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INTERVIEW
NICOLE
KIDMAN
ON TOP AND
IN CONTROL

THE
GIRLS OF
FEAR
FACTOR
BARE ALL
SPIDERS,
SNAKES
AND SKIN

MEET THE
FOCKERS
TERI
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NUDE
SHE'S ONE
HOT FOCKER

PLUS
INSIDE A \$17 MILLION
BANK HEIST
GOING TOE-TO-TOE
WITH THE KILLER
JERRY LEE LEWIS
ALL ABOUT BREASTS
AMY HEMPEL
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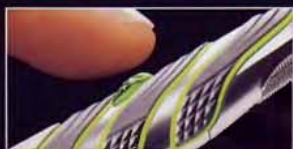
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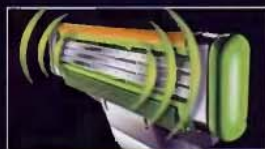
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"When **Nicole Kidman** walks into a room," says **Stephen Rebello**, who conducted this month's *Playboy Interview* with the Oscar-winning siren, "there's no question this is not the girl next door. She is completely larger than life in terms of her looks and her daring. We may not see it today, but I think years from now she'll be considered a legend, like Vivien Leigh or Geraldine Page—one of those extraordinary actresses who come along once in a blue moon." Rebello has known Kidman since she first washed ashore from Australia, back when most people thought she was destined to be nothing more than Mrs. Tom Cruise. "These days she is more confident. That frees her to reveal more of herself, which is apparent in the interview. She would not have given this kind of interview five or 10 years ago."



Jerry Lee Lewis is one of rock's most important figures and one of its most mysterious. "The music world sees him as the ultimate rebel because the way he makes every song his own is itself an act of rebellion," says **Robert Gordon**, who spent a full year on Lewis's trail for this month's profile, *Natural Born Killer*. "His fire is undiminished after all these years. He doesn't give a hoot what anyone thinks. He's going to do things his way—whether he is cutting a Rolling Stones song or driving a car." Great balls of fire, indeed.



A handsome handyman. An underdressed housewife. These are the ingredients of thousands of male fantasies, hundreds of old-school porn plots and *The Handyman*, this month's true-life article by **Rich Cohen**. It's the story of a college buddy of Cohen's who turned out to be an adolescent prodigy with women. "Luke visited recently and revealed the whole story to me," says Cohen. "It is every guy's fantasy—and Luke isn't one to tell tales. I just had to get it on paper. When I was that age I never had that kind of confidence. He told me it helped him learn how to please women, so I think it's fine for young men to take their opportunities. Just not with my wife."



We're longtime fans of author Chuck Palahniuk, and the letters we get from readers show that the admiration extends far beyond our offices. So when Palahniuk told us **Amy Hempel** is one of his favorite writers, we thought you would want to check her out. "Everything I write is rooted in an amplified observation," Hempel says about this month's story, *The Afterlife*, which is taken from *The Dog of the Marriage*, soon to be published by Scribner's. "In this case it was the last line of the story. I felt it would support the weight of an entire story. It seems like one of the abiding truths, and that's worth writing toward."



Peter Hoey and **Maria Hoey**, a bicoastal brother-sister team whose illustration adorns *The Great North Carolina Bank Heist*, were surprised by their subjects. "These guys were amateurs who lucked into grabbing a huge amount of money," says Peter. "They were just beer buddies who said, 'Let's go out and rob an armored car.' That's not how you picture criminals. To us it was more interesting to show the strange surroundings—the trailer park where the robbers lived and the dark warehouse where they pulled off the job."



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- 70 THE HANDYMAN**
Luke had the summer job of a lifetime: handyman in a town filled with desperate housewives. As word of his talents spread, his list of projects grew, and each task provided a new learning experience, in life and in sex. After four years of odd jobs, Luke grew wise to the truth about suburbia. **BY RICH COHEN**
- 74 NATURAL BORN KILLER**
Jerry Lee Lewis, the original rock-and-roll bad boy, is the founder least likely to still be rocking. With his career defined by controversy—starting when he married his 13-year-old cousin—the media quickly built and swiftly destroyed him. Lewis had to wait a decade for a Nashville comeback, but at 69 he is as iconoclastic as ever and reveling in his legacy. **BY ROBERT GORDON**
- 80 THE FRENCH KISS**
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- 104 GETTING TO KNOW YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S BREASTS**
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A widower finds his life filled with torrid affairs, but he has to reach deep for true companionship in a world that has lost its appeal. **BY AMY HEMPEL**

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For those of you who have wondered what Sub-Commander T'Pol's idea of the ultimate love scene would be, your curiosity will be satisfied. *Star Trek: Enterprise's* lovely Vulcan also discusses the steamy scenes in her new movie, *Slow Burn*; free love; and the fate of her pointy ears. **BY BOB CRANE**

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- 53 NICOLE KIDMAN**
Early in her career Kidman was less well-known for her acting than for being Mrs. Tom Cruise. Not until 1998, when she revealed her talent and her body on Broadway in *The Blue Room*, did Kidman receive the acclaim she deserved. In a *Playboy Interview* the statuesque redhead talks about monogamy, divorce and why she thinks J. Lo's bottom is hot. **BY STEPHEN REBELLO**



COVER STORY

Focker? We hardly know her. Teri Polo, co-star of the blockbuster sequel *Meet the Fockers*, decided to meet the press, or at least PLAYBOY, without the benefit of a wardrobe. A perfectly punctual subject, she was right on time for her appointment with Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. But we think she may have gotten hungry during the shoot. See? She's about to devour our Rabbit Head.



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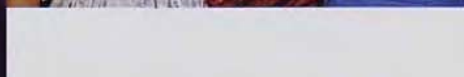
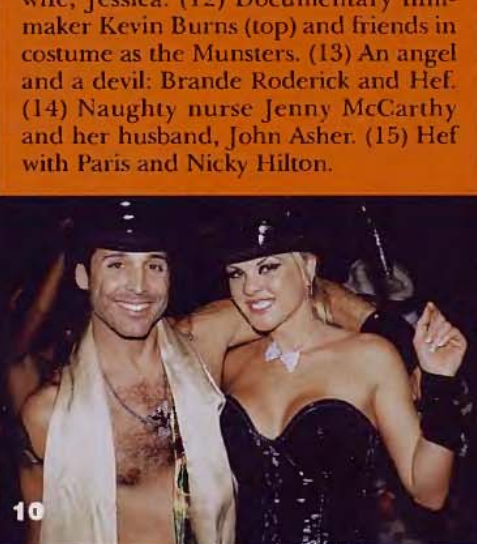


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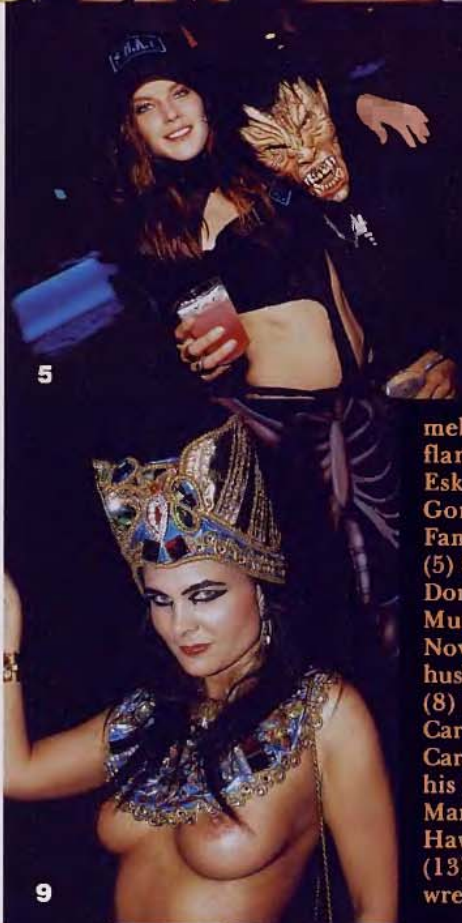


Celebrities from Leonardo to Paris celebrated Halloween at a truly memorable Playboy Mansion party with ghouls and goblins galore. (1) That old devil Hef with girlfriends Kendra, Bridget and Holly. (2) *For Love or Money* bachelorette Rachel Veltri and her pal Sandy Barber meet a Mansion monster. (3) Second man on the moon Buzz Aldrin and his wife, Lois. (4) James Caan and Jon Lovitz. (5) Erin Smith, Owen Wilson and Melody Malloy. (6) Bai Ling and Michael Cade. (7) The always entertaining former Playmate of the Year Anna Nicole Smith. (8) Mr. Playboy and Miss December 2004 Tiffany Fallon. (9) Guests in gory costumes. (10) *Amazing Race* husband-and-wife team Jonathan Baker and Playmate Victoria Fuller. (11) Baseball star Jose Canseco and his wife, Jessica. (12) Documentary filmmaker Kevin Burns (top) and friends in costume as the Munsters. (13) An angel and a devil: Brande Roderick and Hef. (14) Naughty nurse Jenny McCarthy and her husband, John Asher. (15) Hef with Paris and Nicky Hilton.



Hef's MANSION MONSTER MASH

continued



Hef's Halloween party included a house of horrors, a séance, fortune-tellers, a museum of movie monsters and hundreds of guests looking for a trick or treat. (1) Playmates Scarlett Keegan, Kimberly Holland and Carmella DeCesare. (2) The host with the most flanked by Sandy and Mandy Bentley. (3) Eskedar Gobeze and Motown legend Berry Gordy in costume. (4) Basketball Hall of Famer Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and a friend. (5) Shannon Click and masked man Stephen Dorff. (6) *Malcolm in the Middle* star Frankie Muniz with Jillian Grace and Stacy Burke. (7) November cover model Brooke Burke and her husband, *Extreme Makeover*'s Dr. Garth Fisher. (8) Football great John Elway, Centerfold Carrie Stevens, Hef and Kendra. (9) Playmate Carmen Berg. (10) Actor Chuck McCann and his wife, Betty, with Ryan O'Neal. (11) The Mansion's notorious Painted Ladies. (12) Kali Hawk, actor Isaac Singleton and Dominique. (13) Crispin Glover and friend. (14) WCW wrestler Bill Goldberg and his wife, Wanda.



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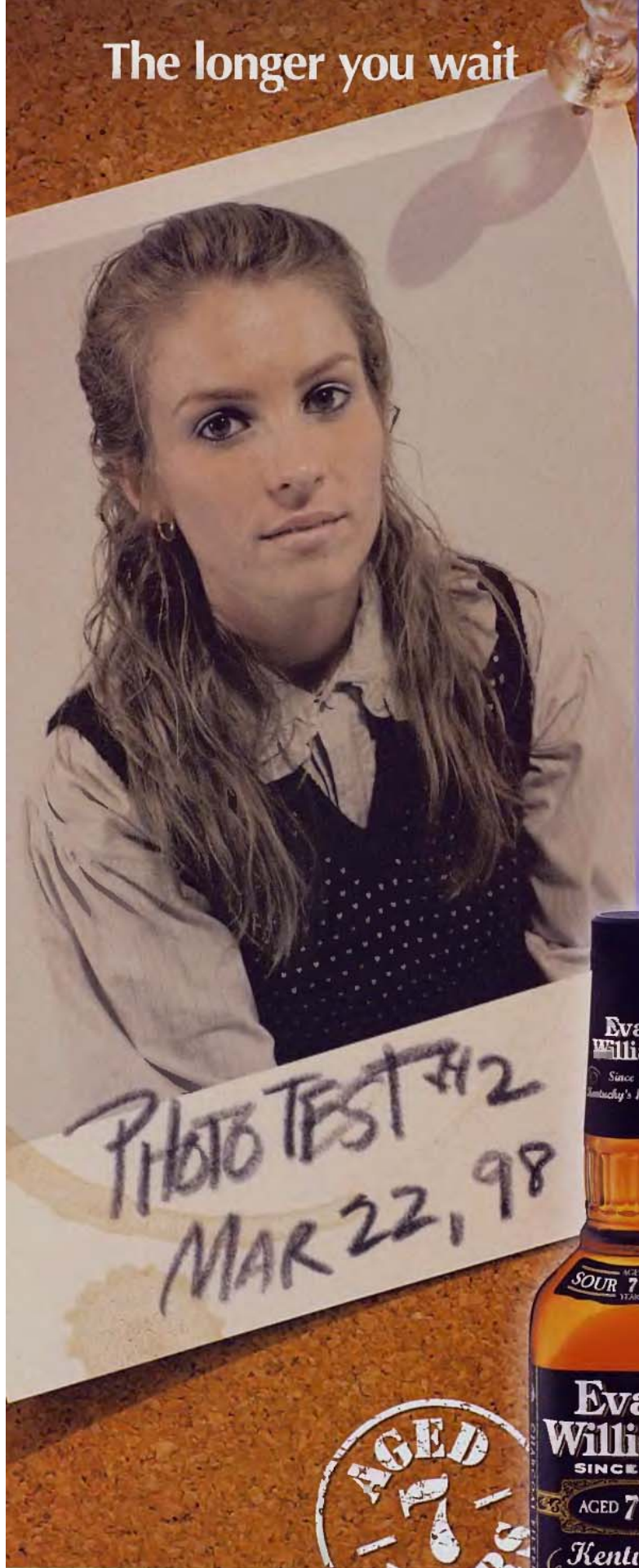


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OLIVER IN A TWIST

Oliver Stone (*Playboy Interview*, November) is a fantastic director, but I disagree with his political views. I am a member of the armed forces and have been serving my country for the past seven years. While I respect that Stone witnessed the horrors of Vietnam, I don't think the war in Iraq is comparable. September 11 was a modern-day Pearl Harbor that needed a response



Stone-cold logic from a talented director.

like Hiroshima. It becomes harder for soldiers in Iraq to serve if the American people are condemning our being there. Stone says most soldiers "just follow orders, but some step up." It's not a soldier's job to step up—that sort of attitude can get your fellow soldiers killed. I would prefer to be away from my family in Iraq than to be a sitting duck in my own country.

Shana Svedberg
Whidbey Island, Washington

Almost no matter what David Sheff asks him, Stone finds a way to whine about being persecuted. Stone is a talented storyteller, but for historical understanding I recommend the work of David McCullough or Ken Burns.

Patrick Leary
San Diego, California

When you take away Stone's pretension and pseudo-intellectualism, you realize what a freakin' moron he is.

David Lineberger
Davenport, Iowa

I'm a big fan of Stone because of his powerful antiwar films. In *Salvador*, James Woods (playing photojournalist

Richard Boyle) says, "You've been lying, saying that this war can be won militarily. All you're doing is bringing misery to these people. I believe that we stand for something. For a constitution. For human rights. Not just for a few people but for everybody on this planet." George W. Bush should have such a conscience. The chickenhawks in this administration, with their "pre-emptive" wars, are no better than Saddam Hussein when he invaded Kuwait.

George Fisher
Mishawaka, Indiana

I'm glad to see that Americans aren't as ignorant as Stone takes them to be. The election proved that people in entertainment have no place in politics. Schwarzenegger is no exception.

Brandon Tipton
Clarksville, Tennessee

What about President Reagan?

Stone is right about Bush and cronyism. The last election stank of Rovism.

John Fall
San Diego, California

Thank you to Oliver Stone and to PLAYBOY for persuading this undecided voter to cast his ballot for Bush.

Calvin Axtell
Berkeley, California

KEEN EYE FOR A STRAIGHT GUY

The hosts of *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* were on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* promoting their book that tells guys what to wear, what music to listen to, how to decorate a bachelor pad, etc. I found myself yelling at the TV, "That book has been coming out every month for 50 years. It's called PLAYBOY!"

Michael Dobbs
Chattanooga, Tennessee

HOT WOMEN WHO READ PLAYBOY

I want to commend you on keeping your magazine as beautiful and informative as it was when it started. The artistic layouts, which depict women as soft and sensual, make me proud to be a woman and proud of my body.

J.L. Legasa
San Francisco, California

I'm a wife, mother and longtime reader of PLAYBOY. I share it with my husband, and I just bought our son, who is a college freshman, his own subscription. I first saw PLAYBOY at the age of seven when I found an issue under my parents' bed. My dad caught me looking at the comics. He didn't want to make it seem "naughty," so he

showed me how to search for the Rabbit Head on the cover. That sense of fun has stayed with me as an adult.

Karen Saville
Stearns, Kentucky

TEEN DREAM

It's a testament to the allure of your magazine that Miss United States Teen Kari Ann Peniche (*American Beauty*, November) agreed to pose—especially while she was still the reigning queen.

Don Howard
Mount Vernon, Kentucky

We think it's a testament to the allure of Kari Ann. Pageant officials took a different view. When they learned of our pictorial two weeks before the end of Kari Ann's reign, they stripped her of the title and removed all references to her from the pageant website.

SMITTEN WITH SMITTY

Sara Joan Berniker's *Aqua Velva Smitty* (October) assaulted my senses—I was disgusted, aroused, sad, angry and amused. Keep short fiction like that coming.

Aleta Lesh
North Hills, California

BUBBLING OVER BROOKE

Brooke Burke is one fine woman (*Wild Life*, November). As a world trav-



Brooke Burke: Catch her if you can.

eler, I watched her TV show *Wild On* for two reasons: to find out where to meet women and to see her.

Mike Slusarek
Prescott, Arizona

In one of her photos (above), Brooke has a gem decoration at the top of her

Work it!



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butt crack. Did you stick it there, or is it the end of a thong that goes around to the other side? It's driving me nuts.

Chris Hoagland
 Louisville, Kentucky

We understand your frustration, Chris, but these things are more fun when left to the imagination.

TELL ME A GOOD STORY

Rod Liddle's short story *St. Mark's Day* (November) is a clever and entertaining surprise. Too often I'm left scratching my head as to why PLAYBOY selected a piece of fiction or, for that matter, why the author bothered writing it. I hope Liddle's story signals a renewed commitment to publishing engaging stories.

Christopher Wilson
 Seattle, Washington

TOUGH QUESTION

Gabrielle Richens (*Babe of the Month*, November) is sexy and beautiful. But why is she sitting on the toilet?

Richard Smith
 San Diego, California

As we explained above, it's all about the mystery. We have no idea.

DERRIERE CRI

Hallelujah for Toni Bentley (*Taboo Sex*, November), who tells the world what needed to be said. Anal sex is one of the greatest things a woman can experience.

C. Slover
 Wilmington, Ohio

Taboo Sex is the most daring article I've read in PLAYBOY in a long time.

Stephen Lee Roldan
 Aiea, Hawaii

As a woman who has been enlightened by her own A-Man, it's refreshing to know I have a sister out there. It is past time to dispel the taboo and allow people to embrace this truly spiritual experience. Knowledge is freedom.

Lisa Mitchell
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

What a load of metaphysical crap.

Mark Craven
 Las Vegas, Nevada

THE BRUNETTE EFFECT

In recent years your pages have featured a parade of blondes. The November all-brunette issue renewed my faith. And I just read that Playboy Enterprises reported a profit last quarter. Is there a connection?

Patrick McCullough
 Atlanta, Georgia

Hard to say, but Hef read your letter and now has creating all sorts of graphs and charts. Thanks.

HINDSIGHT AT BAT

Last April in your major league baseball preview you picked the Houston Astros as the National League wild card, the Minnesota Twins to win the American League Central and the Boston Red Sox to be the American League champs. Everything else you got wrong.

Bill Jones
 Blue Island, Illinois

Bill, you're supposed to read the preview before the season starts.

ON THE ROAD WITH CARA

I've been looking forward to the day when a hot reality-TV star would become a Playmate. Cara Zavaleta (No-



Cara: a refreshing dose of reality.

vember) of *Road Rules: South Pacific* did not disappoint. Hef picked a winner.

Jeremy Wood
 Leighton, Alabama

Cara calls her *Road Rules* co-star Abe an "untamed animal from Montana." The only girls who ever described me that way are the ones I've slept with. We have a deep appreciation of beauty here in Montana, whether it's a frosted field on a cold morning or the warm body of a sensuous woman. If Cara wants to meet any more untamed animals, she's always welcome to visit.

Mike Davis
 Butte, Montana

Cara Zavaleta is great! No tattoos, no body piercings and natural good looks reminiscent of the models of the late 1960s. I wish PLAYBOY would find and feature more women like her. And I wish more women would follow her example.

Wilfred DeVoe
 Salem, Massachusetts



All hot tubs massage. Only one seduces.

Imagine: You've finally hooked up and she's even more gorgeous than you remembered! Then the dinner conversation gets suggestive and suddenly you wish you had something more seductive to offer her than a nightcap...Like a dip in a luxurious hot tub.

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PLAYBOY

after hours

babe of the month

Ivana Bozilovic

No bull—this globe-trotting actress is on the ride of her life

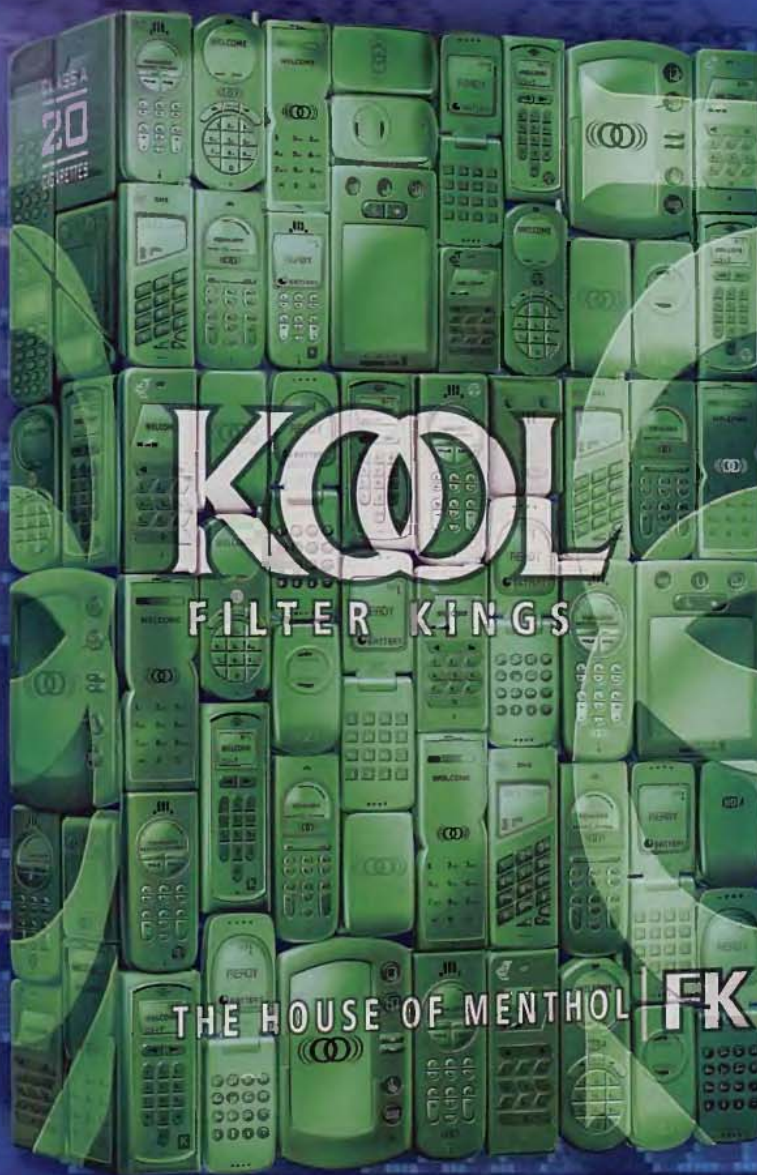
It's one of the best-kept secrets in acting: If you want to be successful, plan a trip to Serbia. At least that's the way it works for Ivana Bozilovic. "Every time I book a flight, I get a big job that keeps me from going," says the Belgrade native. "I need to keep booking flights." As a host of the Spike TV series *Hotlines*, she finds that travel and adventure come with the job. "I'm always jumping out of planes, riding real bulls or swimming with sharks," she says. "This year we're going to Australia, New Zealand and Fiji. My

"I'm far from wild,
but I'm not
shy—or tame."

life sucks, doesn't it?" At her annual Babes on Bulls charity event, Ivana tries to persuade her model friends to ride the mechanical bull. "I like girls who just go for it," she says. "I'm far from wild, but I'm not shy—or tame." She wasn't shy as the massageable Naomi in *Van Wilder*, and moviegoers will get another eyeful in *The Wedding Crashers*, in which she falls victim to lothario Vince Vaughn. "He plays a guy who goes to weddings to meet girls, and we make out," she says. "In real life I prefer that guys call me on time. Hey, I'm very available!" If you call, be ready to play *Would You Rather...?*, the game in which players trade unappetizing sexual scenarios. "I come up with really sick choices," she says. "It's entertaining to gross people out."



SMOOTH

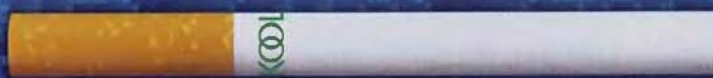


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the cutting-room floor



BETTER LEFT UNSAID

REMARKS OMITTED FROM THE FINAL DRAFT OF THE 55TH INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"I thank Senator Kerry for waging a spirited campaign. I look forward to four years of vetoing everything with his name on it."



"Democracy in Iraq frees up a spot in the axis of evil. Recently I spoke with President Bashar Al-Asad of Syria, who laid a thousand curses upon the wombs of my daughters. So it is with great pleasure that I announce Syria's promotion to the axis. Better luck next time, France."

"With Republicans in control of every branch of government, the country is united as never before. To our Democratic colleagues I say: Join us, or wither into dried husks and be scattered on the winds of irrelevance."

"Read my cheeks: No backdoor draft."



"Yesterday I met with a group of concerned stem cells to share our hopes and fears. We cried, then we laughed. Then we prayed."

"To meet the challenges to our values, I have created a new Cabinet-level position. Folks, meet Secretary of Marriage Laura Bush. Ain't she cute?"

"A message for our gays: I am your president, too. But listen, you don't have to be gay to get attention. With my new No Gay Left Behind program, I affirm that every American life, no matter how gay, is valuable in our maker's sight."



"Make no mistake: I have not made any mistakes."

"Leadership is a great honor you have bestowed upon me. My vision is strong, my commitment unwavering. It's hard work. Just don't ask too many questions and everything will be just fine."

abductio ad absurdum



MARIE MATTHEO

SNATCH ME IF YOU CAN

TRICKY VIXENS NAB WILLING VICTIMS

Brandishing pistols, handcuffs and duct tape, the girls of Extreme Kidnapping come at you like an underworld equivalent of Charlie's Angels. Since January 2002, Adam Thick has offered an "elite all-girl team" of abductors who are hired by hostages seeking a risqué thrill. We gave Thick and henchwoman Shanel the third degree.

