-parter, Thurman plays a female assassin hell-bent on paying back Carradine for icing her hubby on their wedding day.

Our call: Can retro martial arts wow audiences in the age of *Crouching Tiger*? We think so, grasshopper, and the campy B-movie action should deliver more thrills than *Jackie Brown*.



Runaway Jury

(John Cusack, Rachel Weisz, Gene Hackman, Dustin Hoffman) Cusack plays a jury foreman scheming for a big payoff to sway his fellow jurors in a case against a gun manufacturer. The very watchable Weisz is his even shiftier girlfriend, who is working on the outside to bamboozle attorneys Hackman and Hoffman.

Our call: Movies based on John Grisham legal thrillers seem very 1990s, but given the caliber of *Runaway*'s cast, we think someone is trying to sway us...and the Academy.



Gothika

(Halle Berry, Penelope Cruz, Robert Downey Jr.) Berry powers this supernatural scarefest about a criminal psychologist who wakes up imprisoned in her own loony bin. To beat a murder rap, she also has to tangle with an extremely unfriendly ghost. Despite all that, she still makes time for a naked shower scene.

Our call: Halle-lujah! Factor in Downey as a fellow head-shrinker and Cruz as another easy-on-the-eyes nutcase, and this thriller might tingle more than just our spines.



critical mass

[HORROR LOSES ITS BITE]

Do you like scary movies? Good luck

There's no shortage of horror films out there, but these days we're more likely to be scared silly by a low-budget film such as the zombie chiller *28 Days Later* than by a major studio release. (Did anyone really think a Freddy vs. Jason smackdown would elicit more gasps than giggles?) Mainstream Hollywood's fright flicks don't jolt us anymore, and the fiend most to blame is—cue spooky music—greed. Once *Scream* (itself an indie release) proved profitable, horror films not only spawned faster than vampires, they also turned slick and safe. Corporate types don't crank out mind-bending horror films; outlaws do. Sitting in the dark and watching a terrifying film makes us feel as though we've been hijacked by a sicko so unhinged that the rules no longer apply. Like when the heroine gets hacked to death 45 minutes into *Psycho*. Or when the undead suck flesh from human bones in *Night of the Living Dead*. Or when a demonically possessed 12-year-old masturbates with a crucifix in *The Exorcist*. Rock and roll!

Indie horrorwarts seem to have figured out that scaring jaded audiences requires better tricks than a screeching cat hurled at the camera. So an indie hit like *The Others* makes millions shiver by finding new ways to remind them how spooky an old house can be, while in the self-referential bomb *Wrong Turn*, the premise of teens being chased by hillbilly cannibals feels played out. Half-heard sounds in *28 Days Later* scare us witless, while the pushy soundtrack of

Texas Chain Saw Massacre induces yawns. What's the fix? Director Wes Craven, who resuscitated the genre with *A Nightmare on Elm Street* and, later, *Scream* (genuinely scary movies only diminished by sequels), says, "To be fresh, a horror movie has to get under people's skin in unexpected ways, with things that make them profoundly uneasy, whether it's terrorists, sleeper cells or things being done with cloning



and genetics. Horror movies have to show us something that hasn't been shown before so that the audience is completely taken aback. You see, it's not just that people want to be scared; people are scared." Hey, studio bigwig, what's that shadow sliding down your hall? We think it's a 20-year-old film student with a digital camera and a twisted imagination. And maybe an ax.—Stephen Rebello

art house



The Station Agent

Diminutive Peter Dinklage makes a big impression in this Sundance favorite about a short-tempered dwarf who inherits an abandoned railroad depot and befriends an eccentric artist (Patricia Clarkson) and a big-hearted coffee vendor. A funny tribute to friendship, it also suggests that rural New Jersey is much weirder than anyone realizes.

—Andrew Johnston

SCORE CARD

Capsule close-ups of recent films
by Leonard Maltin

BAD BOYS II Will Smith has charisma to burn, and Martin Lawrence can be very funny, but director Michael Bay's overproduced, overlong sequel to the wisecracking cops-and-robbers hit of 1995 is a waste of everyone's time. **Y**

BUFFALO SOLDIERS Joaquin Phoenix runs a black market at a U.S. Army base in West Germany circa 1989. Then a new top sergeant (Scott Glenn) tries to shape things up. A black comedy ought to have some humor, however dark. **Y**

GIGLI Jennifer Lopez is sexy, but we knew that. This movie serves no other purpose than to remind us, while pairing her with Ben Affleck in a poorly conceived star vehicle about an incompetent hit man and the woman hired to keep an eye on him. **Y**

LARA CROFT TOMB RAIDER: THE CRADLE OF LIFE Angelina Jolie in a wet suit is impressive, but surely someone could have found a decent story to go with that sight. At least no one can call this sequel a letdown from the original. **Y½**

LE DIVORCE With Naomi Watts and Kate Hudson as American sisters in Paris, this sophisticated comedy about a culture clash between families has no shortage of eye appeal. But it also has a meandering quality that dulls the edges. **Y½**

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN Johnny Depp, who preens like a rock star, may make pirates fashionable again. Geoffrey Rush, Orlando Bloom and beautiful Keira Knightley join in the action-packed fun. If only it didn't go on so long.... **Y½**

SEABISCUIT Tobey Maguire, Jeff Bridges and Chris Cooper are ideally cast in this meticulous re-creation of the famous horse's rise to fame in the midst of the Depression. Director Gary Ross hammers home the symbolism more than he needs to, but it's still a great ride. **Y**

UPTOWN GIRLS Brittany Murphy is a bubble-brained rich girl who loses all her money and winds up working as a nanny for a precocious, seemingly emotionless youngster (Dakota Fanning). Obviously, they have much to learn from each other—a bit too obviously. **Y**

Y Don't miss
Y Good show

Y Worth a look
Y Forget it

cd of the month

[DAVID MATTHEWS * SOME DEVIL]

The jam-tune superstar flies solo—sort of



It's easy—and certainly the hip thing—to dismiss the Dave Matthews Band as a dippy jam group whose summer megatours boast more frat boys in ONE TEQUILA, TWO TEQUILA, THREE TEQUILA, FLOOR! T-shirts than cutting-edge tunes. Still, it's hard to deny that the Virginian (by way of South Africa) is a superb musician with a knack for rocking out on folkish melodies. On sabbatical from his longtime bandmates on this first solo effort, Matthews surprises by not letting his distinctive trill hog the spotlight and instead teaming up with the 45-member Seattlemusic orchestra. Still, a heavy dose of strings creates a less funky vibe than most DMB albums. Cultists will dig that Phish's Trey Anastasio cameos on guitar and piano, and they probably won't mind a few cliché-riddled lyrics. But will the guys in the band want to play these songs next summer? (RCA) ★★★ —Alison Prato

PEACHES * Fatherfucker

Peaches's second album maintains the perfect balance of playfulness, aggression and crotch-grabbing sexuality that made the provocative electro queen's debut a cult hit. Her lascivious laptop-punk sneer is so winning that Iggy Pop's singing on "Kick It" actually lessens her raw power. The lyrics could have come from 2 Live Crew, but with her sexy growl delivering them, Peaches gives parental advisories a good name. Eat this peach. (XL/Beggars Group) ★★★½ —Tim Mohr



HANDSOME FAMILY

Singing Bones

Brett and Rennie Sparks are a husband-and-wife team whose sixth CD could be called eccentric country. They don't sing about tears in your beer; they lament Wal-Mart ghosts and the apocalypse, accompanied by dulcimers and musical saws. Our only complaint is that Rennie's beautiful voice is heard on only one song. Critics say the Handsome Family is depressing. Not if you like good music. (Carrot Top) ★★★ —Patty Lamberti



CHRIS KNIGHT * The Jealous Kind

Possessed of the best western Kentucky twang since bluegrass master Bill Monroe's, Knight can break your heart with his singing. But the songwriting here is even stronger. On his third CD he tells stories of characters so down on their luck they'll never get back to even. At times more rock than country, Knight's music sets a melancholy tone that perfectly matches the outlaw desperation of his songs. Nashville needs more music like this. (Dualtone) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



STING * Sacred Love

It's rare that an artist makes a graceful transition from club rocker to international pop star to crooner statesman. (Try to imagine the Hives looking serene in a Jaguar commercial.) Sting pulls it off. The key is evolution by diversification, as he shows here by teaming up with Mary J. Blige and sitar player Anoushka Shankar. When the tantric-sex poster boy nods to the Police on "Dead Man's Rope," it shows just how comfortable he is with his legacy. (A&M/Interscope) ★★★½ —A.P.



phoning it in

[PARTY TILL YOU BACH]

Andrew W.K., the wild child of this past summer's Warped Tour, has released a new album, *The Wolf*. But did you know that when he's not creating music that makes your eardrums bleed, he's likely jamming to 18th century hepcat Johann Sebastian Bach? In fact, it appears as though he's hooked.

PLAYBOY: Why is Bach your favorite composer?

ANDREW: I love Bach. His music is so beautifully put together and delicate and melodic. You can remember his melodies very easily, even whistle them after you've heard them a couple of times. And some really cool things are going on in that music. The upper register can be playing one thing and the lower register something altogether different. I call it dueling melodies that have a special way of weaving sounds together.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the documentary *Thirty-Two Short Films About Glenn Gould*, a study of the pianist?

ANDREW: Yes. Gould was obsessed with Bach, and his passion for the music was great. He called Bach's music the best thing any human being has ever created, and he devoted his life to playing it. It always moves and excites me that music can have that kind of power over someone's life, especially another musician's life.

PLAYBOY: Bach wrote religious music. Are you religious, or does the music make you feel religious?

ANDREW: I think there are times when we're directly connected to that divine stuff—not God or a specific religious denomination but a higher level of consciousness. I think Bach had some of that. He was a genius. He was given an insight into that higher level through his music. Even today, his audience can hear it in everything he wrote.

—Anaheed Alani



dvd of the month

[THE MATRIX RELOADED]

Boot up a second dose of Neo classicism

In hindsight we realize that nothing could have lived up to the stratospheric expectations for the second installment in the Wachowski brothers' *Matrix* trilogy. But with *The Matrix Revolutions* hitting theaters soon, we have a great excuse to obsess again over *Reloaded*'s better moments (and mythology). The battle royal between the nearly all-powerful Neo (Keanu Reeves) and dozens of Agent Smiths (Hugo Weaving) is a hoot, even if, unlike last time, we sense that it carries little consequence. The intense freeway chase is ripe for frame-by-frame inspection (just as the goofy Zion disco scene is fodder for the fast-forward button). Plus, we can rewatch the twist ending until all the pseudophilosophy makes some damn sense. **Extras:** A fine behind-the-scenes documentary and a breakdown of the chase scene, but the second disc feels relarded with *Matrix* mania. **YYY** —Gregory P. Fagan



THE ITALIAN JOB (2003) This caper remake does justice to the 1969 original. Director F. Gary Gray and star Mark Wahlberg bookend the film by revving up two intricate heists, the second of which mimics the original's Mini Cooper getaway scene. Gray also gets colorful work from Charlize Theron as a co-conspirator and Ed Norton as a backstabber. **Extras:** The featurette on Minis reminds us that this film is a product-placement epiphany (though an entertaining one). **YYY** —G.F.



28 DAYS LATER (2003) A bike messenger awakes from a coma to find that something worse than mad cow disease has hit England: Everyone is dead, except for a few survivors and the zombies, who are mad as hell (and surprisingly fast). Director Danny Boyle's low-budget digital approach makes every scene immediate and skin-crawlingly scary. **Extras:** director's commentary, a documentary, three alternate endings and six deleted scenes. **YYY½** —Buzz McClain



SEX AT 24 FRAMES PER SECOND (2003) If you think Sharon Stone or Bo Derek invented the kind of sensuality that burns holes in the silver screen, you could use a tutorial. Luckily, this documentary on the evolution of cinematic sex makes its points with dozens of big stars in uninhibited moments. From Tarzan's mate swimming naked to Diane Lane's carnal performance in 2002's *Unfaithful*, it's a lesson you won't mind studying over and over again. **YYY** —Craig Stephens



CHARLIE'S ANGELS: FULL THROTTLE (2003) The titular trio of hot detectives is back, this time trying to keep evil angel Demi Moore (Bruce was right!) from getting a ring with encrypted top-secret information. Or something like that. Anyway, it involves lots of costume changes. **Extras:** Available in the theatrical release as well as an unrated version in which director McG has restored the sex and violence that were cut for a PG-13 rating. Even better is McG's play-by-play commentary. **YY** —B.M.



quick study

[FILM SCHOOL]

This month's lesson: back to school with 1980s teen comedies

Hormones and angst: We owe a lot to *Animal House*. The surprise hit of 1978 woke Hollywood to the blockbuster potential of the teen audience, a demographic previously served with low-budget exploitation and horror flicks. Drive-ins were giving way to hang-out-friendly multiplexes, and high school kids were gaining economic independence. Teens wanted comedies in which youth was served and authority figures were humiliated. *Porky's* added ricocheting hormones to that mix with big success in 1982 (and the *American Pie* phenomenon proves that horny humor endures). That same year, director Amy Heckerling elevated the form with *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, working from a Cameron Crowe script that spoke directly to teens rather than down to them. The true maestro, however, was



Enjoy being cool while you can, Judd.

John Hughes. Beginning with *Sixteen Candles* in 1984, Hughes mined the rich ore of adolescent angst with uncanny perception and served as director or producer in an oeuvre that includes *The Breakfast Club*, *Pretty in Pink*, *Some Kind of Wonderful*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* and *Weird Science*. **Additional study:** *Losin' It* (1982), *Valley Girl* (1983), *Risky Business* (1983), *Making the Grade* (1984), *Better Off Dead* (1985). —G.F.

sleaze frame

We've seen movie hit men employ many tactics to snare their prey, but none seems as foolproof as the one used by Amanda Peet's bubbly assassin-in-training in *The Whole Nine Yards*. Who needs elaborate disguises when you have a Julia Roberts-wattage smile and the gumption to bare your breasts in a lingering, funny scene near the comedy's end? At least her quarry dies happy. Our advice: Peet, and repeat.



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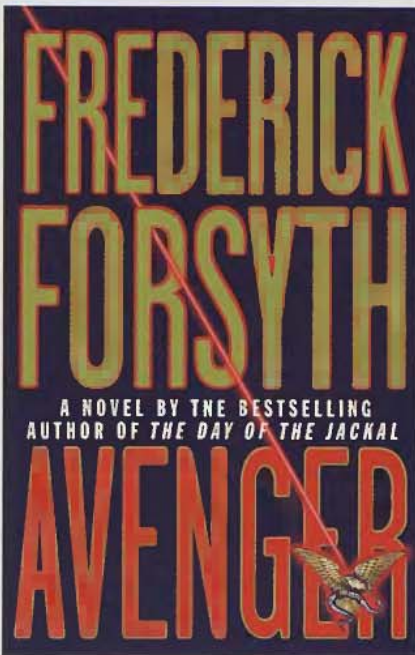
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book of the month

[AVENGER * FREDERICK FORSYTH]

A master of suspense invents a master of reprisal

An idealistic young man who has paid his own way to be part of a humanitarian relief effort is murdered in a cesspool in Serbia. His grandfather, a wealthy Canadian, wants revenge and hires a private specialist to identify, capture and return for prosecution the ethnic-cleansing thug who did the deed. In this Forsyth suspense thriller, the agent's code name is Avenger, and one contacts him through coded messages in the classified section of a specialty aviation magazine. How he tracks down, outwits and grabs the villain makes for a fascinating and intricate tale that plays itself out on several continents. One particularly interesting subplot involves the CIA's attempt to nail Osama bin Laden by protecting the Serbian bad guy. Forsyth never wastes the reader's time and provides just the right amount of technological and tactical information to keep his plot plausible and fast-moving. *Avenger* will remind Forsyth fans of *The Day of the Jackal*, which is high praise. (St. Martin's) ★★★½ —John Rezek



EVERYTHING AND MORE

David Foster Wallace

Remember when teachers tried to convince you that math was fun? Wallace has proved it to be true in this odd work of non-fiction exploring the concept of infinity. In a world where everything ends, we're supposed to believe that numbers don't. Is this true? More important, is this book snooze-worthy? It isn't. Wallace uses illustrations, analogies to the Clinton definition of sex and words like *defuzzify* to demonstrate

various mathematical concepts. For you rocket scientists, he provides extra information in footnotes. For the rest of us, he thoughtfully provides tips on when to skip ahead. Read it in spurts to let the information sink in. Now, if Wallace would just apply his talents to the other things we can't stand to study—like instruction manuals. (Atlas/Norton) ★★★ —Patty Lamberti



GIRLS * Nic Kelman

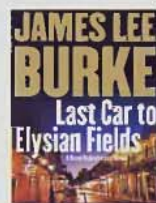
This erotic novel explores what many men secretly (and not so secretly) desire: to nail younger women. Various vignettes—a rich businessman getting drunk with a college girl and ending up in her dorm room, a tourist declining drugs in Amsterdam but accepting the company of a teenage prostitute—are interspersed with risqué quotes from the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, along with passages about random topics such as mammals that die during intercourse and the origins of derogatory terms for female genitalia. If the book has a weakness, it is the author's practice of addressing the reader directly. Of course, some of these characters are just so peculiar you'd rather put a restraining order on them than be like them. (Little, Brown) ★★★½ —P.L.



LAST CAR TO ELYSIAN FIELDS

James Lee Burke

Master mystery writer Burke just can't leave his angst-ridden, reformed-alcoholic cop Dave Robicheaux alone. This time he is dealing with the aftermath of his wife's murder while he solves a series of crimes. The players include a blues singer who never made it out of Angola prison, an IRA guy stalking a priest and a beautiful drunk who may or may not have been molested. Burke writes about New Orleans and the Louisiana bayous with deep affection and keeps his story fresh. (Simon & Schuster) ★★★½ —Barbara Nellis



made you look



THE BLUES

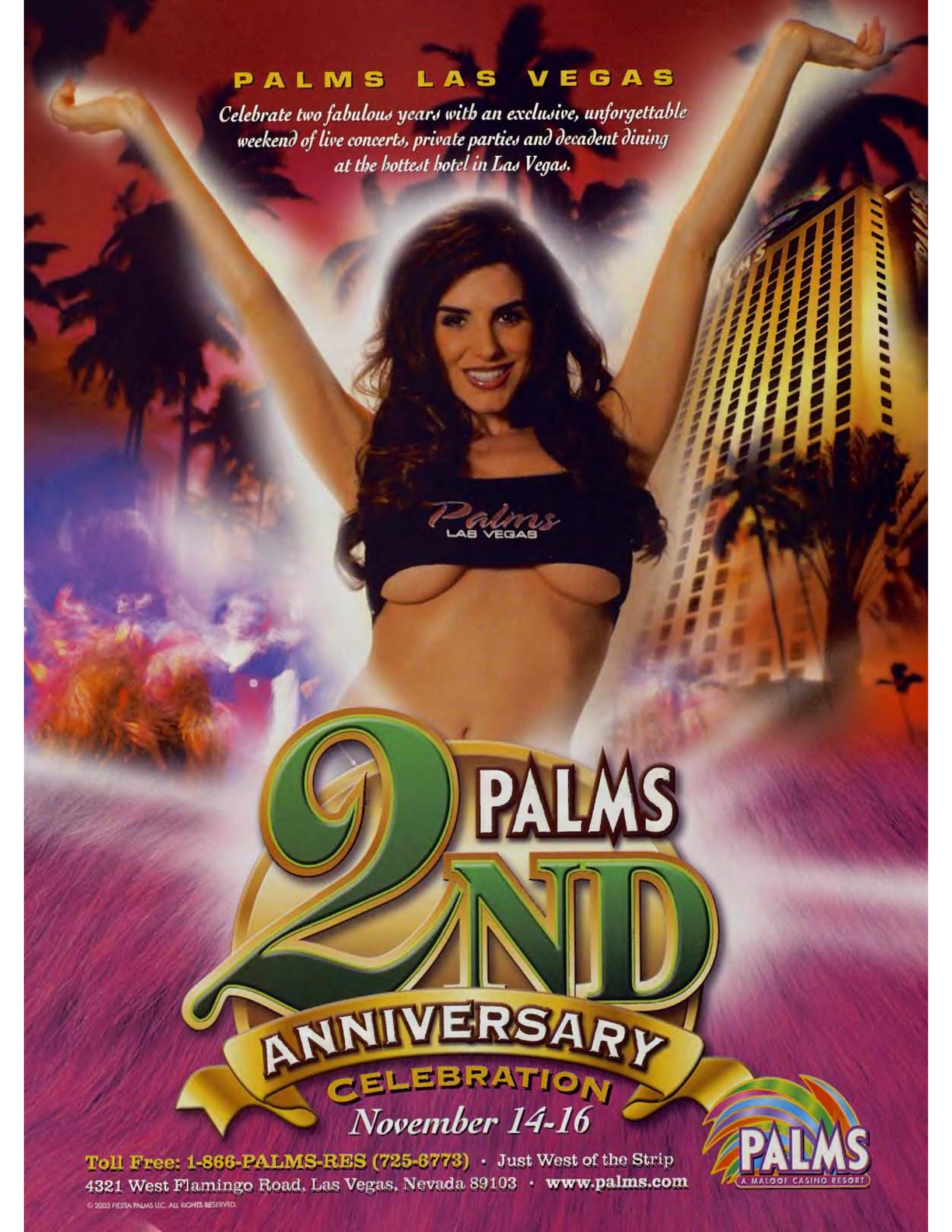
Peter Guralnick, Robert Santelli, et al.

This volume—piggybacking Martin Scorsese's PBS documentary series—is part history, part celebration. It leads blues fanatics and novices alike on a photo-packed journey (including the Leadbelly image, left) from the banks of the Niger River to juke joints in the Mississippi Delta to the heyday of bands such as the Allman Brothers. Maybe it takes a deluxe package like this to show how much influence a raw art form has had on American culture. (Amistad) ★★★ —Brooke Handler



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DO-IT-YOURSELF SKIN FLICKS: ADVICE FROM THE PROS

Making a homemade porn tape can be a sticky situation. Even if your girl has the makings of a video sex goddess, winging it will result in a movie that's more like *The Blair Witch Project* than *Debbie Does Dallas*. We consulted Playboy TV's *Naughty Amateur Home Videos* hosts Inari Vachs and Julia Ann (right), who clued us in on how to light the room, how to work the angles and, most important, how to avoid being the subject of a sex-video scandal.

Lights!

The first rule of becoming an amateur porn star? Grow a mustache. The second? Bad lighting will ruin the mood faster than a drop-in from Grandma. "Finding that balance between stark white and pitch black is crucial," Julia Ann says. "Don't do candlelight, which looks nice to the naked eye but looks grainy on film." Instead, go to Home Depot, buy a silver work light, clamp it to your bed, and get humping. If you can't wait that long, play around with a house lamp. "If you tilt the shade just right, it creates a nice filter," Inari says. Whatever you do, don't rely on the camera's spotlight. Video camera lights can block out people when you get too close or cause them to fade away when you pull back. Finally, don't worry if it's not perfect. Says Julia Ann, "The whole point of amateur videos is that they're supposed to simulate real life."



Camera!

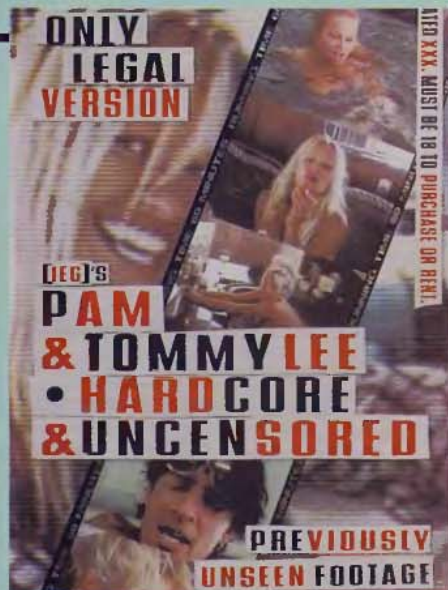
Instead of borrowing someone's equipment, making it likely that the footage will wind up on the Internet, buy your own. Look for a camera with a remote and a zoom lens. Though it may be tempting, especially if you've persuaded a girl who's way out of your league to come home with you, don't tape her without her knowledge. You could end up with a black eye or, worse, in jail. (Do you actually think she won't scan the room for that little red light?)

Action!

"To spice things up," Inari says, "you and your girl can even play it like you don't know the camera is there, making it more voyeuristic." When it's time for the obligatory money shot, our experts suggest a special effect to make the moment appear more impressive. "Facial cleanser!" says Inari. "It looks real, and

it's recommended by dermatologists." Watch *Naughty Amateur Home Videos* every Thursday at 10 P.M. ET and PT, or check out playboytv.com.

**The first rule of
being a porn star?
Grow a mustache.**



NOTORIOUS CELEBRITY SEX TAPES: The Quiz

- Which celebrity couple's sex tape showed them smoking a joint while boating?
 - Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee
 - Janine and Vince Neil
 - Tonya Harding and Jeff Gillooly
- Which all-girl group was featured in a racy backstage home video?
 - The Bangles
 - The Go-Go's
 - The Spice Girls
- Who was busted on tape with two girls, one underage?
 - Nelly
 - Rob Lowe
 - Kabe Bryant
- Which talk show host was caught on tape with porn star Kendra Jade?
 - Mantel Williams
 - Maury Povich
 - Jerry Springer

Answers: (1) a, (2) b, (3) b, (4) c.

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Haters call them Skank Hill, Mutt Puppet and LeAnn Whines, but what the hell do they know? We just want to see them naked. Vote for your favorite in our online poll.

FOR BOD AND COUNTRY

Not so long ago, the women of country music were big-haired coal miners' daughters with gingham shirts, 10-gallon hats and tears in their beers. Today's country crooners are more Hollywood than hoedown: We sure wouldn't kick them out of bed for keeping their boots on. But who's the hottest? Tough call. With the help of Kenny Chesney (who has shared the stage with a number of Nashville knockouts), we narrowed our list to 10 gals. Read his take, then vote for your sexy songbird at playboy.com/countrywomen. We'll announce the winner before the Country Music Awards on November 5 and ask the champ to pose—boots optional.

1. FAITH HILL

"Faith is sexy onstage and on television, but she's even sexier in her kitchen, wearing no makeup. That's hot."

2. SHANIA TWAIN

"She's got that I-don't-give-a-damn attitude. I love that about her."

3. LEANN RIMES

"I love her eyes and her new maturity. She's so grown-up for her age."

4. MARTIE MAGUIRE (Dixie Chicks)

"The small of her back makes me weak in the knees. She has a great lower back."

5. DEANA CARTER

"I love the way she attacks life. When we tour together, she smiles at me every night onstage. I melt."

9. MARTINA McBRIDE

"I love the way Martina just wraps herself around a song."

10. TERRI CLARK

"She can pick you up, flip you over and make you speak Spanish the hard way. Don't ask me what that means."

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

Name: Jackie Bean. **Birth date:** October 5, 1982. **Watch out, Katie Couric:** "I've always wanted to go into broadcast journalism." **If I had more time:** "I'd start a reggae band. I'm learning to play the guitar." **A day in the life:** "I wake up at one P.M. and watch *Passions*, then I run around town with my friends. At night, I waitress." **I have a girlie crush on:** "Angelina Jolie. She's beautiful and intelligent. I'm infatuated with her lifestyle." **Craziest place I've had sex:** "On top of my car. I almost fell off the roof!"





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

Hot Spot Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

the inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

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

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

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

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

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



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

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

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

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

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

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

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

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

Jamie Ireland

Individual results may vary



Survival gear for the **frozen tundra.**



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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Glitter Gulch

With 100 fireplaces, more massive boulders than you can count and even the Mountain Man's sage facial in the spa, Bachelor Gulch, Ritz-Carlton's luxury Colorado ski resort, is a real Rocky Mountain high. (Take that literally—Bachelor Gulch is 8,100 feet up Beaver Creek Mountain, 18 miles from Vail.) Make no mistake: You and your lady won't be roughing it. A champagne celebration—including two nights' lodging, a pair of champagne-therapy spa treatments, dinner for two with bubbly served at each course, plus other goodies—is offered in January for \$1,650 (double occupancy). Or if you really want to go the whole hog, the 2,700-square-foot Ritz-Carlton suite with three fireplaces (one is at the foot of the bathtub), three bedrooms and a gorgeous view will set you back a mere \$6,650 a night during the Christmas holidays. Sorry, you'll have to play Santa next year; this Christmas is already booked.



HOW TO FALL OFF A MOTORCYCLE

- ① WE ASSUME YOU ARE WEARING LEATHERS. AFTER ALL, YOU ARE THE BRAKE PAD. 
- ② IF THE BIKE GOES DOWN, LET GO. YOU'LL STOP BEFORE IT DOES. 
- ③ RELAX, THINK RAG DOLL; ANYTHING STIFF WILL BREAK. 
- ④ MAKE SURE YOU HAVE STOPPED MOVING BEFORE YOU STAND UP.

Wheel TV

Think satellite radio is the hottest thing in mobile entertainment? Subscribe to satellite TV and stop those annoying sing-along backseat drivers once and for all (or until someone comes out with satellite karaoke, that is). KVH Industries' TracVision A5 system pulls in the signals of TV satellites and relays movies, news, sports events and business reports to the small monitor mounted somewhere in the backseat, behind your head. The TracVision A5 can also handle multiple video screens and receivers, so your passengers can choose among satellite TV, an onboard DVD player, a digital video recorder and a console game. Bet you wish you were back there having fun too. An antenna, mounting hardware, a receiver and a remote control cost \$3,495. Installation and a subscription to DirecTV or the Dish Network are extra.



MANTRACK



How Sweat It Is

The *temazkal*, or Mexican sweat bath, dates to the Aztecs, who used the small structure for purification purposes. BainUltra has brought the concept into the 21st century with this in-home therapeutic space, similar to a dry sauna but with two additional features: light and aromatherapy. You can shower in the

Temazkal (the seat in the center of the unit is removable) and activate the misting function with the touch of a button—handy features when the interior temperature tops out at 149 degrees Fahrenheit. Luminotherapy helps you beat the winter blues, claims BainUltra, and aromatherapy uses the essences of plants, flowers and resins “to establish harmony between the body and the mind.” Save that line for your date. Price: \$7,400.

Clothesline: Lenny Clarke

The star of the new ABC sitcom *It's All Relative* says he loves Versace. “I just can’t afford him. I have really expensive taste. Unfortunately, so does my wife, so she’s the one who gets to dress up. I have a Calvin Klein tux that I stole off a department store dummy at a party one night. Nobody said anything, and the mannequin didn’t complain, so I figured it was okay. The mannequin is in someone’s dorm room right now. I had this great Pierre Cardin sweatshirt. It was so damn comfortable and soft, I wish I still had it. Sometimes I spend a lot of money for an article of clothing, but it’s worth it. Other times, I go to the big-fat-sweaty-guy warehouse outlet for my clothes.”



Let's Get Potted and Stewed

If you like complicated recipes that leave your kitchen with two hours of cleanup clutter, you probably won't want to add Tom Valenti's *Soups, Stews and One-Pot Meals* to your cookbook collection. Valenti, who co-owns two hot New York City restaurants, Ovest and 'Cesca, loves hearty fare and hates doing the dishes. His recipes for extra-smoky New Eng-

land clam chowder, Portuguese-style braised pork stew and Florentine pot roast with red wine, mushrooms and tomatoes will leave you more time to entertain or stay out on the town with practically no mess to deal with later. Price: \$30, published by Simon & Schuster.

The Perfect Time...

To shop for a house: After a heavy rain in the winter or summer. With mortgages available at the lowest rates in decades, now is a great time to buy a house. But avoid looking in the spring or fall, when prices tend to peak and real estate agents are busiest. It's also best to check out a house after a storm, which may reveal water problems in the basement or attic. Be sure to check crawl spaces and other places you wouldn't ordinarily think to look. • **To dine at a popular upscale restaurant:** Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday. Sure, you—and everyone else—want to go out on the weekend, but that's when the kitchen is in a frenzy. “Friday and Saturday evenings are turn-and-burn nights,” says executive chef Anthony Bourdain, author of *Kitchen Confidential*. By midweek, your chef will be rested and can pay closer attention to what's cooking and the way it's served. Small items prepared in advance, such as sliced garlic and chopped tomatoes, will be fresher.



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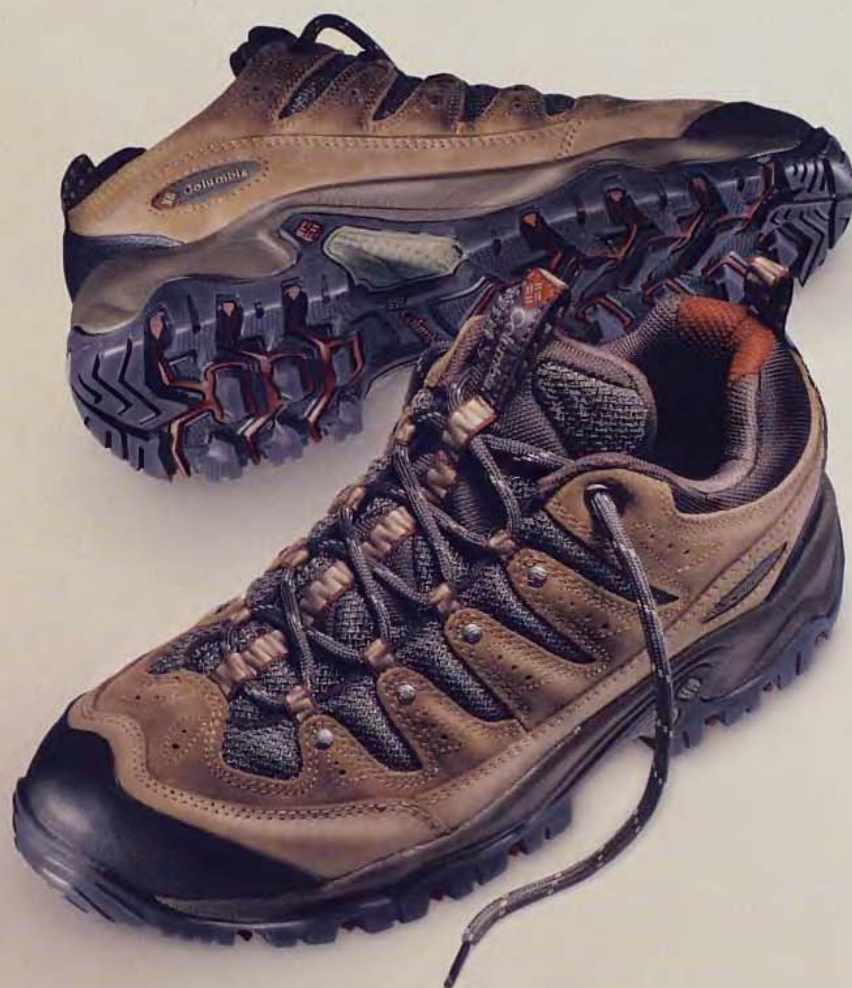
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The Playboy Advisor

Why do porn films always include an annoying close-up of the guy's face as he strains and groans before orgasm?—R.C., Dallas, Texas

*Because porn is fantasy. Sex scenes are filmed as a series of starts and stops, not in one glorious fuckfest. The finale is typically done the same way: The action stops, everyone gets into position, and the actor strokes himself to climax. No cameraman in his right mind would pan to the actor's face and miss the money shot, so the director will later have the actor fake his come face for the two-second transition. A few years ago, Joani Blank made a video, *Faces of Ecstasy*, in which she recorded the faces of a dozen men and women as they climaxed; earlier this year, she recruited 23 more people for a sequel. One challenge was getting the subjects to keep their eyes open as they came. "It's so much hotter that way," Blank says, which suggests that readers of this column should give it a try. It may also be fun to use that digital camera to take photos of each other making the faces you think you make at climax and, later, the ones that actually appear.*

Is it better to lift weights before or after your cardio workout? My buddy says to do cardio first because otherwise you burn lactic acid instead of fat when you lift. What do you think?—F.C., Spokane, Washington

If your goal is to burn fat, it makes no difference. The key to eliminating flab is a cardio workout designed for endurance, not speed. Lifting strengthens the muscles you'll need to endure the longer workouts.

My fiancée has been married before, but I have not. She complained that her first husband devoted too much time to interests she didn't share or that weren't couples-oriented. I've been a blues-metal bass player for years; she says not only does this activity leave her on the sidelines, but there's too great a chance I'll meet women at gigs and cheat on her. Now that I've left the band, she's upped the ante, raising a fuss whenever I leave a disc in the CD player by a band she doesn't like. She used to tell me that my musical ability turned her on. Is there more to this than issues of musical taste and male neglect? I'm beginning to think I'm engaged to a control freak.—J.R., Chicago, Illinois

Beginning to think? Your first mistake was quitting the band. Will they take you back? It seems harsh to break off an engagement over music—or a subscription to PLAYBOY or whatever your manly appetites may be—but we always tell guys to proceed with caution, because this stuff is a warning shot over the bow. There will always be something else she doesn't like—you just may not



hear about it until after the rings are exchanged. If you two have any hope of a successful marriage, your fiancée needs to realize that she can't change you and shouldn't try. In other words, she has to love the entire album, not just the singles. Frankly, working this out in counseling may be a challenge; it sounds like she still has issues from her first marriage. If you marry her now, you'll also get her ex-husband.

What do you think about guys who wear thongs?—J.H., Dallas, Texas

We try not to.

A friend who has spent time in prison told me that other inmates used to make wine using just a plastic bag, oranges and sugar. Is that possible?—K.M., Fountain Valley, California

Anything is possible when you have time on your hands. We won't give prison censors any more to do by reprinting a recipe here, but those in the free world can find them online. Here's the basic idea: Prunes (hence the name pruno), raisins, oranges and/or other fruits are squeezed and sealed inside a plastic bag filled with water. The bag is heated under a tap, then hidden. After 48 hours, the inmate adds sugar, which can come from cubes or packets as well as from ketchup, frosting, jelly, yams, flavored gelatin, honey, hard candies—you name it. (The sugar is broken down into alcohol by yeast floating naturally in the air, or by adding bread.) The mixture is heated regularly over the next three to five days. Most batches of pruno are best consumed while holding your nose. Although many wardens prohibit inmates from taking fruit to their cells, California prison officials still seize the equivalent of 2 million pruno cocktails each year.

Recently, a reader asked if it's possible to find a woman who is wild in bed but not wild in general—a situation that makes someone fun to sleep with but a nightmare to date. Many women (and men) suffer from borderline personality disorder. I read up on the topic and discovered that women who have BPD are often sexually aggressive or display impulsive behavior such as substance abuse, excessive spending, reckless driving, suicide attempts, etc. People with the disorder have a crippling fear of abandonment, which may have resulted from being abused as children. The first hint a guy gets is usually when his new girlfriend loves him beyond description one minute and hates him more than anyone she knows the next. Whatever the perceived trouble may be, it's his fault. There's even a book on BPD called *I Hate You, Don't Leave Me*. Unfortunately, the disorder is difficult to treat, but sometimes drugs and intense therapy can help. I loved a woman who had BPD, and she almost destroyed me.—A.S., Los Angeles, California

Thanks for writing. BPD affects an estimated two percent of the population, and 75 percent of its victims are women. A relationship with a BPD sufferer usually begins as an intense, impulsive, romantic affair before disintegrating into an anxious and sometimes frightening drama (many people compare their relationships with BPD sufferers to walking on eggshells). Some people who accept a diagnosis of BPD avoid relationships, resigning themselves to going it alone.

How do you get earbud headphones to stay in your ear? I've tried them every which way, and they always fall out unless I stand still or walk as if I had a stiff neck.—B.S., Advance, North Carolina

You need in-ear speakers, which fit more snugly. The \$140 StudioPhonic Hearos Gold 20 Series from DAP World requires that you wet the tip of the plug, pull up on your ear to open your ear canal, and insert the device to create a seal. The plugs won't fall out (you have to twist them to break the seal), but they aren't as easy on the head flaps as the \$50 Sony Fontopia, which has a soft silicon tip that molds itself to the shape of your ear canal.

My experience as a giver of quality blow jobs had been limited to circumcised penises. But last month I started hooking up with a guy who is uncircumcised. Suddenly, my techniques feel insufficient. Are certain areas more sensitive? Should I push the skin to the base and continue as before?—C.T., Athens, Georgia

As with any blow job for a new partner, the first and best strategy is to ask what he

likes. You'll need to adjust your technique primarily because the head of his cock will be more sensitive. His foreskin will also be sensitive, which gives you more real estate to work with. Here's one trick: Slip his foreskin over the head, then slide the tip of your tongue inside and run it in a circle around the head.

What do you know about online services that let you download movies to your computer for 24 hours? Are they any good?—P.L., Fort Wayne, Indiana

We still prefer to rent DVDs, but the idea has potential, especially if you feel guilty about your collection of bootlegs. The chief obstacle is limited selection, along with the hassle of watching a film on your computer (you can connect it to a TV, but we haven't had the energy). It costs \$3 to \$5 to download movies at movielink.com (created by five Hollywood studios) or cinemanow.com (created by Blockbuster, Lion's Gate and Microsoft). Reserve at least 500 megabytes of hard-drive space for each download, which will take 45 to 90 minutes on a DSL or cable modem. The quality is equivalent to that of VHS. CinemaNow charges \$9.95 a month for unlimited access to 500 bargain-bin flicks and 300 adult titles. About 20 percent of the movies are available for download; the rest are streaming video. [Movielink](http://Movielink.com) has 350 titles, 100 of which are recent DVD releases. You have 30 days to start watching a download, then 24 hours to get through it before the file deletes itself.

I am a 31-year-old man who suffers from premature ejaculation. When I was in my early 20s, my first erection would last about five minutes after insertion, and the second would last well over 15. The third, fourth and fifth (if it was a good night) would go closer to an hour. For the past few years, I've been a minute man, if that. I do better with hand jobs and blow jobs (maybe two minutes), but once I'm inside her vagina, it's a three-stroke affair. If it's doggy style or anal sex, forget it. My refractory period is maybe five minutes, but my second and third erections still last only a minute or two, even if I've been drinking. What causes this, and what can I do to fix it?—J.N., Syracuse, New York

Premature ejaculation isn't measured by time or strokes. It is defined clinically as "persistent or recurrent ejaculation with minimal sexual contact before, on or shortly after penetration and before the person wishes it." Theories abound about how guys train themselves as young men to be quick while masturbating, making out in backseats or visiting hookers. Most therapists attribute PE to performance or relationship anxiety, and it's the kind of stress that feeds on itself. The guy becomes so focused on holding back that sex becomes mechanical. Rather than enjoying the moment, he's thinking 10 seconds ahead. In rare cases PE can be a symptom of illnesses such as dia-

betes or multiple sclerosis, so there is added concern when it appears later in life after years or decades of control.

