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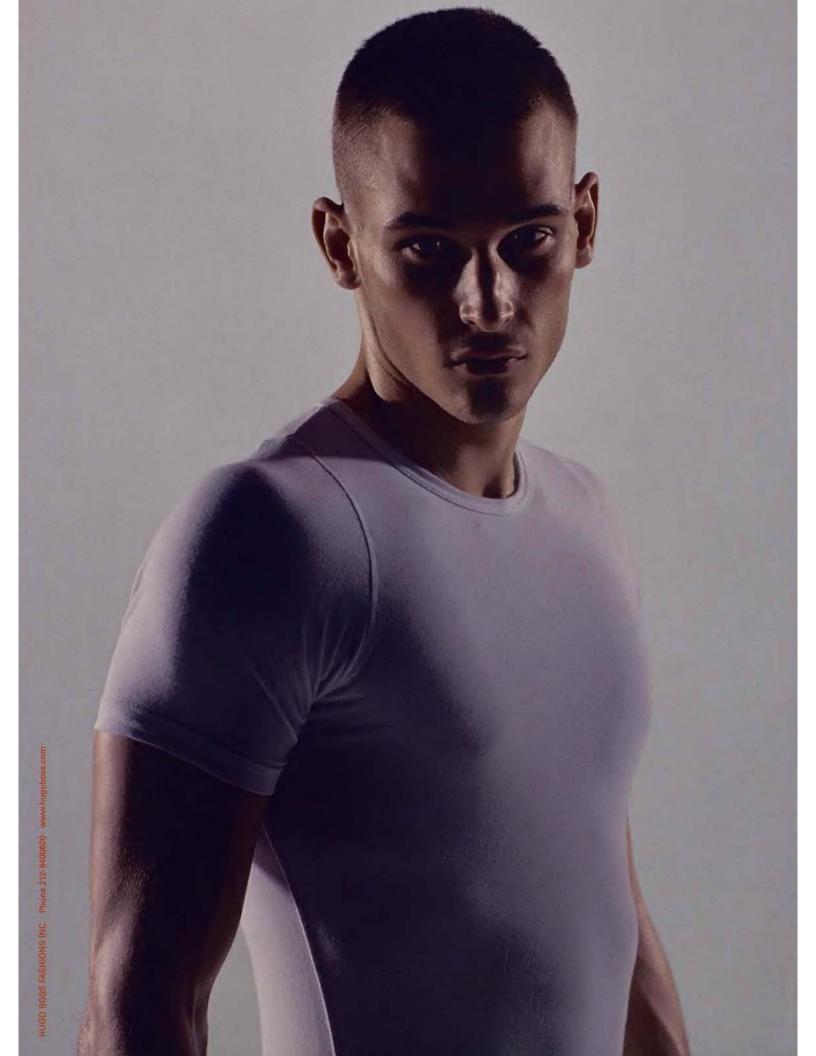
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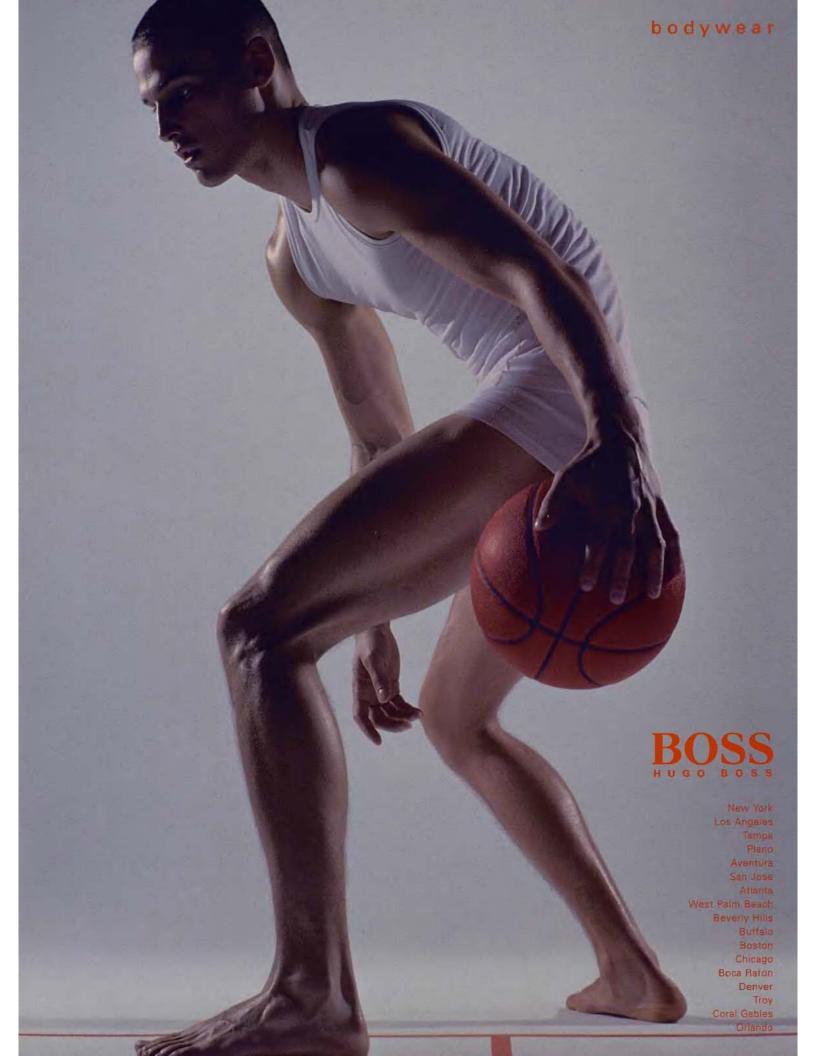


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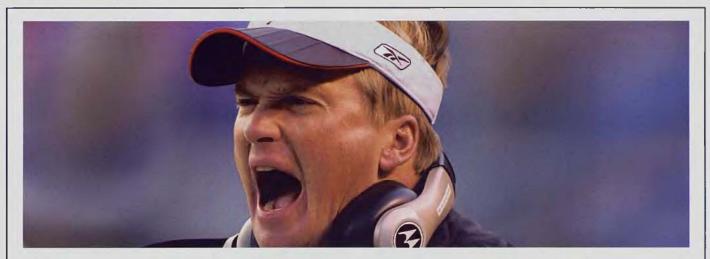
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The Super Bowl rings on the fingers of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers are proof that coaching really does matter. The win vindicated the Bucs' decision to bet the farm on the notoriously intense **Jon Gruden**—who took them all the way in his first season, culminating in one of the great grudge-match Super Bowls of all time. **Kevin Cook**, who tackles the NFL's youngest coach in this month's *Playboy Interview*, says it's Gruden's brain, not his bluster (or his famous Chucky faces), that makes him a winner. "I got a strong sense of his fierce drive to win," Cook says, "not by intimidation but by information. He wants to outwork and outthink everybody else in the NFL, a league full of brilliant workaholics. Talk about eye contact—his eyes bored into me. But he's funny, too. If I had the least bit of football talent, I would be the first to run through a wall for him."

Nicolas Cage is an actor with an edge. Or is he? Robert Crane, who quizzes Cage for 20Q, suggests the blank stare and prickly persona may be exaggerated. "The guy is much lighter in tone than his public image suggests," says Crane. "He likes to laugh and have a good time. He answered every question we threw at him-including our inquiries about Lisa Marie, his uncle Francis Coppola and Jacko. He even called me back a couple of times with updates. When he commits to something, he's 100 percent there-no matter what it is." Not surprising. After all, this is the guy who once ate a live cockroach on camera.



A Hong Kong elevator is where SARS began its deadly global journey, Michael Parrish reports in Anatomy of an Outbreak. "It was good to be where the story was," Parrish says. "I arrived in Hong Kong on May Day. Instead of bustling with the usual celebrations, the place was almost deserted. There were few people on the streets. Everyone was at home. It had a terrifically ominous aura. But while I was there, you could see people coming out again. The feeling in town among the ethnic Chinese and the European and Australian expatriates-everybody-was that they had to pull out of it."

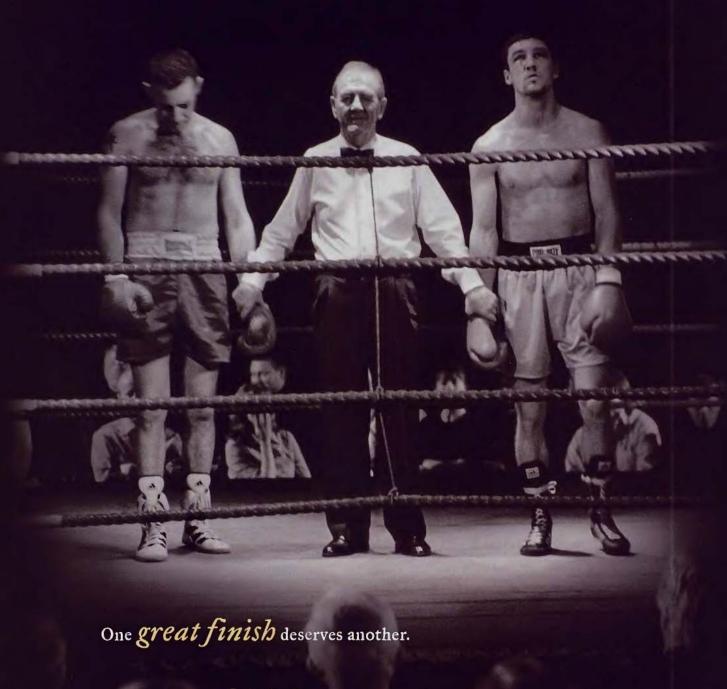


Multitiered artist Kent Williams produced the illustration that accompanies this month's fiction feature, Tuba City. "I travel down three paths," Williams says, "the illustration work, the gallery world and the graphic novel material. I love all three. Stylistically I don't shift gears. What changes is the content." What is Williams' next project? "I'm working on a graphic novel project with movie director Darren Aronofsky, who made Pi and Requiem for a Dream," he reports. "We're transforming his latest screenplay, called The Fountain, into a graphic novel."



It's an exciting time for football fans, says Allen St. John, author of PLAYBOY'S 2003 NFL Preview. "Things are up for grabs. Coming into the season you can make a reasonable argument for almost any team's chances to win the Super Bowl. Even within the course of the season, the balance of power changes," says St. John, who is sports columnist for The Wall Street Journal. "Teams can go into the toilet at the start of the year and still right the ship-like the Jets did last year. Anything can happen. And that's cool. Dynasties are boring."





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# PLAYBOY.

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# cover story

One groggy morning, a Starbucks counter goddess hopped us up with a double espresso and a side of sex appeal. These 10 lodies of lattes put the foam on the macchiatos of men across the world. Warning: Our photos by Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag will leave you totally wired. Our tuckered-out Rabbit rests his head on his favorite spot.



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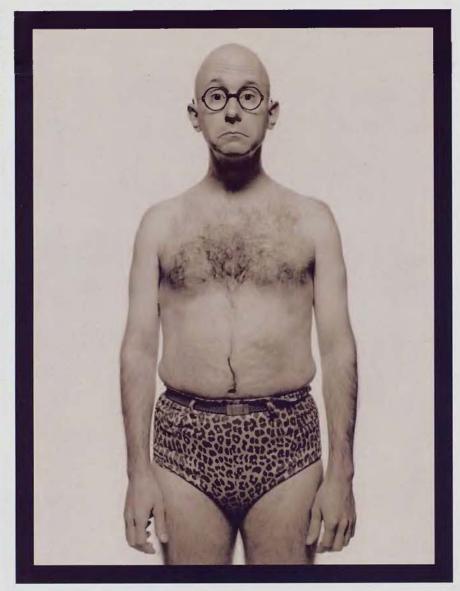
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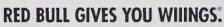
Chuck Palahniuk's husband-andwife fight club, Helmut Newton's obsession with nude women.

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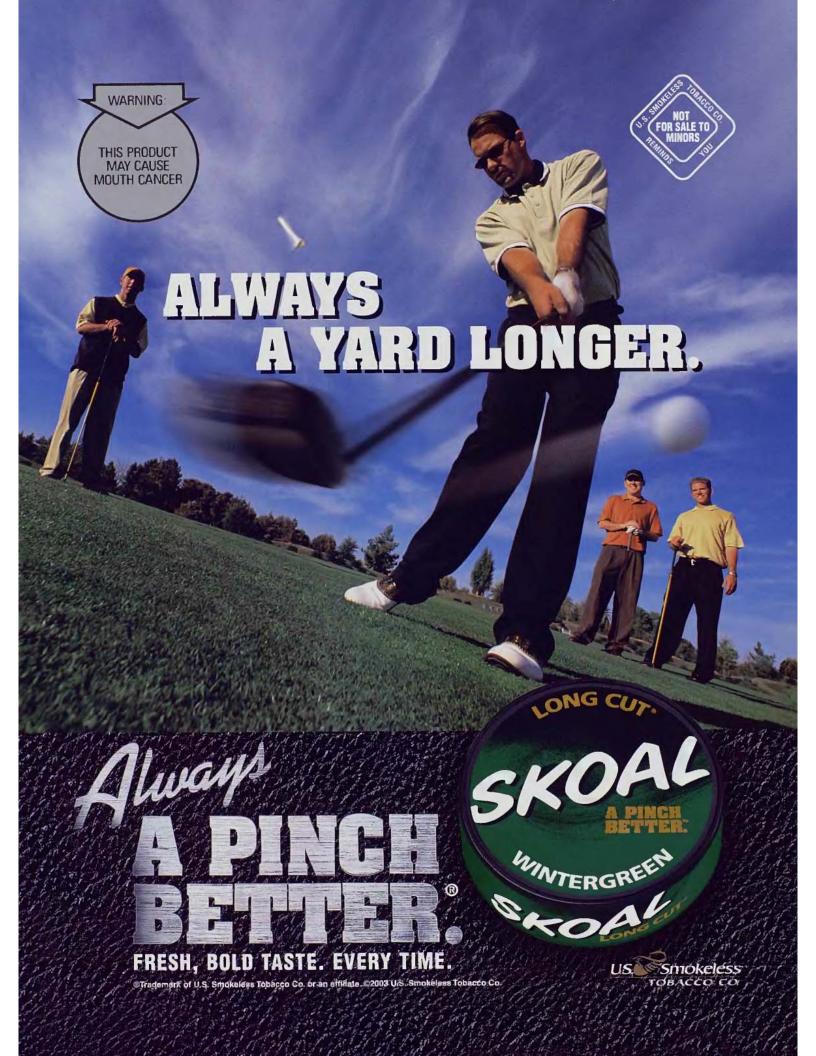
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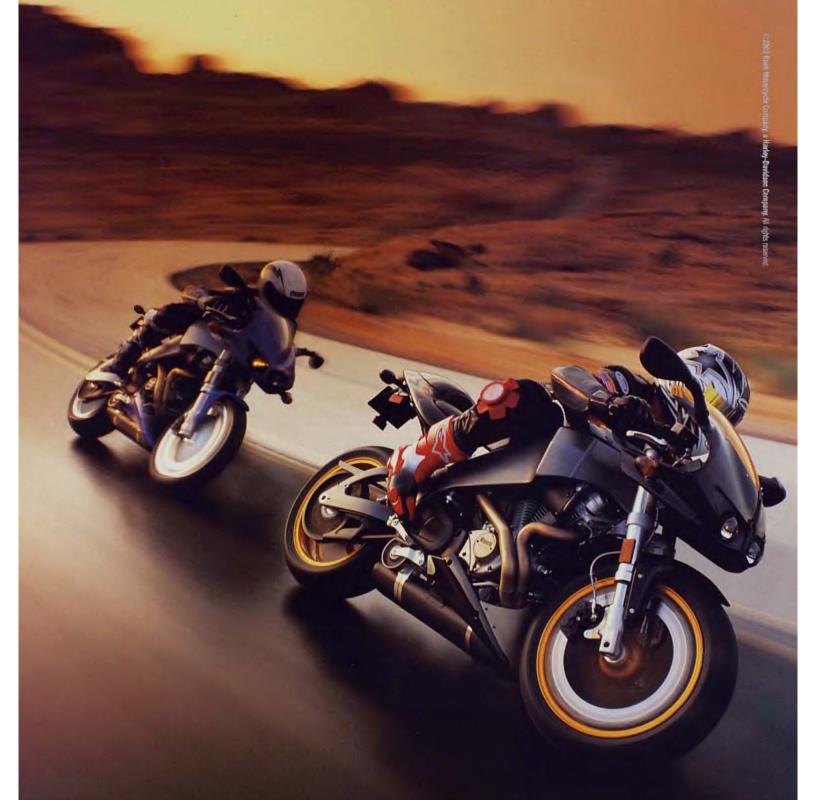


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# ear Playboy

#### WHAT'S NEW

I like the new look in the front of the magazine and, yes, I do read PLAYBOY for the articles.

Brian Johnson Jacksonville, Florida

As a four-year subscriber, I was pleasantly surprised to see the new format, especially "Employee of the Month" and "Barometer" in the After Hours section.

Chad White Toledo, Ohio

I am all in favor of a clean, innovative design, but your new one looks too much like other men's magazines.

Todd Quinton Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Remember the new Coke? I'd hate to see PLAYBOY lose its identity. Fifty years, you guys, the recipe works. Don't screw around with it too much.

Jack Brown Beaumont, Texas

### PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

You finally got it right. Christina Santiago (June, *Playmate of the Year*) is the finest, sexiest woman to grace your pages. Her natural look is what makes her so hot.

Alan Garcia Houston, Texas



Christina's hot stuff.

Viva Christina and congrats to all who voted for her and added a little Latin flavor to the PMOY family.

> Gregory Hoodin Cincinnati, Ohio

Why did you deprive PMOY Christina Santiago of the cover of the June issue and break a longstanding tradition? Jim Taylor

Wyandotte, Michigan

Sometimes we have an embarrassment of riches. While Christina would have made a fabulous cover, we wanted to let everyone passing a newsstand know that we had bagged the delicious Sarah Kozer.

#### FRANK AND JFK REVEALED

Thank you for George Jacobs and William Stadiem's Sinatra and the Dark Side of Camelot (June). It's the best article I have ever read in PLAYBOY. Who knew that Old Blue Eyes was "the pope of pussy"?

Bryan Burchfield Birmingham, Alabama

I hate what I learned in this article and that I live in a culture where we're more concerned with personal details than professional achievements. But your intern is definitely the hottest woman in the June issue.

Shannon Mehaffey Los Angeles, California

## SO LONG, ACE

The Men column by Asa Baber had a great run ("My Last Men Column," June). His common sense, wisdom, inside information (given by an outspoken outsider) and, of course, ample juvenile humor got to me every time. Congratulations. I hope I can give the people in my life a hint of the fearless honesty that Baber taught me to value.

Barry Weiss Arvada, Colorado

Someone once said something like if you're on your deathbed and you haven't got a story to tell, then you haven't lived. Well, Asa has had thousands of stories to tell and we all listened. Take a bow, Mr. Baber.

Brett Maynard Ajax, Ontario

The first thing I always turned to every month was the Men column. Reading the final one saddened me for selfish reasons. Baber's straightforward advice and his assessment of the current sexual climate came right from the gut and the heart. He will be missed by regular guys everywhere. I

send him every good wish as he fights this good fight for himself.

> Terry Sanko Toronto, Ontario

After looking for the Rabbit Head on the cover, Asa's column has always been my next stop. For a woman read-



Thanks, Asa.

er, his columns have been a look into how men think. Writing this note has me in tears (it's a woman thing). He'll be missed by me and countless others whom he has touched.

> Traci Jackson Las Vegas, Nevada

Although Asa's voice was often a solitary one, it was always honest, and I will miss him. I am a grandmother of both girls and boys and I hope all of them will hear his message, especially now, at a time when the culture needs to cultivate and honor male elders.

Jackie Merrill Aspen, Colorado

Asa died on June 16, in a room filled with family, friends and—odd only if you did not know the guy—laughter. We recall a line from Asa's first article for PLAYBOY. He'd written one sentence that seemed to summarize his life: "Manhood is an honorable condition." At a time when most men were doing whatever it took to get laid, Asa did whatever it took to get at the truth. He was a rogue, a radical and a mentor. Right up to the end, he taught us lessons of acceptance and courage. He had a hell of a ride, he raised two fine sons, he had the love of a good woman. We're on our own now.

#### JENNY FROM OUR BLOCK

I'm curious why you have spent so much time and energy trying to get celebrities to pose in your magazine The Beverage Testing Institute, world renowned for its knowledge of fine spirits, ranked Jim Beam® Black the highest among leading North American whiskies. Jim Beam Black was judged to be better in overall nose, depth of flavor and finish. That's because Jim Beam Black is aged for eight years, creating a rich texture and extremely smooth flavor. With each sip, you'll recognize Jim Beam Black to be an exceptional whiskey of superior quality, worthy to share with good friends.

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when right in your office you have the all-American girl next door you promise your readers every month? And she works with you lucky guys. Jenny Haase ("Employee of the Month," June) is lovely. My only complaint is that you offered only two small photos of her. She deserves her own pictorial.

C.J. Malies
Austin, Texas
Jenny was going through the

Actually, Jenny was going through the tons of mail that comes to Dear Playboy



She's taking your letters.

each month when she found your e-mail. It made her day.

#### SHE LOOKS LIKE A MILLION

Thank you, thank you. I spent the whole season of *Joe Millionaire* hoping that Sarah Kozer (June) would wind up on your pages. I always thought Evan was a bit dumb, and this pictorial confirms it.

Glen Watson Danville, Illinois

Joe Millionaire missed the boat. Sarah is stunning and has brains, too.

John Schultz Platteville, Wisconsin

PLAYBOY found what Joe Millionaire lost. Sarah's pictorial shows her self-confidence and sensuality.

Kelly Long New York, New York

Sarah's pictorial shows she is worth more than just a millionaire.

Malcolm Sutherland Mechanicsville, Virginia

There is no question that Sarah is a good-looking woman, but I don't

think she can top Zora, who actually won the competition.

Patrick Dillon Mission Viejo, California

Sarah looks great, but before I could conclude that Joe Millionaire picked the wrong woman, I'd have to see a photo spread of the winner.

Rico Moro Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

## **BATTER UP**

We follow Mike Piazza (*Playboy Interview*, June) because we admire his talent, not because of what he does under the covers. Who cares about that?

Evan Santos Adelanto, California

#### HE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE

Sexperiments (June) is very entertaining, but Chip Rowe neglected the most important piece of data: Who paid for these silly studies?

Bruce Snider Advance, North Carolina

You did.

### HE'S A REBEL

The only mystery about Phil Spector (Phil Spector With a Bullet, June) is why it took so many years for something fatal to happen. He's a very scary guy, but being brilliant has excused a lot of bad behavior over the years.

Mark Connor New York, New York

### **CANADIAN CUTIE**

Tailor James (Tailor Made, June) has been making my day in the Playboy Cyber Club for well over a year. She's a classic Playmate.

> Brent Byrd Bloxi, Mississippi

## FLY BOY

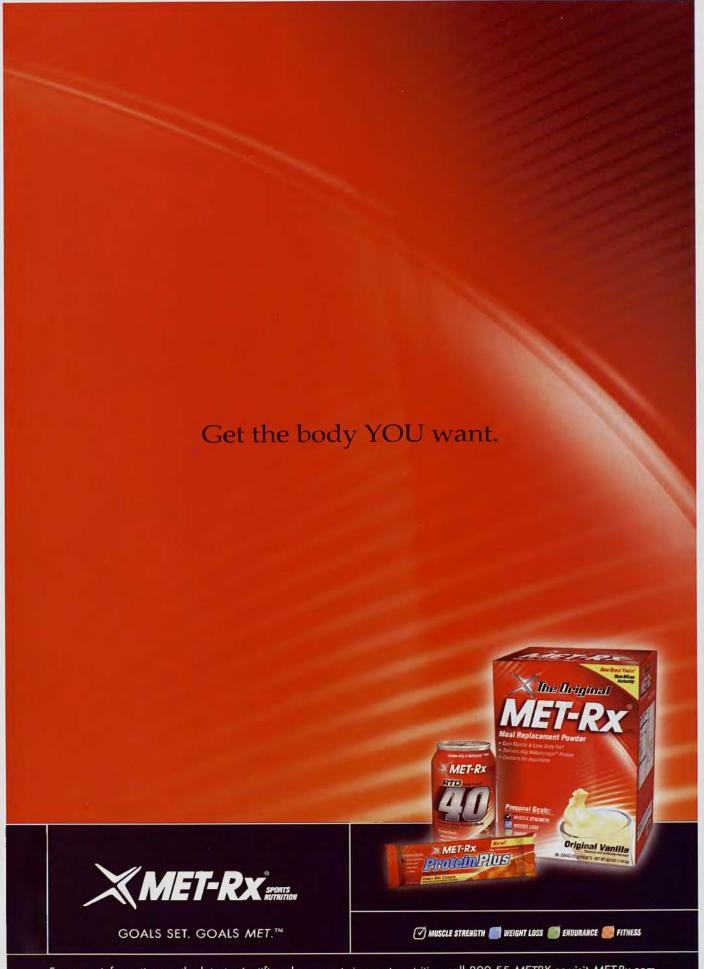
What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? One who never goes on a bombing run without a copy of his favorite magazine. Thanks.

"Dogg" Hoffman Estates, Illinois



Have we got a girl far yau.







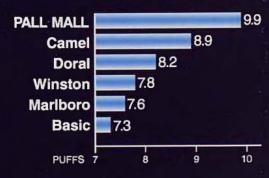
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# PLAYBOY Gft Barbars

babe of the month

# Nicki Aycox

feast your peepers on the star of jeepers creepers 2

The heroine of the sequel to the genuinely spooky Jeepers Creepers has a hard time watching horror flicks herself. "I'm not very good with scary movies," Nicki says. "I get frightened easily—and I have to hide my eyes whenever it gets too intense. I'm one of those." We're sure the 28-year-old Oklahoma native can find plenty of volunteers to lend a comforting shoulder. "Actually, I never pick up on the fact that somebody is hitting on me. I just think people are friendly and really want to talk." Maybe that's why Nicki,

"The bedroom is best with someone you are in love with and connect with. Then it depends on what he's up for."

whose breakthrough came with a role on TV's Providence, shies away from the shmoozy Hollywood club scene. "I've been in Los Angeles for eight years now, so I've seen just about everything there is to see. I have a really good set of friends-we like to go out and have fun together, but we just go to dive bars." Nicki also takes frequent advantage of LA's proximity to good hiking and skiing. Above all, though, she likes to throw on a backpack and fly off to places like Peru and the Sahara Desert. And when she gets home to her apartment in the hills? "I love to take baths. I can easily spend two or three hours in the tub. I don't go for bubbles, though-they get up in your face and you breathe them in. But I do like to pour in eucalyptus bath salts and some oils. And I'll light a few candles." Ours are already lit.





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# barometer

# IT'S SEPTEMBER AND . . .



dian summer. Fall officially begins on September 23. Now that the ladies have spent months tanning those sweet breasts, shoulders and thighs, what fool would turn down a few bonus weeks of halter tops and short skirts before the big chill?

football. Get set to gorge yourself on September 6: Florida at Miami, Oklahoma at Alabama, Wazzou at Notre Dame. Eat, drink and be flatulent—in moderation, of course. You'll need to be game-ready in time for the pros: AFC and NFC title rematches are on Sunday and Monday.



... you can't get a new Mercedes SLK for under 35 grand. What you can get is a 2004 Chrysler Crossfire. Same engine, same suspension. The difference is the exterior: Its front end comes on like a meaner Cadillac CTS, and the "boat-tail" fastback is like the one on an Audi TT. Could it be that this Daimler-Chrysler union is finally paying off?

April, and you're jonesing for oysters. Layer cocktail sauce, a succulent oyster, Tabasco and a squeeze of lemon in a shot glass. Shoot. Repeat. Wait for libidinous frenzy. (By the way, the R-month rule no longer applies, but you don't need to tell your date that.)



... you'll tune in for MTV's 20th annual Video Music Awards. Previously on the celebrity freak-off: Jacko stage-kissing Lisa Marie (1994), Diana Ross jiggling Lil' Kim's boob (1999), Triumph begging to sniff J. Lo's butt (2001) and last year's stinko-drunk Pink. This year? We have no idea.

# shots for teacher





# **BOTTOMS UP, TOPS DOWN**

# A VIDEO'S PERKY BARMAIDS SHARE SOME POINTERS

About three quarters of the way into Topless Academy's Guide to Bartending, a lovely, seminaked twist of a girl named Kira prepares a salt-encrusted glass and says brightly, "Here's your rim job." The fact that we have actually watched the tape for 45 minutes at this point is a testament to its appeal. The premise is simple: Instructor George Hobbs takes the viewer through the process of setting up a professional bar and mixing 50 popular cocktails, all the while assisted by fetching, bare-breasted assistants. Hobbs and partner David Horowitz are LA bartenders who had dabbled in the film trade for years before they had their eureka moment. "We're dedicated to the education of adults," says Hobbs, "and we realized that breasts are nature's own special effects." A year and many enjoyable auditions later-"We'd ask girls to pour a beer and shake a martini"-Topless Academy had its first tips-and-nips video. While the liveliest section involves jiggly martini mixing, the most informative bits involve terminology: You'll learn what bruising vodka actually means, that brandy and wine make port and that a flag is a garnish of pineapple, orange and cherry on a straw. You'll also learn the names and delicately upturned attributes of 13 beautiful girls (one, Tawny, was even on NBC's Meet My Folks reality show—her part on this tape was her dark secret). As for drinks that will impress a girl, Hobbs recommends a specialty martini. "We call them panty droppers—sweet but strong," he says. "Like a paradise martini: three parts coconut rum, one part crème de banana and a splash of pineapple juice. Garnish with a fancy piece of fruit, and she'll think you are a pro." He should know-after all, he's proof that sometimes it pays to have some boobs behind the bar. (See toplessacademy.com.)

# spot the bunny

# RABBIT HEAVEN

OUR HEAD IS IN THE CLOUDS.

When people spend as much time on their backs as PLAYBOY readers do, good things happen. Such was the case for a fan in Virginia, who photographed his date with this blue-eyed bunny.



# panty pulpit

# **COME IN PEACE**

IT'S TIME TO GET BEHIND THE SPIRIT OF '69



If your gal wants to change the world, she might as well start with her underwear. We're not sure if that's the idea behind wackyjac.com's new, progressive Peace Panties, but we do know that 20 percent of the proceeds from the sale of the beatific bottoms goes to War Child Canada, a North American charity that aids kids in war-torn regions around the world (co-founded by the aptly named Dr. Samantha Nutt). One thing is clear-this bush wants to make love, not war.

# tip sheet

# WE'RE PUTTING WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH

NOW YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO SEARCH FOR SOMETHING TO SAY

Southern rules golf: A penalty during a friendly game on the links, according to a slang dictionary produced by University of Georgia students. Should a male golfer fail to hit his first shot past the ladies' tee, he must complete the hole with his pecker pulled through the fly of his pants. Sounds amusing up to the point when the caddie has to yank out the putter.



Gutvik: A bed recently marketed by lkea, named after a small town in Sweden. Unfortunately, it was renamed after the company learned that Gutvik means "good fuck" in German. And the problem is what, exactly?

Man overboard: The completely bare look on a freshly waxed woman. "She was man overboard—there was nothing I could hang on to."

**Sorostitute:** A sorority girl who gets passed around more than a midterm cheat sheet.

Positioners: Celebrity assistants whose sole duty is to make sure their masters are in the optimal position whenever a camera is pointed at them. Surprisingly, a college degree isn't a prerequisite.

Lawnstriping: Mowing your yard in checkerboard, striped, diamond or bull's-eye patterns for decorative effect. Said to be such a hot trend in the burbs that the groundskeeper for the Red Sox gets calls inquir-

ing about the Fenway look and mower companies now include striping instructions for various patterns with their tractors.

Gomer: Courtesy of caring physicians, short for Get Out of My Emergency Room.

**Lesbotage:** A nefarious plot in which two lesbians get their kicks by flirting with a clueless guy all night, then go home without him.



# employee of the month



# SPECIAL AGENT

TRAVEL CONSULTANT TRACY FELSTEN IS HOT TO GLOBE-TROT

PLAYBOY: What's your job description?

TRACY: I make travel arrangements for Playboy staffers—cars, hotels, flights. Thank god for e-mail, which



makes all the little details easier to handle.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep in such good shape?

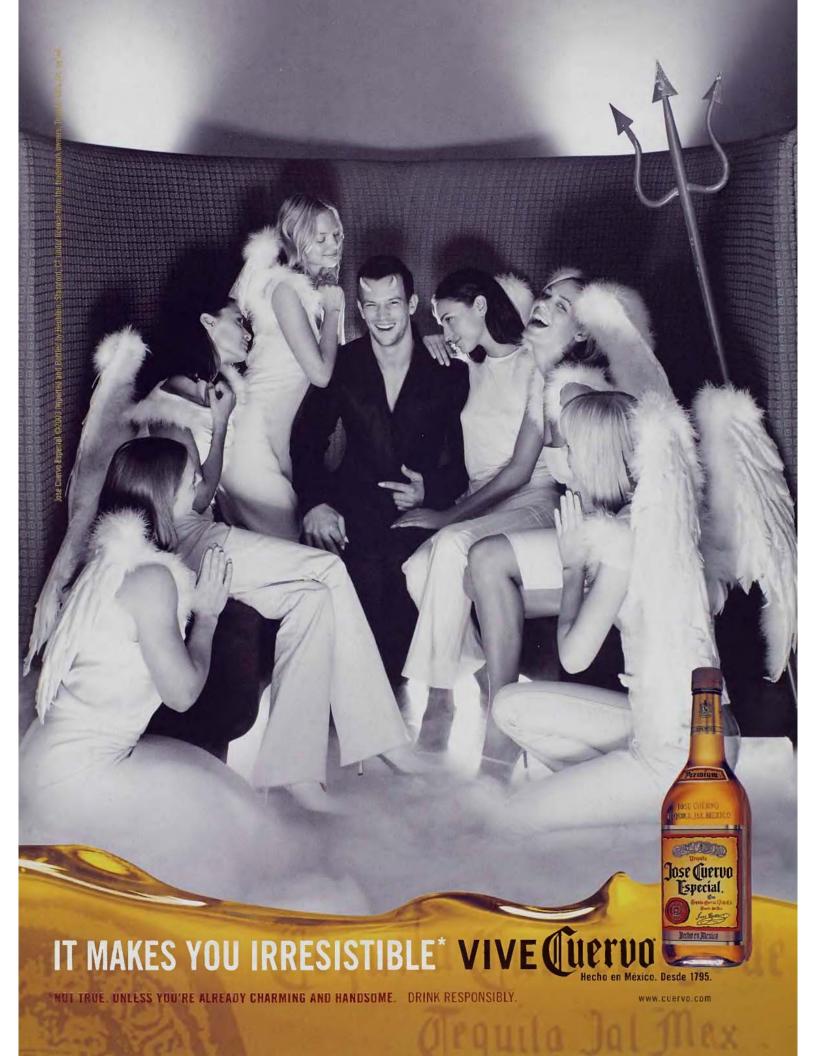
TRACY: I've just started kickboxing. It's a great workout, and a great way to work off aggression.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to travel?

TRACY: Oh, yes. When I go on vacations I get adventurous and overcome my fears. The first time I went scuba diving was on the Great Barrier Reef in Australia. Before that, I was afraid of sharks and breathing underwater.

PLAYBOY: How about posing nude? That's adventurous.

TRACY: The most I have ever done is walk around at home nude, or turn up the music and dance naked. I've never liked being the center of attention, but last year I modeled Playboy products at a fashion show. Now doing this has made me even more comfortable with myself. I never thought I'd pose nude, but after working here and getting to know everyone, I was honored to be asked. Playboy is such an icon, and it was a great experience.





# JOYSTICKS OF SEX

# FEMALE GAMERS ARE BUZZING

We've noticed more women turning into glassy-eyed video gamers, and now we may have figured out why-new controllers that throb and vibrate in response to on-screen action. The sensation is called force-feedback technology, a gimmick designed to simulate the feeling of, for instance, gunshots or collisions. Jane Pinckard, 30-year-old editor of Game Girl Advance, a website for female gamers, discovered other potential in her controller recently, and was amazed. "When it started thumping on my lap," Pinckard says, "I took off my pants and went on from there. It seemed like the natural thing to do." Now she enjoys the orgasmic potential of her PlayStation 2 while playing an intense shooter called Rez with her boyfriend. She's not alone: All over the Internet, video vixens spill stories of joystick escapades and swap recommendations for games that deliver the biggest buzz for the buck. "If you want hard vibration on your controller," advises a player named Lulu, "you should try Rallisport Challenge and Crash Bandicoot on Xbox." Pinckard also recommends the fluid dynamics of Wave Racer, a jet-skiing game for the Nintendo 64, and Halo, a thrilling Xbox shooter with titillating rat-a-tat-tat artillery. "It's got this big gun that never runs out of bullets," she says knowingly, "so you can shoot forever. Real hard-core." Wait a minute—are we still talking about video games here?

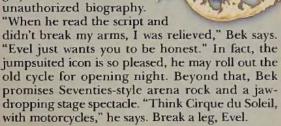
# show stoppers

# **EVEL—THE MUSICAL**

# THE DAREDEVIL'S NEXT BIG STUNT IS STAGED

Considering that the genre's artistic high point is the tale of a deaf, dumb, blind kid with a knack for pinball, a planned rock opera about motorcycle daredevil Evel Knievel isn't all that weird. "He did the things most men only dream of," says Jef Bek, a musical theater maven who was the drummer for the Broadway touring production of *Tommy*. "Evel

personified what the American male wanted to be." The musical, which Bek hopes to stage by mid-2004, will focus on Evel's glory years, when he achieved fame with stunts such as an ill-fated jump over the Caesars Palace fountain. It won't ignore his dark side: Knievel was a notorious womanizer and drunk who spent six months in jail for busting up a guy who wrote an

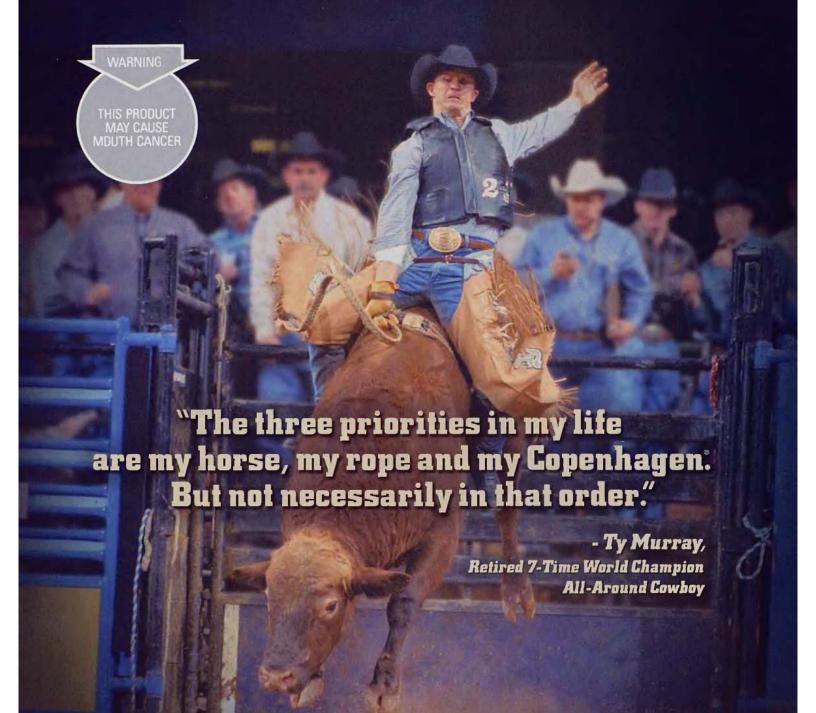


# snapshot



# **CENTER OF ATTENTION**

The Arena Football League commissioner penalized the Orlando Predators for crossing the offensive line with their risqué new billboard (above), so the team took it down. From now on, they'll have to rely on more conventional methods to get men in motion.



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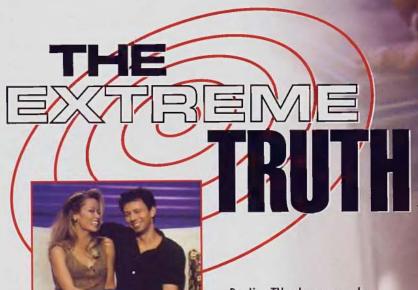


# UNDER ACHIEVING

# Do you really want to know the truth?

Twenty-four real couples undergo HYPNOSIS to reveal what lies within. Then they face the heat as the truth comes to light right before their eyes...and yours.

Be prepared as they reveal wicked secrets, scandals, outrageous lies and heart-wrenching confessions.



Reality TV other networks can only dream about.

Series Premieres Sunday, August 10 at 8ET/10PT

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# SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



# Twist and Shout

In 2002, tornadoes killed **55** people nationwide. Of those, **37** were in trailer homes.

# All You Can Beat

According to former techno musician and current motivational consultant Matthew Ferry,

# 140 beats a minute

is the point at which music triggers the release of adrenaline in listeners, thereby inciting them to take action, increase their productivity or mindlessly stomp on the hems of their baggy jeans for hours.



# **High Bids**

Price paid for a four-inch strand of one of Bob Marley's dreadlocks at a memorabilia auction in London:

**\$4135** 

# **Back Road Robbery**

The fine for driving with a chipped taillight in New Rome, Ohio: \$55. For driving too slowly: \$90. For backing up improperly: \$90. For having a loud muffler: \$55. For having tinted windows: \$105. For driving with a dim license plate bulb: \$55. For hitchhiking: \$135. Total traffic fines collected by New Rome in 2001: \$377,650. The population of New Rome: 60

# Look Ma, No Hands

According to a survey by Max Power automotive magazine of 1941 readers on activities performed while driving, the percentage who:

have eaten a hamburger:

have used a mobile phone:

70%

have rolled a joint:

25%

have had sex:

20%

have received oral sex:

have had sex while driving alone:

# **Pressure Situations**

The g force produced by a commercial jet at takeoff: 1.5. By an F-16 at takeoff: 1.9. By a Formula I power-boat (turning): 4. By a space shuttle launch: 4. By a roller coaster: 5.5. By an NHRA funny car coming off the line: 6.5

# Why Colin and **Rummy Fight Over** the Couch

The number of beds aboard Air Force One:



# **Image Conscious**

Percentage of American women who would rather have a perfect body than a perfectly built boyfriend: 90. Percentage of men who would rather have a perfectly built girlfriend than a perfect body: 60



# It's Alimentary!

40 feet That's the length of the Colossal Colon, an enormous mobile replica currently on tour in the South to familiarize visitors—who are invited to pass through it much like you know what-with the structure, function and various disorders of the human organ.

# The Bottom Five

# **Shortest Reigns of Heavyweight Boxing Champions**

(Joe Louis held the title for 11 years and eight months, the longest tenure among heavyweights.)

Primo "the Ambling Alp" Carnera James "Buster" Douglas

Hasim "the Rock" Rahman

Marvin "the Fightin' Kentuckian" Hart 235 days (7/3/05-2/23/06) Leon "Neon Leon" Spinks

350 days (6/29/33-6/14/34)

257 days (2/10/90-10/25/90)

213 days (2/15/78-10/15/78) 209 days (4/22/01-11/17/01)





# RIDE WITH FUNKMASTER FLEX

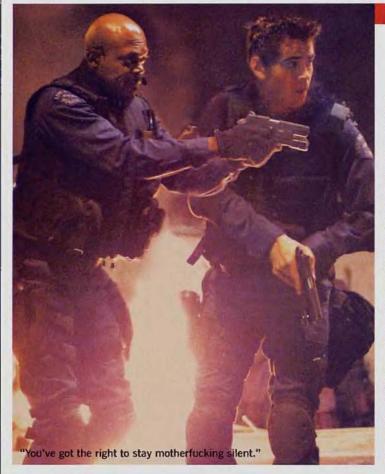
"THE EVANGELIST OF HIP HOP CAR CULTURE"

-The New York Times



EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT STARTING AT 7:30PM/ 6:30PM CENT





# movie of the month

# [ S.W.A.T. ]

# LA's finest get locked and loaded at the multiplex

How do you make a summer action hell-raiser from a dimly remembered Seventies cop series? Clark Johnson, directing Colin Farrell and Samuel L. Jackson as Los Angeles supercops charged with escorting a crafty drug kingpin out of town, may have cracked the code. "I've tried to create an action movie people like me will enjoy, because I don't usually go to see big action movies," says the feature-film novice. "We've got a cool little flick with running, shooting, explosions and car crashes, but it also includes interesting characters. And we shot lots of it through the eyes of someone like me who lives in New York, where all I ever see of LA is from the perspective of police in helicopters

chasing cars, guys jumping out and running, getting tackled. "We've got car Lots of people view the town through a microscope." That Crashes, but close-up intensified during the filming of scenes with a jet on a public bridge, when an actual characters." police pursuit erupted. "Some

BUZZ

also interesting

guy stole a fucking Chevy Cabriolet," Johnson says, "but it turned into a four-hour deal, like they were chasing Bin Laden. As they charged through our set, it was funny hearing the news chopper guy yell, 'There's a Learjet on the Sixth Street bridge!' then, 'Oh, never mind, it's just the new S.W.A.T. movie with Sam Jackson.' That told us we were filming things the right way."

# now showing

# Gigli

(Ben Affleck, Jennifer Lopez) It's the hookup that made a thousand gossip columnists wet their pants in glee. Affleck is the title lunkhead thug ordered to kidnap the mentally challenged brother of a federal prosecutor. J.Lo is a free-spirited gangster sent to make sure he doesn't screw it up.

## American Wedding

(Jason Biggs, Alyson Hannigan, Seann William Scott) The grand finale of the American Pie trilogy features pie paramour Biggs racing from a wild bachelor party to wed flutist Hannigan, a misadventure in a gay bar and Stifler (Scott) vying with Finch (Eddie Kaye Thomas) to bag the bride's hot little sister.

#### Matchstick Men

(Nicolas Cage, Sam Rockwell, Alison Lohman) Cage and director Ridley Scott take a breather from action-heavy epics in this tale of a phobia-addled con artist (Cage) whose latest high-risk swindle is jeopardized by the unexpected arrival of his streetwise teen daughter.

# Freddy Vs. Jason

(Robert Englund, Ken Kirzinger, Kelly Rowland) Horror franchises never die, they just get spliced. Meeting up with Jason Voorhees in Hell, stiletto-fingered Freddy Krueger tricks him into an Elm Street massacre. When the hockey-masked maniac realizes he's a patsy, we're in for a bogeyman smackdown.

Our call: Gag. What's the only thing more difficult than pronouncing the name of this "romantic gangster comedy"? Sit-

Our call: This franchise has morphed from a raunchy flesh fest into what sounds suspiciously like a chick flick. Let's hope someone screws the wedding cake to liven things up.

ting through the amazing lack

of chemistry between its stars.

Our call: Striking. At this point in the summer movie season, we could use a quirky drama driven more by characters and plot than by robots and explosions.

Our call: Double the fiends doesn't equal double the chills, since these guys went campy umpteen sequels ago. Yo, Jason, why did Freddy get top billing? Pay your agent a visit.