PLAYBOY: How did Extreme Kidnapping start?

THICK: Our concept was realistic kidnapping. People asked, "Can I be kidnapped by women?" and a lightbulb went off over my head.

PLAYBOY: How does it work?

THICK: Customers can design the whole thing themselves or leave it to us. The serious clients submit a script. They describe their scenario, and I give them a price on it.

PLAYBOY: Any restrictions?

SHANEL: There's no sexual contact, and I stay fully clothed. No sexual activity whatsoever, no deals beyond the scenario and no one-on-one.

PLAYBOY: How weird does it get?

SHANEL: Once we played an all-female terrorist group called Sheeba. Another time we were schoolgirls who kidnapped our teacher and tortured him for good grades. Then there was the time we played employees who kidnapped our CEO—there was a lot of spanking.

play against the machine

IT SHOOTS, IT SCORES

ROBOT TERRORIZES TABLE SOCCER

Like the Terminator, KiRo is a Teutonic robot out to destroy mankind—not with weaponry but with foosball skill. Scanning the table 50 times a second with a huge electric eye, KiRo outwits puny humans with artificial intelligence and precision machinery. Although KiRo beats 85 percent of casual players, University of Freiburg roboticist Bernhard Nebel admits it "has no chance against league players—yet." Today table soccer, tomorrow the world.



guest spot: mitch fatel



VALENTINE'S DAY DOS AND DON'TS

TIPS FOR GETTING ACTION ON HER FAVORITE HOLIDAY

It's your first Valentine's Day with a woman you have yet to bed—proceed cautiously. Slip up on this make-or-break night and you'll be humping nothing but your pillow. The study of women is my life's work; here are my keys to Valentine's Day success.

DO: Buy an embarrassing card with a cute animal on it. It's revolting to us, but the sight of a baby duck saying "I wuv you" gives a girl a warm, fuzzy feeling—equivalent to the joy we feel when she tells us she likes to swallow.

DON'T: Cut out your own card as you did when you were 12. A crayon drawing of her naked with the caption YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE I HAVE TO PEE may seem romantic to you—but it will leave you and your penis lonely and free to do arts and crafts all night.

DO: Listen to her at dinner. Work on your interested look, and at the right time be sure to drop in the obligatory "It's so obvious she's jealous of you."

DON'T: Play devil's advocate. You're not there to have a real conversation. Provocative food for thought, such as "Maybe you *did* get the job because you dress slutty," will set up a night of licking your own wounds later.

DO: Buy a decent gift. If you're serious about wanting to get to the promised land, diamond earrings will do the trick. Historians tell us that mixing expensive jewelry with a bottle of wine is how anal sex was invented.

DON'T: Leave the Wal-Mart receipt lying around. When her earlobes turn green a year later, you'll have issues, but by then I'll have my "Dos and Don'ts of Being Dumped" piece ready for print.

Comedian Mitch Fatel's debut CD, *Mini-skirts and Muffins*, is available at mitchfatel.com.



prop culture



STUFFED ANIMAL PART

SLEEP WITH THIS PLUSH HORSE'S HEAD, NOT THE FISHES

Godfather fans: Here's a fun take, from the folks at kropserkel.com, on the grisly scene in which movie mogul Jack Woltz wakes up next to his prized stallion's severed head. The Horse Head Pillow meets all your revenging and reclining needs—after all, nothing says malice like a murdered pet, and nobody should watch a three-hour film without something soft to lean on.

tip sheet

FRESH-BOILED ARGOT

WHO'S YOUR VOCABULARY DADDY? THAT'S RIGHT, WE ARE



dogs acting like people.

South bitch: A person rendered irritable because of constant carbohydrate counting.



Man cave: Retailerese for a room full of distinctly male amusements, gadgets and furniture—e.g., La-Z-Boy, keg-olator, enormous TV, jukebox, Xbox and paintings of



Hogzilla: A 1,000-pound pig reportedly shot by a hunter in Alapaha, Georgia in June. If the story is true, Hogzilla would top the record for feral pigs by 300 pounds.

Dick lit: Novels of single malehood, a masculine version of *Bridget Jones*-style chick lit. Examples include *Booty Nomad*, *Love Monkey* and others we'd never read.

Heteroflexibles: Girls between the ages of 16 and 23 who frequently shift sexual orientation. Ah, sweet confusion.

Sexfoliation: Elaborate spa and grooming measures taken by a woman who is about to have sex for the first time with a man she's dating. Related seasonal term: "waxing in winter."



10026 Fuzzy Bunny Tee \$39
S/M (1-5), M/L (7-11)

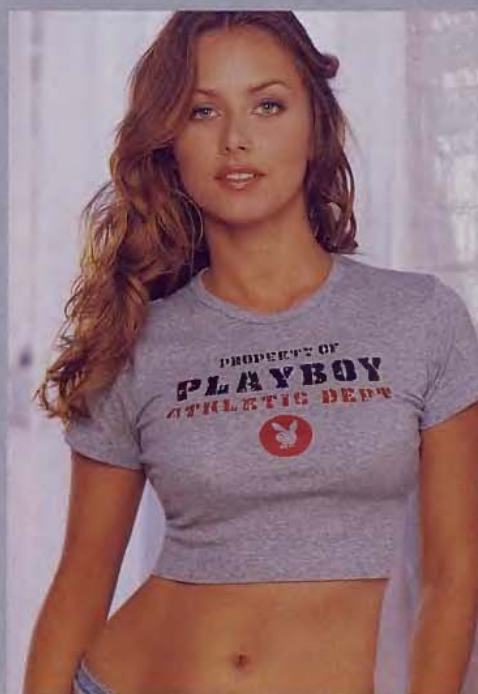


10029 ♀ Rhinestone Tank \$22
S/M (1-5), M/L (7-11)



10023 Black Glitter Tee \$22
S/M (1-5), M/L (7-11)

LOOKIN' GOOD!



10027 Property of Playboy Tee \$22
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10137 Advisory Tee \$22
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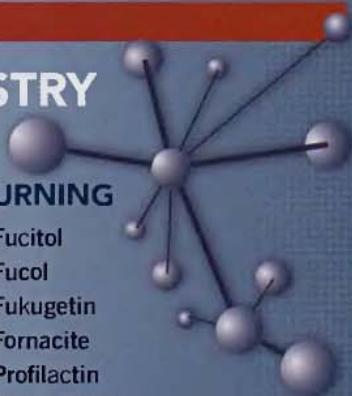
Kevin Smith's day job is filmmaking, but the *Clerks* and *Chasing Amy* director is also a rabid advocate for comic-book culture. He's ported his movie characters into comics and written for *Daredevil* and a *Spider-Man* miniseries. With Jay and Silent Bob's Secret Stash, recently opened in Los Angeles, he fuses his passions in a museum-esque setting—yes, it's a comic-book store, but it's not like the musty, messy little dork warren at the local strip mall. Exhibits draw heavily on Smith's productions—the Bible carried by Alanis Morissette in *Jay & Silent Bob Strike Back*, the comics mocked up for *Chasing Amy*—but other swag is on display as well, such as Ben Affleck's *Daredevil* costume. Excitable fanboys will thrill to such authentic (and perhaps never washed?) starlet apparel as Eliza Dushku's *Jay & Silent Bob Strike Back* catsuit and tank tops seen on Shannon Elizabeth and J. Lo. For the staff, the best cheap thrill comes courtesy of the store's location in Westwood Village, near UCLA, where the clientele is much cuter than a typical comics shop's motley crew. "Thank God I'm married, because I could get in trouble here," says Smith, who often hangs out at the store. "If these girls were into heavyset dudes like me, I'd be knee-deep in ass." Figuratively speaking, we assume.

listings

SEXUAL CHEMISTRY

ACTUAL NAMES OF MOLECULES THAT GET SCIENTISTS' BUNSENS BURNING

Arsole	Spermine	Fucitol
Miazole	Dickite	Fucol
Urazole	Erectone	Fukugetin
Anol	Vaginatn	Fornacite
Cumene	Clitorin	Profilactin
Cumingtonite	Erotic Acid	Dogcollarane



employee of the month



OH, BEHAVE

PROBATION OFFICER BRENDA JONES KNOWS YOU'VE BEEN A BAD BOY

PLAYBOY: So what is it that you do?

BRENDA: I supervise adult probationers, making sure they're doing what the court ordered. I go into their homes and do field checks during the day. We set up some search nights, when a group of us go out—that's when we often find violations, so then I have to make arrests.

PLAYBOY: Sounds pretty stressful.

BRENDA: Yes, and you don't see too many successes. But the few you do see make it very rewarding.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever fallen for the bad guy?

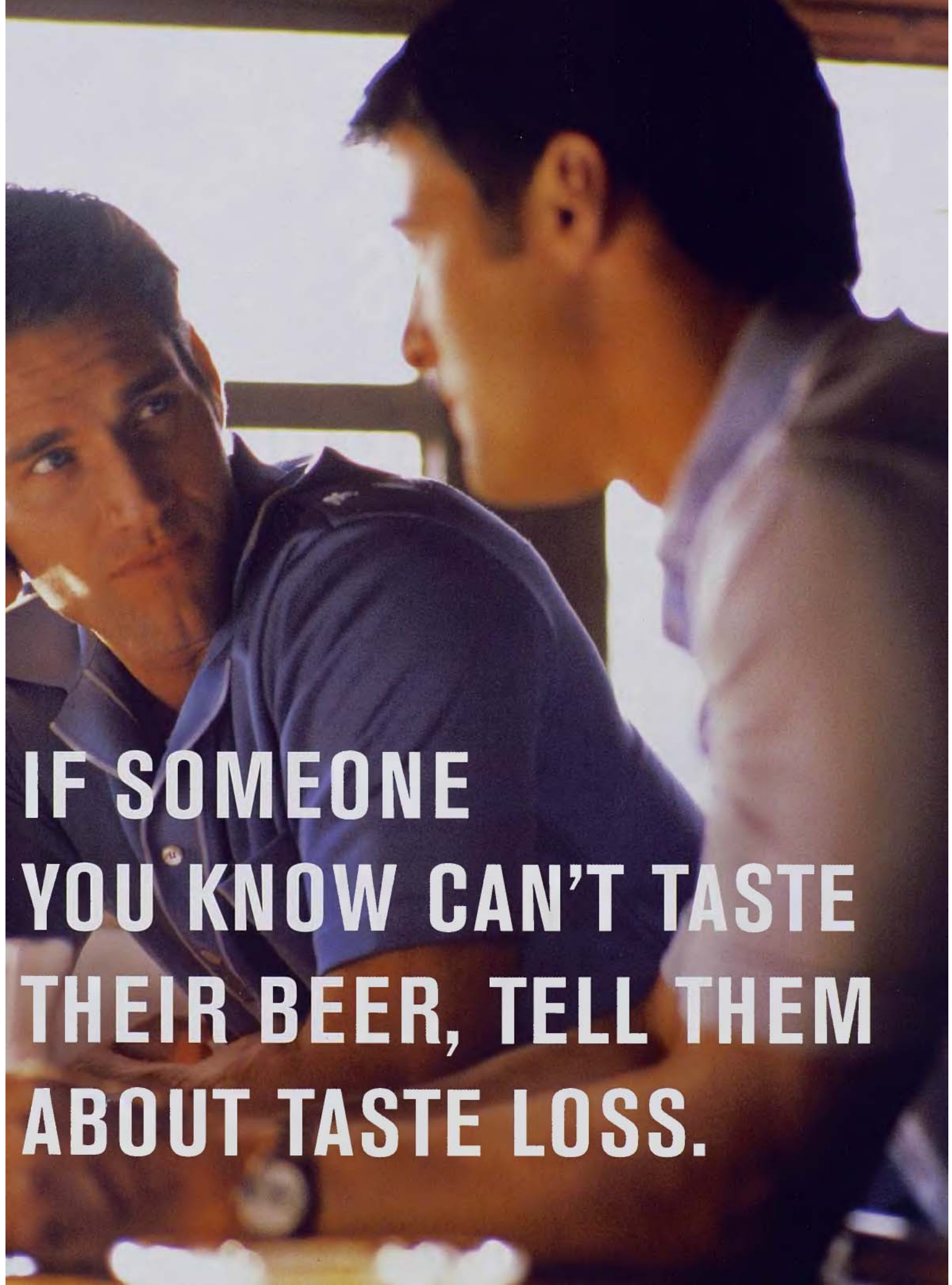
BRENDA: In my past, yeah. I think every girl has a little bad-guy crush in her.

PLAYBOY: In the field, you have to be authoritative. Are you that way between the sheets?

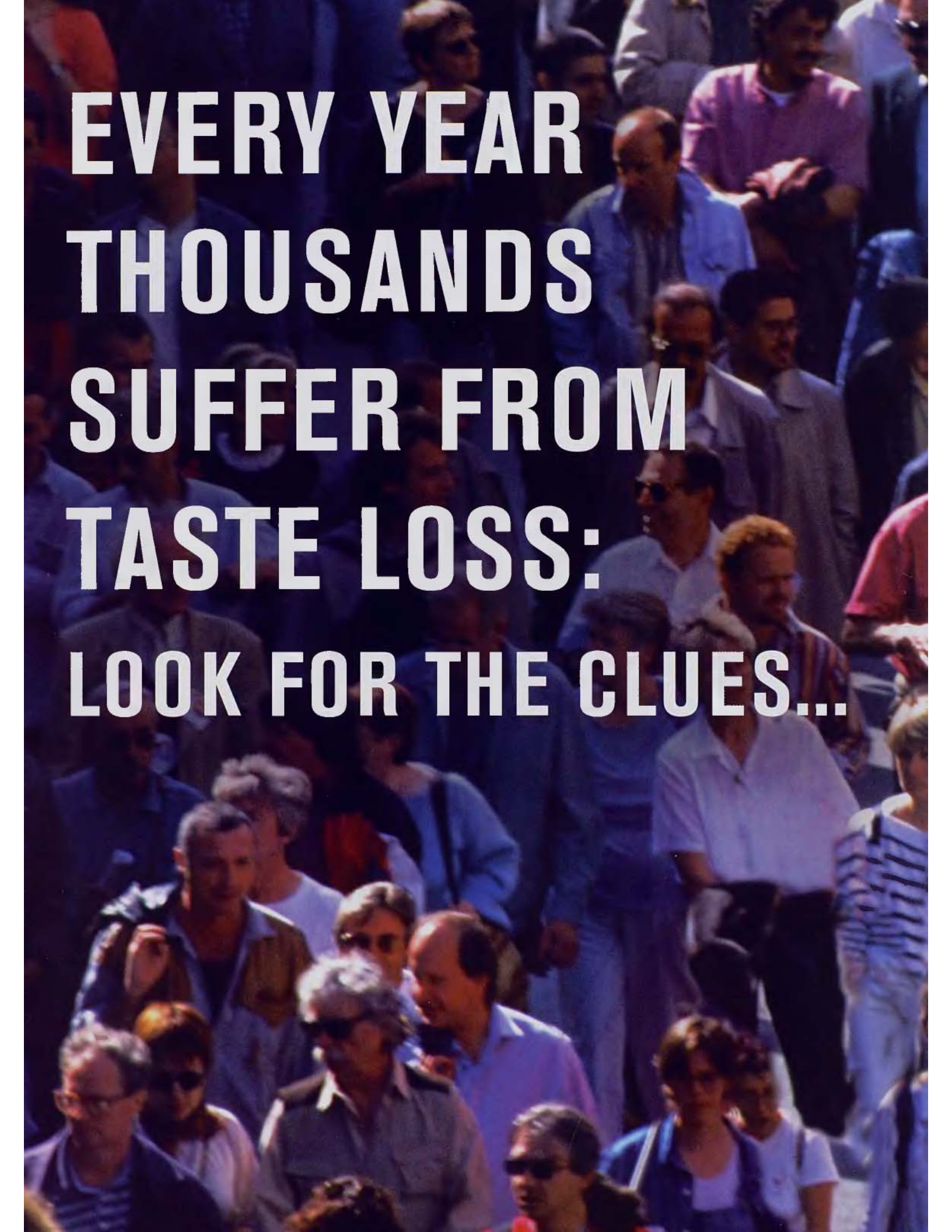
BRENDA: At work I am dominant, but in the bedroom I don't like to be. I've been told that I'm submissive. I guess I'm pretty shy—but I'm game for anything.



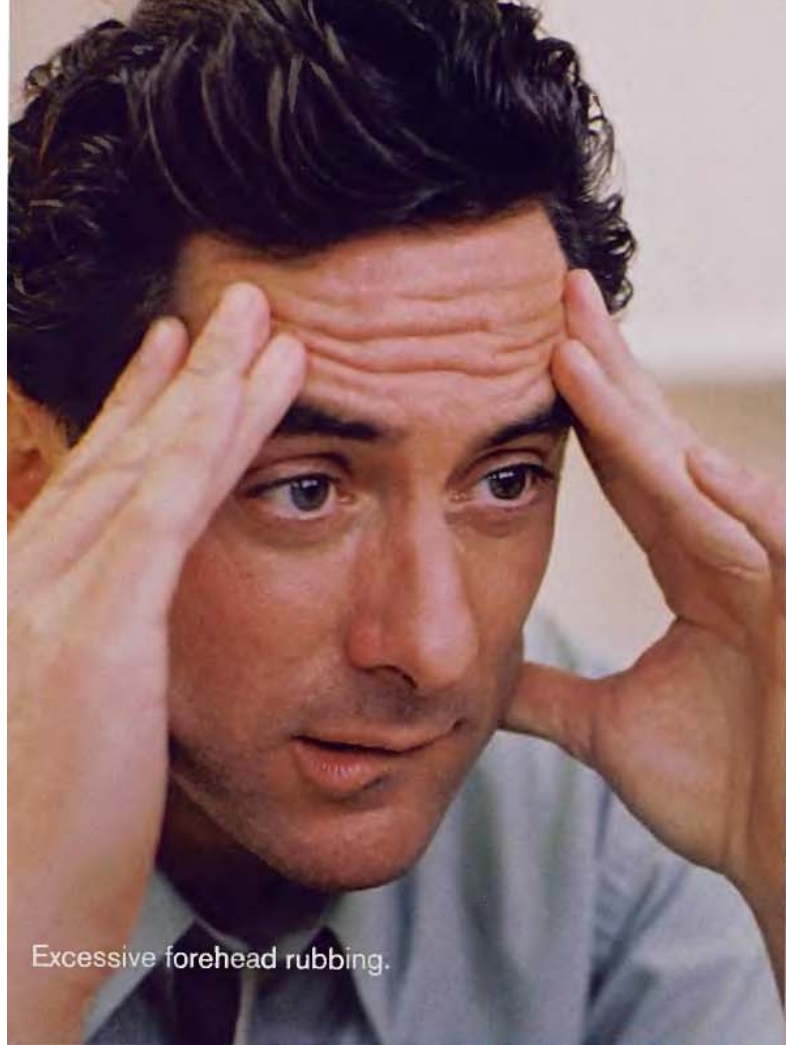
Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to **PLAYBOY** Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must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



**IF SOMEONE
YOU KNOW CAN'T TASTE
THEIR BEER, TELL THEM
ABOUT TASTE LOSS.**

A dense crowd of people walking, overlaid with text. The image shows a large group of people, mostly men, walking in a crowd. They are wearing various casual clothing like t-shirts, button-down shirts, and jeans. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image, reading: EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS SUFFER FROM TASTE LOSS: LOOK FOR THE CLUES...

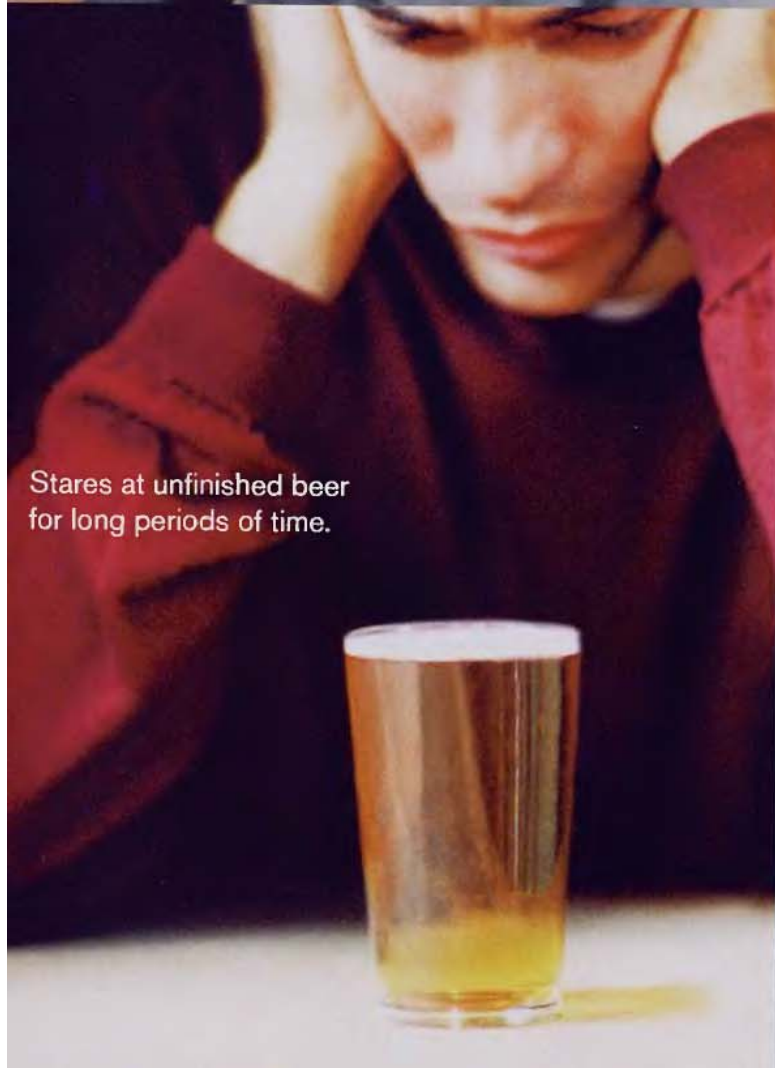
**EVERY YEAR
THOUSANDS
SUFFER FROM
TASTE LOSS:
LOOK FOR THE CLUES...**



Excessive forehead rubbing.



Emotional outbursts
at inopportune times.



Stares at unfinished beer
for long periods of time.

**TASTE LOSS
ISN'T YOUR FAULT.
IGNORING IT IS.**



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74% track Internet surfing	18% watch employees on video
62% run background checks	12% eavesdrop on phone conversations
43% read employees' e-mail	7% listen to voice mail
31% look at employees' computer files	6% give polygraph exams

Stupid Like a Fox

52% of Americans think Jessica Simpson's imbecility is just an act to generate publicity and TV ratings.

Book of Pointless Records

Longest Cell Phone Throw

222 feet 9 inches by Nico Morawa of Germany.

Dick Army

The creators of the stage show *Puppetry of the Penis* have certified 30 performers in the art of genital manipulation. There are currently **16** puppeteers doing shows in nine countries.



Vanity Plates

Researchers have found that men are able to bench-press an average of **41 pounds** more when someone else is watching.



Gay Divorcées

85% of divorced women say they're happy about their breakup, compared with **58%** of divorced men.

Price Check

Sweetened Deal

\$3,828 Paid for all 10,656 Mars bars in stock at a London branch of Woolworths by an unidentified woman. A Woolworths spokesman could only speculate that she "has a sweet tooth."

Socialist Engineering

Each year **195,354** Chinese students receive an undergraduate degree in engineering. In the U.S., it's **60,914**.

Pet Worth

The world's richest self-made pet is Moose, the Jack Russell terrier that played Eddie on



the long-running sitcom *Frasier*. Moose was paid **\$10,800** an episode and through shrewd investing has amassed a fortune of **\$3.2 million**.



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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[CONSTANTINE]

Keanu enters the world of detectives and demons

In *Constantine*, the film version of those head-twisting *Hellblazer* comic books and graphic novels, Keanu Reeves plays an edgy supernatural detective who joins Rachel Weisz, a hard-nosed, troubled LAPD detective, to try to unravel whether her twin sister committed suicide in a mental ward—or was murdered. The trail of suspects leads from Djimon Hounsou, a former demon buster running an underground nightclub for occult practitioners, to Tilda Swinton as the angel Gabriel. Given the iffy track record of movies made from cult comics, *Constantine*'s blend of detectives and demons could turn out heavenly or hellish, a fact not lost on Weisz (*The Mummy* and *About a Boy*). "I'm not a comic book fan," she says, "so if it appealed to someone totally outside the comic book arena, I felt it would appeal to others as a really good, off-center drama. I'm not even sure what movie genre this is. It's not straight-down-the-middle horror. It's quite a cocktail." It was a grueling shoot for Weisz. "I had a fight sequence that happens underwater, which means I was in a pool fully clothed for three weeks. I shouldn't complain, because the *Titanic* people were wet for months. Keanu and I would hang out between takes, and we would both fall asleep because the movie was so physical."

"I'm not sure what genre this is. It's quite a cocktail."

—Stephen Rebell

now showing

BUZZ

Assault on Precinct 13

(Ethan Hawke, Laurence Fishburne, Drea de Matteo) This redo of John Carpenter's 1976 action flick features Fishburne as a mobster held in a dilapidated precinct station. Hawke is the police captain who pulls together a team of cops and criminals to battle an army of thugs hell-bent on springing Fishburne.

Our call: Same precinct, new gangsters. The plot worked like magic in Howard Hawks's classic *Rio Bravo* and in Carpenter's reinterpretation, so we're optimistic about this latest assault.



Son of the Mask

(Jamie Kennedy, Alan Cumming) Jim Carrey and Cameron Diaz, stars of the 1994 smash *The Mask*, are nowhere to be found in this sequel, which features cartoonist Kennedy dealing with his infant son, who possesses the shape-shifting, mood-swinging powers of the Mask of Loki.

Our call: Was there ever any doubt that Carrey is indispensable? Didn't we learn anything from *Dumb and Dumber*? We've met Jamie Kennedy, and he's no Jim Carrey.



Hitch

(Will Smith, Eva Mendes, Kevin James) Big Willy earns a time-out from battling robots to show off his romantic-comedy moves as a matchmaker who falls for snoopy journalist Mendes. The zany twist? Whenever he's around the voluptuous reporter, Mr. Smooth turns into a spaz.