The most common treatments are the penile squeeze (the woman squeezes her partner's erection as he nears climax to help him focus) and the start-stop technique championed by Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan in *PE: How to Overcome Premature Ejaculation* (the woman gives the man a hand job until he is near climax; when his arousal wanes a bit, she repeats the exercise). A less desirable antidote is using "climax control" condoms such as Trojan's Extended Pleasure or Durex's Performax, each of which is coated on the inside with benzocaine, a mild anesthetic.

Some scientists believe that PE may be a physical condition rather than a strictly psychological one. Last year, researchers at the University of Cincinnati isolated the cluster of cells that works as an ejaculation generator in the lower spinal cord of male rats. They're now looking for the chemicals that travel from these cells and for ways to restrict them, which could lead to medications that delay orgasm. One study in the Netherlands suggests that some may already exist: Premature ejaculators who took certain antidepressants, such as Prozac, regained their control within two weeks.

I work in a bank where casual attire is accepted (button-down shirts and two-to three-button pullovers). I wear a crew-neck T-shirt underneath for comfort and to protect my shirts. One of my co-workers says I should be wearing V-neck tees. Who's right?—J.K., Versailles, Kentucky

Your co-worker is right, especially since you work at a bank. If you were selling televisions or shoes, the open-collar, my-underwear-is-showing look might pass.

You've noted how much professional porn stars make, but how about the amateurs I see on the Internet?—B.B., Huntington, West Virginia

Most stay-at-home performers who charge for access net less than \$1,000 a month. Those who host live sex cams or sell custom videos earn more.

For the past year, the Advisor has been extolling the virtues of anal sex. My husband makes all the subtle moves you have noted in an attempt to gain entry to places where he does not belong. I have told him that I am not and will not be a tushy girl, but he figures if he gets me worked up enough, he can slide it in before I know what's happening. He is also convinced that once I try anal sex, I will be sure to love it. I enjoy doggy style and a good ass massage, both of which my husband has misinterpreted as a willingness to go further. No amount of discussion is going to change my mind. I view anal sex in the same light as I do heroin and crack: Just because there are people out there who enjoy it doesn't mean I have to be

one of them. Can you please advise me how to discourage my husband in a manner he will understand?—K.B., Atlanta, Georgia

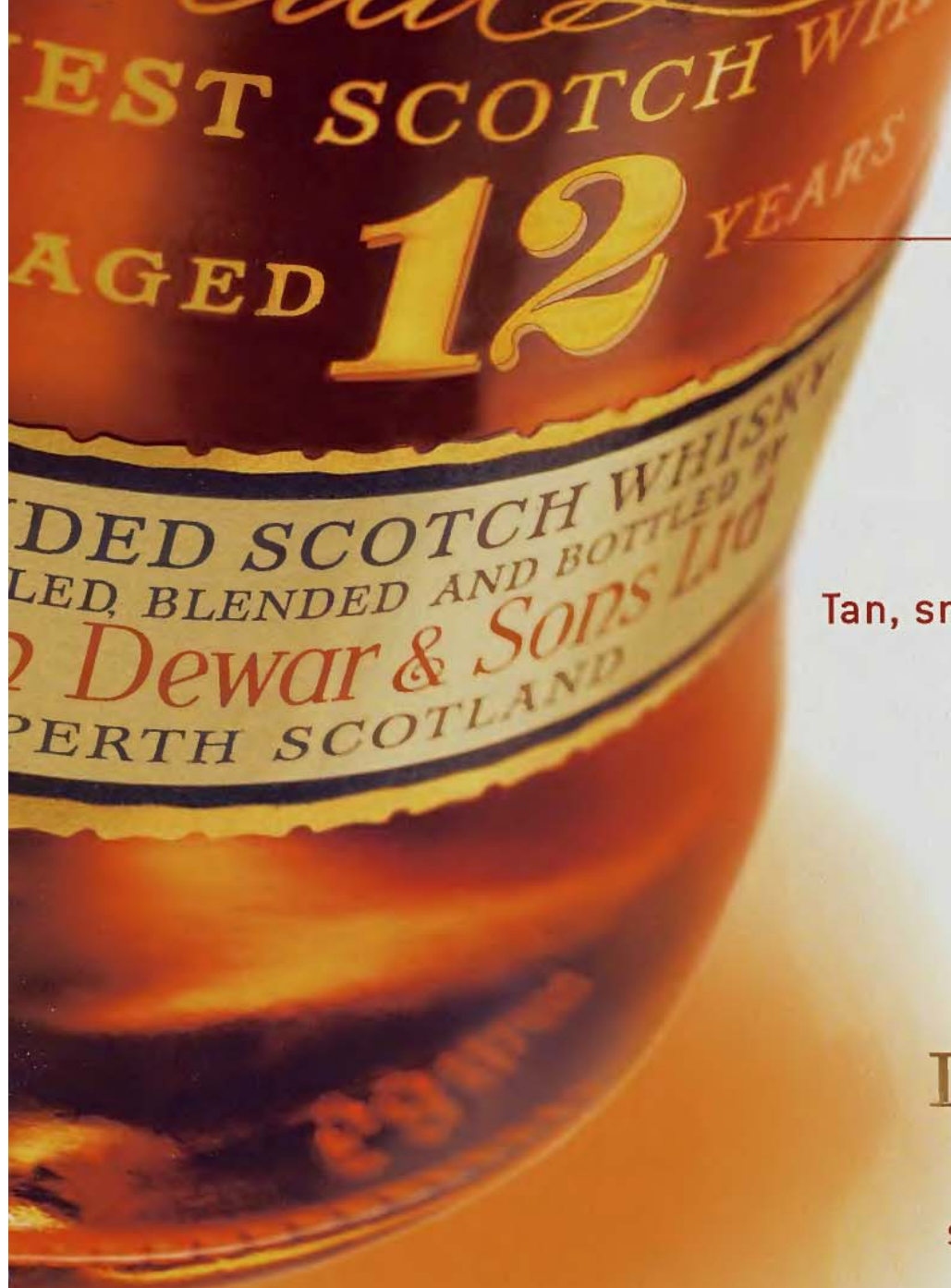
You're looking for sympathy? Keep looking. You have the right to say no. Your husband has the right to ask. He's dumb to keep asking, because it only steels your resolve. But your letter doesn't make any mention of why you're averse to this particular form of pleasure, so it's hard to address any concerns or misconceptions you have. We don't advocate anal for anyone who doesn't enjoy it, but how can you make that judgment? As we've said many times, anyone interested in experimenting should start slow, with tongue or fingers and lots of lube. If your husband tries to slide his erection in while you're distracted, he won't get near you again, front or back, for a long while. (He'd be smarter to ask if he could caress your anus with a well-lubed pinkie while going down on you, with a promise of no penetration without your okay. Can those ass massages extend beyond your crack?) Bottom line: If you want your husband to stop asking, a simple no is sufficient, but a better option might be to tell him that you'd be happy to explore his tushy. The pleasure he receives may make you more comfortable with the idea and make him more sensitive to the fact that anal penetration is not something a person jumps into.

I am a 29-year-old professional woman who exclusively dated a 26-year-old man for three months. We stopped seeing each other because he refused to make a formal commitment. His reasoning: I wasn't exhibiting loyalty or faithfulness because I didn't stop seeing my friends at clubs after he'd expressed his disapproval of this behavior. He had stopped going out with his friends and felt that I should do the same. Should I have been more considerate?—P.A., Miami, Florida


Here's what you need to do: For the next week, you are not going to wear panties. It will be unprofessional and very naughty, and you're overdue. Next, if you happen to see your ex at the country club, you are going to inform him that you already have a father and you don't need another. According to our etiquette book, "Fuck off and good-bye" is the proper send-off. Finally, you're going to continue your quest for a normal guy—one who likes to hang out with you, your friends and his friends—and whose passion leaves you fumbling for words.

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





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RADAR LOVE

Cops adore their new speed guns. You won't



Even the Bandit wouldn't have seen it coming. In less than a third of a second, the latest police laser speed guns take several hundred readings from the license plate or headlight of an approaching vehicle and calculate its speed. At 500 feet, the gun's beam is just 18 inches in diameter, compared with the 150-foot swath of radar that dashboard detectors can more easily pick up. According to field tests organized by Carl Fors of Speed Measurement Laboratories, your detector may sense the light beam at 1,000 feet, but by then it's already too late. At 500 feet, you'll hear nothing. Some guns have digital cameras that snap a photo of your car and its license plate, then add a speed-time-date stamp for the judge. This allows the officer to skip court. (As long as you trust the technology, it also prevents arbitrary tickets.) The most

advanced guns shoot through snow, rain and windshields, which lets the officer sit inside the cruiser. They also indicate when the gun is being jammed or if a vehicle has a detector. Leadfoots, beware.



The Falcon K band radar gun (left) is among the most popular hand-helds in the U.S. Big-city officers are increasingly equipped with laser guns such as the Pro Laser III (right) because they let them isolate vehicles from the pack on a busy highway.



To fire this laser gun, the cop peers through the heads-up display, aims a red dot at the front license plate and presses the trigger.

The next big thing will be zonal radar, which allows officers to see the speed of every vehicle on a stretch of highway, much as an air traffic controller views the skies. The map is projected onto the cop's windshield or sent to a laptop. Unlike radar, laser guns must be held stationary. But prototypes may let troopers take instant speed readings while in motion. We will also see systems that read and check passing plates for scofflaws.



Be careful with wacky trademark art. The Man may not like it



Perhaps there is a corporation somewhere that appreciates art inspired by and containing bits of its trademarks. But Carrie McLaren hasn't discovered it. Concerned that companies are using intellectual property laws to stifle free speech, the editor of *Stay Free* magazine organized an exhibit called *Illegal Art: Freedom of Expression in the Corporate Age*

(the headline above uses an alphabet, created from product packaging, by Heidi Cody). The exhibit, which includes music and videos, runs October 3 to November 2 at the Nexus Gallery in Philadelphia. It can also be seen online at illegal-art.org. These days, prudent pop, collage and hip-hop artists consult with lawyers before sharing their work. Even the threat of a lawsuit can keep art out of view.

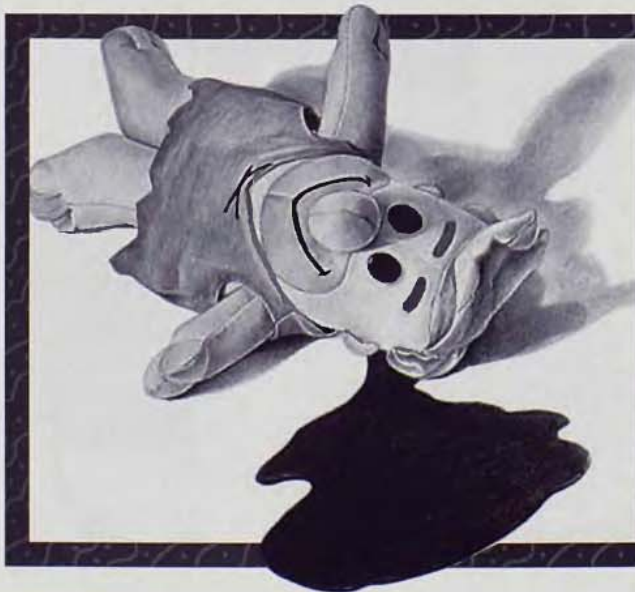


Disney won big when the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a 20-year extension on copyrights, preventing Mickey from entering the public domain. In 2001 Bill Barminski took a little air out of the celebrated rodent

with this gas mask. The most famous Disney parody was created in 1967 by Wally Wood. His *Disneyland Memorial Orgy*, which you can savor online, made Walt's lawyers hyperventilate.

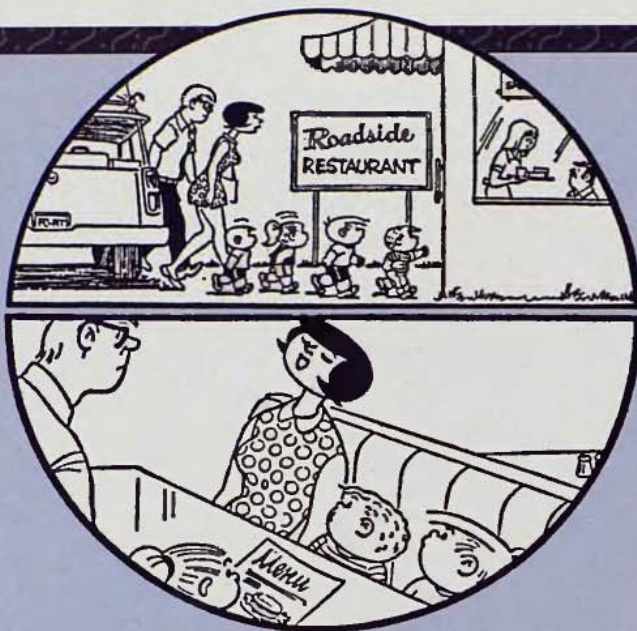


Biggie, Eazy-E and Tupac surely never anticipated that they would be immortalized as Pez dispensers (the *Fallen Rappers* series, above). The artist, Packard Jennings, wrote the president of Pez Candy to suggest the company start production. It respectfully declined.



When it comes to parodies, Canada's copyright laws are more restrictive than those in the U.S. That's why a lawyer advised artist Diana Thorneycroft not to display these pencil drawings from her series *Foul Play*. Thorneycroft says they reflect how society ignores the violence that is often part of child's play.





"Oh honey, I didn't realize your toe was so big!"

The Family Circus, created by Bil Keane in 1960, appears in more than 1,500 newspapers, making it the most widely syndicated comic. Since at least the early 1980s satirists have mocked the panel's sappy disposition by inserting edgier captions. The *Dysfunctional Family Circus* became an underground hit. A popular interactive online version shut down in 1999 after Keane grew impatient with its virulent humor and asked King Features lawyers to send a cease-and-desist letter.



Mattel is known for its rigorous defense of all things Barbie. In 1999 it sued photographer Tom Forsythe for trademark and copyright infringement for this and similar images in his series *Food Chain Barbie*. Forsythe won in federal court; the case is on appeal.



Starbucks went wild when it spotted this political art; it sued artist Kieron Dwyer, who sold comics, shirts and stickers that displayed it. A judge limited the enterprise, allowing Dwyer to post the image online.



When the Chicago Athenaeum Museum hung *The Last Pancake Breakfast* in 2001, Dick Detzner expected to hear protests from corporations about his use of their carefully managed mascots. Instead, suburban Catholics raised a fuss. Other paintings in Detzner's *Corporate Sacrilege* series depict Jesus on a Wheaties box, Ronald McDonald crucified on the Golden Arches and an angel at the last moment preventing the Green Giant from sacrificing his pint-size companion Sprout.

R E A D E R

RADIO FREE AMERICA

As a Clear Channel radio programmer, I have read a lot of trash about the company. But nothing has set my blood boiling more than your article "The Death of Radio" (*The Playboy Forum*, August). The list of 150 songs that circulated among programmers after September 11 was not a corporate mandate to stop playing that particular music. It was a list compiled and traded by those who thought some sensitivity was in order. Some programmers removed all or some of the songs from their playlists based on the demographics of their listeners or the time of day the song might play. Our job is to get people to like our stations. The only thing we are required to do is not put the station's license in jeopardy, which is true of any broadcaster.

Further, the concert division of Clear Channel does not tell the radio division to play or not play a song. And what's wrong with sponsoring Glenn Beck's Rally for America? Beck works for Clear Channel and is heard on many of its stations.

Your sidebar lists songs that you claim Clear Channel stations wouldn't play because they referred to the war in Iraq. According to BDS and Mediabase, which track music airplay, those songs are barely played on any stations anywhere. There is no conspiracy at Clear Channel.

Steve King
Operations manager
KRQQ/KOHT
Tucson, Arizona

I grew up in Oklahoma in the 1960s, when the only choices offered to listeners were Lawrence Welk and the Beatles. Until the advent of public radio, about the only access I had to classical and jazz was by mail order. Greedy people have always controlled commercial radio. It's gotten worse lately, but the seeds were sown years ago. To all the rockers complaining about not being able to hear their favorite music: Welcome to the club.

Jim Briscoe
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



FOR THE RECORD

PROPAGANDA PLEA

"I heard that a fellow's car wouldn't start the other day, and he blamed the Patriot Act."

—Attorney General John Ashcroft, addressing editors, publishers and TV executives at a conference on journalism and homeland security. He asked for the media's help in "portraying accurately the USA Patriot Act," the post-September 11 legislation that many critics feel has damaged civil liberties. For instance, Ashcroft said of roving wiretaps: "This isn't something new, this isn't something different, this isn't some vast incursion into the freedoms of the American people. This is a time-tested, law-enforcement-honored and court-sanctioned technique which is now being extended into the arena of terror."

Thank you for your article on Clear Channel. Last year I launched the Enchanted Woods (elvinsystems.com/invision/index.php), an online discussion board that serves as a gathering place for street teams, the modern equivalent of fan clubs. We don't like the pay-for-play philosophy some corporations have adopted. Instead, through activism on behalf of our favorite bands, we hope to bring to the web some of the magic of artists such as the Real Don Steele, Sawyer Brown, B. Mitch Reed, Jeff Gonzer, Steven Clean, Mary "Taco"

Turner, Dr. Demento, Dick "Haynes at the Reins" Haynes, Harry Newman, Jay Lawrence and Sammy Jackson.

We hoped fans who visited our board would support independent radio stations that played their requests. That didn't happen. Instead, fans spent a lot of time bickering among themselves. Just when we were about to give up, DJs from independent stations began e-mailing us with thanks. They were using our boards to learn more about the bands they were playing. There are good radio stations out there. Support them!

Gayle Noble
Boulder Creek, California

BUDGET-DEFICIT BLUES

Contrary to what Ted Fishman believes, our current economic situation is not George W. Bush's fault ("Class '03: You're Screwed," *The Playboy Forum*, August). Clinton-era prosperity was due to the economic policies of the Reagan era. And don't forget that the market began to take a downturn while Slick Willy was still in the Oval Office. I agree that the tax system is unfair. That's why we need a flat rate of 10 percent with no deductions. Finally, Social Security is fundamentally flawed—it's a communist idea in a capitalist economy.

Michael Schena
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Fishman boasts of projected surpluses when the Democrats were in power. Sensible people would prefer to have that money themselves. After all, taxes create surpluses. And to blame Bush for the thousands of jobs lost after terrorists attacked our nation is ridiculous. Yes, we should question our leaders, but PLAYBOY seems interested in publishing only articles that are the equivalent of a caveman snarling, "Democrats good! Republicans bad!"

Bryan Scofield
Tampa, Florida

Even though I haven't reached the middle class, I never objected to tax

RESPONSE

hikes under Bill Clinton because I always had a job that allowed me to contribute. My taxes were repaid when the government helped care for my grandmother as she was dying of leukemia. Yet last year, while I was unemployed for six months, I still had to pay taxes. Where was my tax cut, Mr. Bush?

Wylie Hnat
Iowa City, Iowa

According to the numbers I've seen, the projected budget deficit for this year is \$416 billion, excluding Social Security. That's a loss of at least \$1 billion a day. In just over two years in office, Bush has done more damage to the United States than all the presidents before him. Our country is being looted, and we stand here waving our flags. We are a nation in deep denial.

Marc Perkel
San Francisco, California

We can thank Bush for the reduction in capital-gains tax rates from 20 percent to 15 percent and an exemption on the double taxation of corporate dividends. The stock and bond markets will once again replenish government revenue, not just in Washington but also on the state and local levels. By the way, did Fishman reimburse the U.S. Treasury for his tax refund in the name of a debt-free future?

Casey Carlton
Staten Island, New York

Fishman's mindless liberal spin is the same thing that comes out of Paul Begala's mouth on *Crossfire*. Here are a few facts he chose to ignore: (1) The late-1990s boom was a smaller version of the late-1920s boom. Both had more to do with investors losing their minds than with the president. (2) The latest investment binge would not have happened without the bipartisan financial deregulation efforts of the 1980s. (3) Clinton's projected surplus was no more accurate than Enron's projected earnings. (4) Republicans say deficits are bad if a Democrat is president but okay if a Republican is president. Democrats say deficits are bad if a Republican is president but okay if a Democrat is president. (5) When you compare the economy during Clinton's first term with that during Bush's current term, they are nearly identical, so in theory a Bush second term could turn out to be as good economically as Clinton's.

(6) The only way to fix Social Security is to take "golden parachute" retirement away from Congress and to make its members as dependent on Social Security as everyone else is. If that happened, they would fix the problem.

Quit trying to BS your readers. One can make plenty of valid arguments against a second Bush term. Instead of blaming him for every problem, spend more time persuading people that the Democrats can do better. I'm waiting for John McCain to form a third party and run for president with retired general Wesley Clark on his ticket.

Ben VanWagner
Hot Springs, Arkansas

Fishman conveniently ignores the influence on the economy of September 11 and the crash of technology stocks. Does he actually believe that Bush can press a red button to have a great economy or a blue button to create a recession? Maybe he pushes the red, white and blue patriotic Republican button to piss off girlyman liberals. I don't care what it costs me as long as I don't have to experience another September 11. I'm sure all the soldiers overseas loved reading Fishman's article. Way to boost their morale.

Craig Peate
Lincoln, Nebraska

Most of what a sitting president does doesn't come to fruition until after he leaves office. Fishman credits Clinton for initiatives that started before he began his first term. Maybe if Clinton had

spent as much money chasing Osama bin Laden as he did pursuing Bill Gates, September 11 wouldn't have happened. Bush didn't "steal" anybody's future. Each person is responsible for making his or her own way in this world.

D.M. Copp
Acworth, Georgia

Fishman eloquently explains why this is the most corrupt administration ever. Thanks for calling crooks crooks.

Peter Martin
Salisbury, Connecticut

Fishman needs a time line. The economy began to sink in March 2000. I had a 15 percent loss in my 401(k) at the end of the second quarter and another 18 percent loss after the third. I lost a third of my net worth while Bush was still a candidate. Then I lost my job. Things are bad enough for people like me who are just getting back to work after a two-year layoff. Let's not play politics when this is simply a matter of the economy's natural expansion and contraction.

Matthew Gentry
Sterling Heights, Michigan

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 us at 212-957-2900. Include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM FYI

Political humorist John Wooden runs the websites GWBush.com, WhiteHouse.org and PsychedelicRepublicans.com, where he sells sets of 24 trading cards that include all our favorite trippy right-wingers.



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

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—Gallup recently polled 1,005 U.S. adults to gauge the moral temper of the nation. Who would most respondents place in the



equivalent of a stockade? Most said that adultery (93 percent), homosexuality (52 percent) and abortion (53 percent) are morally unacceptable (although 80 percent felt abortion should be legal in some circumstances). At the same time, most respondents were tolerant of gambling (63 percent said it's okay), divorce (66 percent), medical testing on animals (63 percent), sex without marriage (58 percent) and having a baby out of wedlock (51 percent).

NON-EXPRESSIVE SEX

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA—Three police officers posted photos of themselves having sex with their wives on a private website. Although their faces were digitally distorted and the site made no mention of their jobs, the county sheriff fired the men. Two of the officers sued. A judge threw out the case because, he said, the First Amendment does not protect the display of group sex acts online.

CANADA GOES TO POT

TORONTO—Canada's justice minister wants to lower the penalty for possessing small amounts of marijuana.

Teens holding up to 15 grams (about 20 joints' worth) would be fined the equivalent of U.S. \$70; adults \$100. At the same time, anyone caught growing a single plant would face up to a year in jail and a fine of \$3,500. A *Toronto Star* columnist noted, "The government is effectively telling tokers, 'Don't grow your own. Buy it on the corner instead.'"

GENDER MENDERS

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—Students at all-female Smith College voted to change every *she* and *her* in the student constitution to *student*. Advocates of the measure said they wanted to be supportive of classmates who may later have sex-change operations.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO—In his eulogy for an 80-year-old man who hadn't attended mass in about a year, a Roman Catholic priest allegedly shocked mourners by declaring that God "vomited people like Ben out of his mouth to hell." Nine family members sued. The archdiocese denies the charge, saying that the priest had only been quoting a Bible verse that states, "Because you are lukewarm, I will vomit you out of my mouth."

HAPPY TRAILS

ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY—During a kindergarten commencement ceremony, a vice principal told parents to take a good look at the assembled students because "a third will not graduate from high school or will not make it to high school because they will be too busy drugging, drinking or getting pregnant." He later apologized.

CAMP BAREASS

LAND O' LAKES, FLORIDA—For the past decade, children age 11 and older have attended a weeklong, clothing-free summer camp run by the American Association for Nude Recreation. When U.S. Representative Mark Foley read about the camp in *The New York Times*, the Florida Republican called for an investigation. "What's wrong

with your kids going to Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls or sports camps?" he asked parents who send their children to the camp. An AANR spokesman replied, "Kids are natural nudists. It's so cute to see naked babies and toddlers. But as we mature, somehow that is no longer seen as a wholesome, healthy thing."

ORAL PRESENTATION

ST. CLAIR SHORES, MICHIGAN—A girl allegedly performed oral sex on a 14-year-old classmate while they were in science class. After the school suspended both students, the boy's parents sued, arguing that their son had been victimized and had "no legal duty" to stop the girl.

STRIP SEARCH

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA—A police officer responded to a noise complaint at a bachelorette party. Assuming he was a stripper in costume, the women laughed as he issued them a ticket. After checking for outstanding warrants on the bride-to-be, the officer discovered she had not paid an \$11 summons issued two years earlier for



possessing an open container of alcohol. Even as the officer handcuffed the woman and led her away for a trip to the lockup, her friends continued to ask him, "Are you going to start stripping?"

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After Aging

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: QUENTIN TARANTINO

A candid conversation with Hollywood's punk auteur about doing drugs, getting laid, the secrets of Pulp Fiction and how Kill Bill ended up as a two-parter

At first Quentin Tarantino wanted *Kill Bill* to be a small homage to samurai films, a modest vehicle for his *Pulp Fiction* star Uma Thurman. She would play the Bride, a sword-wielding assassin who rises from her deathbed to carve up hundreds of villains standing between her and the mysterious Bill.

Just as in a Tarantino movie, though, strange twists were in store. Somewhere between original concept and final production, *Kill Bill*, Tarantino's first feature in more than five years, became an epic. After nine months of shooting, a budget that surpassed \$50 million (compared with the \$8 million he spent on *Pulp Fiction*) and three hours of final footage, the decision was made to slice *Bill* into two freestanding movies that will hit theaters in quick succession. It's a risky, groundbreaking, in-your-face move, and that's exactly how the boy wonder of art-house violence likes it.

Tarantino forever will be known for *Pulp Fiction*. That gloriously bloody follow-up to *Reservoir Dogs* had far-reaching impact, way beyond winning Tarantino the Palme d'Or at Cannes and an Oscar for best screenplay and beyond making Tarantino the indie-film equivalent of a rock star who spawns a legion of imitators.

Pulp Fiction instantly turned John Travolta from a has-been into a \$20 million-a-picture superstar. More significantly, it transformed

Miramax from an art-house haven into a major studio. Tarantino's impact on Miramax has been so profound that studio chief Harvey Weinstein has likened it to Mickey Mouse's on Disney. Weinstein gives Tarantino more artistic freedom than just about any other Hollywood director. Who else but Tarantino could have gotten the notoriously tough Weinstein to say yes to casting the long-forgotten David Carradine as Bill in *Kill Bill*?

Born in Tennessee and raised in Torrance, California, Tarantino dropped out of school in the ninth grade. After jobs that included working as an usher in a porn theater, he got the equivalent of a film degree working behind the counter of a video-rental store in Manhattan Beach, California. He watched thousands of movies belonging to every imaginable genre before finding his own voice writing the films *True Romance*, *From Dusk Till Dawn* and *Natural Born Killers* and directing *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*.

Still, it has been six years since Tarantino followed *Pulp Fiction* with his critically and commercially disappointing *Elmore Leonard* novel adaptation, *Jackie Brown*. In the interim he's annoyed critics by starring in numerous films and a Broadway play, and he has become renowned for a series of high-profile celebrity brawls. It was clearly time to get back to work.

Kill Bill is based on Tarantino's first original screenplay since *Pulp Fiction*. He met with *Variety* columnist Michael Fleming on several nights in Hollywood, once coming from a screening of his favorite film, *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, another time from the editing room where he was putting the finishing touches on a *Kill Bill* fight scene so huge it cost nearly as much as the entire budget for *Pulp Fiction*. Despite a bad-boy image, Tarantino was charming and disarming, no matter who interrupted him. He was even polite to a woman who tried to engage him in a long-winded discussion of numerology.

PLAYBOY: It has been six years since *Jackie Brown*. Why so long? The rumors were that you had writer's block and anxiety because you were doing your first original work since *Pulp Fiction*.

TARANTINO: I didn't have writer's block at all. I did so much writing in those six years, I'm hooked up for a while now. I wrote a big war film, and it was like a gigantic novel. I ended up writing about three war films in the course of writing one, *Inglorious Bastards*. I had no anxiety about writing *Kill Bill*, but I was precious about it. It wasn't like I was afraid to let the world see it. I just wanted it to be really good. It took me a year to write one big fight sequence in *Kill Bill*.



"The first time I went to the Great Wall of China it was like an all-night rave. They had rock bands, fireworks. We were smoking pot and doing E. It's a great way to see the wall for the first time."



"How much do I want to whip this guy's ass? He was a big black guy, and they're used to white guys backing down. I don't back down, especially to big black guys. That gives me a psychological advantage."



"When I started going on the film festival circuit, I was getting laid all the time. I went crazy for a little bit. There was a lot of making up for lost time. What handsome guys did in their 20s, I did in my 30s."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO ROSE

PLAYBOY: Orson Welles and Peter Bogdanovich also made groundbreaking films early on. They failed to measure up afterward and seemed shackled by people's expectations. Is that perilous?

TARANTINO: I love being shackled with expectations. I've never had a problem with that. I'm not trying to re-create the phenomenon of *Pulp Fiction*, but I intend to keep breaking ground. There is nothing about the success and recognition *Pulp Fiction* got that is bad or negative in any way. *Blade Runner* didn't get appreciated until 10 years later. That's how I thought my life was going to go. I didn't think I'd get such cause and effect—bam!—during the theatrical release of the movie.

PLAYBOY: What ground are you breaking with *Kill Bill*?

TARANTINO: I don't think that way. People will view it and filter it back to me. I've been having this conversation for some time, because as far as some people were concerned, *Reservoir Dogs* was as good as it was going to get. This poor, silly boy is trying to follow up *Reservoir Dogs*? If somebody had asked what ground was being broken in *Pulp Fiction*, I'd have said none. It's just what I wanted to see in a movie, what I thought would be cool. I'm not surprised when people are surprised. They haven't seen all the movies I have, and they're not prepared for all the jerking around of the senses. They're not as bored with movies as I am. I need to do those things to make the experience worthwhile.

PLAYBOY: This film was supposed to be a small movie before your big World War II film. Now *Kill Bill* is so big it has been split into two movies that cost six times what *Pulp Fiction* did. How did that happen?

TARANTINO: When Uma's husband, Ethan Hawke, read it the first time, he said, "Quentin, if this is the epic you're doing before you do your epic, I'm afraid to see your epic." It's become a full-on epic exploitation movie. Hopefully, it's the movie that every exploitation-movie lover has always wished for. It doesn't have the pretentiousness of a big movie epic. This is made for black theaters, for exploitation cinema that covers the entire globe.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it awkward, splitting a single movie into two parts?

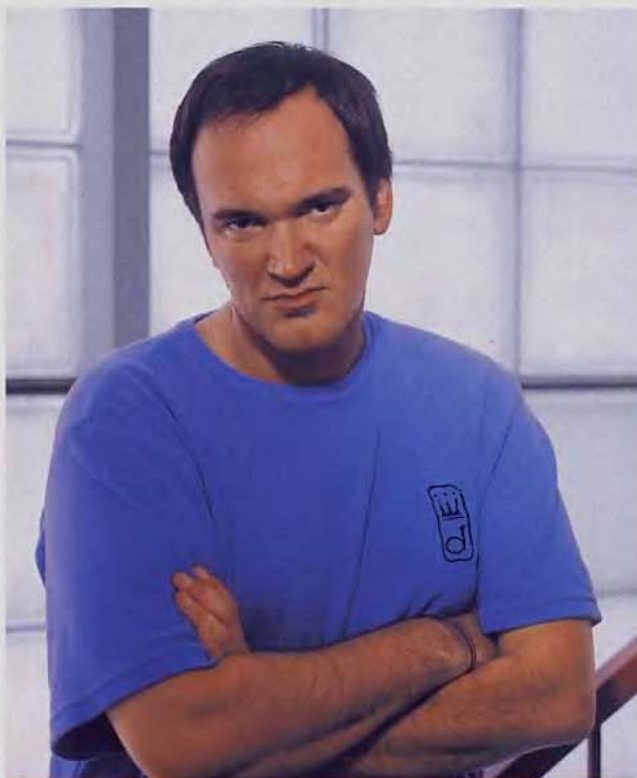
TARANTINO: There were no obstacles. I've always designed movies to be malleable. For instance, I've always designed different versions for Asia and for America and Europe. I don't make movies for America; I make movies for the world.

In the last month of shooting, when Harvey Weinstein came to the set and

brought up the idea of splitting the movie into two parts, within an hour I had figured out how it would work. We shot two opening sequences, all kinds of stuff. This is my tribute to grind-house cinema, and something was bothering me about releasing a three-hour grind-house movie. It seemed pretentious, like an art film meditation on a grind-house movie. Two 90-minute movies coming out fairly rapidly, one after another—that's not pretentious, that's ambitious.

PLAYBOY: Will the abundance of blood in *Kill Bill* limit your audience?

TARANTINO: I like that it's violent as hell, but it's also fun as hell. It doesn't take place in this universe but in the movie universe these movies take place in. This



You'll read about someone taking a swipe at you, making fun of your looks. Who needs that shit?

is a movie that knows it's a movie. You may like the movie, you may not like the movie. But if you're a movie lover and have good knowledge, you can't help but smile at this thing, because it's just so movie-mad obsessed. It makes its own universe out of all these different genres.

Harvey Weinstein was worried at one point that women would be turned off by the violence. I said, "Don't worry. They're going to love the movie. They'll be very empowered by it." I think 13-year-old girls will love *Kill Bill*. I want young girls to be able to see it. They're going to love Uma's character, the Bride. They have my permission to buy a ticket for another movie and sneak into *Kill Bill*. That's money I'm okay not making.

When I was a kid, I used to go into theaters when they didn't have the name of the movies on the ticket. I'm a theater-sneaker-inner from way back.

PLAYBOY: You conceived *Kill Bill* with Uma Thurman on the set of *Pulp Fiction*. Then she and Ethan Hawke conceived a child. You had to decide whether to wait or to replace her. Your long layoff must have left you tempted to find someone else.

TARANTINO: I definitely thought about it for two to three weeks. It was a decision I had to make.

PLAYBOY: Did she talk you out of it? This is her meatiest role since *Pulp Fiction*.

TARANTINO: Uma was so invested, so in love with this movie, it would have broken her heart if I'd gone with anybody else. At the same time, she didn't want to ruin my life. She was having her baby, and this was mine. She was going to let me decide. And I decided. It needed to be her. If you're Sergio Leone and you've got Eastwood in *A Fistful of Dollars* and he gets sick, you wait for him. If you're Josef von Sternberg doing *Morocco* and Marlene Dietrich breaks her leg, you wait.

PLAYBOY: Warren Beatty signed on to play Bill. He was replaced by David Carradine, which keeps alive your tradition of recycling forgotten actors such as John Travolta, Pam Grier and Robert Forster. Why didn't Warren make the film?

TARANTINO: He wanted to. Then, as it got a little closer, things changed. He thought it was a bit more of a commitment than I'd let on. Bill doesn't show up until almost the end, but Warren would have had to go through the three months of kung fu training that everyone else went through. He wasn't prepared for two months in L.A. and a month in China.

PLAYBOY: So he would have had to leave his family.

TARANTINO: Just like everybody else. Vivica Fox left her family,

and she worked only a week and a half. She spent three months in training, including a month in Beijing, and her scene was shot here six months later. She didn't like it, but when that week and a half came, she kicked ass like you wouldn't believe. I needed that commitment.

PLAYBOY: Who thought of Carradine?

TARANTINO: Warren did. I'd thought of Carradine after reading his autobiography but never told anybody. Warren suggested him out of the blue, and I laughed. The minute he said that, that kind of became the deal.

PLAYBOY: David Carradine has a reputation for being somewhat eccentric.

TARANTINO: I'm a huge fan of his. Along with a few actors such as Jack Nicholson

and Christopher Walken, David is one of the great mad geniuses of the acting community. There is also the aspect of having Gordon Liu, representing Hong Kong, Sonny Chiba, representing Japan, and David Carradine, star of *Kung Fu*, representing America—a literal round-up of the three countries that made martial arts the genre that it is.

PLAYBOY: What is it like for a young guy to be transformed overnight from a film geek into a rock star, as you were when *Pulp Fiction* came out?

TARANTINO: Let's make it clear that we're using the rock star thing because you brought it up.

PLAYBOY: Did your sudden fame change the way women regard you? Do rock star directors have groupies?

TARANTINO: Even before *Pulp Fiction* I started discovering how cool it is to be a director. When I started going on the film festival circuit, I was getting laid all the time. I'd never been out of the country before, and not only was I getting laid, I was getting laid by foreign chicks. When I wasn't getting laid I'd find myself making out with some Italian girl who was the spitting image of Michelle Pfeiffer.

PLAYBOY: Were these women you would dream about when you were a minimum-wage guy?

TARANTINO: No, it wasn't quite *Revenge of the Nerds*. I always really liked beautiful women and interesting women. I never walked around thinking I was this geek who could never get anybody. I never felt any girl was unattainable, as long as she got to know me. But when you spend most of your time renting videos at the Video Archives, it's hard to meet girls unless you're in a situation where they're around. The entire time I was at the video store, my only dates were with customers. Other than that, I'd hang out with my dateless friends and go to movies.

The minute I started working at places where I had more natural contact with women, it became a whole different story. I felt like Elvis when I was meeting girls on the festival circuit. I went crazy for a little bit—a lot of making out. I love kissing. I'm a good kisser.

PLAYBOY: What about foot massages, the kind you popularized in *Pulp Fiction*?

TARANTINO: I've been known to give a good foot massage. But with *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction* it just went off the hook. There was a lot of making up for lost time. What handsome guys did in their 20s, I did in my 30s. When you become famous, it's cool. I can go by myself into a bar I've never been in before, and in no time I'll have a couple girls around me, if not more. I usually go home with a couple phone numbers, and I'm not asking for them. If I go into a strip club now and play my cards right, I can take one of the strippers home. If I go to get a lap dance when it's close to the end of the night, when they're getting ready to close up, and the girl knows who I am, she'll

QUENTIN'S MAGIC TOUCH

Sometimes Tarantino saves a career, sometimes he doesn't



JOHN TRAVOLTA/*Pulp Fiction*

Before QT: The ultimate fallen idol couldn't get arrested in early-1990s Hollywood—even though those talking-baby flicks were a capitol offense. **After QT:** In one masterstroke, Tarantino gave Vinnie B. an Oscar-nominated, \$20 million comeback. But now he's fading again. Is more QT help on the way?



SAMUEL L. JACKSON/*Pulp Fiction*

Before QT: Jackson spent years doing bits in everything from *The Exorcist III* to *Goodfellas*. **After QT:** As a deadly cool, Bible-spouting hit man he won an Oscar nomination and instant stardom. Now he's rich and famous enough to waste his brilliance on crap like *XXX* and turgid *Star Wars* sequels.



UMA THURMAN/*Pulp Fiction*

Before QT: When Quentin met Uma, she was best known for artsy duds like *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. *Pulp*'s hypo to the heart sent her to the A-list. **After QT:** Tarantino wrote *Kill Bill* for Uma, then stuck with her during baby delays. Will it karate-kick her into high gear or send her back to Cultville?



BRIDGET FONDA/*Jackie Brown*

Before QT: Fonda had made more than 30 movies without a real hit. Tarantino shrewdly cast her as a drugged-out, TV-addicted surfer bunny. Fonda scored, but the movie didn't. **After QT:** She was even better as the scary wife in *A Simple Plan*, which flopped, as did *Monkeybone*. Curse, anyone?



DAVID CARRADINE/*Kill Bill*

Before QT: Some count Tarantino's casting of the spooky dude from the old *Kung Fu* TV show as his biggest gamble yet, especially since he seemed to have disappeared for years. **After QT:** Sure, Tarantino's faith in Carradine could blow up in his face like a trick cigar, but our dough's on the thin man.



CHRIS PENN/*Reservoir Dogs*

Before QT: Sean's little brother worked with such big-timers as Coppola (*Rumble Fish*) and Eastwood (*Pale Rider*) but never caught fire. Tarantino exploited his mopey surliness as a mob boss's son. **After QT:** *Beethoven's 2nd*? *Corky Romano*? Clearly, Tarantino's magic doesn't always work.



PAM GRIER/*Jackie Brown*

Before QT: *Bloxploitation's* gunslinger goddess scorched the psyche of 1970s fan Tarantino. But director worship of a 40-something cult stor doth not a hit make. **After QT:** She's been stuck trifling with Snoop Dogg in *Bones* and Eddie Murphy in *Pluto Nash* when she ought to be making those fools her bitches.



QUENTIN TARANTINO/*Kill Bill*

Before QT: No one's worked harder to turn Quentin Tarantino into a movie star than Quentin Tarantino. He's stuck himself in everything he's directed thus far and has even managed to get a few of his director buddies to follow suit. **After QT:** As an actor he's a great director. —STEPHEN REBELLO

HOT
WARM
COLD

probably ask if I want to go out for coffee. **PLAYBOY:** What was the biggest surprise about the women?

TARANTINO: One thing I wasn't expecting—I really got a kick out of it—was getting really sexy fan mail.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean nude pictures?

TARANTINO: I never really got nude pictures. I would get girls who have really big crushes on me writing about that, whether they're 12 or 13 or 25. I also got sex letters, and those were pretty cool. The girls had done some thinking about my sexuality. Some of the pictures and letters were brilliant.

PLAYBOY: Highlights, please.

TARANTINO: One girl sent me a can of tennis balls, with a picture and a note that said, "Now you've got the balls, give me a call."

PLAYBOY: Did you call?

TARANTINO: I did, but she was in St. Louis, and I wasn't going to travel. I followed up on a few of the letters. One girl, I'll never forget her. I don't think I called her; I was afraid she was a little too young. In her picture, she could have been 20, or she could have been 15. She was a young black girl. I was doing *From Dusk Till Dawn* with George Clooney. After I read the letter, I went banging on his trailer. I went in and read it to him, and he was like, "Whoa!"

PLAYBOY: He gets good letters too.