# critical mass

# JONESING FOR A NEW INDY

Hollywood is in a race to find the next Raiders

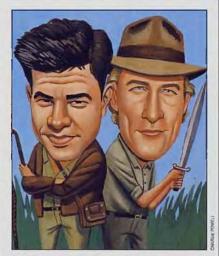
and Steven Spielberg are set to film the fourth Indiana Jones movie next summer. But other filmmakers, not content to cede the adventure hero genre (and hoping 61-year-old Ford is more relic than relic hunter) are rushing their own, oddly familiar potential franchises into production. Here is what we dug up:

Indy wannabe: Matthew McConaughey as Dirk Pitt, international adventurer, government agent and babe magnet Epic title: Sahara (Summer 2004)

Cliff-hanger notes: Based on novelist Clive Cussler's best-sellers featuring a scholarly thrill junkie, this one walks and talks like an Indy movie, so it's an Indy movie, right? "I'm going to rip the fucking guts out of the next person who compares Pitt to Indiana Jones," Cussler growls. "Dirk has stood on his own for 30 years, before Raiders." Why McConaughey when Bruce Willis and George Clooney circled the role? "Because Errol Flynn is dead and there's not an outstanding adventure hero out there," says Cussler. "Your Afflecks and Damons look like they came out of a cookie cutter. Hugh Jackman would have been excellent but he chose to sing in a Broadway musical instead. McConaughey wanted the part and even went up the Niger River to Mali like in the book." Once Sahara hits the theaters, we'll see whether Mc-Conaughey's trek was worth it.

Indy wannabe: Mark Wahlberg as Wyatt McHenry, international adventurer, artifact hound and, yep, babe magnet

After a 15-year hiatus, Harrison Ford Epic title: The Adventures of Wyatt Mc-Henry (to be released by mid-2005) Cliff-hanger notes: Mel Gibson's Icon Productions is shepherding this project, adapted by Rick Gibb from his own unpublished novels, depicting the exploits of a tour guide who also happens to trade in antiquities. Less ready to roll than Sahara, the film's inherent thrills and derring-do reportedly have Wahlberg psyched-though there is no word whether he sloshed up any rivers to prep for the role. A



Hollywood source calls Wahlberg "great for an action franchise due to his physicality and cocky appeal. And he's not overly identified with one role. a little like Harrison Ford when he first played Indiana Jones." We wish both hero hopefuls luck, but we still predict they'll feel the sting of Indy's whip at the box office. -Stephen Rebello



# American Splendor

Harvey Pekar's comic book about his dreary life as a Cleveland hospital clerk (which made him one of David Letterman's best early guests) comes to life with memorable performances from Paul Giamatti as the ultracranky writer and Hope Davis as his eccentric wife. Blending humor and emotion, Splendor is one of the year's most original films. - Andrew Johnston

# SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by Leonard Maltin

ALEX & EMMA Spunky stenographer Kate Hudson helps inspire novelist Luke Wilson to finish his latest book-and turns up in his visualization of the story, too. Sophie Marceau co-stars in this romantic comedy, directed by Rob Reiner.

DIRTY PRETTY THINGS The enchanting star of Amélie, Audrey Tautou, makes her English-speaking debut in this provocative story of immigrants surviving in Londonand one man from Nigeria whose integrity is put to the ultimate test. Directed by Stephen Frears (The Grifters, High Fidelity). \*\*\*\*

FINDING NEMO Kid stuff? No way. The latest animated blockbuster from Pixar is fresh, hip, heartwarming-and very funny, cutting across all demographic boundary lines. Albert Brooks and Ellen DeGeneres head a top-notch voice cast in this tale of a fish in hot water. You'll be hooked.

HOLLYWOOD HOMICIDE Harrison Ford and Josh Hartnett are fine as LAPD partners who juggle murder cases with extracurricular pursuits, but this is one of the stupidest films of the year, from a smart filmmaker, Ron Shelton (Bull Durham). \ \%

SHAOLIN SOCCER Hong Kong superstar Stephen Chow co-wrote and directed himself in this silly comedy about a ragtag soccer team that uses martial arts as its ace in the hole. About as compelling as Son of Flubber—but not as funny.

TOGETHER A beautiful movie from Chinese filmmaker Kaige Chen (Farewell, My Concubine) about a small-village violin prodigy and his father, who move to Beijing and learn that talent isn't the only requirement for success in the music world. \*\*\*\*

28 DAYS LATER Danny Boyle (Trainspotting) offers a film that's part science fiction, part horror and all scary. A virus spreads like wildfire through the UK, leaving survivors to dodge the brain-diseased marauders who haven't yet died.

2 FAST 2 FURIOUS Vin Diesel passed, so Paul Walker is back in a seguel that oddly downplays the street racing that made the first movie a hit. Instead, car chases are woven into the lumpy tale of two cops going undercover to trap a drug lord.

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss Good show \* Worth a look Forget it



# cd of the month

# DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL 1

A MARK, A MISSION, A BRAND, A SCAR

For those about to emote, he salutes you



If you are secretly mourning the demise of Dawson's Creek, this album should provide consolation. Chris Carrabba. the emo poster boy who goes by the moniker Dashboard Confessional, is back with more melancholic tunes perfectly suited to accompanying unresolved love triangles. Carrabba's unapologetic earnestness, coupled with an incredible voice, has garnered him a diehard following; his concerts feature legions of teary fillies (and half as many guys) crooning their lungs out in unison. The cult of Carrabba will embrace this one, especially Bend and Not Break. on which he actually flirts with rocking out, and Ghost of a Good Thing, a nicely done acoustic tune. If you aren't a fan, though, you won't likely be swayed. In fact, Carrabba's heart-on-sleeve emoting may make you want to grab him and yell, "Cheer up, buddy. You're a rock star!" (Vagrant) ¥¥½ —Alison Prato

# RODNEY CROWELL \* Fate's Right Hand Johnny Cash's former son-in-law (he's di-

vorced from Rosanne Cash) is a great songwriter and a solid country singer. He's been making solo albums for 25 years, but he really hit his stride in 2001 with the brilliant Houston Kid. Crowell's latest isn't a masterpiece of that magnitude, but it's

damn close. This is the sort of music that should put Toby Keith and plenty of bogus alt-country singers out of business. (DMZ) \*\*\*

-Leopold Froehlich



GUIDED BY VOICES \* Earthquake Glue Often, we wish bands that have played to-

gether for 20 years would just stop. But the 14th recording from these indie rockers is their best yet, due to a newfound confidence in their lo-fi sound. Finally, they're playing songs longer than two minutes and striking a balance between bal-

lads and guitar anthems. GBV have been compared to the Who. They're not that great, but they are bridging the gap. (Matador) \*\*\*

-Patty Lamberti



## VARIOUS ARTISTS \* Songs from the Street: 35 Years of Music

This boxed set opens with the irrepressible Sesame Street theme ("Sunny day . . .") performed by the show's kids. There is more here than infantilism, though. Guests culled from Sesame archives range from Lena Horne and Tony Bennett to Destiny's Child and R.E.M. Oscar the Grouch duets

with Billy Joel and Johnny Cash and has his I Love Trash covered by Steven Tyler. Put down the ducky and pick up this. (Sony Wonder) XXX -Tim Mohr



### WARREN ZEVON \* The Wind

Facing incurable cancer, Warren Zevon could teach us all a lesson about dying with grace and, true to character, a wicked sense of humor. A slew of A-list fans chip in on Mr. Bad Example's stunning coda: He jokes with Bruce Springsteen on Disorder in the House and then launches into a gooseflesh-inducing cover of

Knockin' on Heaven's Door with pals Jackson Browne. John Waite and Billy Bob Thornton, Talk about looking death in the eye. (Artemis) AAAA -A.P.

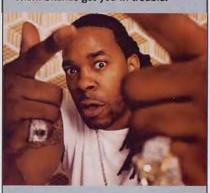


# phoning it in

# [ BUSTA RHYMES ]

On tour with Jay-Z and 50 Cent in support of his sixth solo album, Busta tries to keep it real during the dog days of summer.

On backstage antics: "I've seen three or four girls puttin' it on one dude. You know, a lot of fucking, a lot of sucking. All that. But I don't really gamble with random chicks the way I used to. Them bitches get you in trouble."



Getting high: "I gotta roll my own blunts. Other people don't roll it the way I like to smoke it.'

His work ethic: "This music shit is something I love, so I ain't got no problem giving it 95 percent of my time. Success feels cool. You get to shut a lot of mouths that spoke against your movement."

Who's in the Oval Office: "I just want to see the right person there for a change. There's a difference between a president and the right president. It could be a Chinese man."

On privacy: "If y'all don't already know about it, that means it ain't none of y'all's business."-Dewey Hammond

# crank it

# [ LONG LIVE PUNK ]

Shortly before he died, Clash founder Joe Strummer told us his top five punk

albums. We had to pass them along:

- 1. Ramones, Ramones
- 2. Stooges, Raw Power
- 3. Sex Pistols. Never Mind the **Bollocks**
- 4. Buzzcocks, Spiral Scratch
- 5. Saints, (I'm) Stranded



# game of the month

# MADDEN NFL 2004

John Madden delivers everything but the tailgate feast.

Madden's game is a football-season staple—right up there with giant foam fingers and threats from our bookie. Even in its 14th year, the franchise has tweaked the formula enough to justify forking over cash that could be bet against the Jets. Madden NFL 2004 (EA Sports, PS2, Xbox, GameCube, PlayStation, PC) includes Playmaker

Control, a feature that lets wannabe coaches adjust plays and defensive coverage on the fly like a pro, and a play editor (PC only) for building original playbooks from scratch. Updated graphics and improved camera angles help sell fake handoffs and other trick plays to your opponent, whether he's parked next to you on the couch or across the country in the enhanced online multiplayer mode (PC and PS2 only). Looking for more depth? Take the owner's seat and relocate your team, set concession stand prices in your new stadium and hire your coaching staff. Ditka: Send us your résumé. XXXX —Marc Saltzman



F-ZERO GX (Nintendo/Sega, Game-Cube) This top racing series took its sweet time in making an appearance on the GameCube. It was worth the wait. Playing as one of 30 drivers, players rocket at speeds up to 1000 miles per hour through 20 futuristic courses. Customize your vehicle with prize points, then save it to a memory card that can be inserted into the F-Zero AX arcade

game. If the blur of high-speed visuals churns your stomach, a turbo-boost should easily reunite you with your lunch. XXX -M.S.



CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON

(Ubi Soft, PS2) The gravity-defying martial arts showdowns of Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon looked ripe for adapting into a terrific video game. Instead, this mediocre action game falls Chow Yun-flat. Giant jumps and stylish defense moves help you on a quest to find the villainous Jade Fox and the Green Destiny sword, but the sparse environ-

ments, dim-witted foes and frustrating camera angles are as awkward as a bad kung-fu movie overdub. \*\* -Jason Buhrmester



WWE RAW 2 (THQ, Xbox) Wrestling games can be as poorly conceived as a Vince McMahon plotline. Thankfully, this sequel has just enough features to keep us in the ring. Backstage brawls, multiple match modes and four-player options freshen the action, while tables and chairs become fodder for flattening more than 55 WWE wrestlers. The improved create-a-superstar mode lets you

enhance your entrance by ripping a theme song to the Xbox. It's so simple even the Rock can do it. xx%





HOMEWORLD 2 (Vivendi Universal, PC) The original Homeworld set the standard for three-dimensional science-fiction games, even if it did feature cheesy music from prog-rockers Yes. The sequel enlists players to again aid the Higarans in tactical battles against a deadly enemy. Along with the intergalactic action of the mission-based single-player game, Homeworld 2 supports online play for up

to six gamers and includes tools to build custom ships and levels. And Yes has been banished to another galaxy. \*\*\* -M.S.



# pixel profile

# [ DANCING MACHINE ]

This leading lady puts the ass back in assassin.

NAME: Vanessa Z. Schneider

GAME: P.N.03 (Capcom, GameCube)

MISSION: As a mercenary who specializes in hunting robots, Schneider is hired by the military to unplug a rogue defense program that has been slaughtering planetary colonists.

### THE BODY ELECTRIC:

When Schneider's feet start moving, bodies start dropping. A special Aegis suit converts this soldier's dancelike moves into deadly attacks, producing palm-fired laser beams and rump-shaking combo hits that will stagger even the most heavily armored adversary.

FINISHING TOUCH: Special attacks like her Swan and Harrier maneuvers clear the dance floor by sending charged energy waves sizzling toward multiple targets, focusing first on the most powerful foe.

**COSTUME PARTY:** As Schneider racks up points for destroying the enemy, her sexy suit can be upgraded in nine different ways, leading to deadlier offensive capabilities and tighter hotpants.

SECRET TWIST: Sure, the money is good, but the real reason Schneider accepts the mission is to get revenge on the robotic henchmen who killed her family.

# But is she really human?

Nokia N-Gage (\$300) Tell your girl you'll call back as soon as you finish playing Tomb Raider on Nokia's new gaming cell phone. The phone is equipped with an eight-way directional controller for playing games stored on tiny memory cards. Users can set up multiplayer matches via a local Bluetooth connection or a long-distance net



wired



# dvd of the month

# [ LORD OF THE RINGS: ] THE TWO TOWERS

The battle for regime change in Middle Earth heats up

The second epic movie in director Peter Jackson's adaptation of the Tolkien trilogy minimizes in-between-itis with eye-popping visuals and plenty of heroic bloodletting.

The foremost special effectand the ne plus ultra of CGI characters-is Gollum, a slithery humanoid that guides ringbearing Frodo (Elijah Wood) to his fiery destiny (and exhibits more acting range than, say, Keanu Reeves). A subplot that introduces a race of talking trees ratchets up the geek factor, but immense battles pitting humans and elves against the armies of evil rescue the proceedings from the Dungeons & Dragons crowd. Extras: The two-disc set offers eight featurettes, a documentary and a Return of the King teaser. XXXX -Gregory P. Fagan



ANGER MANAGEMENT (2003) Mild-mannered toady Dave Buznik (Adam Sandler) is railroaded into a month of anger-management therapy with psycho psychiatrist Buddy Rydell (Jack Nicholson), who cavorts like an escapee from a cuckoo's nest. Nicholson is strictly slumming, but Marisa Tomei deserves another Oscar just for acting interested in her leading men. Rarely does this sitcom material earn its

big-screen treatment. Extras: Extremely laid-back commentary by Sandler and by director Peter Segal. \(\forall \)!/

-Buzz McClain



CHICAGO (2002) It takes something special to elevate a show tune extravaganza to must-see material, and in this case it's not the six Academy Awards, including one for Best Picture. No, Chicago's grabber is Catherine Zeta-Jones, cast as one of two killer starlets along with sweetly unsensational Renée Zellweger. Richard Gere has the time of his life as their tap-dancing lawyer. Extras: A

few chorus girls shy of a special edition, but the deleted footage and a featurette should keep the fans humming.



BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE (2002) If you liked Michael Moore at the Academy Awards, clutching an Oscar and slagging George Bush, then you'll love him here, clutching a Remington and fragging Charlton Heston. Guerrilla gadfly Moore—the missing link between Edward R. Murrow and Jackass—engages the NRA head and Alzheimer's sufferer in this provocative

documentary about our gun culture. Extras: Mucho Moore, including a discussion of his infamous speech.



CONFIDENCE (2003) If you'd like to see The Sting modernized as a puzzle of men and menace, then you need Confidence, another satisfying thriller from David Mamet collaborator James Foley. Smalltime grifter Jake Vig (Edward Burns) is looking to burn a mob boss (Dustin Hoffman in peak weasel mode), so he puts together a requisitely motley con crew. Rachel Weisz

Rachel Weisz fills in fetchingly as the femme fatale. Extras: Foley's commentary is typically insightful.



# quick study

# [ FILM SCHOOL ]

This month's lesson: taking aim at spaghetti Westerns

How the West was spun: By the Sixties. the Western had died out in American cinema, shot in the back by the saintly TV cowboys of Bonanza and Gunsmoke, et al. Meanwhile, in Europe, sword-and-sandal sagas were petering out. Filmmakers there looked to the Wild West for inspiration. The new subspecies was dubbed spaghetti Western because the crews were often Italian. The Euro Western didn't make much of an impact until Sergio Leone unleashed A Fistful of Dollars (1964), turning Clint Eastwood into an antihero icon and spawning two sequels, For a Few Dollars More (1965) and The Good, the Bad and the Ugly (1966). The template was set for 600 films that followed: The taciturn lone wolf goes against the odds, always for money or



revenge, never for love. Vivid violence, claustrophobic close-ups and whistling soundtracks were as essential as tumble-weed. Directors sent the genre riding into the sunset by raising the body count to absurd levels—the title character in Django (1966) slays a streetful of villains with a Gatling gun—and lowering the IQ (bottoming out with the Seventies comic Trinity series). Additional study: Sartana (1966), The Big Gundown (1966), The Hills Run Red (1967) and The Great Silence (1968).

—B.M.

# sleaze frame

For much of Shakespeare in Love (1998), Gwyneth Paltrow is all too convincing in her disguise as a 16th century teenage boy. Finally (about 49 minutes into the disc), randy young bard Will Shakespeare untwirls her binding body wrap to reveal true charms. And when they proceed to make a steamy couplet, she doth not protest one damn bit.



# ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia. Collective effort of The Hair & Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic.

#### **ABSTRACT**

The information presented here provides evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. Results may occur as early as 2 months. This therapeutic approach represents advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss).

#### HERBAL ORAL CAPSULE

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound responsible for the male sex characteristics as opposed to estrogen and progesterone. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body, testosterone undergoes a series of transformations. This results in various compounds, each with a different physiologic function in the body other than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone, also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp, resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth).

The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles, resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair follicles.

As used in the AVACOR system the organic extract of the herbal formulation acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage

and hair loss.

#### TOPICAL FORMULATION

Our Physicians Topical Formula is used at the affected sights twice daily on a regular basis.

#### RESULTS

The overall outcome of this system has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant decrease in the rate of hair loss and increase in regrowth noted.

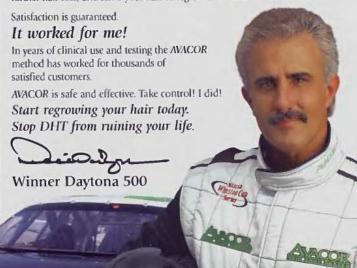
A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most persons after 1-2 months of treatment. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average starting within 2-4 months.

# Start growing a full, healthy head of hair today! As seen on ABC TV's 20/20

I'm Derrike Cope, race car driver and TV analyst.

Did you know that the FDA has identified the body chemical Dihydrotestosterone (DHT) as the leading cause of hair loss. At the Hair & Skin Treatment Center and at the New York Hair Clinic they have developed an all natural Nutricap that helps protect the hair follicles from the ravages of DHT. This all natural Nutricap is a dietary supplement which is designed to protect and foster a healthy hair follicle. AVACOR's proprietary herbal formula helps to keep the hair follicle in the best condition possible.

The Physicians Topical Formulation is an extra strength topical medication which retards further hair loss, and starts your hair to regrow in as little as two months.



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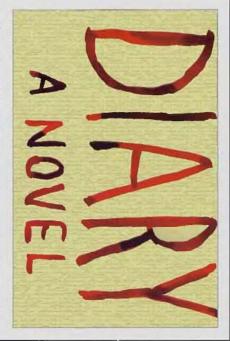


## book of the month

# DIARY\*CHUCK PALAHNIUK

When the writing's on the wall, this novel scores.

Every new Palahniuk novel arrives with an expectation of biting social commentary and a warped plot that makes you wonder, What the hell is this guy on? From the anarchic pugilists of Fight Club to a guy who fake-gags for attention in Choke to the real estate agent who hawks haunted houses in Lullaby, Palahniuk has never spun a conventional tale. Diary revolves around Misty Tracy Wilmot, an artist turned maid whose carpenter husband, Peter, lingers in a coma after a suicide attempt. Misty discovers Peter's "diary," a series of scathing remarks about her scrawled on hidden walls in houses he has remodeled, and she fixates on analyzing these diatribes. The book scores high marks for originality; unfortunately, it lacks Palahniuk's usual cranked-up energy and fails to make readers care about the characters. That said, even mediocre Palahniuk is pretty damn good. (Doubleday) \*\* -Alison Prato



## SEX, DRUGS, AND COCOA PUFFS: A LOW CULTURE MANIFESTO

Chuck Klosterman

This collection of essays by the author of 2001's charming Fargo Rock City will make you question your most dearly held beliefs about popular culture. In each chapter, Klosterman makes a wild assertion-John Cusack has single-handedly destroyed the possibility of true love, human interaction is meaningless without a soundtrack, Billy Joel is great—then attempts to

persuade you. Some of his arguments aren't so convincing: The Real World does not keep getting better and better. But Klosterman finds insight in banal stuff

such as breakfast cereal and Saved by the Bell and uses these pop-culture artifacts as a ready excuse to analyze those of us who readily consume them. (Scribner) \*\*\*

-Anaheed Alani

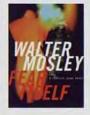


#### FEAR ITSELF \* Walter Mosley

Most writers would cut off their thumbs to have a bankable hero in one thriving series. Mosley has three. That there are three decent men, even fictional ones (including Easy Rawlins and Socrates Fortlow), living in Los Angeles may defy plausibility. But Fear Itself makes us believe in book dealer Paris Minton, a man with a dangerous streak of curiosity, and his friend, Fearless Jones, dangerous in a more straightforward fashion. Ostensibly hired to find a missing husband, they

track a stolen emerald and a missing slave diary. How they interact and deal with shady competitors and cheating girlfriends is fascinating reading. (Little, Brown) \*\*\*

-James R. Petersen



#### MAINLINES, BLOOD FEASTS, AND **BAD TASTE \* Lester Bangs**

Thirty years ago Bangs invented rock-androll criticism. Since his death in 1982, no one has come close to replicating his insight or manic energy. Of course, the delightfully passionate Bangs wouldn't stand a chance in most music publications today. If he found the Seventies to be "dunced-out and depleted," what would he have to say about the era of Viacom? He had the misfortune of having standards during a time when there were no stan-

dards. Mainlines, the second posthumous collection of Bangs's rambunctious and contradictory writings, shows why his peculiar genius refuses to perish. (Anchor)

\*\*\* -Leopold Froehlich



# library of lust



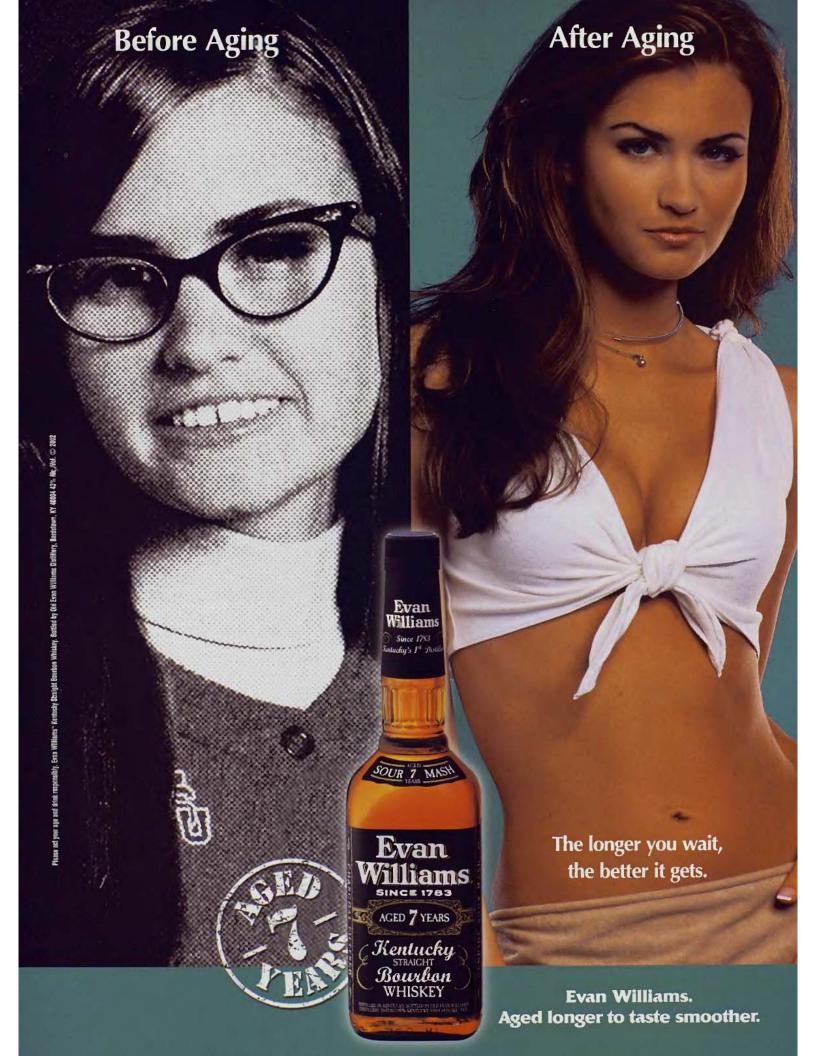
#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY \* Helmut Newton

Helmut Neustaedter grew up in prewar Berlin in a family of relative privilege. He was slightly effeminate, got beat up by schoolmates and was sexually obsessed at an early age. Here he recounts his development as a rake and as Helmut Newton, famous fashion photographer. We even learn why women who wear mono-

cles drive him "sexually insane." Happily, half of the book is devoted to his photossometimes it's better not to know the origin of his kinky images. (Doubleday) \*\*%







# playboy tv

#### YOU ARE GETTING VERY SEXY . . .

How much better would your sex life be if you could reveal your subconscious desires without fear of getting slapped

or dubbed a pervert? On Playboy TV's new show The Extreme Truth, bedroom doors are flung open—without judgment—when hypnotherapist Tom Silver puts real couples under to uncover deep-rooted sexual impulses, preferences and fears. Then, because it's on Playboy TV, actors reenact the fantasies in salacious detail.

"Many of us have sexual fears or trouble communicating with our mates," says Silver, who has written two hypnotherapy books and tours the world conducting demonstrations for companies and universities. "We're afraid to express things because we think our partners will think worse of us. The reality is, honesty can only enhance our true understanding of one another." On the show, Silver asks such questions as, "What is the most outrageous scenario in which you and your partner have had sex?" and "What would

you like your partner to do that he or she hasn't already?" In doing so, Silver has uncovered real stories about threesomes, role-playing and wearing masks while having sex. On the other end of the spectrum, Silver's expertise in hypnosis also helps alleviate common fears. "When the Nightmare on Elm Street movies came out," he

Though Silver is aware of the naysayers who think hypnosis is parlor-game fakery, he says the cultural tide is turning. "Simply put, hypnosis is magnified con-



says, "I hypnotized kids who were afraid to go to sleep. After September 11, I helped people overcome their fears of flying." The most common phobias? Driving, insects, needles, sharks and water. centration, and we experience that every day," he says. "Ten percent of our population can go into such a deep state of

hypnosis that you can create an illusion or hallucination. You can suggest that they are in Hawaii surrounded by hula dancers, and they will experience that. My goal is to have hypnotherapy regulated on a national scale. More than 50 million Americans suffer from phobias, and we need to look for alternative healings besides giving

"Hypnosis is magnified concentration, and we experience that every day. Ten percent of our population can go into such a deep state of hypnosis that you can create an illusion or hallucination."

someone a pill. If you think about it, what is fear? It's an overactive negative imagination. That's where I come in."

Ready to tell your girl about your French-maid-who-needs-a-spanking fantasy? Get more information at Tom Silver.com, or check out *The Extreme Truth*, which premiered August 10 and airs Sundays at eight PM. ET/10 PM. PT.

# YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THAT WHERE?

## A GLOSSARY OF WILD, WEIRD SEX PHOBIAS

Caligynephobia: fear of beautiful women

Clinophobia: fear of going to bed Cypridophobia: fear of prostitutes and venereal disease

Erotophobia: fear of sexual love or sexual questions

Eurotophobia: fear of female genitalia

Gamophobia: fear of marriage Genophobia: fear of sex Gymnophobia: fear of nudity Ithyphallophobia: fear of seeing, thinking about or having an erect penis

Kolpophobia: fear of genitols Medomalacuphobia: fear of losing an erection

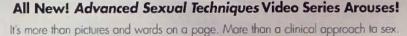
Merinthophabia: fear of being bound or tied up

Oneirogmophobia: fear of wet dreams

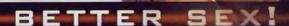
Paraphobia: fear of sexual perversion Parthenophobia: fear of virgins or young girls

Philemaphobia: fear of kissing Proctophobia: fear of rectums Vestiphobia: fear of clothing

# MORE SEX!



Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series is where adventuresome lovers turn to rev up sexual power! 7 af 10 sex therapists recommend the Better Sex videos as a way to expand your sexual talents. To help you and your partner perfect your own lovemaking, every act and variation is demonstrated by real couples in uncensored detail.



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# playboy.com





# THE DIRTY DOZEN: CELEBRITY SEX TALK

While Us Weekly and True Hollywood Story claim to report on the intimate details of celebrities' lives—from Jen Aniston's mismatched bikini (egad!) to what the Rock ate for lunch—they have nothing on Playboy.com. In our Dirty Dozen sex Q. and A., boldfaced-namers tell all about what happens between the sheets.

**CARMEN ELECTRA:** 1 lost my virginity when I was 16. It was in the backseat of a car. I have always been curious about what it would be like to have sex with a woman. I've kissed a girl, but I haven't gone all the way.

MARILYN MANSON: I'm generally on drugs, and I don't know if that enhances sex or not. If you include alcohol, there's always some sort of substance involved. A long time ago I took acid and had sex. I felt like I was riding a big whale. It scared me. I don't ever want to do that again.

**SARAH SILVERMAN:** Once, this guy I was kissing said, "I have to tell you something." I said, "What?" He said, "Guess." He made me play 20 questions to find out he had herpes.

**TORRIE WILSON:** I like to get frisky on the deck of my boat in the middle of the ocean. There's always the risk that someone will drive by.

JACK BLACK: I once got a blow job in a movie theater. It wasn't very good, though, because it was a sideways BJ, and BJs are best straight-on. Another time we didn't have a rubber. She was on top, rubbing it without putting it in, and it felt so good that I fucking shot my load. It sprayed right into my face.

DAVID CROSS: I love talking dirty in bed. There are few things hotter than a nice girl saying, "Fuck me! Yeah, fuck me!" The only part I don't like is when she says, "Fuck the shit out of me," because I don't know if I'm supposed to take that literally or not. I am definitely not into one-night stands. I've had a couple and they sucked. If I'm at her place, I leave as soon as I can. Well, after quietly stealing something. Usually a cat.

**ROB ZOMBIE:** The oldest woman I ever slept with wouldn't tell me her exact age, but she claimed to have been the entertainment director on the Lido deck of the *Mayflower*.



**David Cross** 

#### CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

Name: Tiffany Lang. Hametown: San Diega. Birth date: July 2, 1983. People think I'm: "Mysterious. No one knows the real me." How to turn her head: "Be Prince Charming. No matter how independent a girl is, she'll smile when you open the door." Sexual alter ego: "Tinkerbell. She wears a short dress and guys love her." Shifting gears: "My boyfriend and I were on our way home from a casino when I decided to give him another ride—while he was driving." Her motto: "Here's to spending like movie stars, partying like rock stars and fucking like porn stars!"



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex,

# the inside story on Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

# 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 Iamie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aren't you glad you asked?

ame felland Jamie Ireland



- A. Pick it up from the curb.
- B. Take it to the curb.







# Pass the Smoke-and-Fire Black Beans, Please

When the firefighters in San Francisco's Station 12 want to carb up, pasta puttanesca (below) goes on the menu. Station 48 gets its kick-ass energy from junkyard-dag champion chili, and the same gang raise their forks to Matt's squerkraut sausage surprise. (The surprise? It's good!) Chronicle Books' new softcover Firehouse Food: Caoking With San

Francisco's Firefighters (by George Dolese and Steve Siegelman, \$24.95) is full of terrific recipes. "You want every meol to be great," explained one smoke eater, "because any meal could be your lost." There's also another reason for the high quality of these dishes: "I don't mind rushing into a burning building," soys firefighter Chase Wilson, naw in her third year. "It's putting dinner on the table for 14 people that's the scariest part of my jab."



# **MANTRACK**



# Not Just Another Pretty Face

They laok like samething Salvadar Dalí might have tassed aff during his "bending time" periad, but Grimaldi's aversize, elangated watches are currently an the wrists of same af shawbiz' hattest stars: Elton, Dustin, Denzel, Babyface, even Jackie Chan. Hip-hap magul Russell Simmons was one of the

first ta flaunt a Grimoldi araund tawn. Our favarite madel is the self-winding Barganova (pictured abave), which cames in a variety of calars, face styles and case sizes. Price: \$1800, with a black cracadile strap.

# Cleanup Hitter

Sa yau smaked same seriaus cigars last night. Instead af sending yaur suit to the cleaner, pap it into a Whirlpaal Persanal Valet and in 30 minutes that stagie stink will be gone. While nat technically a dry-cleaning pracess, the Persanal Valet emits a penetrating mist that smaaths away wrinkles and eliminates mast adars. The wall-hung unit, which is

about the size of a small

baakcase, warks an 110 AC and requires na additional hoakups. Three items—including leather—can be descented at one time. It also freshens dainty silks and sequined garments—too bad far Clinton it daesn't remove stains. Prices range from \$B00 to \$1200, depending on the madel you chaose. California Clasets distributes Personal Valets nationally.



# Clothesline: Kevin Pollak

"I'm pretty happy with these Armani cracadile shaes that I gat an the isle of Capri," the star of The Usual Suspects and A Few Goad Men wisecracked to us. "Yes, they really are Armani. I alsa knaw they're crocadile because there's a tag in here samewhere that says sa." Despite Pallak's affinity for Calvin Klein, Danna Karan, Huga Bass and Christian Dior, he is afflicted by what his wife calls the "Elvis factor." He can sartarially ga aver



the tap in any direction at any time. "I caught an early," Pallak canfided. "If you're a guy and yau're smart, yau let yaur wife dress yau. As my friend Bobby Slaytan says, 'When they were little girls, they had dolls. Naw they have you.'"

# The Perfect Time...

• To make a sales pitch or ask for a favor. Midweek. Blue Monday is usually the most stressful day, when most suicides and heart attacks occur. On Mondays, we are shifting from our weekend mood to a 9-to-5 mode. Most of us are more receptive on Wednesday or Thursday, when we have momentum, says business consultant Jill Spiegel. • For a catnap. Whenever you have 20 minutes to spare, but use a timer. A longer nap may leave you groggy rather than refreshed if you are awakened during the deeper REM (rapid eye movement) stage of sleep. • To negotiate a better wireless phone service. About a month before your contract expires. Lapsed contracts, which usually continue from month to month until you cancel, often allow carriers to drop features, such as free night and weekend minutes. They get away with it by including a "notice" line buried in the bill. Then you're slapped with a large, unexpected bill. If you squawk, the carrier will negotiate a reduction in the bill in exchange for a new contract, but the leverage is with the carrier. If you haggle before the contract expires, you may save money or get extra minutes or a free phone upgrade.





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The Best a Man Can Get



# he Playboy Advisor

My new girlfriend is the wildest lover I've ever had, but every time we have sex, I get a headache as I climax. Is this something to be concerned about?-N.M., Albuquerque, New Mexico

Most likely, no. Sex headaches are so common that pain specialists have divided them into three categories: (1) "Dull" headaches intensify as you become more aroused and peak during climax. The pain usually occurs at the back of the head and is likely caused by muscle tension. (2) "Explosive" headaches consist of a throbbing pain at climax, generally on both sides of the head. These are the most common benign sexual headaches, but no one is sure what causes them. They may be hereditary. One doctor treated four sisters who suffered from climax headaches but had never mentioned it to one another. (3) The rare "postural" headache occurs during climax at the back of the neck and head and could indicate a spinal fluid leak, which is bad news. In fact, there's an off chance that any type of sex headache could be the result of an aneurysm or tumor, which is why it's always wise to see a doctor. In most cases, treatment is as simple as gentler fucking or massage as foreplay, or drugs used to treat migraines. Harvard neurologist Donald Johns says sex headaches seem to occur most often among people in their 40s and during stressful encounters-say, during an affair or with a crazy new lover. They also occur more often in men, by a 3-to-1 ratio. Presex headaches, another challenge altogether, occur more often in women, by a 20-million-to-I ratio.

Are some people born lucky or does it just seem that way?-R.G., Dayton, Ohio

You have to wonder, especially when we read about someone winning the lotto twice, or dating successive Playmates. We've always suspected that luck is a combination of attitude and perception, and psychologist Richard Wiseman backs us up. In The Luck Factor, he describes a 10-year study he conducted with 400 volunteers who considered themselves lucky or unlucky. His subjects kept diaries, took personality tests and submitted to interviews. Wiseman concluded that those who thought themselves lucky were more skilled at noticing chance opportunities, making decisions based on intuition, creating self-fulfilling positive prophecies and adopting a resilient attitude. "Personality tests revealed that the unlucky are generally more tense and anxious," Wiseman explains. "That mind-set disrupts their ability to notice the unexpected." Many lucky subjects went to great lengths to introduce variety into their lives, which increased their chance encounters. They also tended to react to misfortune by thinking, I'm lucky it wasn't worse. By having the unfortunate adopt the habits of the



fortunate, Wiseman found that they began reporting more lucky breaks.

Do women enjoy giving oral sex?— M.S., Seattle, Washington Most women enjoy the reaction they get.

When you are moving in to kiss a girl, which is the proper way to tilt your head?-T.M., Moscow, Idaho

A psychologist in Germany attempted to answer this question by spying on 124 couples. He found that 65 percent tilted their heads to the right. Advance slowly before you commit, or proceed directly to oral sex.

In June a reader asked about my book on female climax, Five Minutes to Orgasm. In your response, you quoted author Betty Dodson, who said, "What's the goddamn hurry? The longer we spend getting there, the more pleasurable the orgasms will be." I disagree. Women have been brainwashed to feel thrilled about having any orgasm at all. The ideal is to delay orgasm only as long as lovemaking continues to be fun. Prolonged thrusting can be tiresome for the man and painful for the woman. Relying on vibrators and oral sex may inhibit a couple's enjoyment-both require a lot of work for the guy, and his erection isn't involved. The fact is that couples who have been together for years are not going to have a splendidly romantic encounter every time-yet orgasm should be the reward of every lovemaking experience. My book suggests that women take responsibility for their own climaxes. They can do that by assuming the superior position (missionary is probably the worst position

for bringing a woman to orgasm), masturbating during intercourse and fantasizing. Five minutes or 50-as long as both partners are enjoying the sex, it's fast enough.-D. Claire Hutchins, Grand Prairie, Texas

Thanks for your response. Guys appreciate any help we can get.

Let's say you were deep in the wilderness and you cut yourself. Would whiskey work as a disinfectant?-E.D., Terre Haute, Indiana

In a pinch, sure. Sip the rest to ease your pain. Whiskey also has been recommended for toothaches and insomnia and as an elixir (mix it in hot water with sugar). In an experiment at the Georgetown University Medical Center, whiskey and scotch killed bacteria better than gin, rum or vodka, but the booze had to be at least 80 proof. In a similar study completed last year at Oregon State, scientists found that wine-in this case, a chardonnay and a pinot noir-killed salmonella and E. coli within an hour. Researchers began the study after hearing about a food-poisoning outbreak aboard a cruise ship on which guests who'd had wine with dinner didn't seem to get sick. The alcohol in the wine apparently weakens the walls of the germ cells, allowing the acid to penetrate and kill them.

'm a woman who loves watching porn. But some things get on my nerves: (1) Orgy scenes in which the guys give each other "Dude, we're so lucky!" looks and exchange high fives. Is that necessary? Concentrate on what you're doing! (2) Female performers whose fake orgasmic shrieks sound like the Emergency Alert System. (3) A guy who walks up to a girl who is already busy with two penises and taps her on the head with his cock. Wait your turn! (4) Hearing the disembodied voice of the director say, "Honey, lift your leg a little so he can get his fingers deeper into your asshole." Hello, postproduction? (5) Squeamish female performers who dodge the money shot so it flies onto some rented couch. (6) Directors who don't hire a backup stud to step in when their lead can't get it up. I don't enjoy watching my sex life with my ex played out on video.—Carly Milne, Los Angeles, California

The dick tap can be sort of sweet. We invited Carly to write after visiting her popular sex blog at pornblography.com. She, in turn, recommended sexblogs.org, the Reverse Cowgirl (blogs.salon.com/0001437), dazereader.com and erosblog.com.

get turned on when my wife is the object of other men's desires. She is generous about engaging in this behavior. We 47 visited a restaurant recently with the idea in mind. My wife got her order and sat down opposite a guy who began staring at her legs. Before she had a chance to make it a show, he dropped his napkin and looked up her skirt. My wife is reluctant to admit that this turns her on, but we always have great sex afterward. Does this fetish have a name? Do many couples engage in it?—M.W., Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

You're both exhibitionists. Your wife enjoys showing off, and you get a vicarious thrill watching your wife show off. Most people flaunt it once in a while, but the fact that you plan these encounters puts you in a select group. The reaction of other men affirms to your wife that she's desirable to strangers; it affirms to you that you're with a desirable woman. Many couples play this game—for evidence, consider the many websites that post images of women furtively exposing themselves in public. The boyfriends and husbands who snap the shots are not aroused as much by the flash (as a voyeur would be) as they are by the imagined response of other men to the flash.

How do automakers determine fuel efficiency? The numbers seem precise, but I've found a lot of variance with my car.—J.K., Chicago, Illinois

As they say, your mileage may vary. Automakers test preproduction models and submit results to the Environmental Protection Agency, which retests about 10 percent for accuracy. The vehicles are driven in a lab on a treadmill-like machine. The city test is an 11-mile, cold-start, stop-and-go trip with an average speed of 20 mph and a high speed of 56 mph. The trip takes 31 minutes, with 23 stops and about six minutes of idling. The highway test is a warmstart, 10-mile trip and averages 48 mph with a high of 60 mph and no stops. The EPA reduces the results by 10 percent for city and 22 percent for highway to reflect real-world conditions. Visit fueleconomy. gov to check your vehicle's projected miles per gallon. The average car or truck manages 20 mpg-about the same as in 1980. Facing criticism that they've improved everything but fuel efficiency, automakers counter that consumers choose gas guzzlers (the 10 most efficient cars account for less than two percent of sales). If you prefer to drive straight through, consider an electric hybrid. The manual-transmission Honda Insight gets 61 mpg city and 68 highway, enough to travel from Chicago to Washington, D.C. on a single tank.

s it OK to urinate in a public shower? The water's running, so why not?—J.S., Boston, Massachusetts

Because you're in a public shower. Look at it this way: Would you bathe in a toilet? Then don't make the guy behind you do it.

You advised a reader to keep his tax records for at least six years. I had a run-in with the IRS about a return that's older than that. The agency said it has 10 years to review a file but can extend that time during the 10 years. I've found that when it comes to the IRS, paranoia is the best policy.—R.B., South Berwick, Maine

Paranoia, and a good accountant. Assuming there's no fraud, the IRS has 10 years to collect underpayments. As with anything, that deadline can be extended with the consent of the taxpayer. This typically occurs when the IRS auditor asks, "Can we have more time to resolve this, or should we start selling your stuff?"

I met a woman on the "no-strings-attached" part of an Internet dating service. After exchanging e-mails, we've arranged to meet. Her fantasy is to handcuff and blindfold me. I'm game but wary. What do you think?—N.G., Gabriola Island, British Columbia

We think you should hide your wallet.

My friend is getting married and I'm in charge of his bachelor party. I'd like to make the night memorable in a respectful but eccentric way. Have any ideas?— P.S., Montreal, Canada

It sounds like you want PG-13 rather than R or X, which is the way we've always felt these events should go. We've had more fun playing golf or paintball or soaking up a baseball game than we've ever had at a strip club. You won't find more or better ideas than those in The Playboy Guide to Bachelor Parties, written by our colleague James Oliver Cury (given the number of letters we receive on this topic, we're surprised there aren't more books like it). The guide includes a planning list, help with calculating everyone's cut, tips on how not to get ripped off at strip clubs should you go that route, and this great advice: "Do what's best for the groom."

Can you suggest new ways to masturbate? Getting laid is preferable, of course, but not everyone is so lucky.— M.H., Sydney, Australia

As you've discovered, nobody ever got lucky thinking of new ways to beat off. If you promise to get off your butt, we'll share a resource you won't forget—Jackinworld.com, a compendium of advanced techniques, each rated with one to four palms. A visitor favorite is the Vagina: "Lie on your side and hold on to your penis with a backhand grip. Roll over farther and brace your hand against the bed, and thrust your penis in and out of your hand. It's a different feeling to masturbate by moving your pelvis rather than your hand. It's also fun to put your other hand down and feel your scrotum moving back and forth as you pump in and out." Another hit is the Rosy Palm: "With lubrication, rub the tip of your penis head against the palm of your other hand. The orgasm will be very powerful." The site is fun but also serves important purposes: Conditioning yourself to get off only in a certain way can be a problem when you're with a partner.

Variety is also useful in learning to control your arousal. Finally, if you don't know how you like to be touched, it's difficult to tell someone else how to do it.

My fiancée left me after four months, saying that God was calling her closer to him. She called to say she wants me back, but I'm happy with my new girlfriend. Should I tell her about the call?—B.S., St. Louis, Missouri

What call?

What do you think about wearing pinstriped pants with a dress shirt that has thin horizontal stripes?—J.T., Nashville, Tennessee

We can't see it. The rule is to avoid stripes of the same size, especially worn next to each other. The only way it might work is if you covered most of the shirt with a jacket or sweater.

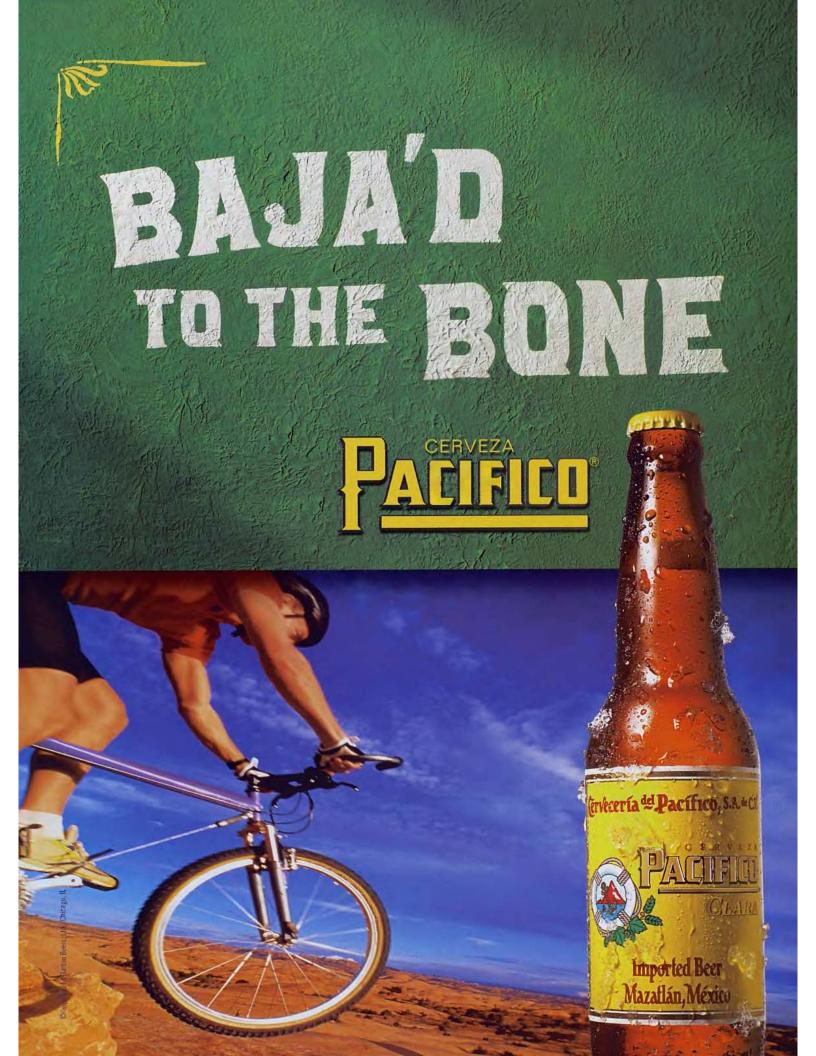
I've fallen for a guy. The problem is, we are already friends with benefits. Usually we just hang out and have sex. But last night he dressed up and took me to a movie, which was a first. He even wore cologne. How do I tell him I want this to be exclusive? I'm afraid I'll ruin what we have.—T.D., Seattle, Washington

Your arrangement will end the hard way as soon as one of you finds someone to commit to, so why not manage it now on your own terms? It sounds like your lover is thinking the same thing, so it's not so risky a proposition as you believe. Regardless, it's only fair to let him know that the nature of the relationship has changed.