Our call: Smith's easygoing charm (his idol is Cary Grant, after all) and Mendes's ample sex appeal pretty much guarantee that this movie will deliver both the sizzle and the laughs.



Hide and Seek

(Robert De Niro, Dakota Fanning, Famke Janssen) In the latest Americanization of a Japanese shocker (see *The Ring* and *The Grudge*), newly widowed psychiatrist De Niro freaks when Fanning, who plays his grieving daughter, starts taking life-endangering orders from an imaginary friend.

Our call: If it's possible to imagine De Niro being scared of anything—aside from appearing in another stinker like *Godsend*—it's the scene-stealing 10-year-old Fanning.



dvd of the month

[RAY]

Jamie Foxx scores big as the music legend

To a generation that grew up with Ray Charles plugging Pepsi and singing "America the Beautiful" at national pep rallies, director Taylor Hackford's *Ray* won't seem a riveting choice for a biopic. It is, though, beginning with the casting of Jamie Foxx as the musician whose blend of gospel and R&B gave birth to soul. Another smart move: having Foxx lip-synch to Charles's original tracks. Hackford sanitizes Charles's life a bit, depicting the cold-turkey smackdown of his heroin habit as something out of a 1950s melodrama. Charles's wife still stood by him, even as he fathered children with mistresses. Foxx captures both the visual tics and the complicated charisma that made Charles a babe magnet. The music does the rest. **Extras:** Lots, including a featurette on how Hackford worked with Charles—who died during the production at the age of 73—in bringing his story to the screen. **★★★★** —Greg Fagan



AVP: ALIEN VS. PREDATOR (2004) The well ran dry for both sci-fi franchises before this supersize combo arrived in theaters. Director Paul W.S. Anderson plays it loose with the rules and tones down the trademark gore in this classy B movie, in which the prolonged, amusing monster-to-monster face-off in Antarctica is the money shot. Heroine Sanaa Lathan is no Sigourney Weaver but tries to fill her formidable boots. **Extras:** Commentary tracks, an alternate opening, a making-of featurette, deleted scenes and a collection of *Dark Horse Comics* covers. **★★★★½** —Buzz McClain



FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS (2004) This superior take on the high-school-football-as-religion theme benefits from its source—H.G. "Buzz" Bissinger's 1990 best-seller about the Permian Panthers and their bumpy drive for the Texas state title. Director Peter Berg avoids corniness, focusing on the kids and their wise coach (Billy Bob Thornton). **Extras:** A featurette on the real 1988 Permian Panthers. **★★★★** —G.F.



CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM: THE COMPLETE THIRD SEASON (2002) Larry David, co-creator of *Seinfeld*, plays himself in this brilliant comedy series, pissing off everyone he meets. Each of the 10 episodes—shot with handheld cameras and without scripts—magnificently brings all the angry plot threads together at the end, leaving you wondering how they do it. Season three involves a pubic hair in David's throat, a drunk seven-year-old girl, a scene in a movie with Martin Scorsese, a Benadryl brownie, a Nativity brawl

and the most profane restaurant opening ever. *Curb* is comedy for grown-ups, and it's even better than *Seinfeld*.

Extras: An on-stage conversation with the cast at the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival, illustrated with favorite scenes. **★★★★** —B.M.



NAPOLEON DYNAMITE (2004) This high school dorkfest has a few charms, notably Jon Heder's comedic klutzicality in the title performance and the film's slapdash 1970s look. The crew of high school lunkheads take it every which way from their peers out on the Idaho plains. You'll laugh as they bumble. **Extras:** A five-minute epilogue, deleted scenes and commentaries. **★★★★½** —Matt Steigbigel



SHAUN OF THE DEAD (2004) This witty British import plays like a mishmash of *Dawn of the Dead* and *Slacker*, right down to the hysterically gory demonstration of slicing into zombies by throwing old LPs. Deadbeat appliance hawker Shaun must lead his girlfriend, his mother and assorted dimwits through zombie-plagued London toward what he thinks is their salvation: the local pub. **Extras:** Deleted scenes, casting tapes and a video diary by actor Simon Pegg, who plays Shaun. **★★★★** —M.S.



tease frame



The Arquette family has kept Hollywood well stocked with interesting character actors. Of them, statuesque Patricia Arquette has enjoyed a career with the most adventurous moments. She's appeared in such off-kilter fare as *True Romance* (1993), *Ed Wood* (1994), *Flirting With Disaster* (1996) and *Bringing Out the Dead* (1999). Now we can see her each week on NBC's *Medium*, on which she plays a crime-solving suburban mom with psychic powers. Looking at her photo from *Lost Highway* (1997, pictured), we hope she can't read our criminal thoughts.

the critical collector

[ANIME ME]

A grown-up's guide to Japan's world of animation

There are some things that men refuse to outgrow, such as video games. Anime is no different. Once the preferred entertainment for kids who liked *Pokémon*, Japanese animation has matured with its audience. Welcome to the world of anime for adults.

Though Sony is keeping Osamu Tezuka's landmark *Astro Boy* (1963) series, about a super-robot modeled after a scientist's deceased son, under wraps while it prepares a live-action feature, hundreds of other DVDs are available. *Matrix* fans will want to check out *The Animatrix* (2003), an animated series of nine short films that delve into the trilogy's backstory. The renegade-surgeon series *Black Jack* (1996) and *Vampire Hunter D* (1985), about a bloodsucker-enslaved Earth circa 12,090 A.D., are favorites with adults. *Akira* (1988, pictured), about the title character's battle with destructive psychic forces in post-World War III Tokyo, is a must-own classic. The Oscar-winning fantasy *Spirited Away* (2001), about restless spirits in a magical Japanese bathhouse, has enough depth and imagination to win over newcomers.

There is sexually explicit anime, too, like the spy series *New Cutey Honey* (1994), which uses any excuse to tear off *Cutey's* clothes, or "pink movies" such as *Legend of the Overfiend* (1989) and *La Blue Girl* (1992) that feature tentacle monsters having sex with schoolgirls. Hey, it's an anime thing, and with a dozen new DVDs released every week, it's easy to get your fix. Log on to animeondvd.com and explore your favorite genre. —Brian Thomas



special additions

Travolta, zombies and Playmates get exposed



The mobster-goes-to-Hollywood comic masterpiece *Get Shorty* gets the double-disc treatment to celebrate its 10th anniversary. Elmore Leonard's saga of Miami tough guy Chili Palmer (a post-*Pulp Fiction* John Travolta) breaking into movies instead of breaking kneecaps is supplemented with a book-to-screen featurette, behind-the-scenes footage, new cast and crew interviews, bloopers, outtakes and a preview of the sequel *Be Cool* (due in March). Best of all, someone dug up a deleted graveyard scene featuring a young Ben Stiller, and there's a new interview with him asking director Barry Sonnenfeld why he didn't make the cut.... The second installment of the video-game-turned-zombie-movie guilty pleasure *Resident Evil: Apocalypse* (2004) offers three different commentary tracks, a poster gallery of winning fan submissions and a six-part making-of featurette. We prefer *Game Babes*, a documentary that delves into the rise of female action figures. That said, the best unadvertised DVD bonus is the ability to freeze-frame Milla Jovovich's nude scene.... As if having 13 hours of *Playmate Video Calendars* from 1990 to 1999 weren't enough, the glossy six-disc *Playmate DVD Calendar Collection: The '90s* adds the video calendars from 1987 to 1989 as bonuses; that's more than 150 Playmates, or 13 years' worth of unparalleled feminine beauty. Don't thank us—it's our job. —B.M.

SCANNER

METALLICA: SOME KIND OF MONSTER (2004) The metal militia will love this exposé about the recording of Metallica's last album. Nonheadbangers will find compelling psychodrama in the relationship between drummer Lars Ulrich and singer James Hetfield. **✓✓✓**

THE FORGOTTEN (2004) A year after a plane accident, Julianne Moore still grieves for her dead son. Suddenly, nobody recalls him, and he disappears from photos, plunging Moore into what seems like a really good *X-Files* episode. **✓✓✓**

A DIRTY SHAME (2004) Outré auteur John Waters revisits Baltimore, where prudish Tracey Ullman turns into an insatiable *Kama Sutra* commando after a head injury. *Shame's* shamelessness provides some hoots and a new battle cry: "Let's go sexin'!" **✓✓✓**

STRIPPERELLA SEASON ONE UNCENSORED (2003) Pamela Anderson stars as the model and voice of heroine Erotica Jones—a.k.a. Agent 0069—who uses her superpowers to beat off villains like Pushy Galore. **✓✓✓**

CELLULAR (2004) Kidnapped Kim Basinger randomly dials a flaky young man on a shattered phone and convinces him to rescue her. Clever stabs at cell phone culture and a plot twist compensate for the silly premise. **✓✓✓**

KAGEMUSHA (1980) Akira Kurosawa gets a little help from executive producers George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola on this historical war epic set in 16th century Japan. Many extras adorn this uncut DVD. **✓✓✓**

SKY CAPTAIN AND THE WORLD OF TOMORROW (2004) Gwyneth Paltrow joins Jude Law's vigilante crew to stop a mad scientist from destroying the world. The first entirely blue-screen film recalls 1930s movie serials with its soft-focus, dreamlike landscapes. **✓✓✓**

TAXI (2004) Queen Latifah once again tries to endow a white man with soul, and this time her victim is bumbling cop Jimmy Fallon. Latifah's souped-up Crown Victoria cab is intended to be a knee-slapping sight gag. Hail at your own risk. **✓**

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

album of the month



[LIVING LARGE]

Things of That Nature should make Fat Joe huge

"Raindrops keep falling on my hood," says Fat Joe on "Temptations Pt. II." That should be reason enough for you to get this heavy MC's new album of Bronx tales. Well, and the fact that the Lil Jon-blessed "Lean Back" isn't the best track. Though "Lean Back" (included in a remix version) has become Fat Joe's signature tune, it seems like an afterthought here. This is not an album thrown together to capitalize on the success of that track, originally issued by Joe's other project, Terror Squad. If anything, *Things* seems to have been the focus of Joe's energy; resurrecting Terror Squad was primarily a tribute to Big Pun, a co-founder of the Squad and longtime friend of Joe's. The success of "Lean Back" actually meant this album had to be bumped back from its original release date late last year. The other thing the success of Terror Squad (minus Pun) meant? Fat Joe was ready for superstardom. And these tracks—such as the Timbaland-produced "Get Up"; Khaled's grandiose "Beat Novocaine No. 9," with its dramatic spaghetti Western horn fills; Swizz Beatz's Diana Ross-nicking "Listen Baby"; and "Hot," featuring R. Kelly—will take him there. (Atlantic) **★★★★½** —Tim Mohr

THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS
Push the Button

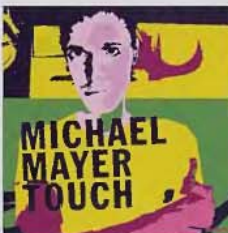
The duo that took Britpop to Ibiza with the invention of big beat is back—and more diverse than on its previous four-on-the-floor LP. Indicative are the careening Middle Eastern strings and Q-Tip vocals that make "Galvanize" the group's best single in ages. (Astralwerks) **★★★★** —T.M.


SCORCH TRIO • Luggumt

Finnish composer and guitarist Raoul Björkenheim burns it up with this power trio tour de force. But don't expect Cream or Hendrix. Neither jazz nor rock nor a hybrid thereof, *Luggumt* represents a new direction in guitar music. Another triumph for this fine Norwegian label. (Rune Grammofon) **★★★★½** —L.F.


MICHAEL MAYER • Touch

As head of the Kompakt label, Mayer put out some of the best laptop music of the 1990s. Now he delivers his long-awaited debut. It's clean and unforgiving, with intrepid beats and stark electronic overlays. He's on his way to the finest laptop music of the 2000s. (Kompakt) **★★★★** —Leopold Froehlich


THE GAME • The Game Volume 1

His life story sounds like a rap cliché. Born in Compton. Worshipped NWA, 2Pac and Snoop. Shot and left for dead. Discovered by Dr. Dre, who heard a tape of his freestyles. But the rapper born Jayceon Taylor carves out his own hard-core niche on this radio-ready debut. (Interscope) **★★★★½** —A.P.


KINGS OF LEON • Aha Shake Heartbreak

Hallelujah! The scruffy sons of a holy-roller Tennessee preacher man return. They're older now but, thankfully, not much more mature. Caleb Followill's rebel yell often dissolves into a boozy slur as he sings his seedy tales atop a rollicking Lynyrd-Strokes hybrid sound. (RCA) **★★★★½** —Alison Prato


MIKE BROOKS
The Earth Is the Fullness

Best known for his roots-reggae singing—specifically his haunting falsetto—Brooks was also a solid producer for Channel One in the 1970s and 1980s. His talents shine through clearly on this impressive compilation. (Moll-Selekta) **★★★★** —L.F.


IAN BROWN • Solarized

Brown's band, the Stone Roses, made a masterpiece of British indie pop before splitting in 1996. His own music has always been kind of spacey, but here he's also loose, comfortably folding laid-back electronics and Mexicali horns into moody pop soundscapes on his best solo LP yet. (Koch) **★★★★** —T.M.


LOW • The Great Destroyer

Low's recent boxed set codified the slow, contemplative sound on which the group built its reputation. Now, on this release—its seventh—a new band has emerged. There are walls of noise, tempos you can tap your foot to and bright layers of sound. Instead of dirgelike, it's ethereal. (Sub Pop) **★★★★** —T.M.



game of the month

[PLAYBOY: THE MANSION]

It's good to be the king

Finally, a life simulator about a life worth simulating. Your job in *Playboy: The Mansion* (Arush Publishing and Groove Games, PC, PS2, Xbox) is to Hef all that you can Hef, making both the magazine and the Mansion thrive while managing your personal relationships. Observing the action from overhead, you'll outfit the ultimate bachelor pad with flat-screen TVs, DJ booths and potted palms, then move on to hiring journalists and having fun with Centerfolds and celebrities at your increasingly elaborate parties. The more risqué your reputation gets, the less guests will resist shucking their clothes, steaming up the Grotto and agreeing to revealing interviews or topless photo shoots (conducted by you, of course). Money from top-selling issues buys better toys, while successfully navigating Hef's social life unlocks the pool, Grotto and aviary, as well as Hef's archival photos. The only downside: no multiplayer. Unless you count those Brazilian triplets. **★★★★** —Scott Steinberg



GRAN TURISMO 4 (Sony, PS2) The latest GT is prettier than ever, letting gamers take control of more than 600 cars. Sony gets marks off for no online play, but this robust racer still impresses with its numerous solo and multiplayer game modes and 100-plus photo-realistic street and dirt courses—from New York City to Japan's Tsukuba Circuit to the Grand Canyon. Tired of driving? The photo mode lets you snap your favorite ride in 15 exotic locales. **★★★★**

—Marc Saltzman



THE PUNISHER (THQ, PC, PS2, Xbox) This comic book-inspired shooter gets exceptionally graphic as antihero Frank Castle (voiced by actor Thomas Jane) clears crack house and chop shop alike wielding dual-fisted firearms and lethal one-liners. Squeeze information from suspects by slamming windows on heads and pushing bodies into buzz saws, then flip into slaughter mode for a super-charged blood fest. Sociopathic? Sure. Fun? Oh yes, indeed. **★★★★½** —S.S.



THE GETAWAY: BLACK MONDAY (Sony, PS2) This free-roaming, story-driven thriller one-ups its 2003 predecessor with 25 faithfully re-created square miles of London, three playable characters and some of the best acting and voice-over work we've seen in a game. The silly health system is back (it involves leaning against a wall to miraculously heal wounds), but the game's gritty, branching story line delivers on the promise of true interactive entertainment. **★★★★½** —M.S.



NFL STREET 2 (EA Sports, GameCube, PS2, Xbox) When you strip away the 9,000 rules that make football the most anal-retentive sport ever invented, the game's actually pretty fun. Like the original, this dirt-lot baller plays fast and loose, 86ing the punts, field goals and penalties. New moves and enhanced "game breakers" add to the good dirty fun. The pick-up-and-play factor is relatively low, though. The control scheme, while effective, is complex enough to require actual learning. **★★★★** —Scott Alexander



game trends

[MONEY PLAY]

Mario, meet Madison Avenue.
Madison Avenue, Mario

The flirtation between advertising and video games has officially blossomed into hot industry-on-industry action. Rising development costs (budgets of today's top-tier titles can approach \$30 million) mean publishers increasingly rely on product placement to offset overhead, and advertisers are scrambling to recapture the prized 18- to 34-year-old male market that just doesn't watch TV the way it used to. This explains the Samsung phones in *Enter the Matrix* and the Best Buy store-fronts scattered throughout *Need for Speed Underground 2*. Sometimes advertisers throw gamers a bone—Dodge paid for *Madden NFL 2005*'s premium on-line features, and Levi's was one of several brands that sprang for bonus levels in *NASCAR 2005: Chase for the Cup*—but most in-game advertising prefers to slip under the radar. Ad network Mas-sive focuses solely on games and has a technology that can insert interactive branded objects into them. So if picking up a generic soda gets you five health points, drinking a Pepsi might get you 15. Now that's what we call a positive brand impression. —S.S.


An army of Mr. Cleons
plays pit crew.

Anyone want to wall-
ride some ads?

wired

The Art of Oddworld Inhabitants (\$60, oddworld.com) For 10 years, Oddworld Inhabitants has been creating the strangest and loveliest games ever seen (anyone who makes a butt-ugly, wheelchair-bound lab animal the hero of a game is all right with us). In Odd we trust. And after leafing through this lavish book's concepts, sketches and finished artwork, so will you.

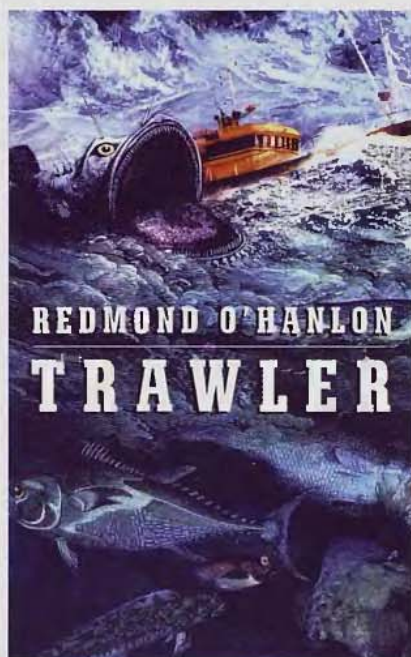


book of the month

[THE WORST JOB IN THE WORLD]

The great British travel writer visits the wildest place on earth

A new Redmond O'Hanlon book is typically cause for celebration. As the foremost writer of travel books working today, he always manages to express a rigorously off-kilter wonder. In *Trawler*, he eschews the wilderness of Borneo or Brazil for more familiar territory, boarding a fishing trawler as it sails out of the Orkney Islands into the North Atlantic in the dead of winter. The oceans are our last frontiers—so little is known about this vast majority of our planet. And a trawlerman's work on the high seas can be unbelievably tough and dangerous. The sleep-deprived crew members of the *Norlantean* (who sometimes seem more connected to the abyssal ocean floor than they are to the Scottish terra firma) engage in various manic conversations as they haul up nets filled with halibut and hagfish. For O'Hanlon these fishermen can be as alien as any Pygmy or Yanomami. Yet he embraces their briny world with his typical humor and compassion. (Knopf) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



TOBACCO IN HISTORY AND CULTURE

Jordan Goodman

According to Navajo lore, Sky Father and Earth Mother smoked tobacco to help them create the world. Another Native American, Kitzihiat, used a piece of his heart to make the first tobacco. By the 18th century tobacco had become America's largest export. These are just a few of the things you'll learn about nicotiana in this addictive two-volume set. Perfect for armchair reading or scholarly research, the encyclopedia explores tobacco in the contexts of culture, spirituality, business and health in a way no other resource has before. Even if you don't smoke, this book will make you want to light up a cheroot. (Scribner's)

★★★ —Jessica Riddle



THE MEMORY OF RUNNING

Ron McLarty

Last year Stephen King deemed this "the best novel you won't read." He claimed nervous publishers wouldn't touch the story "with a 10-foot pole." Fortunately, Viking rose to King's challenge, and now you can read this strange tale about Smithson Ide, a fat, chain-smoking 43-year-old boozier who loses his parents in a car accident. Digging through his father's papers, Ide finds that his sister's body recently turned up at the Los Angeles County morgue, and he bicycles across the country to pick up her remains. His oddities keep this dark story light-hearted, and you'll root for him until he crosses the finish line. (Viking)

★★★ —Patty Lamberti



THE BIG SHOW • Steve Pond

What would Hollywood's biggest night out, the Academy Awards, be without scandal and drama? PLAYBOY contributor Steve Pond has been granted free access to all things Oscar. Here he captures some of the evenings' most intimate and secret moments. He ridicules Madonna's ruthless rehearsals, rattles about Nicole Kidman's vision problem and alleges that George Plimpton planned to run onto the stage during a live broadcast. The stories about

the shows' producers, including Allan Carr and Gil Cates, and their decision-making skills are fascinating. Find out the reason for Rob Lowe and Snow White's waltz in 1989 and who was sued because of it. This tell-all spares no one—the winners and the losers, the famous and the infamous. (Faber and Faber) ★★★

—J. Jaroneczyk Hawthorne



the erotic eye



SOFT • Richard Kern

In the 1980s Richard Kern directed a series of violent short films that earned him the nickname the Evil Cameraman. We've always preferred his photography to his films, and this book further confirms our preference. Kern's subjects are atypical girls next door: brunette punk rockers, skaters and Goths. These photos are closer to 1970s-era portraits than to soft porn. Our favorites are of women in unguarded moments, such as while taking a bong hit or flossing their teeth. (Rizzoli)

★★★ —P.L.



LIVE THE LIFE

PLAYBOY

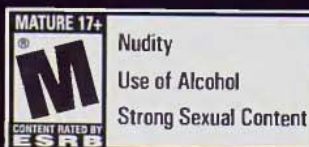
THE MANSION



PLAYHEF.COM

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PlayStation 2



valentine's gift guide



A

A. NEW! Keep her tootsies toasty. Slip these naughty and nice, fuzzy white slippers with embroidered red Rabbit Heads on her feet and let the pampering begin. Cotton/polyester. Imported. S (5/6), M (7/8), L (8/9), XL (10/11).
10112 Fuzzy Rabbit Head Slippers \$22



B

B. Jump through a hoop for her. Lavish her with these sexy 14K gold or sterling silver hoop earrings, then sit back and get your just rewards. A radiant 1/2" Rabbit Head pendant dangles from each hoop. Gift-boxed.
6693 14K Gold Playboy Hoop Earrings \$59
6694 Sterling Silver Playboy Hoop Earrings \$29



C

C. Let her know she's a sexy babe yearround. Includes four cards each of six designs, tucked into a keepsake-quality box. 24 notecards; 28 envelopes.
8258 Playboy Love Notes \$12

D, E, F. NEW! Everything you need for an endless night of romance. The lingerie is sexy, the necklace is elegant and the pillow is cute and playful—the very same qualities that make her so attractive. Cami and G-thong sizes: S (1-3), M (5-7), L (9-11). Pillow is acrylic with a raised Rabbit Head. Necklace has a 16" chain with rhinestones outlining the heart and filling the Rabbit Head.

10122 Valentine's Day Cami Top \$21
10123 Valentine's Day G-Thong \$12
10124 Rabbit Head Heart Pillow \$24
10125 Love Bunny Necklace \$24

Buy all 4—SAVE \$12

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D



E

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F





Above: the 1969 Datsun 240ZX. Left: the anniversary model.

Zig. Zag. Zoom.

On its 35th birthday, the classic Z car takes a victory lap

IN 1969 THE DATSUN 240ZX had car enthusiasts racing into showrooms. Sleek as an E-Type Jag, with Porsche 911 performance and a low \$3,526 sticker, the original Z put the Japanese sports car on the map. Paul Newman made it a consistent winner in tough Sports Car Club of America races. The only drivers who didn't love this car were the cops who had to enforce the nation's speed limits. Since that time, Tricky Dick Nixon and Raquel Welch have given way to George W. Bush and Carmen Electra, the Berlin Wall has fallen, Datsun has become Nissan and the 260, 280, 300 and 350 Zs have all made their debut. Now, 36 years after the original Z first rolled off the assembly line, Nissan has released a special-edition 350 model, and it's the

most powerful yet. The anniversary auto pictured here features a 3.5-liter V6 engine that pumps out 300 brake horsepower (stock models have 287 bhp). Zero to 60 goes by in 5.3 seconds, and this car won't stop there. You'll top out at 155 miles an hour. The six-speed manual's clutch (there's no automatic option) has been reworked to offer speedier and easier shifting. Unique 18-inch, five-spoke, cast aluminum alloy wheels are standard, as are the rear spoilers and massive Brembo brakes. The anniversary Z comes in a trio of special colors: ultra yellow, superblack and silverstone, all with sumptuous leather interiors. As with the original Z, the price tag is as slim as a Japanese fashion model—a mere 40K. More info at nissanusa.com.



Holiday on Speed

VACATION TIME. You and your lovely lady fly to Edinburgh, and a driver picks you up to take you to—your rental car? The answer is yes if you've booked with the Caledonian Classic Car Hire. Will you take the 1966 Jaguar E-Type coupe or the 1972 Porsche 911E? It's your choice. This rental car-travel agency specializes in classic-car getaways—vintage Porsches, MGB Roadsters, the kinds of autos that make Jay Leno moist in the seat. Tour the amazing Scottish vistas on your own, or cruise one of the company's itineraries. Either way, Caledonian will book your room for you and make sure there's champagne by the bed. Prices depend on the car you choose. More info at caledonianclassics.co.uk.

Beat the Ticket 5 tips from trafficlawyer.com

1. Be nice to the cop, no matter what kind of ticket he or she is writing you. "If you piss on the cop's shoes," says trafficlawyer.com, "you'll pay every time."
2. Challenge every ticket, even if you're guilty—and particularly if it means points on your license (which jacks up your insurance). Maybe the cop won't show up in court, or maybe you'll get some points taken off because you're a nice guy.
3. Dress casually but smartly for court. Wearing a tank top is akin to pissing on the judge's shoes; wearing a suit makes you look guilty.
4. Bring witnesses, diagrams, photos—whatever you've got. The court may favor you for putting in some effort.
5. "Hire a lawyer," trafficlawyer.com advises. But then again, lawyers always say that.