TARANTINO: We had a good time reading each other our sex mail. This one was so imaginative. First she's telling me what movies she'd like to watch with me, talking like a cool film-geek kind of girl, and then she starts getting into dirty stuff. She mentions kissing for hours. Then she writes, "I want to dress you in a French maid outfit, and while I sit in a chair in a garter belt and panties, smoking a cigarette, I'll make you pick up every piece of lint off the carpet. And I'm not going to be easy about it! You're going to have to get right down on your hands and knees, and I want that carpet completely clean as I smoke cigarettes."

PLAYBOY: You spent four months in China shooting *Kill Bill*. How does a guy entertain himself in a communist country?

TARANTINO: The nightlife in China is off the hook. If you've ever seen Sixth Street in Austin, Texas, that street with all the bars, well, they've got five streets like that in Beijing, and the bars are open all night. We worked six-day weeks in China and did a lot of partying on our day off. When we finished shooting, we would go out. We were up all night on Saturdays, and we would sleep all day on Sunday. China is the ecstasy capital of the world right now. They have E there that's beyond acid. It's wild. We had a good goddamn time in China.

PLAYBOY: You did ecstasy?

TARANTINO: Yes. The first time I went to the Great Wall of China it was like an all-night rave. They had rock bands, fireworks. We were smoking pot and doing

E. It was great. Me and a bunch of the crew partied like rock stars all night. It's a great way to see the wall the first time.

PLAYBOY: You write about bad guys who navigate through the worst trouble imaginable. What's the worst situation you've had to get out of? Was it the time you spent in jail?

TARANTINO: I went to the county jail three different times, all for traffic stuff. I was in my 20s and broke, barely making \$8,000 a year. If I got caught for traffic stuff, I had to do the days because I couldn't pay. When your car's outlawed and you have no insurance, if you get a ticket you can't fix it. You just do the days and try not to get caught again for a while.

PLAYBOY: You pummeled a producer of *Natural Born Killers* at a Hollywood restaurant and scrapped in a New York City bar with a guy who objected to the way you refer to blacks in your movies. Do you have too quick a temper?

TARANTINO: I don't think I have a quick temper. I can get into a discussion, and that argument can get heated. I'm not going to take it to a violent place, because I know there is no limit to where I

"Boom! I punched him. The bouncers grabbed me, and then the guy tried to bite me in my breast. He took a big bite out of me, right by my nipple. What an asshole."

could go with that. Depending on how thick the shit gets, I'll go all the way if I need to. I don't want to. Life will be a lot easier if I don't. I can get really mad at somebody, but I'm never afraid that I'll hit them or step over that line. But the minute they do, I'm all there.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you got into a physical altercation?

TARANTINO: Well, for a while it was happening a lot. There was a third incident that nobody knew about, with a cabdriver. I was with a girl, and he was really rude. I got into an argument with him. We were yelling at each other, and he said something about her. I went around the side of the cab and beat him up. Bouncers from a club pulled me off him, and he drove away. Those two other things had just happened, and I remember thinking, Is this worth \$30,000, the amount I'll have to pay when this guy figures out who I am? How much do I want to whip this guy's ass? He was a big black guy, and they're used to white guys backing down. I don't back down, especially to big black guys. That gives me a psychological advantage. When I don't back down, they have to stop and think,

Why didn't he back down? He came out of the car and said, "Come on, mother-fucker!" Right then the \$30,000 went out of my head, and all I was thinking was, I'm going to get my money's worth.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

TARANTINO: I did. *Boom!* I punched him. The bouncers grabbed me, and then the guy tried to bite me in my breast. He took a big bite out of me, right by my nipple. What a fucking asshole!

PLAYBOY: Talk about a plot twist. You probably never expected to get milked.

TARANTINO: The only reason he didn't really fuck me up was he was too greedy. He took too big a bite. Had he taken a small bite, I might not have a nipple now. He barely broke the skin because he had too much flesh in his mouth.

PLAYBOY: Did it cost you \$30,000?

TARANTINO: No, I did something smart. I said to myself, I'm not going to call my publicist; I'm not telling anybody. I didn't want to release it into the atmosphere, figuring I had about five days before he figured out who I was. It wasn't till two months later that I told friends I'd gotten into this fight.

PLAYBOY: Fighting lends to your mystique. Why are people so intrigued by you?

TARANTINO: Two things. They are digging on my movies. Maybe I turned them on to movies they'd never seen before. Then there's my personal American-dream story that maybe they saw me tell on *The Tonight Show* or read in interviews. I'm open, and what you see is what you get. That is something that made me sick of the media for a bit, because it seemed like they were making fun of me for being me. That sounds like some poor-baby thing, but once you're an adult, people don't make fun of you anymore—not to your face.

PLAYBOY: You become a caricature.

TARANTINO: You'll read about someone taking a swipe, making fun of your looks—my hair, my jaw or the way I talk. I've gotten over it, but it hurt my feelings. I wasn't expecting that. Who needs that shit? I didn't want to go through that shit in high school; that's why I dropped out. You think, They're always complaining about everybody being so guarded. I'm not guarded, and I'm paying for it. I'm over it now, though.

PLAYBOY: For both *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction* you were accused of borrowing elements from obscure Hong Kong films. Tell us the influences that went into *Pulp Fiction*. The scene in which Bruce Willis and Ving Rhames are brawling, fall into a pawnshop and end up captured by redneck homosexual rapists, where did that come from?

TARANTINO: I don't know exactly how those things happen. I'm about not getting too analytical beforehand and just letting stories take the turns they take.


PLAYBOY: You could compare that pawnshop scene to John Boorman's *Deliverance*,

(continued on page 140)

STOLICHNAYA.



To the girls in the far booth.
Even if they don't know us yet.



Vazhna Mera
(Enjoy Stoli Responsibly.)

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RUSSIAN VODKA



GOD AND SATAN IN BENTONVILLE

BY DAN BAUM

Wal-Mart, America's largest corporation, smites its competitors, casts out mom and pop and enforces Christian values—all from its birthplace in a small Arkansas town. Our reporter roams the epicenter of retail's Evil Empire

THANK YOU, MR. SAM

It is a little past midnight in Bentonville, Arkansas, and Alice is on her knees on a cold linoleum floor, feverishly moving bottles of Woolite from a stack of cartons to a perforated steel shelf. The air is redolent of cotton candy and popcorn, and even in the dead of night Wal-Mart's flagship store is as busy as a carnival midway. Here on Walton Boulevard, out by the interstate, the 178,000-square-foot store is crowded with families, pale as cheese in the fluorescent light, buying, buying, buying: tools, towels, sweatsuits, barbecue grills, baseball bats, pork butts, copies of *Seabiscuit*, toothpaste, auto parts,

frozen broccoli. Alice, which is the name I will give to this dignified woman in her middle years, raises her forearm to wipe her damp bangs from her forehead. Her royal-blue uniform vest is clean and crisp, and a big button above her name tag announces GREAT JOB: I'M A SHAREHOLDER!

"Not much, but some," she says when asked how many Wal-Mart shares she owns. She explains, as she starts on a fresh carton of Woolite, that employees can buy company shares straight from their paychecks without paying a commission. "It makes you feel like you're working for yourself," she says. Alice earns \$8.35 an hour, so not much is left for buying stock after

rent and groceries, but still, "It's this or the chicken plant," she says brightly, referring to the foul-smelling poultry-processing factories sprinkled throughout northwestern Arkansas. "I'd never owned stock before working here. Thank you, Mr. Sam!"

Mr. Sam is Sam Walton, the visionary who founded Wal-Mart here in Bentonville 41 years ago. His picture hangs in stores and company offices all over the rapidly globalizing Wal-Mart empire; his ghost hovers over everything the company does. The miracles Mr. Sam wrought are myriad: With breathtaking speed, his chain of rurally based discount stores has surpassed such avatars of production as





General Motors and ExxonMobil to become the world's largest corporation. Not through scientific breakthroughs or industrial wizardry but merely by selling quotidian goods at low prices, Wal-Mart has become the biggest civilian employer on the planet, with more people on its payroll than GM, ExxonMobil, Ford and General Electric combined. Its sales last year nearly surpassed the gross national product of Russia.

Mr. Sam's empire not only is the country's biggest marketer of just about every item it sells, from groceries to eyeglasses to clothing to jewelry, it also consumes more energy

Wal-Mart carries only 500 book titles (a typical Barnes & Noble carries roughly 60,000), but it moves 64 million books a year, so publishing executives have been forced to take into account the kinds of books that do well there. Most recently the chain has focused its attention on magazines (\$450 million in annual sales), demanding special placement for women's titles with racy cover lines and banishing some men's titles altogether (it has never carried this magazine, of course).

To an outsider, Wal-Mart would appear to be a tough place to work. It holds many store employees to a 28-hour workweek, so it doesn't have to

with such ease and speed?

One of Wal-Mart's many idiosyncrasies is that it bases itself not in New York City, Chicago or some other center of commerce but here in Bentonville, population 19,730, one of the least accessible places in the United States. Everybody who does business with Wal-Mart—which seems to be everybody—sooner or later has to make the pilgrimage, which generally involves at least one plane change and a night in a strip-mall motel. Serendipity does not explain the headquartering of the world's largest corporation in the middle of nowhere. It is deliberate. As Wal-Mart representatives nev-

SERENDIPITY ALONE DOES NOT EXPLAIN IT

This location, in one of the least accessible places in the United States, is deliberate. As Wal-Mart never tires of saying, Bentonville mirrors, nurtures and expresses the company's "heartland values."

and develops more real estate than any other corporation. It issues credit cards and cashes payroll checks and is lining up its legal ducks to move into full-fledged banking. (The Walton family already owns the Arvest Bank of Arkansas.) Wal-Mart is starting to put gas stations in its parking lots. There's talk of a Wal-Mart airline.

Behind the familiar smiley-face buttons and the folksy slogan "Every day low prices," a different picture emerges of this behemoth. In its Darwinian march to dominance, Wal-Mart has amassed unforeseen social and cultural power. Not only has it all but wiped out its competition wherever it has opened, it has helped empty the centers of hundreds of small towns and thrives at the expense of mom-and-pop stores. With its enormous clout in music sales (more than 100 million albums sold annually), Wal-Mart has offered a Corleone-style deal to labels and recording artists: Re-edit your lyrics to our liking or we won't sell your music in our stores. Movies? Wal-Mart sells nearly one of every four DVDs and videotapes Americans buy, so if it chooses to put a movie on its shelves, more people are guaranteed to buy it.

pay them the benefits that by law go to its full-time workers. More than three dozen employee lawsuits allege that it insists on unpaid overtime. Its full-coverage health insurance is so expensive that only about a third of its employees buy in. It does not extend benefits to same-sex or unmarried partners of employees. (In July, however, Wal-Mart became the ninth of the top 10 *Fortune* 500 companies to extend its anti-discrimination policies to gay and lesbian workers.) It is the target of a class-action lawsuit brought by women—led by a former Miss America—who charge sex discrimination in wages and promotions. Working at Wal-Mart is the epitome of a McJob.

So it's all the more miraculous that the stores are staffed with cheerful, grateful people like Alice—1.4 million employees last year, set to expand by 800,000 in the next few years. Where else are you likely to find a middle-aged woman on her knees, working a teenager's job for a barely livable wage yet chirping high praise for her multibillion-dollar company and its long-dead founder? Who are these people? What is the nature of this culture that is transforming our world

er tire of saying, Bentonville mirrors, nurtures and expresses the company's "heartland values." Bentonville—conservative, devoutly Christian and lily-white—is the world as Wal-Mart sees it. If Wal-Mart is our destiny, Bentonville is our destination. For a glimpse of the future, head for the spot on the map where Arkansas State Road 72 meets Arkansas 112.

RETAIL AS RELIGION

Northwestern Arkansas appears to be undergoing some kind of theological schism. There's a church every quarter mile along the highway to Bentonville. Why can't the First Baptists pray with the First Landmark Baptists or the Calvary Baptists or the Cornerstone Baptists? Locals call this area the "buckle on the Bible Belt" and the "most religious place on earth," and they may be right. Some churches on State 72 are as grand as Monticello; others are single-wides. Many warn from their marquees of dire consequences if I don't stop in. But because it's Saturday and they're all shut tight, I instead head toward Bentonville's everyday holy ground: the old downtown five-and-dime where the Wal-Mart story began.

Sam Walton, though born poor in Bible Belt Oklahoma, was not particularly religious. He ended up in Bentonville because his wife refused to live in any town with a population over 10,000 and because a dime store on the town square was for sale.



TOY MAN DIAZ: "YOU WONDER, IS THIS A CULT?"

Downtown Bentonville today looks much the way it does in photos from 1950. Walton's five-and-dime is now the hagiographic Wal-Mart museum, but a concrete Confederate soldier still watches over the square, and it appears that not much has been built since Eisenhower was president. There's a "real country store" for tourists, a few lawyers' offices, a stationery store and a real estate appraiser. The Station Café serves "freedom toast" for breakfast, and a banner stretches across the courthouse: MAIN STREET BENTONVILLE: PRESERVING THE PAST, ENHANCING THE PRESENT, ENSURING THE FUTURE.

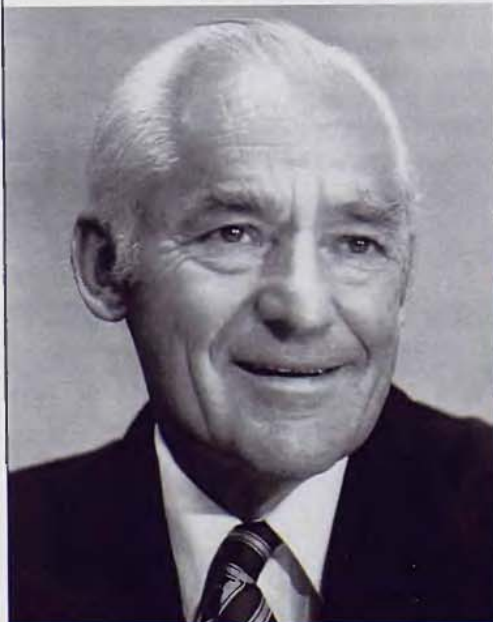
The most striking thing about present-day Bentonville is the invisibility of minorities. The town, it's hard not to notice, is whiter than a 1950s sitcom. Even when I use the old reporter's trick of asking where the black barbecue joint is, nobody can tell me. How about the black funeral home? Nope. The black Baptist church? Nope. With

a certain sense of despair and apprehension, I stake out the one place I figure I'll find minorities: the jail. (It's not an illogical supposition: Ten percent of all black men between the ages of 25 and 29 are in jail, according to the U.S. Jus-

tice Department.) But when a deputy sheriff ushers through a line of prisoners in leg irons and black-and-white prison stripes right out of *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, every one is white. You wouldn't see a more Caucasian lineup in a Stockholm lockup.

Nobody here much likes being asked where the black folks went. "Gee..." they say, stumped, as though nobody had ever asked the question. Then the cloud lifts: "But we have plenty of Mexicans!" several people tell me. This isn't strictly true; hundreds—maybe thousands—of Mexicans and Central Americans live in nearby Rogers and Springdale and work in the chicken plants. I find hardly any living in Bentonville itself.

Bentonville is Wal-Mart's company town, and it shares with the corporation a proprietor's sense of privacy about its affairs. I find out quickly enough that it is impossible to talk to vendors, the companies that sell to Wal-Mart, on the record. And even local government agencies seem a bit cowed when I mention Wal-Mart. I stop at the state welfare agency, which in most places is delighted to find anyone taking an interest in the needs of the local poor. But at the soaring modern offices of the Arkansas Department of Human



WHAT WOULD MR. SAM DO? WALTON, THE FOUNDER, WOULD LOOK ASKANCE AT NEW DISPLAYS OF WEALTH IN HIS TOWN.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM STEEL

THE ONE-COMPANY TOWN IS A TRADITION AS AMERICAN AS APPLE PIE



CORNING, NEW YORK
Heart of glass

POPULATION: 10,842

STORY: This little town, built on cookware that won't melt in the oven, is the third-largest tourist

attraction in New York, trailing only Manhattan and Niagara Falls. Founded in 1868, the Corning empire got its start with a particularly bright idea: the lightbulb.



HERSHEY, PENNSYLVANIA
Welcome to Candyland

POPULATION: 12,771

STORY: Milton Hershey squeezed out his first chocolate Kisses here in 1907. Warning to vacation-

ers looking for Mr. Goodbar: The roads to Hershey can get crowded these days—the eponymous park is the most visited corporate attraction in the United States.



MOLINE, ILLINOIS
Children of the corn

POPULATION: 43,768

STORY: John Deere's jolly green farm implements have been ravaging the back 40 since 1848. Intro-

duced in 1923, Deere's two-cylinder Model D enjoyed a 30-year production run, during which it dug up more dirt than *The National Enquirer*.



SMITHFIELD, VIRGINIA
Hog butcher to the world

POPULATION: 6,324

STORY: This town's days of swine and roses began with the opening of the Smithfield Packaging plant

in 1936. This past March the world's largest pork producer sponsored a record-setting 2,200-pound ham biscuit. Oprah wept.



DODGEVILLE, WISCONSIN
Ain't no half-preppin'

POPULATION: 4,220

STORY: A dinky sailing-garb business called Lands' End arrived in 1978 and now employs more people—

4,354—than live in the town. The company is one of the world's largest purveyors of polos, chinos and other Spanish-sounding duds.

Services in Bentonville, administrator Preston Haley appears so nervous to be asked about anything as unpleasant as poverty in Wal-Mart's backyard—his Adam's apple bouncing off

the tightly buttoned collar of his lilac dress shirt—that his Southern politeness fails him. "I can't say anything to you at all!" he cries, showing me to the door. The agency representative in Little Rock, Arkansas's capital, is no more helpful. "We really aren't interested in commenting," she tells me.

"What do you mean?" I ask. "You're a public agency, and I'm asking about the work you do with taxpayer money."

"We're not interested in commenting," she says again and ends the call.



On Sunday morning *nobody* is out and about between 9 and 11 A.M. I visit as many churches as possible during the two hours they're all open for business but cover just a fraction. Traffic is no problem, yet I feel as though there are twice the 38 churches listed in the yellow pages. Some are tucked into old stores in strip malls; others stand in converted houses in residential neighborhoods.

It's often said that Sunday morning from 11 to noon is the most segregated hour in America, and that means by class as well as by race. In Bentonville,



COMPLETE WITH DOG SMELL: SAM WALTON'S PICKUP, ON DISPLAY AT THE WAL-MART MUSEUM.

as in many parts of the South, the churches part along class lines. Many of the enormous, opulent churches started appearing in Bentonville—along with Porsche Carreras, Lincoln Navigators and million-dollar mansions—after Walton died in 1992. "When Sam was alive, you never saw a foreign car or an ostentatious American car," says Kent Marts, a down-to-earth local who manages to display not a trace of Wal-Mart boosterism. Marts has given 17 of his 40 years to *The Benton County Daily Record* and is now its editor in chief. "He wouldn't have stood for his own people showing off that way, and he wouldn't have the vendors here in town."

After Walton died, Wal-Mart executives felt freer to flaunt their wealth. And vendors, tired of the endless trips to Bentonville as well as the Super 8 and Quality Inn accommodations, started to set up satellite offices right under the late patriarch's nose. As I drive up and down Walton Boulevard, I count them: Catalina sportswear,

Fruit of the Loom, Random House Children's Books and hundreds of others. Lined up in identical cubicles, many with their wares displayed in mock-ups of Wal-Mart shelves, vendors await

their audience with the Wal-Mart buyer corps.

This blossoming of new money helps explain the area's vast assortment of churches. What locals sometimes call the Amen Corner—the junction of 26th Street and New Hope Road in nearby Rogers—has four churches staring at one another, each as grand as the Supreme Court building. The congregations keep splintering over how plain or fancy their worship should be. "These big show-and-tell churches are the vendors'," someone from a smaller church tells me. "They're the country clubs of years gone by."

The service at the gigantic, neo-classical First Baptist, off the town square—among the most resplendent of Bentonville churches—resembles a motivational seminar at, say, the Los Angeles Convention Center. The sanctuary is vast, balconied and semicircular, and sitting in back I can barely see Rev. Phillip Smith, a youngish man with Trent Lott hair, without the help of the two enormous projection TV screens that loom overhead, beaming his image to the faithful. This is New Bentonville:

(continued on page 86)

★ WAL-TO-WAL NUMBERS ★

Pet food, clothing, CDs, groceries—Wal-Mart dominates every market it enters

HOW BIG IS BIG?

★ Wal-Mart serves an average of **18,798,454** customers a day—**6.5%** of the population of the United States, or slightly less than that of New York state.

★ Wal-Mart generates an average of **2,670** miles of register tape each day—enough to reach from Manhattan to Las Vegas.

★ On November 29, 2002 (the Friday after Thanksgiving) Wal-Mart's total sales were **\$1.4 BILLION**—more than the annual operating budget of the city of Phoenix.

★ In 2003 Wal-Mart expects to see an increase in revenue of **\$25 BILLION**. That's more than twice the annual sales of such mom-and-pop outfits as Nike, Toys R Us and Gillette.

★ Wal-Mart stores consumed **7.8 MEGAWATT HOURS** of energy in 2001, nearly twice the amount of juice generated each year by Hoover Dam.

★ Wal-Mart's 2002 revenue was **\$246 BILLION**, an amount equal to that of IBM, Hewlett-Packard, ADL Time Warner, Dell and Microsoft—combined.

HOW MANY, HOW MUCH

★ Major-magazine newsstand sales exceeded **\$3 BILLION** in 2002. Wal-Mart accounted for about **15%** of that total.

★ Wal-Mart sold **64 MILLION** books last year, or **4%** of the **1.6 BILLION** books sold in the United States. The relatively low percentage belies the chain's influence: A typical Barnes & Noble stocks at least **60,000** titles, while most Wal-Mart stores carry just **500**.

★ Video sales in the U.S. topped **\$12.2 BILLION** in 2002. Wal-

Mart's share of that revenue was **21%**, but the percentage of units it moved was higher—about **24%** of the **833 MILLION** movies sold nationwide—because of Wal-Mart's cut-rate pricing.

★ Wal-Mart sold **15%** to **20%** of the **649.5 MILLION** CDs and musical albums that Americans bought in 2002.

★ Wal-Mart began selling groceries in 1988 and is now the largest grocer in the U.S., with annual revenue of more than **\$72 BILLION** and a market share approaching **15%**.



"I'm headed for the barn. Interested?"

World-Class Beauties

We've stamped your passport to PLAYBOY girls from around the globe

Travel the world and you'll notice two highlights: the women, who never cease to amaze us, and the language barrier, which somehow makes even the mundane seem sexy. In Rome we got a kick out of this laundromat sign: LADIES, LEAVE YOUR CLOTHES HERE AND SPEND THE DAY HAVING FUN. In Paris we took a cue from a hotel note that read, "Leave your values at the front desk." As for the girls, PLAYBOY has been involved in global warming since 1972, when we launched our first foreign edition, in Germany. Today we have 18 foreign titles, and since you may not have access to newsstands in faraway lands, we decided to show off our favorite models from recent issues. See? We're one step closer to world peace.



**Veronika
Majnaric**
Croatia

Posing for our Croatian edition's cover was one of Veronika Majnaric's first modeling gigs, but the Zagreb-born beauty was far from intimidated. "I wanted every pose to radiate eroticism," she says. Clearly she knew what she was doing. And if she wants to keep her hat on, that's fine by us.

Franciely Freduzeski

Brazil

If for some bizarre reason you've ever watched soap operas on Brazil's Globo TV, you've probably seen Franciely Freduzeski, who has starred in several of them. On a far more pressing note: Is it us, or are you surprised that she's not sporting her country's trademark bikini wax?





Thaís Ventura Brazil

Living with strangers on *Big Brother 2 Brazil* could have been a drag, but after wowing roommates with a sexy rendition of the song "Ne Me Quitte Pas," Thaís Ventura (left), 19, was deemed the house's resident sex-pot. When she posed for our Brazilian cover, *Big Brother* was definitely watching again.



Corina Tolan Romania

Corina Tolan (left) is an ambitious beauty queen with an arsenal of pageants on her résumé, including Miss Europe, Miss Seaside, Queen of the Year, Miss Romania World and the Elite Model Look of the Year. When it came to putting her on our Romanian cover, it was no contest.

Tanja Kewitsch Germany

Rhythmic gymnast Tanja Kewitsch (right) doesn't need a team of judges to tell her she's a perfect 10. Now that Tanja has demonstrated her flexibility, she hopes to become a TV host. We suggest that she start as a nude commentator during the 2004 Olympic games in Athens.



SEE MORE OF THESE NUDE
INTERNATIONAL BEAUTIES
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



Violeta Pavic Croatia

Contrary to the screaming femininity she exhibits here, Violeta Pavic (above), one of the most popular models in Croatia, swears she is a complete guy's gal. "The best feelings in the world? Skydiving and beating a guy in bowling or darts," she says. "I'm all about the adrenaline rush."



Ksenia Linkova Russia

When she posed for PLAYBOY, Moscow-born Ksenia Linkova (left) put her Russian dressing on the side. "I hate liars and waking up early. I love to strip, and I live to make a family," she says. Our advice to her significant other? You'd better take her up on that—or at least start practicing.



Nike Zalokar Slovenia

The smart money says Nike Zalokar wasn't named after a sneaker brand, but when it came to peeling off her clothes for the cover of our Slovenian edition, she just did it. (Sorry, we couldn't resist.) Nike says she has a hot temper and loves to travel, and she named her horse Playboy. Giddyup!



THE HEDGEHOG AT 50

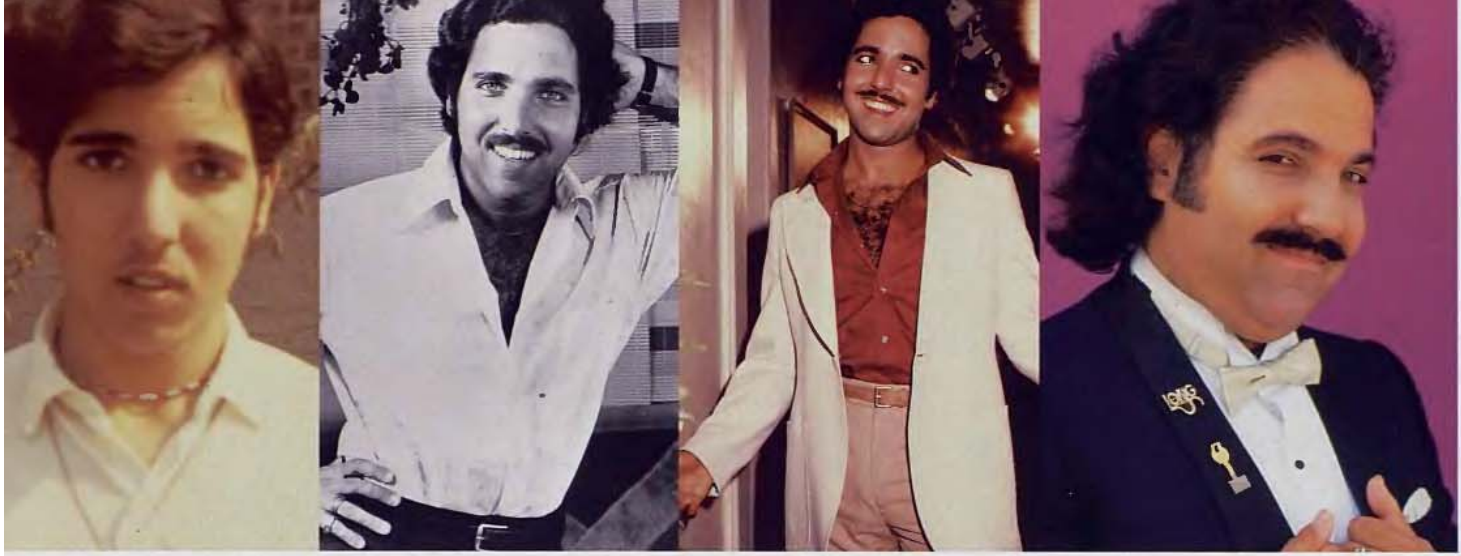
HE'S THE MOST FAMOUS
PORN STAR IN HISTORY,
A SUPERHERO TO REGULAR
GUYS. BUT THIS GETTING-
OLD STUFF HASN'T BEEN
EASY ON RON JEREMY

By **ERIK HEDEGAARD**

I. HIS LUCK IS OUR LUCK

Ron Jeremy, who turned 50 this year, isn't performing in all that many porn movies these days, and you may be wondering how the most famous porn star ever, bar none, the ladies included, with 1,800-plus skin flicks to his name, is doing. He's doing good. Much of his time is spent on the road in places such as Tampa, Chicago and Kansas City, where clubs hire him to perform this comedy routine he's developed (strictly cornball stuff: "Hey, lady, do you like birds? You'll like this—it's just a swallow!"). Otherwise he can be found in Los Angeles, where he rises early, often before eight A.M. after going to bed late, often after three A.M., for days on end, until you think he may keel over. Inside his condo in a deluxe doorman building on a street just east of Sunset, he slips into a pair of Adidas sweats (one of three pairs in constant rotation), never mind the shirt, scratches his famously hairy, zeppelin-size chest, maybe greets his pet Russian box turtle, Cherry, maybe urges a visitor to kiss Cherry on Cherry's turtle lips, then pads around, yawning and trying not to stumble over the various mementos of his life, which are strewn everywhere and signify quite an illustrious past. There are Ron Jeremy posters, Ron Jeremy porn tapes, Ron Jeremy porn-organization hall-of-fame awards, copies of the recent Ron Jeremy documentary (*Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy*), copies of his music video, "Freak of the Week" (which spent 27 weeks on the *Billboard* charts), and about a billion dollars' worth of Ron Jeremy-branded merchandise, which has included rolling papers, cigars, watches, clocks and bibs for babies. As it happens, no one is a more avid fan of Ron Jeremy's career than Ron Jeremy. A hero to all the average guys in the country, he is the same hero to himself, as if he still can't believe that he, a hirsute Jewish doofus from Bayside, Queens, offspring of a physicist and a cryptographer, has made it so big in the world of porn, all on the strength of his oversize, never-fail penis, which measures 9.75 inches erect, with not a little help from his oversize,





Portrait of the artist as a young ham (from left): Ron in high school; in Boston in the 1980s; in the 1981 film *A Girl's Best Friend*; circa 1998. Below: Fonz with chest rug.

never-fail personality, which measures off the scale in terms of friendliness, volubility and self-promotion. Of course, he'd rather have made it as a legitimate screen actor, his original ambition. Still, he has a million "utterly fantastic" stories about his first 24 years in the trade, and if you've got the time, he'll tell them all in detail, prefacing each with the same pinch-me-I-must-be-dreaming tagline: "True story!"

"True story!" he says. "Fifteen years ago Robin Williams, Stephen Stills, Sam Kinison and I are in a cab. You're going to think I'm full of it. I wouldn't blame you. But it was all of us, hanging out with this cabdriver, and all he wants is my autograph—nobody else's, right? So Robin's going, 'Oh, this is amazing!' And Sam's laughing. And Stephen Stills, I swear to god, says to the cabbie, 'There are a lot of lonely guys out there who really need Ron Jeremy to pull through.' I coulda died right then and there."

Just then the phone rings, cutting off Ron before he can launch into another of his true stories, such as the one about the time Nancy Sinatra said to him, "You know, you're very

good at what you do," or the time Tony Curtis said to him, "I've enjoyed years and years of watching you make movies." It's a girl on the line, and she's apparently upset with Ron about some other girl of their acquaintance. Soon he's shouting, "I'm telling you, you're dreaming! I'm telling you now, the Lord as my witness, on my mother's grave, I didn't call her at five in the morning! I gave her a little hug good-bye but not even a kiss! I mean, is this a problem?"

He hangs up, sighs

and puts on a plus-size Hawaiian-print shirt. At 245 pounds he's a goodly porker, but under all that weight is a lot of surprisingly firm muscle, and to prove it, he'll make you touch it. That's the way it is with Ron: Almost everything needs proof. It's not enough that he tells you he's got a girl half his age in his bedroom; you've got to go in there and see for yourself.

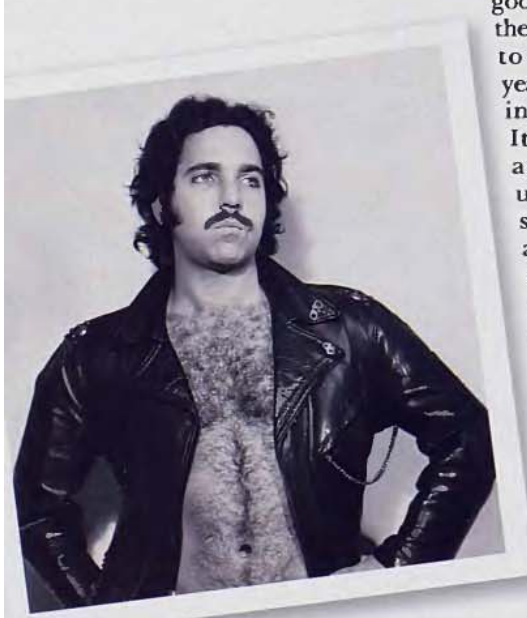
She is a petite brunette named Jennifer, and she is

indeed 25. Wrapped up in bedsheets she says, "I've been seeing Ron for three months now, and all the people I've told so far are like, 'Oh my god, you're sleeping with Ron Jeremy?' Well, it is big, but you get used to it." She props her head up on an elbow and says, cheerfully, "I've come to realize that size matters completely. I don't know if I can go back to a small guy now."

These are some of the things Ron is up to these days. He's doing good. But his life is not without complications, and these complications mostly have to do with two women, one a former porn star named Dalny Marga, the other a rather quiet veterinarian's assistant named Natalie. Ron thinks he may love Natalie. Ron thinks he may want Natalie to have his kids. Natalie, though, isn't sure about any of this, especially not if Ron is going to keep on living the life he's living.

The Hedgehog, as he is famously known, drives a dusty piece-of-crap Saturn sedan filled with junk, including a few french fries that appear to be about as old as he is. He sports the same jet-black push-broom mustache he's had since entering the business in 1979, only now the ratty thing is gray, or would be if he didn't vigilantly apply Just for Men dye gel to it. He says that despite appearances, he has tons of money stashed away, so don't worry about him. He is currently under contract for "a few grand a month" to Metro Studios, where his main obligation is to be the impresario on the box cover of such X-rated videos as *Ron Jeremy on the Loose: Sunset Strip*, *Ron Jeremy on the Loose: Venice Beach* and *Ron Jeremy on the Loose: Viva Ron Vegas*. He may appear in sex scenes in those movies, but it's not Ron having sex that sells. It's Ron acting as general porn clown prince that really moves the goods. "I don't fool myself," he says. "My value is in the fact that I'm recognizable." Over the years he's succeeded in this while sleeping with almost every porn actress worth sleeping with, including Traci Lords ("Terrific—and always sober!"), Christy Canyon ("Phenomenal, and I love natural double-Ds!") and Tabitha Stevens ("I did one of her first anal scenes"). During his peak years, in the so-called golden age of porn of the pre-video 1980s, he earned upwards of \$1,000 a day for his labors and gave like no porn man had ever given before—six pop shots in a single day being his heroic record. His fans loved him then, and at porn conventions today he still gets more well-wishers than Jenna Jameson.

"Here is Ron Jeremy," one of them recently said. "He's fucking his way merrily through life, never gets sick, always happy, no hardships, have dick will travel, a mustache and a smile. His life is one long romp. No wife, no worries, nothing to keep him down, the ultimate free bird. Who has ever





SIX INCHES OF SEPARATION

Everybody knows Ron Jeremy, the clown prince of porn. You want proof? Take a look at these

Fame, what's your name? Top row, from left: With my good friends Jessica Biel, Samuel L. Jackson, Carmen Electra, Ice-T and Willem Dafoe. Second row: From a night out at the Whisky A Go-Go with Nancy Sinatra, and with Kid Rock, Mini-Me, Courtney Love and the Rock. Third row: I want you to meet Tommy Lee, Sheryl Crow, Matt LeBlanc, Sting and Herbie Hancock. Bottom row: Brad Pitt, Johnny Depp, Keith Richards, David Spade and Matt Damon.

had it better? The point is, nothing will happen to America as long as Ron Jeremy lives in it. His luck will be our luck. I was in the same hotel as Ron once, and I felt as safe and secure as a baby in the womb. I was in the safest place on earth. I was in the proximity of Ron's luck. So don't worry about the terrorists. Let them worry about us."

Absolutely right. Yet no man's luck works against time, and Ron has begun to notice the grinding of the years. "Turning 50 was very depressing, and I still haven't quite gotten over it," he says. "I feel good. I can still outrun, out-jump, outkick and outswim half the kids half my age. But I'm fat. I love the buffet too much. My cholesterol is not bad, but unfortunately my blood pressure is up, which is really a shame. Anyway, the thought that I'm 50 is killing me. I mean, I have to go get a colonoscopy." He is silent for a moment. Then he says, "I'll tell you the honest-to-god truth. I can still get a good whopping monster boner, but it takes a little more effort than it used to. Before, it was like, you know, I'd snap my fingers and it's hard. Now it takes a little more effort."

For the most part, though, he says he's still the same Ron he's always been—damn the torpedoes, full steam ahead, and let that jizz fly—which is all anybody really wants in a porn star anyway, for better or for worse.

II. A NIGHT OUT

Ron rarely spends an evening in his condo, curled up with a good book or maybe watching *Seinfeld* reruns on TV. His general philosophy seems to be, If you aren't on Sunset Boulevard, how can you get to Sunset Boulevard? Four or five nights a week, out he goes, often as the soberest man in town, since he doesn't do drugs and hardly ever drinks. Usually on his arm is Natalie, 26, with whom he's lived for the past three years. "We don't like to say it's love, because that gets a little corny," he says. "We say it's R and R, which stands for 'roommates with romance.'" Natalie is not around at the moment, so tonight he's got a date with Dalny Marga. "There's never going to be another Dalny Marga, I swear," Ron likes to say. She is 35, has been out of the business for three years and now wants back in. She and Ron are old friends, having done many sex scenes together back in the day, and



"Lunch next Thursday? Maybe, but let me check my book. I won't leave home without it."

she comes to him tonight dolled up porn-star perfect in a sheer white diaphanous pantsuit, with skyscraper heels on her feet and a voice that's pure spun sugar and morning dew.

Basically they spend the evening driving frantically from one West Hollywood party or event to another in Ron's shabby Saturn. At one point Dalny asks Ron if Natalie knows about her. "I never lie," he says. "But she wouldn't even care. We're open, you know?" Dalny says, "She wouldn't like it if I were with you—trust me." And Ron doesn't say anything. Then, after a Heidi Fleiss book signing, he gets a call on his cell phone from one of his agents, who wants a \$1,500 commission Ron owes him for some work.

Afterward, Dalny says sweetly, "Tell him I've got his commission for him. I'll take care of it for you."

Blinking, Ron says, "Oh, Dalny, no need for that. I never ask for that kind of favor. You know that. Have I ever?"

"No, but it would be my little gift to you. I'll be your commission. We'll really go flying." She is silent for a while, then says, "Ron, I want to go back to the old times again, when we worked together. That was so fun, wasn't it? I wish we could do that again."

Ron doesn't say anything. He's chewing on his right thumb tip, gnawing at the skin until it's peeled back. Maybe he's thinking about what Dalny said, maybe he's thinking of something else. It's hard to tell, so engrossed does he seem in his thumb tip.

Then they go to the local Déjà Vu strip club. They drop by Musso & Frank's restaurant, where after eating his own food Ron eyeballs everyone else's ("Don't you want those shrimps?"). They listen to music at the Cat Club on Sunset, and as usual Slim Jim Phantom from the Stray Cats is on drums. Everywhere they go, Ron's luck holds: He is asked to pay for nothing, and everyone is glad to see him. The regular joes high-five him, the regular janes whisper and giggle. He gets offers to do porn movies. He takes down numbers and hands out his own (or one of his own—he has three). He is happy and a real man-about-town, with Dalny always somewhere nearby.

Back in the car, Dalny wants to know why the guys who asked Ron to be in their porn video didn't ask her, too.

Ron stares at her. "Well, they didn't know you were in the business."

"Oh, they don't?" Dalny nearly yells. "What do I look like, the Flying Nun?"

Chuckling, Ron says, "Isn't she adorable? She's also one of the best performers in the business. Does one of the best anals. Great anal. Dalny was a specialist at doing things other girls couldn't. She was queen of the double anals."

"Thank you!" Dalny says, happily.

Finally, after midnight, they wind up at the Hustler store on Sunset, drinking coffee with some friends. Ron is soliloquizing in his usual way. Of all his celebrity encounters, he says, fewer than a handful have gone sour. When he was introduced to Lisa Marie Presley, she looked him up and down and said, "Whatever." Rosanna Arquette didn't even acknowledge he was in the room. And when he proffered his hand to sitcom star Katey Sagal, she looked at it and then looked away. "That was the worst of them," he goes on. "I wanted to just throw a drink in her face. But all that is counterbalanced by the celebrities who have come up to me and (continued on page 144)

AN ACTOR ON HIS CRAFT



Bad Girls II (1983)

"I play a sheriff—it was shot at the same ranch where they shot *The Dukes of Hazzard*. It has car chases, a nice story line, lots of dialogue. There's a shot where a car goes off a cliff. We didn't buy stock footage—we shot it. That's something you don't see anymore."



High Heels 'n Hot Wheels (2000)

"I co-wrote this movie with the owner of a real automobile dealership. Goldstein and I did that scene from *Rush Hour*—I'm trying to put on rap music and he's trying to put on symphonic music, and we fight over the radio. There's a lot of self-deprecating humor."



Shrinkwrapped (2000)

"The girl is ruining my credibility in the movie within the movie, and the director is getting pissed at me because I'm supplying bad talent. I was using emotion memory from when I was a real director and producer of porn to portray the producer in this movie."



San Fernando Jones & the Temple of Poon (2001)

"Porn in many ways is the ultimate test of Stanislavski acting. To be good at porn, an actor has to totally remove himself from the audience. You shut out the cameraman, the gaffer, the best boy, the makeup artist—well, you could look at her, maybe."



Ron Jeremy on the Loose: Viva Ron Vegas (2003)

"Part one is on the Sunset Strip, part two is the beaches. Number three is called *Viva Ron Vegas*. Part four is in San Francisco. We do a tour and show actual sights. We go through crowds of people, sign loads of autographs. It gets my personality into it."



"What do you have in mind, tiger...?"



PLAYBOY'S YEAR IN
video games

WE SPENT 12 MONTHS ON THE COUCH RESEARCHING WHAT YOU SHOULD BE PLAYING.
SO PUT DOWN THE CONTROLLER AND PAY ATTENTION

TOP 10 OF 2003

The games that ruined our eyesight and social life this year

Half-Life 2 (Sierra, Xbox, PC)



This incredible sequel gives us the chance to reprise the role of scientist Gordon Freeman and stop the alien takeover we accidentally unleashed during the first game. From firefights that leave rooms strewn with debris to E.T. supersoldiers who cut through doors to get to you, this is the best first-person shooter on the planet. At least *this* planet.