After giving my boyfriend a blow job I left his come on my cheek. When it dried I noticed that my skin felt tight. The next time he came during oral sex, I rubbed his come all over both cheeks, my chin and my forehead. It made me look so much younger I didn't want to wash it off. What's in his semen that has this effect? And how long would it stay fresh if I stored it in the refrigerator?—G.L., Los Angeles, California

Far be it from us to discourage home facials. Your boyfriend's semen contains fructose, creatine, salts, enzymes and other natural substances, but no moisturizers. That said, we'd love to be there when you explain your new skin treatment to your girlfriends. From what we've heard, semen must be applied directly from the tube.

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.





# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

# KILL 'EM ALL

thailand's scary new method to fight drugs By STEVE KURUTZ

aving exhausted conventional means of defeating drug traffickers and users—beefing up security at the border, firebombing crops, doling out hefty prison sentences—Thailand has gone straight for the kill. Literally.

While serving as a conduit for heroin produced in bordering Myanmar (formerly Burma), Thailand also has been flooded in recent years with methamphetamine. With as much as

five percent of the nation using "ya ba" ("crazy medicine"), Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra has pledged to eliminate narcotics from the country by December.

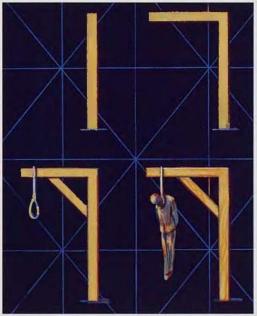
To meet that goal, Shinawatra in February launched an aggressive campaign against the drug trade. Dressed in their trademark brown polyester uniforms and crash helmets, Thai police have become a goon squad, terrorizing villagers and raiding Bangkok nightclubs to demand urine samples. The government has published a list of 10s of thousands of people it claims are dealers without providing any evidence.

Some 50,000 people have been arrested; thousands have died. In one case reported by the Financial Times, authorities accused a 75-year-old villager of dealing. She apparently became a target because her daughter had once

been arrested for possessing amphetamines. The woman refused to sign a confession. Days later, while she sat on a neighbor's porch, two masked men approached on a motorcycle and bowed in a gesture of respect. Then one of the men shot her dead.

The Thai government has admitted its involvement in 51 of 2270 killings but claims it fires only in selfdefense. The other deaths, it says, have been the result of dealer turf wars.

Critics consider the bloody campaign a human-rights catastrophe. Shinawatra responds with rhetoric so hard-line it makes George W. Bush sound like a flower child. "In this war," he says, "drug dealers must die." After a dissenting member of Thailand's government asked the UN to intervene, Shinawatra grew more defiant. "I am not worried



about any UN visit on this issue," he said. "The UN is not my father."

Thailand is setting a dangerous precedent. The country has long had a reputation for kangaroo justice. But it's also ostensibly a democracy governed by the rule of law. Its government-backed street justice is a rash solution other desperate countries may well be willing to adopt.

Despite the controversy, Shinawatra has not suffered politically. In fact, he has thrived. A story in *The Economist*, called "Thais Love Thaksin," noted that Shinawatra should easily win reelection. Apparently Thais admire his get-up-and-go style.

U.S. antidrug warriors have had neither Shinawatra's success (a number of Thailand's narcotics rings have been dismantled and amphetamine use is dropping) nor his public sup-

port. Current DEA chief John Brown has a résumé that reads like a tour of futility: Mexico, Miami, El Paso. Wouldn't it be simpler if, like the Thai brownshirts, U.S. law enforcement had a license to gun down suspected dealers? Surely antidrug crusaders daydream about the idea.

If that seems like hyperbole, consider that for years now, an equally cutthroat war has raged in the jungles of Colombia between cartels and U.S.-funded narco-cops. The Clinton and Bush administrations have directed more than \$1 billion to Colombia to escalate the conflict, supplying Blackhawks and military training. Whatever frustrations the feds have about fighting a constitutionally neutered war on our soil, they've gotten the lead out on foreign ground.

It's comforting to think that Americans would never stand for government assassins targeting suspected dealers (unless, perhaps, it was done in the name of fighting terrorism). But when reflecting on Thailand and its "success," law-and-order zealots can take solace in one fact: Shinawatra is one of their own. He earned a doctorate in criminal justice from Sam Houston State in Texas.

WORLD WAR DRUGS Then: One of the first drug laws appeared in 17th century Russia when the czar decreed that anyone caught with tobacco would be tortured until he gave up the name of his supplier. Now: China: Last year China executed about 60 people for drug crimes. The minimum sentence for possession is seven years. Pakistan: Most violators receive five years in prison plus a whipping. Those trafficking in opium often get life. Iran: Opium and marijuana smugglers receive lashings. Some drug lords are executed. India: Serious offenders typically receive 10- to 20-year terms. Those with priors may be executed. South Korea: Users typically get treatment or short jail terms. Traffickers are given fines, life sentences or executed. Myanmar: Punishments range from three-year prison terms to death.——COMPILED BY THE DRUG POLICY ALLIANCE (DRUGPOLICY.ORG)

# SENATOR SODOMY

# a republican mouths off

ast spring the media had a minor feeding frenzy over two discoveries: that a Republican senator from Pennsylvania, Rick Santorum, had a strong opinion about homosexuality, and that former drug czar and family values advocate William Bennett had apparently lost millions of dollars at Las Vegas and Atlantic City casinos. We'll focus first on the freethinking Mr. Santorum.

While discussing a forthcoming U.S. Supreme Court decision on the validity of a Texas law that bans sodomy, Senator Sanctimonious told the Associat-

ed Press: "If the Supreme Court says you have the right to consensual sex within your home, then you have the right to bigamy, you have the right to incest, you have the right to adultery, you have the right to anything."

That's the soundbite you saw in most newspapers. It was enough to rattle gay rights groups, who demanded that Santorum give up his post as the Senate's third most powerful Republican, just as Senator Trent Lott had done months earlier when caught indirectly praising segregation.

The outrage struck us as premature (Santorum was commenting on state laws, over which he has little control, and the Supreme Court had yet to rule on the Texas case) and a little naive. A right-wing Republican who fears and loathes gays? We're shocked.

The transcript of the Santorum interview contains nothing we haven't heard before. The AP reporter (who expressed surprise that the topic even came up) evidently touched a nerve. Santorum attacked liberals for their refusal to act as Old Testament judges of other people's private morality. He condemned moral relativism and, at the prodding of the journalist, took on something called "the right-to-privacy lifestyle."

(Like many Americans, we are proud to say we engage in that lifestyle, or rather, our notion of that lifestyle.)

A Roman Catholic by trade, Santorum says he believes strongly in oneman-one-woman-sex-for-procreationonly-within-the-confines-of-marriage. Polygamy, adultery and sodomy are all "antithetical to a healthy, stable, tra-

# By JAMES R. PETERSEN

ditional family."

"The definition of marriage has not ever to my knowledge included homosexuality," he said, just to clarify his position. "It's not man-on-child, manon-dog or whatever the case may be."

At that point the astonished reporter bailed out: "I'm sorry. I didn't think I was going to talk about man-on-dog with a U.S. senator. It's sort of freaking me out."

That's too bad. We would have liked to further explore Santorum's morbid interest in the family pet.

Predictably, the National Review defended the senator, arguing weakly

that he was not equating homosexuality with bestiality, just advancing a slippery-slope argument. Call it the domino theory of deviance. We could argue that marriage in whatever form—monogamy, bigamy or polygamy—is a public act, a form of contract, that may not even involve sex. As for bestiality, Santorum is right. Sex with animals is wrong. Kill them, eat them and wear their fur. But don't screw them.

Writing in U.S. News and World Report, John Leo noted that Santorum's points were obvious, shared by many people and, as such, a fine example of First Amendment expression. He further noted that the Supreme Court has created a right to privacy "found nowhere in the Constitution"; that Santorum's vision of the family is an "orthodox Roman Catholic position"

and that if the Supreme Court overturns the Texas sodomy law—whether based on a perceived right to privacy, consent or equal protection—"the law would be applied to other sexual acts and arrangements."

Leo quoted pro-gun gadfly Clayton Cramer, who apparently also has strong opinions on sexual mores:

"Once the Supreme Court strikes down Texas' sodomy law, there will be no defending laws against polygamy, bigamy, incest (at least if both parties are adults) or adultery. All will fall before the legal academy's fierce contempt for the religious beliefs of 90 percent of the population."

For Cramer to cast the desire for sexual autonomy—for the right to be left alone—as an act of contempt toward the alleged religious majority is too much. That 90 percent majority

does not need the Bill of Rights.
The document exists so the will
of the majority cannot be inflicted capriciously on the minority.
The founding fathers set out to
avoid the creation of a theocracy.

By the time you read this, the Supreme Court will have delivered its opinion on Lawrence vs. Texas, the case in which local police acted in the name of an absurd law. A tipster with a grudge against his gay neighbor called Houston police and said there was a gunman lurking in a nearby apartment. Officers discovered John Lawrence and Tyrone Garner in the act of destroying the fabric of society, expressing contempt for Judeo-Christian culture and threatening heterosexual marriages around the world. They hauled them both to jail. A judge fined them \$200 for violating section 21.06 of the Texas Criminal Code, a sexual deviance statute that forbids gay oral and anal sex.

Four states (Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri) still ban homosexual acts; nine (Alabama, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Utah and Virginia) have laws forbidding sodomy among all adults.

Many legal observers believe the court will finally undo one of its recent great mistakes, a 1986 ruling that upheld Georgia's right to uphold "millennia of moral teaching" by banning "crimes against nature." Yet during

oral arguments last spring about the Texas case, Justice William Rehnquist seemed to defend the politics of prejudice. "Almost all laws are based on disapproval of some people or conduct," he said. He proceeded with a line of questioning that seemed to indicate he got his sexual education from Anita Bryant, former Miss America contestant and orange juice flack, who in the Seventies argued that gay people should never be allowed to have contact with children. Would a victory, he asked, mean that states couldn't ban homosexuals from teaching kindergarten?

Justice Antonin Scalia also worried about the role of gay teachers. Parents, he said, "don't want homosexuals to teach their children. They don't want their children to follow that path and

become homosexuals."

It's hard to believe Supreme Court justices can be intelligent in rules of law but ignorant in the realities of modern life. How can anybody mistake pedophilia for consensual sex between adults? We don't know what is more troubling—people in power who have no knowledge of religion, or people in power who have no knowledge of sex.

Santorum's remarks prompted a national teach-in on sodomy. In The New Republic, Andrew Sullivan charted the history of Sodom. The Book of Ezekiel, he points out, lists a whole bill of particulars meriting the utter destruction of the city. Sullivan, citing Mark Jordan's The Invention of Sodomy in Christian Theology, noted that the words sodomy and sodomite apparently did not appear until the 11th century, when a hermit monk named Peter Damian became obsessed with samesex male sodomy as a clerical vice. Soon, guidebooks for the confessional devoted almost half their pages to condemning the practice—"more space than anger, sloth, envy, pride and gluttony combined."

Soon after, the church codified the belief that the only proper form of sex resulted in procreation. Sodomy became the catch-all indictment to describe all acts that do not lead to conception. Thus, crimes against nature included masturbation, oral sex, sex with condoms, sex with a woman who uses contraceptives, sex with a pregnant woman, sex with the dead, sex with a man, sex with an animal or vegetable, foot fetishists. It took most of the 20th century to undo the damage.

Sodomy has never been a threat to the republic. We can only hope that the Supreme Court tells the good senator and his spiritual colleagues to sit down and shut up.

# WILD BILL BENNETT

a crusader's virtue and vice

nd then there is William Bennett. Joshua Green, a former Forum editorial assistant who left for the Washington beat, nailed down rumors that Mr. Virtue, the man who once wanted to hang drug dealers from lampposts, has a love for the slots.

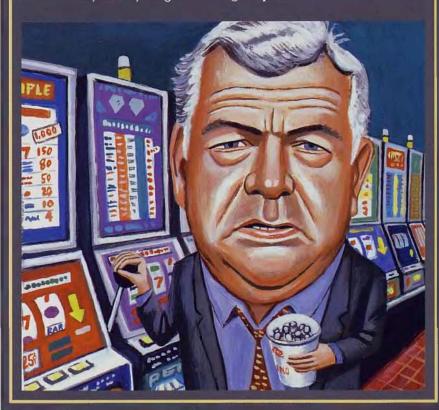
Building the indictment, Green cataloged Bennett's more scurrilous sermons. Wild Bill, he noted, has attacked drinking, homosexual unions, swinging, the Ricki Lake Show, liberals, academics, permissiveness and Bill Clinton's behavior in the White House.

While the checks were rolling in for his \$50,000 speeches in front of the Republican elite, or from royalties on his best-selling Book of Virtues, Bennett may have lost as much as \$8 million in casinos.

Bennett justified his gambling (and losing streak) this way: "I play fairly high stakes. I adhere to the law. I don't play the milk money. I don't put my family at risk and I don't owe anyone anything."

Bennett has been straightforward, saying: "I have gambled all my life and it's never been a moral issue with me. I liked church bingo when I was growing up. I've been a poker player. I view it as I do drinking. If you can't handle it, don't do it."

If only he had held that position while drug czar. We can't knock Bennett's passion for gamblingit's his money, his family hasn't seemed to suffer from his losses, and it's legal. Maybe he is just an exaggerated version of the kind of patriarch who drives around in an SUV with the bumper sticker I'M SPENDING MY CHILDREN'S INHERI-TANCE. But his comments reveal a curious attitude toward addiction, one that permeates the drug war he once led. The alcoholic should just quit drinking. The gambler who loses his family's milk money should just stop gambling. The drug user should just stop using. The difference, of course, is that drug users who can't "handle it" go to prison.



WILLE FOWELL

# FORUM

ast year the Justice Department announced the Terrorism Information and Prevention System, a hotline to allow postal carriers, utility workers and truckers to report "suspicious, publicly observable activity that could be related to terrorism." Operation TIPS died because of privacy concerns. But there are still plenty of places for loyal Americans to share their suspicions:

#### https://tips.fbi.gov

The FBI disconnected its toll-free terrorist tipline within months of September 11 but still maintains this online form. Don't forget to provide your name, mailing address, e-mail and phone number.

#### 888-622-0117

Is your neighbor a shady CEO? You're in luck! You can report him to the Corporate Fraud Hotline, created last year by the FBI to respond to crises such as those at Enron and Worldcom.

# 888-368-7238 If you're a trucker, volunteer for

Highway Watch. You will undergo

two hours of training and be given a number to report stranded motorists, accidents and "suspicious activities that might have terrorism or national security implications," even when you are on vacation or lounging at home (the American Trucking Association, which runs the hotline with funding from the Federal Motor Carrier Safety Administration, doesn't share the number with nontruckers; the number above is for the FMCSA hotline). The 4000 drivers who have been trained so far are reminded that empty trailers are more dangerous than full ones (because they're easier to fill with explosives); they're also warned to keep close tabs on their uniforms. The ATA says it gets 300 safety calls for every security tip but that the hotline has yielded "hidden gems of intelligence." A spokesman declined to elaborate.

#### 800-424-8802

If you believe the disenchanted chemist down the street has plans for a soft-target attack, the National Response Center, staffed by the U.S. Coast Guard, wants to hear your faltering voice. While it specializes in the discharge of chemical, biological and radioactive agents, the center accepts calls for 16 federal agencies about any sort of terrorist activity.



#### 800-537-3220

The guy next door owns a pleasure craft—but for whose pleasure? If you suspect he's smuggling illegal immigrants, drugs or explosives, contact the local River Watch, another Coast



CTO-C DOLL

Guard project (the number above is for Michigan residents). With the FBI, the guard also operates various Coastal Watch lines. Last year it announced plans to create a hotline for Maine lobstermen to report broken or cut fencing, flashing lights, unusual filming or other suspicious activity in remote coves and inlets. But the guard says privacy regulations made it too onerous to conduct background checks on volunteers.

#### 866-867-8300

Does your suspected terrorist neighbor flash wads of cash? Contact the Terrorism Financing Reward Program and burn your mortgage. The U.S. Treasury has paid \$9.5 million to 23 people whose tips it says helped prevent terrorism. If you're a wary

banker, contact the Financial Crimes Enforcement Network's private hotline. Banks, brokerages and currency exchanges file 10,000 to 12,000 Suspicious Activity Reports each month. Unlike banks, FinCEN never closes. Its database is open to a variety of federal agencies, including the CIA.

#### 301-816-5100

If you suspect that neon glow from your neighbor's garage is illicit radioactive material, call collect. It's the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's Incident Response Operations Center.

#### 800-BE-ALERT

U.S. Customs, now known as the Immigration and Customs Enforcement Bureau of the Department of Homeland Security, wants to hear about

your neighbor's terrorist-related finances, smuggling, embargo violations, illegal online activities, telemarketing fraud, stolen or fake art and antiques or forced convict or child labor. The hotline gets 50,000 tips each year, of which 300 to 1000 become investigations.

#### 800-843-5678

If you believe that someone you know is a child pornographer, the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children hotline will record your info for the FBI, Customs, the Secret Service and postal inspectors. Last year the center received 100,000 tips, most of them through CyberTipline.com. Its latest target is "unsolicited obscene material sent to a child" via e-mail.

#### 800-ATF-GUNS

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms has cornered the market on spy lines, although they all go to the same operator. Call this number to report your neighbor's illegal guns. Call 888-ATF-FIRE if he's set fire to something besides a pile of leaves, 888-ATF-BOMB if he's building an explosive or selling illegal fireworks or 888-ATF-TIPS about anything else that makes you nervous.

#### 800-829-0433

Does your neighbor cheat on his taxes? The IRS gets 600,000 calls each year—half of them between January and April 15—from ex-spouses, former friends, attorneys, bankers and cops who provide juicy details on money laundering, welfare cheats, cash payments to employees, duplicate books and unreported income such as tips and gambling winnings.

# READERRESPONSE

#### **POT VICTIM**

The federal prosecution of Ed Rosenthal for growing medical marijuana, even when he had approval from the city of Oakland to do so, is repugnant ("Kangaroo Court," The Playboy Forum, June). In his report, James R. Petersen quoted a DEA spokesman making the incredible assertion that "there is no such thing as medical marijuana." Surely the agency must be aware of the federal Compassionate Investigational New Drug Program. In 1976 Robert Randall, suffering from severe glaucoma, was the first citizen to receive a monthly supply of 300 prerolled marijuana cigarettes. When George H. W. Bush's Public Health Service closed the program to new patients in 1992, 34 people were still enrolled. Today seven are living and continue to receive refills each month by U.S. mail.

By keeping the jury ignorant of the fact that Rosenthal was working with Oakland officials, the judge took all notion of justice, put it in his pipe and smoked it.

Preston Peet Editor, drugwar.com New York, New York

After refusing Rosenthal's request for a new trial, Judge Charles Breyer on June 4 sentenced him to one day in prison. Prosecutors had asked for six and a half years.

#### **GOODNIGHT GUN**

Why you felt compelled to ridicule gun-safety books for children is beyond me, but you could have at least gotten your facts right ("Goodnight Gun," June). Eddie Eagle is more than a book. It's part of the National Rifle Association's Eddie Eagle Gun-Safe Program, which I created. More than 17 million students have heard the program's message: "If you see a gun, stop! Don't touch. Leave the area. Tell an adult."

Since the program began in 1988, fatal firearm accidents among children have dropped 56 percent, according to the National Center for Health Statistics. The Eddie Eagle program has been honored or formally endorsed by such groups as the

FOR THE RECORD

SACRED SEX

"I agree with beautiful brothels where young people can go and do what they want."

—A Romanian priest captured on a hidden camera

National Safety Council, the National Sheriff's Association and others. The governors of 24 states have signed resolutions recommending the program be used in their school systems. If, as you stated, "Children and guns don't mix," what makes you think a topic like child safety mixes with a magazine whose cover stories in that issue were about secret sex parties and the weirdest sex research?

suspended them.

by a television crew as he blessed local brothels

and sex shops. He and nine colleagues apparent-

ly offered the blessings in exchange for money, sex

toys and thong underwear. The Orthodox Church

Marion Hammer Past President National Rifle Association Fairfax, Virginia

Each book you reviewed has a similar message: Children and guns don't mix. Unfortunately, the 70 million children and the 200 million privately owned guns in this country get together far too often. The firearm-related death rate among U.S. children ages 14 and younger is nearly 12 times higher than the rates of 25 other industrialized nations combined. Research highlights two important

facts about gun-safety education: (1) Children in justsay-no programs are unlikely to walk away and tell an adult when they find a gun. (2) Parents tend to overestimate their children's ability to apply the lessons in these programs while underestimating the gun risks their children encounter. Knowing the extent of the problem may prompt parents to make the safest choice of all for kids-removing guns altogether.

The high risk of firearm death and injury among children and the ineffectiveness of teaching them to be safe around guns points to the value of requiring gun makers to design weapons that cannot be operated by minors. Child-proofing a gun is a better strategy than gun-proofing a child.

Nancy Lord Lewin Shannon Frattaroli John Hopkins Center for Gun Policy and Research Baltimore, Maryland

#### **HOLY SEX**

Your summary of how Christianity views sex ("In God We Lust," *The Playboy Forum*, June) focused on the Catholic Church. By some accounts there are more Protestants in the world, so how do you justify identifying Catholic dogma as prevailing?

Rory Smith Madison, Wisconsin We're dating a Catholic.

When the Dalai Lama speaks about sex, he's talking to monks, who are celibate. Outside the monastery, local customs dictate how straight and gay liaisons are viewed. In Buddhism, lay people are people who get laid.

Ken O'Neill Tucson, Arizona

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

# NEWSFRONT

# what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

# TONGUE LASHING

EL PASO, TEXAS—A 12-year-old boy asked a classmate to be his girlfriend. When she turned him down, he stuck out his tongue. "The teacher said he



moved his tongue back and forth and waved at her like you were patting someone on the back," explained the boy's father. "She said the girl was upset and scared." The school accused the boy of sexual harassment and suspended him for three days.

# TOSSED EVIDENCE

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT—When police asked a suspected drug dealer if he had swallowed any of his dope, he said yes. After receiving medication, he vomited eight bags of heroin, which police collected. At trial, the suspect's lawyer argued that whatever evidence the suspect had thrown up should be thrown out. She said that asking her client, who had not been read his rights, if he'd swallowed drugs constituted an illegal interrogation and argued that collecting the heroin was an unlawful search and seizure of the contents of his stomach. The judge ruled against the suspect.

# **BULLET BATTLE**

MINNEAPOLIS—While on safari in Africa a guide shot a charging lion twice, but the animal still managed to maul him. His lawyer said, "The lion died while chewing on my client." The hunter sued the companies who make the bullets for false advertising, saying they had promoted their ammo as being able to drop all types of big game. "This bullet is not suitable for killing a charging lion," his lawyer said. "It's suitable for killing a lion over a period of time."

# **NICE TRY**

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS—A drug offender petitioned a county judge for a temporary restraining order against a woman he said made him "scared, depressed and in fear for my freedom." Soon after, corrections officials delivered startling news: The woman was the man's parole officer. Another judge dismissed the order.

# WATCH YOUR MOUTH

washington, p.c.—Scientists studying STDs told reporters that health officials have instructed them to avoid using phrases such as anal sex, homosexuals, sex workers, transgender, men who sleep with men and needle exchange in their proposals, or risk offending conservative members of Congress and endangering their chances of receiving grant money.

# BAD APPLES

BROOKLYN—The NAACP filed a lawsuit against more than 100 gunmakers and distributors, claiming they have not done enough to regulate the shops that sell guns later used in crimes. The group cited a study that found that 90 percent of the guns recovered from crimes in New York City over four years were bought in other states. It also found that seven percent of the guns could be traced to 10 shops. "Eighty-six percent of the dealers in this country have zero traces," an NAACP lawyer said.

# NARC, NARC, YOU'RE DEAD

NEW YORK—An informant told police that a dealer stored cocaine and heroin in a Harlem apartment. Armed with a warrant, police kicked open the door and tossed in a flash

grenade. After handcuffing the 57-year-old occupant, they realized that her apartment didn't match the informant's description. The woman, who had a heart condition, went into cardiac arrest and died soon after. "We're deeply saddened," the police commissioner said. The medical examiner ruled the death a homicide.

# LINE-ITEM SEX

DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY—A drunken man ordered "the full program" during a visit to a brothel. He awoke the next morning with no memory of what had transpired and a four-figure charge on his credit card. He took the brothel to court. A judge ruled in his favor, saying that the brothel should have itemized its bill. An official explained: "It should have listed, for example, two sexual intercourse sessions at 600 euros, oral sex at 300 euros or anal sex at 400 euros."

# NO-COLLAR WORK

PHILADELPHIA—Fed up with cold rooms and paint fumes, models who pose nude for students at the Moore College of Art and Design joined the



American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. The group hopes to improve on its \$11 hourly wage and fight for cleaner, warmer and better-ventilated rooms. It also wants private changing areas.



SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE. IN FAIRY TALES.

**CELICA** In real life, you're going to need a little more juice. Like the Celica GT-S. Its 180-hp VVTL-i engine is perfect for the more goal-oriented driver. And with its new available High Intensity Discharge (HID) headlamps, you'll never lose sight of that finish line.



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JON GRUDEN

a candid conversation with the insanely intense coach about winning the super bowl, waking up at 3:17 a.m. and making "chucky" faces during sex

He is a freckle-faced maniac, dissecting opposing teams, browbeating his players and drilling holes through reporters with his laserlike eyes. In last season's NFL block-buster Chucky's Revenge, he used a lethal mixture of sweat and brains to dismantle his former team, the Oakland Raiders, in Super Bowl XXXVII. Are you ready for the sequel?

Jon Gruden certainly is. The Tampa Bay Buccaneers' coach has been working 18-hour days to prep his team for a new challenge: to avoid the now common post-Super Bowl swoon. Gruden, whose sideline scowls earned him the nickname Chucky for his resemblance to the devil doll in the Child's Play movies, turned 40 on August 17—he is still the league's youngest head coach—but he swears he isn't mellowing. "I'm in here all the time," says Gruden, sitting in his cramped office across the street from a Tampa shopping mall, surrounded by playbooks and cassettes of game film. "I'm watching film. I'm strategizing. I want to work better, think better, get after it more."

That's scary.

The son of a college coach, Gruden dreamed of being a pro quarterback. But he was never a serious prospect as a QB at the University of Dayton, so after graduating in 1985 he decided to channel his fierce drive into coaching. He signed on as a graduate assistant at Tennessee, where he met his wife, Cindy, a Vols cheerleader. Gruden began to climb the coaching ladder-wide receivers coach at the University of the Pacific and later at the University of Pittsburgh. He held the same post with the Packers until 1995, when the Philadelphia Eagles named him offensive coordinator. In 1998, Raiders owner Al Davis made 35-year-old Gruden the baby of NFL head coaches. In four seasons in Oakland the kid went 40-28, a record that included a controversial playoff loss to the eventual Super Bowl champion Patriots (the Raiders got robbed by the zebras). Then Tampa Bay, desperate for a coach after Bill Parcells and Steve Spurrier turned down the proposal, offered Oakland owner Davis a king's ransom for the right to sign Gruden.

You know the rest: Gruden leads the Bucs to the Bowl, where they face Oakland in a grudge match for the ages. And on the sweetest Sunday he could have imagined, Gruden's intellect and demonic drive combine with Tampa Bay's talent to demolish his old team 48–21.

That victory made Gruden a crossover star. In an age of celebrity football coaches, when Parcells' arrival can overshadow the rest of what was once America's Team, the youthful Gruden may be the biggest celebrity coach of all.

What's next? More late nights, and if all goes well, another scary victory dance. Writer Kevin Cook met with Gruden in the coach's office during preseason, down the hall from a sign that reads HOW ABOUT A NICE CUP OF SHUTTHE FUCK UP?

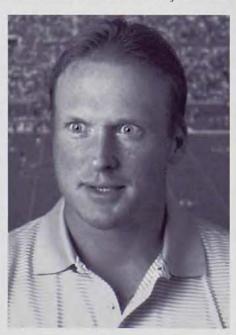
PLAYBOY: How does this season shape up? GRUDEN: Philadelphia looks good. In the NFC South, our division, I'm leery of Atlanta. They're on the verge of being a great team. The Saints are on the verge, too, and John Fox is doing great work with the Panthers. We're in a bear of a conference now.

PLAYBOY: Are you different this year? Did winning the Super Bowl change you?

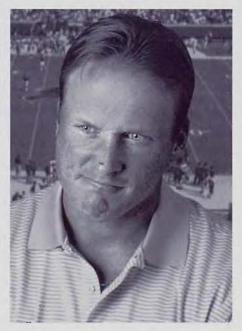
GRUDEN: No. I have people around me who'd throw me in a Dumpster if I did: my dad—who was a coach—guys on my coaching staff, players, too. They wouldn't tolerate any ego from me.

**PLAYBOY:** Who'd be the first player to straighten you out?

GRUDEN: Warren Sapp. He'd be the first to dump me in the trash. He'd be followed by Brad Johnson and Derrick Brooks, then a band of others.



"Outside of football, I'm not very functional. I'm terrible at numbers. I can tell you my address but not my zip code. I can't put together some of my kids' toys. If not for my wife, the bills would never get paid."



"I'm a type A personality. There was a time when I thought I might be sick and looked for help. I saw a lot of doctors, until one of them told me I have a gift. I don't require sleep like other people. That's an edge."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY C.J. WALKER

"Football is important. It's the ultimate team game. Americans like to compete. Football is physical competition, strategic competition. There wouldn't be 70,000 fans in the stadium if it weren't important." **PLAYBOY:** It didn't make the broadcast, but one highlight after the Super Bowl was Sapp dancing in your locker room in nothing but his jockstrap. Is that a scene from a fright flick?

**GRUDEN:** Yeah, that's horrifying. But it was appropriate. Winning the Super Bowl—it's the best feeling in life. And I will dance in a jockstrap on Dale Mabry Highway if we do it again.

PLAYBOY: Everyone dreams of winning the Super Bowl. Is the reality as good

as the dream?

**GRUDEN:** Every bit as good. The week before the game, it's all you think about. It's like having a lottery ticket that's either the jackpot winner or nothing, just paper. And when that lottery number

comes across the screen and it's you, man—that's as good as I

ever dreamed.

**PLAYBOY:** After Sapp, which Buc is the scariest naked?

**GRUDEN:** I can't say I study our players carefully when they're naked, but we've got some candidates. It's got to be one of the offensive linemen. I'll go with Kerry Jenkins.

PLAYBOY: Jenkins is about 6'5",

305 pounds—

**GRUDEN:** He's probably got the funkiest body naked. You would have to see it to believe it.

PLAYBOY: How's your health? Bucs fans must worry about

your blood pressure.

GRUDEN: I don't check it. I've been tested, and it was high. I've taken medication; now it's under control. I'm really very composed.

PLAYBOY: You're wound pretty tight.

GRUDEN: But I run and work out. I'm in good shape; it's just that I'm a type A personality. There was a time when I thought I might be sick and looked for help. I was concerned about my health because I rarely slept. I saw a lot of doctors, until one of them finally told me I have a gift. I

don't require sleep like other people. "That's an edge," he said. "Use it." So instead of sleep I'll study the Rams' redzone offense or the Eagles' nickel-blitz package. I'll write some letters, listen to music, read a book, read Rolling Stone. I also read PLAYBOY, but just the articles. I barely look at the pictures.

PLAYBOY: Were you a hyperactive kid? GRUDEN: Out of the crib early, up before dawn every day of my life. I wanted action. One Christmas Eve I stayed up all night, watching for Santa. The guy never came. Finally my parents came out and I said, "OK, there ain't no Santa. Let's talk about the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy." Solved the puzzle that night.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever on Ritalin?

**GRUDEN:** No, I wasn't a spaz. Not that people who use Ritalin are, but I wasn't clinical. I just had a hard time resting. I'd lie down and close my eyes, but nothing would happen.

PLAYBOY: Some football people say you're

too tough on rookies.

GRUDEN: I've been accused of liking veteran players more, but there's a reason. You can learn from them. A veteran quarterback like Rich Gannon or Brad Johnson—those guys have been in a lot of battles. They're a good resource if you're willing to listen. Football isn't just games, it's planning. It's meetings all week, and we don't just twiddle our thumbs in those meetings. We deal with facts, with information, and a veteran



Winning the Super Bowl is the best feeling. I will dance in a jockstrap on the highway if we do it again.

offers more information than a rookie. **PLAYBOY:** How will the Bucs be different this year?

**GRUDEN:** Nothing stays the same; you get better or worse. We've lost players to free agency——

PLAYBOY: Super Bowl MVP Dexter Jackson got \$14 million to bolt to Arizona.

GRUDEN: But we've added players, too. John Wade from Jacksonville and Jason Whittle, a guard from the New York Giants—potential starters in the offensive line. We've added Dwayne Rudd from the Browns, an outside linebacker. We're looking at some options at safety to take over for Dexter Jackson, and we have some players from the draft.

PLAYBOY: Every Bucs fan knows you set

your alarm clock to go off at 3:17 in the morning. Why? Is that Sapp's weight? **GRUDEN:** No, we've got him at 303. A lot

of people think 3:17 is a Bible verse.

PLAYBOY: Exodus 3:17—I will bring you

**PLAYBOY:** Exodus 3:17—I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt... unto a land flowing with milk and honey.

**GRUDEN:** But it's not some cryptic message. It's just this: An alarm clock I got when I was with the Raiders happened to be set that way. First night it goes offat 3:17, and that fit my schedule. It gave me time to shower and get to work by four. So I left it that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything special about the clock?

GRUDEN: Yeah, it had the Notre Dame fighting leprechaun on it, and it played

the Notre Dame fight song. I love that song. Now I have a new clock—the leprechaun didn't go with our bedroom decor—but I set it at 3:17, too.

PLAYBOY: Why Notre Dame? You went to Dayton.

GRUDEN: Notre Dame was where I fell in love with football. My dad was one of Dan Devine's assistant coaches. I went to high school in South Bend. Those were great Notre Dame teams. Joe Montana was the quarterback. Just walking around the campus jacked me up every day.

PLAYBOY: Did you have football heroes before Montana?

GRUDEN: Doug Williams. When I was a grade-school kid in Tampa—my dad coached the Bucs' running backs—Doug was the man. I had an I DIG DOUG T-shirt and I'd pretend to be him. Later on, my dad joined the coaching staff at Indiana and I was a ball boy for Bob Knight. He's another hero. PLAYBOY: You were surrounded by big-time sports, but you never made it big yourself.

GRUDEN: I wasn't very big. But mainly I wasn't good enough.
PLAYBOY: When did you realize you would never be a star?

**GRUDEN:** I was a backup quarterback at Dayton, which is a Division III school. That was a clue. When I was in college my little brother, Jay, was already bigger than I was.

**PLAYBOY:** Jay Gruden went on to be an Arena Football League legend, a quarterback and coach for the Tampa Bay Storm, and is a member of your staff.

**GRUDEN:** But then he was just this big lug. He was about to become the sophomore quarterback at Chamberlain High in Tampa, and he would just lie on the couch eating crackers and drinking Rondo sodas, watching MTV. It drove me crazy. There I was, a backup at Dayton, spending my summer getting up early, lifting weights like a madman, running,

throwing hundreds of balls every day while he sat there with a mouth full of popcorn. One day I said, "Get off your butt, lazy ass. Let's run. I'll race you." I had a mile run I'd do in our neighborhood, finishing with two tenths of a mile up Old Saybrook Avenue. So we were neck and neck to that point. Then we turned left on Old Saybrook and Jay just left me. Beat me by 200 yards. Then he danced in our driveway. He did the Rocky dance, waving his arms. That's when I knew I would never be more than a Division III backup. I was crushed. PLAYBOY: Did Jay know how much that hurt you?

GRUDEN: Oh, he beat me up, too. That summer my little brother beat me in a race and beat me up in a fight. That's the exclamation point on my athletic career. PLAYBOY: What was the fight about?

GRUDEN: Miscellaneous things. "Give me the remote!" We fought all the time. Body blows only, no punching in the face-that was the Gruden rule.

PLAYBOY: What a warm family. You threw full-force body blows?

GRUDEN: Repeatedly. We'd play basketball and dive for a loose ball or argue over a double dribble, then throw the ball at each other and start punching. But only away from Mom and Dad. If we fought at home, Mom would smack us with a big wooden spoon.

PLAYBOY: When did you and Jay stop

fighting?

GRUDEN: We didn't. One summer we were busting each other up on the front lawn when a car pulled over. A lady got out and told us to knock it off or she would call the police. The next day I felt like I'd been in a car wreck. I was so sore I couldn't lift weights.

PLAYBOY: How did you handle knowing that you would never be more than a

second-stringer?

GRUDEN: I threw myself into coaching. I don't want to sound weird, but I love this game. In college I couldn't wait for football season, and when I wasn't any good I couldn't wait to get into coaching.

PLAYBOY: Don't Americans make too much of football?

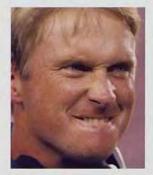
GRUDEN: No. Football is important. For one thing, it's the ultimate team game. Americans like to compete. Football is physical competition, strategic competition. It's bands and fans and excitement. There wouldn't be 70,000 fans in the stadium if it weren't important. It's my passion. There are lots of people who don't have a passion or never find one, but I'm lucky-I found mine.

PLAYBOY: You haven't changed much since high school.

GRUDEN: Maybe that's a fault. Maybe I should expand my horizons, learn what's going on in the world. Outside of football, I'm not very functional. I can't change the oil in my car or put together

# The Many Faces of Chucky

No one has more facial expressions than Jon Gruden. But what do they tell us about him? The experts weigh in.



Jo-Ellan Dimitrius, body-language expert: He looks like he's constipated—like he's holding something in and he's in a lot of pain.

George Merlis, media trainer: Men like this tend to get angry when the people under them don't do everything the way they would do it themselves.

Kevin Hogan, management specialist: You don't bite your lip when you're angry. The lip-bite tries to make you look angry, but you're really afraid.



Dimitrius: The prospect of standing there and listening to people he considers a bunch of idiots ask him a bunch of idiotic questions is almost more than he can bear.

Merlis: Because he is so volatile, people walk on eggshells around him. That's a power trip for him.

Hogan: He gets this expression at home. His wife says, "Honey, this is your fault." He bites his cheek and says, "You know, you're absolutely right."



Dimitrius: This man is truly a control freak. He needs to be running the show.

Merlis: I wouldn't want to be his son, but I wouldn't mind being his daughter. He would probably push his son to be an achiever, while he would probably be very indulgent with a girl.

Hogan: He's not mad. This is how he communicates. I wouldn't be surprised if this is how Jon acts after sex, too: "Yeah! Hell, yeah!"



Jim Reardon, sports psychologist: If looks could kill. That's the look a player works hard not to get.

Merlis: Boy, I want to play poker with this guy, because every emotion is painted across his face like a billboard.

Hogan: This dude will be lucky if he doesn't have the Dan Reeves heart attack by the time he's 55. But this is a guy who, once the heart attack hits, will finish the game—and then go to the hospital.



Reardon: This proves that he has the capability of savoring something. Some people never let themselves get to this point. A guy like Bobby Knight—it's just on to the next battle.

Merlis: Sadly, his wife will see this look only on TV. On Super Bowl Sunday. And only if he wins.

Hogan: There's an 11-year-old boy here saying, "Hi! Before my dad told me that every second was life or death, this is how I looked." —STEVEN CHEAN some of my kids' toys. I like to hit golf balls, but I'll shank my six-iron. I have a hard time memorizing phone numbers—I'm terrible at numbers. I can tell you my address but not my zip code. My wife's cell number? That gets mixed up in my head with 22 Scat Z-Spot Option. In everyday life, I'm not the most astute guy. If not for my wife, the bills would never get paid.

PLAYBOY: How can such a scatterbrain

win a Super Bowl?

**GRUDEN:** Football is different. I come to the office at four in the morning and I'm disciplined. I'll put together a tip sheet for our quarterbacks that's 12 to 14 pages long. Well documented, precise, with seven or eight critical points—bluechip looks at our next opponent's personnel and the defenses they play.

PLAYBOY: The ordinary defensive fronts and the ones they'll use to rush Brad Johnson. How detailed is the tip sheet

you give Johnson?

gets a tip sheet on Wednesday and another on Thursday. Wednesday's might preview the other team's base blitz. I might preview a weak link in their defense, then we'll go out and walk through a way to attack it. Thursday's tip sheet might be on the opponent's nickel defense, short-yardage and goal-line situations. I've talked a lot about situational football. A game is like the layout of a house: You do different things in different rooms. Base blitz, red zone, short yardage, goal line, two-minute drill—they're different environments.

PLAYBOY: You watch so much game film—ever go to Blockbuster and rent a movie? GRUDEN: Sure. But I fast-forward a lot. I can't watch the previews. They take too long. And I like videos I've seen before, so I can zip through to the cool scenes. Then it's like football film—you fast-forward to the important play. And when you get to that cool scene, you might watch it and rewind and see it twice. That drives my wife crazy.

PLAYBOY: Would you watch an adult mov-

ie that way?

**GRUDEN:** I'm an American male—if there's a good-looking girl, I'll fast-forward to her best scene.

**PLAYBOY:** As an American teenager, did you like football more than girls?

GRUDEN: I wouldn't say that. I was well aware of PLAYBOY and what it's about.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you learn about sex? **GRUDEN:** I had a big brother. I had friends. I liked girls at a young age, and I explored. I was like Christopher Columbus, finding a new world.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your first time.
GRUDEN: First girl, first prom, first hot date—it's like your first Super Bowl.
Those were insane times, brother.

PLAYBOY: What was your first hot date?

**GRUDEN:** My wife. She was a Tennessee cheerleader. That was a truly hot date. I went to her house, and I was so nervous. I needed to have a good first date so there would be a second. I wanted to have a sustained drive.

**PLAYBOY:** By then you were a graduate assistant helping the Vols' football team. But you were no virgin. Give us a tip sheet on your first sexual score.

GRUDEN: Do I have to?

PLAYBOY: America wants to know.

**GRUDEN:** I've lied about this before. I've told some fibs. OK—I lost my virginity to the Notre Dame fight song.

PLAYBOY: There was a band?

**GRUDEN:** No, not even music. But it was in my mind.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

I haven't shown America.

**GRUDEN:** Seventeen. In South Bend. On a waterbed.

PLAYBOY: We've seen all your Chucky expressions on the NFL sidelines. Is it safe to say that's how you look during sex? GRUDEN: No. There are a few faces you could tie into that situation, but I don't show everything. There are some looks

There were rumors of Warren Sapp being traded for me! But you couldn't trade 25 Jon Grudens for half of Sapp.

PLAYBOY: Faces only your wife has seen?
GRUDEN: Sure. This face moves in many directions, man. Only one person knows them all

PLAYBOY: Are you getting sick of the

whole Chucky thing?

GRUDEN: It's all in fun. I saw Raiders fans at the Super Bowl carrying Chucky dolls with nooses around their necks. They were yelling "Traitor!" at me. I was a little amazed by that. I mean, I understand football fans—with them you're either friend or foe. But I have feelings, too, and you've got to remember—they traded me. For me, that game was never about revenge. My coming from Oakland was just a nice sidebar. Playing for the world championship was enough motivation for me. But let's get back to movies for a minute: Those Child's Play videos are definitely worth renting.

PLAYBOY: Does your wife get called Bride of Chucky?

GRUDEN: Not by me.

PLAYBOY: These days people call you a genius. If you are, why didn't you take Oakland to the Super Bowl?

GRUDEN: I won't say we didn't play good enough defense or had too many injuries or missed a field goal or got ripped off by a referee. I have to take responsibility. I didn't coach well enough.

PLAYBOY: You left that team suddenly. Did you call any of the Raiders afterward

to say goodbye?

GRUDEN: There are rules against talking to other teams. It's called tampering. And you need to remember how my Raiders career ended. They traded me in the middle of the night. By phone. So I left quietly. I didn't want to be quoted. I didn't want to call around and say something personal and have it leak out, because it will leak out. In my opinion, that wouldn't be professional.

Those Raiders guys—I was with them every day for four years. They knew what I felt for them. But my objective was to come to Tampa Bay and replace Tony Dungy, a guy who'd done a hell of a job. I had to join forces with Sapp, Derrick Brooks and Keyshawn Johnson. I had to hire an offensive coaching staff to go with [offensive coordinator] Bill Muir, who was already here. I knew Monte Kiffin, the defensive coordinator, and I wanted to keep his defensive staff together. So I'd better have called all those guys, called them a lot.

PLAYBOY: Who was the first player you

called?

**GRUDEN:** Sapp. He's a great player, a magnetic personality, always a target of rumor and gossip. There were rumors of him being traded for me! But you couldn't trade 25 Jon Grudens and all his playbooks for half of Sapp. We ain't trading him for a small continent. I had to tell him I needed him.

PLAYBOY: Did your stars have to warm up

to your cuddly personality?

GRUDEN: You can't win those guys—Warren, Brooks, Keyshawn—over in five minutes. You can't brown-nose them. But you can earn their trust. I asked them to keep an open mind, because I had a plan I knew would work. "I respect the job Tony did," I said. "Now it's our job to finish it."

PLAYBOY: And now?

**GRUDEN:** It's our job to defend a world championship. I'm going to be leaning on Sapp and his friends.

**PLAYBOY:** When Al Davis traded you, what time was it on your alarm clock?

GRUDEN: One A.M. I was groggy, man. Just got back from a Hawks-Warriors basketball game. My wife answered the phone and handed it to me. It wasn't a long conversation. He wanted to know if I was interested in talking to Tampa Bay. I said, "Most definitely." And he gave me the phone numbers for the Glazers [the Buccaneers' owners].

PLAYBOY: Later, Davis said you were "pretty green" when he made you the league's youngest head coach. "Jon Gruden learned a lot here," he said.

GRUDEN: I'm still green. And I am

# STOLICHNAYA



# RUSSIAN VODKA

LAYBOY

respectful of Al Davis. I owe him a great deal, and I'm still learning. The minute I stop learning, this league's wild bulls will trample all over me.

PLAYBOY: Be a fan for a minute. Who's your favorite quarterback? No fair say-

ing Johnson or Gannon.

GRUDEN: Brett Favre. Blue-chip ability, charisma, the greatest competitor alive. He's a bitch. I just love that guy. And now you have the new-wave quarter-backs—Michael Vick and Donovan McNabb—who make football exciting.

**PLAYBOY:** In practice before the Super Bowl, you pretended to be Gannon so your defense could get used to his moves

and his mannerisms. You even did his voice, barking signals.

GRUDEN: Rich and I got along. Hopefully when we're done in football we can float down the river and be best friends. In the Super Bowl I had a pretty good idea how he'd look and what he'd say. You can't be sure, but I basically knew they'd go no-huddle at some point. So in practice, I wanted to give our defense an image to concentrate on, an audio-visual stimulus. It loosened our team up when I went out there as Gannon.

**PLAYBOY:** One of your players said your passes went so high they looked like kickoffs.

GRUDEN: That's really nice. Actually, I stuck it right in there,

**PLAYBOY:** In your pregame speech, you mentioned Viagra.

**GRUDEN:** Geez, how does this stuff get out? That was a private team meeting. We'd beaten Philadelphia and I said, "You think last week was exciting? This is the Super Bowl, and you shouldn't need any Viagra. Don't be limp out there, be fired up!"

**PLAYBOY:** We're told that baseball is a thinking man's game, but football is far more complicated. How many decisions will a quarterback make in one play?

GRUDEN: It's complicated just to get out of the huddle. Call the formation, call the play, be ready to audibilize, vary your snap count, signal the play because it's so loud you can't hear. Now the play starts. Be ready to change your setup, change your footwork, throw with people bearing down on you. There are 22 players moving fast, collisions on every play. I've played baseball—good game, but it's a lot of standing around.