The LG MW-71PY10.



HP's ep9010 Cinema Digital Projector.



Sony's LocationFree TV.



Salving Grace

Red in the face? These creams put you in the pink

THAT BOTTLE OF MOISTURIZER in the back of your medicine cabinet is an unsung hero. After all, what feels better on your face on a cold day—your girlfriend's luscious red lips aside—than a massage of velvety cream? Our favorite face lubes for men, from left: Neutrogena Triple Protect Face Lotion, enriched with antioxidants and a dash of SPF 20 (\$6.50, neutrogena.com); H₂O+ Transactive Hydrating Face Gel with sea kelp and healing aloe (\$20, h2oplus.com); and Kiehl's Facial Fuel, with vitamins C and E, chestnut extract and caffeine, for when your mug needs a little pick-me-up (\$21, kiehls.com).

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BFGM0150 (0205)



About Time: the Wehrle Commodore Tide Clock

TECHNICALLY, THE WEHRLE Commodore Tide Clock isn't a clock at all. It's an *instrument*, as in a ship's instrument, complete with a thermometer, barometer, time clock, tide clock and ship's bell to let you know when the watch is changing (or when you should wake from your nap). Set it on your desk at work and demand that your female colleagues call you Commodore. "Do you know the time, Commodore? The barometer reading, Commodore? Would you like me to strip down to my panties and bring your rum now, Commodore?" Your answers: "It's early," "I don't care" and "Make it snappy!" The German-made piece of maritime sculpture comes in brass or chrome for \$1,299. Order at deutscheoptik.com.



What I'm Wearing: Wilmer Valderrama

THE VENEZUELAN-BRED actor Wilmer Valderrama doesn't need career advice. The 24-year-old has managed to parlay his *That '70s Show* fame into a star turn in the upcoming comedy *Beauty Shop*. But success hasn't gone to his head fashionwise. "I've been wearing the same stuff since I can remember," he says. "I'm all about looking like me. I don't want to look like everyone else in Hollywood." So what is his style? "I like conservative, classy suits by Gucci, Calvin Klein and Prada, and when I want to get badass and edgy, I go with Costume National. When I dress down, it's with limited-edition Diesel jeans, fitted shirts by Riv, a knit cap by Dolce & Gabbana and dog tags by Chrome Hearts. One says *FUCK YOU* on it. I don't understand the way most actors dress. Von Dutch? I can't do that. Ascots? What's that about? Only Hugh Hefner can pull that look off."



One Hell of a Vintage

An amarone with strong tannins, a long finish and notes of fire and brimstone

WHEN YOU SET foot on the Serego Alighieri estate in the hills of Valpolicella in northern Italy, you're both in heaven and in hell. Alighieri is Dante's last name, of course—the estate belonged to the poet's son, and Dante himself dreamed up pieces of *The Inferno* inside the villa. "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." Sounds like our kind of party. Today a winery called Masi produces arguably Italy's best amarone from the estate's vineyards. A quick lesson: Amarone ranks with Barolo (from Piedmont) and Brunello (Tuscany) as one of the nation's most respected wines. The grapes go through a unique three-month drying process on bamboo racks before they're pressed, which makes the resulting wine meaty and tannic, rich with black-cherry tones and bloodlike in viscosity. Cellar it for a decade and it'll come up smelling like a rose. Or pop the cork tonight and throw a porterhouse on the grill. There you have it: heaven. The bottle retails for \$65; available at a good liquor store near you.

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THE SINGLE MALT *that* STARTED *it all.*

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CONVICTION *that only the*
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GUARANTEE of quality.

SINGLE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY

GUARANTEED

12

YEARS OLD

The single malt that started it all.™



Steinhausen
Since 1923

"I collect timepieces. When I received my Steinhausen, I knew from the look, feel, and quality of the watch that this would be one of my favorites. I have spent thousands of dollars for inferior watches. It will be my gift of choice this holiday season."
Sol S., Mt. Vernon, NY



ELEGANT CROWN



MONTH/DATE AM/PM



2 INTERCHANGEABLE BANDS



1923WATCH.COM

So rare that only a handful were made in 1923

In 1923, a Swiss watchmaker crafted the most advanced watch of its time. After 80 years, the Steinhausen watch has finally been "reborn," preserving its mastery of technology and classic design. Once only displayed in high priced collections, this rare timepiece from history can now be yours.

Step back in time to Steinhausen, Switzerland circa 1923. A master watchmaker works for months, trying to create the world's most perfect watch. Finally he succeeds—the first of its kind to display the date, day and month, and the only one to designate AM/PM.

Collectors Pay Thousands \$\$\$\$

He makes a limited number of these distinctive handmade timepieces, which eventually find their way onto the wrists of only the world's most distinguished gentry. Today, collectors are willing to pay thousands of dollars to add one of these original Steinhausen masterpieces to their own collection.

Reborn After 80 Years

Until now, that was the only way you could own a Steinhausen, still one of the world's rarest and most prized wristwatches. But for the first time in 80 years, the original Steinhausen masterpiece is now being painstakingly reproduced for modern day collectors. Still manufactured by hand, this 21st-century reproduction carries the same graceful styling and features as the original. The scratch-resistant crystal comfortably rests in a surgical grade stainless steel case and bezel, which provides the ultimate in precision and protection.

Powered by You

This handsome timepiece has been updated with a kinetic automatic movement that is powered by the motion of the wearer's arm, so the watch never needs winding or batteries.

Hand-crafted Elite Movement

The Steinhausen movement consists of 185 parts, that are assembled entirely by hand. To prevent wear on gears, fine watches use tiny gemstones to reduce friction. The Steinhausen features up to 35 jewels, 15 more than most of the world's elite watches. The movement is then rigorously tested for flaws and accuracy. Only 6% of the movements made ever meet the stringent requirements to be placed in this noble timepiece, making the Steinhausen one of the most accurate in the world.

Adapted from Swiss Technology

A Swiss engineered movement comparable to the Steinhausen has never been produced at this low price. Each watch comes housed in a handsome storage case and includes two interchangeable leather wristbands in black and brown.

\$14.95 "Wear It and Love It" Trial Offer

Until now, most of us couldn't afford an original 1923 Steinhausen. For a limited time though, the manufacturer has decided to offer this masterpiece of technology and design to watch lovers worldwide "risk free."

In fact, they are so confident you'll love the Steinhausen masterpiece, they want you to try it on your wrist for a full 30 days for only \$14.95 plus s&h. Experience this unparalleled value for thousands less than comparable collectable watches. If not satisfied, return the Steinhausen for a full refund of the trial fee.

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- Kinetic movement – requires no battery or manual winding.
- 185 precision parts assembled by hand.
- Interchangeable 8.25" leather black or brown bands.
- Handsome Storage Case.
- Polished stainless steel construction.
- Water resistant to 50 meters.



Kinetic movement...never needs batteries...never needs winding!

THE HISTORY OF WATCH MAKING

1868	Steinhausen masterpiece is created	1923	1st Automatic movement in a wrist watch	1953	Girard-Perregaux introduces the Swiss quartz watch	2003	Steinhausen masterpiece is reproduced for first time
Patek Philippe makes first wrist watch				Lips produced the first battery powered watch			

*FREE Trial Offer entitles customers to receive one of our Steinhausen watches for review for 30 days with the right to return the watch in that period with no additional charges (minus s&h). Customers who elect to keep the watch will be billed the corresponding purchase price plus applicable taxes for the model selected either in full or through available payment options.

The Playboy Advisor

My girlfriend and I often stay with friends on weekend trips. This past weekend the walls were so thin I could hear the clock ticking one floor down. In this situation is it rude to make "fun noises"? Keep in mind that there is no way for us to be quiet. We have a good time and like to hear it. The bed will rock, the floor will creak, the windows will rattle. Please advise.—R.W., Chicago, Illinois

You obviously don't have kids. If you tend to fuck with volume, why not explore a new sexual frontier by hitting the mute button? First, place a private wager: If either partner makes a noise louder than the ticking of that clock, he or she will pay a fine to be decided by the other. It can be as simple as having to wash the dishes for a week. Then communicate only with facial expressions and by guiding each other's hands. You'll find that fucking in silence slows everything down—it's hard to thrust like a madman when you can't make squishing noises. You'll also look into each other's eyes longer and pay closer attention to breathing and body language. Each moan that escapes will sound like a trumpet. Trust us, concentrated silence will make you feel like teenagers again, and no one will suspect a thing.

In December you wrote that the legality of online gambling is a gray area. I always assumed it was okay to place a bet at Internet casinos because they aren't physically located in the U.S. What's the story?—P.T., Phoenix, Arizona

Most states ban gaming operations, online or off, but only about half specifically make it a crime to place a bet. Federal law prohibits accepting bets across state lines but not necessarily placing them. Nelson Rose, a professor at Whittier Law School who maintains the site gamblingandthelaw.com, says he knows of only one person ever convicted in the U.S. of placing an online bet—a car salesman in North Dakota who won thousands of dollars wagering on sports. "My guess is that the authorities noticed all these wire transfers of \$10,000 or more going into his account and thought he was a drug dealer," Rose says. "When it turned out he wasn't, they busted him for betting." The salesman paid a \$500 fine and moved to another state. Other big-time bettors have contacted Rose saying authorities raided them but never filed charges. Many online casinos, including Playboy's Gibraltar-based operations, block visitors from creating an account if they live in a jurisdiction where gambling is illegal. But plenty of outfits take wagers from anyone. Rose says only about 25 people, mostly bookies also taking sports bets by phone, have been prosecuted in the U.S. for violations, so the odds are good for everyone involved, so far.

In September a woman wrote to say that her husband insisted he didn't have any sexual fantasies besides pleasing her. An ex-girlfriend once asked me the same



question, and I honestly gave her the same answer. She offered to set up a threesome, but I said no. Why didn't I have fantasies? Because she took care of all my needs, sexually and otherwise. For example, if I was watching football on TV, she would prepare food, bring me beers and give me head at halftime. When I got home from work she'd say, "I know you're tired, but can we please have sex?" She even went to the gun club with me to learn to shoot. Anything I could do for her in return wasn't enough. This idea that I must have routine fantasies became such a point of contention that it damaged our trust, and the relationship ended. She fulfilled all my desires but wouldn't believe it. Now I have fantasies about strangers but only memories of her.—J.P., Liverpool, New York

Did you consider that your ex's fantasy was to share a fantasy with you? Given her willingness to explore boundaries (yours and hers, known or yet to be discovered), you showed an amazing lack of creativity. She deserved better.

What's with the war on pleats? In the last few months I've read three different admonitions against wearing pleated pants. In October's *After Hours*, for example, PLAYBOY advises readers, "If you're size medium to skinny, you'll look better in flat fronts." Better in what way? I have two pairs of pleated slacks I wear for dressy occasions, and I frequently receive compliments from women on how dapper and urbane I look. I'm six feet tall with a 32-inch waist. Please explain.—R.W., Pasadena, California

Did we say better? We meant hipper. Some of our best friends are pleats. But according

to STS Market Research, which tracks apparel trends, more than half of all pants sold to men under 40 have flat fronts, compared with 35 percent just two years ago. Sales among older men have been more consistent; about 58 percent of the pants they buy have folds. Pleats definitely look better on guys who are heavier or have a barrel shape, but a medium or skinny build can go either way. The only real test is to see if women react the same way to a flat front. It may not be your trousers that impress them.

I shave and brush my teeth in the shower each morning to save time. My girlfriend says this is uncivilized and barbaric. What does the Advisor think?—C.L., Huntington Beach, California

Don't tell her about the peeing.

The Advisor devotes a lot of space to blow jobs. How about some tips for eating pussy?—M.R., Portland, Oregon

*Oh, all right. We read a nice list of tips—while getting blown—in *She Comes First: The Thinking Man's Guide to Pleasuring a Woman*, by Ian Kerner. A few are offered here with our comments in parentheses: (1) Make sure your partner is amply aroused by foreplay to establish a foundation of sexual tension. (You're less likely to hear the complaint "That tickles" if you've generously kissed and fondled her.) (2) Position yourself so that neither of you will have to move to remain comfortable. (For example, you on your knees on a pillow next to the bed and she on her back with a pillow under her ass.) (3) Focus on stimulation rather than penetration. All the sensitive nerve endings are at the tip of your tongue. (Kinsey found that only 20 percent of women insert anything while masturbating, and most of those just barely.) (4) Express the Three Assurances of Cunnilingus throughout the session: (a) Going down on you turns me on, (b) there's no rush, and (c) your smell is provocative and your taste intoxicating. (Use your own words, of course, or she may wonder what book you've been reading.) (5) A flat, still tongue can be more effective than movement. (Plus, it gives you a chance to rest.) (6) Let her move against you to create the friction she needs. (Listen to her breathing for cues.) (7) As she approaches orgasm, maintain persistent clitoral contact. (And don't do anything drastically different, such as trying out a new move to put her over the edge.) (8) Stay calm, measured and focused. (That's good advice even for when your face isn't buried in a vulva. One more vital tip: Every woman, like every man, is different, so ask what she likes.)*

Having subscribed to PLAYBOY for many years, I've concluded that I may be just what your Playmates are looking for. I haven't seen one yet who mentions being turned off by overweight, balding, middle-aged men with low incomes.

Their turnoffs are more typically bad breath and men who are mean, rude or lazy. I have none of those qualities. The most common turn-ons are sweetness, sensitivity, a sense of humor, an adventurous spirit and generosity. That is so totally me. Can you hook me up with a Mansion invite so I can introduce myself?—B.P., Charlotte, North Carolina

You forgot to mention your boundless optimism.

Is pain bad for the body? I don't like it, but at the same time I'm reluctant to pop a pill every time I feel discomfort.—J.P., Las Vegas, Nevada

In the sense that it keeps you from touching a hot stove, it's not bad. (Those rare people born without the ability to feel pain—a mutation known as HSAN V—tend to die young.) Pain sends a message we often don't want to hear: You're working too hard, you have to come out of the game, etc. The risk is that acute pain may become chronic. One hypothesis for why this occurs is that when acute pain isn't treated, your nerves get more time to practice transmitting pain signals to the brain, and that makes them better at it.

Lately I've noticed a lot of interest in the anus. Porn sites promote ass-to-mouth action, Howard Stern is infatuated, and even the Advisor has been instructing neophytes on how to spelunk an asshole. I haven't been able to nuzzle up to a butt-hole since my undergraduate studies in microbiology (I'm now in med school), when I learned that one gram of feces contains 100 million bacteria and that fecal matter is 60 percent bacteria. In addition, hepatitis A and other nasties are commonly transmitted via oral-fecal contact (which doesn't necessarily mean ass licking but rather eating contaminated food, such as from a salad bar, but I suppose with anilingus one bypasses the salad). To the old coot who wrote recently to boast that he had given his old lady anilingus for 25 years: Think about all this the next time you kiss your grandchildren.—B.N., Lincoln, Nebraska

Rimming does have risks. When you lick an anus, even an enema-clean anus, you may ingest trace amounts of feces. These risks are the reason God created barriers such as dental dams, plastic wrap, unlubed condoms cut lengthwise and the fingers of latex gloves—she wants us to stay safe while enjoying the amusement park of nerves around the butt-hole. “With rimming you’re not going that far into the rectum, so sticking a soapy finger up there before your anal date is going to take care of most of the fecal matter and bacteria,” says Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*. “Lots of people have been licking lots of buttholes for lots of years, yet we haven’t seen widespread *E. coli* outbreaks. This student is joining rimming and fecal matter when the two don’t necessarily happen at the same time.” We’d add that your comment about the “old coot” is too judgmental for us or for the med-

ical profession in general. By your reasoning, you shouldn’t offer your hand to shake if you’ve ever wiped your ass with it.

When is the best time to drop collision insurance for your vehicle?—J.M., Lancaster, Pennsylvania

We’ve seen a few formulas, such as dropping coverage when the premium equals 10 percent of market value or dropping it when the car is worth \$1,000 or less. But each assumes you can afford to replace the vehicle and that you’ve paid it off (lenders require coverage).

I have become friends with an attractive woman at work. She speaks freely with me about her new breast implants. How can I ask her to show them to me without destroying the friendship?—N.B., Bedford, Texas

You won’t ask her that, especially not at work. Given the boob jobs we’ve seen in test shots, her tits probably look better in her shirt. Enjoy the fantasy.

A reader wrote in September because a terrible odor comes from her vagina after sex; you attributed the smell to semen. I had this problem and found that it helps to sit on the toilet after sex and push the semen out. I also wear odor-absorbing panty liners. I’ve talked about this with my girlfriends, and we all agree that semen causes the odor.—L.K., Pittsboro, North Carolina

So while the guys talk about sports....

I recently received a wine thermometer as a gift. Can you tell me the optimal temperatures at which to serve reds and whites?—S.E., Bellevue, Washington

Optimal? No. It depends on the wine. General? Yes. As you know, whites are usually served chilled (but not ice-cold) and reds closer to room temperature, which is actually not the temperature of a room but a cellar, about 55 degrees. You can follow a chart (one exercise in precision we’ve seen suggests serving sparkling wines at 42 to 54 degrees, rosés at 48 to 54, whites at 48 to 58 and reds at 57 to 68), but in the end you should trust your instincts. If a wine lacks flavor, it may be too cold (this often happens at restaurants, which almost always keep whites too cold and then drop them in an ice bucket for good measure). If the wine seems unfocused, it may be too warm. We tend to serve big reds or whites, such as cabernet sauvignons or California chardonnays, at cellar temp and crisp whites, such as pinot grigios and champagnes, well chilled (three hours or more in the fridge). Lighter reds are slightly chilled, meaning for less than three hours. A thermometer can get you in range, but don’t let it take the fun out of the experiment.

What are the worst pickup lines you can use on a woman? I would like to avoid them.—H.N., Des Moines, Iowa

We’re not fans of pickup lines—desperation isn’t the best first impression. “Hello” and “May I sit here?” are more natural. (Hef says

his favorite line is “My name is Hugh Hefner.” He also says, “The best way to get a woman interested in you is to be interested in her.”) A Rolling Stone reporter witnessed a recent example of idiot lines while trailing porn star Jenna Jameson at an event. One guy said to her, “Do you remember me from that night in New York? I spent \$20,000 on you.” Jenna’s reply: “I would remember anyone who spent \$20,000 on me.” The next guy squeezed her hand and whispered, “You give me pleasure.” Her response: “Ewww.” Indeed.

I’d like to ask some girls I know to blow me for \$50. How would you approach this? I don’t want a relationship, just head. Is it illegal to ask a chick to blow you for money?—D.K., Chicago, Illinois

Speaking of bad lines.... Generally, it’s considered rude to offer a woman \$50 to blow you. Technically, it’s also illegal, but it seems unlikely that asking people you know would get you arrested for solicitation. If you spend \$50 buying a woman wine at dinner and she then blows you, that’s okay. A relationship will cost you \$50 many times over.

My fiancée always sucks my thumb during sex. Does that mean she wants to have sex with two men at once?—S.S., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Hard to say. When a woman sucks your finger it’s usually a preview of what she plans to do with your cock. If your fiancée is curious about having two men, we suggest you shop together for a dildo. It’s an extra penis that doesn’t require an invitation.

Why do people look up in the air when they’re thinking hard about something? Have you ever noticed this?—V.T., Montreal, Quebec

Now that you mention it, we stare at the ceiling quite a bit. According to Stephen Juan, author of *The Odd Body*, neurolinguists hypothesize that eye movements indicate which sense you’re relying on for a given thought. That is, if you look up and to the right, you’re thinking of things you’ve seen (“What did she look like?”). If you look up and to the left, you’re constructing new images. If you look to the right or down and to the right, you’re remembering words or sounds. If you look to the left, you’re constructing new sounds or words. If you look down and to the left, you’re recalling smells or tastes. Peering straight ahead indicates that you’re accessing information. Or it could just be a blank stare—she’ll never know for sure.

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 on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

WELCOME TO VIRGINLAND

INSIDE THE MOVEMENT TO KEEP KIDS IGNORANT ABOUT SEX

BY DANIEL RADOSH

The Gaylord Opryland Hotel in Nashville, Tennessee is a masterpiece of artificiality. Under a 15-story glass atrium, Mississippi flatboats cruise an indoor river through nine acres of meticulous gardens. Brick sidewalks meander through miniature townscapes. It is a perfect world that does not, in any meaningful way, exist.

I'm here to attend the eighth annual convention of the National Abstinence Clearinghouse, an umbrella organization of groups that campaign for just-say-no sex ed. Members of True Love Waits, Purity Promise, Why kNOw and dozens of other ministries have gathered to share tips on restoring morality to America's youth. While most antisex programs play secular to get in the door at public schools, virtually every group at the convention is openly Christian (the exception being one affiliated with the Moonies, who presumably practice group abstinence).

The abstinence movement is more than a decade into its increasingly successful campaign to abolish sex education. Its alternative curriculum—since 1996 the only kind eligible for federal funding, which has totaled more than \$750 million—rejects the universal medical conclusion that condoms prevent pregnancy and disease. For safe sex, my welcome pack playfully suggests, I should slip into a wedding ring.

In the lobby I eavesdrop as a towering, handsome young man shares his story with two girls. While he was sexually active, he says, he managed to avoid catching any STDs. Eventually he decided to experiment with celibacy. "I tried it for 40 days, then another 40 days," he says. "I noticed my basketball game was getting better." One of the girls nods. "Secondary virginity," she says. "That's the path I'm on."

Ah, secondary virginity. An oddly gigantic loophole for a movement that would prefer you not even kiss before your wedding day. This is no exaggeration. One of the first seminars of the day is titled "Why We Saved Our Kiss for Marriage," led by Bryan and Amber Davidson. Scandalously, it turns out that only Amber, the daughter of Abstinence Clearinghouse founder Leslee Unruh, was pure. Bryan confesses to having kissed a previous girlfriend.

"You've never kissed a guy?" Behind one of the exhibitor

My Man Will
Respect Me
as much as I
Respect Myself

He will be
Strong enough
to Wait

He will
Love me
for Life

And he
will remain
Abstinent
knowing that
the Best is
Worth Waiting
For

Most abstinence educators have a broad religious agenda. This poster is sold by the antiabortion group Heritage House '76.

tables, the basketball player stretches out on the floor, chatting—I'd have to say flirting—with an underage blonde who is clearly a little taken.

"I've had opportunities, but...."

"You were afraid you might not be able to keep your vow?"

"No, I'm just waiting for a guy who's committed." *Committed* is a movement buzzword.

"What do you mean by committed?"

"Well, it's...I can't explain."

The girl is flustered, and it suddenly seems possible that, while she has had all the right answers drilled into her, no one has ever posed her any questions. When asked what she believes, rather than told what to believe, she's at sea. Finally she accesses the right part of her education to restore her confidence: "I just think it would be so awesome if, when I get married, that's the only guy I've ever been with."

This is the movement's central fairy tale. On the table in front of her is a copy of *The Princess and the Kiss: A Story Coloring Book of God's Gift of Purity*. The saddest part of the story comes when the princess worries she will never find a prince worthy of her gift: "The queen reminded her daughter that God could be trusted to show her what was best. And even if no husband came, the gift would be hers to treasure forever."

Fear is another common strategy to keep kids pure. Every brochure warns of the dangers of sex. One I pick up describes prolonged kissing with lips closed as being "locked in a death grip." In a seminar later that day, Thomas Sullivan, an official with the federal Administration for Children and Families, begins his presentation with a story from his hometown paper: A teenager driving 90 miles an hour crossed the yellow dividing line and slammed into another car. Four people died. "Consider what goes on not in the front seat but in the backseat of

many cars," Sullivan says. Just as one teen's foolish choice to drive too fast can destroy many lives, the decision to have sex ruins people's chances to be good candidates for marriage. Doesn't having enough goats for the dowry count for anything anymore?

Because they are right-wing Christians, abstinence educators have a fear of anything homosexual. This is

captured in the moment when one oddball uses an open microphone to inform a speaker, Robert Rector of the Heritage Foundation, that he has done his own study of comprehensive sex education and found that "in the final analysis, sex ed is a homosexual-enablement program." Rector seems a bit embarrassed by this but not so much that he disputes it.

Between sessions I browse the sales floor. Not only are there CDs, videos and games, but vendors are pushing "Sex is 'mint' for marriage" candies, VIRGIN EXPRESSWAY: EXIT WHEN MARRIED T-shirts, WORTH THE WAIT temporary tattoos, panties with STOP signs on them and thongs that warn NO VOWS, NO SEX. There's even a romance joke book by Allen Unruh, Leslee's husband. Q: Where would men be without women? A: In the Garden of Eden. The fetus replicas, I'm told, are meant to make girls aware that sex will get them pregnant. "I like this one because, if you feel it, it's soft," says the young woman at the True Love Waits table, proffering a 13-weeker. "A lot of them are hard plastic. This one feels like a baby."

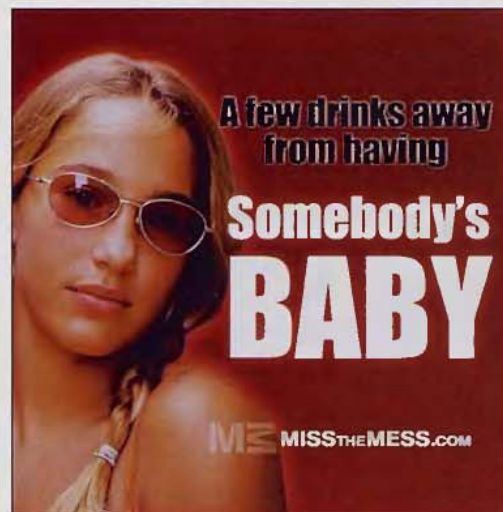
I smile gamely and keep moving. I'm trying to avoid conversation because the story I've invented to cover the fact that I'm here on assignment for a magazine that celebrates sex feels exceedingly lame. I tell the first few people who ask that I'm a PTA member looking to push virginity ed at my son's school, but all the other attendees are members of abstinence groups, not outsiders. Yet nobody challenges me. Indeed, they praise my initiative. This is a crowd used to believing anything.

A motivational speaker named Keith Deltano tells a number of whoppers, including the claim that genital warts kill more people than AIDS. (Human papillomavirus is the abstinence movement's favorite STD because latex doesn't block it, thus "proving" the worthlessness of condoms.) In fact, a tiny fraction of HPV strains can lead to cervical cancer, which kills as many as 4,000 Americans a year. AIDS kills at least 14,000, and 20,000 new HIV cases are diagnosed annually among U.S. teens.