Madden NFL 2004 (EA Sports, PS2, Xbox, GameCube, PC)



It's not football season till Hank is crooning about Monday night and we have the new Madden game. As in previous seasons, the gameplay and graphics are amazing, and new options let control freaks micromanage everything from adjusting defensive coverage on the fly to setting hot dog prices. First order of business: Ban 'N Sync from the Super Bowl.

Medal of Honor: Rising Sun (EA, PS2, Xbox, GameCube)



A bombastic opening cinematic of Pearl Harbor sets the mood for the first game in a two-part series centered on a pair of soldier brothers separated during battles in the Pacific. The game's five campaigns include enough fierce fighting in Thailand and Singapore to prove that SS guards weren't the only good fodder during World War II.

Midnight Club II (Rockstar, PS2, Xbox)



While other racing games drive in circles looking for a balance between realism and raw action, this racer beats them to the finish line with accurate physics, sharp visuals and plenty of slick cars. The story line about illegal street racing keeps things exciting as you wager pink slips with a buddy in online mode and risk losing your sweet ride.

Soul Calibur II (Namco, PS2, Xbox, GameCube)



We expected this sequel to our favorite weapons-based fighting game to deliver the punch, and it didn't disappoint. Features include 10 brutal play modes, a special character designed by comic legend Todd McFarlane and one special guest character per system. Finally, a chance to slug *Legend of Zelda's* Link in his smarmy face.

Return to Castle Wolfenstein: Tides of War (Activision, Xbox)



In this sequel, war is almost literally hell. Gunning down Himmler's genetic mutants and robot dogs in the single-player mode is tough, but the frantic online multiplayer battles make us want a living-room foxhole. Whether you're blasting Nazis in eight-on-eight team fights or 16-player free-for-alls, it's easily the best Xbox Live game to date.

Tony Hawk's Underground (Activision, PS2, Xbox, GameCube)



All the thrills of working your way up from local shredder to world-touring pro—minus the groin-bruising staircase crashes. We especially enjoyed the new controls that let players jump off and carry the board. But the reinvented story line and multiple online modes are what give this old franchise new legs.

F-Zero GX (Nintendo/Sega, GameCube)



We suspect this sci-fi racing game was created especially to silence those who doubted GameCube's graphics muscle. Pick one of 30 pilots and blast through 20 sprawling courses loaded with giant jumps and turbo boosts. If the super-sonic speeds and stomach-churning tracks don't win the checkered flag, we'll gargle with 40-weight oil.

Deus Ex: Invisible War (Eidos, Xbox, PC)



The most intriguing sci-fi thriller since *The X-Files* returns with more conspiracies and plenty of globe-hopping action in Germany and Antarctica. Set 15 years after the first game, *Invisible War* answers leftover questions while raising enough new ones to leave us pacing like David Duchovny in the unemployment line.

Rise of Nations (Microsoft, PC)



It sounds like a poli-sci-class snoozer, but this military-strategy game delivers more excitement and intrigue than a violent regime change. Build one of 18 historic civilizations with troops and arms (ranging from muskets to nukes, depending on the time period) until you're strong enough to invade and crush a neighbor. We've got dibs on France.

Q&A

Vanessa Carlton

The sultry singer talks breasts, gamer-gasms and how she wrote the theme for *SpyHunter 2*

PLAYBOY How familiar were you with *SpyHunter* before this?
CARLTON I knew *SpyHunter* was a famous game, but my brother was the one who told me I had to do the theme. He's a big gamer. I'm more of a *Pac-Man* chick—and proud of it. I like the old *Mario Bros.* and *Donkey Kong*.
PLAYBOY Was it difficult finding inspiration to write the theme song for a video game?
CARLTON It was liberating, because there were no expectations for a Vanessa sound. I got a chance to experiment a little.

PLAYBOY Do you play games with your celebrity friends?
CARLTON I try not to know celebrities personally. Most stars under 30 should pick up a book instead. I'm telling you, video games are contributing to the epidemic of dumbass celebrities.
PLAYBOY What classic game would you like to see updated?

CARLTON *Pac-Man*, all the way. That would be a gamer's orgasm.
PLAYBOY *SpyHunter* may be made into a movie starring the Rock. Any chance we'll see you in a video-game-based blockbuster?
CARLTON I wanna be in one! I love Lara Croft. My boobs aren't big enough, though. I want to be the first small-breasted game chick character.
—John Gaudiosi



"I want to be the first small-breasted game chick character."

Pixels & Vixens

Great moments
in joystick history

Today's gamer culture is soaked in more sex than a brothel mop. Here's how it got that way.

1982—*Strip Poker* (Apple II) High-rollin' high schoolers line up to play the odds and to score a glimpse of monochrome, low-definition muff. The game ships with two opponents, but its creators, banking on an audience of wall-flowers, offer bonus discs with extra girls.

1984—*Beat 'Em & Eat 'Em* (Atari 2600) Never condoned by Atari, mail-order company Mystique cranked out a series of adult games. In this *Kaboom!* parody, players control a pair of naked women who use their mouths to catch drops of semen launched by a rooftop masturbator. Skillful players can win an extra turn with a score of—yep—69 points.

1987—*Leisure Suit Larry: In the Land of the Lounge Lizards* (PC, Macintosh) Guide a middle-aged lothario through bars and clubs in a quest to get laid. Oddly fun, considering it's the digital equivalent of blue balls. Six sequels later the game features celeb cameos by Drew Barrymore and Jamie Lee Coitus.

1992—*Strip Fighter II* (TurboGrafx-16) This spoof of arcade smash *Street Fighter II* pits babes against each other in loser-takes-it-all-off smack-

downs. Defeat an opponent and a nude photo of a winking actual girl pops on the screen to make players feel even more socially inept.

1996—*Tomb Raider* (PC, PSOne, Saturn) Lara Croft debuts, introducing a legion of teens to virtual titillation. Despite Croft's oversize guns, horny hackers decide the game is a tease and rush to render the leading lady topless.

2001—*Grand Theft Auto III* (PC, PS2) Parental groups do a double take when players discover the blockbuster game's hidden treat: Park your stolen car, honk the horn and a hooker climbs in. Pull up somewhere secluded and she'll polish your gearshift.

2002—*BMX XXX* (GameCube, PS2, Xbox) Skanky strippers perform bike stunts amid screwing poodles and foul-mouthed prostitutes in a tasteless game that causes series star Dave Mirra to sue the creators, claiming the game soiled his image. Never mind that most biker babes are best left clothed.

—Scott Steinberg



Trendspotting

Get ready for the next smash games



Just because avid gamers often prefer to sit in dark rooms by themselves doesn't mean they can't be part of nationwide trends. Here are the popular game themes binding them together this year.

THIS MEANS WAR

World War II ended 58 years ago, but the battles rage on in the biggest current trend. As Chris Cross, game design director for the WWII-themed *Medal of Honor* series, explains, "The original *Medal of Honor* was released very close to the movie *Saving Private Ryan*. Steven Spielberg came to us after filming and asked for a World War II first-person shooter. A lot of me-too movies came out after *Saving Private Ryan*, and the video game market is no different." Battle-ready reinforcements include *Call of Duty* (Activision, PC), *Pilot Down* (Dreamcatcher, Xbox) and *Medal of Honor: Rising Sun* (EA, GameCube, PS2, Xbox), the first

game in the series to focus on action in the Pacific theater.

KEEPIN' IT GANGSTA

Developers have been clamoring to make an Eminem-based game. *Legend of Zelda: The Quest for the Real Slim Shady* hasn't yet hit the shelves, but a posse of games with obvious hip-hop influences is already

available. *Lowrider* (Jaleco, PS2) lets players trick out a vehicle, design a hood ornament and make the back end bounce against other cars in a quirky dancing game. Use your killer crossover to earn a playa's impressive crib and chromed-out car in *NBA Ballers* (Midway, PS2, Xbox, GameCube), or play street ball in *NFL Street* (EA Sports, PS2, Xbox, GameCube), a seven-on-seven football game with a licensed hip-hop soundtrack.

BAD RELIGION

The least expected trend to surface this year: Bible-based action games. Developed by mainstream game companies, these titles put biblical characters into a contemporary gaming context, complete with scantily clad angels and bullet-riddled action. "Christian music bands have recently surged in popularity," says Justin Kubiak, product manager for Konami, "and with the gaming industry reaching a similar audience I'd expect the same could happen with Bible-themed video games." This season, pious gamers can test their faith with *Apocalyptica* (Konami, PC, Xbox), an action-adventure game in which players gun down demons to save humanity from Neo-Satan. Both *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (3DO, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) and *Psychotoxic* (CDV, PC) depict battles with the biblical baddies pestilence, war, famine and death. Sounds like the game designers have been pilfering from the same prayer book.

—S.S.



Hollywood Hooks Up

Has a celebrity kicked your ass online?



Jessica Biel gets her game on at the PlayStation 2 anniversary party.

Somewhere among exercise fads, rehab and oddball cults, Hollywood hipsters are finding time to get addicted to video games just like the rest of us. Here's how they're staying in the game.

Freddie Prinze Jr. is one of the top-ranked *Mech-Assault* players on Xbox Live. **Catherine Bell** enjoys kicking ass at *Tekken Tag* on PS2. **Erika Christensen** has an Xbox installed in her car. **Snoop Dogg** has several PS2s in his home, on his tour bus and installed in his cars, and he requests them in his dressing rooms. **Elijah Wood** and **Sean Astin** played *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater* on the *Lord of the Rings* set. **Incubus** and **Phantom Planet** host Tuesday night four-on-four *Halo* tournaments against each other, complete with



Snoop Dogg and...Matthew Perry?

Chinese food. **Adam Sandler** gave PS2 games as gifts to guests at his wedding. **The Dixie Chicks** have a PS2 on their tour bus. **John Mayer** has *Halo* running during his concerts and jams to the game's theme song. **Nelly** plays *Madden NFL 2004* and *NBA Street Vol. 2*. **Wilmer Valderrama**, from *That '70s Show*, installed an Xbox in the back of his classic Lincoln Mercury and a PS2 inside his SUV. He plans to set up Xboxes in his dressing room and in the dressing rooms of

Danny Masterson and **Ashton Kutcher** so they can play against one another. Co-star **Mila Kunis** prefers Nintendo GameCube, specifically *Mario Kart*. **Justin**



Tiger Woods.

Timberlake has two Xbox rooms in his house, which are connected with network cables for multiplayer *Halo* battles. **Chloë Sevigny** owns an Xbox just for the sports games, which we find very hot.

Online Unlimited

Next year's games are nothing but Net

You're at your desk when an instant message pops up: "Don't forget tonight: Bucs vs. Raiders, eight p.m." This isn't a reminder for *Monday Night Football*—it's a message from your Xbox confirming your next *NFL Fever* match. With both the Xbox and PS2 claiming more than 500,000 online players and 50 Net-capable games before year's end, there may never again be an actual person around to feel the burn of your victory dance. Here's a look at the latest features worth getting blisters over.



LOOK WHO'S TALKING

Communicating with your squad mates is the key to dodging bullets in Sony's *Socom* series. This year's sequel, *Socom II: U.S. Navy Seals*, comes equipped with better ways to let others know you're under fire. A new chat display makes it easier to track which member of your team is talking, and a whisper feature lets you chat with a single player instead of the entire squad. While others play, use the new spectator option to study tactics as recon for kicking their asses later.

ROAD RASH

While racing games such as *GT Online* and *Gran Turismo 4* offer online play, *Project Gotham Racing 2* for the Xbox is the first to let drivers save their best lap times per track and upload a "ghost car" for others to download, study and race against. Similarly, Microsoft's *Amped 2* snowboarding game challenges riders to pull off the sickest tricks. As a reward, the high score hovers above the jump for other riders to beat. In *Tony Hawk's Underground*, skaters can e-mail photos of themselves and have their faces put on game characters (PS2 version only); they can also create their own custom levels and parks and swap them online (Xbox and PS2 versions).



NOT TONIGHT, HONEY, I HAVE A SUPER BOWL

Games such as *ESPN NFL Football*, *Madden NFL* and *NBA Live* now offer online rankings, tournaments and downloadable roster updates. Microsoft's newly launched XSN Sports line lets *NFL Fever* players form and manage their own leagues and tournaments from the XSN website. The site updates scores, stats and standings every 15 minutes and can send out an e-mail or instant message reminder so you can cancel your date in time for the big game.

—Marc Saltzman



BENTONVILLE

(continued from page 68)

The Wal-Mart formula? Pay less and charge less. Make up for tiny profit margins by getting huge.

The congregation, sleek and coiffed, in golf shirts and pastel dresses, listens quietly as if watching a movie and stands primly to join hymns when called.

At the Freewill Baptist Church, built into the front of an old single-story house on Southeast J Street, I finally find black culture, though every face is white. These folks, I'm told, are Old Bentonville, the people who enjoyed Mr. Sam when he was alive but who now feel pushed around and looked down upon by the unshackled vendor-and-executive brigade. They are stomping their feet, swaying as they sing and shouting down the preacher with hearty cries of "Yes, Lord!" A woman who must be 80, with a shriveled face, cottony white hair and an incongruously terrific figure, belts out—a cappella—a rousing rendition of "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears From Their Eyes."

Bart Bauer moved here from Michigan three years ago to develop real estate—he tells me he won't build anything that sells for less than \$135,000—and business is booming. "I've got to be the luckiest guy in the world," he crows. He's already built 200 houses, some as expensive as \$400,000, and expects to build about 2,000 before he's done. The result can be seen in endless plains of huge spanking-new houses that look as if they don't weigh very much, each covering its entire yard. From a short distance the area looks less like a neighborhood than a kind of monster-home sales lot where you'd buy a house to be delivered elsewhere. And just when you think such opulence will go on forever, you cross an invisible line, and suddenly you're looking at double-wides and clapboard houses with sagging porches and dead refrigerators in front yards—Old Bentonville.

"People from New York City or Chicago don't want to come and live in Bentonville, Arkansas," says Marts of the *Daily Record*. "They expect *Deliverance*. So the people here demand a lot of money. It's changed the town. About five years ago my own kids started asking, 'How come we don't go skiing every winter? How come we don't go to Disney World every year?'"

THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL

To young Sam Walton, retailing was more than a job: It was a calling—divining people's desires, buying wisely, pricing with precision and displaying products with flair—as high and noble as

any. When he opened his Bentonville five-and-dime, Sears, JCPenney and Montgomery Ward stood astride the retail world as giants. Their stores, sensibly, were set down where people were concentrated, in the cities and suburbs. That's where Walton longed to be.

Nobody will ever know if Walton latched on to the ideal of small-town America to make the best of a bad situation, out of a genuine love for the down-home life, as a marketing ploy or through some combination thereof. At the time, Korvettes, Kresge and a few other chains were toying with something new, called discounting—buying up seconds, irregulars and discontinued products and selling them cheaply—and Walton began thinking about enlivening his exile by building a business on the basis of low prices. In 1962 he opened the first store, Wal-Mart Discount City—"We sell for less"—on a broad avenue outside Bentonville that had plenty of parking spaces. In its first year its earnings were triple those of Walton's downtown Ben Franklin five-and-dime.

Walton elevated his apparent geographical disadvantage to a sacred mission. He talked of the "right" of his rural brethren to enjoy the same low prices and wide selection as city people. He proclaimed his mission to bring a "higher quality of life" to rural America. He promised to expand in the countryside his giant urban competitors overlooked.

This commitment to a rural strategy is the moment from which all Wal-Mart history flows. Going rural gave Walton three hard-nosed advantages: It let him buy cheaper land than was available in urban centers. He could get away with paying as little as 60 cents an hour—about half the 1962 federal minimum wage—because of a legal loophole and because work was scarce in rural America, where family farms had been disappearing for decades. And he remained invisible to his urban competitors. By the time the oil-shock inflation and recession of the early 1970s hit, Wal-Mart had 104 stores hidden from competitors' sight along the byways of the South and Midwest and was positioned to make a killing. In 1974, when city stores were cutting one another's throats, Wal-Mart sales rose 41 percent because its everyday low prices were what inflation-harried Americans wanted. From there, Mr. Sam never looked back.

A company map at Wal-Mart headquarters looks, at first glance, like an ar-

ray of missile sites. Small rings of stores are spread across the vast empty center of the country, even in places such as the Wyoming-Nebraska border, where you wouldn't expect 300 customers. And big rings of stores surround cities at a range of roughly 10 to 40 miles—in outer rather than inner suburbs, usually. Wal-Mart has few stores in big cities and, a representative is careful to point out, none in the five boroughs of New York.

Eighty years ago Henry Ford—the exemplar of early 20th century business innovation—famously paid his assembly-line workers enough to afford the expensive products they made. It was an upward-reaching spiral that helped transform America. Higher wages drove demand for higher-priced goods. As the 21st century begins, we are seeing a reversal of this trend. The formula with which Wal-Mart is conquering the world calls for a spiral toward the bottom: Pay people less and charge them less, keep the whole operation at the nickel-and-dime level, and make up for tiny profit margins by becoming gigantic.

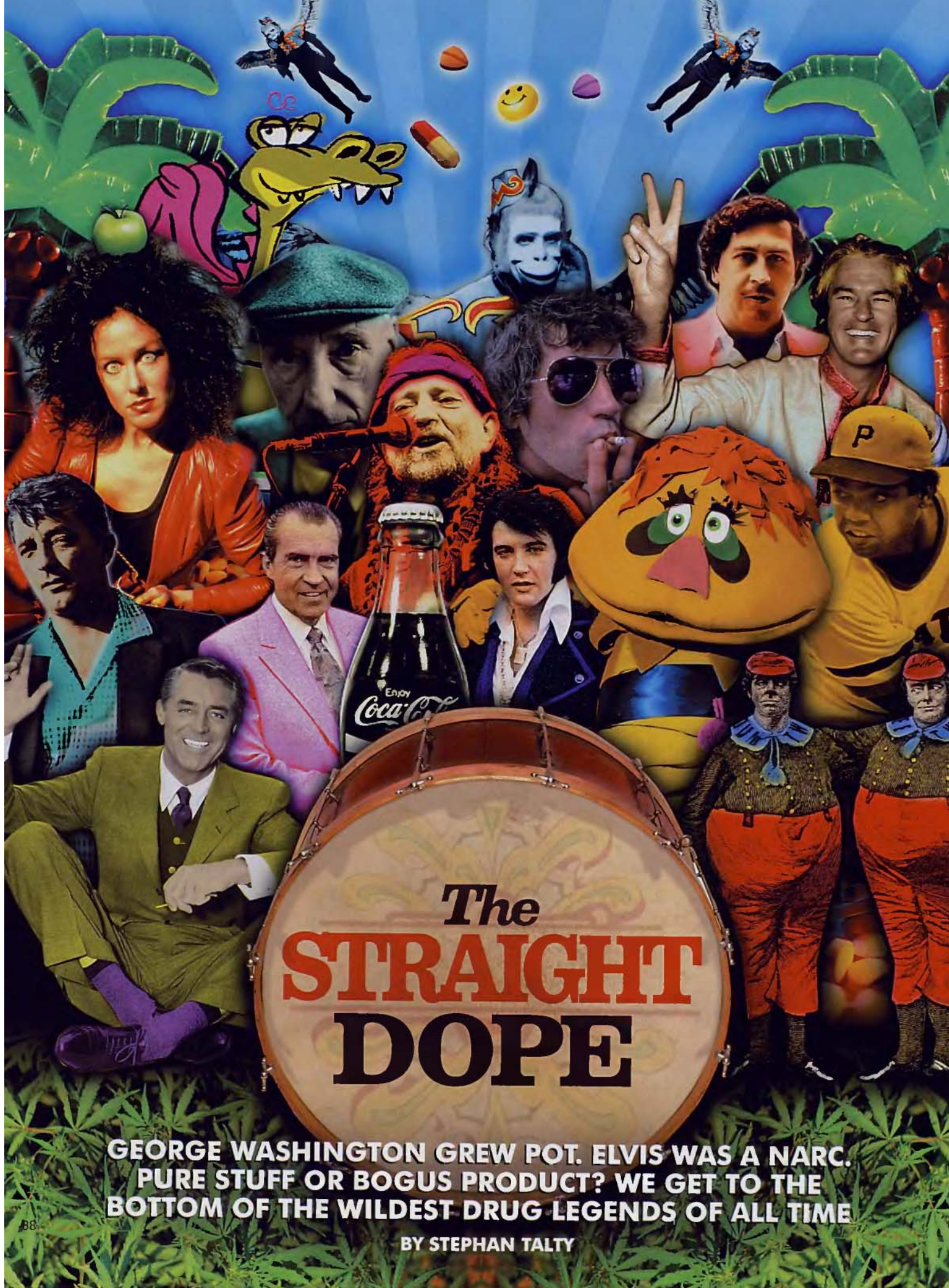
For the company and its shareholders, the strategy has paid off. Wal-Mart's stock has split 11 times since the company went public in 1970 and has appreciated almost 16 percent annually for the past five years. For a part-time employee like Alice, the equation looks like this: Twenty-eight hours with no overtime means she brings home \$233.80 a week before taxes, and she's still able to rent a two-bedroom apartment near her work. If she wants to buy a house, though, which in Bentonville starts at about \$75,000, she has to come up with almost \$4,000 cash and more than \$400 a month. "You need two incomes, really, to get into this market," says Roger Wingert, a local real estate agent. "It's sad. A lot of people don't make it." So Alice's best bet is to try to buy a share or two of company stock out of her tiny paycheck—and do as much of her buying as possible at the company store, because that's where the prices are lowest.

Being part of the biggest and fastest-growing company that ever existed counts for something, though. Wal-Mart's tiny-profit-margin strategy requires it to grow obsessively: The bigger it gets, the cheaper it can buy products, and the lower it can set its prices, the bigger it gets. The company churns out breathlessly expansive news to its employees: more sales targets reached, more stores opened, more countries entered. Americans like a winner, and Wal-Mart kicks ass at everything it does. It's the ultimate rising tide, and being a small boat upon it doubtless feels a lot better than tearing feathers off dead chickens.

(continued on page 152)



"Are you trying to tell me you just came to pillage?"



The **STRAIGHT DOPE**

**GEORGE WASHINGTON GREW POT. ELVIS WAS A NARC.
PURE STUFF OR BOGUS PRODUCT? WE GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF THE WILDEST DRUG LEGENDS OF ALL TIME**

BY STEPHAN TALTY



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A DEA AGENT to know that drug lore is more pervasive in our culture than *Cheers* reruns. But pinning down the truth about the ways chemical and organic enhancements have influenced music, movies and even history is no easy task (maybe because of that whole "highly illegal" thing). So we're left with a stash of legends that get passed around more than a roach clip at a Phish concert. Did Keith Richards swap his junkie blood for a clean, fresh supply? Did Coca-Cola really contain cocaine? Wonder no longer. We've collected America's most mind-altering drug myths and tested them for purity. So turn on, tune in, and watch out for the oversize purple bats. **THEY AREN'T FRIENDLY.**

WHIRLED HISTORY TAKE A TRIP BACK TO THE STONED AGE

GEORGE WASHINGTON SMOKED MARIJUANA.

WORD ON THE STREET: Legalization advocates insist that when our first president wasn't fathering a nation, he was cultivating huge crops of hemp on his Virginia plantation. In a 1794 note to his gardener, Washington instructed, "Make the most of the Indian hemp seed, and sow it everywhere." While the plants were commonly used to make rope and paper (including the first draft of the Declaration of Independence), some amateur historians suspect that Washington cured the hemp into a smokable form to dull his chronic dental pain. **STRAIGHT DOPE:** We cannot tell a lie. Though there is no evidence that Washington ever rolled a fatty, he did grow barnfuls of hemp. Reports that he tried to amend the Constitution to make the pursuit of jam bands an inalienable right, however, seem unfounded.

COCA-COLA ONCE CONTAINED COCAINE.

WORD ON THE STREET: Almost everyone who's ever had a Coke and a smile has heard that the original formula for the world's most famous soft drink contained ample doses of a certain addictive secret ingredient. Coca-Cola's inventor, Dr. John Pemberton, became a morphine addict during the Civil War and was desperate for a cure. He turned to a new (and perfectly legal) miracle drug called co-

caine. So when he whipped up his sugary brown "nerve tonic" in 1886, he loaded it with a potent extract of coca leaves. How would the original formula measure up to modern standards? A six-ounce serving of Coca-Cola contained 8.45 milligrams of blow—chug four bottles and you'd be ready to wrestle your mule. "Keith Richards could definitely get off on it," says Mark Pendergrast, author of *For God, Country and Coca-Cola*. "But he'd have to go to the bathroom a lot." Coke's punch was an open secret: For years official sign language for the soda was the motion of jabbing a needle in your arm. **STRAIGHT DOPE:** The enduring Coke legend is the real thing. But a wave of hysteria about cocaine addiction swept America shortly after the turn of the century, and by 1929 Coke was—sigh—coke-free.

STAR FREAKERS THESE CELEBS WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THE LITTLE DEALERS OUT THERE

ROBERT MITCHUM SMOKED POT BEFORE SCENES TO GET THAT SLEEPY-EYED LOOK.

WORD ON THE STREET: Mitchum was first introduced to marijuana—which he called "the poor man's whiskey"—as a teenage hobo. Once he hit Hollywood he continued to smoke and got busted for it in a 1948 police raid. (He went to a prison farm for two months.) During the filming of *The Night of the Hunter* the producer reported that an un-



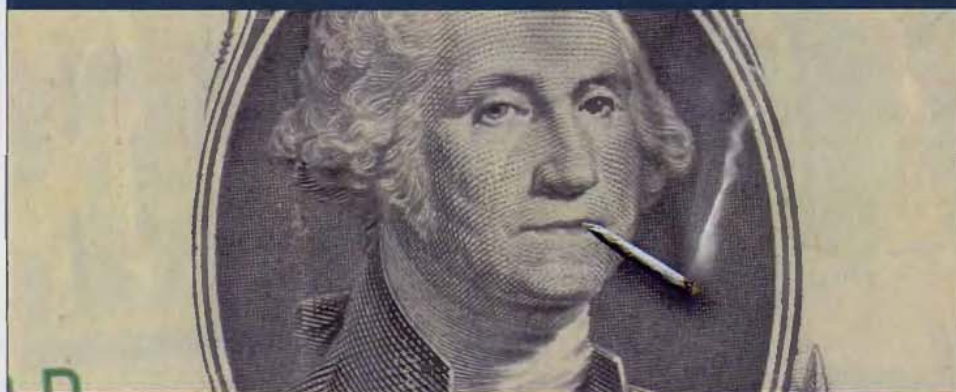
Bad spot for a Cocaholics Anonymous meeting.

repentant Mitchum "was on drugs, drunk and what have you, and there were times when we couldn't get him in front of the camera." After filming was canceled one day because of his condition, Mitchum retaliated by pissing in the front seat of the producer's car. **STRAIGHT DOPE:** Accounts of Mitchum's herbal motivation technique are no bunk.

CARY GRANT WAS AN AVID LSD USER.

WORD ON THE STREET: Despite his elegant demeanor, the star of *Topper* and *North by Northwest* dropped prodigious amounts of acid at the height of his career. "I have been born again," said Grant about discovering LSD in the early 1950s, according to the 1991 biography *Evenings With Cary Grant: Recollections in His Own Words and by Those Who Knew Him Best*. The actor rode the magic carpet hard: In one hallucination he morphed into an enormous penis that rocketed toward space. Grant not only tripped more than 100 times and credited acid with helping him forgive his parents and control his drinking, he also turned a young Timothy Leary on to LSD. "Cary changed my views," said Leary. "He converted me."

STRAIGHT DOPE: Far out—Grant was indeed a pioneering psychonaut.



If you had wooden teeth and a wig infested with baby spiders, you'd take the edge off too.

MUSIC IN THEIR VEINS
TIME TO DROP THE NEEDLE
ON SOME GREATEST HITS

KEITH RICHARDS CLEANED UP BY GETTING A COMPLETE BLOOD TRANSFUSION.

WORD ON THE STREET: Richards has never been coy about his longtime love of heroin. But during the Stones' 1973 European tour he could barely make it onto the stage. "The tours were extremely grueling in those days," says biographer Victor Bockris. "But a real heroin cure takes two to three months at least, and they didn't have that kind of time." So Keef slipped off to a secret clinic to have his entire blood supply replaced with clean, grade-A hemoglobin. Voilà!

STRAIGHT DOPE: Richards was brought to a Swiss clinic but not for a complete transfusion. He underwent "hemodialysis," whereby blood is pumped through a membrane, filtering out toxic substances. Why has the transfusion story proven so durable? Bockris points to Keith's encouragement of his 1970s image as an "elegantly wasted vampire. But

IN ONE HALLUCINATION
GRANT MORPHED INTO AN
ENORMOUS PENIS THAT
ROCKETED TOWARD SPACE.

this is one of the myths he's actually tried to correct." Another one he wants rectified: that he actually died in 1981.

GRACE SLICK DOSED RICHARD NIXON WITH LSD.

WORD ON THE STREET: Jefferson Airplane singer Slick attended the same finishing school as Nixon's daughter, so in 1970 she snagged an invite to a White House tea. She stashed LSD in her coat pocket, planning to spike capitalist pig Nixon's Earl Grey. Whee! **STRAIGHT DOPE:** Slick did attempt to pull off the greatest practical joke in White House history, and failed. She was almost through the door when the Secret Service blocked her way. They didn't want her "bodyguard"—hippie activist Abbie Hoffman—anywhere near Tricky Dick. "We got hysterical thinking

about how the White House would react to his saying 'The walls are melting,'" Slick recalled in a 1992 *Life* story. "So they were right. I was a security risk."

PINK FLOYD'S DARK SIDE OF THE MOON IS A SOUNDTRACK FOR THE WIZARD OF OZ.

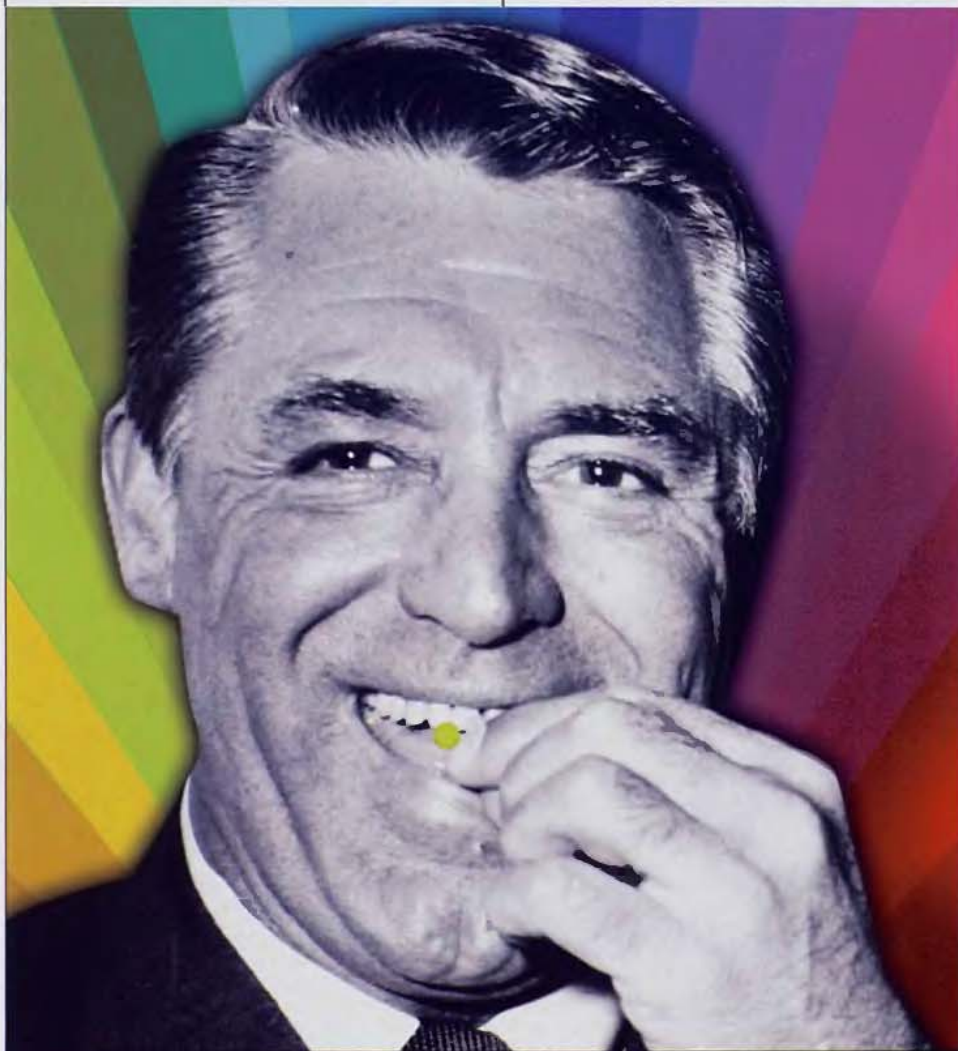
WORD ON THE STREET: Somehow, somewhere, one very stoned individual discovered that if you start playing Floyd's 1973 masterpiece and the 1939 movie classic at the same time, they become "synchronized." "Brain Damage" subs for the Scarecrow's "If I Only Had a Brain," and the lyrics "far away across the field" are heard as Dorothy skips through a meadow (a scene long subject to speculation about poppy-like flora). DJs touted the theory, leading to midnight movies packed with sweet-smelling devotees in the late 1990s.

STRAIGHT DOPE: Pay no attention to the bull-shit behind the curtain. *Dark Side* producer Alan Parsons scoffs, explaining that Floyd members never discussed *Oz* in the studio and that VCRs didn't exist when the album was recorded. Watch *Oz/Dark Side* straight—just once—and you'll realize that for every strained coincidence there are a hundred nonparallel moments. But crank up AC/DC's *High Voltage* along with *Mary Poppins* and you will learn the meaning of life.

ELVIS WAS (AND MAYBE STILL IS) A DEA AGENT.

WORD ON THE STREET: On December 21, 1970, Elvis left a letter for President Nixon at the White House gate, offering to "be of any service" against "the drug culture, the hippie elements, the SDS, Black Panthers, etc." Later that day he was granted an audience with Nixon, a moment immortalized in a famous Oval Office photo. Elvis was awarded a DEA badge to add to his collection. Most fans agree that Elvis soon became addicted to prescription drugs and fried peanut butter sandwiches, contributing to his death in 1977. But was he a government informant? And is it possible he faked his death to escape retribution and continue his drug-busting mission?

STRAIGHT DOPE: Though the letter and the Nixon summit are documented facts, "undercover Elvis" is only slightly less ludicrous than his being abducted by rockabilly-fan aliens. Even a superpatriot rock star wouldn't fake his own death sitting on a toilet.



"Judy, Judy, Judy! No, seriously, keep still. I'm seeing three of you."

WILLIE NELSON SMOKED POT ON THE WHITE HOUSE ROOF.

WORD ON THE STREET: Jimmy Carter, a big Nelson fan, invited the cannabis-loving country outlaw to visit 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Apparently unable to resist the opportunity, Willie sparked a spliff on the roof. **STRAIGHT DOPE:** By his own account, the Red-Headed Stranger did indeed get familiar with some green at the White House. When Bill Clinton, another Southern governor turned president, showed up at a Nelson concert, Willie slyly asked Clinton if he'd been up there toking too. Nelson on the presidential reaction: "He jumped back about three feet."

WE THE STONED PEOPLE...

SOMETIMES EVEN THE GOVERNMENT GIVES IN TO PEER PRESSURE

THE ARMY TESTED LSD ON SOLDIERS.

WORD ON THE STREET: Looking to develop "psychochemical" weapons, the U.S. Army's Chemical Corps experimented with hallucinogens at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland. Between 1955 and 1975, thousands of G.I. guinea pigs unknowingly received hits. More powerful than LSD was a "superhallucinogen" called BZ, which induced "maniacal" behavior and delusions. "He was taking a shower in his uniform and smoking a cigar," said one enlisted man of a BZ test subject. BZ was placed in grenades and missile warheads and was used unsuccessfully in Vietnam in an effort to flush out Viet Cong hideouts, according to *Acid Dreams*:



Are jelly doughnuts a controlled substance?



Another great thing about pot: It's tax-free.

The Complete Social History of LSD, by Martin Lee and Bruce Shlain.

STRAIGHT DOPE: Talk about shock and awe: Army experimentation with LSD is a fact. Sir!

THE CIA BROUGHT CRACK TO THE INNER CITY.

WORD ON THE STREET: *San Jose Mercury News* reporter Gary Webb blew America's mind in 1996 when he reported that the CIA had acted as a middleman between drug cartels connected to CIA-backed Contra rebels and gangs such as the Crips and the Bloods. Dealers were given a pass to introduce the drug to LA's South Central neighborhood to help finance the CIA's war in Nicaragua, thus kicking off the 1980s crack-and-crime epidemic. The *Mercury News* later called the story "oversimplified," and 14 months after that Webb resigned. But many still believe the charges.

STRAIGHT DOPE: Is even the CIA sinister enough to pull this off? Unlikely...we hope. What's more certain is that J. Edgar Hoover started the banana daiquiri craze of 1956.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

IT'S ODD, BUT DRUG USERS DON'T ALWAYS DEMONSTRATE SOUND JUDGMENT

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS KILLED HIS WIFE WHILE HIGH.

WORD ON THE STREET: On September 6, 1951, the junkie beat writer of *Naked Lunch* and his common-law wife, Joan Vollmer, were partying hard in a Mexico City apartment. After doing hits of speed, Burroughs told guests that he and Vollmer were going to perform their William Tell act. She placed a glass on her head; he aimed, fired and shot her in the face, killing her instantly.

STRAIGHT DOPE: Unlike Burroughs's aim, this story is all too true. "The death of Joan

brought me in contact with the invader, the ugly spirit," Burroughs remarked later. It didn't do much for Vollmer, either.

DOCK ELLIS PITCHED A NO-HITTER ON ACID.

WORD ON THE STREET: The Pittsburgh Pirates ace was chilling out in Los Angeles on June 12, 1970. Thinking it was an off day, he took LSD with his girlfriend. An hour later she looked at the sports section and shouted, "It says here you're pitching today!" Ellis jumped on a flight to San Diego to play the Padres and walked onto the mound, tripping wildly. Surprise: He pitched brilliantly. He saw a "blazing, comet-like tail" on fastballs; he dived out of the way of weak hits. "I can remember only bits and pieces of the game," says Ellis. "The ball was small sometimes, the ball was large sometimes. Sometimes I saw the catcher, sometimes I didn't." Ellis walked eight batters but won 2-0 without giving up a hit. His dealer got the save.

STRAIGHT DOPE: This great moment in sports history is...safe! Every word is true, says Ellis.

TIMOTHY LEARY DROPPED LSD ON HIS DEATHBED.

WORD ON THE STREET: What, you think the infamous acid guru ordered a tuna salad sandwich for his last meal? Cancer victim Leary's 1996 deathbed scene was a magical mystery tour, with friends and relatives (including goddaughter Winona Ryder) giving the former Harvard psychologist a mock funeral—while he watched! Given his pro-LSD stance, news that he passed away while riding the magic carpet elicited little surprise.

STRAIGHT DOPE: Contrary to rumor, Leary, who did dull his pain with morphine, did not turn on while dropping out. Ailing *Brave New World* author Aldous Huxley, however, was injected with LSD while his wife read from the Tibetan Book of the Dead. "I know how this one ends," said Huxley, who then died.



"If our stash runs low, we'll just smoke Scarecrow!"



The moon rises over Studio 54: One small sniff for man, one giant snort for disco-kind.

STUDIO 54'S LOGO FLAUNTED ITS DRUG-DEN STATUS.

WORD ON THE STREET: If you ever made it past the velvet rope at the infamous 1970s Manhattan disco to party with Mick and Bianca, you would have witnessed an amazing sight: Truman Capote's fat ass trying to do the hustle—and a huge sculpture of a quarter-moon snorting crystals from a coke spoon. The defiant Man on the Moon now hangs in the Studio 54 club at Las Vegas's MGM Grand.

STRAIGHT DOPE: Like they say, if you can remember Studio 54, you probably weren't there. Luckily, we have a picture to prove it.

SMUGGLER'S BLUES HALF THE FUN IS JUST GETTING THE DRUGS HERE

SMUGGLERS USE DEAD BABIES TO HIDE COCAINE.

WORD ON THE STREET: A customs agent spotted a sick infant in the arms of a woman exiting a Bogotá-Miami flight. It turns out the baby was dead, and a brick of coke was stashed where its internal organs should have been. Reports of this ghoulish ploy go back to the 1970s; it was reported as fact in a 1985 *Washington Post* story. The tale became so rampant that *Miami Herald* crime reporter Edna Buchanan decided to check it out.

STRAIGHT DOPE: Buchanan's conclusion? "It is fiction," she wrote. "I have laid the dead baby to rest so often that I can now see its poor little pasty face in my mind's eye." The dead-baby mule is an urban legend, dreamed up by antidrug warriors or coach-class passengers who detest crying infants.

PABLO ESCOBAR EXECUTED UNDERLINGS—BEHIND BARS.

WORD ON THE STREET: While holed up in the luxurious La Catedral prison (built especially for him) in 1992, the notorious Colombian drug lord was still fighting an expensive war against his rivals. So when two allies, Gerardo Moncada and Fernando Galeano, let \$20 million in cash turn moldy, they were ordered to visit the prison. "Moncada and Galeano were killed by being hung upside down and burned," read a DEA cable on the incident. "The informant says this is Escobar's way of killing people." The bodies were buried on-site; days later the brothers of both victims were also whacked.

STRAIGHT DOPE: Even after his death, Escobar's legend lives on in Colombia, as does this frighteningly true tale.

PRETEEN WASTELAND DID THESE CHILDREN'S FAVORITES LIVE HAPPILY EVER STONED?

"PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON" IS AN ODE TO MARIJUANA.

WORD ON THE STREET: When the song about a friendly dragon and his human pal recorded by mellow folkies Peter, Paul and Mary became a hit in 1963, nascent hippies were convinced that the lyrics "frolicked in the autumn mist" and "little Jackie Paper" were references to reefer. Not to mention Puff himself. The song is based on a poem written by Cornell University student Leonard Lipton, who professes shock at the rumors: "The song is about loss of innocence and having to face an adult world. I can tell you that at

Cornell in 1959 no one smoked grass."

STRAIGHT DOPE: A red-eyed Puff is a fairy tale. Though Lipton has royalties to protect, we're willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, given the song's pre-drug culture vintage. But it's still a great reason to hate folk music created by privileged college kids.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND WAS WRITTEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE.

WORD ON THE STREET: The classic children's tale of a girl's trip through the looking glass is packed with so much surreal imagery—talking rabbits, toking caterpillars—that many people assume author Lewis Carroll's inspiration came from a hash pipe. The fact that opium and laudanum use was widespread in Victorian England doesn't help.