**PLAYBOY:** Before the game you told your players not to bite on Gannon's pump fakes. So they stayed home and intercepted him five times.

GRUDEN: We didn't know for sure what the Raiders would do. But we had our clues. Before the game we're like Ellery Queen, searching feverishly for clues. We take them to [safety] John Lynch, who's the judge. He makes the decisions out there. Monte Kiffen had some good clues that week. I had a clue or two.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when everything went your way? Lynch was miked on the sideline. He said, "This is going exactly like we practiced it."

about our offense. Lynch is an amazing student of football, a Hall of Fame player and a future coach. Or governor of Florida. He crunches information and takes it to our guys on defense. It's more than physical—it's collective knowledge and energy. Our defense makes very few mistakes. They think, they anticipate and they pounce.

**PLAYBOY:** Are football players smarter than people think?

**GRUDEN:** Yes. I don't know anyone playing in this league who isn't smart.

PLAYBOY: Come on.

**GRUDEN:** I mean it. Maybe they didn't excel academically because they were focused on their sport. I didn't do well in algebra and trigonometry myself.

**PLAYBOY:** But you practiced drawing perfect circles on blackboards.

**GRUDEN:** That's different. That's for drawing plays. If you're going to be a coach, you can't draw hacker circles on the board.

**PLAYBOY:** You were thinking offense. Circles represent offensive players.



GRUDEN: Yeah, when I got into coaching I couldn't draw any defensive alignments. My head was just a vacant lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't one of your mentors tell you not to overemphasize the game?

GRUDEN: Bob McKittrick was the 49ers' line coach. One of my football fathers. He calls me up one day and says, "Jon, I've got cancer. I'm going to die soon." I didn't know what to say. Bob was telling me there's more to life than football. He regretted things. "Jon," he says, "you don't want to be a 65-year-old offensive line coach with no friends and no life." That was a lot for me to handle.

**PLAYBOY:** McKittrick died three years ago. Did that change you?

**GRUDEN:** Well, no. The way I see it, if you're a professional football coach, that's what you do. You don't think about the stock market or your pension plan. You have a duty to put together your most creative game plan every week, something that stimulates your guys and wins the game. It ain't easy.

PLAYBOY: After you won the Super Bowl, did you relax? Sleep in until, say, 4:17? GRUDEN: There are usually at least two sons in bed with me and my wife. We've got three: Jon II—we call him Deuce—Michael and Jayson, from three to nine years old. It's a full bed. We wrestle around and watch the big-screen TV. We'll watch SpongeBob SquarePants.

PLAYBOY: Your running back Mike Alstott

has some square pants. Is Alstott the most rectangular man alive?

**GRUDEN:** He's a truck. Tough dude, an old-school ballplayer.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle Keyshawn Johnson? He's considered one of the biggest head cases in the sport. You yanked him on one play last year, and he made it clear he didn't like it.

GRUDEN: We have some good receivers on our team. Key is one, but Keenan McCardell is a good player and so is Joe Jurevicius. On some plays we have only one receiver on the field. The play I pulled Key on was one of those. He got mad. I'll say this—he's a great competitor. He's a key to our offense. A player like that, you have to earn his trust, and I'm still earning it. Our job is to defend our championship; Key is one of the guys I'm going to lean on. I could do a better job stimulating and working with him. I'm working on our relationship—it's getting better.

**PLAYBOY:** How could you use Keyshawn better?

**GRUDEN:** Get him better looks. **PLAYBOY:** Get him the damn ball?

**GRUDEN:** Yeah. We'd like to be more explosive, convert more third downs and get 10 to 12 more plays every game. That's at least 160 more plays in a year. Key could catch a lot more balls.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of your job is Xs and Os, and how much is relationships?

**GRUDEN:** Xs and Os are key, but you've got to sell your approach. You don't want to be some rigid guy with blinders on. Football players are emotional—they have something wild and crazy to them. They get their asses knocked off every play. You have to be one tough dude to play in the NFL. I respect that.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you like to calm down? **GRUDEN:** I'm trying. But the heat of the moment is a powerful thing, brother. It gets you going, and sometimes the most descriptive word is one I reach for.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't "fuck" the first word you said to the Bucs on your first day?

**GRUDEN:** Not so. I said, "Good morning, men." That's still how we start every day. **PLAYBOY:** After college you interned with the 49ers. What was that like?

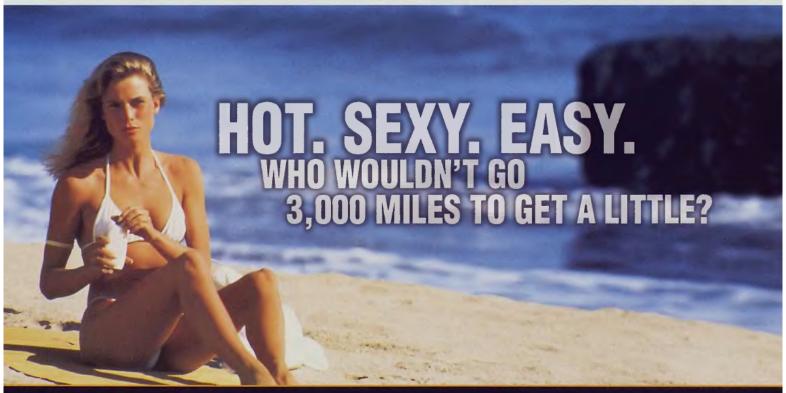
**GRUDEN:** The players called me Uncle Buck. For a while I ran a few miles to practice every day, but finally I bought an old Delta 88 for \$500. It was 17 feet long and white, like John Candy's car in the movie. Jerry Rice started calling me Uncle Buck, and it caught on.

PLAYBOY: What do you drive now?

**GRUDEN:** I don't own a car. I'd probably lose it. The Buccaneers supply one—a silver Mercedes-Benz.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that you can't stand to hear people chewing gum or tapping a pen, and that you hate it when people walk in front of the TV?

GRUDEN: I can be a little irritable.





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PLAYBOY: [Tapping feet] What else bugs you? Somebody tapping his feet?

GRUDEN: Yes. People stirring, moving around. People whose eyes wander when you're talking to them.

PLAYBOY: How about road rage?

GRUDEN: The red lights in Tampa are the longest in America. I have a hard time with that. I'll sit there steaming, talking

PLAYBOY: But for all your foibles, People named you one of the 50 most beautiful people in 2001. What did your wife think of that?

GRUDEN: She was stunned. I was probably a sympathy case-they wanted somebody from football. But I sure let every-

PLAYBOY: You sent Seattle coach Mike Holmgren a note signed Jon Gruden, One of the 50 Most Beautiful People.

GRUDEN: I still remind the team that they shouldn't upset me. We don't want to disrupt the beauty I've established. Our cornerback Ronde Barber was also one of the most beautiful, so Ronde and I keep an eye on each other. We make sure we're on top of our looks.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you can't grow a beard?

GRUDEN: I can get a little stubble going, but that's it.

PLAYBOY: You quote rappers in your pregame speeches. How do you keep up with the genre?

GRUDEN: I'll grab a player's headset and listen. Sometimes there's a lyric I can use to connect with the guys. Tupac, I like what he did. I'm not on the cutting edge of rap, but I know Eminem, Snoop Dogg.

PLAYBOY: You like Eminem?

GRUDEN: He is an amazing, explosive talent. But if I'm listening for myself, it's old-school rock and roll. Bon Jovi, Earth, Wind and Fire, AC/DC, Metallica. And I like Prince. He's strong, a real competitor. I like Raspberry Beret and Little Red Corvette.

PLAYBOY: Those are sexual references, you know.

GRUDEN: What music isn't? That's entertainment, man.

PLAYBOY: Do you dance, too?

GRUDEN: I'm not the best dancer. I get a little embarrassed out there, but I do make a bold attempt on occasion.

PLAYBOY: You go clubbing?

GRUDEN: No, but if there's a team function with a band, I'll cut the rug. Slowdancing with my wife's the best, but if it's a fast beat I'll flop around.

PLAYBOY: What do your players think of

GRUDEN: Lynch might be critical of my dancing, but if so, I'll critique his, too. Alstott, same thing. Neither of those guys can dance.

64 PLAYBOY: It's hard to picture Alstott

in full boogie.

GRUDEN: Just stay the hell out of his way. Alstott needs a lot of room. But he's got some beat. He's a lot better than Lynch. Dancing might be an offensive-player thing, although Simeon Rice can really move. He's our best dancer. When Rice gets introduced before the game he does his little shoulder wiggle. Anthony Mc-Farland, too-for a shorter guy with a big, big body, he has a quick wiggle. We've got some guys who can move.

PLAYBOY: You moved one guy early in your tenure with the Raiders. Larry Brown was a Super Bowl MVP. You were the new coach, and Brown came to you with some demands.

GRUDEN: I wasn't confrontational. I just flew him home. When I got there the team was coming off a 4-12 year, 30th in the league in defense, and we had to change that. It starts with a change of attitude, a change of heart. So when a guy comes to you-a guy who's thought of as a star player-and tells you pointblank, "I ain't playing here if I ain't the guy," what can you say?

PLAYBOY: What did you say?

Everybody in the league gets the schedule and says, "You guys will win this game, you'll win that one," but you know you'll get your block knocked off if you're not ready.

GRUDEN: I said, "You ain't the guy. Nice meeting you, but you're going home." PLAYBOY: Can a placekicker be worth a

first-round draft pick?

GRUDEN: You talking about [anikowski? PLAYBOY: Your Raiders surprised people by taking Sebastian Janikowski in the first round three years ago.

GRUDEN: I was in on that pick. Here's a guy who could be your leading scorer for 15 years. He could affect strategy and field position—if he had the right stuff.

PLAYBOY: Was he the right pick?

GRUDEN: Check back in nine or 10 years. They've won three straight AFC West titles with him.

PLAYBOY: Do you motivate kickers the same way you do other guys? Are there times you need to buck up Martin Gramatica, or give him a kick in the ass?

GRUDEN: If anything, we need to cool him down. Martin is 100 times more animated than me. When he made a kick to beat Carolina, we almost knocked each other unconscious jumping around.

PLAYBOY: You're a monomaniac. What would you do without football?

GRUDEN: Be an announcer. I have a degree in communications. Or write fiction-I did some writing in college. I might write a football novel.

PLAYBOY: But you'll probably coach until

GRUDEN: I'm so short-term oriented, it's hard to say. My only long-term goals are to be a great parent and a good husband and to get right with the guy upstairs while there's still time.

PLAYBOY: Are you scared of death—is that what drives you?

GRUDEN: It is. Death bothers me because it's out of my control. I mean, Wilt Chamberlain is dead. Can you believe that? Gone. Payne Stewart, his plane crashed. Gone. Bob McKittrick, a great coach and great guy. Gone. It's hard to wrap your mind around that.

PLAYBOY: At least you're famous. When you die, you'll be one of People's beautiful corpses. Do you enjoy being a celebrity? GRUDEN: Hey, I got a fruit basket from Jay Leno. That was cool. I got to meet Letterman, too. He surprised me with how much he knew about football. The other night I gave a speech, and met Dyan Cannon. Great laugh, fanatical sports fan.

**PLAYBOY:** Does she know your formations and audibles?

GRUDEN: No, but we'd love to teach her. PLAYBOY: Does being a celebrity make your job harder? Do players resent the way fans and the media go wild over you? GRUDEN: Come on. I'm not playing. I can strategize and maybe challenge a player or two-somebody who needs a little extra jolt to get him going. But they've got to respond to the challenge. You may see me on TV, man, but look at what I'm watching-the game is on the field.

PLAYBOY: What's the biggest misconception among fans?

GRUDEN: That football just happens on Sunday. We work at it all week, every month, year-round.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes you work 20 hours a day. Is it worth it? Do you ever worry that Bob McKittrick was right-that you are too focused on football?

GRUDEN: Maybe I am. But there's nothing like it. Everybody in the league gets the schedule and says, "You guys will win this game, you'll win that one," but you know you'll get your block knocked off if you're not ready. Because everybody's good. It's great players and all the best coaches. So when we practice and put Ronde on Keyshawn, Sapp up against our new free agent Jason Whittle in a one-on-one pass rush, yeah! Team togetherness, camaraderie, fighting to win and the feeling in the locker room after a win-this is awesome. It's a rush, a blast. And it was nice meeting you, but I've got to get back to work.



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# The Anatomy of an Outbreak

Several travelers met in an elevator in a Hong Kong hotel. Three weeks later, three were dead and the disease they carried had spread around the planet. This is the human story behind SARS and the heroic efforts to stop it.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25



# PART I: EPIDEMIC

FEBRUARY 21, 2003

he ninth-floor hallway of the Metropole Hotel in Kowloon, Hong Kong strives for a hushed, expensive formality. The elevator doors are trimmed in dark, polished wood, the carpet is deep green, the lighting discreet. Late in the afternoon, Dr. Liu Jianlun, a 64-year-old kidney specialist and a professor at Zongshan University, on the Chinese mainland, waited with a small group, including six other ill-fated travelers, to ride the elevator to the lobby. Dr. Liu, who had just checked in after an arduous journey, was joined by a Chinese Canadian couple, Kwan Sui-chu, 78, and her husband, who had come to Hong Kong to visit three of their sons. They had wound up at the Metropole because it was free, part of a five-night package offered by the airline. Also waiting for the elevator were four young women from Singapore, including 23-year-old Esther Mok, a former flight attendant whom acquaintances described as a "sweet, cheery girl." Esther and a friend, who had checked into room 901, had come to Hong Kong on a shopping spree.

A 72-year-old Canadian tourist was also on the ninth

floor that day, as were a 48-year-old Chinese American businessman in the garment trade and a local man, a 26-year-old airport worker who was visiting a friend.

The elevator doors swished open and the guests filed in, several generations of travelers from distant parts of Asia and North America, suddenly connected more deeply than they could ever suspect. On the short drop to the hotel lobby, a couple of passengers remembered later, Liu began coughing.

Dr. Thomas Tsang, a community medicine specialist, led the team at the Hong Kong Department of Health that traced the paths of the seven people back to where they had crossed that afternoon in the hotel. A painstaking reconstruction of the guests' comings and goings allowed Dr. Tsang and his team to show that the unassuming Metropole Hotel, in one afternoon of a typical day, became ground zero for the worldwide spread of the first major new disease of the century—severe acute respiratory syndrome, or SARS. However they became infected—and Tsang concedes that "we have no way to be certain who bumped into whom"—seven of these unsuspecting travelers spread SARS to the world.

Investigators for the World Health Organization, the





public health arm of the United Nations, agree that SARS was spread from the Metropole's ninth floor, but they favor the "hallway incident," in which the elderly doctor may have vomited in the corridor and attempted to clean up the mess himself. Other epidemiologists speculate that what has been called the Metropole supershedding incident was actually a series of individual contacts in public areas of the hotel throughout the late afternoon and early evening.

All agree, however, that this single floor of this Hong Kong hotel was the launching point for a lethal new disease. Hong Kong, with more casualties per capita than any other city, suffered for this distinction, but its doctors and hospital workers, many of whom died while treating patients, left behind a battle plan for the next outbreak as well as a warning for the rest of us. Here is the anatomy of a near epidemic.

Hong Kong is a city of 6.7 million people who live on hundreds of islands connected by bridges and ferries. It is the financial capital of Asia and has some of the highest real estate values in the world. It is among the wealthiest and most crowded cities on earth, with an average population density of 6280 people per square mile. In Hong Kong, and southern China, farmers, merchants and animals live in close proximity, and the region is a breeding ground for new influenzas, many of which sweep through the United States every winter. Not widely known, except to researchers and medical experts, is that most of these viruses originate in birds or animals, jump to humans and then easily spread to the rest of the world through international travel and commerce.

On the same day that Liu and his wife checked in at the Metropole, Dr. Donald Low, chief of microbiology at Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto, arrived in Hong Kong. Dr. Low had given a speech in Cambodia and had flown to Hong Kong to show his young son the sights. They took a room in a Kowloon hotel near the Star Ferry, which connects that part of the mainland city with Hong Kong Island.

Low read the front-page stories in the South China Morning Post, the main Hong Kong newspaper, which featured news about a mysterious new form of avian influenza, type H5N1. BIRD FLU SCARE ESCALATES WITH SECOND H.K. CASE, read one headline.

None of this was shocking to Low. Bird flus are not uncommon in Hong Kong, but even mild eruptions can scare the wits out of health authorities. The most recent appearance of an H5N1 bird flu, in 1997, killed six people and caused the slaughter of 1.5 million chickens—every one in Hong Kong—because the birds were the direct carriers of the virus to humans. Hong Kong public health officials have grown adept at containing new bird viruses before they cause even greater havoc by spreading internationally. Yet any new avian flu in Hong Kong shoots a bolt of fear, as well as professional interest, through the world's public health experts.

Low pointed to the newspaper and said to his son, with a scientist-father's exuberance, "Here we are, right in Hong Kong, and this is going on. Isn't that kind of cool?"





# VIRUSES VS. BACTERIA WHICH ARE DEADLIER?

**VIRUS** 

**BACTERIA** 

#### WHAT ARE THEY?

Mere bits of RNA or DNA in protective casings, viruses are machines that live to copy themselves, often with devastating consequences for the host organism. A virus enters a cell and commandeers its protein-manufacturing capabilities to replicate.

Single-celled organisms, bacteria can replicate independently of host cells, provided they have sufficient nutrients. They do not enter individual cells and are much larger than viruses, which pass easily through any bacteria filters.

#### **ARE THEY EVER HELPFUL?**

Only in terms of population control.

Often, such as when aiding our digestive systems.

#### **HOW DO THEY MAKE YOU SICK?**

After producing copies of itself, a virus blows apart the cell it has commandeered, in a process called lysis. Smallpox lesions and herpes blisters are aggregations of blasted skin cells.

Reactions are the result of fatigue as your immune system fights them—causing, for example, fevers and/or the secretion of toxins by the bacteria.

#### WHAT CAN SCIENCE DO?

Since viruses use a cell's own protein-producing mechanisms, you'd have to destroy the cell (and thus the organism itself) to hinder the virus' replication process. Vaccines are the only answer—they spur the body to prepare antibodies by exposing it to a "dead" version of a virus.

Antibiotics muck up the way bacteria make protein. The result is that the bacteria can no longer replicate or perform vital processes.

#### DO THEY MUTATE?

Yes. When a virus invades a cell and starts making copies, the copies vary widely. These variations often make existing vaccines obsolete. The new SARS version of the coronavirus has already shown that it can mutate rapidly—and jump species.

Yes. Superbugs—bacteria that mutate in response to common antibiotics—are becoming problems at hospitals and in major cities.

#### WHICH ONE IS TOUGHER?

Viruses are so nasty they even infect bacteria. There's a whole subset of viruses—bacteriophage lambda—that do nothing but invade bacteria.

The vast majority of bacteria are friendly, and the ones that aren't still generally get their asses kicked by antibiotics.



## PATIENT ZERO

Liu had spent three hours on a bus with his wife, traveling from Guangzhou, the capital of Guangdong province, in mainland China, when he arrived in Hong Kong for his nephew's wedding.

For the occasion, Liu had taken a much needed break from treating patients for a mysterious, highly infectious new pneumonia. WHO was already worried about this disease, as was the Hong Kong Department of Health, which had noted an upsurge in demand for white vinegar, a traditional sterilizing agent used in southern China.

Liu had been ill for a time back home but was feeling well enough to take the bus trip. A few days earlier, when he had first become feverish, he'd worried that he had come down with the mystery disease that had killed or seriously sickened so many others. His lungs had looked fine in a chest X ray, however, and the day he arrived in Hong Kong, he felt healthier. He shopped, did a little sightseeing with his brother-in-law and had a long lunch with his Hong Kong relatives. A hotel concierge remembers that Liu and his wife arrived at the Metropole around 5:30 P.M. They checked into room 911.

The hotel was busy; 90 percent of its 478 rooms were occupied. The Metropole's rooms are clean but hardly fancy, and the neighborhood is a mix of expensive and rundown buildings. The Lius' window provided a view of a Shell service station, an aging high-rise apartment building with laundry hanging from the windows, and a YWCA.

Liu missed the wedding banquet the next day. In the morning, he felt terrible, with a fever that made him shiver violently. He had trouble breathing. His lungs were inflamed, his muscles ached and he had a blasting headache. Around noon, he checked out of the hotel and into Kwong Wah Hospital. By the time he reached the hospital, Liu was experiencing respiratory failure and was immediately placed in the intensive care unit. The hospital staff also put him in isolation in the unit, and they threw on masks, gowns and gloves whenever they dealt with him. They were leery of the new bird flu as well as the mysterious pneumonia festering in southern China, which Liu told the staff he had been treating. At this point, many medical people assumed the two diseases were the same.

Liu refused to believe he had the new disease until the Kwong Wah doctors showed him the telltale white patches on his chest X rays, which indicated lung damage. The doctors tried antibiotics and a few powerful antiviral medications. But Liu kept slipping. Soon his breathing gave out and he had to be put on a ventilator. To keep him from ripping the tube from his throat, the doctors sedated him into unconsciousness.

For nurses, intubation—placing a breathing tube in a patient's throat—is one of the most dangerous procedures, even when the patient is unconscious. The patient may struggle and cough, forcing infected liquids from his or her "lungs. Despite their precautions, five nurses and a doctor at Kwong Wah Hospital were infected by Liu.



Overwhelmed officials watched as people fled infected areas, violating quarantines. With no effective treatment, doctors tried to protect themselves, and governments disinfected hot spots.

By this time, the six other Metropole guests Liu had encountered had become infected and were infecting others. The Hong Kong health department tracked other guests who had been at the hotel the same time as Liu but on different floors. Eight other cases turned up.

Chan Y.P., Liu's 53-year-old brother-in-law, who had spent 10 hours sightseeing and shopping with the doctor, quickly came down with symptoms. Almost immediately, he had trouble breathing. He was admitted to Kwong Wah Hospital, where Liu remained unconscious.

Liu died March 4.

His brother-in-law struggled and died two weeks later, on March 19

When Dr. Liu died, the world had no idea that SARS even existed. In fact, the mysterious pneumonia from southern China didn't even have a name. But in Hanoi, Singapore, Toronto and Hong Kong, the disease was about to change lives forever.

## HANOI

Johnny Chen was a young, fit garment merchandise manager based in the Shanghai office of the Gilwood Co. of New York City. He arrived in Hanoi from Hong Kong on February 24 to make sure a local contractor correctly installed zippers and other components in a shipment of blue jeans. The order was set for delivery in April. He and colleagues from the small firm checked out the jeans factory, which was outside Hanoi, then returned for a night on the town.

The next day, Chen, who had been staying in a guest room above the Gilwood office in Hanoi, woke up feeling under the weather. At lunch with his co-workers he said he was having chills, but he thought if he turned in early that night, he'd get rid of the bug.

The next morning, though, the normally genial Chen was seriously sick. He called a doctor, who prescribed rest. When his colleagues returned from another trip to the factory, Chen was feverish and in trouble. They checked him into the Hanoi French Hospital, the relatively new, wellstaffed private hospital that is favored by expatriates in the Vietnamese capital.

was confused by Chen's symptoms,

Chen's attend- The mystery pneumonia physician, from southern China didn't Dr. Olivier Cattin, even have a name.

particularly the trouble that Chen was having breathing. Dr. Cattin had heard of the bird flu outbreak in Hong Kong, which he thought might be associated with the pneumonia in southern China, where Chen had been on a business trip before stopping in Hong Kong. After seeing no improvement for two days and still unable to identify what was making Chen sick-and with two hospital staffers now suffering similar high fevers, dry coughs and breathing problems-Dr. Carlo Urbani, a WHO specialist in Hanoi





SARS panic: Toronto travelers (left) and Chinese child (right).

fighting parasitic diseases in schoolchildren, was called in to consult. Dr. Urbani loved fine wine and opera and was a first-rate photographer—"a great enthusiast," says Dr. Aileen Plant, an Australian international health expert who joined the Hanoi WHO team in mid-March. Extremely popular in the Hanoi medical community, Urbani was widely respected as a diagnostician. He was also the sole WHO physician in the city.

Urbani called the WHO regional office in Manila and talked to Dick Thompson, a WHO spokesman in the communicable-disease section who happened to be manning the phones there. "He thought they had identified an unusual case of pneumonia," Thompson recalls. Next, Urbani spoke with two WHO investigators in Beijing who were trying to figure out whether the southern Chinese mystery dis-

Urbani called WHO to warn that he was "losing control" of the French Hospital.

ease was actually type H5N1 avian flu—or something much worse. They asked Urbani to send tissue samples from Chen.

Hearing rumors of a new plague in town, commercial airlines refused to carry the material. The U.S. embassy chartered an airplane to take the tissue samples out of Vietnam. The samples tested negative for bird flu, however. And the symptoms still didn't fit. "We didn't know it was a virus," says Thompson, "didn't know how to treat it, didn't know what the course of the disease was except that it was looking bad. It was attacking health care workers."

Over the next two days, 10 hospital workers got sick with the disease. Urbani told his boss, WHO Hanoi director Pascale Brudon, "Look, there's a real problem here." The two redoubled their efforts at infection control and called for more WHO infectious disease experts to come to Vietnam. Urbani and Brudon also contacted the Vietnam public health authorities to warn them of the virulent new infection in the Hanoi French Hospital. Urbani quickly closed an entire wing of the hospital where the infection was centered. Still the disease continued to spread. Two days later, as WHO disease experts arrived in Hanoi, Urbani called Dr. Klaus Stöhr, the virologist in charge of WHO's influenza program, to warn him that he was "losing control" of the French Hospital.

With more WHO doctors now on the scene, Brudon convinced Urbani to take a break from his nonstop days at the hospital to attend a medical meeting in Bangkok. Urbani felt fine, though exhausted, when he got on the plane. By the time the plane arrived, however, he was ill. He immediately checked into a Bangkok hospital, not realizing that he would never get out.

On March 12, the day after Urbani entered the hospital, WHO released a global alert announcing the new disease that Urbani had isolated. Three days later, WHO first used its choice of name for the disease: SARS.

At the request of his wife, (continued on page 138)

# **KILLER BUGS**

## **Black Death**

CAUSE: Yersinia pestis bacterium

SYMPTOMS: Massive swelling of lymph nodes, oozing of black blood and pus, and the breakdown of internal organs, including the brain, leading to madness.

WHEN AND WHERE: The plague swept Europe during the 14th century, killing an estimated 25 million people over the next 300 years; a later outbreak in 1665 in London killed another 100,000. And in 1900 in San Francisco, 172 people died from a fresh wave of the plague. The lest outbreak in the U.S. occurred in Los Angeles in 1924, when 40 people died before a quarantine end rat eradication drive stalled its spread.

**DEATH TOLL: Millions** 

## 1918 flu pandemic

CAUSE: Spanish flu virus

SYMPTOMS: Blood-tinged foam and fluid fill lungs, causing something akin to drowning in one's own mucus, in addition to the usual flu symptoms—chills, headache and fever. It sometimes killed within e few hours.

WHEN AND WHERE: The flu first appeared et an army berracks in Kansas in March 1918, eventually killing 675,000 people in the U.S. It spread around the globe over the next two years. The highest mortality rate was among people ages 20 to 40, unusual for a flu virus.

DEATH TOLL: 20 million to 40 million one in every 60 people then on earth

## Tuberculosis

CAUSE: Mycobacterium tuberculosis

SYMPTOMS: Lodges in lungs, where it destroys tissue, causing an extended period of fever, night sweats end chronic fatigue, leading to death. TB's signature effect is the coughing up of blood after cavities form in the lungs.

WHERE AND WHEN: So ubiquitous that it was romanticized in the opera La Bohème, it was once the major cause of death in the U.S. Now it is primarily limited to poor countries. TB staged a comeback in the U.S. in 2000, however, leading to 16,000 new cases.

DEATH TOLL: 2 million to 3 million a year

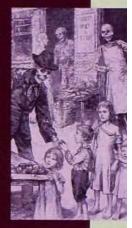
## AIDS

CAUSE: Human immunodeficiency virus

SYMPTOMS: Attacks white blood cells, causing the immune system to break down. That leaves the body vulnerable to infection by subsequent diseases, including pneumonia, sarcoma and lymphoma.

WHEN AND WHERE: First Isolated in 1983, AIDS has spread around the world, with Africa and Southeast Asia suffering the highest retes. Approximately 40 million people are infected worldwide.

DEATH TOLL: 25 million (and rising), including 500,000 in the U.S.









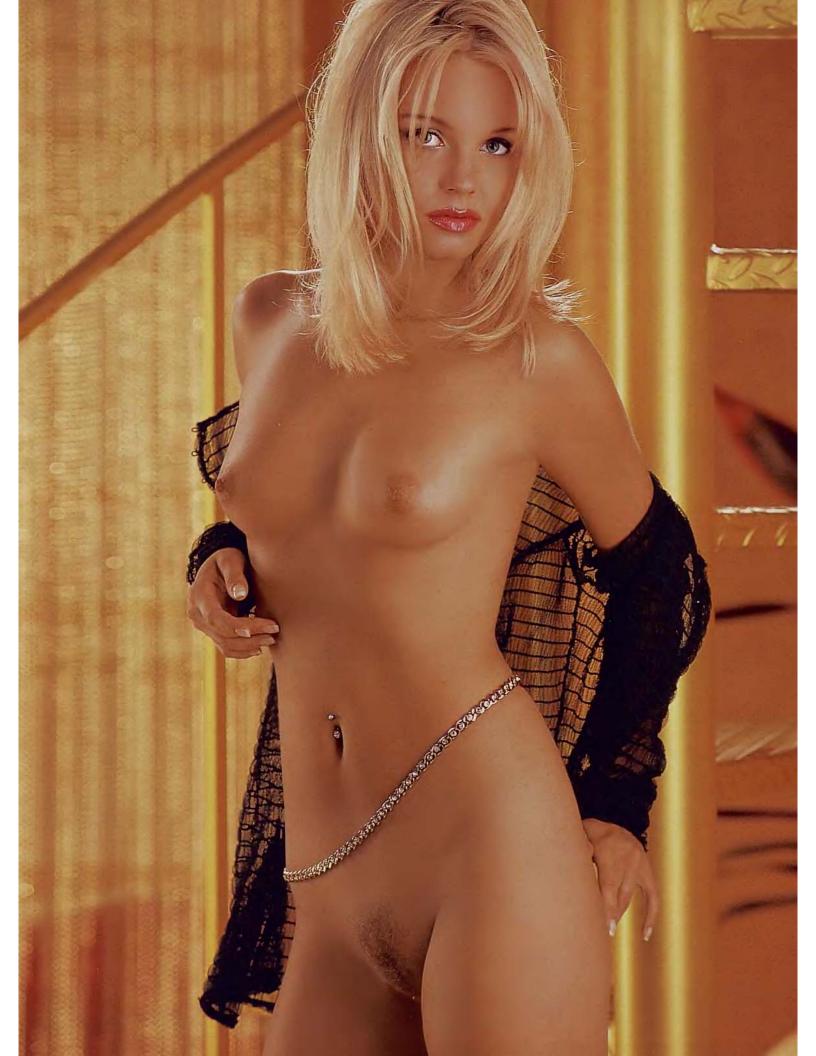


Jenny Haase
makes the
most of casual
Fridays



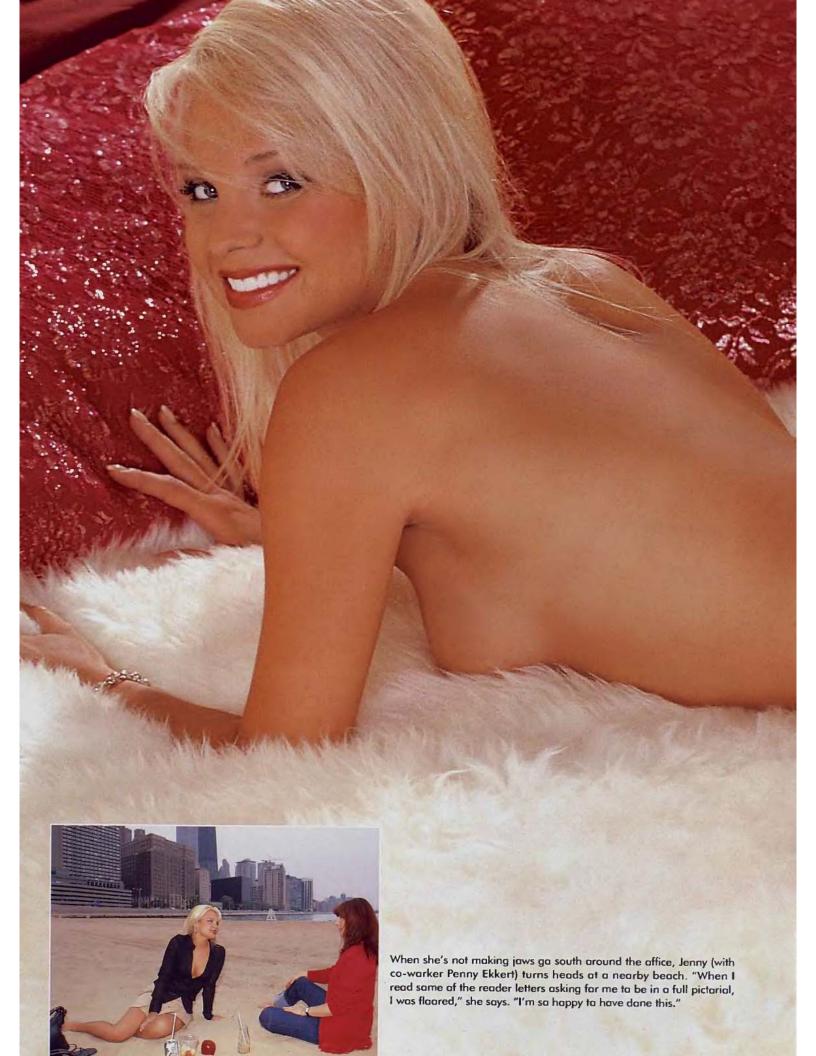
# THE INTERN STRIKES BACK

photo in our June issue of intern Jenny Haase, PLAYBOY's inaugural Employee of the Month, got readers so riled up that the e-mail hasn't stopped dinging. The consensus? "More Jenny!" In the Chicago office, the vibe is similar: Everyone is fighting over the Columbia College student, and somehow she's been suckered into working in three departments: Art, Photo and Editorial. Jenny's fresh looks and Midwestern work ethic (she grew up in Des Plaines, Illinois) have made such an impact that she was even invited to Hef's 77th birthday party. "That was a trip and a half," she says. "The Mansion is like a four-star hotel. When I introduced myself to Hef, he already knew who I was! I about fell on the floor." Jenny spent the rest of the night hobnobbing with Justin Timberlake and Bettie Page. So is our favorite intern ready to ditch Chicago for Los Angeles? "I've always wanted to experience Hollywood glamour," she says. "When I was younger, I loved Dirty Dancing. I wanted to be Jennifer Grey. But you know what? If this modeling thing doesn't work out, that's OK, because I never even considered sending my photos to PLAYBOY. I can't believe this is happening. I want to sit back, enjoy it and take it as far as I can."

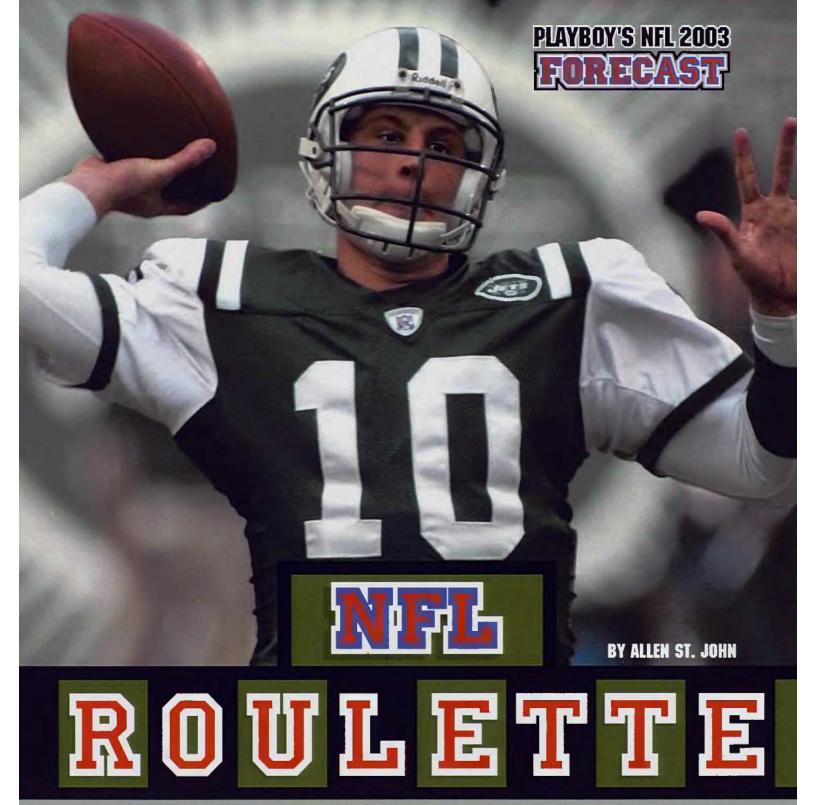












# MAKING SENSE OF NEW SCHOOL PRO FOOTBALL

Put it all on 28. Make that 29. Oh hell, just put it on black." If you feel that trying to make sense of the upcoming NFL season has become like playing the big wheel in Las Vegas, you're not alone. Sure, your best friend claims to have picked the Buccaneers, the Patriots and the Ravens. But he also claims he shorted Enron stock and knows Heidi Klum's cell number.

Truth be told, we're in the midst of an all-out storm-the-Bastille revolution in pro football. A decade of free agency and ever-tightening salary caps have combined to create a wilder, less predictable NFL. Whether this change is for better or for worse is up for debate. But at the crack of the millennium, pro football has tapped into one of the central truths of sports: There is nothing duller than a dynasty. For most of the past 30 years, the NFL was as unsurprising as a State of the Union address. The Steelers dominate. (Yawn.) Then the 49ers. (Pass the chips.) Dallas. (Hmm.) Denver. (What's on HBO?) Throw in a few good years for Green Bay, Oakland and Washington, and you've pretty much

summed up the long history of the league.

This year? It's all up for grabs. There are 32 teams, most with a shot at shaking up the league. Anyone (except the Cincinnati Bengals) can beat anyone, and one big play—or key injury—can upset the league's fragile balance of power. It's not only democratic, it's entertaining.

In a time of fundamental change, however, there are some constants. The key is to stay ahead of the curve, anticipating the next development rather than reacting to the last one. So who's going to get that Gatorade

# THIS SEASON, IT'S ALL UP FOR GRABS. ONE BIG PLAY, OR KEY INJURY, CAN CHANGE EVERYTHING

shower in February? Here are some trends to point you in the right direction.

THE NO-DYNASTY ZONE. Repeat after us: The Tampa Bay Buccaneers will not win the Super Bowl this year. It's all but impossible to repeat in the modern NFL. After a franchise player gets a ring, he wants a raise. And in a league with free agency and a hard salary cap, that means hard choices, which may include jettisoning some of the players who helped win it all. This dilemma is made tougher by next season's first-place schedule. Add in injuries and just plain bad luck, and you can see why two-timing has become a pipe dream in the modern NFL.

START AT THE TOP. The most important guy on any football team is now the guy with the headset. Coaches don't get injured. Their seven-figure salaries don't count against the cap. They don't go off on benders on Super Bowl eve. Look at the recent Super Bowl upsets and you'll see familiar faces: Dick Vermeil, Bill Belichick, Jon Gruden. These guys succeeded elsewhere and learned from their mistakes. So keep an eye on veteran coaches in unfamiliar surroundings-Vermeil, Bill Parcells, Tony Dungy. And don't discount those low-kev guys who've shown the ability to stay the course, from Mike Shanahan to Herman Edwards. Any could be the architect of a new league powerhouse.

football experts babbling about the Era of the Mobile Defense. But everyone forgets that only three seasons ago the St. Louis Rams had those same experts touting a new Era of the Unstoppable Spread Offense. Then in 2001 the Ravens swung the pendulum in the

other direction. In the postmillennial NFL, an era lasts one season—tops.

So where's the pendulum swinging this year? Back to the guys with the ball. At this very moment, every offensive coordinator is studying game films to devise new strategies for picking apart that great Bucs D and its clones.

AIR IT OUT. How are teams going to solve these new-school Ds? Go over them. Passing is the cornerstone of modern football. There's been a recent trend toward undervaluing the contribution of the quarterback. Don't buy into it. The Trent Dilfers and the Brad Johnsons are merely blips between the departure of the Elways and the Aikmans and the emergence of the new breed of franchise QB.

THE OB OF THE FUTURE. What's next for the game's most important position? Only a few years ago NFL experts were heralding the Era of the Running Quarterback: Steve McNair, Donovan McNabb, Michael Vick, Daunte Culpepper. So far, none has won a Super Bowl. NFL coaches have learned the hard way that no matter how well a QB runs, he simply becomes another running back. Rushing doesn't win championships; passing does.

Look for the emergence of a bunch of young, pass-first hotshots, from the Jets' Chad Pennington, who has been called a bigger, stronger Joe Montana, to the Bengals' top pick, Carson Palmer, who may be a bigger, stronger Pennington. And don't discount some still young supertalented passers who have yet to hit their potential. (Are you listening, Jake Plummer?) Even in an erawhen everything's up for grabs, the road to the Super Bowl is still paved with 14-yard completions.

# PLAYBOY PICKS



AFC EAST NEW YORK JETS

AFC NORTH BALTIMORE RAVENS

AFC SOUTH INDIANAPOLIS COLTS

AFC WEST DENVER BRONGOS

CARDS PITTSBURGH STEELERS, KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

HAMPIONSHIP OVER NEW YORK

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

NFC EAST PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

NFC NORTH GREEN BAY PACKERS

NFC SOUTH TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS

NFC WEST ST. LOUIS RAMS

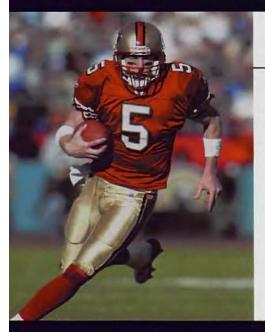
CARDS SEATTLE SEAHAWKS, ATLANTA FALCONS

CHAMPIONSHIP PHILADELPHIA

GAME OVER ST. LOUIS

★ SUPER BOWL ★

NEWLER OVER PHILADEL PHILA



# JEFF GARCIA QUARTERBACK SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

**PLAYBOY:** What's it like having Terrell Owens as a weapan?

GARCIA: Incredible. I remember ane play against Green Bay—in the pouring rain, Owens jumped over the defender, caught the ball, gave the defender a straight-arm and pulled the guy downfield for 15 yards.

PLAYBOY: What's Terrell like as a teammate? GARCIA: I think, unfortunately, TO makes decisions based an how he personally feels instead of what might be right far the team or what might be right in terms of creating more controversy for himself. We've learned to deal with his ematianal ups and dawns, and I think deep dawn he's a good guy.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to head coach Steve Mariucci's firing?

GARCIA: It was surprising the way everything

took place. Mariucci was fired after two consecutive playoff seasans with a very young team.

The players and fans liked him. I think there were just differences between Mariucci and the front office. It came as a shock, especially when you grow up watching the 49ers and see haw the arganization is such a class act and everything seems to have a purpase. And then all af a sudden this takes place, and you wander, What was the purpase behind this? Is there a plan in place?

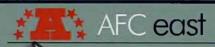
PLAYBOY: What's the weirdest thing you've

ever been asked to autograph?

GARCIA: Definitely the breasts. It's amazing haw unshy a person can be when they ask you to sign a body part. It's almost embarrassing. But hey, if I can help out, why not?

# **2003 PREVIEWS**

PICK 'EM! HERE, IN PROJECTED ORDER OF FINISH, IS OUR GUIDE TO THE SEASON'S CONTENDERS, PRETENDERS AND DARK HORSES



# 1 NEW YORK JETS

LAST YEAR: 9-7. Herman Edwards' ballsy early-season QB change—sitting Vinny "the Hamstring" Testaverde in favor of untested choirboy Chad Pennington—helped the Jets overcome a 1-4 start and push toward the playoffs, where they manhandled Indy but stalled against Oakland. Again.

NEW FACES: New York traded up to draft and snagged first-round super stud DT Dewayne Robertson, who resembles a young Warren Sapp. WR Curtis Conway fills the major gap left by Pennington's favorite receiver Laveranues Coles.

DEPARTING: Coles and game-breaking returner Chad Morton were both swiped by the Redskins. Look for a grudge match between the teams on September 4.

X-FACTOR: The Jets face the NFL's most brutal schedule—playing winning teams 12 times in 16 weeks which could cost them home field in the playoffs.

OUTLOOK: With an athletic defense that will have opposing QBs looking over their shoulders, plus the league's best young signal caller, the Jets should win this tighter-than-a-botched-facelift division by a game. From there, they have a realistic shot at the AFC championship game. Can the curse be broken?

# **2 NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS**

LAST YEAR: 9-7. A 3-0 start turned skeptics into believers, but four straight losses turned Bill Belichick's defending champs back into chumps.

NEW FACES: First-round pick DT Ty Warren and OLB Rosevelt Colvin give the Pats speed and depth on defense. Safety Rodney Harrison is one of the league's hardest hitters.

DEPARTING: Smart and solid safety Tebucky Jones.

X-FACTOR: Is Tom Brady a fluke? The puppy QB took a step back last year; his QB rating fell fram 86.5 to 85.7.

OUTLOOK: Having floated back to earth, the Pats will need to scratch and claw their way to 9–7.

# 3 MIAMI DOLPHINS

LAST YEAR: 9–7. After a 5–1 start behind Jay "Fiedler on the Roof," the Fish were talking Super Bowl. Yet another late-season collapse left them watching the playoffs at home. NEW FACES: Four words about the trade for aging LB Junior Seau : What were they thinking? At 32, CB Terrell Buckley is no spring chicken, either.

DEPARTING: Nondescript TE Desmond Clark.

X-FACTOR: During three years under panicky Dave Wannstedt, the Dolphins limped to the finish, going a combined 27–12 over the first 13 weeks of the season and 4–5 over the season's last three weeks.

OUTLOOK: Packed with over-the-hill vets, the Dolphins seem to have opened the East Coast branch of the Oakland Raiders Retirement Home. A fragile defense and an overreliance on running back Ricky Williams could be the team's tuna net.

## **4** BUFFALO BILLS

QB Drew Bledsoe buffalo-winging for 4359 yards, the Bills rebounded to respectability but missed out on the playoffs for the third straight year.

7

NEW FACES: Free-ranging LB Takeo Spikes and DT Sam Adams could resuscitate a porous defense that ranked 27th in points allowed. First-round draft pick RB Willis McGahee could miss most of the year rehabbing his injured knee.

**DEPARTING:** Silky WR Peerless Price, shaky kicker Mike Hollis.

X-FACTOR: The Bills took advantage of Buffalo's Stalingrad-like late-season weather, winning all three of its last home games.

OUTLOOK: Buffalo will decide the NFI's toughest division—by how hard they play the Jets and the Dolphins late in the year—and will be the most dangeraus lastplace team in football.

# AFC north

# **1 BALTIMORE RAVENS**

LAST YEAR: 7-9. Riddled with injuries, Brian Billick's once-feared defense waved the white flag, giving up more than twice as many points as the 2001 Super Bowl-winning team.

as many points as the 2001 Super Bowl—winning team.
NEW FACES: The Ravens grabbed LB Terrell Suggs (the best pass rusher in the draft) with the 10th pick. California QB Kyle Boller will eventually make Charm City

forget Trent Dilfer.

DEPARTING: Strong-armed but ineffective QB Jeff
Blake; underrated WR Brandon Stokley.

X-FACTOR: Many observers thought Ozzie Newsome had the best draft of any GM. But as one of the league's only African American execs, he's now attracting media attention he doesn't want.