Another speaker is Jeffrey Dean, who presents a dramatic reading of an Avril Lavigne song that he assures us "reflects the mind-set of today's postmodern teen." The audience is evidently so ignorant of the real world that teenagers wallowing in alienation are newsworthy. Dean's credibility is severely diminished when he repeatedly refers to the most popular sitcom of the past decade as *The Friends Show*. One abstinence magazine aimed at teens suggests an alternate ending for the series: All the characters reveal that they are infected with multiple STDs. Hilarity ensues.

Model Lakita Garth is more plugged-in. "Abstinence is the bomb," she tells her audience. Faced with blank stares, she adds, "Remember when kids said 'dynamite'?" Things go further downhill when Garth shows clips of ordinary teens—as opposed to those who have pledged to remain pure—from an uncensored MTV promo reel. Attendees recoil as the kids curse or express their interest in Britney and Madonna's awards-show kiss. Garth assures us it's not all bad:

Vogue is predicting that fashion will become more demure. "We're going to see necklines coming up, hemlines going down," she says. The crowd applauds.



A poster by Abstinence 'Til Marriage Education, which in 2003 received \$686,278 in federal funds.

By the end of the day I'm so addled by abstinence propaganda that even the hotel ice cream parlor, Sweet Surrender, sounds disreputable. Flopping onto the bed, I search for a sign that sexual America still exists. And it does: Despite the virginity activists filling the place, the Opryland Hotel offers in-room porn. I immediately order a hard-core loop, which happens to be in the middle of a film called *Lights, Camera, Action*. A photographer is talking to his topless model.

"The truth is," he says, "I have never loved anyone except my camera."

"Are you saying you're still a virgin?"

"Never sell yourself out for love," he replies, making his exit.

I can't believe what I'm seeing. They're everywhere.

The next day begins with Allen Unruh exhorting us to boycott General Motors because he saw an ad implying that test-driving a car is as sensible as test-driving a (concluded on page 152)



THE STATE OF SEX ED

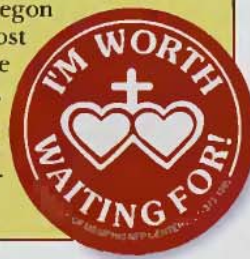
Congress last year authorized more than \$140 million for public schools that agree to teach only abstinence in their sex-ed classes; the Bush administration has proposed spending \$273 million this year. The National Abstinence Clearinghouse organizes its annual conference in part to teach religious groups how to get their share of this cash.

Although it has no credible science behind it, abstinence ed is big busi-

ness, largely because 21 states require it to be the focal point of sex-ed courses. Twenty-five states require that abstinence be stressed in lessons about STDs. By contrast, no state requires an emphasis on contraception, even in disease prevention. Remarkably, only 17 states mandate that condoms be mentioned at all during STD discussions.

A few states have progressive policies. Maine may have the best sex-ed

laws in the nation; it requires age-appropriate courses that are medically accurate and include abstinence and contraception education. Sex ed in California and Oregon is similar. The most restrictive states are Alabama, Indiana, Louisiana, Mississippi, Ohio, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas.



AMERICAN EMPIRE

UNCLE SAM CARRIES A BIG STICK ALL OVER THE WORLD

Over the past three years the U.S. has asserted its right to act militarily anywhere in the world to

defend its global interests. The nations highlighted in red had more than 100 U.S. troops in mid-2004.



SOURCE: DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE, 2004

DALL ESTATE

MARGINALIA



FROM REMARKS

by Kenneth Feinberg, special master of the federal fund that distributed \$6 billion to relatives of 9/11 victims: "You would get situations like this: 'Mr. Feinberg, I'm the brother of the victim. Don't let my sister get a nickel. The victim hated her. Trust me.' Then the sister comes in. 'Is my brother spreading rumors? My dead brother and I loved each other.' Or this: 'Mr. Feinberg, I'm the biological parent of the victim. Don't you dare give his fiancée money. The marriage was never going to take place.' The fiancée comes in. 'We were going to be married on October 11.' You go back to the parent. 'You threw a shower for them. You said you were gaining a daughter, not losing a son.' 'Yeah, but on September 10 my son told me it was off.'"

FROM A PAPER ON PRIVACY

by James Whitman of Yale Law School: "Why is it that French people won't talk about their salaries but will take off their bikini tops? In Europe what matters is the right to control your public image—and that right may include the right to present yourself proudly nude. In America what matters is sovereignty within one's own home, and people who shuck the protection of clothing are like people who shuck the protection of the walls of their home."



FROM A COMMENT

by New York Times reporter Thomas Friedman in *American Journalism Review* on how the media covers the Israel-Palestine conflict: "I've had both sides come up to me and say, 'The press never reports what the Palestinians do to us,' or 'You never report what the Israeli bulldozers have done to us.' I tell them, 'It's all been there. I can point to it in the paper. What you're really mad about is that nobody cared.' That's what neither side gets."

FROM AN FBI MEMO dated June 30, 1943, sent to Clyde Tolson, second in command to J. Edgar Hoover, and his longtime close companion. A handwritten note on the memo reads "Director fully advised": "Special Agent Guerin advised that [redacted] is an aunt of Special Agent [redacted] of the New Orleans office, whom she is visiting. She advised Special Agent [redacted], for the benefit of the bureau, that on June 11 a bridge party was held at her home in Cleveland. During the course of the party the Director's name was mentioned, at which time [redacted] made the statement that the Director



Tolson and Hoover.
(continued on page 49)

5 WAYS TO FIX

THE INCOME TAX

BY MICHAEL GRAETZ



(1) Split the system

The federal government should exempt most Americans from income tax while implementing a value-added tax on sales of most goods and services. This would make taxes fairer and simpler and be better for economic growth.

(2) Set a 14 percent sales tax

By my calculations, a 14 percent VAT that excludes certain items (e.g., medical care, existing homes) combined with a limited income tax would bring in the same revenue as now.

(3) Release small businesses

Half of U.S. businesses have annual gross receipts of less than \$25,000. They would be exempt from collecting sales taxes and from filing returns, eliminating much paperwork and expense.

(4) Free most people from filing

By exempting people with lower incomes (e.g., below \$100,000 for fam-

ilies) from income taxes, we could free 90 percent of Americans from dealing with the IRS. This would improve the nation's mental health and reduce the IRS workload by 100 million returns.

(5) Establish a flat income tax

The income tax for wealthy Americans and corporations would be a flat 25 percent above the exemption and after deductions for charity, mortgage interest, medical costs and state and local taxes. A new payroll credit would prevent tax increases for those with less income. The estate tax would be repealed, with large bequests treated as income. Corporate tax shelters would be ended by eliminating many differences between tax and book income.

Graetz, a professor of tax law at Yale University, is the author of *Death by a Thousand Tax Cuts—The Fight Over Taxing Inherited Wealth*.

READER RESPONSE

THE HIGH PRICE OF DRUGS

In your October issue you claim to set the record straight by stating that the average cost of developing a drug is far less than the \$802 million calculated in a Tufts University study ("The Debunker"). Regardless of the precise number, you didn't address an important question: Why does pharmaceutical research and development cost so much? On average, America's drug companies pour \$1 of every \$5 of revenue into research. Investment in research is risky. Seven out of 10 marketed drugs don't make enough money to cover the average cost of development.

Some critics love to discount the



expense and risk of this investment. They spin the idea that new medicines come largely from the government. In fact, in 2001 the National Institutes of Health told Congress that of the 47 best-selling medicines in the U.S., only four had been developed even in part with technologies created by NIH funding.

Innovation doesn't just happen. It takes hard work, smart people and lots of time and money. America's drug companies invest four times more in R&D than the industry average. The result: big benefits for patients. Even better medicines are in the works. So despite your assertions, scientific inquiry is often slow, high risk and expensive.

Alan Holmer
Chief executive officer
Pharmaceutical Research
and Manufacturers of America
Washington, D.C.

Your "Debunker" assumes "me too" drugs have no benefits. Most of the time these have fewer side effects or greater efficiency than the first drug on the market. The piece also assumes that if a drug is available it doesn't need to be marketed. Penicillin had to be "sold" to

doctors before it gained widespread use. Finally, I challenge you to cost out one Phase III clinical trial required by the FDA for drug approval. If you do, you'll see that the figures compiled by Tufts are much closer to reality.

Dennis Johnson
Indianapolis, Indiana

PLAY BY THE RULES

In "Crime and No Punishment" (October), John Dean quotes Scott Horton, president of the International League for Human Rights, as saying, "The Geneva Conventions protect American service personnel." Horton also speaks of the "golden rule." Does anyone believe that people who fly planes full of innocent people into buildings give a fuck about rules? Only when they are on the losing end of an engagement with the U.S. military do they exploit the fact that we are a "fair" people and demand rights. But rights come with responsibilities, such as state sponsorship, which hold you accountable for your actions. If you choose to live in the shadows, all bets are off. You can't fight by the rules unless the opponent does also. I miss Asa Baber. He would have written a column expressing these thoughts and saved me the trouble of writing.

K. Christopher
Staten Island, New York

We miss Asa too. But he likely would have pointed out that no Iraqis flew planes into buildings. Most of the terrorists were Saudis.

SNIPER SETTLEMENT

I was surprised to read that the families of the victims of the Washington, D.C. snipers filed suit against the gun dealer and the maker of the rifle. The dealer and the manufacturer agreed to pay a \$2.5 million settlement. By that logic, someone could say, "You sold my son a swimsuit, and he couldn't swim," or "You sold him a car, and he had an accident." When will people realize it's not the product or the person who sells the product but the nut using the product who is responsible?

Robert Hendrickson
Pontiac, Illinois

The gun dealer, Bull's Eye Shooter Supply, paid the bulk of the settlement to the eight plaintiffs because the \$1,000 rifle and at least 237 others had disappeared from the store over a three-year period. Although the gun maker, Bushmaster, knew about the thefts, it continued to provide Bull's Eye with firearms. That was the basis of the claim of

negligence. Bushmaster said it settled strictly because it was cheaper than a trial.

STRIKING A NERVE

George Monbiot misrepresented Israel's position in relation to the Palestinians ("Political Rapture," October). He claims that Israel is goading the Palestinians into terrorism. He ignores the fact that since 2000 nearly 1,000 Israelis (including some Arab Israelis) have been killed in 22,000 attacks. Who is goading whom? The West Bank is not Israeli-occupied territory; it is disputed territory whose future will be determined through peaceful negotiations.

Some Republicans are urging Arab states to absorb Palestinian refugees, but that's 50 years overdue. Approximately 800,000 Jews were driven out of Arab countries after the creation of Israel. About the same number of Palestinians left Israel. The difference is that Israel absorbed its brethren, while the Arabs have kept Palestinian refugees in squalid camps, where they live on UN hand-outs. Every refugee problem is resolved, usually within a few years, by resettlement and population exchanges. But the Arabs have used the Palestinians as pawns to stimulate hate for Israel. The



refugees could be readily absorbed by their host countries, but there is too much political capital to be made from their misery.

I find it intriguing that Monbiot seems to accept that no Jews should be in the so-called Palestinian lands, while nearly 2 million Palestinians are living in Israel with full democratic rights. Those rights far exceed those of any of their brothers in Arab countries. Monbiot's essay was hardly up to PLAYBOY's usual high standard when he attacked the only true democracy in the Middle East.

Franklin Krohn
Fredonia, New York

NEWSFRONT



She Works Hard for the Money

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—Citing federal forfeiture laws typically used in drug cases, prosecutors seized \$61,171 in cash from a Stanford Law grad they say worked as a call girl. Cristina Schultz, 31, who uses the professional name Brazil and recently married the co-founder of the Ask Jeeves search engine, charged \$650 or more an hour for a date. The feds say the cash came from prostitution but have not filed any charges. The IRS says Schultz reported \$28,717 in total income from 1997 to 2002. An investigator noted in an affidavit that people who earn so little are usually not able to "put themselves through Stanford Law, lease a \$70,000 Mercedes-Benz for \$1,486 a month, live alone in an \$1,800-a-month apartment, pay off almost \$300,000 in loans, compile savings over \$10,000, build a cash hoard of \$40,000, throw away \$2,400 in cash [found inside a law book in Schultz's trash] and buy money orders totaling \$13,500 all at one time." Schultz is fighting the seizure.

We Are Not Amused

LONDON—A 13-year-old boy, told by a newsstand owner that he wasn't old enough to buy the copy of *PLAYBOY* he had retrieved from a high shelf, sought revenge by igniting the back of the shop. The fire caused \$5,500 in damage, and the teen ended up in youth court.

Breaking Nudes

TOLEDO, OHIO—The news director of a local TV station resigned and a reporter received a one-day suspension following a 90-second report on Ohio-born *Playmate* Cara Zavaleta. WNWO sent the reporter to cover Miss November's bookstore appearance. His story included a shot of the magazine's Centerfold as a customer flipped through the issue. Although no viewers complained, the station's manager said, "There are no excuses for compromising our product, our standards and our image."

A Blow to the System

TELFORD, PENNSYLVANIA—A driver whose car hit a tree said he passed out while blowing into a breath-test device. A judge had ordered an ignition lock installed following the man's second DUI conviction. It requires a driver to blow and hum into a mouthpiece for four to six seconds to start the car and at random intervals thereafter. If a driver is drunk, the car will not start or its horn will sound repeatedly and its lights will flash. The driver sued the state and the device's maker, saying the "rolling retest" creates a hazard. In Melbourne, Florida a 79-year-old woman ordered to use an ignition lock said it left her stranded because she couldn't muster

the breath to start her car. She wants the device removed, claiming it violates her rights under the Americans With Disabilities Act.

Double Flash

COLUMBUS, OHIO—A former lawyer for the Ohio House Republican caucus admitted to being the "naked photographer" who had eluded authorities for nearly two years. Stephen Linnen, who pleaded guilty to 53 misdemeanors, would approach women from behind while wearing only a cap and sunglasses (an early police sketch is shown at right), then take a photo of their shocked expression. A judge sentenced Linnen to 18 months of work release, meaning he can practice law as long as he sleeps at the jail each night. Although Linnen fondled several victims, the judge ruled that he does not have to register as a sex offender.



Attention, Shoppers!

BENTONVILLE, ARKANSAS—Wal-Mart pulled *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* from its online store following protests. Other online shops also sell the anti-Semitic tract, which alleges a global Jewish conspiracy, but explain that it's a historical hoax. Wal-Mart described it this way: "If the protocols are genuine (which can never be proven conclusively), it might cause some of us to keep a wary eye on world affairs. We neither support nor deny its message."

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 47)

was a homosexual and kept a large group of young boys. Special Agent Boardman in Cleveland advised me yesterday that he called [redacted] to his office and severely chastised her. She explained that during the party one of the women pointed out that the Director was a bachelor, and she wondered why. To this [redacted] said she replied she understood Mr. Hoover was queer. She said she would point out to each of those present that her statement was not based in fact and that she was deeply sorry. She is going to advise Boardman when this has been done."

FROM AN EXCHANGE on *Jeopardy!* between host Alex Trebek and contestant Ken Jennings, who at that point had won a record \$1.8 million:

TREBEK: This term for a long-handled gardening tool can also mean an immoral pleasure seeker.

JENNINGS: What is a hoe?

TREBEK: No.... Whoa, whoa, whoa! They teach you that in school in Utah? [To another contestant] Al?

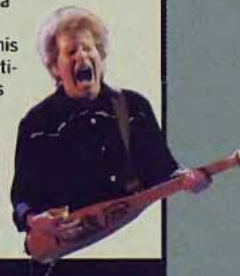
AL: What is a rake?



FROM THE BOOK *Sexual Rights in America*: "There is scant evidence linking prostitution to increased crime or the spread of STDs. So why is it condemned? The chief reason is that prostitution rubs people the wrong way. The U.S. Supreme Court admitted as much in 1908 when it argued that prostitution is hostile to 'the holy estate of matrimony.' But why should marital fidelity or the family be the foundation for any sex law? Ben Franklin started his family with a prostitute, and America profited (one of their offspring became governor of New Jersey). If the First Amendment can be stretched to cover pornography, then the Ninth Amendment's 'rights retained by the people' can protect a private behavior that differs from traditional courtship rituals mainly by asking a specific price for a specific sex act. The criminalization of prostitution in America is an unjustified restraint of free trade."



FROM A DECISION by the New York Supreme Court in the case of a 56-year-old man who says he suffered hearing damage at a John Fogerty concert: "This court's attention has been drawn to only one case, in which the patron of a bar was allowed to proceed with a suit alleging that her hearing was impaired because the DJ varied the volume of a song he was playing to accentuate a certain refrain ('Hey, bartender!'). Surely, this dramatic absence of litigation speaks volumes to the fact that the principle applicable to the social compact governing the volume at rock concerts is caveat emptor."



A NATION OF SINNERS

AMERICA, SAYS THE AUTHOR OF *HELLFIRE NATION*, HAS ALWAYS BEEN DRIVEN BY THE POLITICS OF MORALITY

With his new book, *Hellfire Nation* (Yale), Brown University political scientist James Morone reveals the importance of sin in American politics.

Q: How did you identify two opposing kinds of political sin?

A: I started out writing the story of American Puritans—people haunted by the fear that someone somewhere might be happy. These are the folks who liked Prohibition. They're out there now, trying to stop you from lighting a joint, getting an abortion or marrying a same-sex partner. But to my surprise I kept running into a different kind of moral crusader, people such as Martin Luther King Jr., who are dedicated to reforming the system. What I call the social gospel changes the focus from individual sinners to an unjust society.

Q: What about regionalism? It seems that a social-gospel ideology dominates the North, while the South adopts the other side of the Puritan coin. Why?

A: The regional differences are huge, and they go all the way back. In 1636 Anne Hutchinson tried to introduce evangelical religion in New England. They called her a witch, chased her out of town and hung on to their formal religion. Over time it became more socially oriented. The South got its religion about 100 years later from evangelical preachers who swept through the countryside, firing up crowds with brimstone sermons. That became part of Southern culture.

Q: You talk a lot about jeremiads.

A: I love jeremiads. The idea—usually expressed in a loud voice—that our country used to be great but is now going to hell is a chestnut that has been around since 1650. For 300 years we've been hearing variations on the same themes: too much sex, too much violence, too much drink, too many drugs, too many immigrants, too many slackers. Complaining about decline is a true national anthem.

Q: Do you think jeremiad politics needs a lightning rod issue to gain national momentum?



THE BATTLE-AX OF
CARRIE NATION BROUGHT
ON PROHIBITION

A: A good jeremiad needs fear. When the world starts to change and people get frightened, they'll find their lightning rod. The white-slave panic is my favorite. At the beginning of the 20th century many rural people moved to the cities. Everyone just knew the cities were wicked. Then a rumor—the lightning rod—sprang up that foreigners were stealing country girls right off the farms, dragging them to the big cities and selling them to brothels. Congress passed a law. A new agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was pressed into service to look for thousands of stolen women. Of course, they mostly didn't exist. Young women were just moving to the cities, and prostitutes made a hell of a lot more money than factory workers. But the law stayed on the books for years, nabbing young men

who took women across state lines for immoral purposes. And the FBI, of course, went on to bigger and better things.

Q: So the politics of sin is a significant source of big government?

A: Nothing builds up the government like Puritans on a rampage. Just think what it meant to outlaw liquor from coast to coast during Prohibition.

Q: Do you think race trumps religion? Does it force Southern white Protestants to latch onto the Puritan model because they are unwilling to accept blacks as part of their communities?

A: Yes. The biggest social difference in the world is the line that separates saints from sinners, the saved from the damned. You can always beat people up if you call them sinners. Angry religions are the most effective way to separate us from them. And that's true everywhere—the South, the North, Kosovo, Saudi Arabia and Iraq. The South has a tough legacy to overcome because religion played a major role in the fight over slavery. White Southerners thought the Bible sanctioned slavery. The issue broke up the Baptist Convention: The Southern Baptists split over their belief in slavery. But the Bible also inspired people

fighting against slavery. The slaves grabbed onto Exodus and made it their story. So Southern religion became pure racial dynamite.

Q: You discuss the way preachers turn against the latest marginal group of would-be Americans. But today we also see people attacking firmly entrenched groups such as gays.

A: The most powerful recurring fear in American history is a fear of sex. As a matter of fact, the original witches allegedly had sex with the devil and suckled demonic creatures on special teats. The thing that surprised me most in my research was the force with which Americans have fought over gender issues and sexuality.

Q: Like abortion today?

A: Yes. The abortion issue is up for grabs all over again. We're in for an epic battle over the next four years.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NICOLE KIDMAN

A candid conversation with the Oscar-winning actress about nudity in movies, romance on the set, her rebellious streak and life after Tom Cruise

Nicole Kidman would keep any guy on his toes. In the past four years alone, the elegantly sexy five-foot-10-and-a-half-inch Kidman has starred in 10 movies, earning two Golden Globes, two Oscar nominations for best actress and the 2002 Academy Award for *The Hours* and making waves with *Moulin Rouge* and *The Others*. For a lark, she also notched a hit British single by duetting with Robbie Williams on the old-school Frank and Nancy Sinatra ditty "Somethin' Stupid" in the same year she and Ewan McGregor won airplay warbling "Come What May" from *Moulin Rouge*. She has been voted by international magazine readers as one of the five sexiest women in the movies, shot up 52 spots on *Premiere* magazine's list of Hollywood's most powerful people and saw her per-movie salary climb to \$17.5 million for the new suspense thriller *The Interpreter*, co-starring Sean Penn.

Of course, there was also that day in 2001 when husband Tom Cruise served her with divorce papers shortly after their 10th anniversary. "Nic knows exactly why we are getting the divorce. But she's the mother of our children, and I wish her well," Cruise said at the time. The international press kicked into overdrive speculating on the "exactly why." Rumors ranged from Cruise's unease with Kidman's career, to Kidman's unease with raising their

two adopted kids (Isabella Jane, born in 1992, and Connor Antony, born in 1995) as Scientologists, to Cruise's long-suspected-over sexuality, to Kidman's alleged affair with *Moulin Rouge* co-star McGregor. Although both parties have maintained silence about the reasons for the divorce, Cruise subsequently romanced (and later split with) Penélope Cruz, while Kidman has since been linked romantically with producer Steve Bing, Tobey Maguire, Q-Tip and Lenny Kravitz. She won substantial damages and a public apology from a British newspaper that claimed she'd had an adulterous affair with Jude Law.

Born Nicole Mary Kidman in 1967 in Honolulu to a biochemist father, Anthony, and a nursing-instructor mother, Janelle, Kidman and her parents relocated almost immediately to Washington, D.C., where her father pursued breast cancer research. Three years later they moved to a conservative upper-middle-class neighborhood in their native Sydney, Australia, where Anthony became a psychologist. Nicole, growing up with her younger sister, Antonia (currently an Australian TV producer and host), was so fair-haired and inward that she spent much of her childhood shielded from the sun, studying ballet, feeding her imagination with weighty novels and daydreaming. But then, at 16, Kid-

man stunned her academician parents by dropping out of high school to pursue acting.

She got her first big break starring as the young wife of 40-ish Sam Neill in the 1989 seafaring thriller *Dead Calm*, the flick that brought her to the attention of Cruise, who approved her as his leading lady in the high-profile 1990 racetrack drama *Days of Thunder*. The chemistry between them crackled (offscreen, anyway), and following Cruise's divorce from actress Mimi Rogers, Kidman and Cruise married in Telluride, Colorado on Christmas Eve 1990.

At first, major stardom eluded her, but as Mrs. Tom Cruise, Kidman was hounded by photographers, especially when with her beaming husband on red carpets. Things changed in 1998 when Kidman scorched live theater audiences in David Hare's two-person play *The Blue Room*, which included a 10-second glimpse of her nude posterior in muted light. One British critic hailed her as "pure theatrical Viagra." Kidman's heated-up sexual profile ignited when she and Cruise spent 15 months making Stanley Kubrick's erotic thriller *Eyes Wide Shut*, released in 1999.

Kidman's breakthrough as a box office attraction came in 2001 when she starred in both Baz Luhrmann's hopped-up musical *Moulin Rouge* and the quietly creepy ghost



"I would pose nude for Picasso because of my belief in the art form. Sexuality and nudity are a huge part of our lives. But I have to feel that it is art. I would be horrified, humiliated and embarrassed if I felt exploited."



"It would be far easier to go, 'Oh, I wish I loved women,' but I don't. I love the way a man thinks. I love the way a man smells. I love the way men look. And I'm hooked on the male physique—hooked on it."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"I can always see different ways in which you can have great relationships. I don't think you have to conform to one ideal. That's probably because I hate routine. I don't even like sit-down meals."

story *The Others*. On the downside, Kidman, apparently blindsided by her divorce, suffered a miscarriage of a baby she claimed in divorce proceedings was Cruise's. She emerged from the aftermath with a multimillion-dollar settlement, shared custody of the two children and the aura of being the bigger person. She also came out looking like the bigger actor, going on to give bold performances in *The Hours*, *Dogville*, *The Human Stain* and *Cold Mountain*.

Although reluctant to talk to journalists, Kidman met with writer Stephen Rebello in Los Angeles during a weekend break from filming opposite Will Ferrell in a big-screen version of the 1960s TV show *Bewitched*. Rebello reports: "One minute she's describing her love of such thrill-seeking adventures as skydiving, and the next she's talking about the intricacies of Russian novels. She can be provocative one second and church-lady-like the next. While she's fascinating and alluring, she doesn't do a thing to work it. She doesn't need to."

PLAYBOY: Since early in your career you haven't shied away from nudity.

KIDMAN: Which is a dichotomy in terms of the way I dress and the way I am. But that's because of my belief in acting as an art form. I would pose nude for Picasso because of my belief in the art form. Sexuality and nudity are a huge part of our lives. When that's put into a script, it's an important part of a story, of understanding a character, and it is not my place to censor the role. At the same time, I have to be in the right hands. It has to be delicate. I have to feel that it is art. I would be horrified, humiliated and embarrassed if I felt exploited. I won't allow that to happen.

PLAYBOY: Still, many American movie actresses get squeamish about doing nude scenes.

KIDMAN: I think that's an awful thing to feel. I mean, I'm not going, "Gosh, I can't wait," because it's really difficult. I can understand the hesitation for someone in a relationship. If I was in a strong relationship, I don't know if I would want to do it again. You're giving a part of yourself, so there are times when you say, "I don't know if I want to go into that." But at this moment of my life I'm not there. At the same time, my sensibilities tend to be European because of coming from Australia and having spent a lot of time in Europe. I work well with European directors, and you know, that's just part of it.