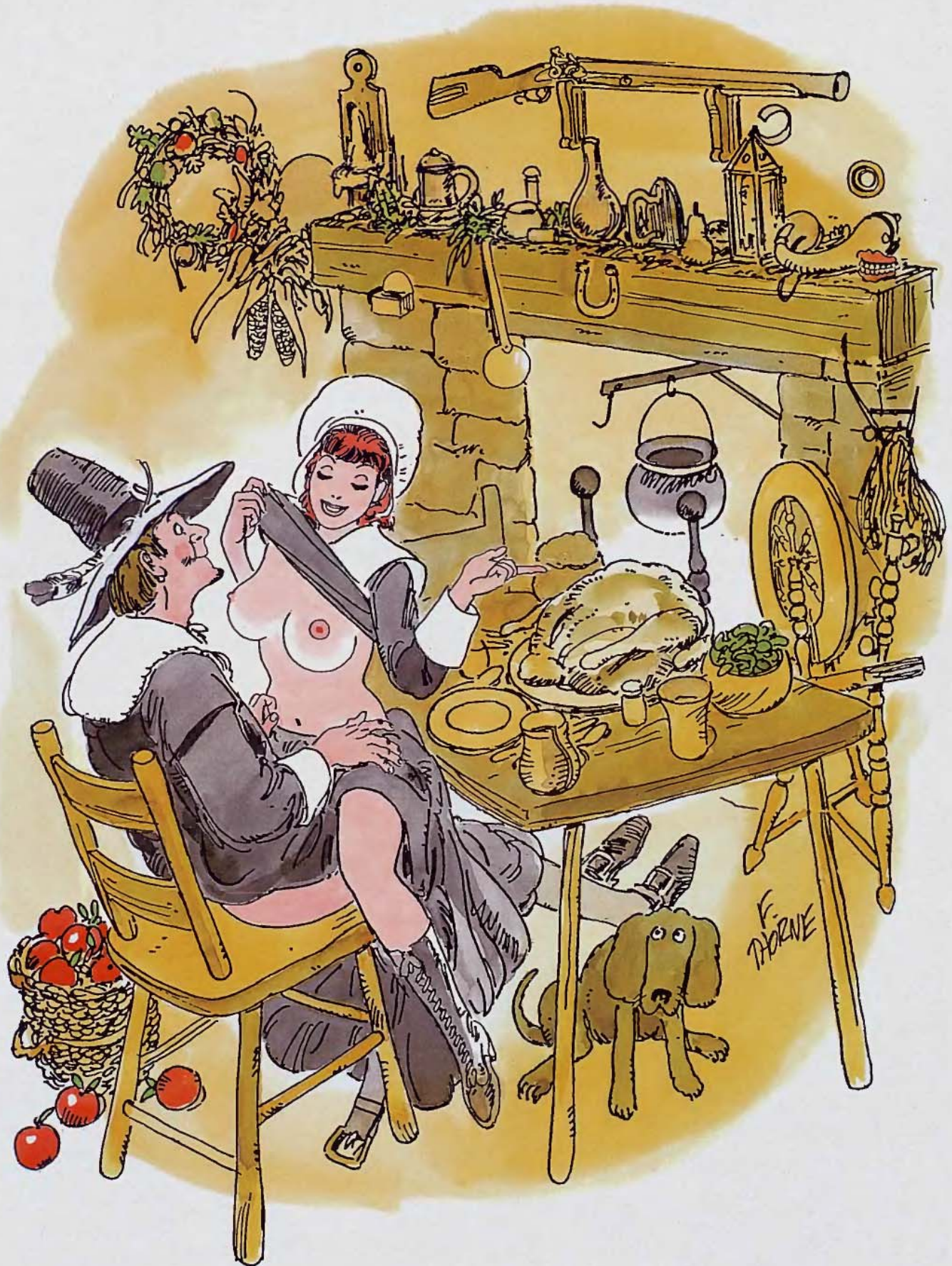
STRAIGHT DOPE: It turns out Carroll may have been just a mad—but sober—Englishman. Biographers have found no evidence that the author ever used opium. Still, the original title, *Alice's Adventures in Cleveland*, suggests that something altered Carroll's vision.

H.R. PUFNSTUF HAD MORE DRUG REFERENCES THAN A MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.

WORD ON THE STREET: Fans of the hippie-era Sid and Marty Krofft series say that only a preschooler (and the FCC) could miss the puppetpalooza's stoner clues. The plot involves a witch's jones to steal a bonglike talking flute. The psychedelic set is littered with mushrooms. *H.R.* is assumed to stand for "hand-rolled." And the theme song contains the lyrics "H.R. Pufnstuf, where you go when things get rough / H.R. Pufnstuf, you can't do a little 'cause you can't do enough." **STRAIGHT DOPE:** The Kroffts have denied illicit inspiration, but in 1995 Sid was asked, "Be honest. Did you guys take a lot of drugs in the 1960s?" He replied, "The question should be, 'Do we take drugs in the 1990s?'" They can dodge the issue, but watching even one *Pufnstuf* episode will give you a contact high.



Pufnstuf: And this is before our drugs kick in.



"Do you want to try the turkey, or should we stick with the stuffing?"

DIVINI INSPIRATION

Miss November followed her star to success

How could a girl as gorgeous as Divini Rae have escaped our attention until now? Maybe the fact that she spent much of her life in a remote Alaskan fishing village has something to do with it. "The only way to reach my village is by plane or boat in the summer," Divini says. "I felt a little cut off. Most other kids had TVs, but we could pick up only two channels there anyway." Despite the long Alaskan winters, Divini grew up with a disposition as sunny as her name: "My mom told me that the first thing she thought when I was born was that I was like a divine ray of sunshine." Growing up in a home with no running water or electricity, Divini became an avid reader and graduated early from high school. She then studied psychology and journalism at an Oregon college before a vacation to Sydney, Australia led to modeling and voice-over work. She lived in Sydney



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





"I grew up in a small Alaska town, so I went rock climbing and camping all the time," says Divini. "My parents were fishermen, and my earliest memory is of being out on the boat, netting fish with my dad. He used to send me to school on a sled pulled by huskies. I love going back to Alaska to see my family, but I couldn't live there again. The winters are too intense."







on and off for five years before moving to Los Angeles. "Now when I go back to Australia, I affect an accent a little," she confesses. "That way they don't ask me, 'How long are you here on vacation?'" Divini also dabbled in acting down under, starring on the TV drama *Above the Law* and hosting a show on which she interviewed sports celebrities. She even launched her own monthly magazine, *SWAY* (Sydney Will Amaze You), documenting the city's abundant nightlife. "Hef granted me an interview, and that issue is now a collector's item," she says. "I headed a talented group of people at the magazine—it was my baby." Now the entrepreneur is busy putting together a sexy calendar of Playmate friends to be sold on her website, divinirae.com. "Since I appeared in the *Girls of Australia* layout in the December 2000 *PLAYBOY*, I've



"I feel comfortable in my skin," says Divini. "I've never been inhibited or reserved. I was raised to believe you have sex only after marriage and only your husband sees you nude, but I used to lay out nude when it was warm to get some color. That would shock my mom. I told her *PLAYBOY* helps a woman recognize her sexuality and embrace it in a beautiful way. It's cute, because now she supports me and is cool about it."







met lots of down-to-earth, beautiful women," she says. "I've never done a calendar before. It will be hot!" Miss November's enthusiasm for what lies around the corner is infectious. This is one brainy beauty whose hands are never idle. "It's rare that I relax," she says. "I have so much energy that I do sit-ups to feel productive while I watch *Will & Grace*." She's just as focused about the type of guy she likes to hang out with. "I'm into the person and not his looks," she says. "I know that is a cliché, but I'm attracted to charisma and sophistication—someone who is articulate, likes to read, has a silly sense of humor and is easygoing. I like men to be men, and I want to be treated like a lady—open doors for me, speak respectfully. I'm classy and not into the bad-boy thing or celebrity egos. Just gentlemen with manners for me."



MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Divini Rae
 BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36
 HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 126
 BIRTH DATE: 7.31.77 BIRTHPLACE: Alaska
 AMBITIONS: To invest in real estate in the U.S., continue in publishing and be a wonderful wife & mother someday.
 TURN-ONS: Genuineness, courage, wisdom, confidence, charisma, sophistication - & people who join my side.
 TURNOFFS: Negativity, gossip, jealousy, narcissism & hypocritical puritanism.
 PLACES I'VE CALLED HOME: Alaska, Oregon, Australia, New York City & L.A.
 ITEMS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: A bottle of water at all times, a notepad & pen, dental floss, Chapstick, mango butter lotion & antibacterial hand sanitizer.
 FIVE PEOPLE I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW: Baz Luhrmann, J.D. Salinger, Marlon Brando, Diane Sawyer & Hugh Hefner, again.



In college, right after chopping off all my hair.



18 years old - first modeling shoot.



Michelle & me at one of Hef's parties.



SEE BEHIND THE SCENES
VIDEO OF DIVINI'S PICTORIAL
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A husband suspected that his wife was having an affair, so he hired a famous Chinese private detective. A few days later, the husband received this note:

"Dear Sir,
You leave house. He come house. I watch. He leave house. She leave house. I follow. He and she go into hotel. I climb tree and look in window. He kiss she. She kiss he. He undress she. She undress he. He play with she. She play with he. I play with me. Fall out of tree and no see. No fee."



As their wedding day approached, a man's fiancée asked him to come over and proofread the wedding invitations. When he walked into the house, her beautiful younger sister was standing there. She whispered in his ear, "I've been in love with you for years. Before you marry my sister, please make love to me just once. I'll be upstairs waiting for you."

Stunned, the man walked outside. The fiancée's father was standing by the man's car. The father shook his hand and said, "My daughters and I put you to a test, and you passed. We couldn't ask for a better man to marry into the family."

Moral of the story: Always keep your condoms in the car.

After his death, Osama bin Laden went to paradise. He was greeted by George Washington, who slapped him across the face and yelled, "How dare you attack the nation I helped conceive!"

Patrick Henry punched Bin Laden in the nose and shouted, "You wanted to end America's liberty, but you failed."

James Madison appeared, kicked him in the balls, and said, "This is why I allowed the government to provide for the common defense."

Bin Laden was subjected to similar beatings from John Randolph, James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson and 66 other early Americans. As he writhed in pain on the ground, an angel appeared. Bin Laden said, "This is not what I was promised."

The angel replied, "I told you there would be 72 Virginians waiting for you. What did you think I said?"

A naval ship was nearing its home port when the captain noticed a sailor on the flight deck gesturing wildly with semaphore flags. In the pier's parking lot, an attractive young woman was standing on top of a station wagon, waving flags back at the sailor. Concerned about security, the captain asked a signalman, "What messages are those two people sending to each other?"

The signalman reported, "Captain, he is sending the letters FF, and she is flashing the letters EF."

The captain ordered the sailor to the bridge. When he arrived, the captain shouted, "Who is that woman on the pier, and why are you exchanging the signals FF and EF?"

The sailor replied, "Sir, that's my girlfriend, and she wants to eat first."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A young woman bought a new book, titled *What Do Women Really Want?*

Her boyfriend picked it up and started thumbing through the pages. The woman asked, "What in the world are you doing?"

He replied, "I just want to see if they have my name spelled right."

Two shrinks met in the hallway outside their offices. One said, "Good morning."

The other wondered, What exactly does he mean by that?



Where does a bee put his stinger at night? In his honey.

A woman went to a bank to apply for a loan. "I need the money to divorce my husband," she said.

"We wouldn't give money for a divorce," the banker said. "We provide loans only for things like automobiles, businesses and home improvement."

"Well," the woman said, "this is a home improvement."

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



MARTY
MURPHY

"And last but not least, I want to thank the entertainment committee."

Dent Island

*All the local loons
and misfits come
out to play*

Fiction by PETE DEXTER

Dent Island lies in northern Puget Sound—36 miles long and half that wide, shaped about like a stomach except at Fort Beaver, the belt line, where it cinches in almost to nothing, and at the ends, where it tapers. It's a \$7, 40-minute ferry ride from the mainland over the coldest water you will ever cross, and visitors are encouraged. Every spring, in fact, the island tourist commission buys advertisements in West Coast travel magazines that say, "Dent Island—come fall in love all over again."

And they do come, every year, like indoor ants. All summer long, twin lines of them on bicycles, with wraparound sunglasses and yellow helmets, moving up and down State Road 535, the island's only artery. A few are inevitably maimed—there are always the Winnebago accidents, when one driver is blinded by the sun coming off another's windshield and takes out a section of bicyclists about the length of a guard rail—but mostly they survive and return. And the picnics, the places you see picnics. The British Columbians in particular will eat anywhere.

Californians, on the other hand, are more apt to drop into the picturesque town of Austin for lunch, hoping to see Barbra Streisand, who is supposed to have a hide-away somewhere near the ferry landing, or to buy antiques at bargain prices. It does not occur to them, even after spending \$80 on lunch, that the locals are not easy pickings.

You cannot avoid these people; they are everywhere and often in need of medical assis-





tance. In rutting season they are attacked by deer. At the RV park they are attacked by yellow jackets. And still they come back. One stumbled out in front of me on Low Moan Road last year, grabbing at my door like it was the last helicopter out of Saigon, and a little later, as we stood looking down the long gully to the spot where his Land Rover had come to rest, he told me that somehow he had to make time in his life for himself, too.

In extreme cases, they threaten to move in.

As it happens, the house I live in now—at least most of it—was built by visitors, a middle-aged couple, whose other property was on the waterfront of Lake Washington, probably the dearest real estate between New York City and Tokyo.

The lady of the house began the project as a weekend retreat, a place to get away, I suppose, from other people with just as much money as she had. A place where she could hear herself think. A few months into construction, though, she had a change of heart and decided to go bigger. She had visions of the sort of house where friends would wear white gloves to afternoon teas. But not a complete change of heart. She went back and forth on it, back and forth—weekend retreat one day, country manor the next—and drove the builder out of his nut, of course, and then her husband. If he wasn't already.

She was in the kitchen the first time we came through with the real estate agent, baking gingersnaps, holding it together for the sake of appearances. She had an apron on, and new jeans and cowgirl boots she'd bought to attend the county fair. Horrific thighs. Out the window, her husband, Don, was splitting firewood at the edge of the meadow below the house. Don was going to miss the island, she said. He loved the outdoors, the feel of slamming home the old ax.

She spoke these words affectionately, but you could see things between them were headed south. We were over there four times before we bought the house and never saw him closer to her than a hundred yards. Twice driving past, we spotted him just sitting in the meadow in his new pickup, reading the newspaper.

By the time we showed up, of course, the lady of the house had made a decision that afternoon teas and white gloves were not negotiable, and then she found out—probably during the five months she and Don waited around for the fucking electrician to show up—that there are no white gloves on this island except the ones that belong to the mimes. There's a nest of them over in Austin, so many that once in a while in the winter you

see them miming for each other. The competition for wintertime attention around here just breaks your heart.

Besides mimes, there is a theater group in town, and colonies of painters, musicians and glassblowers scattered near town, in the hills. There is an ex-movie star—nothing on the scale of Barbra Streisand, of course, but a face you'd know if you saw it—who keeps to himself, and an annual writers workshop for lesbians. More greasy jeans than a pack of Hell's Angels. Four years ago a troop of touring monks was hired by the island arts council to visit Austin for a day and conduct a seminar on conga drumming, and 26 people showed up with their own conga drums. This in a town of 720 people.

All to say that Dent Island does not lack culture. It is also true that many kinds of people live and work here—stockbrokers, fishermen, lawyers, Boeing engineers, one fucking electrician—and not all of them are cultured or even appreciate culture, and some of them will not even drive through

Ms. Conners bore a pleasing resemblance to Jane Russell—and you didn't have to worry about putting out your eye on some implant.

Austin with their families because of all the culture that hangs around in the street there. These are the same people, by the way, you will notice not waving back when you are out on your bike in your yellow helmet looking for Barbra Streisand's cottage.

•

The island has two school districts—more because of its size than its population—and in June a few years ago the southern, more rural district, which includes the towns of Austin, Tyree and Eagleton, hired a 31-year-old woman named Anita Louise Conners to develop an advanced-placement curriculum. The old-timers said Ms. Conners bore a pleasing resemblance to the actress Jane Russell—from the day when you didn't have to worry about putting out your eye on some implant a doctor had installed—and perhaps in that spirit, the school board, many of whose members had lived through the Great Depression, gave her an unusual, 12-month contract, which caused some

bruised feelings over at the high school as well as a dustup in the local paper. For most of a month it was civil war on the op-ed page, tit lovers against the teachers' union.

While the argument was going on, Ms. Conners set up courses in gender studies, African American and feminist literature, creative writing and Shakespeare.

But wait, there's something else. Ms. Conners was from Harvard. And when the regulars down at Uncle Moses's Bed & Breakfast—who are the island's native sons and offer the truest glimpse inside the place—when the news reached Uncle Moses's B&B that the new teacher who was causing all the stir was from Harvard, it might as well have been Barbra Streisand herself, riding up the street on Trigger. Just fuck the daisies.

Uncle Moses's B&B, I ought to explain, is not now and never has been a bed-and-breakfast. It is a bar named (how would the tourist commission put this?) in *celebration* of our visitors, and "Just fuck the daisies" is a local expression with roots in a 30-year-old incident at Dent Harbor Golf and Country Club that the board of directors, in issuing a one-month suspension to past president Dick Springer, labeled "an egregious violation of common courtesy and the dress code." To this day, in polite company, the denizens of Uncle Moses's use the euphemism "an egregious violation of common courtesy and the dress code" when they mean something so perfect, or so perfectly fucked-up, that it cannot accurately be described except in terms of having sex with flowers.

Not to say there is anything wrong with Harvard, per se, any more than there is anything wrong with daisies. It is just that there is, as the Dent Harbor Golf and Country Club board of directors noted in its letter of suspension, a time and a place for everything.

My own reaction to the news of Ms. Conners's educational credentials was more like this: How can you be from a place like Harvard anyway? What about the other places? I went to the University of South Dakota—and I was there longer than most of the faculty—but it's not where I'm from. I am from the one-bathroom tract houses in Georgia and suburban Chicago that my stepfather bought as he raised his family on a teacher's salary. I am from my seat next to my sister's at the kitchen table, from meat patties, baked potatoes and frozen green beans. I am from Philadelphia and the newspaper business.

Where I am not from, of course, is Harvard. My sister went there, though, and my brother Tom, who for all I

(continued on page 158)



"I love how people look like us from up here!"

THIS ONE TIME, AT

ROCK CAMP...

} } ROCK N' ROLL FANTASY CAMP WANTS TO MAKE YOUR AIR-GUITAR DREAMS COME TRUE FOR ONLY \$6,000—GROUPIES NOT INCLUDED { {

> > > by David Peisner

I have convinced myself that the final night of Rock n' Roll Fantasy Camp is no big deal, no different from putting on a skit with my cabin mates when I was nine. But this isn't the stage at Camp Winnawoka; it's the Bottom Line, a world-famous club in Manhattan. And this isn't a marshmallow on a stick in my hand; it's a bass guitar, on which I am expected shortly to accompany camp counselor Roger Daltrey. Yes, *that* Roger Daltrey. Probably best not to dwell on the fact that I'd never picked up a bass before three days ago.

"Hellooo, New York City!" the emcee howls, raising an expectant cheer from the standing-room-only crowd. "Are you ready?" For those about to rock, we beg your forgiveness.

STRATOCASTERS AND FANNY PACKS

Rock n' Roll Fantasy Camp is the brainchild of concert promoter David Fishof. Decades ago, baseball fantasy camps proved that rich, paunchy sports fans would pay top dollar to play catch with rich, paunchy ex-athletes. Fishof applied the idea to music, creating a place where people could "eat, sleep and live rock and roll." The first RRFC, held in 1997 in Miami, lost money, but Fishof revived the camp in Los Angeles last year, and now he's brought it to New York City.

While financial riches have so far proved elusive, the rock-camp concept has found its way onto pop culture's ultimate barometer: *The Simpsons*. During Homer's stint at camp, his counselors are a who's who of rock royalty, including Mick Jagger, Tom Petty and Elvis Costello. Fishof's roll call is somewhat less awe-inspiring: From the website touting RRFC 2003, I learn that this year's musical director is Mark Rivera, a Brook-

lynite who blows sax in Billy Joel's band. Among the 20 or so hands-on counselors are aging classic rockers such as Mountain guitarist Leslie West, Bad Company drummer Simon Kirke and Jack Blades, bassist-singer from hair-metal heroes Night Ranger. While those names don't mean much to anyone who didn't spend the 1970s and 1980s obsessing over liner notes, some bigger guns are also scheduled to appear, including Grand Funk Railroad frontman Mark Farner, Ramones drummer Marky Ramone, Kiss guitarist Ace Frehley and one bona fide superstar: Daltrey, the Who's golden-voiced god.

Legend has it that bluesman Robert Johnson bought his talents from the devil at the price of his soul. In 2003, music glory still isn't a bargain. To put an average joe in touch with his inner rock star, RRFC charges \$5,995 for five days—not including travel or lodging. As I sit in a cab, zigzagging through Manhattan toward the camp's headquarters in the Hudson Hotel, I prepare for two distinct possibilities: the fulfillment of a teenage fantasy, or utter humiliation that could take years to





forget. Certainly I'm feeling skeptical about the prospect of an authentic experience being delivered at any price. Rock and capitalism have a long, contentious relationship, and lately rock has been getting its ass kicked. In an age when the Clash's punk anthem "London Calling" sells Jaguars, rock seems to have outlived its mission statement of rebellion.

The Hudson is one of those boutique jobs too trendy for obvious signage, so I sneak a peek at the front-desk stationery just to make sure I'm in the right place. I'm told registration is on the third floor. When the elevator opens I'm besieged.

"Hey, how was your trip? What's your name?" yelps a caffeinated middle-aged woman in a Rock n' Roll Fantasy Camp T-shirt. "Let's get you a name tag." She hands me a tote bag and turns me over to impressively busty, bottle-blond twins armed with a camera. I'm ordered to stand against the wall and smile. I do. A photo is taken for a laminated badge.

I'm then ushered into an eggshell-colored conference room where other attendees are already auditioning. In back, Rivera

sits behind a long table, jotting notes that will help him divide the 78 registered campers into nine bands. In front, Blades, Farnier, Peter Frampton keyboardist Bobby Mayo and Billy Joel drummer Liberty DeVitto set up to accompany the auditions. Campers perch on metal chairs, honing their chops, suitably intimidated by this firing-squad-style arrangement.

Any hopes that camp might deliver a Dionysian cocktail of sex, drugs and rock and roll are quashed as I survey my fellow campers. The dominant demographic here is male and balding, with a heavy concentration of lawyers, salesmen and guys from New Jersey. Some are more enthusiastic than others. Craig Langweiler is a 48-year-old stockbroker from suburban Philadelphia who bears a striking resemblance to Paul Shaffer. Langweiler stands front and center, clapping along through most of the auditions. At one point he even joins in on harmonica. If there's a guy Fishof had in mind when he conceived Rock n' Roll Fantasy Camp, Langweiler is that guy.

"To play harp with Mark Rivera and Liberty DeVitto is about

as good as it gets," Langweiler tells me. "I guess playing with Billy Joel would be like sex. This is the foreplay."

Not everyone here fits the same mold, though. I spot a few pimply teenagers and about a dozen women. Shana Golden, 30 (by her reckoning), is a Vegas showgirl who won a contest to attend the camp. She's sitting in the corner, strumming a white Stratocaster, with sheet music spread in front of her. "It's all because of Roger Daltrey," she says. "I heard about the camp on the radio. If his name wasn't mentioned, I just would've gone, 'Oh, that's cute.' But I said, 'Oh my god, I have to try.'"

The thing most campers here do have in common is that they can play. As I listen to accountants rip through the guitar solo in "Mississippi Queen" and orthopedists pound out the beat to "Won't Get Fooled Again," I'm reminded that I can't. My musical history is a chronicle of abandoned piano lessons, ditched school band concerts and a guitar that's been gathering dust in my closet for several years. They call my number, and someone hands me a top-of-the-line Gretsch hollow-body guitar courtesy of the house. It doesn't help; I butcher "All Along the Watchtower." After the last sour note peters out, Rivera says, "Great job! It's gonna be a fun week." He actually sounds sincere.

I head to my room and inspect the registration materials more closely. Each day's schedule looks the same: breakfast, band practice, lunch, band practice, dinner, "celebrity" jam session. Planned activities run from nine A.M. to 11 P.M., with little downtime. Oddly I don't find the sheet that lists sessions such as Advanced Hotel-Suite Destruction, How to Use Your Coke Habit as a Tax Write-Off and Management of Nubile Groupies.

DIRTY DEEDS, NOT DIRT CHEAP

My audition debacle weighs on me early next morning as I trudge into a gray rehearsal space to meet my freshly selected bandmates. I'm resigned to being the worst musician in the entire camp, destined to spend four days slapping a tambourine against my hip à la Linda McCartney. So it's a relief when I discover seven campers nearly as hopeless as I am.

The first guy I meet is Andy Oringer, a 45-year-old attorney from Long Island. He's one



"I hope this music we play doesn't go the way of Perry Como."

—counselor Mark Farner of Grand Funk Railroad

of two drummers in our group and our most experienced rocker, having played a law firm party. Of our five guitarists, not one has ever been onstage. Our only real talent is Ryan Bruch, a gangly 16-year-old keyboardist from Roanoke, Virginia.

Ricky Byrd, a mop-coiffed former guitarist for Joan Jett and the Blackhearts, is the counselor responsible for whipping us into shape. He hands us each an autographed photo and a copy of his solo CD, then asks, "Does anyone sing or play bass?"

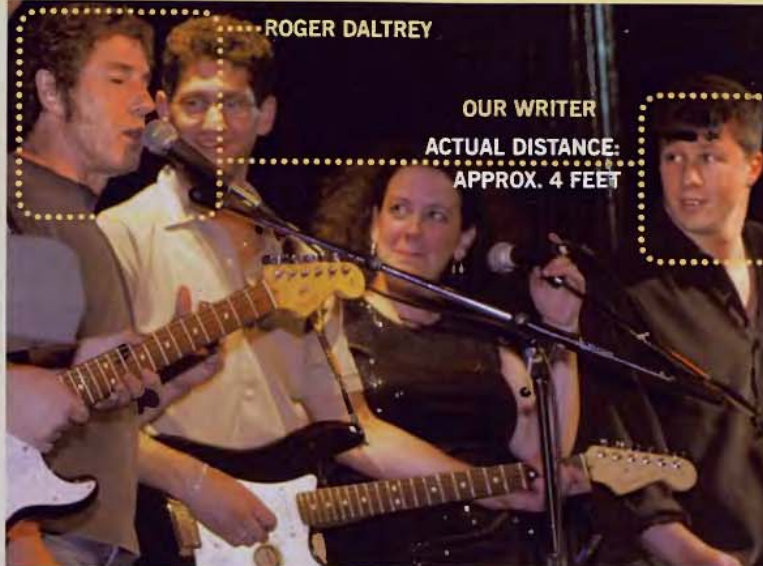
Silence.

Despite never having attempted either, I offer to do both. Another guitarist, Lori Interrant, 42, a frizzy-haired data-entry clerk from Queens, New York who enrolled in the camp after winning the lottery, volunteers to sing. Our lineup is cemented.

"What do you wanna play?" Byrd asks, to a chorus of non-committal murmurs. "Okay, let's try 'All Right Now' by Free."

I guffaw, concerned I won't be able to keep up on bass.

"Don't worry," Byrd says. "It's just like playing guitar, but easier. It's got two less strings."



ROGER DALTREY

OUR WRITER

ACTUAL DISTANCE:
APPROX. 4 FEET

MOSH CAMP

Padding canoes and crafting lanyards are, like, so lame. Today's youth campers want to rock!



ROCK 'N' ROLL CAMP FOR GIRLS • PORTLAND, OREGON

Motto: "Girls can be rockin' no matter what mold they do or do not fit." **Activities:** Just because these young ladies don't chop wood doesn't mean they can't swing an ax. Campers, ages eight to 18, play guitar, design CD covers and zines, and develop self-defense skills to fend off third-grader groupies. **Counselors:** Bona fide rock chicks Sleater-Kinney, King Cobra and DJ Pam the Funkstress. **Jamboree:** Rock 'n' Roll Camp Showcase, featuring camper bands such as Mother May I and Pom Pom Meltdown. Last summer Carrie Brownstein of Sleater-Kinney led sing-alongs. But as the press release makes clear, "No 'Kumbaya' here, sister!"

PAUL GREEN SCHOOL OF ROCK MUSIC • PHILADELPHIA

Motto: "The best way to learn anything is by doing it." **Activities:** It's like an after-school chess club minus the chess, plus Zeppelin but minus Tool, because given the chance "the kids would play nothing but frickin' Tool," laments director Green. Students ages eight to 18 are immersed in 1970s classic rock (because that's what Green likes) and perform in clubs, complete with lights and fog machines. **Counselor:** Napoleon Murphy Brock (a Frank Zappa band alumnus). **Jamboree:** Green frequently puts camper bands such as Decapitator and Overrated onstage and makes them perform. Previous show themes have included Queen, the Who and Zappa.

JOYFUL NOISE • ATLANTA

Motto: "Where Christians rock." **Activities:** It takes more than the Good Book to reach today's sin-crazed youth. Campers, ages eight to 17, learn to write uplifting lyrics, promote bands and get as funky as the Ten Commandments will allow. The day-and-weekend camp isn't just about Christian rock. "But Korn isn't really positive," says director and founder Steve Freeman. **Counselors:** Waterproof Feat (not strictly Christian rock but "positive"). **Jamboree:** Campers have the opportunity to see their favorite Christian rockers and punks perform and minister in a finale that's sure to blow the steeple off the joint.

—Michael Matassa



WHERE ELSE BUT AT ROCK FANTASY CAMP WOULD YOU FIND YOURSELF HANGING WITH ROGER DALTREY (OPPOSITE PAGE) AND "THE TWINS," STAFFERS WHO COULD MAKE A TAX ATTORNEY BELIEVE HE'S STEVEN TYLER?

ROCK N' ROLL FANTASY CAMP

"But I can't really play guitar, either."

"Even better."

Later I catch a van ride to lunch with Langweiler, the harmonica-playing stockbroker. His enthusiasm comes from experience: In the 1970s he played music semiprofessionally.

"But I decided I needed to make a living and become a family man," he says. Langweiler wanted to attend last year's L.A. camp but was too consumed with a divorce. Now he's a free man. "The whole thing for me is to do what I always wanted to do," he says. "The Who, Grand Funk—I used to play all that stuff. That was my teenage years. To bring back those memories is really great." He passes around a wallet photo of himself onstage with Kenny Loggins.

Mayo, the Frampton sideman, nods. "Yeah, I know Kenny. Kenny's great. He rocks." Everyone in the van agrees with this assessment of the lite-FM mainstay responsible for "Whenever I Call You Friend" and "Celebrate Me Home."

Meals are served in a loft space overlooking the Hudson River. As we load up our plates with kosher cold cuts and pasta salad, Fishof rises to make announcements. He appears somber.

"Shhh! We've got some bad news," he says. "Ace Frehley fell down the stairs this morning and is in the hospital, so he won't be able to make it today as scheduled." Groans of disappointment. "But we have a special surprise for you," he continues, his voice rising. "This guy's sold millions of albums and toured the world. He's here to talk about it all." A man sporting black jeans, a sleeveless Special Forces T-shirt and the mother of all mullets walks to the stage. "Please give a big Rock n' Roll Fantasy Camp welcome to Mark Farner from Grand Funk Railroad!"

Farner delivers a rambling speech that's equal parts George W. Bush and Grandpa Simpson: "I'm proud to be an American. When people try to terrorize this country, it just draws us together. We will kick your ass." Somehow this segues into an assessment of today's pop music: "The music you don't like, that you think is just noise—maybe your kids like it—remember, that's somebody else's favorite music. But I hope this music we play, classic rock, doesn't go the way of Perry Como. Because there's something alive in rock. And that's rebellion."

This theme—"Rock and roll ain't like it was in my day"—is a popular one here. For the vast majority of campers, the day the music died falls somewhere between Jimi Hendrix's overdose and the advent of MTV. One senses that if, say, Bono were to drop by he'd be slightly suspect for still trying to create new, relevant music. He's no Mark Farner, that's for sure.

I'm starting to realize that all counselors aren't created equal. Full-timers such as Byrd, Blades and DeVitto do most of the hands-on instruction. Others, such as Simon Kirke and Leslie West, make sporadic appearances during which they're treated like honored guests. None is treated with the awe reserved for Daltrey, though. He's a scarce commodity, and brushes with him take on almost mythic significance.

As Blades, who sold millions of records with Night Ranger, puts it, "How many times do I get a chance to play Who songs with Roger Daltrey? It's a fantasy-camp experience for me, too."

Later I corner Fishof. He is a fleshy former sports agent who took his first whacks at promotion in the 1980s organizing tours—the Monkees, Ringo Starr—that capitalized on baby-boomer nostalgia.

"I want to do a lot more camps, but I'm also in negotiations to do a reality TV series," he explains. "Like *American Idol*, but I want to create a rock band." To this end, he has promoted this camp with the subtlety of a carnival barker. VH1 Classic's cameras are omnipresent, and a steady stream of reporters is ushered through the events.

Golden, the Stratocaster-slinging showgirl, sees all the media attention as an opportunity to promote the band she plays in back in Vegas. "We couldn't pay a PR person for this kind of publicity," she says. "For me, talking to the press is the most natural high in the world."

The next day, Friday, Byrd adds a new song to our repertoire. "We've got 'All Right Now' in the bag," he says, displaying a confidence not universally shared. "We just need to add one song today and another tomorrow and we'll be ready for Sunday." He suggests "Summertime Blues." "That way," he says, "maybe we can get Daltrey to come up and sing with you guys."

Byrd shows us an arrangement that gives the 1950s chestnut a grungy, snarling edge. I'm charged with playing a simple bass line and sharing the singing chores with Lori. We jam for two solid hours, then take a break. When the band—which after a mercifully brief flirtation with the moniker Rockin' Byrds, is now called Byrdman of Alcohol—reconvenes, we're short a guitarist. Ten minutes later, he wanders in.

"That's it, you're out of the band," Andy shouts, standing up from his drum kit. "You're not showing the kind of commitment Byrdman of Alcohol demands. Pack your things."

Everyone chuckles, but in the practice spaces of the eight other bands, such events are no laughing matter. Personality conflicts are common, and in some cases artistic differences prove terminal. Golden's band, the Liberators, seems to have already written a few chapters of its *Behind the Music* saga. One member threatens to quit because he doesn't like a song they're playing; another is demanding more guitar solos. "Right now we're under a lot of pressure," she says. "The singer's terrible. Can't sing a note. I think it'll all come together in the end, but it's hard when everybody's unprofessional."

IT'S ONLY ROCK AND ROLL

It's Friday night, and I'm antsy for our *Behind the Music* episode to slide into its inevitable dark chapter. You know, the part where a camper can't resist sharing a needle with his idol, a limo winds up at the bottom of the hotel pool and, for heaven's sake, someone oils up those twins.

For now, everyone seems content to hang in the hotel bar's courtyard, bum cigarettes and listen to Mayo tell an anecdote about Peter Frampton splitting his pants. Soon I realize that the



CAMPER SHANA GOLDEN IS READY FOR GLORY.

night is not going to devolve into the pagan bacchanalia of *The Song Remains the Same*. Hell, this isn't even the sweet, gauzy nostalgia of *Almost Famous*. Screw these squares. I'm going to cut loose. Next trip to the bar I order an *imported* beer.

I wake up Saturday morning with my head pounding like John Bonham's bass drum. I drag myself into rehearsal to find that Byrd has flown the coop to help out another band.

After some awkward moments I suggest we take a shot at "Summertime Blues." It's our first time playing without professional help, and it sounds like a mess. But it's *our* mess. "All Right Now" sounds equally rough, but the bigger problem is that we're supposed to play three songs onstage tomorrow night, and we know only two. We need something easy. We settle on a medley of the garage-rock classics "Louie Louie" and

"Wild Thing." I beg off singing this one. Nobody argues.

The medley comes together quickly. Granted, it helps that these songs are meant to be played with all the grace of a drunk on a weeklong bender, but nonetheless something worthwhile lies buried beneath our slag heap of missed cues and wobbly rhythms. It sounds like we're having fun.

"Does anyone know if Ricky's coming back?" Lori asks as we pack up our gear. Nobody does.

"I think we're okay," says Andy. "I'm not sure we need him playing with us."

We're granted free time on Saturday night. I exit the hotel into a cacophony of car horns and jackhammers that awakens me to a fact I'd nearly forgotten: I'm in New York City. The distance between the camp's earnest universe and the hard-boiled streets of Manhattan is immeasurable. Fishof has engineered an insular world, a place where cynicism simply doesn't exist. The "star" counselors are notably lacking in the world-weary bitterness common among the once famous, and his staff is beyond nice. Case in point: Crystal and Jocelyn Potter, the pneumatic twins. Though they're ostensibly part of the administrative team, their real purpose seems to be keeping morale high. How better to make a middle-aged insurance agent feel like a rock star than to surround him with girls who otherwise wouldn't glance his way if his head were on fire?

On Sunday morning most of the talk is about what people did with their free night. Bruch, my band's 16-year-old keyboardist, went to see *Phantom of the Opera* on Broadway with his mom. Many other campers stayed in and went to bed early. Rock and roll!

"Think we're ready for tonight?" Andy asks me, as he fiddles with his drumsticks at our final practice.

"Not remotely," I say.

We spend the morning running through our set. Our plan is to start with "Summertime Blues," follow with "All Right Now" and close with the garage-rock medley. Practice is wrapping up when Byrd reappears. We play our set for him, and he seems enthused. Then he informs

us that he's enlisted Derek St. Holmes, a former vocalist with Ted Nugent's band, to sing lead on "All Right Now." "That's a tough song to sing, and so much of it depends on the vocals," Byrd says.

I'm hoping ego deflation doesn't actually make a noise. Still, nobody else seems bothered by this coup, so I keep my mouth shut. Back at the hotel I lie on the bed for an hour, going over the bass parts in my head. I spend another hour fretting over which of my shirts looks coolest with my bass.

When I arrive, the Bottom Line is packed to capacity—400 people, many of whom paid \$25 for a chance to see...me? Three beers and a scotch soothe my nerves, and I begin to understand why so many rock stars end up in rehab.

Around nine-thirty, we're told to get ready. We crowd near the bottom of a staircase backstage, clutching our instruments. Crammed into a tight space, with nowhere to go but forward, I'm reminded of the numbing fear I felt prior to jumping out of an airplane. Only this time I don't have a parachute.

St. Holmes wanders up. Tanned, toned and clad in a tight black T-shirt, he looks like a bouncer at a strip club. But for a 30-year rock veteran he seems slightly frazzled.

"Does anyone have a lyric sheet for 'All Right Now'?" he asks. Nobody does. "That's okay. I'll be fine without it."

Fishof introduces us, and the eight of us climb the stairs. The lights make me squint; we struggle to find room on the stage, which is much smaller than our rehearsal space. I set my beer on an amp and plug in. Byrd calls us in close.

(concluded on page 162)

DON'T QUIT YOUR DAY JOB

Their 15 seconds of rock fame are up. Now what?

Not all washed-up rock stars settle for becoming fantasy-camp counselors. Some pursue exciting postfame careers in gardening and...missile defense?

KIM WILDE

Old gig: British singer of the New Wave classic "Kids in America." Chirpy, curvy and blonde, she was the Kylie Minogue of 1981, and her global hit is on at least 49 compilation CDs.

New gig: Horticulture expert. Wilde, 42, has offered gardening tips to green-thumbed Brits on afternoon TV. She recently appeared on *Celebrity Detox Camp*, a reality show on which four celebs sought good health through twice-daily enemas.

Career trajectory: ♡ Did we mention that they were coffee enemas?

BOBBY SHERMAN

Old gig: Teen idol. Clean-cut crooner Sherman was like David Cassidy with less hair. Starting in 1969 he scored several sugar-coated hits that moistened the groins of pubescent girls.

New gig: Paramedic. As a certified emergency medical technician in Los Angeles, Sherman, 60, has delivered five babies and created a foundation that helps EMTs volunteer at public events.

Career trajectory: ♡ "There is no better feeling than saving a life," Sherman says. Except maybe never singing "Bubble Gum and Braces" again.

MIKE SCORE

Old gig: Singer, A Flock of Seagulls. The synth-rock band dominated MTV in 1982 with the video for "I Ran (So Far Away)." It prominently displayed Score's asymmetric 'do, dubbed the Waterfall.

New gig: Boatbuilder. Score lives in Rockledge, Florida with his third wife. He recently went 18 years without a haircut and has a ponytail.

Career trajectory: ♡ If he puts as much craftsmanship into his sailing vessels as he did his hair, he may just stay afloat.

JEFF "SKUNK" BAXTER

Old gig: Guitarist for the Doobie Brothers. With his ponytail, beret and walrus mustache, Baxter looked like a cross between a 1970s guitar hero and Cap'n Crunch. His solo on Steely Dan's "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" led to Doobies membership plus session work with Julio Iglesias—and Cheryl Ladd.

New gig: Missile-defense expert. The 54-year-old college dropout is a self-taught military analyst who frequently advises Congress and the Pentagon.

Career trajectory: ♡ Four words: high-level security access.



The dominant demographic here is male and balding, with a heavy concentration of guys from New Jersey.

Spicing Up the Turkey




CLOTHES TO THE EDGE ■ ■ ■

You don't need amplitude to look like a chairman of the boards

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

■ PHOTOGRAPHY BY BLOCK

■ STYLING BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

A blonde woman is lying on her side in a snowy landscape under a clear blue sky. She is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt with the word 'electric' in red script, and grey ski pants. Her jacket is open, revealing the shirt. In the background, there are snow-covered trees and a few small figures of people on a slope.

Board sports are all about individuality. Taking a break from the big air, our ravishing rider is in a jacket (\$240), pants (\$180) and boots (\$144), all by **Special Blend**, and a shirt by **Electric** (\$23). Like her look? Both companies make lots of cool men's clothes, too.

PLAYBOY
FASHION



Welcome to Southshore Soldier Snowboard and Ski Camp, a terrain park at Heavenly Ski Resort on Lake Tahoe. This rider takes flight in a jacket (\$75), pants (\$170) and beanie (\$20), all by **Columbia Sportswear**, and goggles by **Spy** (\$120).



That's pro rider Jamie Lynn in a jacket (\$220) and pants (\$200) by **Volcom**. In addition to boarding, Jamie spends a lot of time on his artwork, which appears on Lib Tech boards. His work has also been exhibited in Los Angeles galleries.