OUTLOOK: Like a komodo dragon that has tasted blood, the former champ Ravens won't be satisfied with just the hunt: They're rebuilding with the idea of devouring it all. A healthy Ray Lewis and better quarterback play from steady Chris Redman should take Baltimore to a playoff gig this year.

# 2 PITTSBURGH STEELERS

Charles ref call in the playoff game against the Titans tainted yet another winning season for longest-tenured NFL coach Bill Cowhez.

NEW FACES: Safety Troy Polamalu is a missile-like hitter in the Rod Woodson mold; TE Jay Riemersma will be a strong backup.

DEPARTING: QB disaster Kordell Stewart won't miss Cowher's glower. QIT Wayne Gandy signed a six-year, \$30 million deal with New Drleans.

X-FACTOR: Armed with more patience than Hillary Clinton, the Rooney family runs the most stable (perhaps too stable?) organization in football.

OUTLOOK: Can Arena Football League alum, XFL MVP and former insurance salesman Tommy Maddox snap back from a near-tragic spinal injury to repeat his 20-TD performance? It won't matter if the Steelers can't retool a declining, middle-of-the-pack defense that was 16th in points allowed last year. The Steelers have enough talent to contend for a wild card.

## **3 CLEVELAND BROWNS**

LAST YEAR: 9-7. The reborn Browns stuck it to traitorous Art Modell as cooch Butch Davis led the

expansion franchise to its first winning season and a maiden voyage to the playoffs.

NEW FACES: MLB Barry Gardner, the team's only free agent, was a contributor in Philly last year. Center Jeff Faine was the team's top draft pick.

DEPARTING: Bad-boy LBs Earl Holmes and Dwayne Rudd leave for the Lions and Bucs, respectively.

X-FACTOR: Can you smell a QB contraversy? Kelly Holcomb's decent playoff stort will put the pressure on incumbent Tim Couch.

OUTLOOK: How tough is it to improve four years in a row in the modern National Football League? Too tough. The Browns take a step back this season and finish out of the playoff hunt. (continued on page 149)

# SEBASTIAN JANIKOWSKI KICKER OAKLAND RAIDERS

PLAYBOY: What's the silliest question you were asked Super Bowl week?
JANIKOWSKI: The reporters from Poland asked questions that had nothing to do with football—like how many

cousins I have in the old country.

PLAYBOY: What did you do the night before the Super Bowl?

JANIKOWSKI: I hung out at the hotel playing video games until 11 P.M.

**PLAYBOY:** Back in the day you wouldn't have been just playing video games.

JANIKOWSKI: Yeah, well a couple of years ago, I wasn't very mature. I'd have been hanging out at the bar all night, but no more. I'm getting old—can't do that anymore.

PLAYBOY: After that DUI incident last year you were sentenced to community service. Did you have to pick up trash along the highway

while wearing one of those orange suits?

JANIKOWSKI: No, I'll be talking to kids. I

haven't done that much yet.

PLAYBOY: When you're kicking a field goal, what do you focus on?

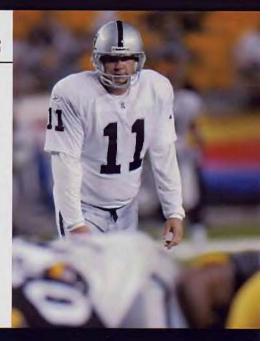
JANIKOWSKI: I try to find a person sitting right between the posts, and just kick to him. PLAYBOY: Would it be distracting to look for a

girl in the stands?

JANIKOWSKI: It would probably help. How about donating a PLAYBOY girl to the cause? PLAYBOY: Do opposing players try to get into your head by talking trash?

JANIKOWSKI: Oh, yeah. You're only eight yards away so you can hear all those guys. They cuss you out. They talk about your mama. They yell, "You're going to miss, you fat ass." PLAYBOY: Your reaction?

JANIKOWSKI: If I make a field goal, I just smile.





# THE ALL-OVERPAID TEAM

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT STAT IN FOOTBALL? A PLAYER'S SALARY. HERE ARE THE GUYS WHOSE BANK ACCOUNTS HAVE FAR OUTPACED THEIR ABILITIES

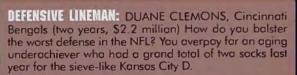


WARTERBACK: MARK BRUNELL, Jacksonville Jaguars (\$6.75 millian) Once upon a time, Brunell was the hottest gun in the NFL. Now he's an interception-prane scrub whase job raokie Byron Leftwich is waiting to snotch.

RUNNING BACK: RON DAYNE, New York Giants (\$616,000) The tarmer Heisman winner was supposed to be the naisy half of a thunder-and-lightning backfield with Tiki Barber. Instead, Dayne runs in the general direction of a defender and laoks for a place to fall.

millian) At one time, Allen was probably the best lineman in the biz. Now he's seen more rehab time than Mariah Carey, and he's desperately trying to salvage his career. Samething to be said for leaving gracefully.

WIDE RECEIVER: RANDY MOSS, Minnesota Vikings (\$5 million) When he's into the game, he's all-world. The rest of the time he's running down traffic caps and squirting water at the officials on the sidelines. Will he ever grow up? Don't bet on it.



LINEBACKER: JUNIOR SEAU, Miami Dolphins (four years, \$14 million) The aver-the-hill Charger turned Dolphin will make history in one way: He'll be the first person to retire to Florida from San Diega.

SECONDARY: DRÉ BLY, Detrait Lions (\$2 million) A selfstyled big-play guy, Bly gambles mare than Pete Rose, aften finding himself two area codes away from the action.

EARH: MIKE HOLMGREN, Seattle Seahawks (\$4 million) The Seahawks brought Halmgren to Seattle to win a championship. The only thing he's brought is a new reason for local DJs to play I Am the Walrus.



# **BRIAN URLACHER**

LINEBACKER CHICAGO BEARS

PLAYBOY: What team do you think is going to surprise people this year?

URLACKER: That's a tough question, because usually it's a team that did terribly the year before. I think Detroit's going to be better. They have a goad new coach and a goad young quarterback, and the defense has always been tough.

PLAYBOY: What's mare satisfying, sacking the quarterback or nailing a running back in the backfield?

**URLACHER:** Hitting the back, because you're sending a message. You're going to be hitting him all day long, whereas with a quarterback you may get there only once ar twice a game if you're lucky.

**PLAYBOY:** What's it like to really hit a player on the field? **URLACHER:** When you lift them off their feet you hear them grunting and maaning an their way to the graund. It's prabably the best feeling you can have in football.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the funniest thing you've seen in a game? **URLACHER:** There was a game where everyone was lying on one guy in a pile, and he says, "I think I'm gaing to shit in my pants."

PLAYBOY: Are you excited about the Bears' new stadium?
URLACHER: It'll be great for our fans—ald Soldier Field had no bathrooms and only like one concession stand.
PLAYBOY: What's the best advice you got starting out?
URLACHER: Don't get caught up in the NFL lifestyle.

# lio o c

# **GIRL SCOUTING**

MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL'S MELISSA STARK IS ON THE MATERNITY DL THIS YEAR. WHO'LL REPLACE HER AS THE NFL'S PREMIERE SIDELINE TALENT? THE CONTENDERS:





FOX JILLIAN BARBERIE

BONNIE BERNSTEIN CBS SIDELINE REPORTER

AGE: 33 HEIGHT: 5'4" PERSONAL: Single BORN: Brooklyn STRENGTHS: Poise under pressure. WEAKNESSES: Sometimes perceived os humorless. NATURAL TALENT: After o rough start at ESPN—and a few mokeovers—she's holding her own os full-fledged CBS eye candy. QUOTE: "I'm doing things most guys in America would die for."

LEEANN TWEEDEN THE BEST DAMN SPORTS SHOW, PERIOD AGE: 30 HEIGHT. 5'B" BORN: Manassas, Virginio STRENGTHS: The former model oppears to know more about sports than most of her in-studio colleagues; for better looking than Tom Arnold. WEAKNESSES: Bod taste in men. Four years ago, the former Hooters girl put her modeling career on hold to follow her boyfriend, superbike rocer Ben Bostrom. NATURAL TALENT: Define "notural." QUOTE: "I'm a boy tropped in a girl's body."

JILLIAN BARBERIE FOX NFL SUNDAY WEATHER GIRL, REPORTER AGE: 36 HEIGHT: 5'5" PERSONAL: Divorced BORN: Burlington, Ontario STRENGTHS: Cheeky, outspoken, holds her own with the likes of Jim Rome-WEAKNESSES: More bod toste in men (once morried to former boseball scrub Bret Barberie); Valley Girl wordrobe; slightly wacky. NATURAL TALENT: Rorely resists opportunity to comment on her real breosts. QUOTE: "Nobody seems to acknowledge that I've done weather for 11 years. I'm pretty qualified."

CBS BONNIE BERNSTEIN FOX LEEANN TWEEDEN



# NFC east

## PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

LAST YEAR: 12–4. The close-but-no-Cohiba Eagles won the di-vision and made it to the NFC championship game, but they stumbled at a frosty Veterans Stadium against the eventual champ Buccaneers.

NEW FACES: A super-quick first-round pick, DE Jerome McDougle could cause pain for opposing QBs, thus eas-ing the pain of Hugh Douglas' departure.

DEPARTING: DE Douglas was star of the Eagle de-fense—until he inked a five-year, S27 million deal with the Jaguars. LB Shawn Barber will also leave a gap; un-reliable punter Sean Landeta won't.

X-FACTOR: Philadelphia has the meanest, rowdiest fans in the NFL. That's why old Veterons Stadium had an on-site jail.

OUTLOOK: The departures on defense will hurt, but with healthy and improving QB Donovan McNabb reaching his prime, the Eagles are ready to take the next step. It could be a big one this year.

## **2** NEW YORK GIANTS

LAST YEAR: 10—6. To cap a roller-coaster season, the Giants blew a 24-point third-quarter lead against the Niners in a historic choke, first-round playoff game.

NEW FACES: Top DT William Joseph from Miami should help Michael Strahan terrify QBs in recordbreaking fashion again. Aging return specialist Brian Mitchell is an NFL legend.

DEPARTING: OT Mike Rosenthal will be missed, CB Jason "Mr. Angie Harmon" Sehorn won't.

X-FACIOR The Giants' red-zone offense, among the worst in the league, highlights QB Kerry Collins' questionable decision making.

OUTLOOK: The defense that took the Giants to the Super Bowl three years ago is largely intoct, but Jim Fassel's mistake-prone offense remains worrisome. TE Jeremy Shockey could toke up the slack with his balls-out play, but a few sloppy early season games would doom the team's wild card hopes.

# **3 Washington Redskins**

LAST YEAR: 7-9. Changing quarterbacks the way most guys change their shorts, former Florida coach Steve Spurrier had an active, if not successful, rookie campaign.

RB Trung Canidate has the speed, but not the discipline, to succeed in Spurrier's it-is-rocket-science offense. WR Laveranues Coles is Ferrari-fast and ready to dominate.

Steady RB Stephen Davis and solid DT Daryl Gardener.

XefAction: Skins owner Daniel Snyder—more med-dlesome than Jerry Jones, less knowledgeable than Dennis Miller—might just be the most hated man in football. And the competition is tough.

OUTLOOK: Tampa Bay reject Rob Johnson can't help but improve at QB over last season's terrible trio. Still, the front office so overpaid for free agents in the off-season, it's ill-equipped to make the on-the-fly roster adjustments that contenders need.

## **4 DALLAS COWBOYS**

Cowboys quit on oalish coach Dave Campo, losing four straight to end the season. But this was a blessing in disguise—it persuaded owner Jerry Jones to hand over the reins of the football oper-ation to Bill Parcells (pictured below).

NEW FACES: WR Terry Glenn—the receiver Parcells once referred to as "she"—came in a trode from the Packers. RB Richie Anderson is a reliable third-down receiver. First-round draft pick CB Terence Newman could be an elite cover man.

DEPARTING: The fans will miss RB Emmitt Smith, but he's running on empty. Solid LB Kevin Hardy signed a four-year, 514 million deal with the Bengals.

FACTOR: Parcells and Jones own two of the biggest egos in sports. Can they coexist?

our Look: Even a legitimate genius like Parcells can't turn a team around overnight. In his first years with the Giants, Patriots and Jets, the teams went a combined 17–30. But take heart, Cowboy fans: Each of Tuna's squads made the playoffs in year two and were Super Bowl contenders thereafter.





# NFC north

# GREEN BAY PACKERS

LAST YEAR: 12-4. Woe to the cheeseheads: Another division-winning campaign for Mike Sherman's Pack ends with a lop-sided playoff loss to Atlanta.

LB Hannibal Navies is an off-injured backup but has as cool a name as Trung Canidate. Top cover corner Al Harris should start opposite Mike

DEPARTING: Disappointing DE Vonnie Holliday and overpaid CB Tyrone Williams.

X-FACTOR: Has the bubble popped? The home playoff loss to Atlanta was the first in franchise history, sending a chill throughout Wisconsin.

The Packers and Pro Bowl QB Brett Favre looked downright geriatric against Atlanta, but they still won this weak division by a baseball-like six games. They'll repeat and could even make one last Super Bowl run.

## CHICAGO BEARS

LAST YEAR: 4–12. No, it wasn't for real. Coming off a fluky 13–3 campaign in 2001, Dick Jauron's Bears plummeted like the Nasdaq and posted their sixth losing season in seven years.

NEW FACES: QB Kordell "Stop Calling Me Slash" Stew-art is always exciting but rarely effective. The Bears passed on DE Terrell Suggs to draft Michael Haynes.

DEPARTING: LB Rosevelt Colvin takes his 26 sacks to New England. Ancient OT James "Big Cat" Williams was a salary-cap casualty.

X-FACTOR: Chicago has a deceptive schedule, facing playoff teams only four times in total, but three times—San Francisco, Green Bay and Oakland—in the first five weeks. But at least they'll be playing in a new stadium after a year of college exile.

That overhyped, underachieving Stewart can be considered an upgrade at QB says everything about the Bears' offensive tolent, or lack thereof, while regular guy Brian Urlacher remains one of the few bright spots on a below-average D.





# NEW YORK GIANTS

PLAYBOY: What happened with the Giants' collapse in last year's 49ers playoff game? SHOCKEY: Everyone asks the question, "Does it stick in your mind?" I can't do anything to change that game. You can look at it in different ways: We got bad calls, or our defense didn't play well when we were ahead, or our offense didn't come through. Bottom line is, we lost. I've already forgotten about it.

PLAYBOY: What was your first year like in New York?

SHOCKEY: It went kind of fast. I'd lived in Miami before, so the nightlife didn't catch me by surprise. But you're here to play footballyou're not here to go out.

PLAYBOY: Would you go on Howard Stern's radio show again?

SHOCKEY: Definitely. That stuff [backlash to his anti-gay remarks] is always going to be there, I realize that. But it's different people's opinions. And that's simply who I am. The things I've done in the past year, I have no regrets.

PLAYBOY: Are women impressed that

yau're Rookie of the Year?

SHOCKEY: [Laughs] I'm trying to pick up women wha don't know my name. I want a girl to like me for who I am, not what I do on the field. PLAYBOY: What are you driving these days?

SHOCKEY: I have a Hummer, but I'm trading it in for a Land Rover. I just purchased a 1970 Dodge Charger. It's a General Lee remake fram The Dukes of Hazzard. I always watched

that show, and I wanted that car. PLAYBOY: Are you a Daisy Duke fan? SHOCKEY: Oh yeah, absolutely. Who wouldn't

be a Daisy Duke fan?





"I'm looking for something in an eight and a half."



# **LOOKING FOR LOV**

What kind of guy tries to pick up a girl at a funeral, plus five other bizarre spots? The kind of guy we paid to do it

f real estate is all about location, location, location, then picking up girls is all about determination, determination, determination. To test that hopeful if tenuous theory, I decided to reject typical hookup hot spots (bars, clubs, Congress) and apply my powers of seduction at some new hunting grounds-alternative locales that respectable society killjoys would deem inappropriate at best and, at worst, deserving of police attention. Could such counterintuitive behavior make me the luckiest guy in the greater Los Angeles area?

Working in my favor is the fact that a babe's bullshit detector is sure to be cranked several notches lower at a memorial service than at a sports bar nickel-beer night. Working against me is the fact that I'm not exactly George Clooney. Unless the masculine ideal has shifted from tall, dark and handsome to puny, pale and desperately in need of a decent haircut, I'll need every trick up my sleeve. Will I get laid or maced? There's only one way to find out.

## **FUNERAL**

# Why should priests get all the action?

Wearing my darkest suit and eschewing my Three Stooges tie, I park at Forest Lawn, LA's McFuneraLand, where so many burials overlap that vendors sell flowers from buckets outside the gates. When it comes to trolling the bereaved for beaver, it's best to have options.

Judging from the mourners filing past, the Church of the Hills is hosting the trendier of two chapel funerals. I enter clutching a tissue, but there is no reason to be nervous. This isn't a wedding with an invitation list. In fact, the entire burial process seems designed to help construct my lie. I study the helpful memorial card with the deceased's name and photo. And the more people speak from the altar, the more information I have about the dearly departed.

"It's very sad," I murmur to an attractive Latina whose pew I'm strategically sharing. She's in her early 20s, fetching in a lacy black dress, voluptuous but tough, like J. Lo's cop in Out of Sight. Or was that Angel Eyes?

'Yes, very sad," she responds quietly, with an accent. "How did you know her?"

"Work," I say. Hell, everyone does something. "Oh," comes the somewhat puzzled response.

In the subsequent eulogy, I learn that the deceased was a homemaker. Strangely, I'm not called on the carpet. People refuse to suspect that the guy down the pew at a funeral is

there for any other reason than to pay his respects. The dead woman's brother is now speaking. He regrets how much they used to fight as children.

"Did you come alone or with your husband?" I ask J. Lo, clarifying with "Su esposa."

"Mi marido?" she asks, cracking a small smile. Apparently, I had inquired about her wife. "I am not married," she says.

"A pretty thing like you?" I ask.

Her smile widens as noses blow all around us. The casket is closed and pallbearers begin their short march to the grave site. "She was such a sweet person," I say. The priest reads Scriptures as the coffin is lowered. I reach under my shades to rub my eyes. J. Lo gives me a consoling hug. Everyone hugs at funerals. Still, she holds our embrace even longer and tighter than I hoped, as I inhale her sweet perfume. I've been on dates that haven't gone this far.

"Can I call you?" I ask.

I stared at the number for a week before tossing it. I don't really believe in hell, but I can imagine a torturous afterlife being created especially for me if I pursue. I'll say one thing, though: If you think you can get lucky at my funeral, more power to you. Just say a few nice words about me.

## SCIENTOLOGY MEETING

# Some people think Scientology is a cult. I think cult girls are easy

When I arrive at Scientology's castle-like Celebrity Center in the Hollywood Hills for a Tuesday night orientation, a cute redhead leads me to a class about detoxification, the first step in becoming a member. Afterward, she escorts me to a screening room. For 10 minutes, I watch actors with Eighties hair tell one another how great L. Ron Hubbard's self-help books are. "They're available everywhere they sell books," one enthuses, "even in the bookstore when you leave. But they go fast, so you better hurry."

I spot three model types in the front row. I scoot up right behind a ringer for the singer Brandy. "If the books are available everywhere," I whisper conspiratorially, "why do

we have to buy them here?"

"So you're not one of them?" she responds. Sure enough, they are models. Scientology is sponsoring a runway show for LA's Fashion Week, and they were rehearsing next door. "They came and asked us to sit here," Brandy says.

"Let's split," I say, as though assembling fashion-show harems is something I do every day. As we sneak down hallways lined with photos of satisfied Scientologists, I mention that I know the owner of the Nacional, a trendy nightspot. (Truth: I know a bartender who moonlights there.)

"Hey!" the redhead shouts around the corner. We're busted. "Didn't you like the movie?" I tell her I have a petrelated emergency to attend to. While I provide cover, my

models flee.

"Well, you're
not going to
leave without
buying a book,
are you?"

I hear that they're available everywhere they sell books,' I respond. She's not buying my story, but I'm not buying her book. After a five-minute standoff, I exit near the Scientology coffee shop, where a blonde with double-Ds and collagen lips is ordering coffee. I reach in



Dianetics another day: "Freeing my mind is fine, but you should start with my body."

front of her to grab a tea bag as she stirs in some cream. It probably says something about my own creed that I find these mundane acts highly sexual.

"Did you buy a book?" I ask. Hey, it already worked once.
"I have three," she says. Within a few minutes, Nina tells me she was abused by her parents and escaped from a bad marriage to Vegas, where she got implants and took up exotic dancing. Already revealed as a nonbeliever, I offer a bulletproof cover story. I'm a screenwriter with a character who's a Scientologist. I'm here for background detail.

"You're in film?" Nina is a budding actress. She joined Scientology because so many of its members work in showbiz. She agrees to accompany me to the Nacional.

"Screenwriters get no respect," I say upon finding that my name isn't on the list. Idling on the wrong side of the velvet rope, I ask what Nina liked about her former career.

"Being in absolute control of the guys I lap-danced for," she says. "They had no idea what I was going to allow them to do." I tell her I don't like strip clubs because they make me feel like a big, walking penis.

"You're not?" she asks, biting her red lips. "Too bad." Once inside, I nab a corner of a couch and lean my face into Nina's. She does what's best for her career. I don't know how much it costs to make out with a stripper with big fake boobs in Vegas, but I'm down only about \$40 so far.

"Don't touch there," Nina says. "You're not allowed—yet." Tom Cruise would be proud, I think.

# **OB-GYN OFFICE**

# What's a nice girl like you doing on an exam table like this?

Walking through a door in a Beverly Hills medical tower, I worry that the receptionist might want to know why I'm visiting the gynecologist, or at least which patient I'm waiting for. But she never looks up from her stack of insurance forms. The petite brunette with green eyes sitting across

from me in the waiting room seems curious, though. The reason for her appointment isn't apparent, not that it matters to my mission. Contrary to what one might think, pregnant women are prime pickup targets. They're hormonally inclined to play house, accustomed to having their bodies inspected, unduly impressed by a free meal and often pissed off at some other guy. Plus, you don't have to worry about getting them pregnant.

"I see why you guys hate it here," I open. "It's creepy." Those green peepers look up from a dog-eared *Elle*. I volunteer my cover story: I'm picking up my sister after a

"procedure," squishing up my face on the word.

"Say no more," she says, and resumes flipping. I had better say more; she could be called in at any moment. An elderly couple sits nearby. I avail myself of the cheap comedy op. "In vitro, huh?" I ask. The brunette giggles, but the couple doesn't understand. The older woman asks me to

repeat myself.

For several painful seconds, I struggle to formulate a witty rejoinder. Finally I blurt out loudly: "Be careful that the doctor doesn't give you too much testosterone!" I feel like an ass, but the brunette is now smiling at me. Apparently humor standards are low at the OB-Gyn's office. The Elle hits the coffee table for good. Caitlyn is a shoe buyer for a department

As we chat, I notice the glint of metal in Cait-



OBehave! "Don't you just hate these pregnant pauses in the conversation?"

lyn's mouth. This is a good thing: Pierced tongues are like membership cards to the oral sex club. But if you think asking for a girl's number at a club is embarrassing, just try finding the right moment in an OB-Gyn office. Finally I jump right in. "Do you think we could get together sometime, maybe in, say, a podiatrist's office or something?" She smiles and nods. (C'mon, what girl wouldn't give her number to a guy sweet enough to pick up his sister from the gynecologist?) I hand Caitlyn a pen and the nearest thing to write on, a pamphlet titled Vaginitis: Causes and Treatments.

A week later, we're on a date. "So where are we going to tell our friends we met?" I ask Caitlyn after the hostess seats us. A lesson I've learned is to have some cute conversational fodder when you hook up in an unusual place.

Then the food arrives—yellowtail, eel, fish eggs—and I realize I haven't selected our restaurant wisely. If you hook up at a gynecologist's office, sushi is probably not the call unless you want to think about her potentially defective vagina all night. I convince myself that Caitlyn was just in the office for a tune-up. It helps that she's all dolled up as hot as driveway tar in Phoenix.

I charmed her back to my apartment for a nightcap or four and do some doctor role-playing of my own. After a full physical exam, I determine that her tongue isn't the only thing that's pierced.

# SEXAHOLICS MEETING

# Ladies who can't say no meet the man who always says yes!

I'm the kind of guy who thinks shooting fish in a barrel is good clean fun, so an organized gathering of fuck junkies seems ideal. Morally reprehensible, for sure, but ideal. That the self-help group's official name is the more clinical Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous does nothing to tame my preconception: the slutty dancers from the Addicted to Love video, sitting around and struggling to control their animal urge to blow the first guy who asks. And maybe Steven Tyler lurking over in the corner.

The reality is sobering. Twenty men and five women, four of whom look more like Robert Palmer than his dancers, sit in a circle in a church basement. Who would agree to enough sex to get these people addicted? The one attractive girl, Samantha, is about 40 and blonde. We take turns sharing. One guy is a chronic masturbator, another a cheating husband. I figure I need a more appealing story. Besides, they already have a chronic masturbator.

"My name is Corey and I'm a sex and love addict," I say, mimicking the regulars. Only here is this a smooth line.

"Hi, Corey!" comes the collective response.

"All my relationships end up co-dependent," I announce. Samantha fills the corner of my eye as I speak. "I fall in love way too deep and way too fast." I have just come to a job interview claiming that my biggest flaw is working too hard.

When it's Samantha's turn she says she was kicked out of drug rehab for screwing another patient. "I couldn't resist my baseline urges," she program-speaks, twirling her hair.

"I don't even know how I ended up on the floor with this guy." Then she drops a wet blanket: "I have four months of abstinence, and counting." Yes, the platform these 12 steps lead up to is abstinence, not sobriety. This may be a more inappropriate place to pick up chicks than I thought. But, hell, I'm already here.

Private chats during the meeting are not allowed. But there is some mulling around a coffeepot after we adjourn. I tell Samantha that her talk moved me. I don't tell her what part of me is in motion. "I liked what you said, too," she says. "It was brave of you to come here. I wish I didn't have to keep coming here."

While discussing my baseline urges, I am over-whelmed by one. I excuse myself. "Hi there," says a voice from the next urinal. I don't look, in case it's the chronic masturbator. I'm always uncomfortable with urinal chat, and this time, logic is there to back up my homophobia. It's the guy who sat on my left during the meeting. Jeff is muscu-

lar and wears lots of cologne. And I thought I felt him lightly brush against my palm when everyone clasped hands to recite the Lord's Prayer. "First time, huh?" he asks.

He's correct. It's my first time at a sexaholics meeting and my first time possibly being cruised in a men's room. I zip up, rinse for two seconds, no drying. When I get back to the classroom, Samantha is putting on her coat. "Can I get your number?" I ask. She looks suspicious. "You seem like a good person to talk with about this stuff," I explain.

Samantha was kicked out of rehab for screwing another patient on the floor. Hi, Samantha!

"You want me to be your sponsor?" Samantha asks. "It would probably be better if you got a male sponsor."

"I'll be your sponsor," Jeff interrupts, fresh from his lair. Samantha takes her cue to leave. The very existence of Jeff is evidence that the bad karma created by this article is returning before it's even published.

## LESBIAN BAR

# Even vegetarians get hungry for meat on the bone

At a popular lesbian hangout in West Hollywood, even the men with crew cuts are women. My theory is that at least some patrons might be bisexual—preferably the ones without Elvis sideburns. And if my theory is correct, then the odds will favor the only actual male in sight. Yes, me.

Sapphic saloon: "It's not like you would be cheating on your girlfriend. You can even bring her along."



Women wearing a curious mix of bondage gear and sweats chat at the bar. On the dance floor in back, they gyrate to techno songs with subtle lyrics like "I just want to fuck you." My friend Brenda Jo is here, because arriving by myself or with another guy might have raised some unplucked eyebrows, and also because she's, unknowingly, part of my rap. I walk over to a Lisa Loeb type who sports black glasses and a T-shirt reading ORGASM DONOR.

The line I try on the lesbians is about as well received as Anne Heche's sudden return to sleeping with men.

"My friend is thinking about coming out of the closet," I say. "So I dragged her here, but she's shy." This explains what the hell I'm doing here, I hope, and also solicits sympathy. Lipstick Loeb looks at me silently, then at her friend, her supposed orgasm donee. They return my stare with cold eyes. "I thought maybe you would have some advice," I say. Stares so icy they could sink the Titanic.

"Be yourself," the friend says, before turning away as if I had walked off. Worse, Brenda

Jo is eavesdropping.

"What did you say about me?" she asks. I'm surprisingly bad at lying to people I know, so I don't. She huffs off to a bar stool, from which she informs

me to fuck off whenever I pass. I throw three more raps, each of which is as well received as Anne Heche's sudden

return to sleeping with men.

'You enjoying yourself?" asks a hot blonde cocktail waitress. Eureka, the hot blonde cocktail waitress! I order a bourbon and tag along as she sashays back to the bar. Waitresses are like flight attendants: It's their job to be nice to you. But I'm hardened by my recent failure, so I go for it.

"You worked here long?" I ask. It's Sandy's second week. "Shh, don't tell anyone, but there are no guys here," I say. "Are you looking for men?" she grins. "Those bars are down the street a few blocks."

"No, I'm looking for women," I say. "And I think I just

found a great one.'

"You're sweet," she responds to my cliché, which could only sound genuine coming from the one guy in a room of lesbos. "What are you doing here?"

As I begin explaining how dedicated I am to my friend's sexual awakening, Brenda Jo interrupts. "Can we go now?" she says. "I hate it so much here I've got hives!"

"I understand," Sandy says with a wink.

"Can we continue our conversation another time?" I ask, pen whipped out. I've practically become Doc Holliday with a felt-tip. Sandy's number now occupies the slot in my cell phone where Brenda Jo's once was. She hasn't called back yet, but I know where she works.

## **PORN SET**

# Fluffer? I hardly know her

Hitting on a porn star at work doesn't seem inappropriate-if you've never been to a porn set. These hardbodies are here to do a job-and I don't just mean of the blow variety. They don't want to think about off-camera sex. And certainly not with extras. On the porn social ladder, the extra rung is below the guy who washes off the dildos.

Today, I'm an extra in a production called Sex and Marriage. It's about a wife who's upset with her husband's lack of interest (as much as a porn movie can be about anything). I catch myself sneaking a glimpse of actress Ashton Moore getting dressed in the trailer, even though in about 20 minutes, she'll be naked in front of me and 10 other guys, receiving a saliva bath from two other actresses.

'You're such a hot slut, getting your pussy eaten," Ashton is told by Nevaeh Ashton between nipple licks, as Jenna Haze slurps away. This is the first time I have seen anything like this without the use of a pause button. Even more of a trip is hitting on these women afterward.

'Are you Heaven backward because you're the opposite of heaven?" I ask Nevaeh. Things are going well with this 20-year-old goddess until I inquire if she has a boyfriend.

"He's in Vegas," she says. "Don't make me think about him or I'll cry and ruin my makeup." Jenna also has a boyfriend. And Ashton Moore is married.

My only chance is with Cynara Fox, a 22-year-old brunette. We talk about her craft. "I don't do anal," she says. "But I do double vaginal." Mom, set an extra place at Sunday dinner! Cynara is in my scene. Director Cash Markman has cast me as a mobster who buries his accountant alive. One look at me in person and the casting changes.

"Nope, you're the accountant!" he says. Swell—every porn starlet wants to make it with an accountant. The assis-

tant director hogties me and tosses me into the trunk of a Buick. "By the way, this is a gay bondage video," he jokes. I hope.

I'm hoisted over to a hole in the ground and covered with dirt. At the end of the scene, my underwear is brown and I smell like potting mix. "Sorry we had to bury you," Cynara says sweetly.

"That's OK," I say. "You can make it up to me. What's that?" I ask, tracing a snake tattoo on her thigh with my grubby fingers.

She delivers a lesbian-bar stare. "I

have a girlfriend," she says. "And I don't fool around off

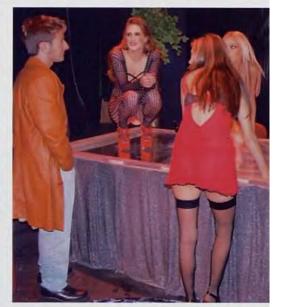
camera—unless you're Jude Law or Hugh Jackman." I am neither of them. It's time for my secret. PLAYBOY wanted me undercover, so porn stars wouldn't be unduly impressed. Fuck that. "My readers want a happy ending," I say.

'We can do it," Cynara agrees.

Apparently, I am motherfucking Jude Law. I shower up in the trailer bathroom, then I meet Cynara in a darkened corner of the soundstage. "God, you're beautiful," I say.

"And you're hot," she says. "I would have totally fucked you, even before I knew about your article." This is about as believable as the acting in Penetrator 2: Grudgefuck Day. "But I was thinking about it, and I just can't. I have a reputation already, and this wouldn't help.'

Exactly how does one obtain a "reputation" in a business where sex is had on camera for money? And why would that reputation be a bad thing? I do not point out the flaw in her argument. I figure it would be a futile effort, and, anyway, I'm running late for my feminist studies class.



Porn yesterday: "You girls get paid for sex. I pay for lots of sex. Looks like our destiny is written in the stars."



"There is where we put the new casino!"

# PERSONAL VELOCITY:

how much would you spend to satisfy the need for speed? think of this as money in motion



# [ TOP SPEED: 250 mph PRICE-TO-SPEED RATIO: \$740/mph ]

- HISTORY: In 1998 MTT decided to put an engine from a Bell Jet Ranger helicapter into a two-wheeled frame. Jay Leno heard about the bike on Speedvisian, called the campany and said, "I belong to the more-maney-than-brains club. Send me one."
- HIDDEN MAINTENANCE COST: Negligible. Turbines are designed to operate at full thrattle for thousands of hours. Flat out, the Y2K sucks in 52.63 cubic feet of air per second (that's 52.63 cubic feet of pollution if yau live in Los Angeles). Periadically you have ta da a turbine wash—spray the rotar with 409 cleaner.
- NUMBERS TO DROP CASUALLY INTO CONVERSATION: 320 hp at 52,000 rpm. That's right, 52,000 rpm. Gaes fram zero to 227 mph in 15 secands. 425 foot-

paunds of torque at 2000 rpm, almost equal to a Viper. One owner claims he was clocked at 217 mph thraugh a speed trap in Oregon. The pasted speed limit: 55. Price of ticket: \$10,000.

- NICE DETAILS: Clients can order frant and back radar detectars, plus jamming devices.
- SOUR GRAPES: This is the anly bike that shuts the Harley guys right up. Of course, if you're an a budget, a Kawasaki Ninja ZX-12R will give yau 185 mph for abaut \$11,000.



\*\*ROAD TEST: "This is unlike any other ride. With most vehicles, the faster yau go, the slower the acceleration. Zero to 60 is fast, 60 to 90 a little less, and so forth.

The Y2K just keeps getting faster. Rall it on. You hear the fire dawn below, the turbine spaoling up. The sound



daesn't change. Yau never hit that 5000 rpm ceiling, that grawl, like yau would with a pistan engine. You pass sameone, they go, Whaa, what was that? At 175 mph yau think you're daing 80. This is not a machine where you think, Just because I can affard it, I must be goad. There are things you have ta learn that are unique to this motorcycle. There's na compression braking. You enter a carner you have to disengage the engine with a buttan. The exhaust comes out of the pipes at 800 to 1200 degrees. An Infiniti owner ance tried to crawd me at a stoplight.

—Jay Leno, camedian and matarhead

DOUGLAS SKATER 36 PRICE: \$750,000

BACARDI SILVER

# [ TOP SPEED: 191 mph PRICE-TO-SPEED RATIO: \$3927/mph ]

- HISTORY: Hand-built beauty. Simply the fastest production pleasure boat in the world. Skaters have won more than 1000 affshore-racing titles, the kind of events that journalists describe with three sentence fragments: "Skull-rumbling noise. Whaashing raaster tails. Really flashy paint jobs."
- WATTING PERIOD: Ten grand will reserve a start date; a \$50,000 deposit is required once production starts. The boat is in the mold for eight weeks; there's a wait of six to eight manths far delivery.
- MAINTENANCE SHOCK: Douglas recommends having the higher-bred motors freshened after 75 hours of use. Cost: \$25,000 to \$30,000.
- **NUMBERS TO DROP CASUALLY INTO CONVERSATION:**

Twa 1450 Sterling engines. Slam the throttle and the boat gaes from 60 to 170 in 10 secands. These boats will go 130 to 150 all day, but if you aperate at 6000 rpm far more than a few minutes, you are putting your life at risk. Offshare racing may be the most grueling sport, subjecting the human body to up to 10 gs. These are spinal compression, NASA rocket-sled figures.

■ NICE DETAILS: The boat comes with three speedometer readauts, including a GPS unit plus a gauge for the passengers. Seats five or six. Same models after frant and rear TV cameras for better visibility, as well as

separate oxygen supplies far each passenger. The full race version uses a canopy from an F-16 fighter.



■ What, no tow rope for the water-skier? If \$750,000 is tao steep for

you, Douglas makes a full line of Skaters. You can get one that will run 130 mph far between \$200,000 and \$300,000. These are not the kind of boats you take bass fishing. And one owner noted this downside: You can't leave a millian-dollar boat hitched ta a buoy ar ta a dock. You'd better trailer it over to the bank vault.





ROAD TEST: "I drive cars at 200 mph all the time, in a controlled environment with flagmen and barricades. It's my office. I don't get excited by cars. This boat, on the other hand, gets my attention. The only place left where there are no speed limits is the water. At 160 mph it's pretty hair-raising. It's like 200 in a car, but with a greater sensation of speed. A car has a tiny contact patch, the faur tires, but the motors have to push the whole boat thraugh the water. It takes two guys to sustain 150—one to watch the throttle and trim and keep an eye an the gauge package, the other to steer and watch far swells or wakes. I like to take the boat down to Lake Mead with my girl-friend and let people look at us all day."

-Paul Tracy, CART driver



# [ TOP SPEED: 240 mph PRICE-TO-SPEED RATIO: \$4167/mph ]

■ HISTORY: McLaren technical director Gordon Murray wanted to build the ultimate road car. He succeeded. When orders for the million-dollar missile failed to materialize, he converted the F1 to a track car and dominated the GT circuit for years. The company closed the production line in 1998, after making only about 100 vehicles. There are seven of these cars in the U.S. Jay Leno has one. Ralph Lauren has two.

■ WAITING LIST: So, you have something against buying o used car? McLarens do change hands—about two a year. The company will completely refurbish a used F1

(custom-fitting the seat to the new owner, changing the color and trim, etc.), for about \$160,000.

NUMBERS TO DROP CASUALLY INTO CONVERSATION: 627-horsepower

the color and trim, etc.), for about \$160,000.

V12. Zero to 60 in 3.1 seconds. Zero to 150 in 12.8 seconds. Zero to 200 in 28 seconds.

NICE DETAILS: The McLoren comes with a titanium tool kit, custom luggage and a lightweight sound system. The driver sits in the middle, passengers on either side. This is

a babe magnet for ménages à trois.

MAINTENANCE DEMONS: You don't take this baby to Jiffy Lube for an oil change.

SOUR GRAPES: Yeah,

it's a used car. But the closest contender, the Enzo Ferrari, costs \$675,000, only goes 220 mph, and all 400 production cars were presold to clients who already own two or three Ferraris. The Enzo looks like an anteater. All the other car show concept vehicles—the Bugatti Veyron, the Porsche Carrera GT—are yet to be tested. None will match the McLaren.

car ever built or likely to be built. It's the kind of car you make a date with, set aside special time, like Sunday night after midnight. As for the sense of speed, there isn't one. I have a tape of a guy driving the F1 at 240 mph. I continually find myself going 100, 110 on the freeway, when the car feels like it's doing 50. I own a lot of cars that feel faster. I have an old Morgan three-wheeler, low to the ground, that has a sound like you're driving a Gatling gun. I once come around a corner and saw a cop with a radar gun and thought, Gee, there's a ticket. How fast was I going, officer? Thirty-five miles per hour. The only downside to the McLaren is a sense of uninvolvement. It's made of carbon fiber. I can't tinker with it, like I can with my 200 mph Corvette. The shop doesn't have an autoclave."

**ROAD TEST** "This is the greatest

\_Jay Leno



CESSNA CITATION X PRICE: \$20 million



# [ TOP SPEED: 606 mph (Mach 0.92) PRICE-TO-SPEED RATIO: \$33,000/mph ]

- HISTORY: In 1990 Cessna announced plans to build the ultimate corporate jet. It delivered one to Arnold Palmer in 1996. More than 200 are currently in the air, piloted by guys like director Sydney Pollack and financier Steve Fossett. This is the fastest airplane not paid for by the taxpayer. Unfortunately, the X is a Roman numeral 10, not a lago for an extreme sport vehicle.
- WAITING PERIOD: Not too bad, but the price includes training far one crew. You're required to have

logged 2500 hours before you can even afford to get in the cockpit.

### ■ NUMBERS TO DROP CASUALLY INTO CONVERSATION:

Mach 0.92 is 10.1 miles per minute, 888.87 feet per second. Most .45-caliber bullets travel 870 feet or less per second. Accarding to Ed Parrish, company spokesperson, "The Citation X literally is faster than a speeding bullet. Not to mention, .45-caliber bullets dan't have anywhere near the Citatian X's range or passenger capacity."

- MAINTENANCE DEMONS: Cost of aperating a Citation X is about 70 cents a mile. Main problem: The FAA requires a secand pilat. Wha da you know who would sit there and watch you fly the plane?
- NICE DETAIL: The telephane number you call for service? 1-800-MACH-PT9. You can fly from San Francisco to New York with a dazen of your friends

and be back the same day. Of course, then your girlfriend will expect you to be back the same day.



ROAD TEST: "Peaple mistakenly think I'm a thrill seeker, but that's not an my agenda. I fly for the sense of accomplishment. Airspace is regulated completely; when you climb into the cockpit of the X you enter a highly professional environment. When I first saw the plane, I thought it was ugly. Then they tald me what it would do and I fell in love. There's no real sense of speed in the Citatian X. When I take aff, I'm eager to get up to altitude, to get into the wind pattern. For the transcantinental record we hit 726 mph with the jet stream. It's more an awareness that you're eating up the ground, how fast you approach air traffic cantral areas, haw quickly your destination cames up on the horizon. You feel the pressure."

-Steve Fossett, adventurer and world recard holder



# WE LOVE LUCI

miss september was born to horse around



uci Victoria calls Sheffield—an English city known for its cutlery—home, but this sharp 21-year-old model seems to play in a world-size backyard. "My mom's side of the family lives in Cleveland, Ohio, but I was born in England," she says in an alluring, breathy voice. "All my friends are English, but people sometimes say that my accent is a mixture and that it's hard to place."

Fresh from the plane and now in our Los Angeles studio, Luci becomes wide-eyed and leans in to whisper like she's confessing a dirty secret when we ask if she prefers the States. "New York is just a larger London, while Los Angeles is a completely different world," she says. "I would choose to live here because I love this hot weather."

Back in the brisker British Isles, Luci divvied her time growing up in Sheffield between modeling and raising horses. "My mom bought me my first pony when I was nine," she says. "I told her I wanted to be a model and a jockey, but she said those two things don't go together because you could break your nose or something falling off a horse. I raised

my horses to show and got to county level, which is the top. My pony, Nile, became a champion."

As Miss September relaxes in our offices and tells us about giving up her prize pony and moving to Japan at 17 for catwalk work, it's hard to believe this soft-spoken beauty could have been bullied in school. "I was small and skinny, and I got picked on because kids said I looked like a Barbie doll," she says. "When I was 16, I auditioned for a television commercial and didn't know what it was for. After I got the job, I found out it was a Barbie ad. So the next time my enemies teased me, I told them, 'I actually am Barbie.' They really didn't bother me after that."

When we ask Luci whether she prefers American guys to British men, she plays the diplomat. "They've both got sexy qualities," she says. "I used to go for bad boys—muscled, toned, maybe with some tattoos. Now I'm looking for someone who will look after me and put me first." Luci says she wants to focus on her career. "I'm down-to-earth," she says. "I'll always be the way I am and I'll never think I'm better than anyone else."





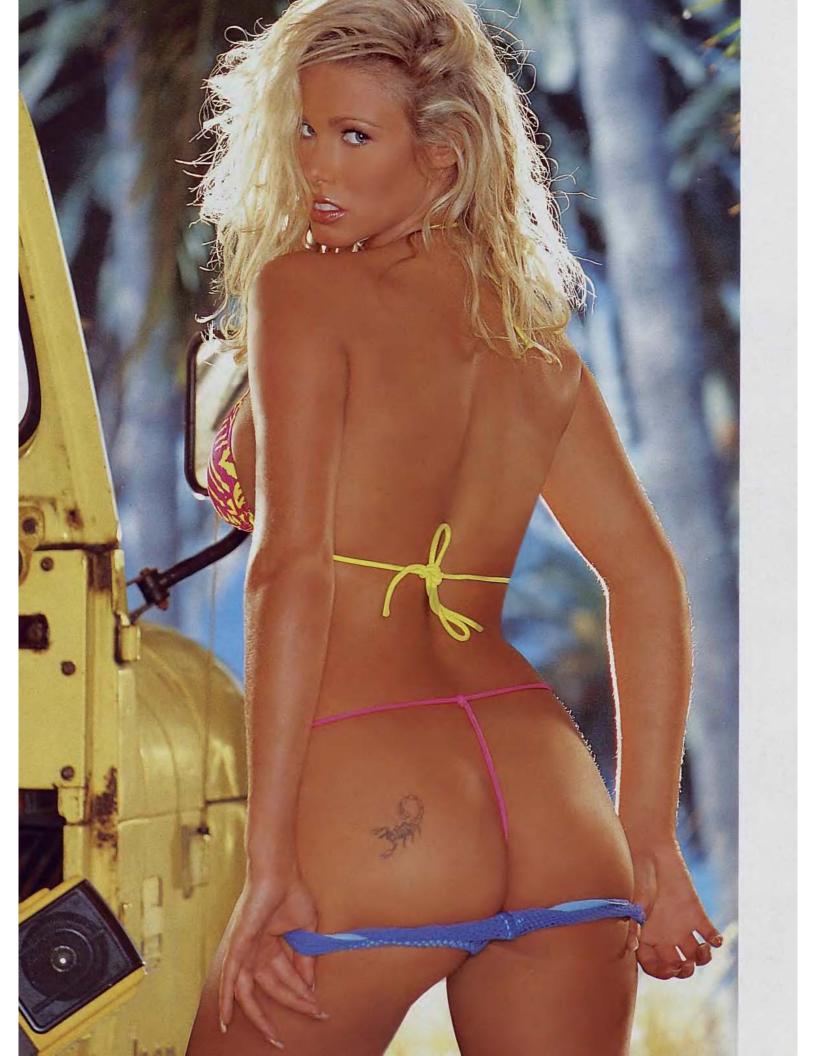


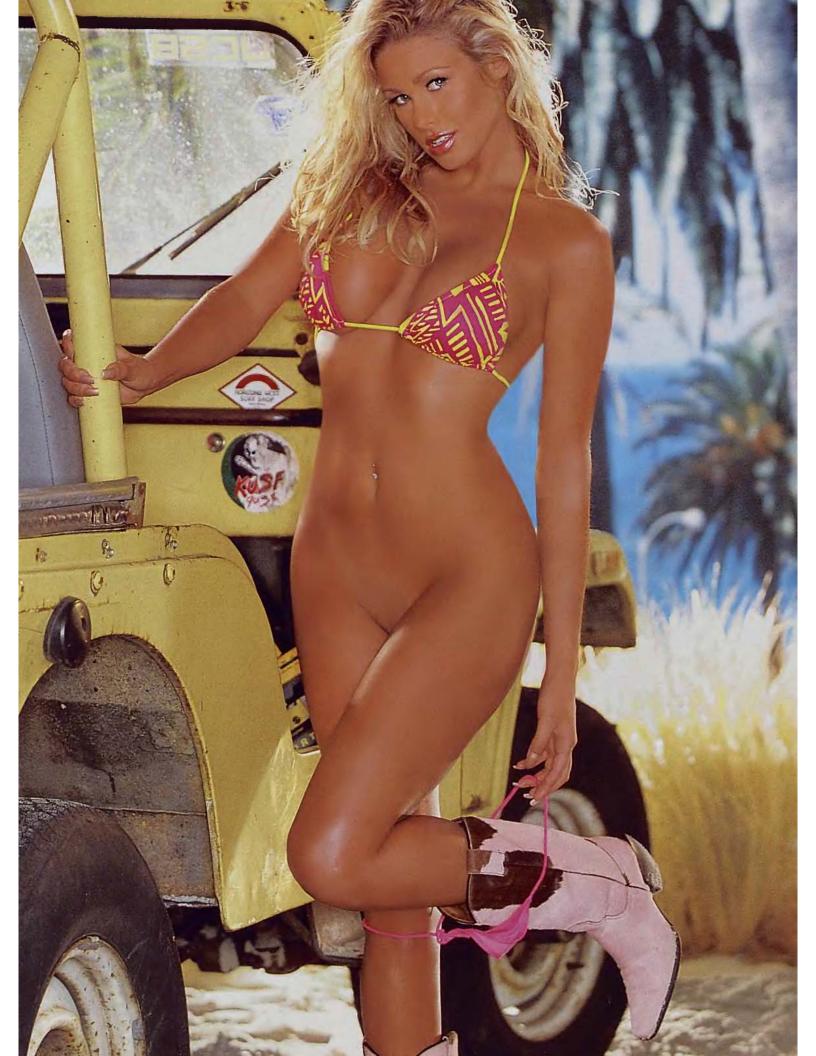


Figuring out how 5'10" Luci got the nickname Legs Eleven is hardly a heod scratcher. "I've always had really long legs and am pretty athletic," she says. "I swam, did gymnastics and ran the 100 meters in high school." Of her appearance in PLAYBOY, Luci says, "Some people gasp and say, 'Naked!' But it's not tacky. The way you stand and how you look capture beauty in motion."