PLAYBOY: You may not see yourself as a sexual person, but most of the world disagrees. One British critic called your presence in the 1998 play *The Blue Room* "pure theatrical Viagra."

KIDMAN: I thought that was quite sweet

and funny. I was not at all offended.

PLAYBOY: People were paying big bucks to score the seats where your physical charms were more easily glimpsed.

KIDMAN: I found that slightly ridiculous, to be honest, because I was nude for 10 seconds.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy it when people praise your physical charms, such as your bottom?

KIDMAN: No. I would like Jennifer Lopez's butt. I think hers is cute.

PLAYBOY: Some women find J. Lo or, say, Angelina Jolie as sexy as men do. Is J. Lo a woman you'd be curious to kiss?

KIDMAN: No, I don't want to kiss her. I don't want to kiss somebody I know. I'm quiet about my fantasies. In a strange way



Maybe I'm meant to be alone.
I hope not, because I love to be part
of somebody—to be with somebody.

I'm a sensualist. I love smells. I love to touch things. I love to taste things. The senses are important to me. You sort of keep them alive no matter what your age. No matter what role you take on in your life, they're part of it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wondered whether it would be possible for you to spend your life with another woman?

KIDMAN: It would be far easier to go, "Oh, I wish I loved women," but I don't. I mean, I love them, but physically, chemically, they just don't do it for me. I love the way a man thinks. I love the way a man smells. I love the way men look. That's what I like and what I'm drawn to. And I'm hooked on the male physique—hooked on it.

PLAYBOY: What's the first thing you notice about a man?

KIDMAN: His mind, and then I love hands. It's about the way he touches you, the way he holds you, what he does with them. I love the male psyche as well. There's a black-and-white to it, a sort of simplicity I like. I have such an enormous number of male friends that everyone thinks I have brothers. It's not threatening, and I can ask men questions and get a lot of answers. I actually know quite a bit about men. I don't judge their decisions or urges.

PLAYBOY: Are women nicer in general, or are they catty?

KIDMAN: When I was younger it was more like, "Oh, look, she's married to Tom Cruise," but now it's almost the opposite. Not just in the business but in the world, the strongest support I get is from women who see me and go, "I know you're alone and trying to raise two children; I'm in the same boat" or "I went through this terrible divorce, and I'm raising kids." In different places, different cities, different everything, there's a common denominator if you're lonely at night, you have a child yelling at you, you're dealing with it alone and you're emotionally responsible for yourself and two other people.

PLAYBOY: Marrying and divorcing a major movie star aren't common experiences for most people, though.

KIDMAN: I never have nor ever will talk about anything to do with my breakup or about Thomas in any way. It was devastating when it ended, and I choose my words carefully now. When you marry somebody, you promise for the rest of your life to protect them. Even if you end up not together, you're still, in some ways, partnering them, still being able to say, "What we had together was what we had. Nobody else is ever going to

share it, and I will never betray you in terms of talking about it." For me it's a way of saying there was so much authenticity to it, so much love there, and it was so important.

PLAYBOY: So by not discussing the relationship publicly you're showing respect.

KIDMAN: Huge, huge respect—and protection of what I considered a beautiful thing. There were bad things, but I choose to remember far more the lovely things of falling in love and all that. I don't want anything else, for my spirit or, I suppose, for my essence, because I don't want to be caught up in any of the anger or the bad things.

PLAYBOY: Your mother, a strong feminist, is a nursing instructor. Your biochemist-

psychologist father has written, among other books, *Family Life*. What was your family life like?

KIDMAN: My father became a psychologist later, but he was a biochemist for most of my childhood. Catholicism plays a huge part in our family. My sister went to a convent school and was married there. There were times when my home life was really conflicted, times when it was soothing and comforting because of sickness. It was a stimulating environment with a number of eccentric characters, which my family would be offended if I ever went into detail about. But between aunts, uncles, grandparents and a large extended family, there was a lot of eccentricity, which I'm still drawn to. My father is incredibly eccentric.

PLAYBOY: How is he eccentric?

KIDMAN: He's the only man in a tap dancing class, and he runs marathons [laughs]. My mother is very bright and opinionated. With both of them being academics, we had an enormous amount of conversation and debate. My sister, Antonia, and I grew up in a conservative upper-middle-class neighborhood in Sydney, and our parents had very liberal politics.

PLAYBOY: How did having liberal parents in a conservative neighborhood play out?

KIDMAN: My mother's home was like one big open house to anybody, to "orphans," as she'd call them. She would help anyone in need. We would have a huge mixture of cultures and people, which is a good way to be brought up. And you know, it's always fun to have a slightly more risqué couple in the neighborhood. But they're still very proper in the same way that I would consider myself very proper. My mother has the liberal outlook mixed with an old-fashioned, feminine sort of outlook and a beguiling charm that works on everybody.

PLAYBOY: With a mother who was an advocate of feminism, have you ever been tempted to burn your bra?

KIDMAN: I don't wear one very often. That's the benefit of being small-breasted. You can wear one when you want to and not wear one when you don't want to.

PLAYBOY: If you read a script that described a girl a lot like you as a child, how would that description read?

KIDMAN: Quiet. Existing very much in her own head and having to be drawn out of that. I used to read so much as a child. My mother brought me up on books and took me to the theater, and my father took me to see opera and dance. From an early age, about seven years old, I wasn't that happy in my skin, so I used to love being in bed at night anticipating where my dreams would take me. I came up with this idea of saying, "Oh well, you spend a third of your life or more in bed, so it can be just as important as what's going on in everyday life."

PLAYBOY: You preferred fantasy to reality?

KIDMAN: My imagination far exceeded what I was doing in real life. The most

Nicole at Her Sexiest

Here's one actor who's not afraid to take chances



Dead Calm (1989) The risk: Kidman dominates this nail-biter, especially when she turns the tables on psycho killer Billy Zane. When Kidman fakes passion for Zane by straddling him, he rips off her shorts. Don't worry—she wreaks serious revenge with a spear. **The payoff:** At the time a relatively unknown Aussie, Kidman put herself on the map with her acting and sexy bravado.



To Die For (1995) The risk: In this pitch-black satire, Kidman, as a diabolically ambitious housewife who'll stop at nothing to be a big-time TV newscaster, struts her stuff in her bedroom wearing purple lingerie and does a seductive striptease. **The payoff:** In her black-widow mode Kidman never plays for audience sympathy. That probably cost her the Oscar nomination she deserved.



Eyes Wide Shut (1999) The risk: Stanley Kubrick's psychosexual mind games find Kidman as an art curator whose flirtation with infidelity sends her husband (Tom Cruise) into an erotic tailspin. Or is he merely dumbstruck by the sight of her standing topless in front of a mirror? **The payoff:** Starring as a woman dissatisfied with her husband, Kidman trounces Cruise in the acting department.



Birthday Girl (2001) The risk: Kidman, art house-style as a chain-smoking Russian mail-order bride, not only pulls off a flawless Russian accent but looks flawless lolling around in lingerie, willingly getting tied to a cast-iron bed and displaying her naked backside. **The payoff:** Boldly saying nyet to a body double, Kidman proves that a serious actress can enhance her career by stripping down to basics.



Moulin Rouge (2001) The risk: Flashing those long limbs and plenty of 1899-style décolletage, Kidman plays the courtesan and nightclub star who ravishes Ewan McGregor, along with pretty much the entire male population of Paris. **The payoff:** She sings. She dances. She entices a theater full of men while swinging on a trapeze. She sleeps around. And she gets an Oscar nomination as a reward.



The Human Stain (2003) The risk: As a troubled young woman hiding out on a New England farm, Kidman thanks Anthony Hopkins for a ride home by presenting herself naked across a bed. **The payoff:** Kidman almost persuades audiences to buy her as a foulmouthed blue-collar janitor, proving again that she can outdazzle any actor, including the formidable Hopkins.

—Stephen Rebell

powerful emotion I remember as a child was yearning. Characters in novels were my playmates. I would imagine them with me at times, and I hated when books ended, because you were giving up their life and their world. Most of the Brontë sisters' female characters played a huge part in the molding of me, which probably says something significant [laughs]. I prefer to exist walking around in a slightly dreamlike state a lot of the time. That's what I do when I act. It's almost as if you exist in a slightly altered state, a beautiful state that is quite relaxed. It feels like floating. It's a state of being when you're in a creative place.

PLAYBOY: Did feeling like an outsider drive you to acting?

KIDMAN: Being very tall at school, being quieter and slightly unusual, I suppose, is why I went to a theater group when I turned 14. I could get lost in a dark theater because it was safe there. There was another girl at school who wasn't obviously Caucasian, and the kids were so cruel to her. Another friend of mine was the tough girl who would sort of beat up people, hold her stomach tight and say, "Punch me as hard as you can." The two of us took this other girl under our wing, and we became like the Three Stooges. It gave us a feeling of us against them. I still choose people who are slightly more removed and try to take care of them and be around them.

PLAYBOY: Did you get in trouble? Did you steal anything?

KIDMAN: I stole a Malibu Barbie doll. Everyone else had one, and I wanted one desperately, but my feminist mother wouldn't let me. She made me take it back, then went to the other extreme: After she realized she couldn't impose her ideas on a small child, she went out and bought me 10 Barbies. I was glad she made me take the doll back, but I was already humiliated, because I have this shocking conscience that weighs on me so heavily. I don't know if that's Catholicism at work or if I was just born that way. When I do something bad, my conscience is so strong that it far outweighs everything else. I always have to confess.

PLAYBOY: To a priest, you mean?

KIDMAN: Well, I do go to confession sometimes. I'm always told, "You're allowed to have secrets, Nicole," and you are, of course. At the same time, I don't like to do something I'll be ashamed of, that I would lie on my deathbed and feel weighing heavily on me.

PLAYBOY: Well, to confess is to be forgiven, even for snatching a Barbie.

KIDMAN: Confession is a great thing for a Catholic schoolgirl, because you can confess, "I kissed a boy" or "I smoked a cigarette," and somehow you'll be forgiven. Someone asked me the other day if I know myself, and I said, "I don't think I do, but I know what's good for me, what makes me feel good, and I'm not willing to compromise anymore." I have a good sense of what's right and wrong.

PLAYBOY: How did your parents react when you dropped out of school at the age of 16?

KIDMAN: Terribly. And it's still, "When are you going to get your degree?" I will get my degree in philosophy, if I get it. When I left school, part of the negotiation was that I would continue my education. That's why I still study French and Italian. When we were in England five years ago I was studying Wordsworth's poetry. At the moment I'm studying the Old Testament through a professor who teaches at Pepperdine University. Through that I'm able to study Israel, Palestine and the Middle East. The reason I want to do this, obviously, is that I'm fascinated by what's happening in the Middle East and the politics of it. I do it to relax on weekends and one night a week.

PLAYBOY: Were you rebellious as a kid?

KIDMAN: My mind is rebellious. I got good grades and managed to walk the line and fit in, in terms of the teachers, but I also did all the normal things, like smoking and getting picked up on a motorbike after school. I used to love that I had a boyfriend who had a motorbike. I would get on the back of his Ducati in my school

I have this shocking conscience that weighs on me so heavily. I don't know if that's Catholicism at work or if I was born that way. I always have to confess.

uniform and feel too cool for school. I still love Ducatis. I love Italy. I love Italians [laughs]. So I walked the line, but I could still be invited to the wild parties and stuff.

PLAYBOY: How wild?

KIDMAN: Pretty wild, but I won't go into them in depth. I've always been one of those people who want to see and experience things. I think what I did was a good thing, because by the time you're 18 you've seen a lot of things. I don't know why, but I saw a lot and was surrounded by a lot. I got on a plane to Amsterdam when I was 17.

PLAYBOY: You weren't by yourself. You got on that plane with a guy and lived with him. What was that about?

KIDMAN: Love. No, actually, I got off the plane in Amsterdam and said to him, "Let's be friends." We traveled around Europe as friends. He slept on the floor, and I slept in the bed.

PLAYBOY: He put up with this?

KIDMAN: Well, there was always the possibility of something happening, which is quite erotic [laughs]. But it ended with my saying, "Let's not." I knew I wasn't in love with him and didn't want to marry him. This is terrible, but I bought my

wedding dress—a beautiful dress from the 1920s—in a flea market while he and I were in Amsterdam, and it wasn't so that I could marry him. It was bought with the possibility that I would meet the person I was going to marry sometime soon. I did meet my future husband four years later, and that was the dress I wore when we got married. By the way, you're not meant to do that. It's bad luck. I'll never do that again.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also once tell a guy you might be willing to get engaged and consider marriage but that you didn't want to live with him?

KIDMAN: Yeah. I don't think there's much wrong with that, is there? He wasn't crazy about the idea. I think there's something quite nice about that, because you're choosing to come together when you choose to come together. At the same time, it's lovely when you're just so enmeshed in each other's lives, like what's yours is mine and what's mine is yours. I can always see different ways in which you can have great relationships. I don't think you have to conform to one ideal. That's probably because I hate routine. I don't even like sit-down meals. My mom says I graze, because I don't like the feeling of "Now you have to sit down and do this. Now you have to be here at this particular time." On the other hand, I get panicked if I'm late, because I think it's disrespectful.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem like someone who gets panicked by much, but are you really terrified of butterflies?

KIDMAN: A little. And moths are included in the category. Sometimes when I would come home from school the biggest butterfly or moth you'd ever seen would be just sitting on our front gate. It was terrifying. I would climb over the fence, crawl around the side of the house—anything to avoid having to go through the front gate.

PLAYBOY: Having a psychologist for a father didn't help?

KIDMAN: It's a tricky situation, because you don't want your father to be your therapist; you just want a father. Luckily, I do have a great father, which is a lovely thing for a girl to be able to say. I have tried to get over it. I walked into the big butterfly cage at the American Museum of Natural History in New York and had the butterflies on me, but that didn't work. I jump out of planes, I could be covered in cockroaches, I do all sorts of things, but I just don't like the feel of butterflies' bodies. I'm not crazy about caterpillars, either, but I love snakes. I danced with a snake on New Year's Eve 1999.

PLAYBOY: Details, please.

KIDMAN: [Laughs] I will not go into any more details—just that I was in Thailand, and a woman was dancing with a huge snake. I asked if I could have it, then I proceeded to wrap it around my body. I loved it. My brother-in-law was like, "Be careful. There'll be photos."

PLAYBOY: You'd slaughter the competition on *Fear Factor*.

KIDMAN: I can do it with pain as well. As long as you breathe, you can go into a state where you actually say, "It's just pain," and it's quite unusual how much you can sustain. I broke two ribs all the way through once and thought I'd only pulled a muscle. I didn't even get it checked, and I was carrying around my baby on my hip like it was nothing. Of course, it's a bad thing to have high pain tolerance, because it means you can do damage to yourself. When I hurt my knee doing *Moulin Rouge* I danced on it and didn't care. I probably have a high tolerance of pain both emotionally and physically.

PLAYBOY: Do you seek out pain?

KIDMAN: I'm not a masochist. But if pain comes, I can tolerate it somehow.

PLAYBOY: How is your relationship with your mom?

KIDMAN: I gave my mother my Oscar because without her I wouldn't have an Oscar. It really is a result of her saying, "Educate yourself. Think about things. Stand up for what you believe in. Be anything you want to be." She is a woman who won't walk away from a conversation or give in on what she believes just to please others.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your mother once say to you that she regretted having kids?

KIDMAN: Yeah, my child was 10 months old, and I stormed out of the house with her in the stroller, saying to my mother, "How could you say that?" before she was able to finish the sentence. Now I understand what she meant. She would have been a magnificent doctor and been able to give generously to the whole world. She could have gone on to greatness and didn't. She raised us.

PLAYBOY: Did doing *The Blue Room* and working with Stanley Kubrick on *Eyes Wide Shut* help your work get bolder and more confident?

KIDMAN: My work and my responsibility to my work became important to me, and that came from Stanley. He'd say, "Don't be embarrassed to care so much about it. Don't be protective of it. Be unwavering and uncompromising. Be willing to make huge mistakes, but make them because they're on your back."

PLAYBOY: He died just days before he completed the movie. How did that affect you?

KIDMAN: He was the first person I had been very close to in my life to suddenly die. He was right there one day and gone the next. I remember the Sunday morning I got the phone call. Thomas was in Australia, and I had the kids in New York and was making croissants. I was going to return a call from Stanley on Saturday night and thought, I'm so tired—I'll call him in the morning or he'll call me. Because we still spoke maybe three times a week after the movie was finished. Then I got this phone call from his assistant, who said, "Stanley is dead." I

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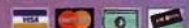
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remember screaming and dropping the phone, and the kids were sort of looking, like, "What is going on?" I did everything you shouldn't do, but the news was so shocking to me, and the reaction was so immediate that I couldn't stop it.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though he was a life changer.

KIDMAN: He was mischievous, extraordinary and brilliant, and I loved being around him. He challenged me and basically shook up everything, all my foundations. We talked so much on the phone because he hated to drive into London. And yet he did drive into London with his wife, Christiane, to see *The Blue Room*, and he got photographed, which was just the worst for him. I think that was one of the last public photographs of him, and I have it now.

PLAYBOY: You know a lot about being photographed at premieres and pretty much everywhere else. How are you handling it these days?

KIDMAN: I have said before that the only person I will ever show up on the red carpet with again is my husband. I will never bring somebody for any reason other than I want by my side the person I've now chosen to be with forever. I go to awards shows but never to premieres other than my own. It's a completely unnatural environment, and you feel overwhelmed and slightly unstable. I can really stay only a few minutes, and then I have to leave. You get mobbed. You get flashbulbs. You get people coming at you. And that's when I get panicked.

PLAYBOY: Is this a new reaction?

KIDMAN: It didn't happen before, because I wasn't the center of it. I also had somebody then whose hand I could hold, an arm I could clutch, someone who would say, "Nic, sit down, you're looking dazed" or who would pull me together—who was basically my protection. It's strange the way everything has shifted in the past four or five years, since *Moulin Rouge* came out. I still kind of reel from it.

PLAYBOY: You're so famous now that scrutiny is hard to avoid. Not long ago a medical exam you'd undergone caused international speculation.

KIDMAN: I'd had a mammogram, which seems so terrible to have to discuss, and someone had stolen my medical records. They thought there was something wrong in my mammogram, and I had to have it checked in a hospital. When they write about it everywhere, that's when you just say, "This is so intrusive," but I thought I'd make a statement about it, one, because it's important for women to get regular mammograms, and two, to say, "These people should back off, because I find this absolutely appalling." Taking photos of people kissing at Red Sox games or coming out of restaurants or even out of their house is fair game. But not in matters of life and death or when children are involved.

PLAYBOY: In 1995 you won great reviews

for playing a manipulative, fame-obsessed mantrap in *To Die For*. Do you ever wonder whether people thought you were playing yourself?

KIDMAN: It's quite dangerous to do that early in your career, because you get labeled: "Well, that's what she must really be." It's different when you have a body of work and they see the different characters you play. So much of what I do now in films is driven by the themes of love and loss. I look back at those choices now and go, "Oh...," and that's why I want to play Ulla in *The Producers*. You know, "Get out of this for a little while. Sing and dance again, Nicole."

PLAYBOY: Ulla is a sexy bombshell comedic role, but it's true that in the past few years—in *The Hours*, *Dogville*, *Moulin Rouge*, *Cold Mountain*—you've played women who make extreme sacrifices for love.

KIDMAN: When you grow up reading and loving *Wuthering Heights*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Anna Karenina*, I'm sure you absorb some of that, and I'm absolutely sure that the beauty of those characters made me want to be an actor. A lot of times as a woman you are willing to give up so much

*When I first fell in love, it
was so powerful that it's
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I don't think I've been in
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of who you are, almost in a sacrificial way, to make somebody else happy. It's almost part of our nature, the way we're raised—or the way certain women are raised.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with psychologists who say we wind up pursuing partners who remind us of our parents?

KIDMAN: That gives me enormous belief in men, because I've seen my father, a kind, wonderful man, be happily married and stay married. It's a gift to be able to see two people, 40 years later, still holding hands and talking on the phone when they're apart for more than two days. He's got a good woman, so it's not a huge struggle, but I think marriage is a huge struggle. Monogamy is a huge struggle. He has never once betrayed her, and she has never once betrayed him. You always knew as a child that their love for each other was more than their love for you, which is a wonderful thing to see, because as a child you have to then know that and respect it. As a result, my sister and I are so intertwined. She's like my other half. If something ever happened to her, I wouldn't be able to live.

PLAYBOY: What about your taste in men?

KIDMAN: I remember having crushes

when I was 10, 11 and 12 on much older men. Then when I first fell in love, it was so powerful and intoxicating that it's almost left me fearful now because the feeling was so heady, and ultimately it didn't work out. But I remember that being one of the most extraordinary times in my life. And I don't think I've ever been in love that way since.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about a guy you married, right?

KIDMAN: Yeah. I almost feel there are times in life when you're ready for it. And I feel myself ready for it again.

PLAYBOY: How do you balance meeting someone new with having children?

KIDMAN: No man meets my children unless he's going to be my husband. If he is going to be my husband, then he'll take on a big role in their life. But until that point, no one gets to penetrate our little circle. That may be old-fashioned, but it's also the way in which I can cope. I haven't really had a relationship, because I didn't want the children to be in competition with it. That's probably wrong, but at the same time that's what I feel I needed to give them.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't your career, travel schedule and life with your kids almost guarantee that you'll get involved with someone in show business?

KIDMAN: Please, no. A fascinating person, a tolerant person, someone who is looking for something slightly different. Maybe I'm meant to be alone. I really hope not, because I love to be around people. I love to be part of somebody—to be with somebody.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about "location relationships," the phenomenon of people thinking that, when they make a movie, anyone is fair game for an affair, even someone who is married, and whatever happens on a movie set doesn't matter.

KIDMAN: It absolutely matters, because it blackens your soul. It matters because you will then have to lie. That's why you have to be careful what you promise and to whom, so you can keep the promises. You have to be so careful not to be flip-pant—not just with what you promise but also with other people's hearts. I hate the way people play games. I don't like mental games. I like things up front.

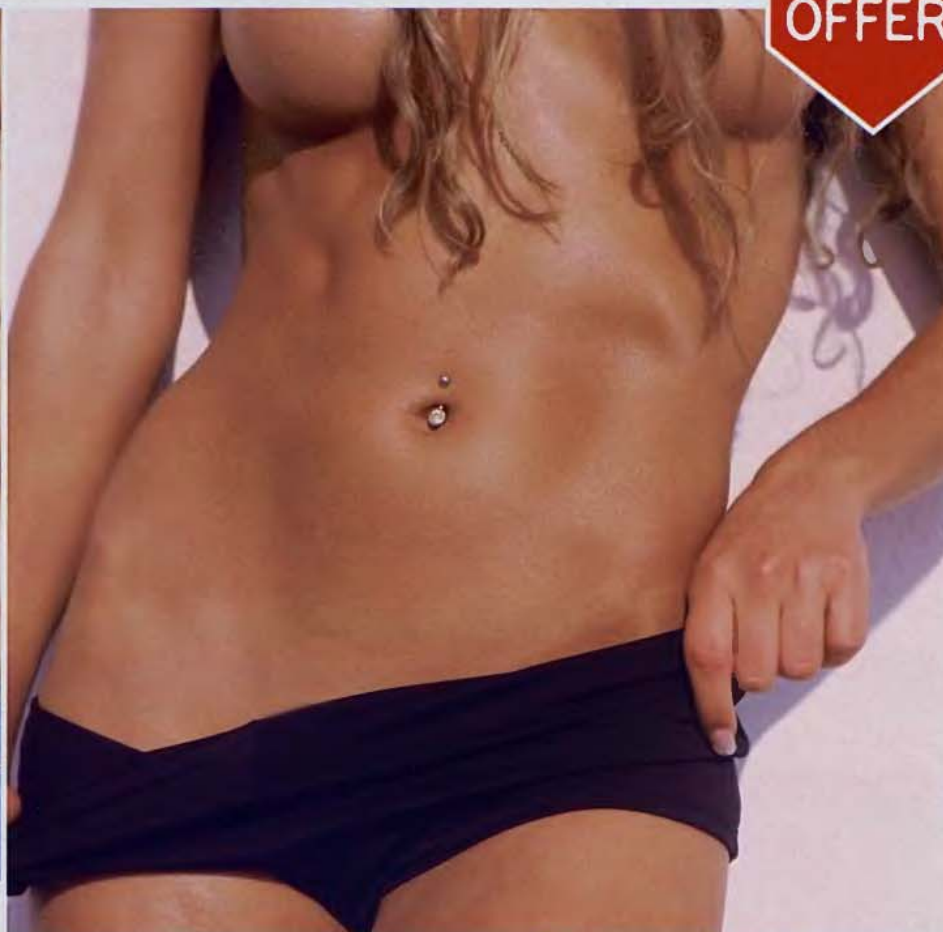
PLAYBOY: Have you ever met someone at work, at a party, on a commuter train, and thought, If only...?

KIDMAN: Not often, but maybe three times in a lifetime you're going to meet somebody who makes you go, "Oh, this is who I've been waiting for. I could have had a life with this person. If only I'd met them when I was..." whatever. But now I've accumulated all these barriers and reasons that don't allow it to be—you're married, you've got kids. There are ways in which all those things can exist in a pure way without harming anything, because you don't act on it at all. There's a big difference between thinking about something and doing it. But I think we're

(concluded on page 132)

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HOW A BAND
OF DESPERATE
YOUNG WORK
SLAVES RIPPED
OFF LOOMIS,
FARGO



ILLUSTRATION BY PETER HOEY AND MARIA HOEY

BY ADAM PIORE

Here's how the whole thing went down. Kelly Campbell first talked about it when she was working as an armored car driver. She was standing inside the entrance to the loading dock, a few feet from where the bare ground slopes downward toward the parking lot. That's when David Ghannt approached her van. He was pushing a chrome cart—call it six feet by three feet—loaded with about \$2 million in green plastic bags.

"Quick!" shouted Campbell. "Push that down the damn hill. I'll catch up with you later!"

If Ghannt pushed the cart, it would roll through the parking lot across Suttle Avenue and probably come to rest in the big empty field across the street. Load the money in your car over there and you could just drive away.

They both laughed.

"Nah, I got to go," he said. "I'm running late now."

"Well, maybe later," she said. "Some other time, then."