Todd Richards's half-pipe skills secured him a spot on the U.S. Olympic snowboarding squad in Nagano. Here he's in a jacket (\$260) and pants (\$175) from his own line by **Quiksilver**. His gloves (\$20), beanie (\$19) and boots (\$264) are by **DC**.



Veteran pro Jimmy Halopoff was the 2000 Vans Triple Crown big-air champ and has snagged medals at several Winter X Games. Here he's in a field coat (\$250) and beanie (\$10) by **Southshore Soldiers** and pants by **Billabong** (\$200).







THAT PAGE: Big-air specialist Jason Borgstede won the 2003 Mount Bachelor Grand Prix, as well as top honors at several past X Games. Here he's in a sweatshirt (\$50) and gloves (\$57) by **Grenade**, a button-down shirt (\$35) and T-shirt (\$16) by **Jack's Garage**, and pants (\$200), headband (\$20) and boots (\$250), all by **Special Blend**. His goggles are by **Scott** (\$50). **THIS PAGE:** The guys, from left: Jamie is in a corduroy jacket (\$120), corduroy pants (\$80) and T-shirt (\$20), all by **LRG**, a twill shirt by **Gant** (\$100), shoes by **Savie** (\$75) and a cap by **Special Blend** (\$20). His sunglasses are by **Electric** (\$85). Jimmy wears a hoodie (\$62), T-shirt (\$22) and cargo pants (\$50), all by **Zoo York**. His hat is by **Dakine** (\$25), and his glasses are by **Smith** (\$80). Jason's shirt (\$48), cords (\$45) and beanie (\$20) are all by **Rusty**, his fleece vest is by **Columbia Sportswear** (\$35), and his glasses are by **Scott** (\$45). Todd is in an orange nylon vest (\$286) and cords (\$168) by **Armani Jeans**, a flannel shirt (\$45) and cap (\$16) by **Quiksilver**, a Henley by **Lithium** (\$50), sneakers by **iPath** (\$72) and glasses by **Spy** (\$115).



THIS PAGE: From left, Jimmy is in a sweater by **Triple 5 Soul** (\$76), a T-shirt by **Dub Weathergear** (\$21), jeans (\$50) and belt (\$22) by **Savier**, sneakers by **K-Swiss** (\$60), a beanie by **Southshore Soldiers** (\$10) and glasses by **Smith** (\$85). Jason wears a jacket (\$180), sweater with scarf (\$80), and jeans (\$88), all by **LRG**, and glasses by **Electric** (\$85). At his feet is a bag by **Clive** (\$55). Jamie is in a sweater (\$85) and T-shirt (\$25) by **Lithium**, jeans by **Savier** (\$50) and a beanie (\$20) and glasses (\$60) by **Electric**. Todd is in a sweater (\$58) and pants (\$68) by **Ecko Unlimited**, a beanie by **DC** (\$19) and glasses by **Spy** (\$115). His MP3 player is an iPod by **Apple** (\$400), and the bags are by **Triple 5 Soul** (\$86). THAT PAGE: Jason, left, is in a jacket (\$135) and vest (\$70) by **Tommy Hilfiger**, a T-shirt by **Jack's Garage** (\$16), pants by **Avirex** (\$65) and a hat by **Grenade** (\$16). Jamie is in a jersey (\$50) and pants (\$65) by **Avirex**, a beanie by **Volcom** (\$20), goggles by **Electric** (\$85) and a watch by **Vestal** (\$99).





"If it weren't for the casual sex I have with you and Gwen, I wouldn't have any meaningful relationships at all!"

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

ENJOYING THE VIEW

I love to have sex with my boyfriend in front of a mirror. I like to watch a guy—the look on his face when he's so turned on and totally into me. That makes me climax in about five minutes. It's the way he touches me, talks to me, thrusts inside me, shows me he enjoys being with me. The slight moans he accidentally lets out are such a turn-on. Because he's so aroused, it makes me aroused too. I like for him to look into my eyes. I like for him to come before I come. If he comes inside me, I can orgasm just by feeling that. I feel so womanly.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

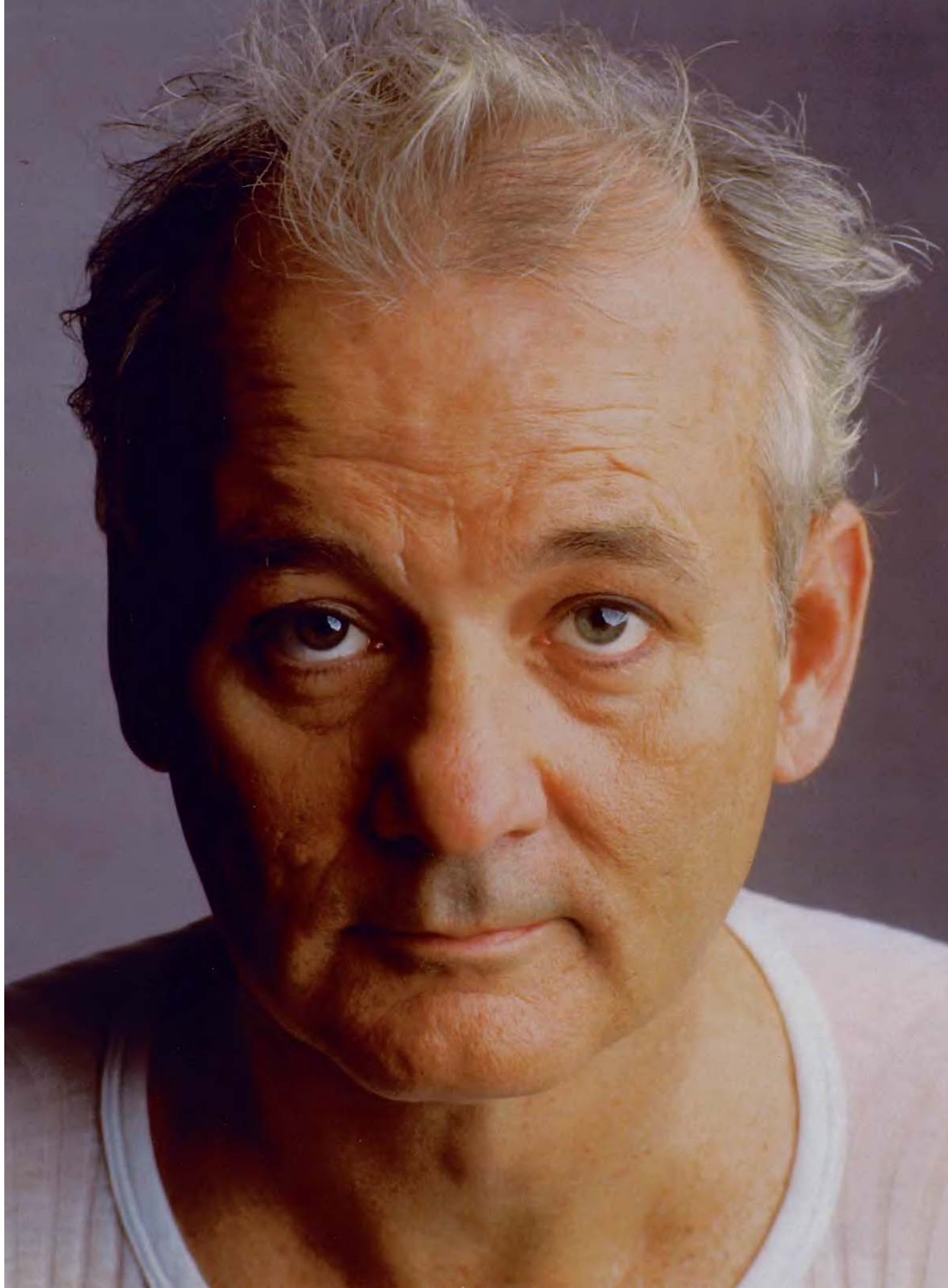
I am the kind of person who prefers to pleasure somebody else before I get pleased. I like the doggy position. It gets me excited. Sometimes I want to do it hard and fast. It all depends on my mood. I love to have candles all over the place and have it be romantic, but other times I just want to get to it. Like while he's watching TV—just surprise him and start riding him, you know?

PENNELOPE JIMENEZ

THE BIG O

When I have an orgasm, it's very intense. I lose control of my body and almost black out. But it takes someone who knows what he's doing. He has to know my body. When I spend a lot of time with a man, he learns what I like and don't like. It's always best when you don't have to say anything. I feel bad when I have to say, "No, do it this way." I feel like I'm saying, "I don't like the way I have sex with you." I don't want him to think he doesn't know what he's doing. He obviously does if he has me in bed with him.





Bill Murray

No SNL alum gets more props or makes better movies. So he's got that going for him

1

PLAYBOY: Brad Pitt, Clint Eastwood and other celebrities who won't be pitchmen at home appear in foreign ads. Did you consult them for *Lost in Translation*, in which you portray an American star enticed to do Japanese commercials?

MURRAY: No, but I remember being in Japan 10 years ago for a golf tournament. I turned over a Kirin beer coaster, and there was Harrison Ford's picture. He's a guy who would never be caught dead doing a commercial here. He had a bottle in his hand and the most uncomfortable look on his face, like, "I can't believe I'm shilling." When Sofia Coppola, the director of *Lost in Translation*, sent me the script, she included a photo and said, "This is what I have in mind." It was Brad Pitt in an ad for espresso in a can, and he had the same grimace: "I can't believe I'm selling this can of coffee." That influenced me when I had to do my own shtick.

2

PLAYBOY: You spend much of the film with Scarlett Johansson. Is this the feel-good movie of the year for the 50-something man who fantasizes about a younger girl who's infatuated with him?

MURRAY: I don't know if it's a feel-good movie. I don't think we'll get our own TV network, but I do think this film has an objective point of view about what it's like to be away from your primary relationship. A man who's 8,000 miles from home meets a woman who's 8,000 miles from home, and they're both dissatisfied, in a country where neither speaks the language. How do you spend a week with the only other person you can communicate with and not reach the precipice of closeness? That's where the movie takes place—on the precipice of closeness.

3

PLAYBOY: Did you discover some serene art such as flower arranging during your sojourn in Japan?

MURRAY: I got a bonsai tree. I kept it alive as long as I was there and left it in good hands. Mostly I savored humorous things about the Japanese. The formal bowing is just sort of a shtick. They bow when they meet, and they bow repeatedly. I couldn't resist the Abbott and Costello thing, bowing and hitting heads with people. They got a huge kick out of it. I learned certain things are taboo for them but okay for us, like putting your feet on the table or rubbing your stomach with your napkin.

4

PLAYBOY: Did you play much golf in Japan? We hear they're fanatics about divot replacement.

MURRAY: I didn't notice that they were fanatics about divot replacement. I'm a fanatic about divot replacement. They have little girl caddies called ducks, as in quack, quack ducks, because they wear these hard-billed hats in case they get hit by golf balls. When you meet your caddy on the first tee, she's this beautiful geisha kind of duck. They don't carry the clubs. They pull the carts in complete makeup, but it's 95 degrees in Fukuoka, down in the south. So around the 12th hole, the makeup starts to melt, and what you thought was a 26-year-old girl becomes someone in her 60s. At the end of a round they don't even want to make eye contact, because their makeup is completely gone.

5

PLAYBOY: How did you become such a stickler about golf rules and etiquette?

MURRAY: I was a greenskeeper as well as a caddy, so I know how much work it takes to make a course perfect. I got in the habit of walking into the bunker with a rake so I could hit the shot and then start raking. I've made the mistake of seeing a footprint and spasmodically raking it before hitting a shot. That's a violation of the rules, so I would assess myself a penalty. Same

thing on the greens. Rather than looking at the read of my own putt, I'd repair other people's ball marks. It drives me nuts. It's like littering in a national park. I found a used diaper once in Olympic National Park. I thought that was the all-time low. That was before I had kids. Now I can understand it. They probably abandoned their kid a few hundred yards later.

6

PLAYBOY: All golfers have been tempted to move a ball to a better lie. Have you ever given in?

MURRAY: No. I like playing by the rules. I think the rules are sometimes unfair, but it's challenging to play by them. If you ask someone his handicap and he says nine, okay, which nine is it? There are very few actual nine handicaps. It's either the nine that's really a 15 because he can't bear saying his handicap is in double digits, or he's a two who lies. You see people roll their balls over in the fairway. These guys are players and commentators in the sports world, and you think, Christ, how can this guy do that? It's like plagiarism.

7

PLAYBOY: Your antics at the Pebble Beach celebrity tournament—hitting trick balls, unorthodox attire—are well known. If Bing Crosby had seen such behavior at his tournament, would he have been shocked?

MURRAY: Bing Crosby had more fun playing golf than anybody. He was a great golfer. He was a two handicap. Everything I've ever done on a golf course, he did. I hit a spinning golf ball a couple years ago—"Holy christ! This guy, how dare he?" I've seen footage of Crosby doing the same thing, hitting trick golf balls. That tournament 30 or 40 years ago was the greatest party going. Those guys used to play drunk. Seriously. It started as a party and a chance to fill Monterey hotel rooms in the winter. (continued on page 138)





Kill Bill director Quentin Tarantino (above) wrote the part of a one-eyed killer for Daryl. "The patch is fun but hard to adjust to," Daryl says. "And it messes you up again when you take it off of the end. That's when I couldn't see of all."

Some actresses are content to play the same type of character in every film they make. Daryl Hannah, on the other hand, has portrayed a mermaid, a clone, a cavewoman and a 50-foot housewife, just to pluck a few roles from her eclectic résumé. That diversity, coupled with periodic tabloid cameos, has led to a hazy public perception of just who resides inside that bombshell exterior. So as Daryl hits the big screen in yet another eccentric role, playing a one-eyed martial arts assassin in Quentin Tarantino's hotly anticipated *Kill Bill*, we were more than happy to let her get a few things off her chest.

"I've played moms, a hairdresser and a normal girlfriend, too," she laughs. "I think that as soon as you become a public figure, the tabloids make a cartoon character out of you, and they try to keep on drawing. It's funny, because it's so distant from what my real life is. It might be eccentric to be an actress and lead a perfectly normal life, so in that sense I'd say I am eccentric."

Though Daryl's breakthrough role as an uninhibited mermaid in *Splash* made her an international star, she professes surprise at the 1984 romantic comedy's enduring appeal. "So many kids come up to me and say they were named after me in *Splash*, so I meet a lot of Hannahs and Madisons," she says. "There's nothing better than making a film that inspires kids' imaginations."

Her favorite roles, however, have had a darker edge, including Pris, the lissome replicant who wraps her thighs around Harrison Ford's neck in the sci-fi classic *Blade Runner*. Recently Daryl slipped back into Pris's spiky wig and body paint for *Entertainment Weekly's* cult-movie issue. "We did the shoot in a theater, and I had to park far away and walk there in the costume," she says. "Some people yelled, 'Hey, Pris!' That was kind of cool. I felt totally badass. There are elements of her in some characters that I've been playing recently, so it was nice to put her on again."

She had no such elaborate costume to hide in while playing a stripper in the 2000 indie film *Dancing at the Blue Iguana*, so Daryl prepped by actually working at a strip club for a few months. "I'd never

Hannah

from HEAVEN

Daryl Hannah swings into action
and puts the thrill in *Kill Bill*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY DURAN



even been to a strip club before," she says. "I had boyfriends who'd go to strip clubs when we'd get into fights, so the whole thing was scary and intimidating to me. A girl there became my mentor and led me through that world. I had to learn how to dance for the customers, so I wore disguises. I would divide my tips among the girls who were working so I wasn't taking money away from them."

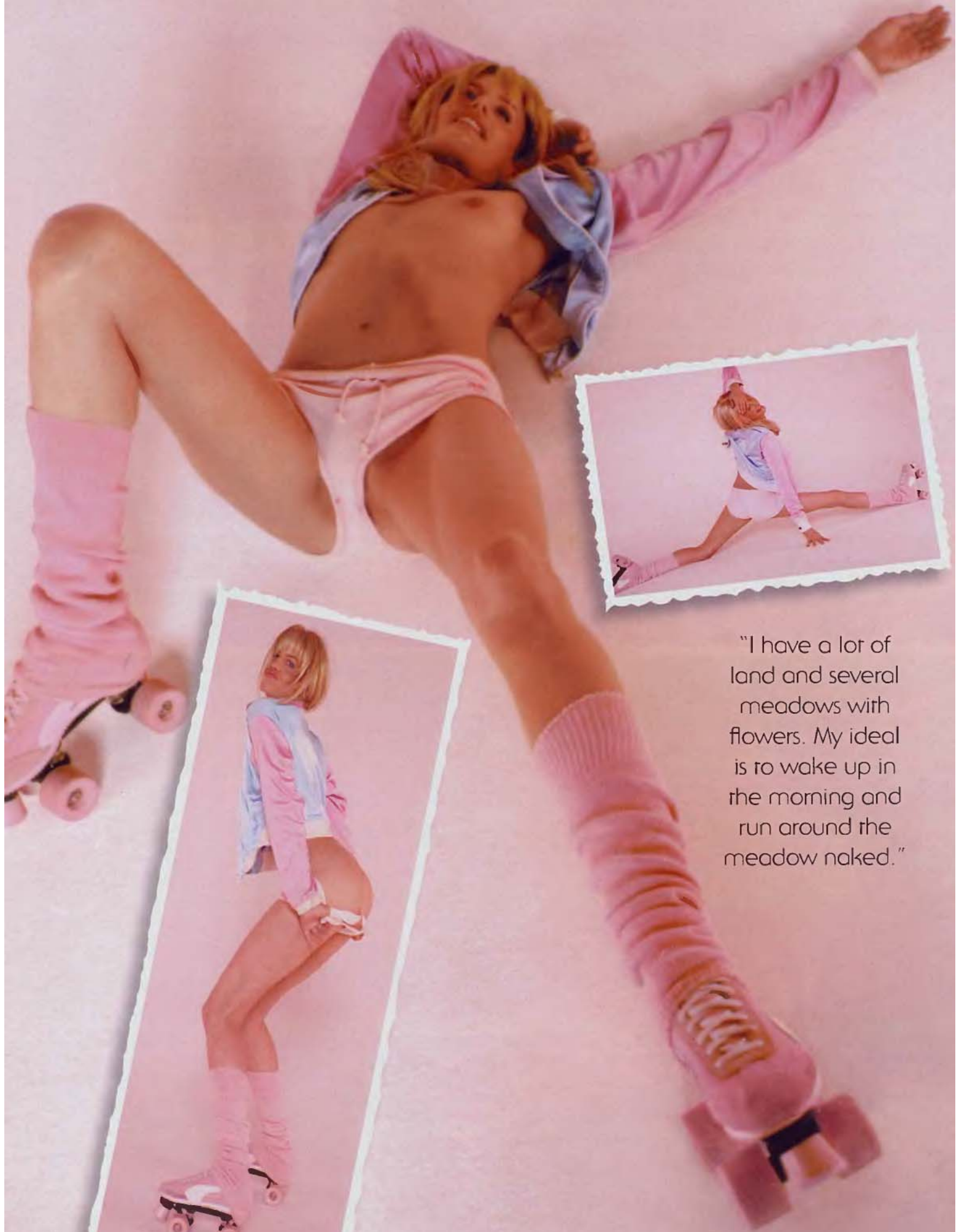
One might think Daryl wouldn't be so fearless after a period in which her personal life became frequent tabloid fodder. A rocky relationship with Jackson Browne included widely publicized allegations of domestic abuse, and her romance with John Kennedy Jr. had packs of paparazzi dissecting their every public gesture (it even spawned a made-for-TV movie in which a little-known actress portrays Daryl). She does admit to being skittish about dating these days. "Most of the guys I've gone out with I've known from the past or met through a friend," she says. "I've never really gone out with strangers. Right now I'm working really hard, so my focus is in that area. Until I fix in me what is drawn to damaged people, I think I'll just be very cautious. But I love boys and making out with boys."

If those boys are very, very lucky, they might be invited to visit Daryl at her primary residence nestled in the Rockies. "My favorite thing is to be naked, which is why I always live in remote areas," she says. "I have a lot of land and several meadows filled with flowers. My ideal is to wake up in the morning and run around the meadow naked. I think it's a good idea to live in harmony with nature. I've been a vegetarian since I was 11 and have lived off the grid for six years now. People don't realize how easy it is to do. My house runs on solar panels, and I have organic vegetable gardens. I've had the same car for 15 years, and its engine runs on used vegetable oil from fast-food restaurants. It burns cleaner than any fuel on the market, smells better and gives better mileage. I'm not trying to judge anyone; I just think it's important to walk the walk as well. This probably all sounds kind of tree-huggy, but the truth is that it's better for the planet, you, your kids and everything you love."

No doubt her *Kill Bill* character would sneer at such romantic notions. "I play a one-eyed samurai assassin," Daryl says. "All the characters in my assassination squad are named after snakes, and I'm called California Mountain Snake. I'm pissed off and tough." To hone her fighting skills so that she could take on protagonist Uma Thurman in the ultimate blonde-bombshell showdown, Daryl trained for six months with master martial arts choreographer Woo-ping Yuen and kung fu superstar Sonny Chiba. Tarantino wrote the part specifically for Daryl. "It's a dream when someone writes something for you, because I'm a total mess when it comes to meetings or auditions," she says. "Quentin is completely unbound, like a giant ball of youthful energy. He's like a child with that excitement—he makes jokes, he says 'Wow!' It's so much fun to work with someone like that. I've never felt in tune with my chronological age either. That's why I still don't feel like a grown-up."



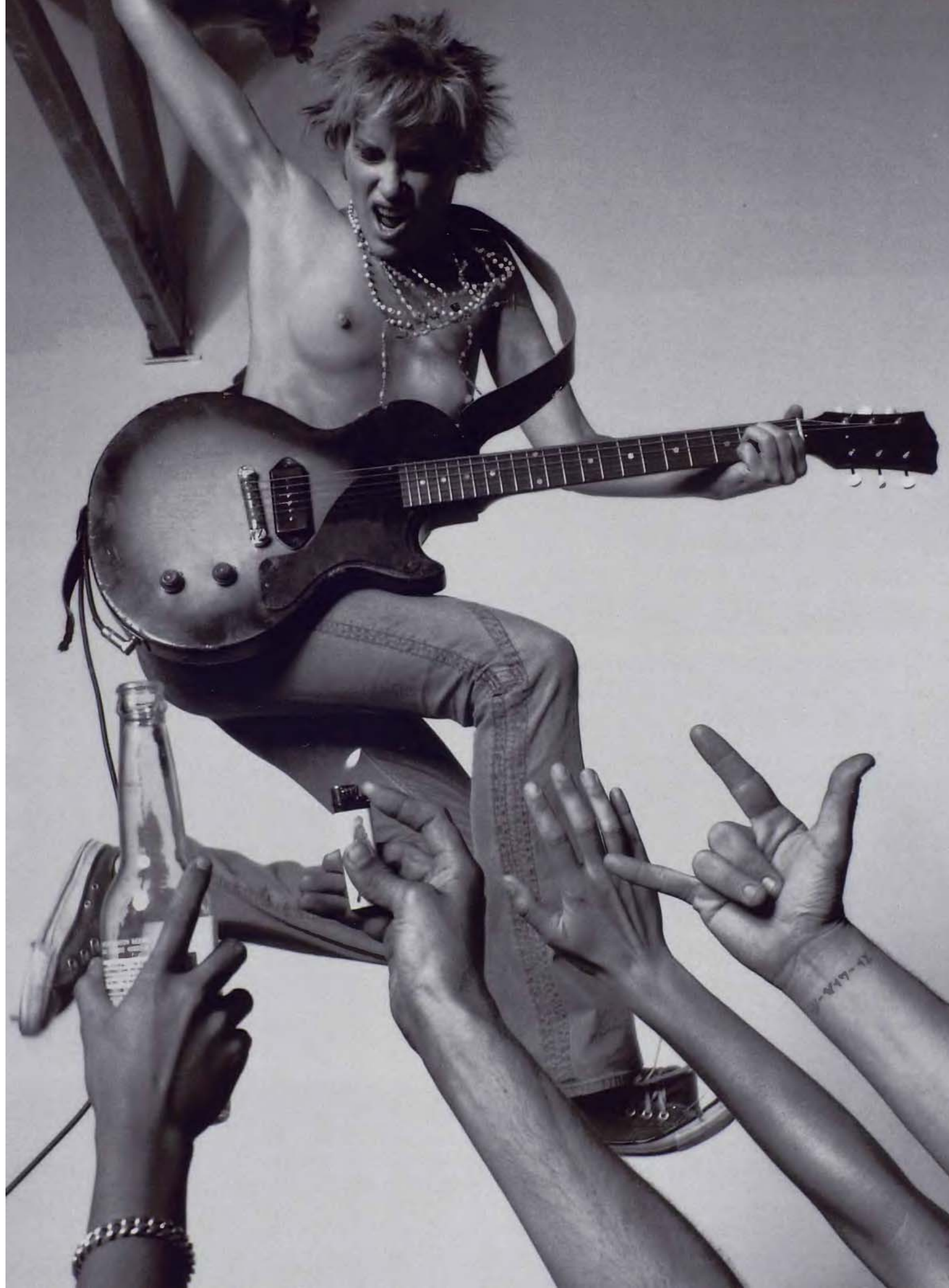




"I have a lot of land and several meadows with flowers. My ideal is to wake up in the morning and run around the meadow naked."







"Most of the guys I've gone out with I've known already or met through a friend. I've never really gone out with strangers. But I love boys and making out with boys."



Bill Murray

(continued from page 127)

Crosby died playing golf in Spain. He made all that happen.

8

PLAYBOY: Would you venture to predict when women will be invited to join the Augusta National Golf Club?

MURRAY: Women can play as guests at Augusta, and I think that's what it's going to be for a while. Most male golfers feel like, "Hey, when I get into Augusta, I'm going to see what I can do about getting another woman in there, but why aren't I in there?" [laughs] Most women don't give a hoot about it. When there's a woman member of Augusta, she'll be a billionaire. All those guys are billionaires. Should we get Martha Stewart in there? Would that make everybody feel better? I think it's a bullshit issue.

9

PLAYBOY: You're part owner of several minor-league baseball teams. Did you scout Japan for talent?

MURRAY: No, but I watched a lot of baseball, and those guys pitch a lot of

innings. The same guy pitches every third game. And their fans are not fair-weather fans. There's a party out in the stands at all times.

10

PLAYBOY: How do you try to entertain your teams' fans?

MURRAY: In St. Paul we pick two people from the crowd every night—one from St. Paul and one from Minneapolis—and we have them fight in big sumo-wrestling outfits. During one game the managers of both teams got kicked out, and we asked them to put on the suits during the seventh inning and fight. It lasted forever. The umpires didn't make them start the game. They just acted like they were taking a break, like they didn't see what was going on. We also have a hot tub over the left-field bleachers, and you can rent the tub for you and your friends.

11

PLAYBOY: Have you worked out any conflict you may have had about being born too late to be a member of the Rat Pack?

MURRAY: We all have to deal with that in our own way, but we were our own *Saturday Night Live* rat pack. We definitely had

our own great time, and we were really fierce when we were together. When we were together, you didn't fuck with us.

12

PLAYBOY: Can you put *SNL* in the context of American culture for us?

MURRAY: I think that's *People's* job.

13

PLAYBOY: Does *SNL* have an alumni association, complete with a newsletter to keep everyone up-to-date?

MURRAY: No, but the 25th-anniversary show felt like an alumni association. For the first time I was able to get out of the way of "Who's funny?" and "Who's not funny?" and enjoy it. I was able to laugh at people I never found particularly funny, because I was pulling for them. The old guys were in the first sketch, and we rocked. Then I drank wine for the next two hours. Other people still had to work, and I'm like, "Woo, woo," walking the aisles, watching everyone doing their thing and struggling. That was the real luxury.

14

PLAYBOY: You're also a Second City veteran. Why does Chicago produce a disproportionate number of comics?

MURRAY: A lot of it has to do with the Second City training. The Chicago style, its system of educating actors, was informative because there's a standard there and no schmuck baiting. You get to play and have fun, but ultimately you have to be able to deliver the goods. People ask me how they can make it. I always say, "Go to a place where there's a great show with a lot of good actors, and watch that show for weeks. Every night is different. Watch how they mess with rhythm, and see how they accelerate, decelerate, how they emphasize." In Chicago there have always been a lot of people to watch.

15

PLAYBOY: Would you go oeuvre to oeuvre against Adam Sandler, starting with *Meatballs* and *The Waterboy*?

MURRAY: I've never seen *The Waterboy*. You've got to let someone's early movies slide a little bit. He's a sentimental slob to me. He's like a schmaltzmobile, but I think he's a nice person. There was some interesting stuff in the movie about the devil, *Little Nicky*. It wasn't a box-office success, but I thought he made some really aggressive choices in it, some really odd, queer moves that I liked a lot. That's the only thing I can say about it. If we start comparing movies, somebody's going to cry.

16

PLAYBOY: You were raised in the Roman Catholic Church. A nun we know ditched her habit years ago and slipped into fish-net stockings. Don't you think the hierarchy might have seen trouble coming?



"I said I like it when a girl moans during sex. Moaning and complaining are not one and the same."

MURRAY: I have a sister who is a nun. She used to have a lot of priests hitting on her all the time. It's not like that's pedophilia. It's not a law; it's just a vow. It's a fact that the clergy has been a haven for people who aren't comfortable with their sexuality. That's not to say all their works in the collar are criminal. I'm not shocked, because in every community there's always some whisper about someone. A Jesuit priest shocked me 25 years ago when he said, "The question is, are we even necessary anymore?" I thought, Wow, that's pessimistic. But he saw what was coming: the decreased influence of the church. Anglicization of the church was the wrong idea. Call me a snob, but I felt there was real power in the Latin words. The English translation is anemic.

17

PLAYBOY: You studied philosophy at the Sorbonne after you'd achieved success. Were you pursuing a Jerry Lewis strategy of French adulation, or were you genuinely interested in Descartes?

MURRAY: I like Descartes. Basically, after *Ghostbusters*, I didn't wish to compete for love on that level in the U.S. You're sort of radioactive when you have a hit movie. When you walk down the street, people scream because they saw you last night. It always made me uncomfortable, because I like what I do, but I'm happy just to get the laughs in the theater. Then I had to think about how I was going to proceed, rather than just continue without any reflection. There were things I wanted to see in France. I love the language and the customs. There's something sort of grounding about Paris. The weather is so bad, it's gray every day. I love it.

18

PLAYBOY: An orthodontist we know commented on Sigourney Weaver's underbite. You've acted with her in films and onstage. Does she bring a certain maxillary energy to her performances?

MURRAY: Yeah, she's got some serious choppers there. She's a Yalie, and I think that had an effect on her lower jaw. I met this young kid a couple of weeks ago who was a huge *Ghostbusters* fan. He's now a high school graduate, and he said, "What was that with Sigourney Weaver? Were there sparks there?" I thought that was such a great thing for a kid to say.

19

PLAYBOY: In *Groundhog Day* you star as a TV weatherman condemned to repeat the same day over and over. Now the term *Groundhog Day* is almost synonymous with being trapped in the same routine. What gives?

MURRAY: Danny Rubin wrote one of the greatest screenplays ever. His idea was to take a cultural event and write about what it is to be a human being, struggling to live the same day over and over and trying not to be defeated in the ef-

fort to reach your potential. I've got this Sisyphean struggle: "How am I going to get through it with a sense of humor? How am I going to get through it all?" The fact that the movie is entertaining as well makes it a true piece of art.

20

PLAYBOY: In *Rushmore* you play a millionaire with working-class roots who befriends a prep school student from a similar background. Did your private school education inform your performance?

MURRAY: Yeah. I had that experience. I went to a school where there was a lot of money, and I didn't have a lot of money.

I had to believe that money didn't mean so much. I've managed to make it on an economic level now, but I'm much more proud of knowing how to treat people and not take too much out of the world for my needs. People tend to light up when they see me because I've made movies that make people laugh. There's an obligation to acknowledge that. I believe that touch of joy is enough to get you through the day. Life can be so lonely, and you want to feel like you're not alone. That's why people join up, if only for a moment. Hey, we're not alone.



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TARANTINO

(continued from page 62)

if only for the homosexual rape.

TARANTINO: Roger Avari came up with the idea. He'd written a whole script for a movie. I didn't want to do the whole thing, only one section that fit into *Pulp Fiction*. I bought that script the way you'd buy a book to make into a movie, just to adapt the part that I liked. That was the scene when the boxer throws the fight and gets chased down by the other guy and they end up in a pawnshop with two guys who are serial killers.

PLAYBOY: Did the "Wake the gimp" sequence come from Avari?

TARANTINO: The gimp and the whole anal-rape torture sequence were his ideas. I wanted to do it because it was a flip reworking of something that was a big deal in *Deliverance*. This crazy, anal-sex rape was so out of nowhere that I thought it was funny. I thought, Wow, he's made anal rape really funny.

PLAYBOY: Finally.

TARANTINO: We were worried about getting an X rating. Right around that time, *American Me* came out, and it had three anal rapes. It helped our cause.

PLAYBOY: Ned Beatty has been permanently linked with being raped in *Deliverance*. Was it tough to get Rhames to play the mob boss who gets sodomized by rednecks?

TARANTINO: It was a stumbling point for almost all the black male actors I talked to. It's very hard to talk a black man into doing anything where he's being raped. It wasn't even a matter of how much to show but rather, if the audience sees that, will they ever not see that? But I'd

written it with Ving in mind. I'd always heard his voice saying that dialogue. The words trickle off Ving's tongue because I wrote it for his cadence. He came in, did his audition, and he was just magnificent. Then came the time to have the conversation. I was thinking, Please, let him not have as much of a problem as everybody else, because he's just so good. Ving sensed this and said, "Let me ask you, how explicit is this shit gonna get?" I said, "It's not going to be that bad, but you're going to know what's going on. Do you have a problem with that?" He says, "Not only do I not have a problem, you have to understand that because of the way I am, I don't get offered many vulnerable characters. This man might end up being the most vulnerable motherfucker I will ever play."

PLAYBOY: So he was game.

TARANTINO: Ving was a man of his word, but there was one sequence with Duane Whitaker, who plays Maynard, one of the guys who's fucking him in the movie. I wanted this wild, "yee haw!" kind of anal-rape thing. Ving says, "Okay, so we're going to see his butt, right? Well, what's going to be down there to protect that?" I say, "You won't see anything." And he says, "I'm not talking about what you're going to show. I don't care if it's on camera, in focus or not. I don't want dick touching anus. What are you going to put down there?" It's Duane, Ving and me, and this prop guy brings in this turquoise velvet bag that you put diamonds in. We burst out laughing, and Ving says, "Duane, you just put your dick in this little bag and I'll be okay."

PLAYBOY: You've said of *Jackie Brown* that you most identified with Sam Jackson's

badass gun-runner character, Ordell Robbie. Is there a bit of badass in you?

TARANTINO: People misunderstood what I said about Ordell. I'm a method writer. I become one or two characters when I'm writing. When I was doing *Kill Bill*, I was the Bride. People noticed that when I was writing, I was getting much more feminine in my outlook. All of a sudden I was buying things for my apartment or house. I'd see something cool in a shop in Greenwich Village, and I'd buy it. An item could jump off a shelf at me, through a window. I'd have to buy it, take it home and try it out. I'd buy flowers for the house and start arranging them. I don't normally wear jewelry, and suddenly I'm wearing jewelry. My friends said, "You're getting in touch with your feminine side. You're nesting, adorning yourself."

In the case of *Jackie Brown*, the character I assimilated was Ordell. I walked around like Ordell that whole year. I'd leave the house as Ordell. When I stopped writing, I had to let go and let Sam Jackson take over.

PLAYBOY: You clashed with Oliver Stone at his peak when he vastly changed your script for *Natural Born Killers*. Why did you hate the film so much?

TARANTINO: I'd never really seen the movie from beginning to end. I watched it only in bits and pieces, out of defiance at first. Then I actually went to the movies to see it.

PLAYBOY: And you walked out?

TARANTINO: Yes. I just hated that whole Rodney Dangerfield sequence so much. It was so unfunny, so disgusting. It did the number one thing I would never do: It came up with a little peanut psychological origin for why these people were the way they were. I rejected that in every way, and then that awful scene gives you a little pop psychology analysis. **PLAYBOY:** It was modeled like a sitcom, with a laugh track, and it made clear that Dangerfield's character had molested his daughter.

TARANTINO: I had my name taken off the script just so people wouldn't think I had written that.

PLAYBOY: You sparred with Spike Lee over your liberal use of the word *nigger* in your films. Did that feud also go by the wayside?

TARANTINO: It didn't go by the wayside per se. Spike and I bumped into each other once after all that crap was over, and I was all set to kick his ass.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TARANTINO: Because he'd been talking all this shit instead of talking to me about it. My biggest problem with Spike was the completely self-serving aspect of his argument. He attacked me to keep his "Jesse Jackson of cinema" status. Basically, for a little bit of time before I came along, you had to get Spike Lee's benediction and approval if you were white and dealing with black stuff in a movie. Fuck that. This destroyed that, and he's



"Yes. They're darling together, but it'll never last. She's a confirmed comparison shopper."

never had that position again. I wasn't looking for his approval, and so he was taking me on to keep his status. I hated it, because a celebrity feud is one of the most tasteless, trite, trivial things somebody in my position can engage in, to be drawn into something so beneath you.

PLAYBOY: Do you think some of his arguments had merit?

TARANTINO: It's funny, because he talks in these grandiose terms, but as much of a loudmouth as he can be, the press doesn't really listen to what he says. They print his tone. If you boiled down what he was saying, it wasn't that I didn't have the right to say "nigger" as many times as I did. It was why do I have the right to say "nigger" 37 times, but he doesn't have the right to say "kike" 37 times? That is really what he was saying.

PLAYBOY: He did get flack for using two stereotypical Jewish characters in *Mo' Better Blues*.

TARANTINO: The words *nigger* and *kike* are not the same word. *Kike* is not common parlance among Jews. The other word has maybe 12 different meanings, depending on the context it's spoken in, who is saying it and the way he's saying it. So to equate *nigger* with *kike* does not take into account the way the English language works today. And I am working with the English language.

I am not just a film director who shoots movies. I'm an artist, and good, bad or indifferent, I'm coming from that place. All my choices, the way I live my life, are about that. He came back with, "Quentin isn't any more of an artist than Michael Jackson is, and when Michael said 'Jew me' in a song, they made him change it." It was almost worth the whole damn thing to hear him say that.

PLAYBOY: Rate yourself from one to 10 on your level of skill as a writer, as a director and as an actor.

TARANTINO: Wow, you're nailing me down here. Look, I don't want to rate myself with numbers. If I say 10, I'm being a jerk, and if I don't say 10, I'm being a liar [laughs]. I'll answer the question, just not by your scale. As far as acting is concerned, I think I could be a great actor. If I got a chance to do more characters and get more time into it, I could be a really good character actor. People have been really tough on me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TARANTINO: Probably because they didn't realize how serious I was about it, and film critics didn't want it. One critic told me exactly as much. I was this great white hope, a young auteur, and they didn't want me to divide my focus. They wanted me sitting in a room, coming up with the next thing they can watch. "Why aren't you saving cinema from itself?"

PLAYBOY: George Clooney and your *Reservoir Dogs* cast mates Tim Roth and Steve Buscemi directed films and were roundly applauded for stretching. Double standard?

TARANTINO: Thank you for noticing, because it hasn't been lost on me. I actually confronted Roger Ebert after he named this movie I did years ago, *Somebody to Love*, as some kind of booby prize on his show. It was released way after the fact, and I'm in it for two seconds. Buscemi directs *Trees Lounge* and gets the door prize for directing and stretching his talents. The booby prize went to me for daring to act in a movie. Why is it okay for him to stretch his talent and not me?

PLAYBOY: You started acting as an Elvis impersonator on *The Golden Girls*. What was it like, being near Bea Arthur with stars in your eyes?

TARANTINO: The job lasted two days, and what was fantastic was how much money I made. That was when I had no money whatsoever. All of a sudden I made \$700 in a lump sum. You get it again when it's repeated. They liked that bit so much they put it in a "Best of the Golden Girls" episode. I got paid \$700 for that. And then the show was in tremendous repeat mode, on NBC and in syndication. I had two episodes in repeat rotation and ended up making \$2,500. Just when I was flat broke, a check would come in for \$150, then \$75, then \$95. I got a check the other day for 85 cents.

PLAYBOY: How was your Elvis?

TARANTINO: I was the best of the bunch. The others were all the Vegas Elvis. I was the Sun Records Elvis, the hillbilly cat.

PLAYBOY: This was your first big acting job after quitting school. How did you negotiate that exit?

TARANTINO: My mom and I have different recollections. I had ditched school for about three weeks, so I was in this weird phase when I couldn't go back because I'd get busted. I went back, and I got busted. Me and my mom were arguing, and in the heat of it I said, "Well, I want to quit anyway." She said, "You're not going to quit." I thought that was that. A week later, she was putting on makeup in the bathroom, getting ready for work. She said, "About your quitting school, I've thought about it, and I'm going to let you quit. But you have to go out and get a job." I was gob-smacked. I thought, Doesn't she realize I was bluffing? So I quit.

PLAYBOY: You dated Mira Sorvino, a Harvard grad, and you didn't go near college. Do you ever regret dropping out?

TARANTINO: No, there's a slight pride in quitting junior high and achieving what I have. It makes me look a little bit smarter. When I tell somebody that, they're genuinely impressed. I'm not very enamored with the American public school system. I hated school so much, I dropped out in ninth grade. I never went to high school. There's a cool cachet about it now. My only regret—and it's not even a big regret—is that I hated school so much I thought that's what it was going to be like forever. I didn't realize college would be



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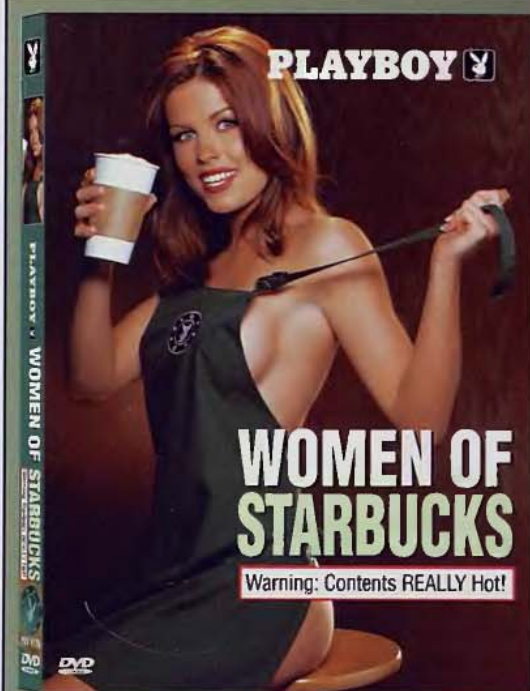
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different. So if I had to do it all over I probably would stay in school so I could have my college experience. I'm sure I would have had a ball.