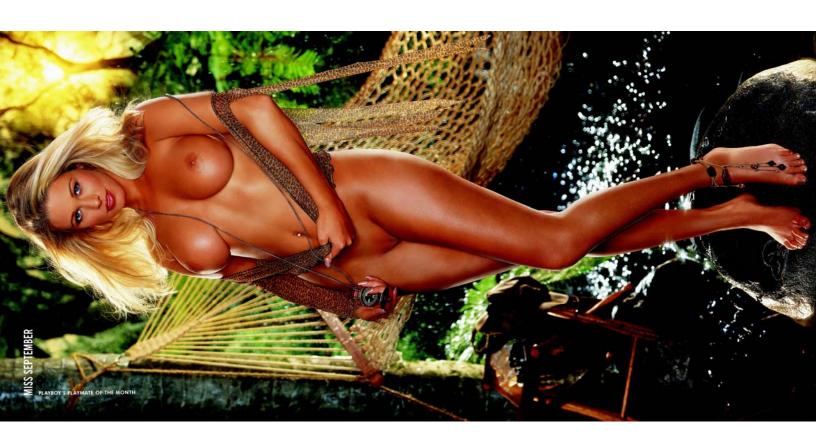










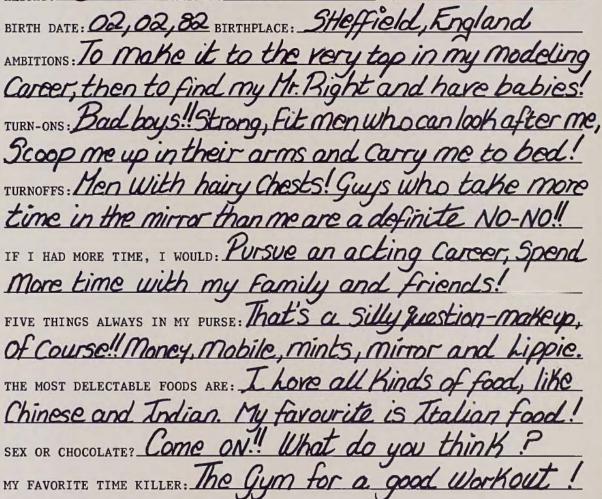


## PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Luca Victoria

BUST: 34DD WAIST: 25" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 510" WEIGHT: 130





School Portrait
age 6



1st Year Senior School Play



The Start of my modeling Career



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A woman was having her house painted. Her husband came home from work and accidentally leaned against a freshly painted wall. The next day she said to the painter, "Do you want to see where my husband put his hand last night?"

He sighed and said, "Look, lady, I got a tough day's work ahead of me. Why don't you

just make us a cup of coffee?"

What do you call 50 politicians and 50 lesbians in a room together? A hundred people who don't do dick.



Attorney General John Ashcroft visited an elementary school to give a civics presentation. After he finished, he asked the young boys and girls, "Are there any questions?"

Bobby raised his hand and said, "I have three questions. How did Bush win the election with fewer votes than Gore? Are you using the Patriot Act to limit civil liberties? And why haven't you caught Osama bin Laden yet?"

Just then, the bell rang and the teacher announced it was recess. Half an hour later, the children returned. Ashcroft said, "Let's start where we left off Are there any more questions?"

where we left off. Are there any more questions?"
A girl raised her hand and asked, "Is it really legal to hold suspected terrorists without letting them talk to attorneys? Why did the recess bell go off 10 minutes early? And where the hell is Bobby?"

**B**LONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A man who had been dating a shy blonde for a short while decided it was time to have a conversation about sex. "What are your feelings about anal sex?" he asked.

"I could never do that," she said.

A little disappointed, the man continued, "What do you think about having regular sex?"

The blonde replied, "Oh, I couldn't. I'm waiting until I get married."

"Well then," the man asked, "where do you stand on oral sex?"

"I don't know why that matters," the blonde replied, "but usually at the side of the bed. And I don't stand, I kneel."

A woman was spending a long time looking at the cards in a gift shop. A clerk asked her, "May I help you?"

"I don't know," the woman said. "Do you have any 'Sorry I laughed at your dick' cards?"

A teacher asked her class, "What do you want out of life?"

A young girl in the back of the class raised her hand and said, "All I want out of life is four animals."

The teacher asked, "What four animals would those be?"

The girl replied, "A mink on my back, a Jaguar in the garage, a tiger in bed and a jack-ass to pay for it all."

In the beginning, Adam asked the Lord for a mate. "I can give you the perfect companion," the Lord replied. "But it will cost you an arm and a leg."

"That sounds like a lot," Adam said. "What

can I get for a rib?"

**G**eorge W. Bush was awakened in the middle of the night by an urgent call from Colin Powell, who said, "Mr. President, I have good news and bad news. The bad news is that aliens have just landed on earth."

"Holy shit," Bush exclaimed.

Powell continued, "The good news is, they eat Democrats and piss oil."

**T**wo stoners were walking down the street when they saw a fly on a pile of manure. One said to the other, "Wow. He really had to go bad."

What did the Italian guy with Alzheimer's say? "Fegeddaboutwhat?"



In the men's room at work, the boss placed a sign above the sink that said, "Think!"

The next day, when he went to the men's room, there was another sign above the soap dispenser that said, "Thoap!"

Did you hear about the two gay judges? They tried each other.

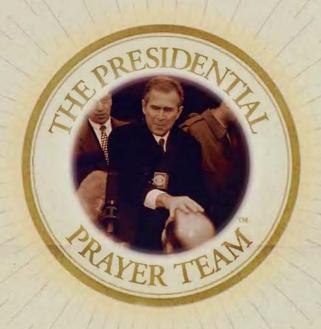
PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Why did the blonde snort artificial sweetener? She thought it was diet coke.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"I wanted to meet your mistress to tell her this situation can't continue, but now I wonder why not."

# KEEPING THE FAITH



You Are Cordially Invited to Spend One Full Year Undercover With Playboy Reporter Matt Taibbi in the Deepest Recesses of the Religious Right

YOUR TOUR WILL INCLUDE A COMPLIMENTARY LIVE-AMMO
SERMON, AN 18-HOLE FAITH-BASED MONEY-GRAB AND A MILLIONDOLLAR HOLE-IN-ONE CONTEST WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL PRAYER TEAM

#### "O LORD, IF IT BE YOUR WILL, PLEASE DROP IT IN THE HOLE."

In the drizzle of a late spring afternoon I stood in a crowd of mostly older men, just beyond the rough on the 18th green of the Westfields Golf Club in Clifton, Virginia. For the moment we were all facing the fairway, where 170 yards away, a balding, bespectacled golfer with sloping shoulders took aim for a special million-dollar hole-in-one contest. If he holed his shot, the Presidential Prayer Team—sponsor of our tournament earlier that day—would award him the mil, raised from donors, minus a \$300,000 donation to itself.

"Favor him, O Lord. Put it in," someone behind me intoned.

I turned around. A good half of my fellow golfers had their heads bowed in solemn prayer as they awaited the shot. One particular PPT golfer, whom I'd been watching all day, had his right hand raised like a faith healer. This man was not averse to full-throttle displays of piety, I observed, and he kept his eyes half-closed through the long wait for the hole-in-one shot.

In a pre-tournament gathering under a tent in the club's parking lot, we had all been led in a prayer for the health and bodily comfort of George W. Bush. I had been struck when the faith healer shouted "Amen!" to a request that the Almighty grant the president "better and more relaxing sleep."

This gathering—a "golf and prayer walk" that was designed to "honor our troops"—was also sponsored by PPT, an organization whose stated purpose is to "serve the prayer needs of all current and future leaders of this great nation." It claims it receives no support, official or unofficial, from the current administration. But in practice it exists to encourage members to pray for the health and political success of George W. Bush.

It calls a close Bush confidant, Franklin Graham, its honorary co-chair. Former Senate chaplain Lloyd Ogilvie, Arizona senator Jon Kyl and former Oklahoma governor Frank Keating are on its honorary committee (as are such luminaries as Phoenix Suns owner Jerry Colangelo and abstinence proponent and ex-NBA player A.C. Green). It would be hard to imagine it continuing a vigorous existence under, say, the administration of a President Al Sharpton or Joe Lieberman.

When the PPT was founded shortly after 9/11, its stated goal was to enlist 2.8 million people, or one percent of the American population, as members. Recently it claimed to have met that goal. I'd been part of that effort. And now I was golfing with them, for the troops.

I had prepared for this day, mentally and spiritually, for months. When you go out on the evangelical circuit, your soul needs to be dressed for the job. You need to work hard to make sure that when folks look into your eyes, they see "good people," someone morally reliable and in possession of all the right attitudes. It can't be apparent, for instance, that it has occurred to you to wonder how it is that one can "honor the troops abroad" by playing golf. Good Christian Americans do not trouble themselves over any lack of gravitas in these situations.

Likewise, when you're asked to bow your head and pray that God "give President Bush all the money he needs to buy food for the poor," you can't even blink, let alone blurt out what might seem like a reasonable question to most people: Why not just cut out the middleman and pray that God himself give food to the poor? If you have thoughts like that in this crowd, you don't belong. And belonging for me was the big challenge.

For a full year I'd been going to events like this. I had joined dozens of evangelical organizations and given my money to the cause, all in the name of exploring the new trinity of God, America and George Bush. There was no way I was going to blow it all by giving in to any urge—no matter how reasonable—to break into violent laughter as we prayed for the accountant to make his million-dollar shot.

"Bless us, Lord, bless us," someone behind me said.

The contestant lined up and struck the



Good Americans pray for our troops and our president.

ball. It sliced wickedly, landing in a tree to the right of the green with a small explosion of leaves.

"Shanked it," I said, not resisting a smile.

#### IT ALL BEGAN AS A JOKE.

Two years ago, while living overseas, I was up late one night, unable to sleep, when I spotted an amazing article on the Internet. The piece cited a study by something called the Nehemiah Institute, which calculated that, if things continued on their present course, the youth of America would not only lose their faith in God but be *fully converted* to socialism by 2014.

The exactness of that date, 2014, leaped off the screen. For a long time I sat staring at it, fascinated. Finally,

half-drunk and woozy from sleeping pills, I leaned forward and composed a letter to the study's author, Dan Smithwick:

Dear Mr. Smithwick,

I just want to say that as a high school student I was appalled to read on Christianity.com that the ENTIRE COUNTRY will fall to socialism by 2014! That's 50 500N!

As a Christian of the Presbyterian (sp?) faith, I find my comfort in the Lord Jesus Christ and not in secular humanism. I think secular humanism is REALLY LAME!

Please keep up the good work and help protect young people like me from SOCIALISM and SECULAR HUMANISM!
Sincerely,
Matt Taibbi

#### I WAS SURPRISED THE NEXT DAY

to see Smithwick had responded. "Dear Matt," he wrote. "Thanks for your note—I am always glad to hear from someone (especially youth) who understands the seriousness of this problem in our nation. God bless you. Dan Smithwick, President, Nehemiah Institute."

From that point on I was hooked. I joined every quirky fundamentalist biblical organization imaginable, solicited advice from preachers and pastors all over America, joined the Promise Keepers, the Christian Coalition. I even invented a sordid personal life that made me a more natural fit for Christian support hot lines and web forums, of which there are an astonishing number. I had, for instance, the opportunity to join the

BPD Sanctuary, which is a forum for Christians with borderline personality

disorder. I found that a sex addiction made me a popular correspondent, though communications in one group dried up when I hinted at a gay affair with the Republican governor of a Southern state. More recently, visitors to the online Jesus Café approved of my decision to become a nautical archaeologist as a means to cope with my sex

lem.
For a
while,
it was
just a

prob-

hobby, though an unusually obsessive and unhealthy one. But then I began to notice that the circles I was traveling in pulled me closer to Republican politics in general, and to the president of the United States in particular.

#### IT ALL STARTED WITH THE

Presidential Prayer Team. I was one of the first members. I was totally seduced by the frankly theocratic tone of this group, which issued specific daily prayer instructions on its website, presidential prayerteam.org. Common themes included prayer for the confirmation of current and future Bush appointees ("Pray for newly appointed cabinet member John Snow as he prepares for his new position, and for the confirmation hearings in the Senate after they resume on January 7") and petitions to God to grant the president and/or Congress restful vacations ("Pray for all members of the House and Senate to be refreshed and renewed by their holiday"). And I nearly gagged on my Cheerios this past January when the Team asked me to pray for Henry Kissinger and his ill-fated 9/11 commission.

But it was thrilling to be part of something so completely certain. This was quite different from the automated letters-to-the-editor campaigns organized by the Republican National Committee, in which, incidentally, I'd also participated. All that entailed was signing my name to predrafted e-letters and sending them to newspapers—ordinary political activity, though somehow on the duplicitous side. But the Prayer Team was politics on a different plane. It was an effort to move the entire playing field off the planet. It was exhilarating to have a seat on that ambitious undertaking.

All the same, I felt sure that any organization that made a habit of asking, without irony, for members to pray for Health and Human Services secretary Tommy Thompson, or Secret Service director Ralph Basham, would always remain on the fringes.

It took me a while to realize how wrong I was. After some time I understood that I, the East Coast wiseass, was the one on the fringes.

Sure, you can read about this stuff—you might spot Garry Wills in *The New York Times Magazine* talking about how the White House is "honeycombed with prayer groups and study cells," or chuckle when you hear that the Promise Keepers can outdraw the Orioles in Baltimore (as a member and a ticket buyer, I was part of a Baltimore PK sellout, though I was late for the actual show).

But it isn't until you've stood on the



The religious right likes to superimpose prayer on symbols of patriotism.



Reporter Matt Taibbi, left, on the links with the Presidential Prayer Team.

side of the religious crowd that you can truly understand that this is where the action is, not with the scattered malcontents snickering on the sidelines.

For me that fact was illustrated most starkly in May 2002, when I joined in the celebration of the National Day of Prayer outside city hall in Buffalo, where I was living at the time. I bowed my head with local Christians and prayed along with them as we followed Senate Chaplain Ogilvie's request that God "Bless our president, Congress and all our leaders with supernatural power." Meanwhile I had arranged to have a friend show up at the event wearing a gorilla suit, carrying a placard that read I AM YOUR FOREFATHER. Sort of an experiment.

My friend did a great job and nearly ruined the event, but the other side had the numbers. That's when it hit me. We're laughing, but they're winning.

From then on, I turned my hobby over to my daytime journalist persona and almost immediately found myself at the center of America's new political reality—one that will dominate next year's presidential election. The joke, it turned out, was on me, the American citizen.

LATE DECEMBER 2002. I'm at the Market Street Marriott in Philadelphia's Center City, dressed in a bad suit and trying to fake uproarious applause. The White House Faith-Based and Community Initiatives seminar was in the midst of its dramatic climax—the leader himself, George Bush, was addressing us.

Thousands of ministers and church officials from around the country had come to take part in these proceedings, designed to teach religious groups how to apply for federal funding under Bush's FBCI.

I was one of the religious leaders. A few months earlier I'd stumbled upon a White House press release calling for volunteers for Bush's "Army of Compassion" to sign up ahead of time for the conference.

I did. Two days later I received a bulletin from the White House, confirming a place at the conference for "Matt Taibbi, Youth Pastor, Erie Church of Christ."

The reason for attending the conference as a pastor and not as a journalist should be obvious. If ever there were a news story that existed entirely between the lines, it was this one. Ostensibly—i.e., as far as journalists are concerned—the FBCI, while legally dicey enough on the surface, does not technically fund religious activities in any direct way.

The legislation for the program has been drawn up carefully, no doubt, by an army of government lawyers. In word it maintains some semblance of the traditional barriers between church and state. But in reality the language of the program and the speeches surrounding it are little more than an elaborate wink to religious leaders, letting them know that although some formal restrictions will remain in place to keep the liberals cool, in practice churches and religious organizations will be able to do whatever they want with all the government money they'll get.

It was therefore necessary to get an inside look. And so it was, not long after Bush's entrance, that I found myself in the middle of something I never thought I'd see: a crowd of black people cheering for President Bush, shouting, "Preach, brother! Preach!"

Let me explain. Early on in the day I'd made the mistake of trying to ingratiate myself with a crowd of white Southern preachers who were, it seemed, quietly loitering in the lobby before the speeches began. After a few minutes of waiting for them to show a sign of life, I realized that they were praying.

When they finally snapped out of it, I introduced myself and was immediately set upon by an older man, Randall, a minister in a Kentucky congregation. Noticing my name tag, Randall began quizzing me on the Book of Matthew, specifically about the identity of the author of that gospel.

"Well, it sure wasn't Tom Clancy," I

## SEVENDEADLYSINS

Self-professed piety is certainly no guarantee of upstanding personal character—for abundant evidence, just check the public record



**SINNER:** LAUCH FAIRCLOTH senator from North Carolina **DAMNING EVIDENCE:** During his reelection campaign, an ad declared: "Washington's a crazy city. We fought to pass the laws that cut off welfare for the people who refuse to work." Yet in 1998, Faircloth showed up for fewer Senate votes than all but three other lazy-ass members.

**COMEUPPANCE**: Lost his reelection bid to Democrat John Edwards.

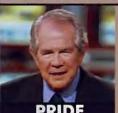


SINNER: JERRY FALWELL televangelist

**DAMNING EVIDENCE:** In a post–September 11 sermon, he said, "The pagans and the abortionists and the feminists and the gays and the lesbians who are actively trying to make that an alternative lifestyle, the ACLU, People for the American Way, I point the finger in their face and say, 'You helped this happen.'" **COMEUPPANCE:** Issued a public apology on Geraldo Rivera's cable show.



**SINNER:** NEWT GINGRICH former Speaker of the House **DAMNING EVIDENCE:** "The Clinton presidency has been degraded to the point that it is viewed as the rough equivalent of the Jerry Springer show, with decadence that should appall every American," he said. Gingrich knew of what he spoke: He served his first wife divorce papers in the hospital while she was recovering from cancer, then cheated on his next wife for six years. **COMEUPPANCE:** Resigned from the House in disgrace in 1998.



**SINNER:** PAT ROBERTSON Christian Coalition founder, former Republican presidential candidate

**DAMNING EVIDENCE**: In 1991 he claimed, "I believe that the Christian Coalition will be the most powerful political force in America by the end of this decade."

**COMEUPPANCE:** Donations to the Christian Coalition reportedly dropped from a high of \$26.5 million in 1996 to an estimated \$3 million by 2000.



**SINNER:** PAUL and JAN CROUCH founders of the Trinity Broadcasting Network

**DAMNING EVIDENCE**: In 2001 they purchased a "palatial estate with ocean and city views" in California for nearly \$5 million. Three years earlier, a worker said of their lavish office suite, "This makes Hearst Castle look like a doghouse."

**COMEUPPANCE**: Public shame. A TBN spokesperson later said, "We are careful with every penny."



**SINNER**: TRENT LOTT senator from Mississippi, former Senate Majority Leader

**DAMNING EVIDENCE**: He exposed his resentment of legally mandated integration: "I want to say this about my state. When Strom Thurmond ran for president, we voted for him. We're proud of it. And if the rest of the country had followed our lead, we wouldn't have had all these problems over all these years." **COMEUPPANCE**: Forced to resign as Senate Majority Leader.



**SINNER:** WILLIAM BENNETT former cabinet secretary, author of *The Book of Virtues* 

**DAMNING EVIDENCE:** Wrote "There is much unhappiness and personal distress in the world because of failures to control tempers, appetites, passions and impulses." It later emerged that Bennett apparently lost up to \$8 million on video poker and slot machines.

COMEUPPANCE: A thorough public flogging from the media.

quipped in desperation.

"Haw!" he said. "Too bad! I love his books!"

'Oh, hell, me too," I said.

He asked me about my background. I said I was a Baptist and a youth counselor who'd been sent by the congregation to Philly because I had grant-writing experience. He asked me if Buffalo was where I'd found the Lord.

"No," I said. "I found him between the couch pillows."

Dead silence.

This was not a good crowd for religious humor. After slinking away from the group, I decided to go find a table of black ministers. The decision left me with what turned out to be a front-row seat for George Bush's coming-out party as a black politician.

Three floors of the Philadelphia Marriott were swarming with Secret Service agents and bomb-sniffing dogs (who spent most of their time, I noted with amusement, sniffing the press section). The entrance to the main hall was flanked by metal detectors.

On my way into the hall, I walked behind a black preacher in a sky-blue suit and a Moochie Norris afro who was caught in an epic *Spinal Tap*—esque battle with a metal detector. The Secret Service spent five full minutes trying to determine what the preacher had on him that was setting off the machine. Finally, the man laughed and pulled an afro pick out of his back pocket.

"Man, this must be it!" he said.

He went through. The Secret Service men handed him his pick. Once he left, I overheard their conversation:

"What the fuck was that?"
"It's that thing for their hair."

I ended up sitting at a table about 40 feet from the main podium with eight religious leaders from Springfield, Massachusetts, Plainfield, New Jersey and Savannah, Georgia. They told horror stories about their neighborhoods and how much they needed HUD funding, as well as funds for prisoners and juveniles.

Race was a powerful theme at the event. Trent Lott's comments about Strom Thurmond and desegregation hung in the air, still a hot national issue. President Bush himself used the conference as the occasion upon which he threw Lott to the wolves. Moreover, the conference was disproportionately attended by blacks, who made up about half of the 3000 or so participants.

It had been no secret that the FBCI was conceived by the Bush camp at least in part to secure a new electoral stronghold in the black community—that it was, as BET political writer Joe Davidson calls it, a "political tool to

whittle away at the Democratic bear hug on the black vote."

Since the program was proposed by Bush during his campaign, surveys had consistently shown that the religious poor support the measure in far greater numbers than the religious middle and upper-middle classes. These numbers are expressed most graphically along racial lines. In a Pew Institute survey about the program, 81 percent of blacks and Hispanics supported the program, while only 61 percent of whites did, numbers that were sure to make Karl Rove's heart sing.

In the spring of 2002, then Republican gubernatorial candidate Robert Ehrlich of Maryland became embroiled in controversy when he spoke without using the approved code about supporting an initiative to give a black church funding to buy HUD properties.

"I'm a white guy. I'm a Republican. But I'll deliver," Ehrlich said in an account from the May I Washington Post.
"I'm not saying this gets me 20 percent of the black vote, but it lowers the tem-

Republicans were not only putting blacks in jail, they were giving them a piece of the pie. As pure, cynical politics, it was beautiful to watch.

perature." Courting the black vote used to be a hot proposition for Republicans. But God—and some cash—makes it easier.

It dawned on me what a brilliant strategy this was. Don't spend any more money on social services, just redirect the money you do spend to black churches. That way, you can take all the money you want from schools and usual budget expenditures and still win some of the vote by directly buying off the heads of local congregations. "Walking-around money" had become "walking-around millions."

Not that there wasn't concern among the people at my table about the unnervingly overt nature of the bribe. One of the issues I was watching at the conference was whether grant money would be deposited directly into the bank accounts of churches, or whether that money would have to be kept in the account of a separate organization. The Bush administration had yet to explicitly say it insisted on keeping the money separate.

And indeed, when FBCI staffer Rebecca Beynon spoke earlier in the day about the ins and outs of the program, she'd made it clear that the government would not insist on keeping the money separate.

"You may want to consider keeping a separate bank account," she said, lin-

gering on the word may.

The contingent from the Plainfield ministry visibly shuddered during this speech. "Our bishop warned us about this," one minister said. "We're advising every black church we can find to keep separate accounts. This thing doesn't sound right."

Nonetheless, when Bush ascended the stage, you'd have thought Medgar Evers had just walked in. The scene was a visual non sequitur. The president and his trademark prep-school smirk—the picture of a petulant child who keeps wandering into the adults' room to be praised for learning how to operate the one switch on his new \$3000 train set—triggered an outpouring of emotion from the black leaders of depressed neighborhoods.

"You love God with all your heart, all

your soul," he began.

"Yay-uh!" shouted the crowd.

"You believe that every person in need is a worthy child of God," the president continued.

"Yay-uh!"

"You are the generals and the soldiers of the armies of compassion."

"Yay-uh! Yay-uh!"

"You know that building more prisons is no substitute for building responsibility and order in our souls."

"Preach, brother!"

This from the person who campaigned for increased funding for prison construction and an end to parole for repeat felons. Many of the programs of the FBCI were grants for prison counseling and juvenile reentry programs. Now the Republicans were not only putting blacks in jail, they were giving blacks a piece of the prison-industry pie. As pure, cynical politics, it was beautiful to watch.

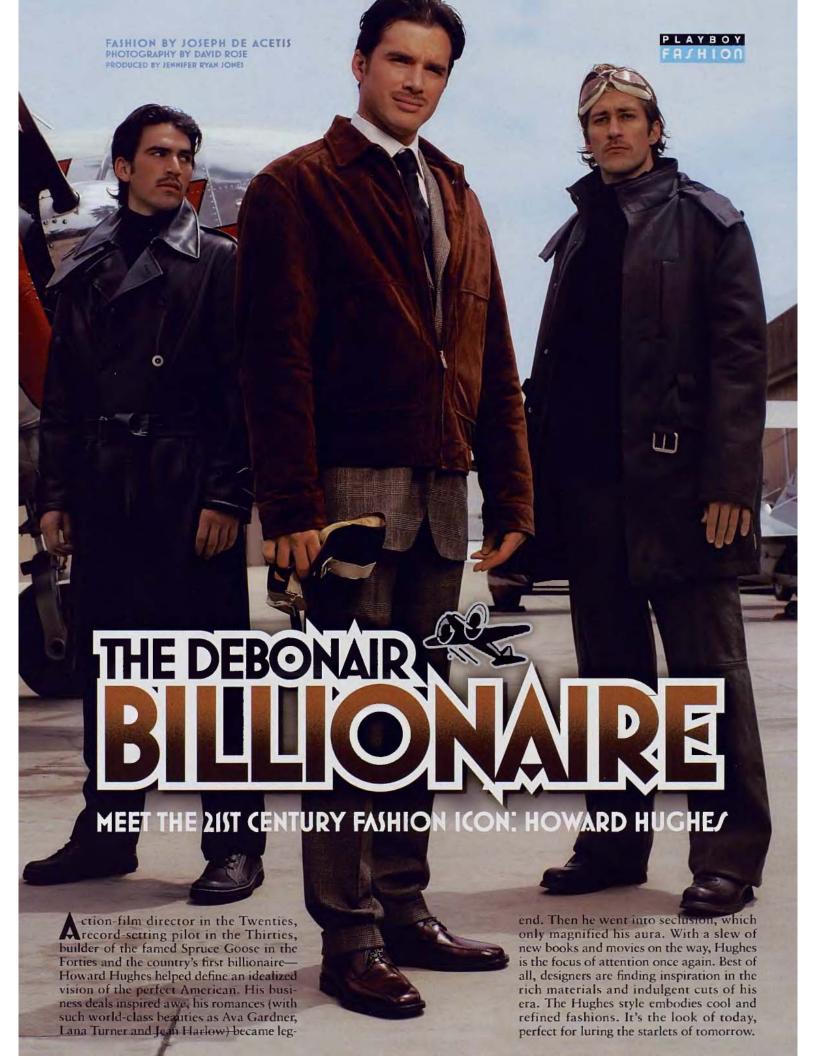
When Bush delivered his line that "remarks by Senator Lott do not reflect the spirit of the country," the group at my table stood up in applause. When he moved to a table to sign an executive order making the FBCI law, the place erupted in the kind of ovation Philly hasn't heard since Doc and Moses were around in 1983.

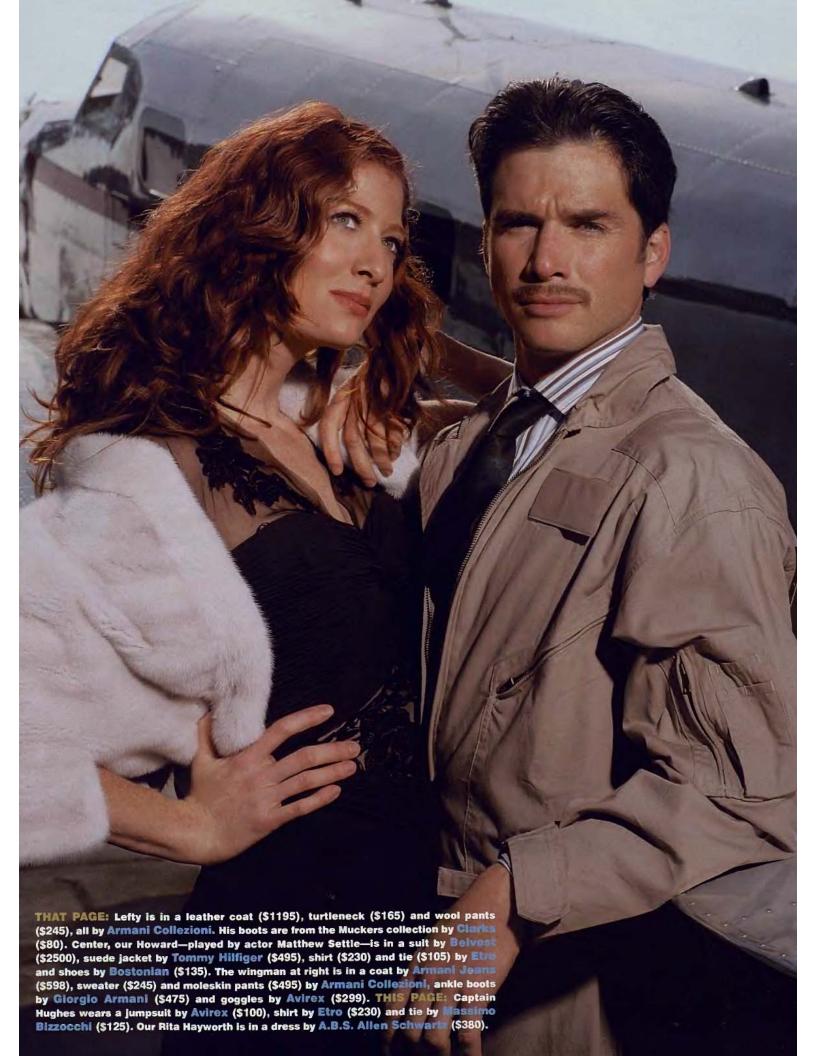
"Lord," the Plainfield minister said.
"He sure can talk."

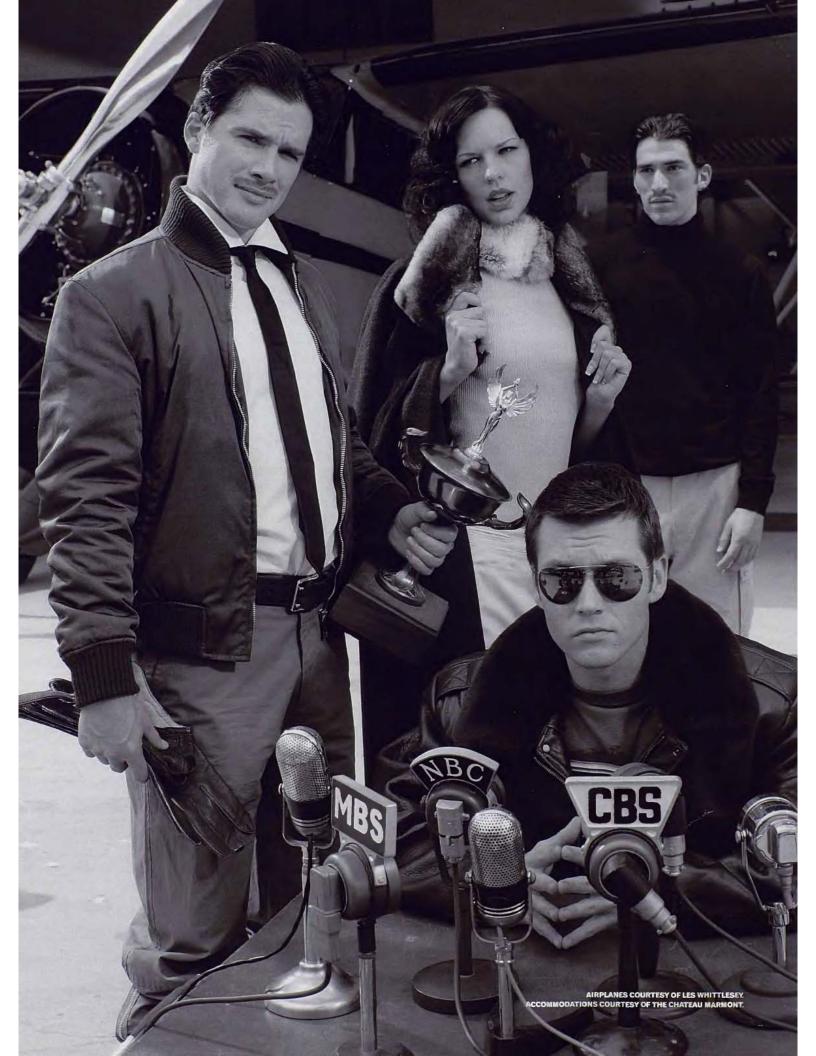
"Can't find a pen in this place," complained Morris, a pastor from a northeastern state. "I was so prepared otherwise, (continued on page 152)

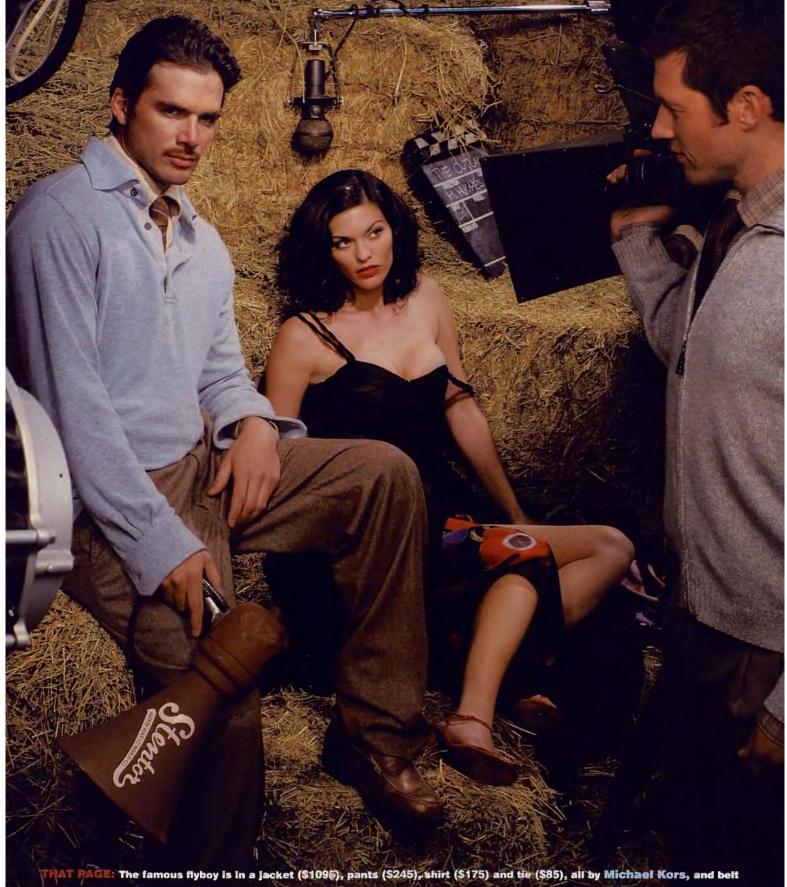


"Mercy, look at the time! I've got to check out and you've got to finish making up the room!"

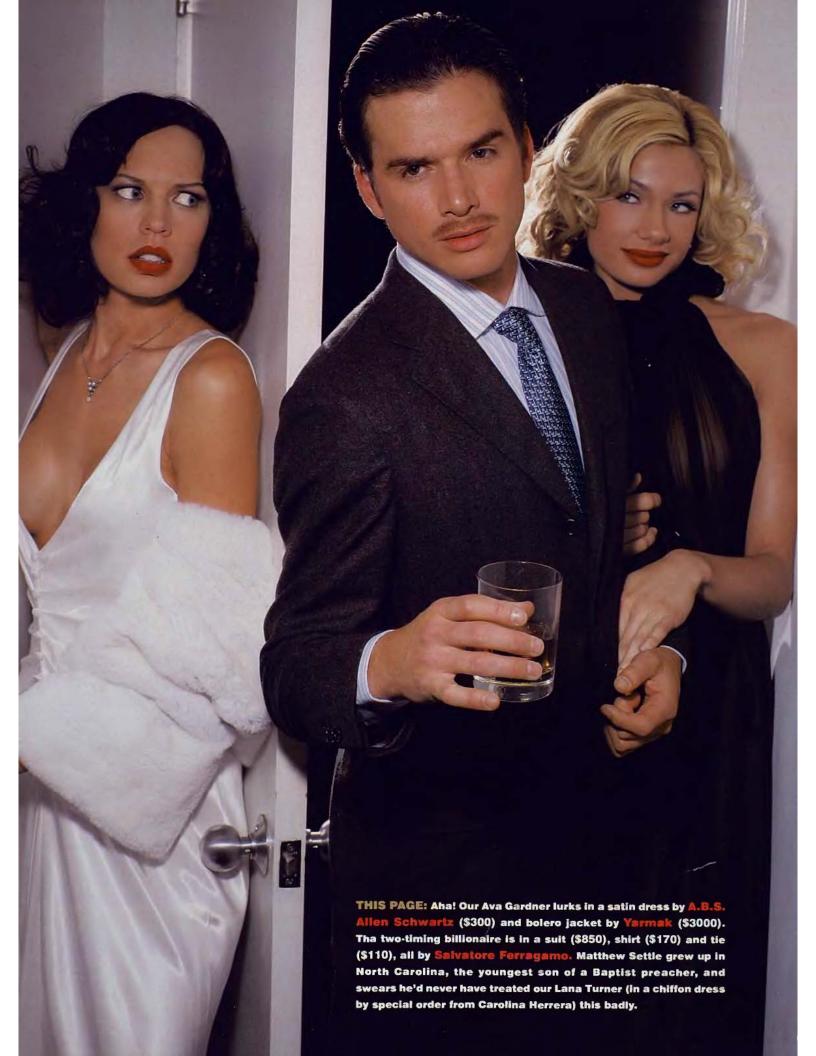


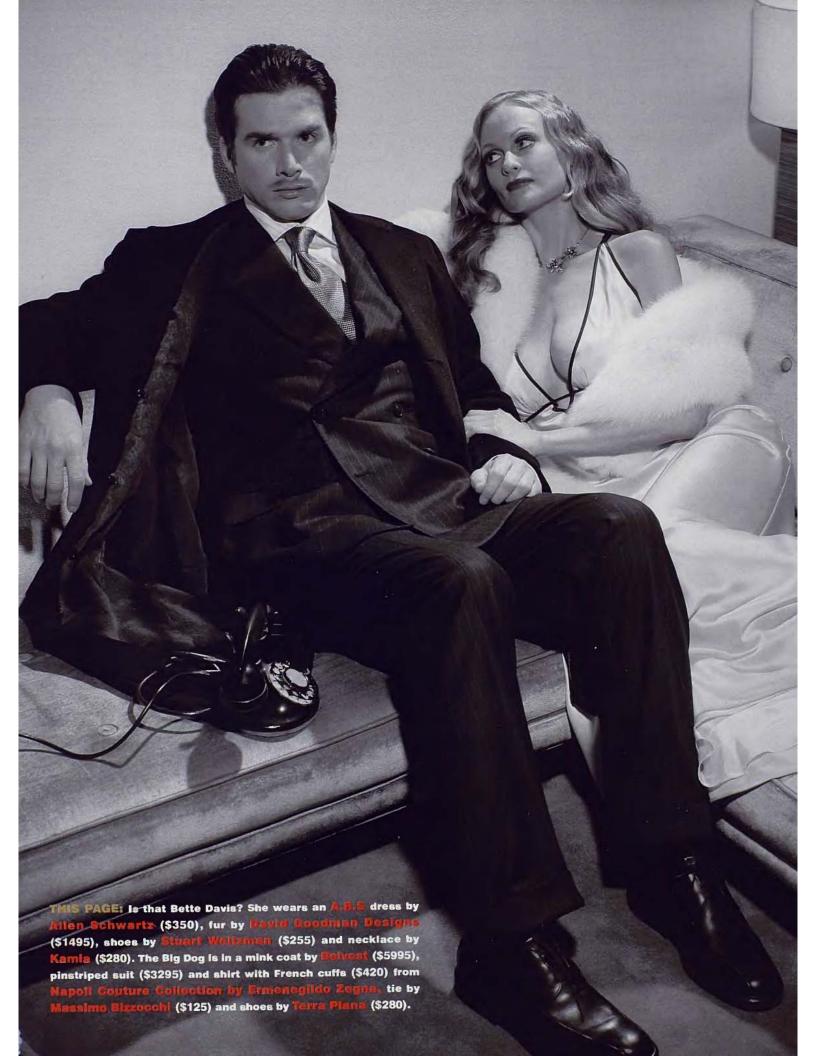


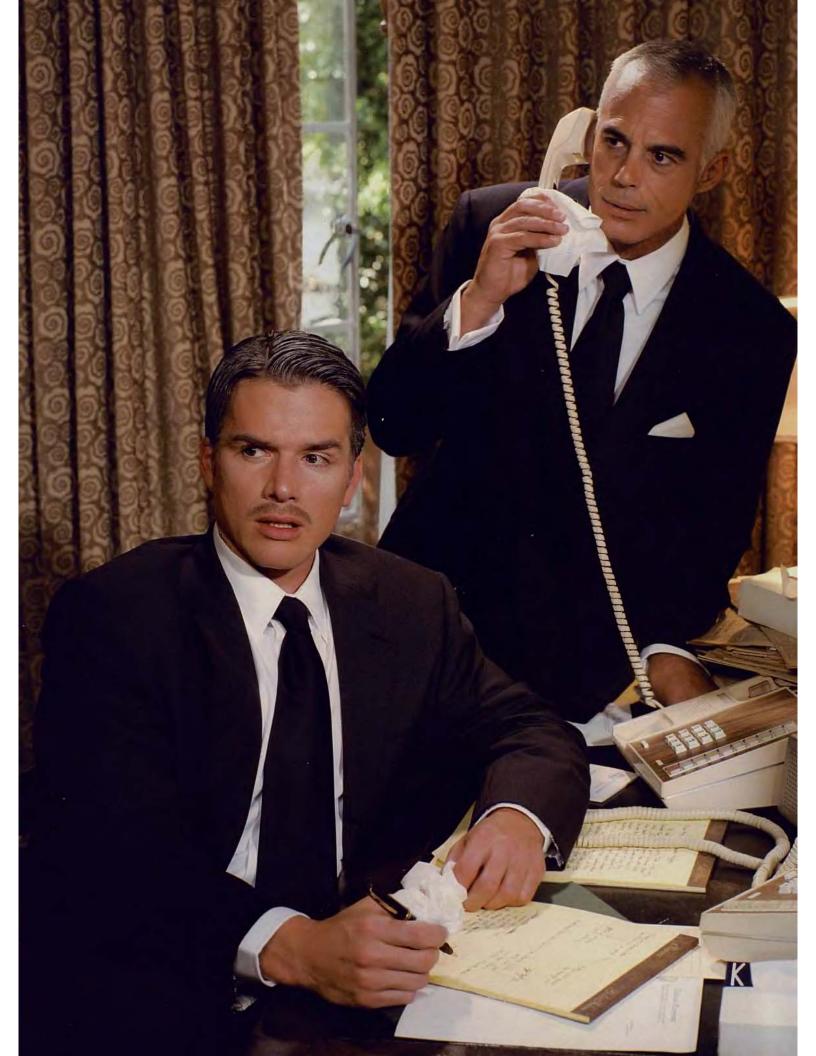




by Tommy Hilfiger (\$30). Lady Luck wears a coat by Belvest (\$2200), fur-trimmed top by Richmond (\$390) and slacks by Nude (\$275). Back right, slim Jim's in a wool turtleneck (\$95) and pants (\$50) by Tommy Hilfiger. Seated, Sparks is in a laathar bomber by Avirex (\$340) and T-shirt by Schott Bros. (\$27). This Pants At laft, Matthew Settle's Hughas is in a cashmere polo by Avon Celli (\$525), cashmere shirt (\$400) and trousers (\$800), both by Kiton, tie by Messimo Bizzocchi (\$125) and loafers by Clarks (\$110). Matthaw has been in Band of Brothers, U-571 and I Still Know What You Did Last Summer. Our new Jana Russell is in a dress (\$3500) and sandals (\$295) by Salvatore Ferragamo. At right, the gaffer is in a cashmere cardigan by Avon Celli (\$850), wool shirt (\$575) and cashmere trousers (\$850), both by Kiton, and the by Joseph Abboud (\$75).











"Wilson, the fire is across the street!"





### Nicolas Cage

## 20Q

## the intense actor on lisa marie, his uncle's wine and how he cured his hunka hunka burning love

#### 1

PLAYBOY: After playing twins in Adaptation, were you disappointed to play only one con artist in your new Ridley Scott film, Matchstick Men?

CAGE: Absolutely not. Adaptation was the most difficult film I've done in terms of special effects. We'd decide which twin to shoot depending on which side of the bed I got up on that day.

#### 2

PLAYBOY: Neither you nor Scott is known for comedies. Did *Matchstick Men* feel like new territory?

CAGE: Gee, when I consider all those heavy dramas I've been in, like Raising Arizona, Moonstruck, Adaptation and Honeymoon in Vegas, I kind of understand how you can ask that question.

#### 3

PLAYBOY: Oh yeah, thanks for the reminder. Do you seek out films that have a Vegas theme?

CAGE: It's totally a fluke that I've made three or so movies that take place in Las Vegas. I don't know how that happened. Also, for a while, it seemed as if I was making movies that had the word moon in them—Racing With the Moon, Moonstruck. It's just one of those strange things. I'm sure there's another moon movie in my future, because things tend to happen in threes.

#### 4

PLAYBOY: You changed your famous last name when you started acting. What can a Cage do that a Coppola can't? CAGE: Be a movie star.