Ghannt had a weakness for quick-witted women in general and Campbell in particular. They'd been hired at Loomis, Fargo & Co. in Charlotte, North Carolina on the same day in December 1995. They'd worked in some of the same mills in Gaston

County. They smoked and bitched together: He didn't have enough money; she was tired of her husband, who didn't seem to have a steady job.

For one glorious week and a half, they were teamed as drivers. Ghannt looked at her and saw a female version of himself—only instead of being a lanky, six-foot-tall redhead, Campbell was a full-figured woman with long hair and soft lips, sexy as hell. Unlike other women at Fargo, Campbell could handle guns and trucks. She could do the same work as a man. Easy to talk with, too.

They hung out after work. Off-roaded behind a local gun shop. Then she left

Loomis and dropped out of Ghannt's life.

The roads that wind through Gaston County are dotted with churches. JESUS CHRIST RISES, a sign proclaims. REJOICE, THE LORD HAS ARRIVED! Trailer parks are hidden so well in the leafy, rutted back roads of places such as Belmont and Mount Holly that they're hard to find if you don't know where to look.

The rural working class, willing to labor for cheap manufacturing wages and a chance for a step up, built the county. They grabbed the bottom rung of the American dream and hoped for the best, churning out everything from furniture to



threads to machine parts in hot, dusty mills and factories.

These days times are tough. Factories have been closing since NAFTA. Jobs are leaving. But the city of Charlotte, which borders Gaston County, is ascendant. Charlotte is a hub for skilled race-car mechanics, the unofficial capital of NASCAR and a burgeoning center for banking. And its wealth is growing.

Charlotte's money taunted Ghannt. He hauled it around in his truck for months. Picked it up and dropped it off with a gun on his hip. After Campbell left he became vault supervisor and sat around collecting receipts and handing out bags of cash to drivers. He pulled 80-hour workweeks, taking in \$8.15 an hour without benefits, racking up overtime, sometimes being "voluntold" to come in on his days off.

During high school he worked in the cotton mills, running the machines. The men around him had been cautionary tales. A man named Ed had trained Ghannt. An equipment mechanic in his late 50s, with a deeply etched face, a missing finger and a stooped shuffle, Ed seemed a beaten man. He'd been at the mill for 30 years, though his wife had left him long ago. All he had was a punishing job and the bottle.

One afternoon a co-worker with a ponytail and a bunch of skull tattoos got his hair caught in a spindle. The machines spit out four inches of hair and ejaculated a torrent of blood before Ghannt could hit the off switch and pull him out.

Ghannt joined the military out of high school to escape all that. He served four and a half years. Worked on Apache attack helicopters. He thought he could be different, lead an exciting life like his father, who had survived the legendary siege of Bastogne as a paratrooper in the Battle of the Bulge and gone on to drive a truck back and forth across the country. Ghannt was in Saudi Arabia during the first Gulf war and learned to depend on himself and trust his squad mates. For a while it seemed he would succeed.

The Army downsized and sent him packing. He married a local Gaston County girl named Tammy and lived briefly with her in Hilton Head. He tried to convince her they should both get jobs on a cruise line to have some adventures, but Tammy wasn't wired that way. She was homesick. Wanted to be near her parents.

Kelly Campbell lived a few towns away from Ghannt in a trailer with her husband and two kids on a rutted road a few hundred feet from her parents' trailer. When Campbell was small and she and her parents would see a Wells Fargo truck pass, they'd think about what they would do with the money if it all fell out. Buy horses. Motorcycles. Go-karts! Or maybe just a big ranch somewhere.

Campbell had a friend from way back named Steve Chambers. They had forged their bond at adolescent keg parties in the



Clockwise from top left: Steve Chambers in Charlotte after he appeared for sentencing in April 1999; David Ghannt on the same day; Eric Payne's mug shot; Michele Chambers's jailhouse portrait; Kelly Campbell outside her trailer-park home, prior to being sentenced; the Hotel La Tortuga in Playa Del Carmen, Mexico, which was serving as Ghannt's hideout on the day the FBI apprehended him.



woods. He was a beefy guy and a con man to boot. He had brown hair and a goatee. He walked as if primed for a brawl.

Chambers was a wannabe gangster. He would sit and tell you things he'd done. Said he had Mob connections. Then you'd watch a Mob movie and see stuff exactly like what he said he'd done. Did a bit of loan-sharking, too—or so he said. His wife, Michele, was sexy and skinny. Hell, she was banging. The previous Christmas she had purchased breast implants as a present to herself. Chambers really wanted to make Michele happy. They were a good match. What Michele wanted, she usually got. And Michele wanted more money to spend.

Chambers introduced Kelly Campbell to his cousin Scott Grant at a party one Saturday in the fall (continued on page 84)



"You'll recognize me. I'm all in blue."



FLESH FACTOR

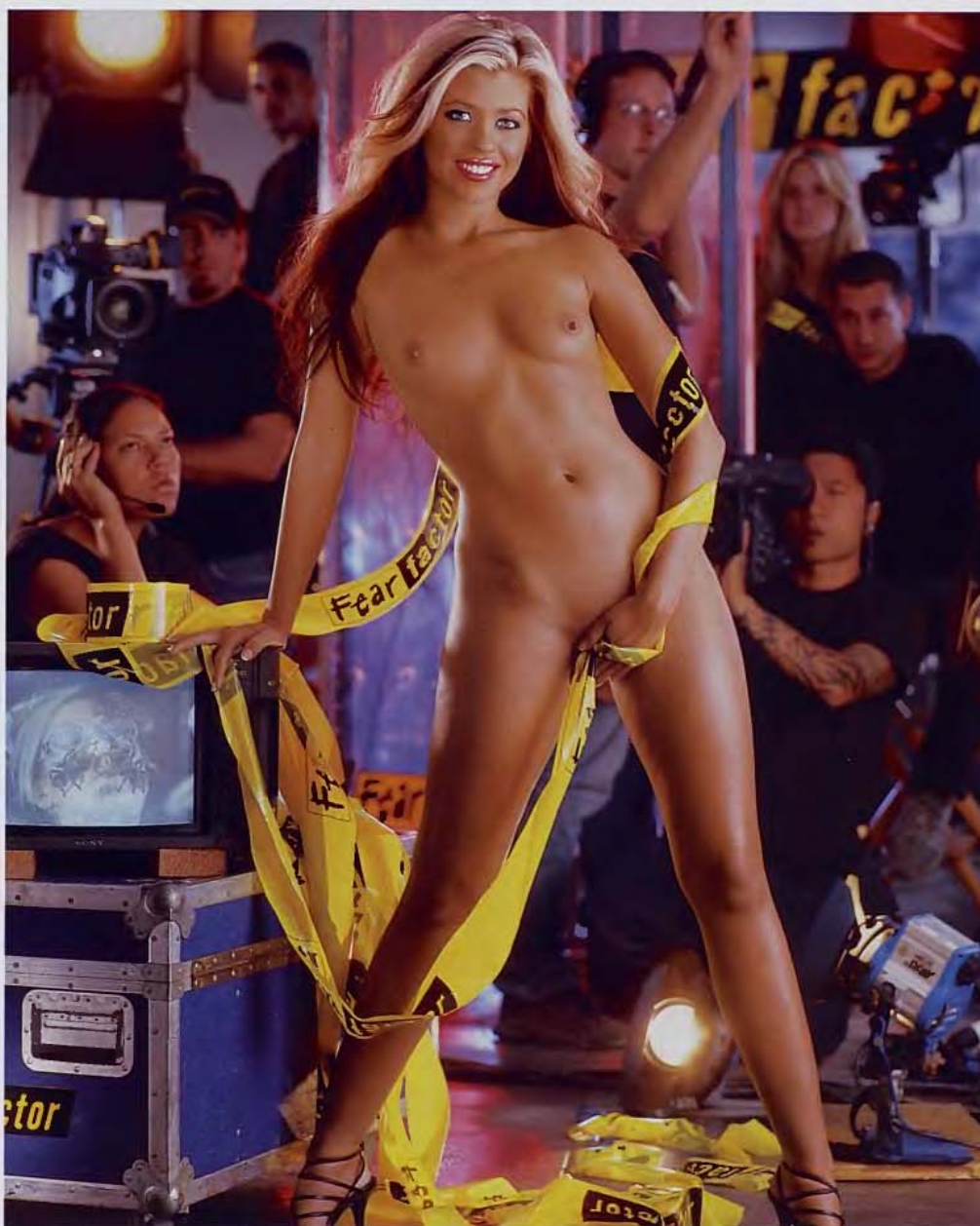
FEAR FACTOR, WHERE SEXY AND STICKY COLLIDE

What kind of woman goes on TV and chugs a maggot, bile and duck-tongue shake for money? Answer: the bikini-model kind. And therein lies the gag-reflex wonder, the dirty allure, the sheer genius of *Fear Factor*, one of the most perverted must-watch shows in prime time. There's no secret to why viewers come back every week: "It's the gross things the contestants do," says million-dollar "Couples" *Fear Factor* winner Monica Jackson, who cites encounters with spiders and snakes and the consumption of cow eyeballs before adding, "Of course, there's the attractive girls who are on, too." Take a look at Monica: Sure, she's eating a pig uterus, yet she's still sexy.

The fear-eros connection is hardly a coincidence. *Fear Factor*'s producers comb the country for the right combo of derring-do and derriere in contestants who must also be able to display real emotion and competitive fire. And while the challenges may be contrived, the contestants' reactions are not. "Participating actually made me think, If I can do this, then the other small things in life don't seem as hard," says Tina Bishop. *Fear Factor*, then, is about women discovering their strength, fortunately while wearing bikinis. "They're always getting boob shots in there, especially of Monica, because she has big ones," teases rival Meghan Allen.

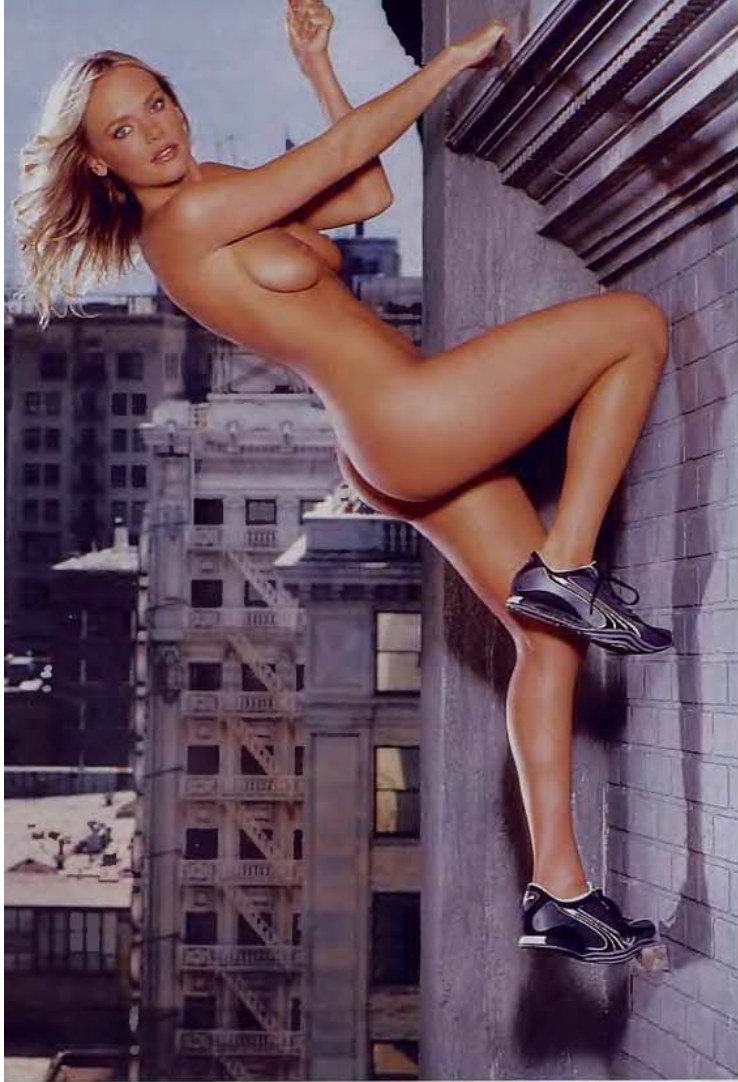
So relax. You're not the only one who thought Roadkill Café was hot. By the way, all these women hope to return for a special *PLAYBOY Fear Factor*. Nah, we wouldn't watch that. Don't forget to blink.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARMY FREYTAG



Los Angeles native Meg Koestner (opposite page and below center) overcame her fear of heights, but tarantulas crawled between her and a cool million. Meghan Allen (above) became a series sweetheart in the couples competition. Diminutive Monica Jackson (below left and right) came up big when horded a maggot milk shake.





Colleen Brewster (above left), a vegetarian, forced herself to eat roadkill intestines: "The texture was so disgusting, much worse than what's on TV." College track star Tina Bishop (above right) is highly competitive; when she fell during a helicopter stunt, she was angry before she hit the water. Amanda Dominick (opposite page) got a leg up by meeting this monster before taping: "I got past my first reaction. We're good friends now." Kelly Hopper (right) sums up the show's appeal: "People want to see cute girls get dirty and eat that junk."









A million-dollar smile. Even after another contestant was bitten six times, Monica Jackson lay down with 500 hairy tarantulas and thereby discovered something priceless: her inner strength. "I didn't know how strong I was until I did this show," she says. "Now I believe in myself more. I feel I can do anything."


See more of the girls of *Fear Factor* at cyber.playboy.com.



THE HANDYMAN

BY RICH COHEN

AFTER COLLEGE AND BEFORE SHAME SET IN, LUKE MADE A CAREER OUT OF BEING USEFUL TO THE MARRIED WOMEN OF HIS TOWN

When I was 15 I realized for the first time that every woman in my town had a vagina: I had a girlfriend of my own, the first girl I got naked, and while horsing around I'd inadvertently done something that made her sigh in a way that changed everything. It meant I had become more than a dog rubbing up against a tree. It meant all the women in town could be made to sigh, and thus the town—where each morning the men gathered like ravens on the train platform, waiting for the 7:15 into the city, leaving the women needy and alone—could be mine. The teachers, the shop owners, the aerobics instructors, the moms. Oh, especially the moms, holed up in the kitchen or alone in the rec room, working out to Jane Fonda (this was the 1980s). Under each dress and pantsuit, under each pair of jogging shorts, jeans and clam diggers, the same secret machinery. Over time I lost this knowledge. I forgot it the way craftsmen in the Dark Ages forgot how to grind glass. My world became a rocky place, and I was too dumb to know it.

In the years that followed I broke up with my girlfriend, dated another, broke up with her, went to college, traveled, visited some interesting countries, got a job in New York, got married, drank too much at my own wedding and had a child—all this done in a half-conscious state, sleepwalking through a world lit with sex. But my friend Luke? Well, Luke is a wonder because Luke never forgets anything. In fact, there was a brief window, after college began and before shame set in, during which Luke made a career of secret knowledge. Over a period of four years, starting when he was 19, Luke, whom I'd met and befriended in college, slept with 13 women in his hometown. Many of these women were married, many of them old enough to be his mother (most of them *were* mothers). That is, my friend lived the fantasy. Or as the kid himself used to say, "Oh no, Mrs. Robinson. I think you're the most attractive of all my parents' friends."

The summer after freshman year—that was the first time. Luke was working for a contractor, putting down new wood floors in an old house by the beach. Luke was a rarity—a genuinely middle-class kid in a town where the residents described themselves obnoxiously as upper-middle-class. The rest of us were getting drunk that summer or sleeping it off. But Luke needed money. His father had died, his sister was older, his mother was a nurse in a charity hospital. He had to work his way through college. At the end of each workday he was dog

tired, his arms glazed with polyurethane. His boss was the sort of man who fell under the generic heading Vietnam Guy—a crop-haired, sinewy man in his mid-40s, always in fatigues, always with that look in his eyes. A character Dennis Hopper would have played. You try not to make sudden moves around such a guy. His adrenaline gets up, he thinks you're Charlie, he gets a hand around your neck, and it's over.

In July Vietnam Guy sent Luke to work alone at an empty house near the forest preserve, going room to room, ripping out drywall and finishing floors. Vietnam Guy was married to a skinny-hipped, big-chested, big-haired woman who was sexy in a truck-stop sort of way. She used to float, going

all summer at the beach, waiflike but strong. He reminded me of one of the pretty boys in a Tennessee Williams play—always played by a bush-league Brando—whom you know the brutes will ugly up in act three.

It took Luke a long time even to notice Vietnam Guy's wife. He was like a tired traveler driving right past the neon sign flashing VACANCY. (With a little real-world wisdom, think of all the taboo sex you could've had at 19!) Then one day, after hours on his knees pounding away at a hallway floor that kept buckling, Luke was feeling hot and stripped off his shirt—you can almost hear the bass guitar start to pound—and as he did so he looked over his shoulder at Vietnam Guy's wife: She was stretched out on a

catching the train. All of them leaving those sweet mamas aching at home.

Tompkins, a kid who, at college, tagged after us like a party crasher, had a name for them. He called them yummy mummies. I remember this well: It was a few years after college, and we were visiting Luke, standing around a drugstore, trying all the new gum. Tompkins had just taken out a loan at a bank. Luke told me later that Tompkins took out this loan only so I could see him do it—it was engineered to prove something, although what it proved I still don't know. Afterward we were celebrating with all that gum when a smoking-hot woman went by pushing a baby stroller. Her calves and thighs were so taut they made you think she had given birth on a Nautilus machine. I popped my bubble and said, "What the hell is that?"

Tompkins said, "Yummy mummies. All these towns are freakin' crawling with them."

I hated the term *yummy mummy*. (I suspect everyone hated it and that it continues to prosper only because it rhymes, the same way "If it doesn't fit, you must acquit" prospered for a time.) But more than hating the term, I hated that this crucial intelligence—that the world was filling with beautiful moms who drifted by on clouds of taboo sex—was revealed to me by Tompkins. He was as crass and overbuilt as San Juan, and this information was holy. The Internet has since niche-marketed porn, so the whole idea of sex with moms—with other people's moms, of course, although Freudians would see it as a who-are-you-fooling stand-in for actual sex with your actual mom—has become less exotic. It's become an industry. In that more innocent time (Joe Piscopo was teaching us to laugh, for God's sake), the idea of fucking someone's mother was still so strange and exotic and powerful and unspoken that it struck the mind in a shower of sparks. It's like what the resistance fighter said about *(continued on page 128)*

WHEN YOU ARE THE HANDYMAN, YOU HAVE THE KEYS. YOU PUT UP DRYWALL, HANG A DOOR, NAIL IN THE BASEBOARD AND THEN, AS IN A PORNO, SAY, "ANYTHING ELSE THAT NEEDS NAILING, MA'AM?"

from work site to work site, making sure the boys were on the stick. Luke hardly noticed her at first, but soon she was showing up at his site every day, commenting, helping move a box, sharing a cigarette. She followed him from room to room. She would flop herself down on a beanbag chair in a kid's room and talk about UFOs, or she would stretch out on a king-size bed in a master bedroom, quizzing him about spontaneous human combustion (how a person, out of the blue and for no apparent reason, can burst into flames—a popular topic of conversation in the 1980s, possibly owing to Michael Jackson's Pepsi-commercial disaster).

At 19 Luke was the kind of handsome that falls just short of too pretty. He had dirty-blond hair and green eyes and features as perfect as those of old Speed Racer. He was the sort of kid who lives

bed, shoulders back, hips up. This struck Luke as an invitation. She looked crazily sexy, and the danger of it, the thought of Vietnam Guy emerging from a murky pool with a Bowie knife in his teeth, well, that just tore it.

Luke said to her, "You know, it's really true. If you lock two people in a room long enough, they will have sex." When he turned away from her—to grab a tool, so to speak—she was on him.

That was the first time.

The town where all this took place is up the coast of Lake Michigan. It's an affluent suburb on the shore. The lake is beautiful here: the Sahara-like dunes, the boats pushed up onto the sand, the heat lighting and storms of August. It is a town of millionaires. Brokers, investors, doctors, lawyers, developers, tycoons and traders



"High tides, heavy winds and massive flooding continue, but weather experts agree—if you play your cards right, it's still a great night to get laid!"



PHOTOGRAPH © ETHAN RUSSELL 1978

Jerry Lee Lewis, Los Angeles Studio. 1978

NATURAL BORN

Killer

BY ROBERT GORDON

MUCH TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE, JERRY LEE LEWIS IS STILL ALIVE AND KICKING

It's a December night, and despite the chill, Jerry Lee Lewis wears flip-flops, plaid pajama bottoms and a loose nylon jacket with a casino's logo on the back. Rock and roll's original wild child, now 69, enters the Sam Phillips Recording Service in Memphis. His band, along with a Los Angeles producer and an engineer, gathers around him.

"You seen your mama lately?" Lewis asks Kenny Lovelace, his guitar player of 37 years.

"Was in Louisiana last week," Lovelace says.

"Tell your mama hello."

Lewis is in a good mood. Every night is different, and his attitude can change from minute to minute, but this night there's a sharpness to it that indicates all is right in his inscrutable world.

Some of the players sip beer, some grape soda. The L.A. producer, Jimmy Rip, tells Lewis that the song they cut at the last session, a rare Lewis original called "Old Glory," now has harmony vocals from Toby Keith. Lewis is in a storytelling mood. "You remember when old Waylon Jennings loaned me his fiddle?" Everyone nods and says, "Yeah, yeah."

"He knew my reputation on the piano, and Waylon

said, 'I want it back in the same shape you're getting it.'" Lewis giggles a little, then says he told Jennings, "Or what?" There's a beat, and everyone laughs, picturing these two music outlaws in a standoff.

Nothing gets past Lewis. He sees everything that happens and senses everything that doesn't. It's a good story—told well—but it doesn't get the guffaws he expected, so he rolls on to another, one that conveys both humor and the sense of menacing hostility that always percolates beneath Lewis's skin. "You remember that record

we cut in London?" Lewis asks Lovelace, who played on the 1973 *London Sessions*. "Had all those people there, and that guy showed up—what's his name? The drummer?" The category's too huge, and no one suggests a name. "Played with that English band." It's slimmer now but not by enough. Lewis stammers. How to define him: "Ahh, played with the Beatles."

"Ringo," they all say, turning to one another. Oh, that English band. "Yeah, Ringo. We kept him waiting and waiting—not on purpose, but it just happened—until he couldn't get in the room, and he announced, 'Y'all can shove this record



Lewis at the birthplace of rock in 2003.

© 2004 JIM MARSHALL



Lewis's marriage to his 13-year-old cousin nearly ruined his career. Here, he and Myra prepare for a ride in Memphis in June 1958.

up your butts,' and he walked out of there." Ringo Starr probably didn't say "y'all," but Lewis sure did, cackling.

Half a century since the sun rose on rock and roll, Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly are dead, Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash are dead. Little Richard is a caricature when he's not a minister, and Chuck Berry goes through the motions. Only Jerry Lee Lewis is still rocking.

The Killer is the unlikeliest survivor, but dying would have been the easy way out. He created rock's first great scandal—as an incestuous, cradle-robbing bigamist—which set him up for rock's first failed comeback. The public was so disgusted that he had to wait a decade for acceptance and then only as a country singer. It was 1958 when the world learned that the 22-year-old star's third wife, Myra, was also his 13-year-old cousin. Lewis tried to assuage the anger, explaining that the marriage might not be valid as he had never divorced his first wife. When Myra was 17, their three-year-old son drowned in their backyard pool. Jerry Lee Jr., Lewis's first-born from a previous marriage, was killed in a car crash at the age of 19.

Lewis is in the midst of divorcing his sixth wife. The onetime Kerrie McCarver, however unhappy, must find relief in being the former—and not the late—Mrs. Lewis. After 19 years of marriage, she's alive to tell the tale. Wife number five, 25-year-old Shawn Michelle Stephens, was found dead of an apparent drug overdose in the Nesbit, Mississippi bedroom she'd shared with Lewis for less than four months. Only a year prior, the fourth Mrs. Lewis had also died—in a swimming accident while the couple was awaiting a divorce decree. Lewis had recently recovered from an operation for a ruptured stomach, a situation so dire that journalists were assigned his obituary. There've been fistfights, handguns and shotguns. On a tear in 1976 he accidentally shot his bass player in the chest (not fatally), flipped his car and waved a handgun outside Graceland when Elvis wouldn't come out and say hello; the next day, Elvis went to visit Lewis, who was

out, and wound up signing autographs on Lewis's lawn.

Jerry Lee Lewis drank more whiskey, took more pills and had more car wrecks than most rock bands combined. He has broken out of hospitals and fled the Betty Ford Center. Life, it seems, has clung to him, not he to life.

Unlike his peer Elvis Presley, Elvis



Lewis, Carl Perkins, Elvis Presley and Johnny Cash in Sun studio in 1956.



Living large (clockwise from top left): at the age of 14; mug shots after his 1976 arrest for waving a derringer at Graceland; tickling the ivories on *Ed Sullivan*; with George Jones and J.W. Whitten in 1977; the gates of his Mississippi home; in concert in 1992.

died like a wimp. Elvis was a girl. Wouldn't fuck his beautiful wife? Got so fat he had to wear jumpsuits? Sang suck-ass songs like "The Impossible Dream"? And that wore him out at 42? "What the shit did Elvis do," Lewis once said, "except take dope I couldn't get ahold of?"

Survivors are the real sufferers.



But here he is in Memphis, still recording and rocking, looking not half bad. Within 30 minutes of walking through the door, Lewis is down to business, running through tonight's song, simultaneously simplifying it and making it more complex—*Lewisizing* it. It's a song called "Twilight" by Robbie Robertson, a founding member of the Band. Lewis really delivers on the refrain: "Just don't put me in a frame upon the mantel/Where memories turn dusty, old and gray."

Lewis is one of music's great interpreters, or stylists, to use his term. "There's only ever been four stylists," he has famously stated. "Jerry Lee Lewis, Hank Williams, Al Jolson and Jimmie Rodgers." You can count on one hand the songs Lewis has written, but none of the hundreds of songs he's recorded can be imitated. "Twilight" is about to metamorphose wildly.

Seated behind the piano, fooling with the progression of the song, he says to himself more than to anyone in particular, "This song's got a lot of chords in it. We got to play 'em. I don't know 'em."

The bass player pipes up. "I know 'em."

"Show 'em to me."

"Would you take offense?"

"C'mon."