PLAYBOY: Your mom raised you without your biological father. *Premiere* magazine trotted him out after you became famous. Was that unfair?

TARANTINO: That really bothered me for a long time. It was one of those crappy by-products of fame. I've never met him and don't have any desire to. He's not my father. Just because you fucked my mom doesn't make you my father. The only thing I've got to say to him is "Thanks for the fucking sperm." He had 30 years to look me up, and he tries after I'm famous? It was sad. For a while, when I was going by that name and he didn't look me up, I thought, Well, that's cool of him. He's showing some class. Stay the fuck out of the picture. But that limelight is a little hard for people to turn down.

PLAYBOY: We can't leave without asking the one question you always refuse to answer. What's glowing inside that briefcase in *Pulp Fiction*? And for that matter, what happens when Mr. Pink runs off after the shootout in *Reservoir Dogs*?

TARANTINO: I'll never explain what was in that briefcase—not to be a prick but because people come up with their own explanations, and that is the explanation. Same with Mr. Pink.

I once said this as a dig to Oliver Stone, but I don't really mean it as a dig anymore. When Oliver Stone does his movies, he has a big idea he wants to get across, and he wants everyone to leave the theater with that idea. They can reject the idea, but they'd better get it or he'll think he didn't do his job. I want to do a whole lot of work for you, but I want to leave 10, maybe even 20 percent for you to imagine so the movie is really yours. You have a version. Stuff that's open for interpretation, I want your interpretation. The minute I tell you what I think, you'll throw away whatever you've come up with in your head. You can't help it. I would too. You'd feel like a fool.

So you tell me what's in the briefcase. If you think it's Marsellus's soul and he's bought it back from the devil, which is one guess I've heard, well, you are right: It's his soul. That I actually did a movie that can inspire such wildly imaginative readings makes me proud.

It's funny where a throwaway line can lead you. You know what my favorite line is in the pawnshop scene in *Pulp Fiction*? Holly Hunter noticed it. It comes when they're deciding who they're going to fuck first. They choose Marsellus, and it's "You want to do it here?" The other guy says, "No, let's take him into Russell's old room." You're left thinking, Who the fuck is Russell and how did it become his old room? I'll leave you guessing on that one, too.



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HEDGEHOG AT 50

(continued from page 80)

asked for autographs. Mandy Patinkin. Patti LuPone. Eddie Murphy had his bodyguards come over to say hello. Same with Richard Pryor. Then at a Manhattan restaurant, I get a tap on the back, and this guy goes, 'Love your work!' It's Billy Joel. I'll never forget that. Garth Brooks sent someone over to say hi to me once. The latest two? Sting and Sheryl Crow. I got the picture to go with it, too. Those two totally made my day—oh my god, such a thrill!—but I've got thousands and thousands of stories about different celebrities. I'm just touching on the highlights."

Suddenly, Dalny apparently decides she's about had it with Ron and his stories, even if they are the highlights.

"You are talking about people I cannot stand," she hisses. "In my opinion they're not even celebrities."

For a moment, not knowing where this outburst came from, Ron looks thoroughly disoriented. Finally he says, "You don't know them, though. I mean, I don't know them that much either...."

But Dalny is not to be placated, not even by Ron's rather sad parenthetical admission. "You guys are bugging the hell out of me," she continues, building up steam. "I'm Dalny Marga and you're treating me like I'm not. You don't think about anyone but yourself. You never tell anybody how beautiful I am. You never give me any connections."

"Dalny, I don't do that much porn anymore," Ron says bleakly. "I do one scene every two months. When do you see me doing porn? I hardly ever do it anymore. I don't even like porn. Porn is boring. I'm trying to do more mainstream stuff. You know that. But remember that day we did that little shoot for *Hustler*?"

"You gotta be kidding me!"

"Now, honey—"

"You know what? You're jealous of me, because you would have been referring me to Metro if you weren't, and when a man is jealous of a little girl named Dalny Marga, that's pathetic."

"You've never been this weird in your entire life," Ron says.

"I'm weird? Because I'm saying it like it is?"

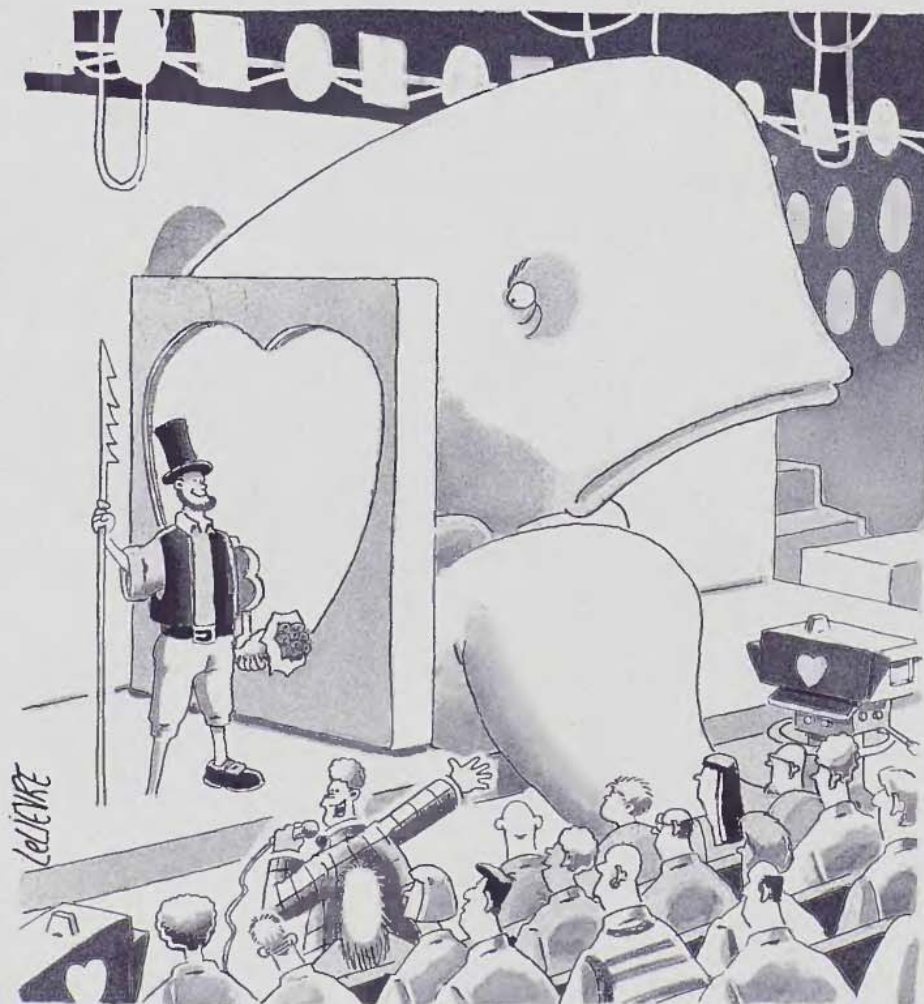
"You're going a little too far," Ron says, getting up from his seat and heading out the front door. Pretty soon he and Dalny are standing in the middle of Sunset, with Dalny shrieking, "I want to be a movie star! What's so wrong with that? You don't ever think big, like, 'She's a movie star! She's got fans!' You're just using me. You're a user! You never mention Dalny Marga. You just cover me up. Just shut the fuck up. Shut the fuck up. I want you to get me work! Why don't you get me work?" she cries out miserably.

"I have no say in casting," Ron says to her, levelly. "Honey, with Metro, I have a contract. You make money without having to work. That's the whole idea with a contract—they pay you not to work. I have no say in casting. I go out with you because we get along and have fun, don't we? We hardly ever have sex. We go to great parties, see great people, go to fun events, have nice meals."

Dalny can hardly believe her ears. "So what!" she shouts. "So what! It is so pathetic!" And so the night goes, with Dalny telling it like it is from her point of view, in the middle of Ron's beloved Sunset Strip.

III. MACBETH WITH A BONER

John Holmes—some people consider him to be even more famous than Ron Jeremy—died of complications from AIDS in 1988. Harry Reems, another of the greats from the early days of modern porn, is now 56 and selling real estate to Mormons in Salt Lake City. Jamie Gillis, 60, and John Leslie, 58, are still in the business but mostly behind the camera, rarely in front. Ron is especially fond of these last two. "They were my heroes in the day, because they were the greatest," he says. "Jamie could fuck a bed of calves' liver and make it look convincing. He dated *New York* magazine food critic Gael Greene, who took him all over the world on wine and jam tastings. To this day, he can tell you where a mouthful of jelly is from. And John Leslie was always a great actor, with a lot of charisma and a John Travolta look. Actually, they were both great performers in any genre." Even so, you rarely hear anything about those guys anymore. Ron, on the other hand, is ubiquitous: He's on *Howard Stern* and the *Jerry Springer Show*. He takes on Tommy Lee in a *Celebrity Death Match* cockfight on MTV. He's a running gag on *Beavis and Butt-head*. He's arrested for allegedly trying to boink a girl in a strip club (the charges are later dropped, though not before *The New York Post* splashes the story all over its gossip pages). He's arrested for pandering, twice, and is acquitted both times. He's accused by *Rolling Stone* of getting girls for rock stars—like rock stars really need his help getting girls. He's on *The View* with Barbara Walters, on *Nightline* with Ted Koppel and on *Geraldo* with GERAL-



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do. He's on *The Man Show*, of course, but he's also on *The Weakest Link*.

You totally expect to see him in porn movies such as *I'll Have Another Butt Light*, *Kid Sparkle's House of Freaks*, *Throbin Hood: Prince of Beaves*, *Super Hornio Brothers* and *You Said a Mouthful*. But maybe you're just kicking back, savoring *9½ Weeks* or *Boogie Nights*, and there he is again, in the credits as a consultant. Okay, those are mainstream kink flicks. What about suburban mall fare such as *Reindeer Games*, directed by John Frankenheimer and starring Ben Affleck? He's in that one, too, unmistakable as Prisoner #1. You can't even escape him on reruns of *NewsRadio* or *Just Shoot Me*.

In fact, no porn star short of the estimable Traci Lords has ever so crossed over into other areas of the entertainment business. And yet, following his final buffet, all that is likely to appear on his tombstone is HE GOT LAID.

This does not bother Ron, however, largely because he doesn't believe that such will be his fate.

"In some of my adult films I've done some really nice acting," he says. "Plus, I think I've helped make porn more fun and put a nice look on it. My sex was always fun, erotic, friendly, smiles. I mean, what's going to be on Cameron Diaz's tombstone? Did she make miracles? Did she do Shakespearean soliloquies? I've accomplished something. If I were going to be a dishwasher or a shoeshine man, I'd want to be the best dishwasher, the best shoeshiner. I was raised to believe that anything you do, you do the best. Let's see Richard Burton or Sir John Gielgud do *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* with a boner. Let's see those guys keep an erection and do memorized dialogue. Anyone who thinks porn doesn't involve some kind of skill is a blithering idiot. We are performers!"

Then again, so what if all the tombstone says is HE GOT LAID?

"I like the choices I've made," he goes on. "I've hang glided off mountains, ridden horses, sailed oceans, been with gor-

geous women, made porn films in Spain, been on private Learjets. I've met famous people. I've been recognized. I mean, when I'm 90 years old, sitting in a rocking chair and smoking a pipe and have probably had a prostate operation and can't fuck anymore, I'm going to look back on all this shit and say, 'Damn! It's been kind of fun!' I think I've got a great life. I really do."

The year is 1968, the same year that 10,000 North Vietnamese die in the Tet Offensive, that Charlie Company massacres the villagers of My Lai, that Martin Luther King Jr. is murdered, that Robert Kennedy is murdered, that Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention release *We're Only in It for the Money*, that the Chicago cops kick much hippie ass at the Democratic National Convention, that nutty Richard Nixon becomes the 37th president of the United States and that Ron Jeremy, age 15, is at Ten Mile River Boy Scout Camp, in upstate New York, near Narrowsburg, with his own little world set to explode all around him. He is reaching down to tie his boots when it dawns on him that, without much additional effort, he could probably stick his penis in his mouth. He tries. He can. He tries it some more.

Later on, not knowing what to make of the mind-boggling discovery, he calls his dad. "Dad," he says. "I can kiss my own penis. Is this normal?"

"Is anybody in the room with you?"

"No."

"Well, may I suggest that you don't tell anybody but me that you can do this? They might laugh at you. There's nothing wrong with it, I guess, but it's not exactly normal. When you're 18, there will be girls who'll kiss it for you. So don't worry about it."

He didn't worry about it, but he didn't forget about it, either. So that's another thing Ron is famous for, in movies such as *Inside Seka*, *The Lady Is a Tramp*, *Lips* and *Fresh Meat*: taking the gifts that God gave him, using them to full advantage

and blowing himself on film. You could say his ambition knows no bounds and he will do anything to stand out in a crowd, and you'd probably be right.

One day he is at the fabulous Sunset Marquis hotel, out by the pool, sitting in the shade under a cafe umbrella. He orders a steak salad and talks more about his early years: about his father, Arnold Hyatt, a physicist, and his mother, Sylvia, who was a cryptographer in the OSS during World War II and died of Parkinson's disease two years after Ron entered the business. He says that she never cared that he was in porn. She was a free spirit who understood that her middle child was a free spirit too, unlike her older son, Larry, who graduated from Harvard at the top of his class and was an executive at Marriott International, or her daughter, Susie, who is a substitute teacher. Or any of the family's other relatives, who were all doctors, lawyers, teachers, veterinarians and diplomats and had names like Barney Greengrass and were partners of the late gangster Bugsy Siegel.

Picking at his salad, he recalls how he was almost a prodigy on the piano as a kid; was the fastest runner in his elementary school; received numerous report cards while attending Benjamin Cardozo High in Queens that said, "If only Ronnie would apply himself"; graduated from Queens College with a bachelor of arts in theater and education; is one point shy of his master's in education; studied serious acting with the Dramatis Personis and La MaMa theater companies in Manhattan; waited tables in the Catskills on weekends; allowed his girlfriend Alice Schlehner to send a nude picture of him to *Playgirl* magazine in 1978; appeared in that October's *Playgirl*, with *Three's Company* star John Ritter on the cover; was sucked into the easy-money world of porn, his first film being *Tigresses and Other Man-Eaters*, for which he was paid \$200 and in which you see only his body, never his face; changed his last name at his father's request; developed a love of James Taylor's music;



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also developed a love of oatmeal, Wheaties, shrimp and lobster, and every other food in the world except blue cheese dressing; joined Greenpeace; counts among his best friends Dennis Hoff from the Bunny Ranch, Al Goldstein of *Screw* and Mark Carrier, the beefy but shadowy head of Metro; and is now, at the age of 50, a porn star who is saying nutty, outrageous stuff he's never said before, such as, "I'm getting more monogamous. I'm not as wild and crazy. I once wanted different nooky every other day. Now it's once every week, and I'm okay," and "I want to have kids. As great as my life has been, they say all that simply disappears the minute you hear your kid say 'Daddy.'"

"It was with Natalie that I first realized I wanted kids," he continues. "True story. Natalie missed a period or two. Normally I'd go, 'Oh, fuck, here comes abortion time.' But we thought about it and decided to have it. It was like, 'Let's do it. Let's do the whole thing.' And then she got her period. I go to sleep at night sometimes and dream I had that kid. True story. I'm playing with my little baby boy, and then I wake up. It's a painful dream, and I'm miserable."

This gets him to thinking more about Natalie. "One of the problems me and

Natalie have—it's a very sad thing, but you can love somebody, and the sex and the electricity can still wane a little bit. I can barrel through, but I'm often better with a new face. And being that I'm kind of famous and known for having a penis, a lot of girls want to check it out. But if a girl's 26, like Natalie is, she wants to have sex and not go too many days without it. I'm not the powerhouse lover I was before, and yet she doesn't seem to mind. She goes, 'I don't mind.'"

While talking, he's still working on his steak salad, every once in a while looking around to see if anyone nearby is someone he should notice (no) or who should notice him (yes). Suddenly he turns silent, purses his lips, sticks a finger in the air as if testing for wind, moves his great big furry head to the right, leans over and vomits onto the pavement, twice.

Instantly all eyes are on him. A waiter rushes over.

"I'm fine," Ron says. "I'm okay. Sorry. That was weird. I haven't done that in my life. I haven't done that in years. Just fluid came out, that's all."

He sits there. He feels no need to clean up in the bathroom. He gets some horseradish onto a fork, eats it and then says, a little too loudly, "Phil Anselmo of

Pantera? Nice guy. A fan of porn, too." And apparently all is right with Ron's world once again.

He's driving to Redondo Beach, to Burbank, to the cleaners, to the bank, to the AIDS clinic for his monthly test, to the Burbank Airport Hilton for one of those sci-fi conventions where all the old stars show up to sign autographs and it's a whole sad scene full of geeks and losers. He's driving, and while he's driving he's talking, and the talking never stops. You'd think that he would run out of things to say, but you'd be wrong.

What he likes to do after a good meal: "Burp, roll over, float a nice air biscuit, watch HBO and sleep till spring." What he thinks about while masturbating: nothing, because he doesn't masturbate, hasn't in years, can't remember the last time he did. Whom he sometimes fantasizes about while getting it up for a porn scene: Michelle Pfeiffer, when she turns into a bird in the movie *Ladyhawke*. How he would feel if a porn girl said she'd heard it was a bad career move to work with him: "That would bother me, that would infuriate me, because it's bull. Now, Jenna Jameson once said, 'He's a great guy. He's a friend of mine, but if

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The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia. Collective effort of The Hair & Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic.

ABSTRACT

The information presented here provides evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. Results may occur as early as 2 months. This therapeutic approach represents advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss).

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RESULTS

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management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant decrease in the rate of hair loss and increase in regrowth noted.

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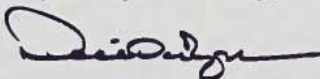
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you work with Ron Jeremy you should get an Academy Award as an actress.' I cracked up over that. Some girls just want to work with cute young boys. 'Ron Jeremy? No, he's heavy, he's hairy and he's old.' I've heard that, which is all right. But I would say more girls wanted to than didn't."

At the sci-fi convention he meets up with his friend Greg Watkins, who is a porn director. Ron is mobbed by fans, of course, which is great and all, but he's more interested in seeing the has-been stars in attendance. Why, there's Lorenzo Lamas and there's Lorenzo's ex!

One of the greatest moments in Ron's life was when director John Frankenheimer flew him to Paris to play a bit part in the Robert De Niro caper *Ronin*. One of the saddest moments was when Frankenheimer had to cut him from the film at the insistence of United Artists executives, even though the credit "Ron as Fishmonger" remains, as a kind of reminder of at least one area of his life in which his fabled luck has never held.

"I always wished I had gotten more breaks back in New York, off-Broadway, and gotten more legitimate work," he says while strolling around. "But look at the odds. The odds in mainstream are thousands to one. The odds in porn are one hundred to one. Because you pull your penis out—a lot of guys won't do that. None of your Broadway actors are going to do that. So I was able to get into porn, and I was accepted there."

A guy and his girlfriend interrupt him, shivering with excitement, the guy thrusting his camera at strangers and saying, "Please, can somebody snap a picture for us so I can get my girlfriend in the shot? How often do you get to stand next to Ron Jeremy?"

Standing back, his friend Greg Watkins says, "Ron would cut off his left nut to be a real actor. Actually, he'd settle for being a has-been actor over being a porn actor. Deep down, all he wants is to be taken seriously as an actor." While Greg's at it, he ticks off a few other things to know about his friend. "He's the

cheapest man I know. When he flies, he uses garbage bags as his luggage. I saw him get a \$90 parking ticket once, and tears, physical tears, came to his eyes. Oh my god, did he cry." Then he gets back to talking about Ron and the movies: "He was really good friends with Frankenheimer. Frankenheimer tried to squeeze him in whenever he could, and he did in *Reindeer Games*, *52 Pick-Up* and *Dead Bang*. But where was Ron in *Ronin*? Cut. Frankenheimer was using Ron for the girls. He got laid, so he was happy. I mean, some people look at him like, 'Well, he's my connection to pussy.' I'd do it. But then if you get cut out, what

on the phone.

"Have you ever met Dalny Marga?" he asks Joe Wilson. "You know who I'm talking about, the blonde girl, old 1930s star type? Well, if you can ever find her work, she's really a great kid—does great anal scenes, double anal, the whole works, you know? You think maybe like the older sister or the mom or some part like that? That is so nice. Great. At least I've kept my word just saying this to you. Hey, Joe, thanks. Okay, man, bye-bye."

Then he calls Natalie.

Actually, when Ron said that he and Natalie were living together at his condo, that was a lie. They are no longer roommates with romance. She has been

living with a girlfriend in the Valley for a while now, unhappy with Ron and his Ron's-luck, free-bird lifestyle. She doesn't want to see him tonight, but Ron is insistent.

"Natalie, we're already on our way," he says. "All right, honey? It won't kill you. I'll just say hello. All right, honey? All right? How's 20 minutes? All right, doll? Is that all right? I can't hear you. All right, I'll see you shortly. All right, doll, no sooner than 20 minutes. All right? Bye-bye, doll. Bye, honey."

The place where Natalie is staying is an actual house—clean, white, big and airy—in an actual suburb. It's the kind of place in which you could easily raise a couple

of kids. Natalie has reddish hair, wears rose-tinted glasses, jeans and a loose-fitting T-shirt. She looks sleepy and in appearance favors a hippie Sissy Spacek much more than, say, a Dalny Marga. A million years of guessing, probably, and you'd never guess that Ron Jeremy is her type. Or that she once went out with Ron. Or whatever the case currently is, because it's hard to tell.

For a while they sit on the floor in her bedroom, and she does most of the talking, her hair falling down in front of her eyes like a curtain. She says that Ron, for all of his experience with women, doesn't understand women at all. She says Ron believes that most women, like most men, are able to have sex outside a



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are you gonna do? What recourse do you have?"

In another room Ron sees the guy who played Eddie Munster on the old *Munsters* TV show. He looks truly and deeply excited and can't wait to go up and say hello.

IV. DO SOMETHING, CHANGE SOMETHING

Back on the road, Ron is thinking about Natalie. He's also thinking about Dalny Marga. "So what!" Dalny Marga had said about everything she and Ron did together, the food they ate, the people they met, the sex they didn't necessarily have. "So what! It is so pathetic!"

A moment later he gets Joe Wilson, director of production at Metro Studios,



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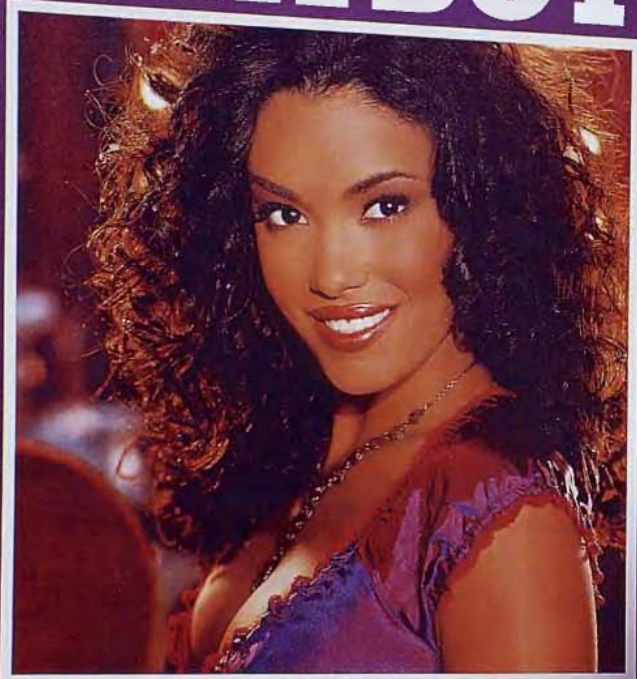
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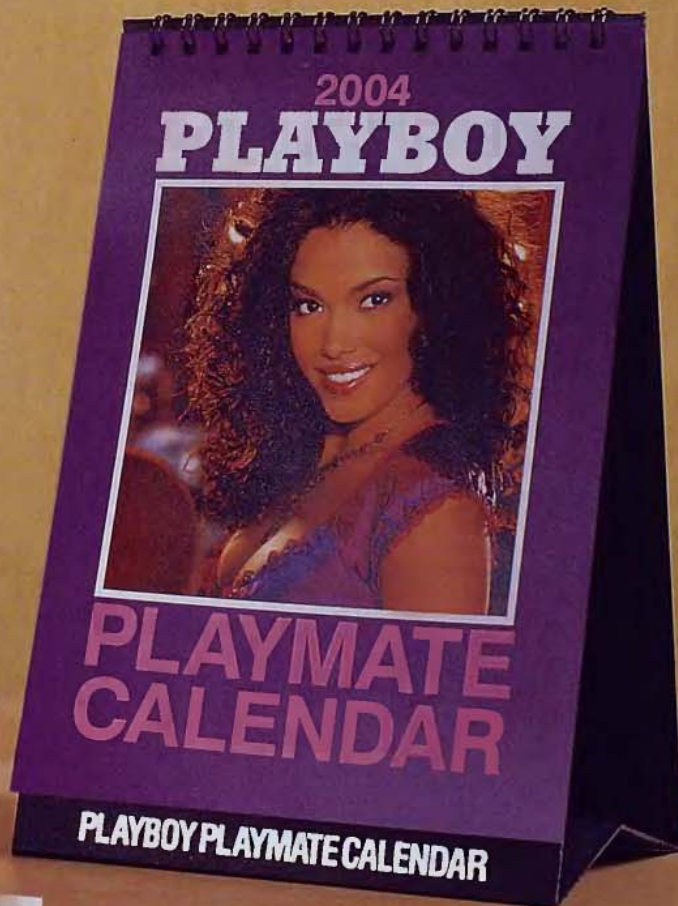
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relationship and not have it mean anything. She says that's wrong. She also says that Ron's insistence on an open lifestyle wouldn't be so hurtful if he made love to her more often or even just spent more time with her.

"I'm just asking for something," she says. "Do something. Change something. I mean, we're so opposite, I don't even know how we lasted for three years. You'd think at a certain point you'd go, 'This girl likes me for who I am even if I do really stupid, off-the-wall things that normal people don't do. Maybe I should change for the better.' When you're in a relationship, you want to develop and change for the better. You're on this planet for only a short while, so why not?"

"Well," Ron says, "you have seen me go from a couple of extracurricular girls a week to once a month or something. I mean, my libido has dropped a little, but I also made it drop a little. And I did say that if we had a kid, maybe I would do total monogamy."

"You sit there and you convince people of your plans, but you don't do anything," Natalie says softly. "So who cares? I'm not going to have kids with you in the hopes that you will change. Hell no."

"Hell no," says Ron, laughing, thinking this is funny.

"You won't even change now," she says, and she's perfectly serious. "You can't do the simplest life things that normal people do. You're too involved with your own needs. I know how you are, Ron, and kids don't fix anything. They make it worse."

"Well, that's true to some extent."

"What do you know?" Natalie says sharply. "This is just typical. Girls will end the relationship long before guys do, and they're just trying to find the right time. Then the guy realizes it, and he tries to get her back, but she's already done and over with."

"Yeah, but you're not."

Her head snaps up at him. "How do you know?"

Ron chuckles. "Natalie, Natalie, who are you kidding?"

And she giggles too.

After dinner Ron drives back to his condo. On the way, he phones his 25-year-old, Jennifer, and asks her to be there when he arrives. He calls her doll, sweetie and honey. Coming off the 101 freeway onto Highland, he remarks on how good tonight's meal was and how full he is. While stopped at the Highland and Sunset stoplight, he cracks the car window to get some air, shakes his head to clear the cobwebs and rests his hands on his tummy. His hands rise and fall and rise and fall. Pretty soon, his eyes are shut and he's snoring gently, asleep at the wheel, and when the light in front of him changes, he is the last to know.



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BENTONVILLE

(continued from page 86)
THE WHOLE GAME

Think about this: If Alice and the rest of Wal-Mart's 1.4 million employees demanded and got even a tiny wage increase, the cumulative hit could be big enough to force the company to raise prices, shaving its advantage and potentially unraveling its entire "We sell for less" formula. So Wal-Mart must constantly market itself to its employees to retain their goodwill (every morning you can hear them: "Give me a W! Give me an A! Give me an L!"), and it does this with the same skill it brings to everything else. Alice can buy stock without paying commissions, with a 15 percent company match up to the first \$1,800—a benefit not unlike those offered to the employees of many corporations—but she's come to believe it's akin to a miracle. While store workers can rarely buy enough to achieve real security, there is the dream: Anyone who bought 10 Wal-Mart shares in 1970 owns stock worth \$1.2 million today.

Wal-Mart appeals to its workers' loyalties with policies seemingly unrelated to wages and benefits. First among them is a commitment to live on as tight a budget as any of the company's store employees. The top offices of the world's largest corporation are situated not in a New York City office tower but in a cheaply remodeled warehouse on Bentonville's Walton Boulevard. The main lobby is as dreary as an unemployment office: rows of plastic chairs, a Formica reception counter, gray linoleum floors, a Pepsi machine and a box where employees can rest worn-out American flags from their homes and car arials "to be respectfully retired." Posters of a glowering eagle representing freedom are taped to the walls, and fliers invite all comers to a Wal-Mart-sponsored "patri-

otic music festival" with "over 1,000 flags and balloons, a special salute to all our veterans and those currently serving in the armed forces."

Wal-Mart doesn't care if you're the top sales executive of Procter & Gamble: This cavern is where you wait until the executive you're meeting—who is invariably dressed in the chinos and sport shirts sold off Wal-Mart racks—shuffles down the corridor to get you.

Beyond the lobby is a long hallway of supplier rooms, where some of the biggest and most important deals in modern retailing are struck. If you were to fire a revolver at a police officer, you'd be interrogated in a nicer setting. Each room is a booth just big enough for a Formica counter and four vinyl chairs, open to plain view through a glass wall. In each, under a frowning photo of Mr. Sam and his stern warning against offering gifts to buyers, people huddle over paperwork, examining lineups of fuzzy slippers, a stack of bar soap or a pile of brassieres on the counter between them.

Wal-Mart's headquarters are so breathtakingly ugly, so studiously low-rent, that saving money can't be the entire motive for it. The message to employees is: You live on a budget, and so do we. Talk to any Wal-Mart employee long enough and you'll hear about the old dog-scented pickup truck Sam Walton drove to the end, even when he was one of the world's richest men. The truck is the centerpiece of the Wal-Mart museum, and for good reason: It establishes Mr. Sam, and by extension his company, as having no personal interest in finery or anything besides his mission of delivering goods to working people at the lowest possible price.

Chief executive officer Lee Scott earned \$18 million last year (twice what he earned the year before), but employees won't see his home in *Architectural Digest*. What they see is boxes of goods from the warehouse

all emblazoned RETURN FOR CREDIT. EACH BOX COSTS THE COMPANY AN AVERAGE 75 CENTS. How can you ask for a raise from a company that thrifty? When employees do see Scott, he's usually in the stores, where, like the lowest grunt, he rolls up his sleeves to stock shelves or guide customers. Wal-Mart's top managers don't constantly roam, as the regional vice presidents do, but they periodically show up unannounced in stores to ask questions and help out, just as Walton did. Wal-Mart buyers, with the power to make or break a brand, are royalty to consumer-products companies, but most qualify for the job only after serving six months on the floor of a store. Every few months they go back for a three-day refresher, stocking shelves and running registers.

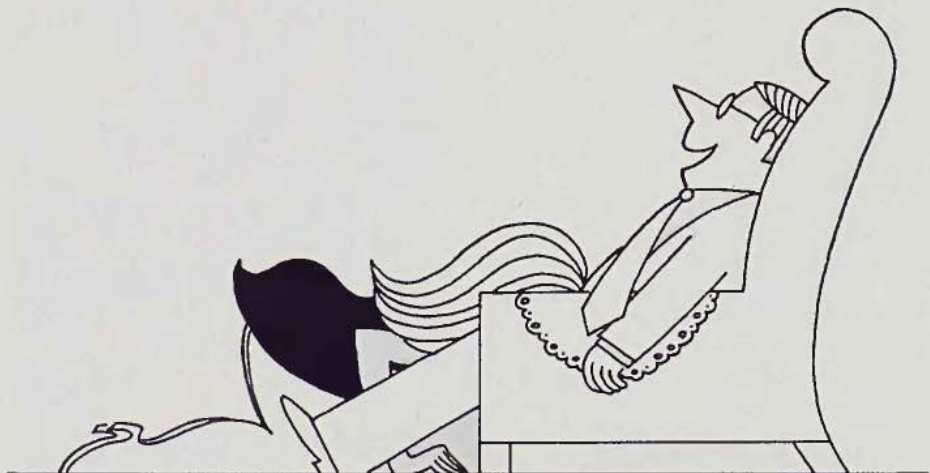
Again and again the company goes out of its way to declare itself on the side of decent, ordinary, unsophisticated Americans who city folk just don't get. It has a policy of allowing people who roam the country in recreational vehicles to camp overnight, free, in any store parking lot, and it sometimes sends employees out with coffee in the morning. It lets retirees who like to hang out in the store run no-stakes bingo games in the aisles at night, and it sometimes donates inexpensive items such as paper towels as prizes.

"Wal-Mart is a cultural thing," says Richard Kochersperger, who teaches marketing at Saint Joseph's University in Philadelphia. "Lee Scott was tutored and mentored by former chief executive officer David Glass, who was tutored and mentored by Mr. Sam himself. What's amazing is that so far they've been able to replicate that culture in 3,000 stores and among 1.4 million employees. That's the whole game."

ENTER THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS

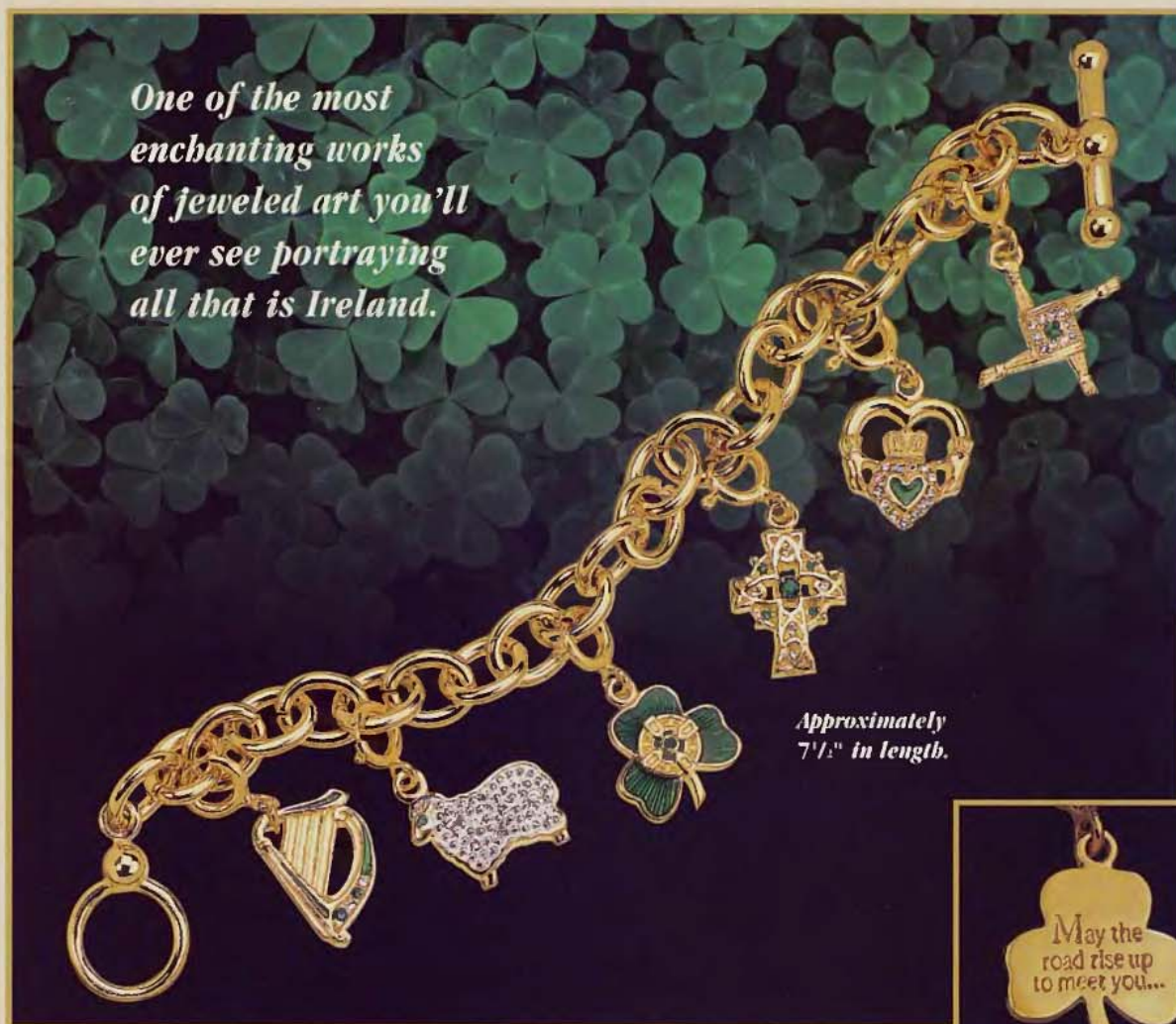
Two stools down at the Ruby Tuesday bar, a man introduces himself as Tony and says he moved here from Virginia a year ago. Not for a fancy job—"I'm just a janitor," he says happily, over the din—but for the sake of his church, the Word of Life Fellowship, out on Highway 102. Why he chose Bentonville is the logical next question, and hearing it he leans close and stage-whispers, "To fight Satan."

Tony is about 40, with shiny black hair, rapturous eyes and a brilliant white smile. "Ever wonder why the most powerful economic entity in the country is right here in the most religious spot in the country?" he asks me, signaling for another Coke. "Satan is a mimicker. God is here, so Satan is here. Wal-Mart started out good, selling things cheap to people who didn't have a lot of money. But that's how Satan works," Tony says conspiratorially. "He starts out good, but it's a deception, always. Wherever God lays down his power base, Satan mimics him. This is the capital of the good, so Wal-Mart started out good. The reason the religious right is here in Bentonville is



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that it's holding off Wal-Mart. This is the power center. This is where the final battle is shaping up. Bentonville is five years behind the satanic curve."

"Meaning what?" I ask. "The final battle is five years away?"

Tony just lifts his eyebrows meaningfully. He will be drawn out no further. Instead, he begins the windup to a full-blown pitch. He wants me to renounce that beer in front of me and all it represents and join the struggle.

In the next few days I run his theory by some locals—the waitress at Maude Ethel's Family Restaurant, the young cashier at the Panda Chinese Restaurant, and a self-described redneck, buying Mountain Dew at the 6-Twelve convenience store off Highway 62. No one dismisses it. "I've thought that too," the redneck says judiciously. "Doesn't seem a coincidence you have so much religion and so much money in the same little place. It isn't something I like to think about too much, to tell you the truth."

Wal-Mart cultivates the loyalty of its rural, largely female workforce by taking the side of the strict parent when it comes to the magazines, music and movies it sells. It won't sell CDs with parental-warning stickers on them, the company says, "after listening to our customers and associates" (*associates* being Waltonspeak for "employees"). The stores dropped *Maxim*, *Stuff* and *FHM* from their lucrative newsstands and this spring began covering up *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, *Marie Claire* and *Redbook* by placing them in special bins "to accommodate those customers who are uncomfortable with the language on some of the magazine covers," a company representative says.

The First Amendment prohibits government censorship, but Wal-Mart is now so huge that its perfectly legal corporate policies can hinder freedom of choice. In communities where Wal-Mart replaces independent bookstores and record shops, only music, films and literature that have

been pre-approved by Wal-Mart's executives will be available to consumers.

"The distinction between public and private is not as distinct as it once was, especially when you consider companies as big as Wal-Mart," says University of South Carolina sociologist Mathieu Deflem, who studies the effects of corporate policies on society. "Wal-Mart has huge public relevance, and its actions affect society on a huge scale. The Constitution doesn't allow for this. It was written in very different times."

The counterculture loves to vilify Wal-Mart's minions as "self-appointed moral guardians of the Christian Coalition," and Wal-Mart doesn't take any pains to disabuse them of that notion. I suspect that, like the exhortation to save boxes for 75 cents' credit, Wal-Mart's ostentatious piety is for the benefit of its vast rural workforce as much as for its customers. Dressing up an enormous, aggressively anti-union corporate entity as a devout, culturally strict, frugal country store run by a single glad-handing ghost, with the possibility of a better life someday thrown in—could that be what keeps an employee like Alice cheerful while on her knees with the Woolite?

PUNKS ON CAPITALISM

Bentonville has no local hangouts. Someone throws a switch at nightfall, and downtown goes dark. If you want a beer after work you go out to the strip, where chain restaurants rise from the asphalt like neon petit fours. At the Chili's bar sits a young guy who appears to be a full-on punk, from his nasty little goatee and black T-shirt to the red-and-green tattoo of a Japanese-style fish snaking down his arm. His name is Tony Diaz, and remarkably, he was a Wal-Mart toy buyer before leaving for San Diego to become a freelance toy developer. He's back in town to see some friends from his Wal-Mart days.

Diaz says he was aware the minute he started at Wal-Mart that he didn't fit in.

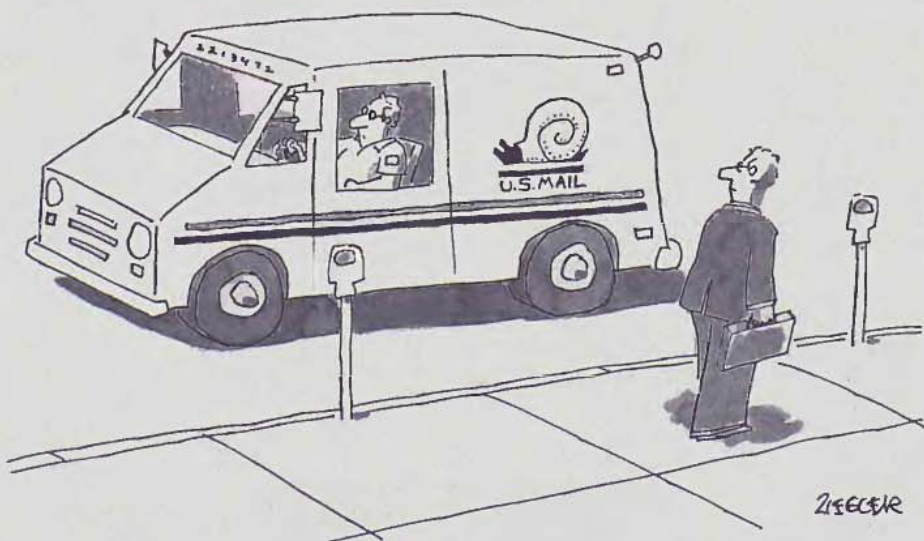
"When you first start working there you wonder, Is this a cult or something? Because it's like everybody loves the place," he says. But even he was drawn in and now loves working with Wal-Mart above all other toy sellers. "Buyers at other companies always want to be wine and dined. They want a weekend at this golf resort or tickets to this ball game," he says. "Wal-Mart says, 'We don't need any of that crap. Just give us the lowest price you can sustain every day.' You can't buy a cup of coffee for a Wal-Mart buyer, and they take that shit seriously."