#### 5

PLAYBOY: Do you get your uncle Francis Coppola's wines at a discount? CAGE: For the holidays, Francis will send me a case of wine. That usually lasts awhile. It's a nice gift. My new favorite

is my cousin Roman's wine called RC Reserve. It's a quality syrah and a good value. We went to Venice together and had the first tasting of his wine in Europe. It was great.

#### 6

PLAYBOY: Would you like to do a movie in which you don't have to torture yourself for the role?

cage: Those roles are just the ones that stand out. I think of Family Man as being about a guy who isn't really on the edge, or my character in Guarding Tess. It seems I gravitate toward characters who do have some sort of dark edge to them. I don't know why that is. Maybe I'm just a dark-edged kind of guy.

#### 7

PLAYBOY: Is it best to work out troubling things in movies, or would it save time to go to a psychiatrist?

cace: The best way to work out anything is through expression and—in my case—through movies, whether it's acting, directing or producing. Take negatives and turn them into positives through creativity.

#### 8

PLAYBOY: In Leaving Las Vegas, your character suffers the erectile problems characteristic of a heavy drinker. If there were a cure, would its name be Elisabeth Shue?

cage: The only time my character ever gets hard is at the very end of the movie, with Elisabeth's character. For the majority of the film, he is unable to do anything because of the massive amounts of alcohol he's drinking. But on the other hand, I think he breaks free just before his death.

#### 9

PLAYBOY: Is there a time during the making of a movie when you think it

cage: There's always a moment in every movie when I become possessed by self-doubt, because I never want to get comfortable in anything that I'm doing. That's part of the reason I haven't taken a straight line in my career trajectories, because I wasn't comfortable

isn't going to work out at all?

making some of the choices that I made. I thought perhaps by doing that I could learn something or grow in some way as an actor. I'm always trying to stay on the high wire.

#### 10

PLAYBOY: Divorce for actors is especially hard because it's so public. One school of thought has it that to make it easier, give her everything she wants. Having been down that road twice, do you have any advice?

CAGE: My general rule is to try my best not to explore my family dynamics publicly. But I will say that I always think it's best to be generous.

#### 11

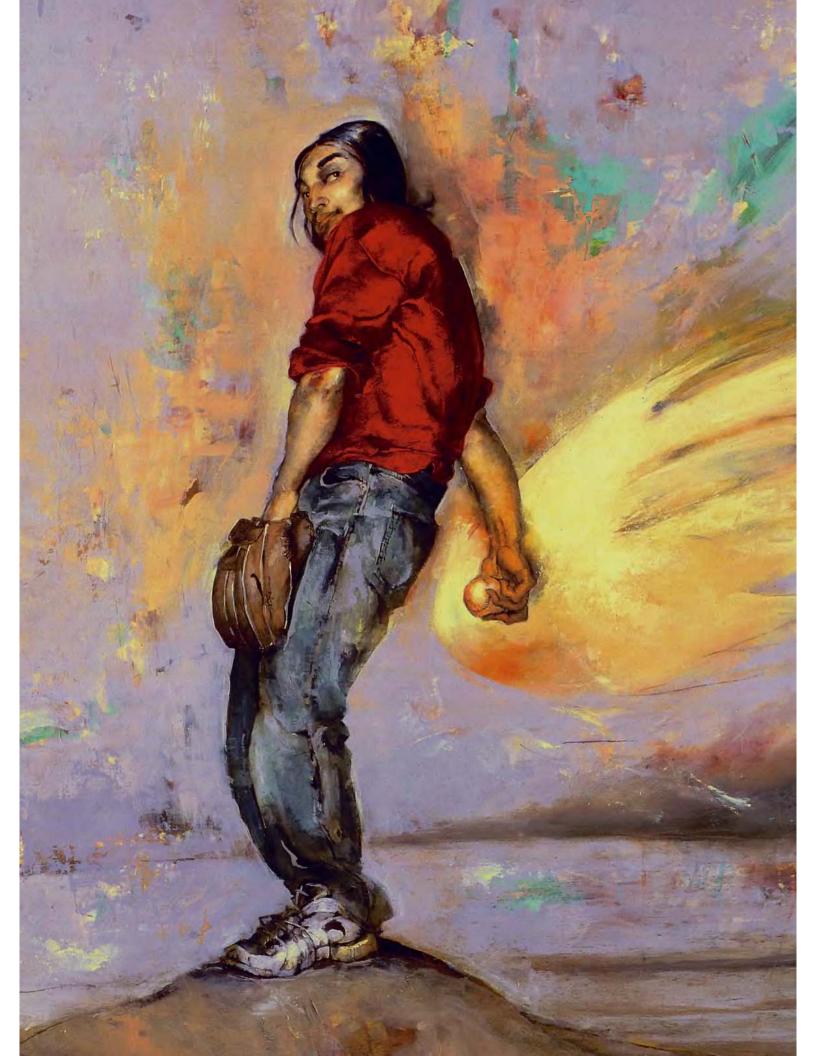
PLAYBOY: What are some things you really like, and what do you just not give a shit about?

CAGE: I really like Venetian glass. I like nature. I like biology. I like Gaudí architecture. I like inspiring acting. I don't give much of a shit about watching a ball game.

#### 12

PLAYBOY: You auctioned off your comic book collection. Did you hold back anything from the hammer?

CAGE: I've parted with most of my collection. I kept the old horror comics. I like those—some of the *Tales of Suspense* comics. By and large I was going through a streamlining process where I made a decision that everything you own owns you. I got too caught up in the collecting. Now I'm trying to find other ways to (concluded on page 157)





Fiction By Joseph Kierland

## TUBA

THE NAVAJO KID HAS A WICKED PITCH, BUT CAN HE MAKE THE BIG LEAGUES?

he road into the Navajo Nation runs in curves through harsh open range. I'd been headed that way for hours, past clusters of mobile homes and small ranch houses

dotting the landscape of chaparral and tumbleweed.

Signs of the modern world slowly popped into view like rising bubbles. A McDonald's appeared, and then a Taco Bell, and I could see a Wells Fargo Bank tucked in among the large mounds of earth that stood like sentinels on either side of the two-lane blacktop. A hand-painted sign rose up advertising DINOSAUR TRACKS. It leaned precariously against the burned-out shell of an old Ford pickup. Farther on, a smaller sign read GO WARRIORS, and finally a highway sign came into view saying TUBA CITY. A pale horse hung his head over a wooden fence and stared out at me as I slowed to let a pickup truck filled with firewood make a wide turn onto a dirt road. The horse's eyes stayed with me

as I passed. His gaze made me feel like an intruder.

Usually these side trips ended with little accomplished except having done a favor for an old friend. The old friend in this case was a man named Teddy Nighthorse, whom I'd met in Tucson years ago. I always associated Teddy with spring training. We'd gotten into the habit of meeting in Tucson at the end of a long winter and making the rounds together. We'd usually run into each other at one of the morning batting practices. We'd lean against the mesh fence and watch the warm-weather ritual of men stepping into a crudely marked box to try and smash a speeding ball with one inch of a round bat.

As a scout for the Arizona Diamondbacks, my territory included southern California and an occasional trip up the coast to spy on the Giants. But there were months to go before spring training began, so Teddy's phone call surprised me. He'd asked me to come up and take a peek at a young pitcher, something he had never done before. I reluctantly agreed.

Looking at young prospects usually took place in the formal setting of a high school or college game. Baseball scouts showed up to study players in the faint hope that they'd be good enough to recruit. There would be pages of statistics to go through before you arrived. Then you'd have to deal with the particular expectations of the young player and his coach. Isolated cases like Tuba City were less formal. Usually you just encouraged the young player and then turned around and went home.

I saw Teddy standing under the trees in the middle of the street. He waved me toward a dirt driveway and pointed to a parking place directly in front of a beat-up Dumpster. I began apologizing for being nearly an hour late, but Teddy just smiled and said, "Did you bring the equipment?"

"Sure did," I said, opening the trunk to show him. The air had gotten colder, and I took out my heavy leather jacket. A group of Navajo boys surrounded us and stared into the trunk at my array of professional baseball equipment.

"This is just what we need," Teddy said as he picked up the catcher's equipment and opened a fresh box of baseballs. I reached in and grabbed one of the lighter bats and took my speed gun out of its leather case.

By the time I turned around Teddy had already started for the makeshift ball field behind us. I noticed how fit he looked for an older man. His straight white hair and leathery skin suggested he was in his 60s. Possibly early 70s. He moved slow and easy like an old cat and had probably been an athlete at one time. In all the years I'd known him we had never met outside the ballpark or talked about our pasts. I came out of the sandlots in the Bronx and Teddy had spent his life on an Indian reservation. That's all we knew about each other. We talked only about baseball and the approaching season. In fact, this was the first time I had ever ventured into what we both laughingly referred to as Teddy Country.

The group of nine-year-olds hung in close to us like a flock of colorful birds and helped Teddy carry the catcher's equipment to the broken-down backstop. On a signal from the old man one of the boys took off across Moenave Street and disappeared into a faded white building with a hand-painted sign over its front door that read FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"You did say the kid is left-handed, didn't you?" I asked while Teddy began to strap on a chest protector and a pair

of shin guards.

"Yeah, he's a southpaw, and I'm waiting to see what he registers on that speed gun you brought," he said.

I held out a shiny white baseball to see which little kid would step up and throw the ball at him, but they just giggled and backed away shyly.

"I sent one of the kids across the

street to get him," Teddy said. I nodded as two of the boys picked up the box of balls and carried them out to the recently graded pitcher's mound. Teddy waddled over to the backstop to brush off home plate and fill in the rain-rutted area around the batter's box. He seemed nervous. I could hear him tell the boys to stay out of the way.

I looked around at the few rows of stands that ran the edge of the field along the baselines. I walked slowly across the infield and noticed that a large patch of crabgrass and weeds had recently been dug out and reseeded. I stepped around it, took out my measuring tape and waved to one of the boys to hold the end of it at the top of the pitcher's mound while I unraveled the 60 and a half feet to home plate. I

"He's a southpaw and I'm waiting to see what he registers on that speed gun you brought."

smiled over at Teddy, who was still working on the batter's box, and said, "This field may not look like much, but it's got a perfect distance from the mound to home plate."

"I didn't want the kid throwing the wrong distance, so I measured and readjusted the whole thing," he said. "The height of the mound was a little bit trickier, but I think we got that

about right, too."

I rolled up the tape and glanced out at the school building behind the Dumpsters. For the first time I noticed the windows were jammed with people. The left-handed kid had fans. The faces in the windows suddenly turned in unison to look at something through the leafless trees along Moenave Street, and I got a good look at the kid.

Large and lumbering and a bit overweight, he had determination in his step as he headed directly for the backstop. His high cheekbones made his round face look even bigger. A shock of black hair hung straight to his shoulders. He wore a bright red sweatshirt and blue jeans, and torn sneakers held together with pieces of string. Under his arm he carried an old, flat baseball glove that looked homemade. As he walked past the stands, he casually rubbed each boy's head for luck.

"This is Nick Costa, the man I told you about," Teddy said. When the kid extended his hand I could hardly grasp it all in mine. His handshake was gentle, almost weak, but his smile was big and strong. "This is Harold Bromley, the kid I want you to look at," Teddy said proudly while he adjusted his catcher's mask.

"Everyone around here just calls me Shoe," the kid said.

"Short for Big Shoe," Teddy added.

"Shoe. That's just fine."

"I've already warmed up," he said.

"Great. Then let's get started," I said. Teddy stood with his hands on his hips behind home plate.

"How old are you?" I asked the kid as we walked out to the mound.

"Almost 18," he answered, bending over to take one of the new baseballs out of the box. I watched his every move to see if he had any kind of injury or handicap, or might be physically compensating for anything, but he moved smoothly around the mound. He flipped the ball to the plate in an easy warm-up motion, and when Teddy threw the ball back, Shoe caught it as if he'd been doing it his whole life. He threw in another pitch, and I watched his arm motion to see where he released the ball and where he ended up on the mound after the delivery.

"You gonna put the gun on my fastball?" he asked, smiling.

"Ever have that done before?"
"No," he said. "Should be fun."

Usually you tried to hide the gun from a young kid or even a pro when his speed began to drop late in a game. Most big league parks have begun to display the speed of each pitch on their scoreboards. That puts more pressure on the pitcher and the batters. But this kid looked at the speed gun as fun. I liked his attitude.

It felt like a storm was rolling in, and I glanced up at the school building. The lights had been turned on, making it easier to see the people watching us from the windows.

"Whenever you're ready, just let me know," I said, pulling up the collar on my leather jacket.

"Guess I'm ready," the kid said.

"Just relax and give me a straight fastball."

"Want me to try and hit the corner?"
"Sure, why not?" I said, setting the

speed gun.

The kid nodded at Teddy, who was crouched behind the plate giving him a target on the inside corner for a lefthanded batter. The kid went into a short windup and came down hard off

(continued on page 144)



"Well, Doris . . . it turns out she does understand some English!"



### THE WOMEN OF STARBUCKS

These steamy beauties show us a whole latte love

here's a reason Starbucks coffeehouses have sprung up on every other street corner, and it isn't just the overpriced java. Frankly, we could grab a cup o' joe anywhere, but we'd miss the eye-opening ritual of being waited on by the caffeine cartel's seemingly bottomless supply of gorgeous counter help. Whether they are whipping up frappuccinos in San Francisco or macchiatos in Miami, these beautiful baristas, as they are called, are the best part of waking up, and if they smile and ask if we would also like to purchase a chunk of biscotti or a Starbucks CD, who are we to say no? Watching these lovelies coax steam out of an espresso machine, we can't help wondering if they're as hot as a freshbrewed cup when not on the job. Finding out can be a challenge, since an invitation to "grab a cup of coffee after work sometime" is likely to be met with an amused stare. So when we put out the call to the women of Starbucks for a pictorial, we were thrilled at the number of baristas more than willing to shed their standard-issue aprons-and everything else. This job has its perks.

LINDSAY GARREN (left), 20, serves it up hot in Huntington Beach, California, where her customers call her Smiles. She blows off steam after work by playing volleyball.

ELIZABETH PARADISE (right), 24, is an anthropology major in Riverside, California. "The best part of my job is meeting people from all different walks of life. It's a disappointment when your favorite regulars don't show up."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG and STEPHEN WAYDA







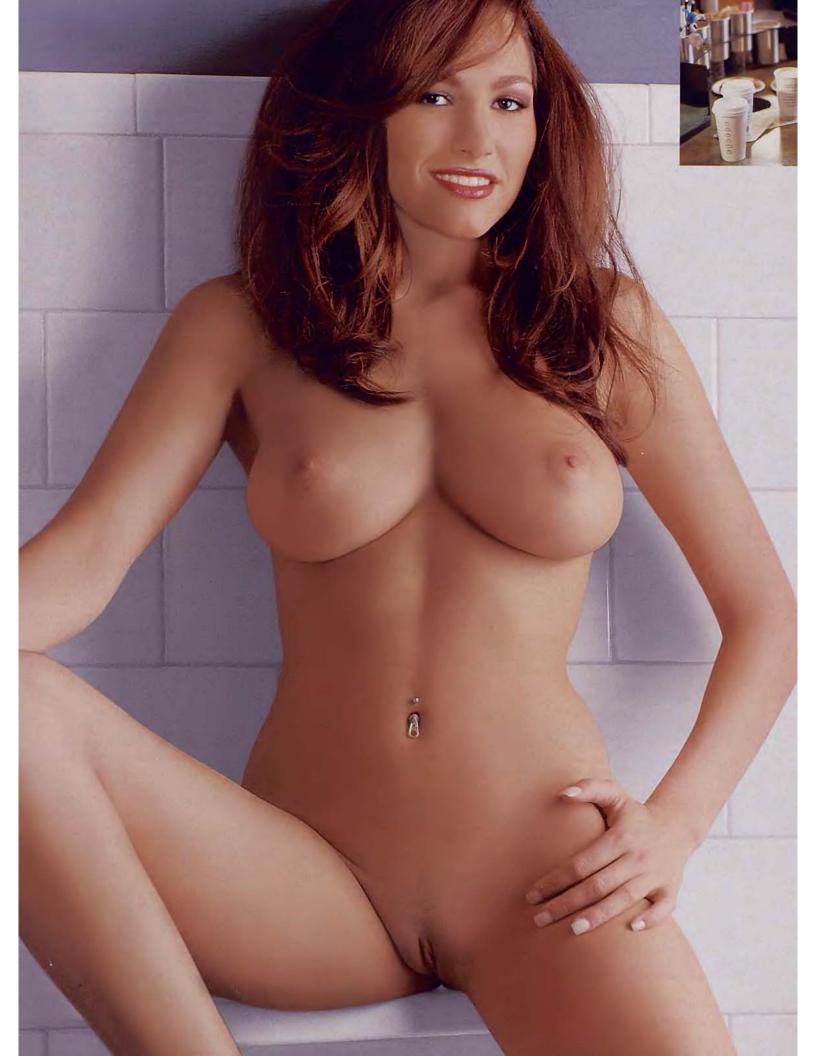






girl living and studying in San Francisco. She hopes to break into acting or international business. For now, her cappuccino definitely runneth over.

See more Girls of Starbucks at cyber.playboy.com.



#### An emergency room clerk wasn't so lucky. She contracted the disease from an insurance card.

Johnny Chen, who was comatose, had been returned to Hong Kong by air ambulance. He was placed in isolation in Princess Margaret Hospital, which specializes in infectious diseases. He died on March 13, hooked up to a ventilator, with tubes sticking out of his once muscular body. By the time of his death, Chen had, directly or indirectly, infected 63 people in Hanoi, including seven of his colleagues at the garment company. Five of the victims died.

One was Urbani, who died in Bangkok on March 29, the day after he was finally intubated. "We all thought he was going to get better," says WHO spokesman Thompson. "I remember a big argument he had with his wife toward the end about whether he should have kept going back to the hospital." His widow, Giuliana Chiorrini, quoted his reply: "If I cannot work in such situations, what am I here for? Answering e-mails, going to cocktails and pushing paper?"

#### TORONTO

When Kwan Sui-chu and her husband took the long flight back to Toronto on February 23, she was already desperately ill. In Toronto, she saw her family doctor, who merely prescribed an ordinary antibiotic. She never went to a hospital, and she died at home on March 5-the first SARS death in Canada. No one in the country had an inkling of the terrible new disease that had been unleashed.

Kwan lived in a townhouse with her husband, a son, his wife and their newborn baby. During the 11 days that her illness festered and grew, Kwan infected many of her closest relatives, including one son who, when Kwan was suffering her final respiratory failure, followed a paramedic's instruction over the telephone to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Another son, 43-year-old Tse Chi-kwai, would bring SARS into Toronto's hospitals.

Tse was admitted to Scarborough



"We have to stop meeting like this. Unless somewhere down the line, we actually plan on having sex."

Grace Hospital with what looked like pneumonia. Tse spent a night in a corner bed in the emergency room's observation ward. There, two other patients, including Joseph Pollack, 76, contracted the disease. More than a dozen hospital staffers began to come down with symptoms. Before he died, Pollack infected his wife, Rose, 73. Before she died, Rose had sat in a hospital waiting room next to the leader of Bukas Loob Sa Diyos, a predominately Filipino Roman Catholic prayer group. At least 30 members of the prayer group became infected, and three died.

Soon, more Toronto health care workers began to get sick. Some doctors and nurses were unaffected; others had sat next to an infected person for only a moment or had removed their masks and briefly touched a virus-laden finger to their eyes—and wound up dead. "With other infections, you'd get away with that 99 times out of 100," says Dr. Low, who had been in Hong Kong during the outbreak. "With this one, you might get caught." He had treated SARS patients in Canada but was not infected. Christel Clark, an emergency room clerk at Scarborough Grace, wasn't so lucky. She apparently contracted the disease from a patient when she handled his insurance card.

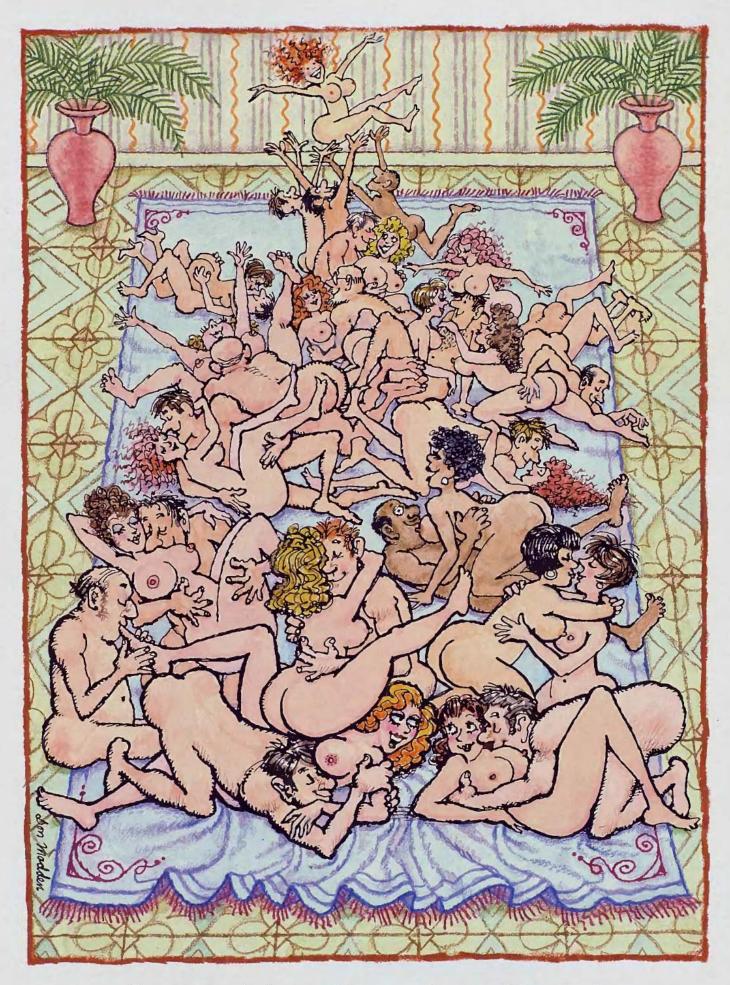
Dr. Allison McGeer, director of infection control at Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital, had her own experience with SARS, though she describes her case as mild. SARS usually has two components-one is the lung disease, the other is severe gastrointestinal problems, including cramps, nausea and relentless diarrhea. Even as she tried to regain her strength, Dr. McGeer continued to compile information on the epidemic from her laptop and her phone.

The Toronto outbreak continued for months and had a powerful resurgence in May. In all, more than 150 cases developed-about half of them in health care workers-and more than 25 people died. In April, Toronto was placed on a WHO travel advisory, panicking many would-be tourists and business visitors.

Despite their enormous personal losses, the Kwan family came under fire. "People treat us like monsters. They say we eat like rats and live like pigs," said Ms. Tse, a daughter, who would use only her family name when speaking to the Toronto Globe and Mail.

#### SINGAPORE

On February 25, Esther Mok left the Metropole Hotel and returned to Singapore. Four days later, Mok and two of the other Singapore women came down with symptoms and were admitted to local hospitals. Since no one thought she had anything more serious than pneumonia, Mok was allowed to receive visits from her family and members of her church. Her father, Joseph, her mother,



"I never lie to my husband. I told him I was going to a wildlife meeting."

Helen, and her pastor at the Faith Assembly of God Church, Simon Loh, became infected. So did Mok's uncle, grandmother and brother.

On March 25, Mok's father died in Tan Tock Seng Hospital, and the next day her 39-year-old pastor was dead—the first two SARS deaths in the city. Loh, who had a wife and two small children, had gone to pray for Esther Mok after her aunt asked him to. His death shocked other clergymen in Singapore, and church attendance plummeted. Many congregations canceled Sunday school and confessions.

The first week of April, Mok's mother died. A few days later, her uncle was also dead of SARS. A nurse tending Mok caught the disease and passed it to a patient in the intensive care unit, who spread it to 25 other patients. One of those patients took the illness to yet another hospital when he was transferred, infecting another 35 patients. Dr. Ong Hok Su, a 27-year-old medical officer from a cardiac unit, died. His mother, a doctor herself, took care of him, contracted SARS and died in intensive care.

The other two women who had traveled to Hong Kong infected no one and would quietly recover. When it became clear that Mok was infectious, however, her anonymity was sacrificed for the public good. Health officials named Mok, hoping to encourage anyone who

had been in contact with her to seek medical attention.

Long after Mok had recovered from SARS, hospital officials kept her isolated in Tan Tock Seng Hospital to protect her from the public and reporters. Only her sister was allowed to visit.

The Singapore government didn't do much else to protect Mok's reputation, however. In its fear-fueled war on the disease, officials called highly infective SARS patients superinfectors and occasionally spoke as though Mok had deliberately spread the disease. "Esther Mok infected the whole lot of us," Lim Hng Kiang, Singapore's health minister, said in April. Although Mok hardly intended it, nearly all of Singapore's SARS cases and deaths can ultimately be traced to her being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

#### LIKE DROWNING ON DRY LAND

In Hong Kong, on March 1, a week after Dr. Liu had stayed overnight at the Metropole, the 26-year-old airport worker who had been visiting a friend on the ninth floor was admitted to Hong Kong's Prince of Wales Hospital. Tests showed that his lungs were in trouble, but he appeared to have conventional pneumonia. In a tragic case of bad luck, the hospital staff used a standard treatment—a drug introduced by an atomizer called a jet nebulizer. For seven days,

the device spread the new virus aggressively throughout the hospital ward. As a result, every attending doctor, nurse and medical student—along with every nearby patient—would contract the disease. It was the start of the massive Hong Kong SARS outbreak.

Doctors and nurses at Prince of Wales began to show symptoms of the disease by March 5. Dr. Gregory Cheng, chief of hematology, the first Hong Kong health care worker to become infected, remembered how the disease felt in the beginning: "high fever, chills, feeling very cold, shaking from the inside, and muscle ache." Some of his colleagues were so relentlessly tired that "just brushing their teeth, those people would run out of breath and be completely exhausted afterward."

For others, the course of the disease was far worse. For terminal patients, SARS means a slow and progressively painful death, like "drowning on dry land," as one news report put it.

In some cases, the disease quickly turned severe without apparent reason, forcing the patient to intensive care and the awful ventilator tube. That happened, Dr. Cheng said, to about 10 percent of the SARS cases he saw. "Once you need ventilation, the outcome as a whole is generally poor," he added.

As doctors and nurses from other specialties volunteered to replace their sick colleagues in the now isolated SARS wards, the Hong Kong health department, at a late-night briefing on March released its report linking the spread of SARS to the chance meeting of international travelers at the Metropole Hotel. It presented a glimmer of hope: SARS seemed to be spread by personto-person contact-most likely by viruses suspended in droplets, as from a sneeze-and not as airborne particles that could have wafted around the hotel through the air-conditioning ducts, as influenzas can. That can be a much more dangerous proposition in public health terms. If the virus survived only in relatively big droplets, it meant that one had to be within roughly three feet of an actively infective person to catch the disease. This made the classic quarantine a promising weapon with which to battle the disease and perhaps eradicate it.

Almost immediately, another deadly puzzle presented itself—a new SARS outbreak in Amoy Gardens, a towering, middle-class housing complex in the Kowloon Bay section of Hong Kong. A 33-year-old man with chronic kidney disease had picked up SARS while being treated in Prince of Wales Hospital. He then paid several visits to his brother, who owned an apartment in block E of the complex. However, investigators couldn't account for the infection, in short order, of more than 300 people in the complex—a quarter of all cases in Hong Kong—most of them in block E.



"Actually, I'm going Rollerblading, but by all means, dream on."

The man hadn't been wandering around the building, and only a fraction of the residents had had contact with a SARS patient or had been to the mainland recently. The first terrible thought was that SARS could be spread by means other than droplets or that it could survive for long periods on doorknobs, elevator buttons and the like-or worse, that the virus had mutated.

On March 31, moved to extremes, Director of Health Margaret Chan put all of block E into isolation for 10 days, the generally accepted incubation period. Residents were ordered to remain in their apartments and were given three free meals a day, medical testing and help in disinfecting their rooms. No one could leave without an OK from a medical officer. To the relief of public health officials, the cause was found to be a plumbing problem that had allowed the virus to spread in droplets. The virus hadn't mutated and it didn't have another transmission method.

It was a messy affair. Before block E was isolated, 113 families packed and left to stay with friends and relatives. The health department enlisted the Hong Kong police department to help round them up before they spread the disease further. During the hunt, seven members of the force came down with SARS.

#### PART II: CONTAINMENT PIECES OF THE PUZZLE

In early March, Dr. Stöhr picked up his phone in Geneva. On the line was an anxious Margaret Chan. "Klaus, we have a problem over here," she said. "We have an outbreak in a hotel." In the first week of March, a parade of doctors, nurses and aides at Hong Kong's Prince of Wales Hospital had begun getting sick from what was clearly an extremely virulent disease. Chan and her epidemiologists were tracing contacts, the most important first response to any sort of infectious disease. E-mailed reports from public health officials in Canada and Singapore would finally make the link to the Metropole Hotel. "That first rang a bell," said Dr. Tsang.

At the same time, health care workers at the Hanoi French Hospital were falling ill. And by March 13, Toronto already had two SARS deaths, and sick hospital staffers in the city were being admitted to their own hospitals. Another case was quickly isolated in intensive care in Vancouver.

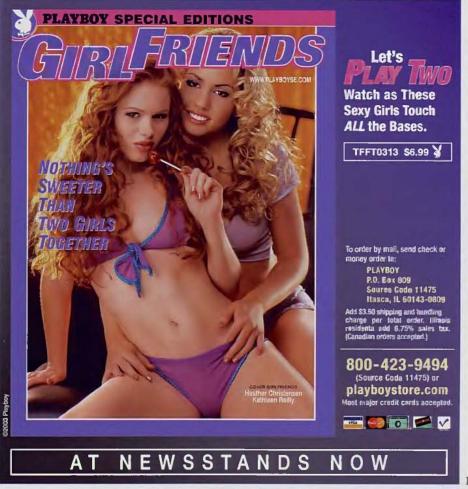
Then, at 2:30 A.M. on March 15, Dr. Michael Ryan, director of WHO's Global Outbreak Alert and Response Network, got a phone call from the Singapore Ministry of Health. Singapore had also had an outbreak of a mysterious new disease in its hospitals, and authorities there had just learned that a Singapore doctor who had treated one of these patients was on a plane that had just left New York. The doctor, who could easily



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be highly infectious, was heading home and had a stopover in Europe. The Singapore authorities had only the doctor's name, however. "Not the flight number or even the airline," Dr. Ryan recalled.

"What we saw at the beginning were a few puzzle pieces," says Stöhr. And then the number of those pieces quickly grew. In the week before March 15, when WHO issued a rare travel advisory, it had received more than 150 reports internationally of a strange new pneumonia.

On the same day, when the Singapore doctor's plane touched ground in Frankfurt, German quarantine officers were there to meet it. The doctor and two companions were taken off the plane and placed in isolation; the other passengers were examined and advised that they might have been exposed.

With an alacrity that has startled even public health investigators, doctors, nurses, epidemiologists and other investigators around the world fought back even before they knew what they were fighting. "The overall level of knowledge that people assembled in SARS is extraordinary," says Marc Lipsitch, an epidemiologist at the Harvard School of Public Health. "To have such a large health emergency and to be able to do successful contact tracing in Hong Kong, Singapore, Canada and Vietnam is a very impressive thing."

In recent years it's become clear that the world faces great danger from new or manufactured diseases that can easily spread through air travel. Even before SARS, WHO had been constructing a better global disease network. One component of the network was an agreement among the best laboratories on the planet to cooperate, not compete, in times of need. The new system, noted Ryan, had

undergone some tests during smaller outbreaks, but before SARS, it hadn't had a "major road test."

Now, with a cascade of reports arriving in Geneva, WHO investigators realized they had a major trial of their new system at hand. "We've had killer outbreaks of new diseases before, like Ebola," Dr. David Heymann, WHO executive director for communicable diseases, told the Associated Press, "but they have never spread internationally. If this system had been in place when AIDS occurred, we might not have had the AIDS expansion that we had."

Seemingly local triumphs had big impacts. Dr. McGeer, of Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto, had difficulty getting the local coroner to perform an autopsy on Tse Chi-kwai, the first patient to die in a Toronto hospital. Coroners are often reluctant to investigate what seem, as in this case, to be ordinary pneumonia deaths. McGeer persevered, however, and in an impressive leap for the worldwide public health effort, tissue from that autopsy would be used by the Michael Smith Genome Sciences Center, in Vancouver, to decode the virus' genome. From that, the SARS coronavirus was identified, and the search for protective and curative measures began.

Urbani, in Hanoi, had kept trying to ascertain whether he was dealing with a truly new disease even as he treated patients, most of them fellow health care workers, no matter the obvious infectiousness around him. "On March 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, he went to the hospital every day," says Dr. Plant, who volunteered to take the place of Urbani among WHO Hanoi investigators after he fell ill. Urbani's work alerted doctors around the globe.

In Vancouver, for example, the British Columbia Center for Disease Control began sending doctors e-mails that warned of strange influenza symptoms or a possible new avian flu. When a 55-year-old patient who had been on the 14th floor of the Metropole came to Vancouver General Hospital on March 13, he was in a mask and in isolation within an hour. This quick action spared Vancouver a SARS outbreak. Other WHO investigators pressed the Beijing government to open the real books on the new disease.

Hong Kong excelled in medical detective work, often in dangerous conditions. The authorities set up medical check stations at the city's borders, turned all available government resources—including police computers—toward tracking people who'd had contact with SARS patients and urged anyone who thought they were ill to come in for treatment without penalty.

Singapore applied a more draconian hand. There, on March 21, the Ministry of Health produced an Infectious Diseases Act that forced anyone found to have had contact with a SARS patient to be quarantined and monitored by webcams installed in their homes or, if they started to wander, by electronic wristbands. If that didn't keep potential SARS patients home, jail terms would be applied. On May 4, the first offender was publicly named and charged with violating the Home Quarantine Order.

No visitors were allowed in Singapore hospitals. Thermal scanners, to check people's temperatures, were widely installed. Virtually everyone in Singapore who dealt with the public carried badges that listed the time of their last temperature check, since fever was one of the first symptoms. And to stop contamination from one hospital to another, doctors were threatened with revocation of their medical licenses if they worked in more than one hospital

more than one hospital.

Not all episodes were heroic. Residents of neighborhoods in mainland China rioted when they learned that SARS patients might be quarantined in local buildings. Several U.S. universities, including the University of California in Berkeley, announced attendance restrictions at graduation ceremonies and/or in summer programs for students and parents from SARS-affected countries, whether or not they exhibited symptoms. "It was shocking and quite stupid," says Howard Markel, director of the Center for the History of Medicine at the University of Michigan. "I always worry about scapegoats in an epidemic." And hospital workers in Taiwan's Chang Gung and Ho Ping hospitals quit when they became convinced that mistakes in recognizing SARS were responsible for the fact that 90 percent of Taiwan's SARS patients were hospital workers.

Yet WHO authorities remain pleased with how SARS has been nearly con-



tained, despite the renewed round of infection in Canada in May and the storm of disease running through China. A remarkable level of international cooperation has bloomed, and WHO honchos have been quick to take advantage of it, particularly in light of the initial intransigence of the Beijing government. At the end of May, WHO drafted new regulations, subject to member nations' expected approval, to strengthen future efforts. Under the proposal, each country will have public health contacts who are available 24-7. WHO will no longer be dependent solely on a country's official version of a disease outbreak, as it was for so long with China. And the organization will be specifically authorized to bring the weight of world opinion against a member country if, in a crisis, that country refuses access to WHO health investigators.

SARS remains a dangerous and mysterious disease. McGeer notes that "the mortality rate from SARS is the same as from invasive group A streptococcal disease," a group that includes such ruthless illnesses as toxic shock syndrome and flesh-eating disease. According to the experience in Hong Kong, more than half of SARS patients over 60 will die. Worse in some ways, its pattern of infectiousness makes SARS an extraordinary threat to health care workers in hospitals and in private medical offices—patients are most infectious after they are in health workers' care.

"It's been 50 years since working in a hospital has been a dangerous thing to do from an infectious disease perspective," says McGeer. "In most of the developed world, we're already having almost a crisis in staffing our hospitals and health care systems. People looking to go into nursing and medicine are going to think twice about it now, when they're faced with such an obvious risk."

Fifty years ago, health care workers faced the threat of getting smallpox while working in North American hospitals. In the Forties and Fifties, while most Americans had been vaccinated against the disease, many people in developing nations had not, so hospital staffs encountered people who had picked up smallpox overseas. SARS poses a similar menace-what's known in the health trade as recurrent introductions. Many people forget that even the great influenza pandemic of 1918, which killed at least 20 million people around the world, came in repeated waves in 1918 and 1919, the second wave being the most deadly. And the 1918 flu had a mortality rate of only one percent among healthy adults.

SARS, says McGeer, "is obviously a worse disease than that."

#### AFTERMATH

In early May in Hong Kong, SARS hangs like a shroud over the city. The frontline doctors still work 18-hour shifts

in SARS hospital wards, and locals have just learned that even recovered patients may be permanently weakened by lung scarring. But the city has begun to recover from weeks of fear. Masks are coming off, even on the trains and trams.

Christine Loh Kung-wai, chief executive and founder of Civic Exchange, an independent, nonprofit Hong Kong think tank, has been analyzing decisions made during the first months of the SARS crisis by the Hong Kong Department of Health and the independent Hospital Authority. "The strength of the system is the natural instinct of Hong Kong not to hide," she says. She agrees that Hong Kong has been faulted for not realizing soon enough the enormity of the SARS problem. And she has publicly criticized uneven infection-prevention policies and inadequate stocks of protective clothing in the public hospitals. Yet it was Hong Kong that first contacted WHO, she points out, when the new pneumonia showed up. "Nobody ever tried to hide anything," she says. Meanwhile, on Ashley Road in Kowloon, in Ned Kelly's Last Stand, which claims to be Asia's oldest jazz club, the leader of the three-piece band, Colin Aitchison, says, "This is the worst Hong Kong has ever had it financially. But people aren't dropping dead in the streets. The medical people are the best. Everybody in town thinks so. We're going to beat this damn disease."

Across the harbor at the Amoy Gardens, a young couple, their arms full of groceries, are moving back into their apartment, to the clang and clatter, around the corner, of a Taoist priest appeasing the spirits. "I'm a little bit afraid," the husband admits. Then he shrugs his shoulders and goes in.

At the Metropole Hotel, another modest but optimistic moment arrives. Two young female backpackers, no doubt attracted by the rock-bottom prices, are checking in for the night.





"I always miss the postcoital cigarette on elevators."

#### I had asked for the pitch that either made the major league left-hander or broke him.

the mound. His arm came across his body like a whip, and I heard the ball as it slammed into the catcher's mitt. When I looked down, the gun read 98 miles an hour. I got a chill just calculating what the kid might be able to do with a good pair of shoes.

"What'd it read?" the kid asked.

"Oh, 'round 90," I said. "Did I really hit 90?"

"Yeah, but you always want to be careful where you throw the ball. That's the important thing. You hung that one a little too far over the plate. You've got natural speed, so you want to think about where you're throwing the ball rather than how fast.'

The kid nodded slowly. "Yeah, I been working on location with Teddy. But it helps if I have a batter up there.

The kid definitely had the speed, so I put down the gun. "I'll get up there for you," I said.

"Thanks," he said.

I walked slowly back down to where Teddy stood with the catcher's mitt and picked up a bat. "How fast did it read, Nick?" he asked.

"Ninety-eight," I said quietly.

"I knew it," he replied in a whisper.

I stood at the plate with the bat on my left shoulder and stared out at the kid. He looked big and impressive on the mound, like a large truck with its doors open. I could feel Teddy crouch down along the inside corner just behind me. The big kid went into his windup and then exploded out of it. I picked up the ball about halfway down the chute and heard it smaaaack into the catcher's mitt. The pitch had good lateral movement and slammed in right under my hands across the inside corner.

Teddy flipped the ball back out to the

kid and said, "That felt faster than the last one."

"How tall is he?" I asked.

"Almost six-five," Teddy said.

"And his weight?"

"That's a problem. Kid needs structure. A program. I can only do so much. Getting him to lay off the Big Macs is

something else."

I nodded and looked out at the overweight kid on the mound in the red sweatshirt. Even with what I had just seen he'd be considered for some kind of a contract because we always looked for left-handers with speed. Throwing from the left side is valuable in the big leagues because a lefty pitcher gets out the tough lefty hitters. The kid also had the advantage of facing first base and keeping a runner close to the bag. That makes it harder to steal or get a good lead. The advantage of having a good left-handed pitcher on the mound is enormous.

"Now I want you to throw the ball on the inside corner about knee-high with the same speed you gave me on that last one," I yelled out to him. Whether Shoe knew it or not I had asked for the pitch that either made the major league lefthander or broke him. The kid just smiled and went into his windup. I tried to concentrate on when and where he released the ball. I never saw the ball until it got close and cut in at knee level along the inside corner. Then-bam!-it hit the catcher's mitt.

"Does he have anything other than that splitter?" I asked Teddy.

"I got him working on a forkball, but it's not ready.'

"What about a change-up?"

"He's got one. But it needs work. He tips it off. He doesn't throw it with the same motion he uses with the fastball."

"I'd still like to see it."

"Get ready," he said.

The kid took the sign from Teddy and I watched him go into his windup. He came out of it with a slight hitch, so I adjusted my swing and hit a line drive down the right-field line. The kid looked stunned as he watched the ball carom off the building out in right field. Three of the kids ran out to retrieve it.

"He's got a different direction in his windup when he throws his change-up. He comes into it from farther out on the mound," I said. "Just have him work on keeping that arm motion in tight and it'll make all the difference, especially if he uses it with the splitter.'

Teddy smiled and said, "Check."

"I can get one of the coaches to work with him. Show him how to throw a few different change-ups."

"That ought to help," Teddy said.

"I'd like to see how he looks with a right-handed batter in there," I said. Sometimes that kind of thing can be an enormous problem. We've both seen it break good left-handers."

"This kid doesn't have that kind of problem," he said softly. I stepped over the plate and put the bat on my right shoulder to see how he'd deal with me from the other side. He leaned forward. I could feel Teddy crouch behind me.

Then the kid did something I hadn't seen in years. He flipped that weird homemade glove onto his left hand and went into his windup from the other side. Before I could realize what had happened, he fired a knee-high pitch straight down the middle at about 95 miles an hour with his right arm.

"What the hell did that kid just do?" I said to Teddy.

"I wanted you to see it rather than try and explain it," he said, flipping the ball back to the mound.

"Does he have the same kind of control from both sides?"

"He's a little faster from the left."

"Let's see his splitter from the right side," I said in quiet shock. Teddy knelt







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down. The kid took the sign, went into his windup and spun out of it in a red blur. I picked up the ball somewhere near home plate and watched it hook sharply in under the narrow part of the bat and slaaaam into the catcher's mitt. The kids in the stands cheered wildly.

"Put a jacket on him. We're finished for now," I said.

"Sure you've seen enough?"

"It's getting cold. I don't want him to tighten up. Besides, what else is there?"

"He's a pretty good fielder. Ain't a bad hitter, either."

I held up my hands, smiled numbly at him, and he trotted out to tell the kid he could go get a hamburger or just head home. The tryout had ended. What I'd just seen could turn the game upside down and inside out. A pitcher like that could double his output of pitches per game simply by throwing the ball over 90 miles an hour with either arm. He'd also have an advantage over any switchhitter. I didn't think there were any rules in the book to cover it. And at this point I really didn't care.

I could see Teddy talking with him out on the mound before they headed back toward me. The kid stuck out his hand and I took it. "Thanks for coming, Mr. Costa," he said. "Nice meeting you."

"I'll be in touch," I said, "but you'll probably have to come down to Phoenix for a few days, if that's all right?"

The kid didn't answer, but Teddy nodded and said, "I've made appointments with some other scouts, Nick." I must have looked surprised at what he said, because he followed up quickly with, "I didn't know whether the powers down in Phoenix were open for a new pitcher like Shoe here."

"They're always open for left-handers with speed," I said, not mentioning the incredible fact that the kid could throw from both sides.

"There's a storm coming in. You better put on your jacket before your arm tightens up," Teddy said, and the kid threw a halfhearted wave to the two of us and headed back across the street to the church.

"What scouts did you make appointments with?" I asked, trying not to sound annoyed.

"Tom Purvis and Steve Merton," Teddy said, looking away. Then he handed me the catcher's mask and said, "The kid doesn't think he did very well."

"He did fine. Better than fine."

"That line drive you hit made him think he failed the tryout."

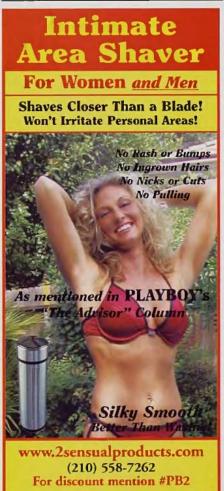
"Did you tell him I knew the change was coming?"

"Yeah, but he didn't believe me."

"The young ones are like that," I said. I tried to change the subject. "How big a foot does he really have?"

"Twelve, 12 and a half wide, and he's





still growing."

Teddy started to take off the catcher's gear, and I said, "Tell him I'll set up a tryout for him down in Phoenix right away. I'm not sure the pitching coach is in town, but I could get the owner to come out and take a look."

Teddy didn't answer. When he finished taking off the shin guards we started back across the infield together. I had never talked business with Teddy before, and I felt uncomfortable. Things weren't the same in Tuba City as they were in Tucson. I didn't know what to say. Teddy's silence seemed to make the situation clear, and I couldn't help feeling betrayed by my old friend.

"I think this kid should be on the Arizona team," I said as casually as I could.

"It's where he belongs."

"Because he's an Indian?" Teddy said. I hesitated and then said, "No, because he's a Navajo." Teddy smiled, then looked at me with the same kind of suspicious stare that the pale horse had given me on the way in. I felt even more like the intruding outsider as I waited for his answer.

"I've got to do what's right for the kid," he finally said.

I had to be careful about what I said. The tryout had been the shortest and fastest I had ever conducted. Something told me that Teddy knew it would go that way even before I got there. He'd dragged me all the way up to Tuba City just to put me into a bidding situation with the competition.

I opened the trunk of the car in silence. Teddy dropped in the catcher's equipment while one of the boys put back the box of baseballs. I repacked the speed gun, slid in the bat and stood there for a long, uncertain moment in front of the open trunk. Teddy didn't look at me. When he started to close the

trunk I stopped him and took out my checkbook. "The kid deserves a deal," I said, and quickly wrote out a personal check to Harold "Big Shoe" Bromley for \$2000. On the back I wrote, "I knew your change-up was coming, otherwise I wouldn't have gotten near it."

I handed the check to Teddy and said, "Cancel those appointments with Tom and Steve. I'll set up another tryout for

the kid as fast as 1 can."

Teddy looked at my personal check and smiled after reading what I had written on the back. "I really never made those appointments," he said, but he had stopped smiling.

"Then why tell me that?" I asked.

"I needed to give the kid something. Something real. Something of value." He stopped and looked up at me. "This kid needs that," he said. "All these kids need that."

I began to comprehend what had just happened. I was an outsider in Tuba City, but so was Teddy. He'd always been the outsider. And for the first time I understood the look I'd seen before in his eyes without ever realizing it.

I smiled at him and said, "Make sure the kid gets a new pair of sneakers and a baseball glove with some of that money." He nodded his understanding and I said, "But don't cash it until Thursday."

He laughed and seemed to relax. Then he waved my check in the air and said, "This'll make the kid happy. He can call himself a pro now."

"It'll make me happy, too," I said. I handed the Navajo kids the box of baseballs they had just put in the trunk.

"You don't have to do that," he said.

I gave the kids a couple of bats to go with the balls and said, "Let's just say it's an investment for the future and leave it at that." The boys looked up expectantly for Teddy's approval.

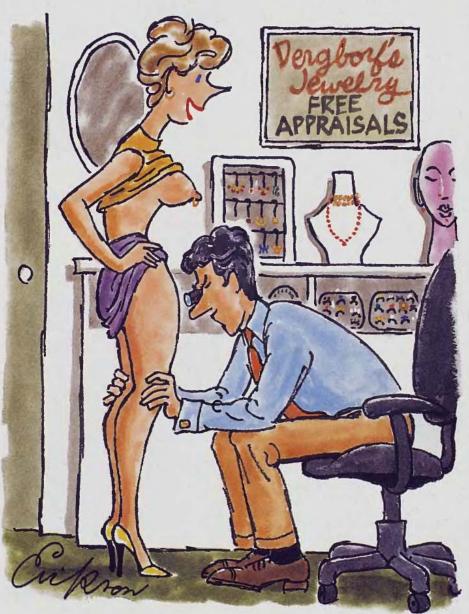
"I'm going to need your help with this kid Shoe," I said.

"I'm glad you understand that," Teddy answered.

I started to get into the car but then extended my hand, and it surprised Teddy because in all the years we've known each other we have never shook hands. The big Navajo smile came across his chiseled face and he opened his arms and embraced me. For the first time I felt close to him. Like a friend.

"We'll see you in Phoenix," he said.

I started the car and the kids ran down Moenave Street behind me, waving the bats and balls. I made the turn, headed out past the burned-out pickup truck and the GO WARRIORS sign. When I glanced into the rearview mirror I saw the pale horse nibbling contentedly on the sagebrush. If my luck held out I'd make the low desert before the storm hit.



#### NFC north 2003

(continued from page 82)

#### **DETROIT LIONS**

Last year: 3–13. Just how bad have the Lions been? They won three games and still improved over their 2001 record. When is the NFL going to kick these guys off Thanksgiving day?

New faces: WR Charles Rogers has Randy Moss-like talent and will become QB Joey Harrington's favorite target. Expensive CB Dré Bly makes plays but gets burned all too often.

Departing: Athletic LB Chris Claiborne hit it big with a two-year, \$5.5 million deal with the Vikes.

X-factor: Archconservative head coach Steve Mariucci wore out his welcome with the Niners, but he's a big upgrade over hapless Marty Mornhinweg.

Outlook: Mariucci led the Niners through a quick and relatively painless rebuilding. Look for things to get better in Motown this year.

#### **MINNESOTA VIKINGS**

Last year: 6-10. As fast as Daunte Culpepper and Randy Moss could put up points and send the Metrodome crowd into a 120-decibel frenzy, the porous defense gave them right back.

New faces: Top draft pick DT Kevin Williams could develop into a formidable run stopper, but Minnesota may have overpaid four years, \$13 million—for aggressive CB Denard Walker.

Departing: Backup QB Todd Bouman will be sorely missed if run-prone Culpepper goes down.

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X-factor: This could be the year the Vikings realize how much they miss former coach Dennis Green, whose only losing season in 10 years was his last.

Outlook: A cursed franchise, and past its peak. An injury to Culpepper or running back Michael Bennett could turn this season into a Wes Craven movie.

### NFC south tampa bay buccaneers

Last year: 12-4. The Bucs took the Ravens' route, riding a bone-crushing de-

fense to a convincing Super Bowl win, thanks in large part to coach Jon Gruden's local knowledge of Oakland's offense.

New faces: Despite an already fearsome pass rush, the Bucs drafted quarterbackkiller DE Dewayne White.

Departing: Statue-like QB Rob Johnson becomes the Redskins' problem, replaced by perennial star-of-the-future *Brad* Johnson (you following us?). Super Bowl MVP safety Dexter Jackson heads to Arizona, but no one will notice.

X-factor: With billionaire miser Malcolm Glazer holding the purse strings, the Buccaneers are the most notoriously stingy organization in football, grating on employees and players alike.

Outlook: Last season, none of the four

Departing: Slow and steady WR Shawn Jefferson.

X-factor: Vick ran for 796 yards—more than most running backs. When a QB leaves the pocket, he loses special treatment from the refs. Can you spell ACL? Outlook: Vick will be a marked man, but if he can adjust to the wrinkles that opposing defensive coordinators throw at him, the Falcons are a wild card team.

#### **NEW DRLEAMS SAINTS**

Last year: 9-7. Coach Jim Haslett seemed to finally bury the Mike Ditka debacle—along with the nickname "the Ain'ts"—until three consecutive losses killed their playoff hopes.

New faces: Safety Tebucky Jones, one of

the unsung heroes from New England's Super Bowl team two years ago, should bring confidence and professionalism to a defense that can panic under pressure.

Departing: Helmettossing OT Kyle Turley was traded after he became a distraction. Giant DT Norman Hand takes his "paging Dr. Atkins" appetite to Seattle. X-factor: Blame it

on Bourbon Street.
The Saints came up
big in the Big Easy
last year, toppling the
Packers, Steelers and
Niners in their first
three home games.

Outlook: Aaron Brooks will once again lead the most underrated offense in the NFL, but the Saints' ADD defense will again fold when it matters most.



AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

most recent Super Bowl champs made the playoffs. That streak ends as Tampa takes the division. But as the D loses some edge and opponents pick apart QB Johnson, the Bucs will stumble.

#### ATLANTA FALCONS

Last year: 9-6-1. A 1-3 start camouflaged the fact that for eight undefeated weeks during the middle of the season, Michael Vick's high-flying Falcons were the best team in football.

New faces: WR Peerless Price gives Vick a legit target. CB Tyrone Williams will be a major upgrade in Atlanta's pass coverage—or so the team hopes for its five year, \$14 million investment.

#### CAROLINA PANTHERS

Last year: 7-9. A vivid example of the

importance of a good pass defense: Carolina's much improved coverage game led the worst offense this side of Cincinnati to a respectable record.

New faces: RB Stephen Davis boosts the ground game in a big way. WR Kevin Dyson is a potential star, but who's going to throw to him?

Departing: DT Sean Gilbert was supposed to be a space eater in the middle of the line. All he did was eat up cap room. TE Wesley Walls was once a dominator, but he's been hobbled by injuries. X-factor: The Panthers went 12–4 in their sophomore campaign in 1996 and haven't had a winning season since.

Outlook: Carolina is moving in the right 147

# WHERE

#### HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 33, 43–44, 90-93, 114–121 and 159, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



#### GAMES

Page 33: Capcom, 408-774-0500 or capcom.com. EA Sports, 877-324-2637 or ea.com. Nintendo, 800-255-3700 or nintendo.com. Sega, 800-872-7342. THQ, thq.com. Ubi Soft, 877-604-6523 or ubisoft.com. Vivendi Universal Games, vugames .com. Wired: Nokia, nokia.com.

#### MANTRACK

Pages 43–44: Chronicle Books, chron books.com. Grimoldi, grimoldiwatch es.com. Lamborghini, lamborghini.com. Whirlpool, personalvalet.com.

#### PERSONAL VELOCITY

Pages 90-93: Cessna, citationx.cess na.com. Douglas Skater, skaterpower boats.com. McLaren, mclarencars .com. Marine Turbine Technologies, marineturbine.com.

#### **FASHION**

Pages 114-121: Joseph Abboud, 212-

586-9140. A.B.S. Allen Schwartz, absstyle.com. Armani Collezioni, ar manicollezioni.com. Giorgio Armani, giorgio armani.com. Armani Jeans, armanijeans.com. Avirex, 800-2-AVIREX. Avon Celli, avon celli.com. Belvest, bel vest.com. Massimo Bizzocchi, 212-702-0136.

Bostonian, bostonianshoe.com. Brooks Brothers, brooksbrothers.com. Clarks, clarksusa.com. David Goodman Designs, 212-244-7422. Etro, etro.it. Salvatore Ferragamo, salva toreferragamo.it. Tommy Hilfiger, 800-томму-сакев. Kamia, 212-334-6046. Kiton, kiton.it. Michael Kors, 212-452-4685. Richmond, 212-246-6724. Terra Plana, terraplana.com. Stuart Weitzman, stuartweitzman.com. Yarmak, helenyarmak.com. Ermenegildo Zegna, zegna.com.

#### ON THE SCENE

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direction under coach John Fox, but a team can go only so far with veteran backup and Troy Aikman contemporary Rodney Peete taking the snaps.

### NFC west

Last year: 7–9. After an agonizingly slow start and injuries to Kurt Warner and Marshall Faulk, the Rams' season was like the party in that Sleater-Kinney song: over before it's begun.

New faces: Tough OT Kyle Turley adds cojones to what might be the best offensive line in the biz. Monster DT Jimmy Kennedy could dominate on run D—if he decides to play every down.

Departing: Mistake-prone CB Dré Bly and reliable WR Ricky Proehl.

X-factor: The Rams won't exactly be battle-tested—only 10 players remain from the Super Bowl-winning team.

Outlook: Answer this question—Is Kurt Warner healthy?—and you can predict the Rams' fate. Our guess: He'll throw for 4000 yards and the Rams will go far, maybe all the way.

#### SEATTLE SEAHAWKS

Last year: 7–9. Expected to contend, Mike Holmgren's Hawks started slow, costing him his GM job. Then they finished the season with a promising 4–2 flourish, which saved his coaching gig. New faces: Athletic first-rounder CB Marcus Trufant pumps up the anemic pass coverage. DE Chike Okeafor can stuff the run and flatten the passer.

Departing: Punter Jeff Feagles. X-factor: Seattle's easy schedule has only five games against playoff teams on tap. Outlook: Underachieving QB Matt Hasselbeck finally came to life after replacing injured doorstop Trent Dilfer, throwing 12 TDs in the second half of the season. If new defensive coordinator Ray Rhodes can rebuild the defense the way he did in Green Bay and Philadelphia, Seattle could snag a wild card for the desperate Holmgren.

#### SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

Last year: 10–6. After winning a tough NFC West and mounting a Lazarus-like playoff comeback against the Giants, Niners coach Steve Mariucci was rewarded with a pink slip.

New faces: Can you say desperation? DT D'Marco Farr, released during minicamp, was plucked from the Fox Sports booth. Apparently Jillian Barberie wasn't returning calls.

Departing: Stud DE Chike Okeafor inked with division rival Seattle, vet DT Dana Stubblefield with crosstown rival Oakland. Ouch.

X-factor: New coach Dennis Erickson's my-way-or-the-highway style didn't play in Seattle; the Seahawks went 31–33 over three seasons.

Outlook: QB Jeff Garcia and WR Terrell



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Owens are as dangerous as any passing tandem in the game. If the quaky defense slips, Erickson will be helpless to fix it, and the Niners will topple out of the playoff picture.

#### **ARIZONA CARDINALS**

Last year: 5-11. Ranking 29th in defense, 27th in offense and first in boredom, the Cardinals gave their fans plen-

ty of reasons to play golf instead. New faces: QB Jeff Blake throws one of the NFL's prettiest deep balls but struggles on medium meat-and-potatoes routes. Look for him on Sports Center, not in the playoffs. Antique Hall of Fame RB Emmitt Smith will be chugging Geritol, not Gatorade, on the sidelines.

Departing: QB Jake Plummer, WR David Boston.

X-factor: It's not surprising that since 1985 the Cards had exactly one winning season. Blame it on owner Bill Bidwill and his stooges.

Outlook: Let's see: a wretched team in a tough division that took two steps back in the off-season? Coach Dave McGinniss shouldn't go house-shopping this year. At least not in Arizona.

#### AFC north 2003

(continued from page 80)

#### CINCINNATI BENGALS

Last year: 2-14. With the league's worst D and an offense that's almost as pathetic, the Bengals were the first 2-14 team in NFL history to be worse than their record indicated.

New faces: Top-pick QB Carson Palmer may be the second coming, but his supporting cast could make Joe Montana look like David Klingler.

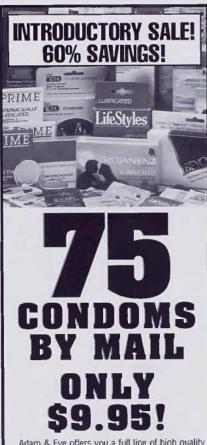
Departing: LB Takeo Spikes was Cincinnati's best defender, and FB Lorenzo Neal is the NFL's best-blocking big back. X-factor: For years, good soldier Marvin Lewis—one of the league's best coaching prospects-has waited for a shot at a top job. This is his reward?

Outlook: We know they're still rebuilding, but the Bengals make downtown Kabul look like prime real estate.

#### AFC south INDIANAPOLIS COLTS

Last year: 10-6. Defensive genius Tony Dungy-who built the Bucs-took over and taught the dainty Colts to love contact. Indy earned a trip to the playoffs, where they rolled over against the Jets. New faces: Hard-hitting S Mike Doss, a second-round draft pick from Ohio State, could be Dungy's Luca Brasi. WR Brandon Stokley will be QB Peyton Manning's new best friend.

Departing: Mike Peterson, the Colts' best LB by far, signed with the Jags. X-factor: Is it a family thing? Like his father, Archie, Peyton Manning has never



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LAYBOY

won a playoff game.

Outlook: If Dungy can continue to mold a young, athletic defense into Tampa Bay North, the Colts can go far in the playoffs.

#### TENNESSEE TITANS

Last year: 11–5. After a call-the-coroner 1–4 start, the Titans responded to coach Jeff Fisher's ranting, rattling off 10 wins in 11 games and upsetting the Steelers in a controversial OT playoff game.

New faces: A strong first-rounder, CB Andre Woolfork is an interception waiting to happen. RB Chris Brown will steal carries from a slipping Eddie George.

Departing: McNair fave WR Kevin Dyson inked with the Panthers. DT John Thornton was a blue-collar stalwart on run D.

X-factor: He owns a middle-of-the-pack 84 QB rating, but Steve McNair comes up John Holmes-big in major games.

Outlook: The offense will improve as these sleepers wean themselves off Eddie George dependency. They'll vie for a wild card berth with the hated Steelers.

#### **HOUSTON TEXANS**

Last year: 4–12. For a brief shining moment, the Texans were the best new franchise in NFL history—a week-one win against the Cowboys left them with a 1.000 winning percentage.

New faces: WR Andre Johnson, a firstrounder out of Miami, could be Texas' answer to Terrell Owens. LB Charlie Clemons needs to rebound after a lackluster season with the Saints.

Departing: Dangerous return specialist Jermaine Lewis goes to the rival Jaguars. X-factor: How much abuse can one quarterback take? Houston's lousy offensive line allowed QB David Carr to be sacked a record 76 times.

Outlook: The Texans seem to be moving

in the right direction, but 2003 won't be the year they arrive.

#### **JACKSONVILLE JAGUARS**

Last year: 6–10. The Jags officially quit on Tom Coughlin, the expansion franchise's only coach, dropping nine of the team's last 12 games.

New faces: Ass-kicking DE Hugh Douglas shocked the league when he left the Eagles for the Jags. QB Byron Leftwich is the franchise's man of the future.

Departing: RB Stacey Mack, RB Fred Taylor's favorite blocker.

X-factor: New coach Jack Del Rio relates well to his players, a refreshing change from martinet Coughlin.

Outlook: The Jags will be happy and hopeful this season, but even with a healthy Mark Brunell, they don't have the horses for a serious playoff run.

## AFC west

Last year: 9-7. Like a classic Dead show, the glory days of Elway recede further into the Rocky Mountain ether, and the Broncs just miss the postseason—again. New faces: Feeling the pressure, Mike Shanahan rolls the dice, dumping QB Brian Griese for the supremely talented but often clueless Jake Plummer.

Departing: Inconsistent DT Chester Mc-Glockton, aggressive CB Tyrone Poole X-factor: Since Elway's departure, the Broncos have made the playoffs only once under Shanahan, losing in the first round in 2000.

Outlook: Reined in by the coach who transformed Steve Young and Elway into winners, Jake Plummer blossoms, the defense gels and the Broncos win the division—maybe more.



Last year: 8–8. Dick Vermeil's Chiefs led the league in scoring at almost 30 points a crack. But a defense scarier than Michael Jackson sans makeup dragged them down to 8–8.

New faces: RB Larry Johnson could back up—or replace—Priest Holmes. The Chiefs are happy to have DE Vonnie Holliday, but they lusted after Hugh Douglas, who signed with Jacksonville. Departing: DE Duane Clemons.

X-factor: Holmes is the league's most explosive runner, but an injured hip—and a show-me-the-money salary demand—leaves his future in doubt.

Outlook: The revamped defense should give QB Trent Green and the highoctane Chiefs enough juice to get to the playoffs for the first time in six years.

#### **OAKLAND RAIDERS**

Last year: 11–5. The Men in Black were back with a vengeance, and the NFL's best offense earned them a trip to the Super Bowl. You know what happened there. New faces: DT Dana Stubblefield toughens the run D and rubs dirt in the face of crosstown-rival 49ers. First-round pick DE Tyler Brayton from Colorado pancaked quarterbacks in the Big 12, but can he do it at this level?

**Departing:** DT Sam Adams and CB Tory James were both cap casualties.

X-factor: Coming soon: Al Davis vs. NFL, part VI, as the Oakland owner tries to block the Colts' potential move to LA, further riling commissioner Tagliabue.

Outlook: Jerry Rice, Tim Brown, Bill Romanowski, Rod Woodson and Rich Gannon may be future Hall of Famers, but by NFL standards they're card-carrying members of the AARP. The Raiders' rehab rooms could look like a sweeps-week episode of *ER* this year. Worse: Coach Bill Callahan is no Jon Gruden. Consider Oakland's window of opportunity closed.

#### SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

Last year: 8–8. After starting 6–1, the Chargers went down like a White House intern and failed to make the playoffs.

New faces: WR David Boston could become a major star if he stays healthy. Blocking FB Lorenzo Neal will complement superback LaDainian Tomlinson.

Departing: Once-great LB Junior Seau was the soul of this franchise. Nostalgia is cheap: Time to move on.

X-factor: New GM A.J. Smith has big shoes to fill replacing top personnel man John Butler, who died of lung cancer in the off-season.

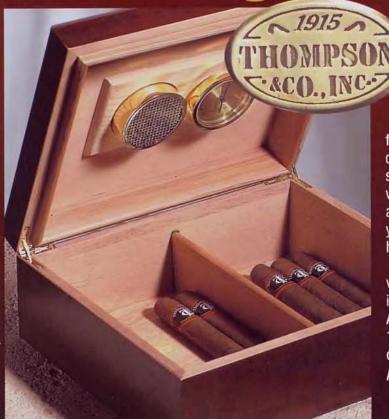
Outlook: The Chargers will make strides as coach Marty Schottenheimer takes the leash off bright young QB Drew Brees. But that still won't be enough to avoid the cellar in a brutal division.

-ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY STEVE SILVERMAN



"Can I ask you something? What kind of a 'best friend' has your testicles removed?"

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#### **FAITH**

(continued from page 112) but I've left all my pens in the car."

We'd met in the parking lot outside the Marriott before the conference when we'd both briefly argued with the attendant about whether we qualified for the \$10 early-bird special. In a hurry to keep our places in line, we'd both forgotten essential items in our cars: Morris, his pens; me, a pack of Hostess Sno-Balls.

"Gotta get us some of that money," he joked as we waited in line. "Only problem is, we don't have money to hire a grant writer. They're having me do it. It takes me forever to write anything."

At the front of the line we received our conference handbooks, then proceeded to the continental breakfast on the third floor. The meal was served in a gigantic concrete-walled hall, the kind of place you would expect to house a Teamsters' conference.

Breakfast mirrored the behavioral tenor of the conference. This was obviously a feeding frenzy whose sheer numbers could have been inspired by only one thing: money. The federal government had announced that it was opening the vault for churches, and Morris and I and just about everyone else there had

conquered vast distances in order to show up on time, wide-eyed and alert to the good word.

The breakfast hall was a cacophony of munching and slurping; there was little talk as we all pored over our handbooks. Included were several booklets, but only two important ones.

The first was called Federal Funds for Organizations That Help Those in Need, basically a catalog of grant projects. The second was titled Guidance to Faith-Based and Community Organizations on Partnering with the Federal Government, which was a list of rules governing the types of religious activities allowed under the program.

In short, the former booklet was the "do" catalog, the latter the "don't" catalog. Of the nine people at my table, I was the only one reading the latter.

As it turned out, a huge portion of the conference was devoted to directing the attendees' attention to the second booklet—and assuring them it was all bullshit.

The Guide to Partnering booklet was a masterpiece of disingenuous legalese. In a FAQ section, for instance, was the following entry:

"Is there any money specifically set

aside for faith-based organizations?"

"No. While there are small programs like the Compassion Capital Fund that are designed to help faith-based and community groups with the challenges they face, the federal government does not set aside funds specifically for these groups."

Of course: no money specifically for faith-based groups. Everything would be strictly equal opportunity. Indeed, creating an "even playing field" and "ending discrimination" would turn out to be key themes of the conference. The president himself would return to these themes repeatedly in his address, announcing, to thunderous applause, "The days of discrimination against religious groups are over."

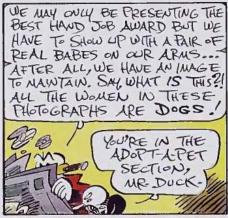
The implication was clear that grant distribution was now going to be an open competition. But throughout the day, the government sent a number of signals to attendees that, in fact, a number of grants were (wink, wink) highly likely to be awarded to faith-based organizations.

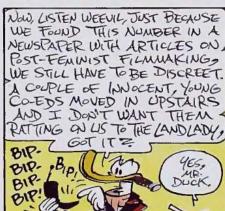
I attended a workshop later in the day for groups interested in grants for programs involving at-risk youth and prisoners. Chairing the workshop was David

# Dirty Duck by London



AND LOOK AT THE NAMES THESE WOMEN GO BY: MEI LOVEYOU LONG-TIME... THE SUSHI SISTERS, YAKI AND TORI ... MUFFY THE VAMPIRE KILLER. IT'S NICE TO KNOW NONE OF THEM ARE ASHAMED OF WHAT THEY DO FOR A LIVING. FRANKLY, A GUY WOULD HAVE TO BE FRETTY HARD UP TO BE SEEN IN PUBLIC WITH A BROAD WHO WOULD CALL HERSELF THAT, RIGHT?













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#### ELEVATORS® [

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB39 P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705 Downey, in charge of faith-based programs within the Department of Education. This extraordinary person was at once (a) a midget, (b) a graduate of Transylvania University in Kentucky and (c) a cunning, fervent advocate of faith-based funding.

Downey spent a lot of time helping the crowd conquer the linguistic problem of identifying key euphemisms of the conference. Instead of "faith-based organizations," for instance, he frequently referred to "new grant applicants." The first two at-risk programs he talked about—grants for "youth violence prevention" and a "young offender reentry program"—would, he said, be given to "new" applicants.

Then, for clarification, he added: "I imagine most of the people in this room will qualify, and that these are programs you might want to consider trying for."

Another example of how the "don't" catalog was debunked at the conference relates to the most controversial aspect of the program: the issue of whether the government would pay for proselytizing activities. The "don't" handbook's FAQ section reads:

"What are the rules on funding religious activity with federal money?

"The United States Supreme Court has said that faith-based organizations may not use direct government funding for 'inherently religious' activities. Therefore, faith-based organizations that receive federal funding should take steps to separate, in time and location, their inherently religious activities from the government-funded services they offer."

This blanket rule was repeated several times during the conference, and at one point, attendees were even shown a slide with a picture of Uncle Sam on it that reduced the rule to a simple catchphrase: "Don't preach on Uncle Sam's dollar."

But at the same time, the speakers at the conference made it clear that the policing of this rule would be highly subjective. Both Bush and HUD Secretary Mel Martinez made it a point to tell the story of the St. Francis House, a shelter for homeless people in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, which had its HUD funding revoked when it was revealed that the shelter was making residents say a prayer before they ate.

But Martinez proudly announced that he had personally overturned HUD's decision to revoke the \$63,000 grant, saying the ruling was based on "old HUD rules" and that the government "no longer discriminated against those with faith in God." Like many other pronouncements at the seminar, Martinez's story was met with uproarious applause.

"Has anyone seen any Muslims here?" I asked the people at my table just before Bush's speech.



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The Springfield pastor, dressed in a flaming-red satin shirt with a stiff white collar, nodded. "I saw one gentleman in a bow tie at breakfast," he said.

I went looking for Bow Tie after Bush's speech. He turned out to be an accountant from Boston.

Anyone who had doubts about the constitutionality of the FBCI had only to show up at this conference to find their worst fears realized. Though there was a solid contingent of Jewish and Catholic religious representatives, the overwhelming majority of attendees were fundamentalist protestants. As for black Muslims, there was a simple reason why they weren't there: They weren't invited. Indeed, Bush has said on a number of occasions that the Nation of Islam's prison counseling programs would not be considered for FBCI funding because the Nation "preaches hate."

Instead, Bush cited as a model prison program former White House counsel Charles Colson's Prison Fellowship, which has designed work-release programs in which prisoners graduate only if they attend church regularly. Chuck Colson's pet project at the time was a plan to send Bibles to children of prisoners at Christmas. He sat in the front row during Bush's speech.

Not that it matters—one sounds like a whiny liberal for even talking about the Constitution these days—but the idea of giving money to some churches and not

to others is a clear violation of the first sentence of the Bill of Rights, the socalled "establishment clause" of the First Amendment, which begins, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." If you fund one church (Colson) at the expense of another (Farrakhan) just because you disapprove of some aspect of it, it would seem to be an establishment of religion.

And though the official FBCI literature says the program is open to organizations of all faiths, this was clearly another instance in which the FBCI was winking at its audience. The Republican leadership has said time and time again that people need to understand what it means when it talks about faith. Representative Tom DeLay, soon to be House Majority Leader, had recently told a church group: "Only Christianity offers a way to live in response to the realities that we find in this world—only Christianity."

At the beginning of the new year, the FBCI story seemed to fade in the public eye as Iraq dominated the headlines. But in fact, Christian America was positioning itself for intimate participation in the war effort. I nearly collapsed from excitement when I learned that a small Daytona-based church group called the Faith Force Multipliers had been invited to participate in a training session at the

Fort Bragg military base. According to various news reports, Major General William Boykin had extended an invitation to Southern Baptist ministers to participate in, among other things, live fire exercises, hand-to-hand combat training and a visit to the base's "shoot house." The idea, apparently, was to allow ministers to apply military expertise to their evangelical efforts. I tried desperately to gain entrance to this event, but the prerequisite—status as an ordained minister—made it impossible.

That didn't seem fair. I felt left out of the war effort, until I heard from my old friends at the Presidential Prayer Team, who informed me that there was one important way I could fight for God: I could play golf. Which is how I ended up at Westfields, in Virginia, in May.

Richard Webb, the Presidential Prayer Team's golf tourney organizer, wasted no time in finding me. I had come with a friend, an ace golfer. The cover story we'd made up was in line with the old spook credo of keeping one's undercover identity as close to the truth as possible. But in this situation, anything within the earth's diameter of the truth was not going to work. Webb, a tanned Arizonan with a blue sweater-vest and exquisite hygiene, was eyeing us suspiciously.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but how did you

find out about us again?"

"We're in a church addiction-recovery program in Philadelphia," I repeated. "This was our prize for staying clean for six months: a free round of presidential golf."

He frowned. "And what was, uh, your addiction?"

I pointed to my friend. "He's alcohol," I said, "and I'm methamphetamines."

He paused. "Tough stuff," he said.

"Yeah," I said. "But it sure helps you work. Of course," I added quickly, "I'm clean now."

He said nothing.

"There were 30 people in our program," I said in desperation. "We were the only two who made it. Otherwise, you'd have had a lot more golfers."

Webb peered at us. Our story made no sense, that was clear to him, but the alternative—that we were lying—made even less sense. Why would two people donate a hundred bucks apiece and drive a hundred miles to play in a Presidential Prayer Team golf tournament, and then lie about why they were there? The thought must have frightened him, and he quickly left our table.

I laughed about that afterward. But on the way home that day, a troubling thought occurred to me. In today's America, in the places that matter, Richard Webb doesn't need a cover story. But what excuse is there for me?



Ä

# PLAYMATE NEWS



#### HOT ROD GIRL

Playmate of the Year 2002 Dalene Kurtis is such a fan of The Fast and the Furious movies that she found a way to get in on the action. In June, she began hosting the second season of Spike TV's NOPI Tuner Vision, a testosterone-fueled show that highlights the cars, races and live entertainment of the NOPI Drag Racing Association's Fast and the Furious racing series. In addition to interviewing drivers and reporting from major races, Dalene will lead a nationwide search for a female co-host, grilling candidates at 10 NDRA events. "I had no experience with cars before this, so I've learned a lot," she says. Her favorite segments? The bikini contests. "It's a guys' show. We find ways to keep them entertained." Last year, the show was the network's highest-rated automotive program-no small feat on Spike TV, a network with more cars than a city impound. "The only lame things are the burn-out

contests, in which drivers try to blow out their tires. One guy blew his radiator. He thought he was so cool. I was like, 'Dude, you totally ruined your car.'" In real life, Dalene rocks a Mercedes but is neither fast nor furiious behind the wheel. "I've never gotten a speeding ticket. I'm a really good driver."



#### 20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Since appearing as Miss September 1983, Barbara Ed-

wards says, her family has "overcome everything: a house wrecked during an earthquake, a homeinvaded by gangs." Barb's neighbors have nicknamed her family Simpsons. "I have two girls and a boy. My son is a Bart, my dog failed obedience school and I Barbara Edwards.



am a total Marge, bitching as I'm cleaning the floor."

#### LOOSE

"In Sweden, people don't think twice about nudity in commercials. Topless beaches are normal. You can curse on TV. It's a different way of thinking." —Ulrika Ericsson

"I have one tattoo on my in fifth grade, and those are ever pierce."—Carrie Stevens

#### SUMMER ALTICE: A MONTH IN THE LIFE

Summer Altice, based in Los Angeles, prides herself an being ane of the most visible Playmates. Left to right, a month in her busy life: mugging at the X2: X Men United premiere; trying on clothes at the Sunset Marquis; getting made up for the Passion far Fashion show, in which she walked the runway for designer Jeremy Scatt; postmakeup and prerunway; raking in the swag at a press event; ready to party at the apening of White Latus in Los Angeles.









#### **HOT SHOT**



#### THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT LAYLA ROBERTS



1. Her first child, a boy to be named Paris Emerson, is due on September 29. "It's great to be pregnant and extremely happy," Layla says. "Wow, how life has changed!"

had cameos on Telemundo's Protagonistas de Novela, a reality show on which her younger brother, Arman-

#### POP QUESTIONS: TERI HARRISON

Q: What is the naughtiest thing you've done on a first date?

house and got down in her bed.

A: I have lots of them about Madonna and me doing it. I swear!

Q: Ever faked an orgasm?

A: I had to with my first boyfriend. It sucked, man.

Q: Ever been arrested?

A: Yes, for breaking into my friend's house and beating her up! Bad, huh?

Q: Ever met a celebrity who didn't live up to the hype?

A: Craig Kilborn. He's an asshole!

Q: What about your friend Snoop? A: He's special. Doggystyle is the best album ever.

# A: I took the guy to his sister's

Q: Do you have sex dreams?

diamond ring featuring your better half's initials. Kid (below) showed off his blingy P.A. (Pamela Anderson) bauble at the CMT Flameworthy awards, where the duo

hung out with Sheryl Crow. "Isn't Pamela the sexiest woman

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

When you're a ghetto-fabulous

hillbilly, how do you profess love

for your girl? Follow Kid Rock's

example and get a custom-made

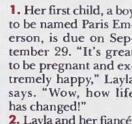
here?" Kid asked days later at a Kentucky Derby bash. To which Pam responded, "Oh, he must be drunk." ... Jenny McCarthy is developing a comedy pilot for ABC about an heiress forced to live a normal life when her dad is sent to prison.... PMOY 2003 Christina Santiago dished about her brief fling with the actor Stephen Dorff on Howard Stern's radio program. She says they had sex on the first date and that he refused to take her out in public....Want to know what Playmates think of

Kid's bling; "How 'bout a three-way?"

porn flicks? Ask Dianne Chandler, who writes reviews for Adult Video News. . . . Alexandria Karlsen is launching a lingerie line called P. Wee G's.... Charis Boyle and Pennelope Jimenez (below) discovered a titillating perk while promoting Miller Lite on the Spin the Bottle tour: Lap dances from chicks! Don't you just love it when girls get along?

"Don't be scared! They're friendly."





Layla and her fiancé, John Hilinski, whom she describes as an Internet guru, are

planning to get married and relocate to the Italian Riviera soon after the baby is born.

3. Layla and her mother recently do, is a cast member.

#### MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE



#### WILL THE REAL ANNA NICOLE PLEASE STAND UP?



"If I had played the Joker, I would have made him madly in love with Batman."

stimulate myself besides collecting other people's stuff.

PLAYBOY: Was there any role in which you were completely comfortable or found a familiar emotional center?

CAGE: I generally don't ever get totally comfortable. I'm always trying to find myself still in a state of tension. A long time ago I was making a movie called Amos and Andrew. It wasn't a very successful film. But I remember at one point I sat down on the couch in that movie and started talking about Sea-Monkeys. The character was talking about his mother buying him an aquarium with Sea-Monkeys in it. In that monolog I felt very centered and comfortable. But the character was smoking a lot of weed.

#### 14

PLAYBOY: Were there any roles you were not offered in which you thought you would have done a better job?

CAGE: I can't ever say that I would have done a better job than anybody, because a movie finds the right cast for one reason or another. I do think that if I had played the Joker in Batman I would have made him madly in love with Batman. But I think Jack Nicholson was great.

#### 15

PLAYBOY: What are the best thing and the worst thing a director ever told you? CAGE: The best thing a director ever told me was on Wild at Heart. David Lynch had a very exuberant way of saying, "Nixer! Solid gold, buddy!" That was probably the best thing. The worst thing was on Moonstruck when Norman Jewison said to me on Christmas Eve, "The dailies aren't working."

#### 16

PLAYBOY: Some of the actresses you've worked with include Sarah Jessica Parker, Elisabeth Shue, Bridget Fonda, Cher, Penélope Cruz, Meg Ryan and Kathleen Turner. Considering the quality of the company, were there movies you would have liked to go on a little longer?

CAGE: It's funny, when I make a movie I really want to get it over with. I see the light at the end of the tunnel, and when I see the palm trees swaying at the end of that tunnel, I know I'm almost done. For me, acting and being in a movie is like being on a hot grill. I just want to get off that grill.

#### 17

PLAYBOY: In romantic situations, is it easier to try something for the first time when you're acting or when you're not acting? CAGE: Probably when you're not acting. There are so many different places you can go to find an attraction. It can be a memory. It can be a picture that you saw. Or it can be the person standing right in front of you. For me, the set is never a very romantic place to meet somebody. There are all these people around, cameras and people observing you. It's not a comfortable zone for romance. For such

a thing to happen, it would have to be off the set.

#### 18

PLAYBOY: Have you listened to the album by your ex-wife Lisa Marie Presley? CAGE: Well, yeah, I heard her record it before it came out. I think it's excellent.

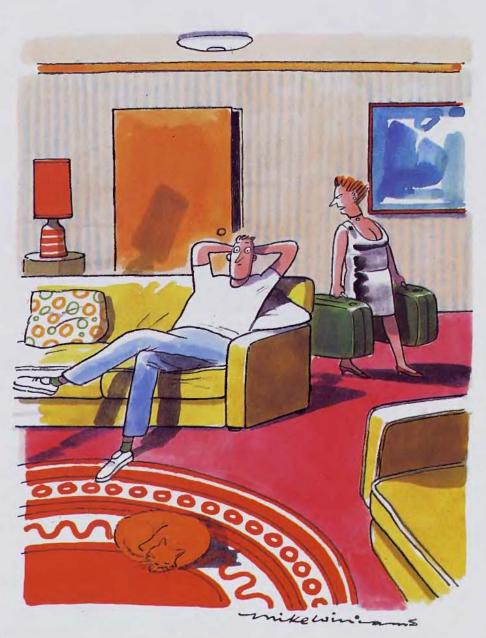
#### 19

PLAYBOY: Have you ever experienced a hunka hunka burning love? CAGE: I have, but I've been taking antibiotics and it has cleared up.

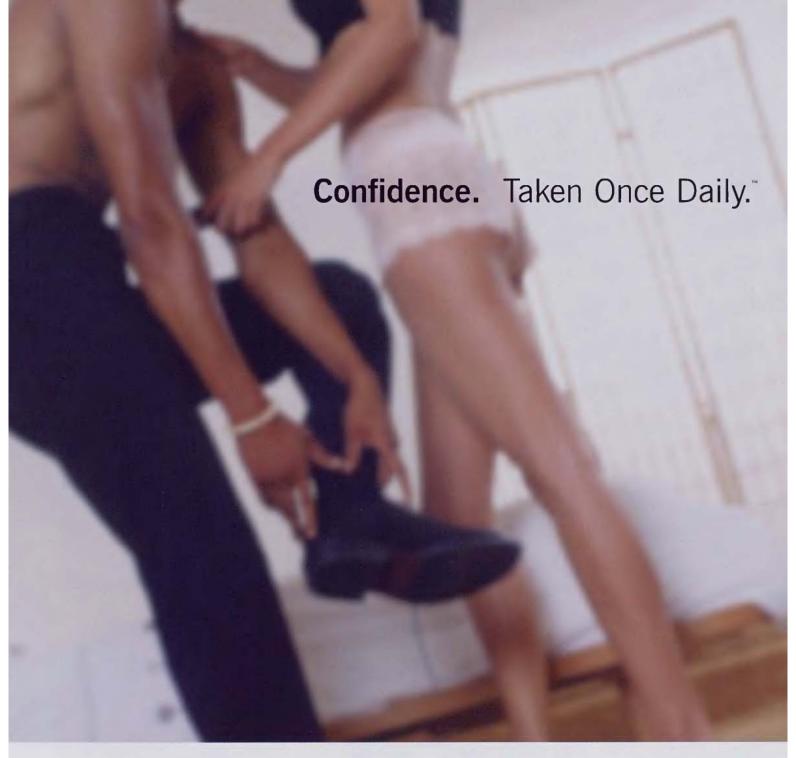
#### 20

PLAYBOY: Which son-in-law would Elvis have preferred—you or Michael Jackson? CAGE: I can't speak for him. I just hope he would know that Lisa Marie and I tried.





". . . And I sent all your downloaded porn to your mother!"



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# PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

#### BLADE RUNNERS-

nives remind us of a classic spaghetti Western—there's the good, the badass and the ugly. All the blades featured on this page are cutting edge, of course. Spyderco's new titanium-handled folding knife, the ATR (At the Ready), is so light you may forget you're toting it—which is great when you're hiking up a mountain, but not so great when you're rushing through airport security. Kershaw's Shun Classic series of knives are beautiful, supersharp and well balanced. Keep them on your kitchen counter and your dinner guests will assume you are a culinary genius. In the market for a big knife? The Woodsman's Pal, a land-clearing tool that's been around since World War II, is perfect for bushwhacking your overgrown Montana acreage.

—DAVID STEVENS

Below, clockwise from top left: Benchmade's 921 Switchback is the company's first dual-blade folder (\$190). The blade on Buck Knives' Revolution swivels 180 degrees. When closed, a clip is exposed (\$90). The ATR by Spyderco combines a titanium handle with a cobra hood—a steel flange that guides the thumb for rapid opening (\$300). Lone Wolf's Fluted Folder, a gentleman's knife, features a Damascus blade and titanium handle (\$285). Another Spyderco, the Dodo, is fitted with a ball bearing lock that keeps the blade remarkably rigid (\$120).

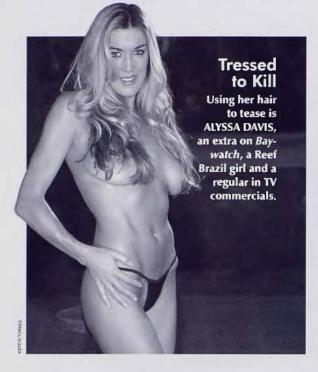






Top: The Shun Classic kitchen knives by Kershaw include a paring model (\$50), a utility slicer (\$85), and a chef's blade (\$129). Above: The hook-bladed Woodsman's Pal, manufactured by Pro Tool Industries (\$60), an authentic World War II Aussie jungle machete with maker's mark (\$85) and a circa 1950 French Indochina paratrooper's folding machete (\$250), both from Deutsche Optik.





#### **Just Jenny From the Top**

JENNIFER LOPEZ' life and clothes are fairly transparent. She signed up to star in Shall We Dance?, her second perfume comes out this fall and her clothing line is making big bucks. So it's nice of her to throw us a crumb.





#### He's Not Depressed Anymore

Despite the title of his album, *The Fine Art of Self Destruction*, JESSE MALIN is in pretty good spirits these days. Hot with critics and on the indy charts, Malin is touring the U.S. this month and returning to Europe in October. He has hit some of the hot spots—Letterman, Carson Daly and MTV's 120 Minutes—already.



## Potpourri

#### RIDE 'EM, COWBOYS

Boot Star, a new cowboy boot store in West Hollywood, isn't a hangout for shitkickers. The blue goatskin boot (below left) sells for \$495, and the supershiny black stingray model with a white accent on the toe will set you back \$795. (Guitarist Slash just bought a pair.) Lucchese, Tony Lama and Justin boots are Boot Star's top sellers, along with a variety of custom jobs. If you can't drop by the store, go to bootstar.com or call 323-650-0475.



#### THE QUIET BLUE YONDER

We've been tuning out screaming sky babies, chatty seatmates and annoying airplane drone since 2000, when Bose introduced its Quiet-Comfort Acoustic Noise Canceling headphones. Now there's an improved QuietComfort 2 model. The battery box has been eliminated, the earcups fold for better storage in a smaller carrying case and the only time you use a cord is to plug into either the plane's or your own audio source. Price: \$299, at Bose stores, bose.com or 888-275-2073.





Want to display those naughty digital photos you've been taking—all without leaving your bed? Spend \$350 on Pacific Digital's 5"x 7" MemoryFrame, hook it up directly to your digital camera and it's showtime. (Memory cards work, too.) Edit, select the time between image changes, delete images, adjust contrast, show photos in reverse—we're worn out just thinking about it all. PacificDigital.com has more information.



#### THE FIRE DOWN BELOW

It figures that the creator of Salsa2U.com, "America's Hottest-of-the-Month-Club," goes by the nickname "the Salsa Guy." Who wants phone calls at two A.M. when hellfire heartburn kicks in? But whether you want to tickle your taste buds with mild Cajun Piquante Salsa made by Louisiana's Crazy Charley or give them a workout with wild CaBoom! Gourmet Salsa out of Ohio, Salsa2U is ready to ship. Four memberships are available, ranging from \$18 to \$26 a month (all with a three-month minimum). Membership orders are also taken at 888-SALSA-2U.



#### THREE CHEERS!

Eighty proof ZYR is one of the smoothest Russian vodkas we've sampled. The reason: Its blend of winter wheat and rye undergoes nine filtrations, five distillations and three control taste tests. Cool-looking bottle, too. Price: \$32. White Fang schnapps from Oregon sounds like something Jack London would have enjoyed. In fact, this 90 proof peppermint-and-cinnamon sip is a favorite quaff in Alaskadowned ice cold, of course. Price: about \$15. Raynal Tao liqueur combines premium French vodka and brandy with infused fruits to create an 80 proof liqueur that's less sweet than most. Price: \$24.



#### WE'RE WILD AGAIN

In the 1954 classic *The Wild One*, Marlon Brando defined rebel attitude with his cowhide Perfecto motorcycle jacket, which at the time sold for \$5.50. Schott has reintroduced the Perfecto with all its original details—hidden collar snaps, hardware galore, underarm footballs and a wool lining. Sorry, wild ones, it's now \$460. Go to schottnyc.com for store info. The Perfecto's style number is 1928.



#### KOOL WHEELS KEEP ROLLING

All you gear jammers know that the two die-cast models above are a 1959 Cadillac hardtop and a 1956 Chevrolet Bel Air coupe. How cool can you get? Dub City Oldskool cool, which is the name Jada Toys has given its new collection of 1:24 scale (20" long) rolling relics. If these two cars aren't your retro wheels of choice, maybe a 1967 Chevy Impala SS is. Price: \$10 each, in toy stores. Bet you wish the real thing was parked in your garage.

#### MIGHTY MINI

The Iomega Mini USB Drive looks like a bottle opener, but unless you've got one powerful thirst, it's actually more handy. Available in 64, 128 or 256MB capacity, the Iomega Mini's Active Disk Technology can hold hundreds of digital photos, MP3 music files and many smaller documents and business presentations. What church key can do that? You can even create a password-protected secure area called Privacy Zone on the drive. Prices range from \$69.95 to \$159.95. Go to iomega.com for more information or to buy.



# Next Month





ASS-KICKING COLLEGE FICTION



PIGSKIN PREVIEW



GIRLS OF THE BIG 10-THIS YEAR OUR INCREDIBLY POP-ULAR COLLEGE GIRLS PICTORIAL FOCUSES ON THE BABES OF THE BIG MIDWESTERN STATE SCHOOLS, YOU CAN SEE WHY THEY'RE TEACHERS' PETS. LET'S JUST HOPE THEIR TUITION-PAYING DADS AREN'T READING THIS

O.J. SIMPSON-THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS FORMER ATHLETE ON THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY, LIFE SINCE THE AC-QUITTAL, HIS RECENT RUN-INS WITH POLICE, HIS TAKE ON ROBERT BLAKE AND SCOTT PETERSON AND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE A REP AS A KILLER WHO GOT AWAY WITH MURDER. A RIVETING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY DAVID SHEFF

THE RAINBOW POT FARM MASSACRE—IN SEPTEMBER 2001 TWO GAY MARIJUANA ADVOCATES WERE SHOT TO DEATH AFTER A STANDOFF WITH POLICE IN MICHIGAN, VICTIMS OF A VIOLENT GOVERNMENT WITCH-HUNT. THE TRUE STORY OF AN AMERICAN DREAM TURNED NIGHTMARE. PLUS, THE SHORT, SORRY HISTORY OF MARY JANE IN THE UNITED STATES. BY DEAN KUIPERS

THE INSOMNIAC'S GUIDE TO LATE-NIGHT AMERICA-COMEDIAN DAVE ATTELL HAS A KNACK FOR SLEEPING ALL DAY AND STAYING UP ALL NIGHT. LOAD UP ON RED BULL AND FOLLOW HIM TO HIS FAVORITE HAUNTS, INCLUDING A TRUCK STOP, A NUDE KARAOKE BAR, A GUN RANGE, A TATTOO PAR-LOR AND, OF COURSE, A STRIP JOINT

COLLEGE FOOTBALL SPECTACULAR—CAN OHIO STATE SUCCESSFULLY DEFEND ITS NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP? IS FLORIDA STATE IN BIG TROUBLE? WHO WILL BE THE BEST QUARTERBACK IN THE COUNTRY? GARY COLE MAKES HIS ANNUAL PREDICTIONS IN THE PIGSKIN PREVIEW

SEX ON CAMPUS 2003—STUDENT PORNOS! ORGY CLASSES! FUCK TRUCKS! COLLEGE LIFE IS WILDER THAN EVER. DOES ANYBODY STUDY ANYMORE? ON SECOND THOUGHT, WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO GRADUATE? A COAST-TO-COAST REPORT ON THE SALACIOUS SHENANIGANS

DAREDEVIL COCKTAILS—A TASTE-TEST OF ALL THE BOOZE CONCOCTIONS MOM WARNED YOU ABOUT

PLUS: OUR COLLEGE FICTION WINNER, 20 QUESTIONS WITH FEAR FACTOR AND NEW MAN SHOW HOST JOE ROGAN, EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH LINDSEY VUOLO SHEDS HER BUSINESS SUIT, WHY WE'RE HOT FOR ACTRESS TANJA REICHERT, HOW TO BUILD A WIRELESS LIVING ROOM, THE FOUR DUMBEST LAWS ABOUT SEX AND A BOUNTEOUS MISS OCTOBER, AUDRA LYNN

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