The breathtaking efficiency of Wal-Mart is the workingman's friend, he says. "A guy gets off work and has to go *here* to get his hardware and *here* to get his clothes and *here* to buy his groceries," he says loudly. "He has to spend all that time, or he can go to Wal-Mart and he ends up paying less." As for the local hardware stores, haberdashers and grocers forced out of business by Wal-Mart's buying power, Diaz has no sympathy. "Consumers vote for what they want," he says. "The very essence of this country is capitalism, and if you don't like it, find someplace else to live." He lays a few bills on the bar and stands up. "My grandfather owns a chain of plumbing-supply stores on the East Coast," he adds quietly. "And he used to ask me, 'How can you work for those bastards?'"

Wal-Mart has never been able to square its professed Main Street values—the greeters at store doors, the flag-waving patriotism—with the uncomfortable fact that its arrival is bad news for Main Street wherever it goes. An Iowa State University professor who studied Wal-Mart's impact on his state in the 10 years after it first appeared in 1983 quantified what downtown and buy-local activists have long asserted: Wal-Mart kills off mom-and-pop stores. Who can compete with a company that buys items by the trainload? In Iowa hundreds of clothing, hardware, grocery and shoe stores have been hurt or wiped out, with hundreds of millions of dollars going instead to Wal-Mart.

Bentonville is getting a taste of its own medicine. Several storefronts are vacant, and some shops are teetering. A lovely coffee shop within walking distance of the courthouse, with easy chairs around a fireplace and a cappuccino maker as big as a locomotive, is failing. "Everything's moved out to the strip," owner Pam Darst says with obvious bitterness. "If the local people don't want us, fine." The independent bookstore on the square is in its final days as well. "No other way to say it: Big-box killed us," says the manager, who, when she sees my notebook, suggests with a wry smile that I speak to the store's owner. That would be Lynne Walton, daughter-in-law of Sam, put out of business by the phenomenon her husband's father pioneered. (She did not return my calls.)

At the Bentonville chamber of commerce, which ostensibly represents the



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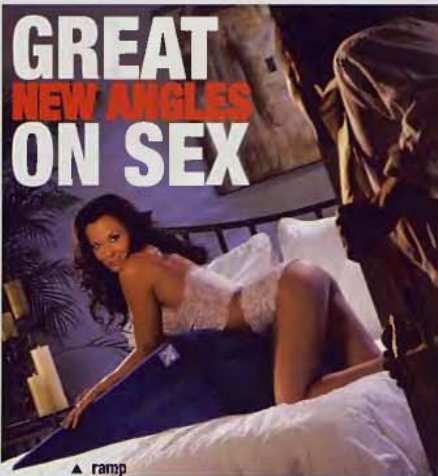


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town's small businesses as well as the big, economic development director Rich Davis asserts that downtowns killed off by Wal-Mart "were dead already—they just didn't know it." Family-owned businesses don't want to compete, in Davis's opinion. "If you're open only Monday through Friday from eight to five, what happens at night or on the weekends in our consumer-driven society?"

Sleep, I suggest, or recreation. Visit friends. Relax. Davis grimaces. He brandishes data showing that while a new Wal-Mart may finish off downtown dinosaurs, it's a magnet for "restaurants, convenience stores, 24-hour activity." Sales-tax revenue—"aggregate business activity"—often goes up, he says, not down, when a Wal-Mart comes to town.

I go looking for aggregate business activity in Bentonville. As might be expected, it's out on the strip, clustered around a Wal-Mart Supercenter the size of the Pentagon. What survives on this airport-size slab of asphalt is businesses that don't (yet) compete with Wal-Mart: Benton House Carpet, a tanning salon, pawnshops, radiator shops, an auto-parts store. I looked forward to finding a down-home barbecue shack or one of those good Southern restaurants serving black-eyed peas, collards and sweet-potato pie. But every time I ask a local for a recommendation I get steered out here to Chili's, Applebee's or one of the other national chains on vast pools of blacktop parking lots.

"I don't cry over mom-and-pop businesses that have to close because a Wal-Mart moves in," says a graveyard-shift greeter at one of the 24-hour Wal-Marts I stop at on my way from the airport. He's a retired civil servant, as perky at one A.M. as a bandleader on speed. "Compete is what I say. Do it better," he says. "If you offer a good product at a fair price and take care of your customers, you'll succeed. You can do this. Mr. Sam did it."

WHY GO ANYWHERE ELSE?

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Signs in the stores ask incessantly, WHY GO ANYWHERE ELSE?, which raises the possibility that someday there may not be anywhere else, that Wal-Mart will have conquered every category of commerce and be the everything company. This year Wal-Mart was *Fortune* magazine's number one choice for America's

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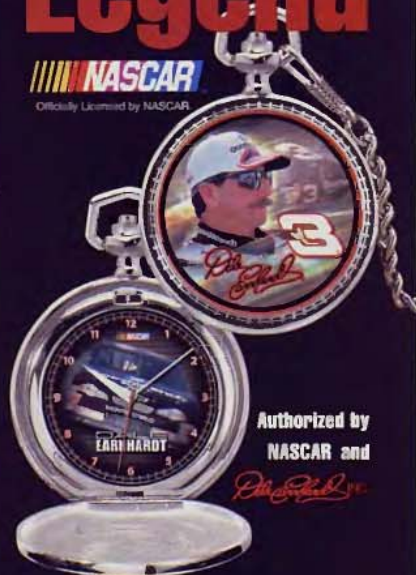
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How long Wal-Mart can keep this up is the question. As much as Sam Walton's practices have changed the modern world, the modern world has changed Bentonville and, perhaps by extension, the company that strives so hard to identify itself with it. Benton County is the third-fastest-growing county in the United States, according to the local chamber of commerce. There's no telling how all those city people pouring in, with their enormous salaries and bloated housing allowances, will corrupt Wal-Mart's small-town values from within. Could it be that the seeds of Wal-Mart's downfall are buried in the flower of its success?

In the men's department of the Bentonville Wal-Mart I find Bugle Boy shorts from China, Wrangler soccer shorts from Bangladesh, Puritan sleep sets from El Salvador and golf shirts from Israel, all at incredibly attractive prices. There are Simply Basic shorts from Mexico and Simply Basic golf shirts from Honduras, Hanes boxers from the Dominican Republic, Snoopy running shorts from Cambodia, Racing Champion jackets from Macao and a Team Starter Arkansas Hogs T-shirt with a label that, hanging in a Wal-Mart in Bentonville, makes my head swim: *HECHO EN PAKISTAN*.

Offering the lowest-priced goods from all these nations where workers' rights are often a joke, Wal-Mart must always be on guard to avoid doing business with sweatshops, child-labor mills and other purveyors of misery in global production. In fact, when I ask Wal-Mart representative Tom Williams about the issue, I expect the whole we-have-rules-and-monitors spiel, but to his credit he merely lowers his eyes and says, "The sweatshop issue is really touchy for us."

On my way out of the store I find a rack of Faded Glory short-sleeve shirts from India that are somehow selling for \$7.36 each. It's almost impossible to believe. For less than \$8 a shirt, people grew the cotton, spun it into cloth, dyed it, designed the shirt, cut the cloth, sewed the shirt, added the buttons, printed the labels, shipped the shirts to the U.S., distributed them to some 3,000 stores and put them on display. Like Alice, these people are dependent on Wal-Mart and its policies and practices, and I try to imagine how much they could possibly earn for their labor. Then I notice that, hey, these are really nice colors, and they're only \$7.36.

I buy four of them.



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Dent Island

(continued from page 110)

know could be even smarter than she is, went to the University of Chicago, and my youngest brother went to Yale and graduated in about 12 days. I am the one who missed, by a twat hair, becoming the only person in the history of either side of the family not to graduate from any college, at least since the Civil War. On the other hand, there is now hope that I am a late bloomer, as only last year I was named Dent Island's best local novelist in the annual best-and-worst edition of the paper. (Actually, I tied for best novelist with Sheriff Cliff Doane, whom I forgot to mention back in the cultural highlights section but who nevertheless wrote a novel, *The Island Strangler*, and can occasionally be seen signing copies of it down at the Dog Ear bookstore in Austin. Yes, I'm afraid we do for a fact have a sheriff who invents serial killers.)

But what I was getting around to before I was sidetracked into this business about colleges was that Ms. Connors apparently had it all—carriage and brains and a Harvard diploma—and arrived on the island with high expectations for herself and the academic growth of our community. I have heard that early on someone asked her, "Why here?" and she only gazed off into the trees and said she found the place perfectly suited to her needs.

What do you make of an answer like that? Better yet, what do you make of walking into your house and finding your

15-year-old daughter sitting cross-legged on the couch, studying Maya Angelou?

The next year, in creative writing, Ms. Connors assigned the class to write a story imagining a meeting between Bill Clinton and Othello. This was right after Toni Morrison stirred up the East Coast with an essay claiming Clinton was America's first black president. My daughter was sitting cross-legged on the couch again when she told me what she was writing.

Clinton? I thought, Christ, what about Coolidge?

The year after Toni Morrison, it was a course called Navigation 4, designed to prepare the island's university-bound students to research and write papers that might help them stay in college after they were admitted.

Now, as it happened, also taking Navigation 4 that semester was a friend of my daughter's, a sweet, serious kid named Harriet Nelson, who preferred, for obvious reasons, to be called by her last name. Her parents had pulled her out of high school one day at the beginning of her junior year and stood in the hall while she emptied her locker into a cardboard box, crying and embarrassed, the whole school watching, all over a boy she liked and they didn't.

They put her in the island's alternative school, where she sat with the barkers (whom we try to keep away from the tourists) and the paper eaters and the Fuller twins, who one night took the lug nuts off all the county school buses, and fell further behind and further away all the time.



"...And of course we do have a nice selection of belts made from fine Italian leather."

Three months into her senior year, however, the boy she loved turned 18 and quit school to go to Reno, Nevada and learn to deal blackjack, and Nelson was allowed to return to Dent High and her friends. It was good news, but like a lot of good news it was too late. There had always been something a little sad about the kid, and resigned, and she already knew that she wouldn't be leaving the island—the worst hand you can be dealt around here when you're 17.

To her credit, she held off the outside world and what it had in mind for her as long as she could, which was what she was doing when she signed up for Ms. Connors's Navigation 4. It was a course for students going places, and Ms. Connors taught it as if it was already college, as if they were all adults.

Ms. Connors had turned moody that year, which I understood to mean that mother nature was sending out mixed signals (have a baby or tear out somebody's throat—how do you decide?). That or just boredom. Sometimes in the winter all there is for excitement around here are mud slides and the occasional reminder that you are always on the clock. (Unless you live in town, sooner or later you are going to hit a deer on the way home—it isn't called Dent Island for nothing.)

The first incident of moody behavior I heard about was when Ms. Connors arrived one morning 45 minutes late for class, looking like she'd slept in her car, and told the story of Ralph Ellison's losing 400 pages of a novel in a house fire. And as she told the story she began weeping.

A few weeks later, a concerned parent called the principal after Ms. Connors, wearing a funeral veil, lectured for an hour on the similarities between fiction writing and a high-wire act known as the Flying Wallendas. The principal's name is Dr. Potter, and the Wallendas' story, as you probably know, is that they were a circus family, and about 11 of them were hanging from the same bicycle one afternoon a hundred feet in the air, and the next thing you knew they were all lying around like flies on the windowsill at the end of fly season, little, bent, upside-down legs everywhere you looked.

Toward the end of the semester, Ms. Connors asked the class to imagine what it was like to be swallowed.

And while this was going on—while Ms. Connors was giving up on Dent Island—Nelson was giving up on Navigation 4. And for the same reason. I didn't say this to my kid, but I think we all have a voice, something from down by the pond, that knows what it knows.

And so during the last week of her senior year, my daughter came home one day with the news that Ms. Connors, who had been particularly moody that week, had given Nelson an F on her research project. The project was 60 percent of

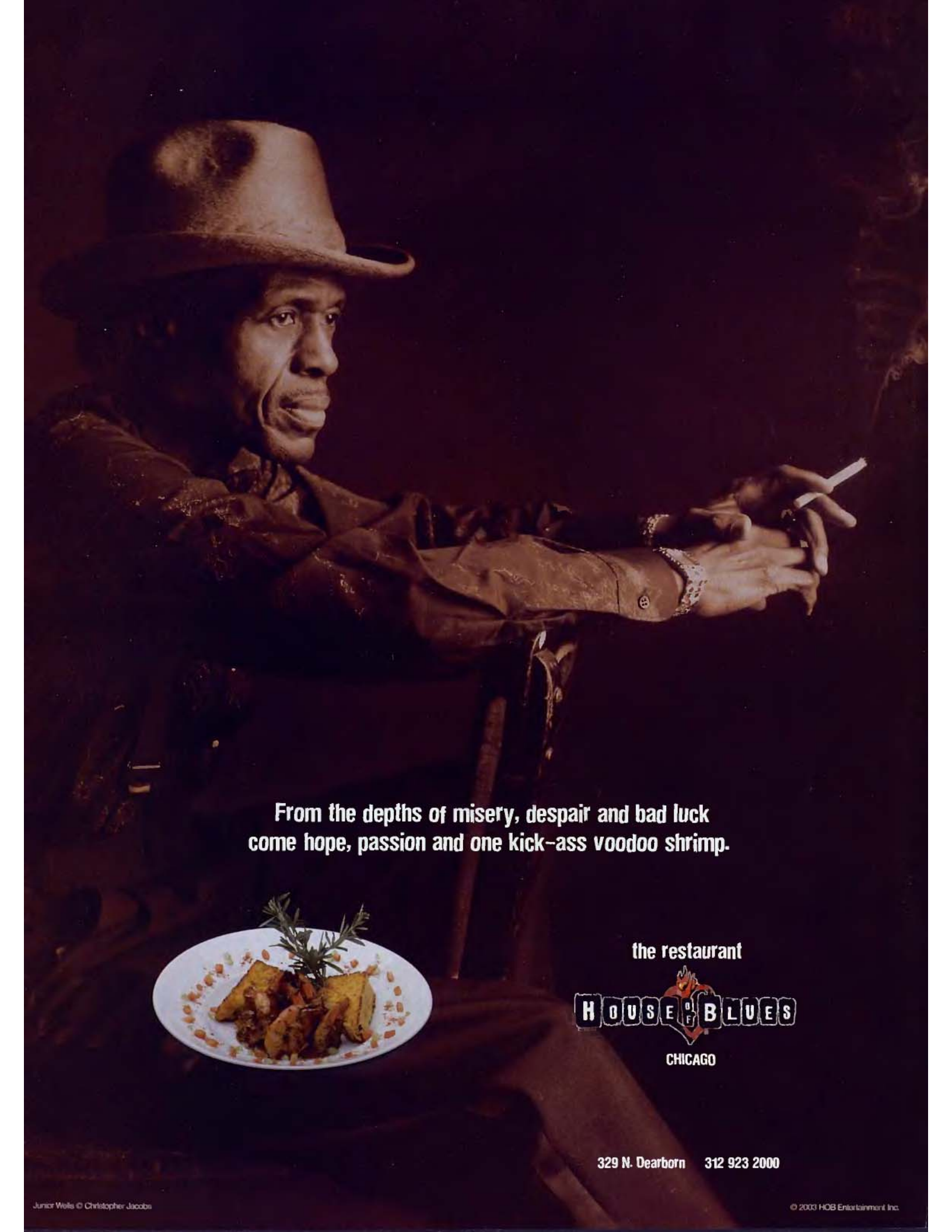
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daughter slept in other parts of the house, and I would get up from the desk every half hour at two and three and four in the morning to look at them, just stand there for a little while in the doorway, on a floor that sagged under my weight, watching them sleep.

Which is as much excuse as I'm going to make. I did what I did, and Nelson came over at six in the morning and picked up the paper, took it home and rewrote it word for word. A day passed, and the deadline passed with it.

Then another day, and then the phone rang Thursday morning. It was Ms. Conners.

"I find myself in a very odd position," she said.

Lord, when I think of those words now.

Ms. Conners was waiting, but I did not spend 10 years writing a newspaper column in Philadelphia without learning when to shut the fuck up. It is the key to everything, I think, learning when to shut up.

She said, "Let me begin by saying I have been struggling with this.... No, let me just begin by saying Harriet has told me that she went to you and your daughter for help with her paper."

I said, "A nice kid, isn't she?"

"Yes, well, they both are. The thing is, I'm in quite a quandary, as it were, and I was hoping you might be able to

straighten me out. After reading the paper several times, I find that I can't shake the question of how much of it she actually wrote...." And she left that out there for a while, perhaps expecting a confession, or an adult conversation.

I said, "Well, I think you could say I gave her a steer in the right direction. I showed her the things she had in there that didn't belong where they were." Which was true, in its way. I'm assuming that she read it when she copied it. "And then I made some suggestions about how she might reword what was left. The kind of things you must do all the time."

There was another pause, and then she said, "You understand, my concern here is fairness. I want to be fair to her, but I also want to be fair to the rest of the class. I want to be fair to myself."

And there it was, the mother lode. "Fair to myself." But I had shut the fuck up for Nelson, and I stayed shut the fuck up. Although I wanted to I didn't tell Ms. Conners that I knew who had betrayed the spirit of the class, that Nelson was not the one who came in pretending that literature was important until she found out she couldn't write it herself.

"She wrote every word," I said.

Nelson got a C-minus on the paper—Ms. Conners told me that twice before she hung up, making sure I understood that it was a C-minus, apparently under

the impression that I could be insulted academically—and a D for the course.

It was my first graduation. For one reason or another I never went to any of my own or my brothers' or my sister's, so I don't know if it's the same in other places, but the audience behaved as if they were at a basketball game. Yelling, whooping, stomping. Paper airplanes, streamers. There was even a wave in a section of the audience for a kid from one of the big island families.

My daughter got up and gave her speech, which I regret to report did not mention Mr. Potter's VW or his wife, and while she was speaking I noticed Nelson sitting with her chin in her hand beside an empty folding chair, as if my kid had already left for the world and left her behind, and later, in the courtyard, I saw them hugging each other and crying.

Nelson works in the coffee shop now, the one you drive by on the road to the ferry, and still comes over to visit when the pea lover is home from college. She had a baby a year out of high school and loves the kid to death.

Ms. Conners left the school district that same year, in handcuffs, after a now-famous tryst with an 11th-grade student, which, if you can believe the sheriff's office, had been going on for two years.

Myself, I am once again poleaxed at my habitual misreading of the human condition, wondering why I even bother to have opinions. My wife says I'm being too hard on myself, but the island tourist commission got closer than I did: "Dent Island—come fall in love all over again."

Ms. Conners ended up with five years' probation and a six-figure book deal, and everybody else involved sued the school district and was interviewed on afternoon television. Ms. Conners had to undergo mandatory counseling and register as a Class 2 sex offender wherever she went, which I thought was taking things too far. I remember being 14, and I would have cut off a toe for a shot at Ms. Conners, and looking at the nub right now, my guess is I wouldn't much regret it. I can testify in court that I've done worse things to myself with less reason.

Among the people who do not see it that way, however, you may count the regular inhabitants of Uncle Moses's B&B, who take an unexpectedly puritan view of the matter.

Down at Uncle Moses's, Ms. Conners's name—when somebody has the bad taste to bring it up—still stirs a certain gnawing resentment. A grudging feeling, probably as old as sitting around getting shitfaced itself: a feeling that somehow we have been used as a stepping-stone to the big time.



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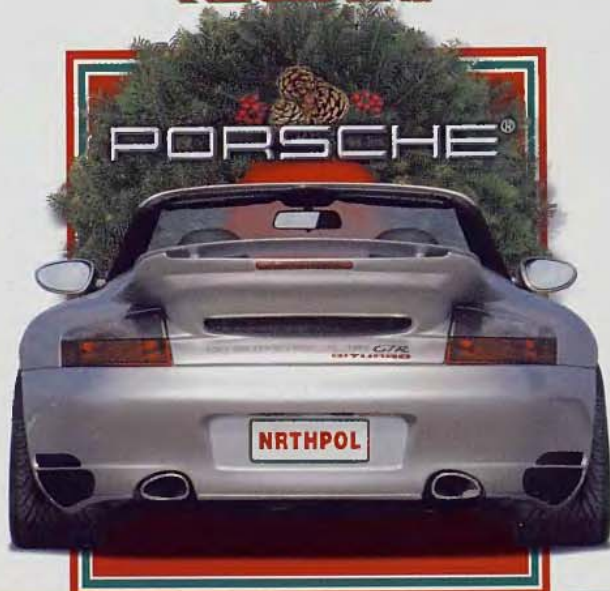
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ON THE SCENE

Page 141: *Burton*, burton.com. *K2*, k2gravitytools.com. *Mad River Rocket*, madriverrocket.com. *Paris*, theparisco.com. *Sevylor*, sevylor.com. *Sims*, 888-360-SIMS. *Tubbs*, tubbs snowshoes.com.

ROCK CAMP

(continued from page 116)

"We're changing the song order. We're moving 'Summertime Blues' to the end of the set and starting with 'All Right Now.'"

His announcement is met with panic. "Why don't we do it how we practiced?"

"'Cause Daltrey isn't ready yet. Don't you want Roger to sing with you guys?"

It occurs to me that I don't give a shit. I say so, but nobody pays much attention.

When we launch into "All Right Now," I'm surprised to realize that the huge, ugly sound blaring into the club is us. It's shambling but energetic. I look over at St. Holmes. He shrugs his shoulders. I'm on. I jump to the microphone and let fire. Later I'll see photos of myself doing all the embarrassing, hackneyed things rock singers do—closing my eyes, clenching the microphone—but right now it feels fucking great. I don't give a shit that my voice is off-key or that my bass lines are wandering so far they need a passport.

After we careen through our medley the crowd roars, and I realize that Daltrey is there to lead us through "Summertime Blues." Strangely, as one of the most famous voices in rock howls the opening lines—"I'm gonna raise a fuss, I'm gonna raise a holler"—it's less surreal than I would have imagined. Standing about 5'7" and dressed in a sweatshirt, Daltrey is hardly an imposing figure. Sure, the song sounds better than when Lori and I sang it, but I find myself more annoyed than appreciative that he's distracting attention from our mistakes. After five days of hammering these songs into presentable form, pulling a genuine rock god onstage feels like a cheap ploy. He's a ringer. The audience eats it up.

We file offstage, and after five minutes of basking in our peers' congratulations we're absorbed in the anonymity of the crowd. Onstage, the Liberators are blasting through "I Wanna Be Sedated." Golden was right: Their singer is terrible.

"How do you think we sounded up there?" Lori asks.

I tell her I think we were okay.

"I'm ready to do it again," she says.

Truth is, I don't know how it sounded up there—probably pretty awful. But it felt like rock and roll.

It would be easy to dismiss suburbanites paying washed-up stars to teach them how to "eat, sleep and live rock and roll" as the least rock-and-roll thing this side of the Taliban. But the night of the finale I ask Daltrey whether it's painful listening to all these camper bands maul the Who's catalog. He stares at me as if I were an idiot.

"No, not at all," he says. "As long as they think they're doing it, it doesn't matter. Rock and roll is about not giving a fuck." He motions toward the campers filling the club. "And these people are out there not giving a fuck."

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PLAYMATE NEWS



Left: Shauna showing her trading cards. Right: With Lamas in happier times.

20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Veronica Gamba was born in Buenos Aires, and by the time she became Miss November 1983 she had already modeled all over Europe. At the time, she was hoping to "become an Oscar-winning actress."

Veronica never walked away with the naked gold guy, but she did win plenty of hearts.

Veronica Gamba. All together now, *Awwwuuu.*



SHAUNA GETS BACK IN THE GAME

It's been nearly a year since the messy breakup between Miss May 1996 Shauna Sand and Lorenzo Lamas, who were married for six years, and we're relieved to report that the couple are no longer at each other's throats. If you recall, they had a very public, nasty split, during which Lorenzo accused Shauna of being hot-tempered and of choking and punching him. Shauna's response? "I have never hit him," she says. "And he's a black belt in karate and weighs 180 pounds. I'm tiny—100 pounds." (On her Playmate data sheet, Shauna revealed that her turnoffs are "violence, jealousy, airheads and gossip.") The restraining order Lorenzo filed has been dropped, and the couple has agreed to joint custody of their three

young daughters, Alexandra, Victoria and Isabella. Careerwise, however, Lorenzo may not be faring so well. He became the butt of jokes when he wielded a laser pointer as a judge on the reality TV flop *Are You Hot? The Search for America's Sexiest People*. Shauna, on the other hand, knows

that she doesn't need a laser pointer to prove that, yes, she is indeed very hot. Her latest movie, *Ghost Rock*, starring Gary Busey, is in the can, and the Bench Warmer trading cards featuring her image are out now.



Shauna and Heidi Mark.

LOOSE LIPS

"Being an L.A. resident gives me a chance to spend more time at the Mansion. Jerry Springer is a good friend of mine, but the coolest celebrity I've met so far is Nicolas Cage. Once, at a Playboy party, we sat up all night talking. He's an incredibly interesting person."—Nicole Narain

BRANDE, YOU'RE A FINE GIRL



Although she spent weeks living with M.C. Hammer, Corey Feldman and Vince Neil, *The Surreal Life* alum Brande Roderick emerged intact and remarkably sane. From far left: at the California Design College's fashion show gala; at a movie premiere; at a Pussycat Dolls party; at the Fragrance Foundation's Annual FiFi Awards.



HOT SHOT



JODI ANN PATERSON

THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT TINA JORDAN

1. She has six sisters and two brothers. "It was very *Brady Bunch*," she says.

2. She'll never forget the first time Hef called her on her cell phone. "He's such an important man. I felt so special."

3. Robert De Niro makes her star-struck, but she can handle Howard Stern. "I was in

Tino hanging with Toro Reid.

15 Minutes for about 15 seconds," she says. "It was great to be in a film with a Hollywood legend. Appearing on Howard Stern was fun. He even seemed a little smitten with me, which I found sweet."



POP QUESTIONS: SHANNA MOAKLER

By the time you read this, Shanna Moakler will have given birth to her second child, a boy named Landon. The proud papa? Blink-182's Travis Barker. We caught up with her before the blessed event.

Q: Is your daughter Atiana (whose dad is Oscar de la Hoya) cool with this?

A: Yes. She wants her brother now!

Q: Will Landon be into music?

A: Yes. Travis had a baby-blue drum set made for the nursery. Two drummers in one house are a lot, but we hope music will influence him as it has us.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Neko Case

I love Miss December 1972

Mercy Rooney. In her Centerfold she's wearing wool chops and standing in front of a chair made of horns. I always hang the photo above my work space. It totally



inspires me. She looks so tough! She's riding a horse naked in her other pictures. Do you know how sharp the little bones on top of a horse are? Oh, please. It would be very painful—she's a tough gal.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Jenny McCarthy's first book, *Jen-X*, looked good on our coffee tables—not that we read it. Now she's working on a pregnancy guide. *Belly Laughs: Everything Funny and Not-So-Funny Headed Your Way During Pregnancy* will be out next year, and again, we most definitely won't read it. What's next for Jenny, a Pulitzer? That might be a good move,

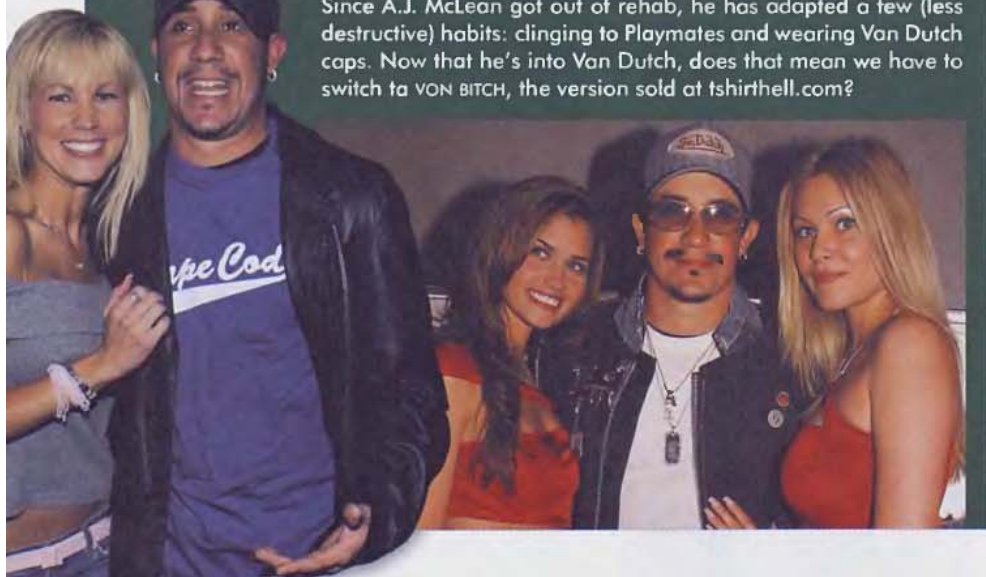


Pam and Christino: drrrry girls.

since, unfortunately, the sitcom she shot for ABC never made it past the pilot....It was a good run for Kelly Monaco, who was nominated for a Daytime Emmy for her work on the soap *Port Charles*. Fans are irate that the show has been canceled....Pam Anderson enjoyed drrrry girl talk with Christina Aguilera (above) at L.A.'s Asia de Cuba....It's been 25 years since Martha Smith played Babs in *Animal House*, and to

WHEN BACKSTREETS ATTACK

Since A.J. McLean got out of rehab, he has adapted a few (less destructive) habits: clinging to Playmates and wearing Van Dutch caps. Now that he's into Van Dutch, does that mean we have to switch to VON BITCH, the version sold at tshirtheil.com?



"Don't leave me alone with these guys!"

celebrate the film's anniversary, Martha and her co-stars shot a "Where are they now?" mockumentary....The only thing missing when Benicio Del Toro, PMOY Christina Santiago and Hunter S. Thompson (above) hung out at the CineVegas Film Festival 2003? A video camera.

A large, atmospheric image of Indiana Jones in a dark, rocky cave, holding his whip and looking down.

No one's got balls like Indiana Jones.

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The Complete Movie Collection
Available for the First Time on DVD



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www.indianajones.com

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PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

COLD RUSH!

Instead of strapping on a pair of skis and waiting an hour in a lift line, try bombing the mountain aboard one of these new-school snow toys. The success of snowboarding has made a slopeside speed fix more accessible than ever before; Vail, Tahoe, Copper Mountain, Sugarbush and other North American resorts have opened areas for nonskiing thrill-seekers. Winter tubes,

Below: A slick tarpaulin bottom and oversize handles help make the Sevytor Sno Pro one hell of a downhill ride (\$75). Atop the tube is a pair of Piranha snowshoes with titanium crampons, by Tubbs (\$400), and Burton Snowboards' Liquid Lounger backpack/collapsible chair featuring a built-in bar for slopeside partying (\$110).



GEORGE GEORGIOU



bikes, snowshoes and sleds are fun, but our favorite powder toy is a Sims snowboard (left) featuring adult film star Jenna Jameson. "Ours are the only boards you'll want to sleep with," says the company. Isn't it afraid that will bring on an early thaw? —LYNN SELDON

Left: Sims Snowboards' Fader Vivid porn star series includes Jenna Jameson (\$400, minus bindings). Below: The SnoXross combines a rear ski for speed, a front ski for steering and a collapsible frame for storage and hauling (\$125).



Above: Mad River Rocket's motto "Get on Your Knees" says it all. The company's Killer B sled with built-in knee pads and a quick-release lap belt is a sure ticket to riding serious air (\$75). Left: The revolutionary SMX Snowcycle looks like something Lance Armstrong would love—it includes a suspension system, an adjustable seat and handlebars, and shaped skis for snow carving (\$525).

Grapevine

Boobylicious

Current It girl BEYONCÉ KNOWLES has a hit album, *Dangerously in Love*, and a movie comedy, *The Fighting Temptations*. But what's really caught our attention—aside from this dress—is all the media hoopla. Superstardom is her destiny.



Brazen Sharon Flips Out

By now, we know if SHARON OSBOURNE's TV talk show has panned out, but either way it won't stop her from letting it all hang out.

©STEVE MARCUS / REUTERS



©STEVE TORRES

©ALYSSA LOVELACE / REUTERS

Just Like a Natural Woman

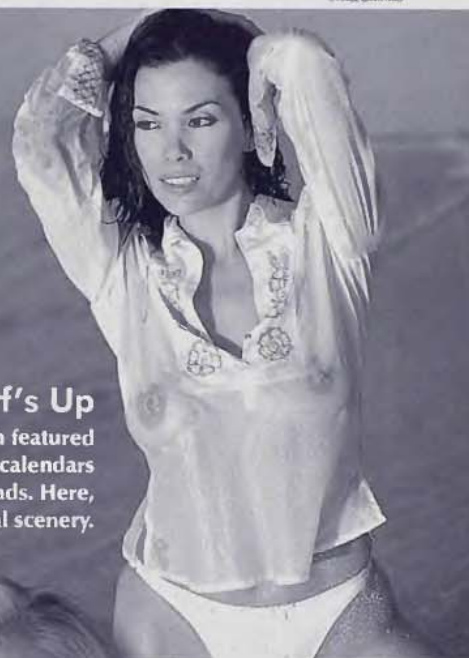
As friends of the environment, we're all for naked tree-hugging. Model ALYSSA LOVELACE has appeared on Playboy TV and was featured in two movies, *Rat Race* and *Torque*. We'd chain ourselves to a redwood with her anytime.



These Boys Were Not Rejected

You've probably heard the ALL-AMERICAN REJECTS song on the *American Wedding* soundtrack. After they tour Europe and the Far East, look for them to hit the stage in the U.S.

©VINCE CAVATIAO



Surf's Up

SANDEE MAGALLANES has been featured in *Beautiful Women of Hawaii* calendars and *Wicked Wahine* perfume ads. Here, she again shows up the tropical scenery.

©SHUBERT BICSEL / OPA-LANDOV



In (and Out) Fashion

Model ARIANE SOMMER gives the crowd its money's worth at a Monte Carlo charity gala.

Hola, Roselyn

ROSELYN SANCHEZ was the hottest thing in *Rush Hour 2* and the Latin-flavored comedy *Chasing Papi*. And she can run circles around the red-carpet competition.



©BUTZ BUCHHEIM / HUNTER J. LANDON

Potpourri

VESTED INTEREST

Think a magician's coat has a lot of hidden pockets? Take a hike, Siegfried. Your cell phone, PC, CDs, MP3 player, audiotapes, spare batteries, keys—you name it—can vanish into the ScotteVest 3.0's 42 pockets with nary a bulge or dangling wire. The jacket also eases your way through airport security, because all your electronic goodies are organized. Very James Bond. Prices range from \$160 for a microfiber model to \$400 for black leather. Go to scottevest.com, or call 866-909-VEST.



THE BAR'S BACK IN BARBECUE

Beerman BBQ's Beer Can Baster is just what you need—another excuse to pop the top of your favorite brew. Once you've opened a can, down about half of it, add spices to what's left and snap on the Baster. A dial lets you adjust the flow of juice from low to high, depending on the desired thickness. Meat, poultry and seafood never tasted better. Celebrate by opening another can. Price: \$13 at barbecue retailers, or go to beermanbbq.com.



November's SEX HIT

HAIR'S LOOKING AT YOU, KIT

According to Hair Care Down There, a whole lot of shaping and shaving is going on in the female of the species' southern hemisphere. The traditional triangle, of course, is always a fave, but our inside sources tell us that most ladies headed south opt for the landing strip, the heart or the smoothie. Hair Care's \$65 shaving kit (insert) includes a narrow-cartridge razor, safety scissors, a small brush for fluffing, a two-sided comb, a swivel mirror, shape-maker stencils and a stencil pen, ointments and an illustrated guide. Whee! Go to haircaredownthere.com, or call 800-908-HCDT.



DESKTOP DETECTIVE

If your girlfriend has hot flashes whenever her computer chimes "You've got mail," maybe it's time you checked out SpectorSoft's eBlaster 3.0. When installed on an unsuspecting subject's computer, this spyware program will e-mail to your computer both incoming and outgoing e-mails and a copy of both sides of any chat room conversation, along with the URLs of websites visited. You can even specify certain words or phrases, and if those words are typed, eBlaster lets you know. The program works whether your computer is across town or overseas. Of course, if you're being e-blasted, there's always the French Foreign Legion. The price to snoop: \$100 at eBlaster.com, or call 888-598-2788.

AMAZING, INCREDIBLE, ETC.

The 1960s comic book superhero the Atom (below) had his tiny hands full dealing with the turbulence of his time—all that emphasis on speed, space and technology. Spidey and the Hulk weren't relaxing either. Their angst and aggression are captured in *The Silver Age of Comic Book Art*, by Arlen Schumer, a \$50 hard-cover that celebrates these and other 1950s and 1960s superheroes in graphics and text. Order from collectorspress.com.



SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE

SG Custom Sound goes where other stereo companies woof out. It will create stereo speakers in any design (keep it clean, guys), including ice cream sundaes, cornucopias, even coffins. Prices begin at \$1,250 (that's what a pair of sundaes goes for) and hit higher notes depending on whether wood, papier-mâché, PVC, metal or other materials are used. Go to sgcustomsound.com, or call 718-224-5083.



DISTILLED COOL

Effen vodka, from Holland, tastes as smooth as its rubber-sheathed bottle is sleek. Effen's filtering process uses peat instead of charcoal (peat is purportedly more effective in removing impurities). Price: \$30. Hpnotiq, a trendy blue liqueur from France, is a blend of cognac, vodka and tropical fruit juices. It makes a great cosmopolitan. Price: \$25. Wet by Beefeater is a pear-infused variation of the company's traditional gin. Mix it with lemon juice, blue curaçao, simple syrup, lemon soda and mint for a wet blue. Bottoms up! Price: \$23.



BUFFALO LEAVES THE FORT

It may look like the Alamo, but anyone who has been to Denver will recognize a restaurant named the Fort, an adobe replica of a Colorado trading post. Game, especially buffalo, is the Fort's culinary forte, as many plate cleaners, including President Clinton and Boris Yeltsin, can attest. Now the Fort Trading Co. will ship buffalo burgers, filets and New York strips, as well as quail and venison, to your fort. Prices range from \$45 for 15 burgers to \$300 for a dozen filets. Go to forttradingco.com to order.

INTERNAL FLAME

To be as tan as George Hamilton by Christmas, start popping EluSun tanning pills now. The capsules, which Europeans have been swallowing for years, contain marine carotenes from Australian algae, concentrates of vitamin E and fatty acids—ingredients that Dolisos America, the manufacturer (it's a subsidiary of Pierre Fabre in France), claims will give you a tan without the sun. It takes about two months to achieve some results. The stuff is cheap: only \$20 for 120 capsules, from 800-DOLISOS. Best of all: no tan lines. Of course, you still won't look like Hamilton.



Next Month



PLAYMATE SEARCH: JUST A TYPICAL DAY AT THE MANSION!



THE SCOOP ON COLLEGE HOOPS



WHO KILLED JAM MASTER JAY?



ANYONE GOT A CIGARETTE? A STEAMY SEX IN CINEMA 2003

THE LAST DAYS OF JAM MASTER JAY—A YEAR AGO RUN-D.M.C.'S GROUNDBREAKING DJ WAS GUNNED DOWN WHILE PLAYING VIDEO GAMES IN HIS RECORDING STUDIO. AN ARREST HAS YET TO BE MADE. HOW DID THE KILLER GET IN? WHY WAS THERE NO SURVEILLANCE TAPE? AND WHAT ACTIVITIES LED UP TO THE FATEFUL NIGHT? WRITER **FRANK OWEN** WALKS THE MEAN STREETS OF HOLLIS, QUEENS AND GETS IN WITH JAY'S POSSE

SEXPERIMENTS II—IN JUNE WE TOOK A HARD LOOK AT WEIRD SEX RESEARCH. NOW WE FOCUS OUR SPECULUMS ON BIZARRE SEXUAL CASE STUDIES. THESE TRUE TALES ARE STRANGE AND UNSETTLING—YOU'LL NEVER THINK OF PENILE STRANGULATION, SCALP SYPHILIS AND CONTAGIOUS BLOW-UP DOLLS IN THE SAME WAY AGAIN. CAVEAT: DO NOT READ BEFORE DINNER. OR SEX. BY **CHIP ROWE**

JOHN CUSACK—THE TEEN-FLICK FIXTURE TURNED FORMIDABLE LEADING MAN HAS DONE MORE THAN 40 MOVIES BUT UNTIL NOW HAS KEPT HIS PRIVATE LIFE PRIVATE. HE GIVES THE GOODS ON THE HIGH PRICE OF FAME, THOSE INCES-SANT CUSACK-FOR-PRESIDENT RUMORS AND HOW HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO GET THE GIRL—ON-SCREEN AND IN REAL LIFE. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL MUSIC POLL—THIS YEAR'S MUSICAL LANDSCAPE HAS BEEN CRAZY, CRAPPY AND COMMENDABLE, AND AS USUAL EVERYONE IN OUR OFFICE IS HAVING STEREO WARS. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO WEIGH IN. VOTE FOR ALBUM OF THE YEAR, HALL OF FAME, SONG YOU HATE TO LIKE (TIMBERLAKE, ANYONE?) AND MORE IN OUR YEARLY ROUNDUP

WILLIAM H. MACY—YOU'D NEVER KNOW FROM HIS ODDBALL ROLES, BUT THIS ACTOR'S ACTOR IS THE MOST NORMAL GUY IN HOLLYWOOD. WE GOT HIM TO JAW ABOUT THE DARK STUFF: GAMBLING, SEEING HIS BARE ASS ON-SCREEN, PISSING OFF THE EXTRAS IN *BOOGIE NIGHTS* AND THE DIRTY JOKE HE ALMOST TOLD ON OSCAR NIGHT. 20 QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

SEX IN CINEMA 2003—SEVERAL MOVIES POPPED OUR CORN THIS YEAR, AND NOT ONE OF THEM WAS *SEABISCUIT*

PLUS: OUR GIFT GUIDE TO THE LATEST, GREATEST GUY GEAR FOR CHRISTMAS, FICTION BY **ETHAN COEN**, EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT COLLEGE HOOPS, HOW TO DRESS LIKE THE PLAYBOY MAN, OUR LATEST CRUSH, **NICHOLE HILTZ**, FIVE WAYS TO FIX WORLD HUNGER, DAREDEVIL COCKTAILS AND THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE SEARCH