B.B. Cunningham strolls over to the piano. Cartoonist R. Crumb couldn't draw Cunningham better. He has a long, narrow face, its verticality emphasized by a ponytail that hangs down his back. His eyebrows can knit like Granny's sewing needles, a worried look that appears when he smiles, which is often. Cunningham's father was a Sun recording artist, and in 1968 Cunningham's band the Hombres had a hit with "Let It All Hang Out." Cunningham first played with Lewis in 1961, has worked with George Clinton and Chuck Berry and rejoined Lewis in 1997.

At the piano Cunningham runs down the chords. Lewis watches, then does it himself. Cunningham makes a correction near the end of the run; Lewis gets it right and then states flatly, "I don't like it."

"Look," says Cunningham, "you can do it like this." He runs through the chords with a variation.

"I don't like that, either." Then Lewis is talking just to Cunningham. He says, his voice low, "When I was 13 my piano teacher showed me a song. He was sitting right next to me like you are. When he got through it, I said, 'Wouldn't it sound better like this?' and reached in front of him and played it my way. The guy slapped me in the face."

"I bet that got your attention," says Cunningham.

"It did more than that," Lewis answers. "Since then I haven't been able to learn anything from anybody. That was my last lesson. Get up and play your bass, B.B." Lewis turns to the studio control room and says, "Maybe you should put one of those little things on there—ahh, ahh, what do you call them?"

"CDs," says J.W. Whitten, Lewis's road manager, right-hand man and mind reader.

"Yeah, play the CD."

As Cunningham returns to his position, he mutters, "I never in my life thought I'd show Jerry Lee something on the piano." Actually, Cunningham did it once before—at Lewis's home in 1962—when Cunningham was a guitarist in the band. He told Lewis that to make a major chord into a minor chord on the piano, he had to change only one finger. Lewis didn't believe him, didn't like the notion at all and chased Cunningham out the front door.

The song's rhythm evolves as Lewis begins playing. Producer Rip, a Texan who evokes a beatnik cowboy, plays guitar. He says to the others, "He's putting a shuffle in it." The band feels its way, and the song begins to sway. Lewis is singing, "Never crossed my mind/To what is right and what is not," and a yip and yodel creep into his voice. Rip and Lovelace glance at each other and laugh. On music stands before them a string of chords is written out, but now they're sailing through the song with simplicity and grace, each slew of chords summarized in the sweep of a single chord—and not just that chord but the space between that one

and the ones on either side of it. What isn't played creates not emptiness but feeling, room for feeling, room for Lewis to make "Twilight" his own.

"We have got to come to some sort of collusion here about how we're going to end," says Lewis. "It's hard to end that song. It's so pretty."

Rip answers with understated praise, "I love what you did to it."

"If you hear something wrong," Lewis answers, "don't hesitate to tell me so I can kill you."



Lewis (on a 1995 Gambian stamp) has always been too reckless for his own good.

To much of the contemporary listening audience, Jerry Lee Lewis is the cartoonish character Dennis Quaid portrays in *Great Balls of Fire!* Quaid got the simplicity but not the complexity. Cartoon violence doesn't scar the soul, and Lewis's spirit is vulnerable and real. His life has been as much nightmare as dream.

Lewis was born to Elmo and Mary Ethyl Lewis on September 29, 1935 in Ferriday, Louisiana, a town that smelled worse than shit. Ferriday is on the Mississippi River, across from Natchez, Mississippi, where there used to be a paper plant. The waft from a paper plant is all-encompassing. The stench is something you don't just smell—you taste it, wear it, turn your face from it and can't escape it.


When Lewis was three, his older brother, Elmo Jr., already displaying musical talent at the age of nine, was killed by a drunk driver. Around the same time, the Assembly of God Church opened in Ferriday, and Elmo Lewis Sr. was drawn there, not just for consolation but for the raucous music. He liked to play guitar and had collected many Jimmie Rodgers records. The Assembly of God is a fundamentalist church that believes in visible manifestations of the Spirit, such as healing, visions and everyday miracles. Its services capture the spirit of God through rapturous music, often expressed by fits in the aisles, speaking in tongues, shaking your nerves and rattling your brain.

Another early rock-and-roller was raised in a similar church. When Elvis began performing onstage the way he'd seen Christians shaking on the pulpit, people responded with an uproar. But Elvis and Jerry Lee weren't doing anything they didn't often do in front of their mothers.


Like Elvis, Lewis is a surviving son. He was raised for adulation. His parents risked their house to buy Lewis an upright piano when he was 10. His mother, reveling in the sight of him, would run to his side, lift his arm and call everyone close: "Look at the hairs!" she'd say to the assembled. And then to the golden-haired golden boy, "Jerry, every hair on your arm is perfect." To which he would respond, "It certainly is."

His style had already been formed. "The first song I learned to play was 'Silent Night,' and I (continued on page 132)


Cousins




JERRY LEE
THE KILLER



MYRA GALE BROWN
THIRD WIFE



MICKEY GILLEY
COUNTRY MUSIC STAR



JIMMY SWAGGART
EVANGELICAL PREACHER

IT'S ALL RELATIVE

Jerry Lee Lewis's cousin Myra Gale Brown got a great deal of attention in 1958 when her marriage to Lewis became public. But two other cousins—along with Lewis, all from Ferriday, Louisiana (population 3,632) and born within a year of one another—gained fame the same way the Killer did: by playing the piano. Lewis made a mark as a country singer, but the country charts were even kinder to his cousin Mickey Gilley, who left Ferriday at the age of 17. Settling in Houston, Gilley established his namesake nightclub—the setting for the movie *Urban Cowboy*—and scored 17 number one country hits, beginning with 1974's "Room Full of Roses." These days he has his own theater in Branson, Missouri, and he has a Ferriday street named after him. Still, many claim fallen televangelist Jimmy Swaggart is the greatest musical talent in the family. As boys, he and Lewis played holy-ghost boogie together; later, from his 270-acre ministry in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Swaggart sold more than 15 million copies of his gospel albums.



Olivia

"I think you have the wrong number...but come over anyway!"



The French Kiss

Cognac: the brandy of the gods, the most decadent liquor on the planet. PLAYBOY goes in search of the ultimate buzz

About 800 feet above French soil, I feel the panic start to set in. I'm in the rear seat of a red-and-white Robin DR400 single-prop airplane, the meekest vehicle I've ever encountered. The little wings flap in the breeze. The engine buzzes like a gnat. I need a drink, and in that regard only, I'm in the right place.

On my left sits Jason Bowden, the sharp-witted English brand ambassador for Rémy Martin cognac, whose lanky frame and pale shade make him look like a handsome Q-tip. At the helm is Andrées, otherwise known as Rémy's marketing assistant. Her pilot uniform: tight jeans and a tighter sweater. She's working the foot pedals in black stilettos. We're shoehorned into the tiny plane's red leather cabin—me, the Q-tip, the hot assistant-pilot and the stilettos. Below us the vineyards of Cognac spread out clear to the sea. It's harvest season, and much is afoot. Bowden starts pouring snifters of Rémy Extra, but Andrées declines.

"We usually fly drunk but not today,"

she jokes, shouting over the engine's wheeze. "We have a guest!"

That would be me, and make mine a double.

The reason for this flirtation with mortality? The liquor made in this region of southwest France is the fastest-growing booze popularity-wise in the States right now. For hip-hop stars and four-star chefs, for any guy climbing into a bathtub with the woman of his dreams, cognac is the ultimate extravagance—the "brandy of the gods," as Victor Hugo put it. Yet few drinkers have any idea what it is, what separates an XO from a VSOP and why a single bottle can cost thousands of dollars. So, like a certain French inspector on the trail of the Pink Panther, I went hunting for clues.

A few facts: Cognac is brandy. You boil wine and collect the vapors, concentrating the alcohol. (The scientific word would be *distillation*.) You age it in oak barrels, and there you have it. That's the basic scoop, anyway. The Dutch were the first real brandy fans, back in the 1600s (they called it *brandewijn*, literally "burnt wine"). The English and Americans followed. Brandy is



BY A.J. BAIME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO





Want to drink your cognac in style? Put your cash on the barrel. Opposite page, from left: **Hine Antique XO** Antique is the flagship cognac from this small but revered distillery (\$100, hinecognac.com). **Spiegelau Vino Grande Sniffer** Big, bulbous cognac sniffers will float in a hot tub, which is a plus. But the French use smaller sniffers like this one (\$48 for six, iwawine.com). **Spiegelau Whiskey Tumbler** Try a VSOP on the rocks with a splash of tonic or soda, served in a tumbler (\$40 for six, iwawine.com). **Hennessy Paradis Extra** This outstanding liquor from Hennessy is a notch above an XO—a smooth sipper drenched with flavor (\$250, hennessy.com). **Courvoisier VSOP** Every liquor cabinet should feature a VSOP. This beauty is from Courvoisier (\$40, courvoisier.com). **Martell Cordon Bleu** Martell calls this offering the little black dress of cognacs. It makes a great evening companion (\$110, martell.com). **Rémy Martin Louis XIII** This is special-occasion liquor—wedding night liquor. We tasted it out of the barrel and lived to tell (\$1,300, remy.com). **Swarovski Crystalline Cocktail Glass** The most decadent mixed drink on earth: the Ritz cocktail, created by famed barman Dale DeGroff, dressed up in a Swarovski martini glass (\$285 for two, swarovski.com). Stir 1 ounce VSOP cognac, ½ ounce Cointreau, ¼ ounce maraschino liqueur and ¼ ounce lemon juice in a shaker with ice. Strain into the glass, top with champagne, and garnish with a burnt orange peel.

now made on every continent, but only the brandy made here can be called cognac. "Look down," Bowden says, pointing through the airplane window at a section of Cognac called Grande Champagne. (This is not to be confused with the wine region, which is northeast of Paris.) From above, the earth is carved into vineyards fat with a white grape called *ugni blanc*. "This is where the best brandy in the world comes from," Bowden says. When he talks about cognac, he talks about the chalky soil, the perfect climate, the forests to the east where the oak trees are harvested to make the barrels that age the liquor. All the elements are perfectly suited for their job. Everything is here, and you can see it all from a marinated bird's-eye view.

That night we dine on pigeon stuffed with duck's liver and Bordeaux. You know, light fare. The French drink more per capita than anybody else, and it's readily apparent.

In the morning, ripe with the kind of hangover that makes your hair throb, I pay a visit to the Founder's Cellar at Hennessy. If paradise exists on earth, this is it—the most valuable collection of alcohol on the planet. The lack of security is dumbfounding. You walk down a residential street called Rue de Crouin and find the back entrance, locked behind a wooden door. There are no signs, no guards, no tourists. In the States a cellar like this would be smothered in barbed wire and insurance disclaimers. Inside, the damp air is thick with the "angel's share," the portion of liquor that evaporates from the barrels. The walls are lined with shelves holding hundreds of glass jugs of priceless brandies that have been aging since as far back as 1830. Rows of barrels lie on their side, each with a year on it.

My guide is Maurice Hennessy, a 54-year-old descendant of Richard Hennessy, who in 1765 founded what is now the world's largest brandy firm. Maurice is an amiable cartoon of a man, with eyebrows so bushy they look like squirrels. He's a man of French taste and British manners, born with a tie on. The fact that his surname has become a symbol of gangsta status is one of the great absurdities of our time. ("Smoked out, Hennessy and plenty weed wit mo bitches, four bitches, some cole bitches, c'mon bitches"—Snoop Dogg.)

"This one is my favorite," Hennessy notes, tapping a barrel that reads "1900." He pulls the cork out of the barrel's belly, dips in a test tube attached to a leather string and pours us a couple. We swirl, nose and taste. The liquor is as rich as the man who poured it, and it does wonders for throbbing hair. "If cognac is a symphony," Hennessy says, "this 1900 is one instrument. The master blender writes the symphony, marrying different brandies to achieve the perfect mix."

He leads me to a row of barrels with "Richard Hennessy" written on them, appropriately in chalk. This is the firm's top-shelf brandy, the "symphony." A bottle will run you \$1,800, and a single barrel contains about \$1 million worth of liquor.

Hennessy uncorks one and ladles some out. The cognac is a blend of more than 100 brandies, some of which came out of the still during Theodore Roosevelt's first term. Back then there were no cars around here, just horses and trains. Even in the dark cellar, the liquid is luminescent. When you nose it, you pick up apricot, lily flower, cigar box. And when you taste, everything you've been told about what you're drinking starts to make sense. Generations of artisans worked on this single sip of booze—grape farmers, lumberjacks, coopers, blenders, marketing assistants in tight pants and stilettos. And it's paying off.

So what makes this stuff so extravagant? A good bottle of cognac captures time in a bottle. Whoever said that time is one of those things money can't buy was wrong. It's just expensive.



INSIDE SCOOP

The label on a bottle of cognac will tell you exactly what you're getting into, if you know how to read it

VS: Very Special (sometimes called Three Star). By law this cognac is a blend of brandies that must be at least two years old. It's the cheap stuff—great for flambéing the dessert course. If you see it on a menu for \$10 a glass or more, leave the establishment immediately.

VSOP: Very Superior Old Pale (sometimes called Reserve or VO, as in Very Old). This juice is a blend of brandies that are

at least four years old. Generally speaking, it's your everyday drinking cognac, perfect for cocktails or sipping straight.

XO: Extra Old. A blend of brandies that are at least six years old, an XO is going to cost you about \$80 and up. This liquor is for dinner parties and romantic occasions (or nightly drinking, if you've got the loot to cover the bill). Don't mix it.

Extra: Sometimes used to define a cognac that is a level above XO, such as Rémy Martin Extra.

Grande Champagne: The 32,096-acre section of the Cognac region designated by the Bureau National Interprofessionnel du Cognac (i.e., the brandy police) as the finest production area for grape growing. If the label says Grande Champagne, you are

psyched. You can wear this liquor as cologne.

Petite Champagne: A slightly larger section neighboring Grande Champagne that's designated as the second-best region. And by second best, we mean just shy of perfect.

Fine Champagne: A cognac made only with grapes harvested from the Grande and Petite Champagne regions.

Champagne Pendarvis: An adult-film starlet who has nothing to do with cognac. She is featured in such blockbusters as *Welcome to Bootyville* and *Maverdick*.

Pineau: A cognac blended with grape juice or wine for a lighter, fruitier sipping drink (16 to 22 percent alcohol). White and rosé pineaus are available. They're best served chilled on a hot day.

BANK HEIST (continued from page 62)

The amount of money he wanted to take was going to be heavy, difficult to move and hard to hide.

of 1996. Behind the 2,000-square-foot mobile home Chambers shared with Michele and her two kids, they lit a bonfire, drank beer and grilled.

Campbell and Chambers talked about how easy it would be to knock off a Loomis, Fargo truck. Sure, the guards carried guns, but that wouldn't stop Campbell. She wanted to be a rich bitch. Chambers talked and talked—the usual gangster bullshit.

Grant was impressed by how much pot Campbell could smoke, how much beer she could chug. She acted more like a man than a woman. A woman didn't sit around and chug beers like that. Real fun, and yet she seemed depressed.

Grant stood on Chambers's back porch as the sun set over the fields. The cousins passed joints and watched the kids play. "There's a plan in the works," Chambers said. "There's a vault supervisor I'm trying to get Kelly to talk to and convince to help us out. You interested?"

"Yeah," Grant said. He didn't think it was real. They were just talking shit.

Campbell trusted Steve Chambers completely. When they were teenagers, he had always looked after her. Never lied. Always protected her. Now she and her husband were close to divorce. They had just declared bankruptcy. They were in their late 20s, and their dreams were dying. There had been a time when they thought they could escape the trailer park and the dead-end jobs and share in the wealth and consumer culture thrust in their faces every time they turned on the television or drove through downtown Charlotte. But it just wasn't happening.

Grant was stuck in a factory. He was not happy with his life. It wasn't where he wanted to be. Was this all there was? All he wanted was a good-paying job, a good home, a car. The basics.

David Ghannt was bitter. Somehow he had ended up where he had started, working nonstop and barely earning enough to live on. Tammy was a sweet girl with a wicked sense of humor, but she didn't have much ambition. She was happy to stay put.

Sometimes it got so bad he wanted to stand up at work and tell everyone to go fuck himself. But he held his rage inside. He was married. He had responsibilities.

Yet he was working so hard he hardly saw Tammy—and argued with her when he did. No vacations to any place far away. No candy bars or comic books—money was too tight. He was smoking a pack and a half a day, outside the trailer at her insistence. He had lost 15 pounds.

One Saturday afternoon he sat on the flower-print couch in his old jeans and work boots and went through bills spread out on the coffee table. He cranked up Led Zeppelin on the radio. Some CCR.

He and Tammy had a mortgage. They'd torn the yard to hell when they put in the trailer and blew a bunch of money on grass seed and a lawn mower. They'd maxed out their credit cards and could barely afford the monthly minimums. As he looked at the calculator and smelled Tammy's potpourri air freshener, he felt sick. He figured it would take 30 years to pay off his bills. He also owed payments on his Dodge Dakota pickup. And even now his wife was out shopping. He was fucked. Fucked.

Several months after she left Loomis, Kelly Campbell paged David Ghannt out of the blue.

"What the hell you want?" he teased.

"How would you feel about robbing Fargo?"

Ghannt was shocked. He knew she was frustrated. And he knew what kind of person she was—not the kind for idle chatter. He had thought about her from time to time, wondered about how things could have been different if he'd ended up with her instead of Tammy.

While Ghannt was downcast and dutiful at work, Campbell had been bawdy and defiant. She would actually stand up to a supervisor. She knew the workers were getting the short end of the stick, and she'd never been afraid to say so.

A few nights after his conversation with Kelly Campbell, Ghannt watched an Atlanta Braves game with his wife. A man named Philip Johnson had just been arrested for the biggest heist in U.S. history, making off with more than \$18 million in Loomis cash before getting busted at the border. They had talked about the case at dinner. "How would you feel if I robbed Fargo?" Ghannt blurted out between innings. Tammy said it was a terrible idea. She would have to call the police. It was September 1997.

Ghannt bought a book on the FBI. He thought ahead five years. Where did he want to be? What were his options? How could he get there? As he mowed the lawn, he thought about which day would net them the most money and allow for the most time to take it—a Saturday. He studied Loomis security. The Charlotte facility was always understaffed because it paid so poorly. When someone quit, Ghannt would close the vault alone or with a new hire.

He called Campbell. They met after work one evening in the field behind the gun shop. The leaves were changing. Ghannt could taste the air, crisp and redolent of the new season. Campbell pulled up in her green Toyota pickup. She was wearing jeans and a blue windbreaker, her hair pulled back. The two sat on the hood of Ghannt's pickup and smoked Marlboro Lights 100s.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this thing?" she asked.

"If I can get the support," he replied. He needed a fake ID and a safe way out of the country. Campbell told him she had a friend who was connected.

"Do you trust him?"

"I've known him a long time. Don't worry."

That was all he needed to hear. He didn't want to meet the guy. Didn't want to know his name. The military always taught you to compartmentalize operations. The guy had connections. He would put a crew together and launder the cash clean.

They talked about stealing a little money. Ghannt wanted to take it all. If he was going to commit a federal offense, he might as well take it all. "Think about it," he said. "I'm never going to be able to come back to this country. I'm never going to see my family again. I'm never going to see my wife again."

He told her the amount of money he wanted to take was going to be bulky, heavy, difficult to move and hard to hide. Getting it out of the country wouldn't be easy. They would have to be careful. In the first six months of any FBI investigation, the bureau goes full tilt. It'll put 30 or 40 agents on the case, especially with something as big as this. She would have to lie low for a year. Sit on it and not do anything.

Right then he turned to look into her eyes. He kissed her on the lips, and they made out for 15 minutes.

They agreed to split the money three ways.

They met again in a park near her home to work out more details. Some locals were fishing. Campbell had her little boy with her. Ghannt told her he wanted her to be the one to bring the

(continued on page 140)



"I'm really enjoying the tour of your studio, Herr Rubens!"



SPECIALTY OF THE HOUSE

When you visit
Miss February,
save room for dessert

As one of the managers of Campisi's Restaurant, a family-run business that has been a Dallas favorite since 1946, Amber Campisi can be chauvinistic about her family's cooking. "I'll eat anything," she says, "but I don't usually like Italian anywhere else. The way we do it is just better." It's hard to argue with her, especially since she's willing to put her opinion where your mouth is. When the 23-year-old restaurateur visited our office, she hauled in enough oval Campisi's pizzas to feed the staff. "My family can't travel without them," she says. "When we go to the Cayman Islands every year, we bring lasagna and pizzas in a cooler. It's ridiculous."

Amber's affinity has been hard-earned. "There are pictures of me wearing an apron and a name tag when I was five years old," she says. "I would go to work with my dad when I was little and stay until closing time. They'd cover me with napkins, and I'd sleep in a booth." An interesting historical note about the restaurant: Jack Ruby, a friend of Amber's grandfather Joe, dined there the night before he shot Lee Harvey Oswald. This led the Warren Commission to interview the elder Campisi. "One of the stories is that Ruby came in and told my grandfather he was going to do it to spare the Kennedys the pain of a trial," she says. Whatever was said that night, Dallas now has seven Campisi's restaurants that are better known for their *squisito* Italian cuisine—and soon for Amber's lovely pictorial—than for any historical connections.

Miss February first appeared in *PLAYBOY* in December 2003 as part of our 50th Anniversary Playmate Search. Amber decided to try out when our scouts visited her hometown. "I was done with college," she says, "and I wanted to try something fun and new, so I thought, Why not? Modeling comes easily to me—I could do it all day." A self-described social creature, Amber says she could also talk all day and even all night: "Sometimes I'll start chatting with customers and lose track of the time, and I'll look up and it's two in the morning. I love it when that happens."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA



As for dating, Miss February appreciates the romantic, old-school approach. "I'm the type who likes dinner, wine and conversation. He doesn't have to be the cutest guy, just as long as I'm having fun and laughing." Old-school she may be, but Amber is hardly bound by tradition. "I usually make the first move," she says. "I like guys who are hard to get. I'm all about the chase." You should definitely consider yourself hunted if Amber appears with her idea of a romantic dish: some kind of pasta, "along with a really good Italian steak with lots of garlic—which is an aphrodisiac—and some kind of dessert made with chocolate, also an aphrodisiac." And the music? Sinatra? Tony Bennett? Sorry: "I love Sade and Erykah Badu—any R&B with a slow, sexy groove."

Though Miss February's ideal Valentine's Day would involve—surprise!—good food and wine (and some fella, we assume), her most memorable came after she had broken up with her boyfriend and moved into her

Since Amber appeared in the December 2003 issue, men have been popping into Campisi's for a visual appetizer. "It's definitely been the buzz around Dallas," she says. "Guys bring in magazines to be signed." Amber's family supports her modeling ambitions. "My family isn't too conservative," she says. "They expected something like this from me. My dad is putting the PLAYBOY stuff on a wall in the restaurant."











first apartment. "We were still friends," she says. "I told him I was lonely and that I wanted a big white fluffy cat—an annoying, girly, prissy cat. He brought over this box, and I heard the meow and got so excited. I opened it, and there was the ugliest cat ever. She was every color but white, and

she had huge ears and this giant rat tail. I just howled—it was the perfect gift. But she's a sweet kitty. I named her Bella, and now she and I are inseparable."

So there lies the secret to Amber's heart: Start with food, then move to fur.

See more of Miss February at cyber.playboy.com.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

© 2009 Playboy

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Amber Campisi
 BUST: 36DD WAIST: 28 HIPS: 36
 HEIGHT: 5ft 6in WEIGHT: 127
 BIRTH DATE: 6-21-81 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas, Texas
 AMBITIONS: To help run the family restaurant and one day pass it on to my children.
 TURN-ONS: Athletic men, Someone who is Confident but not cocky, and redheads ♡.
 TURN-OFFS: Cheaters, liars and people who can't make me laugh.
 WHY I LOVE DALLAS: The people are all so friendly, and my family is in Dallas - it's home!
 MY FAVORITE COLLEGE COURSES: Nonprofit Communication, Communication Research and Argumentation.
 PEOPLE SAY THAT I LOOK LIKE: Catherine Zeta-Jones.
 I WISH THAT I HAD: A chance to travel the world.
 BEST TV SHOW EVER: Sex and the City - I'm Samantha!



Christmas in Dallas.



Me and Bella.



Cave exploring in Costa Rica, Nov '03.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A zookeeper accidentally left the zebra's cage open one night. The zebra escaped and ran to a nearby farm. He approached a hen and said, "What do you do around here?"

The hen replied, "I lay eggs."

The zebra walked up to a cow and asked, "What do you do?"

The cow replied, "I provide milk."

The zebra then asked a bull, "What do you do around here?"

The bull looked the zebra up and down and said, "Take off those silly pajamas and I'll show you."



A doctor advised an overweight man to lose 75 pounds. The man saw an ad for a guaranteed weight-loss program. He purchased the plan that promised he would lose 10 pounds in three days. The next day, a voluptuous young woman appeared at his door. She was wearing nothing but running shoes and a sign around her neck that read, IF YOU CAN CATCH ME, YOU CAN HAVE ME.

She began to run away. He took off after her. A mile later, he caught her and they had sex. The same woman showed up the next two days. Each time, he ran after her, caught her and had sex with her. On the third day, he was delighted to see he'd lost 10 pounds. So he called the company and ordered the plan that guaranteed he'd lose 20 pounds in seven days. "Are you sure?" the telephone representative asked. "It's our most rigorous program."

"Yes," he replied.

The next day, the doorbell rang. He opened it, expecting to see the same woman. But instead, a man was standing there wearing nothing but running shoes and a sign around his neck that read, IF I CATCH YOU, YOU'RE MINE.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two women were bicycling along a cobblestoned path through town. One woman said, "I've never come this way before."

The other said, "It's the cobblestones."

Three men walked into a bar and ordered drinks. They began discussing what they had purchased their wives for Valentine's Day. The first man said, "I got my wife two presents—a pair of diamond earrings and a diamond bracelet. This way if she doesn't like the earrings, chances are she'll like the bracelet."

The second man said, "I got my wife two presents for Valentine's Day also. I got her a fur coat and a ruby necklace. This way if she doesn't like the fur coat, she'll still like the ruby necklace."

The last man said, "I got my wife two gifts too. One is a T-shirt and the other is a dildo. This way if she doesn't like the shirt, she can go fuck herself."

A human sexuality instructor was discussing Kinsey's research. He mentioned that Kinsey had interviewed a woman who once had 100 orgasms during a single session of sex. A male student asked, "Wow, who was she?"

A female student said, "Who the hell cares? Who was the guy she was with?"

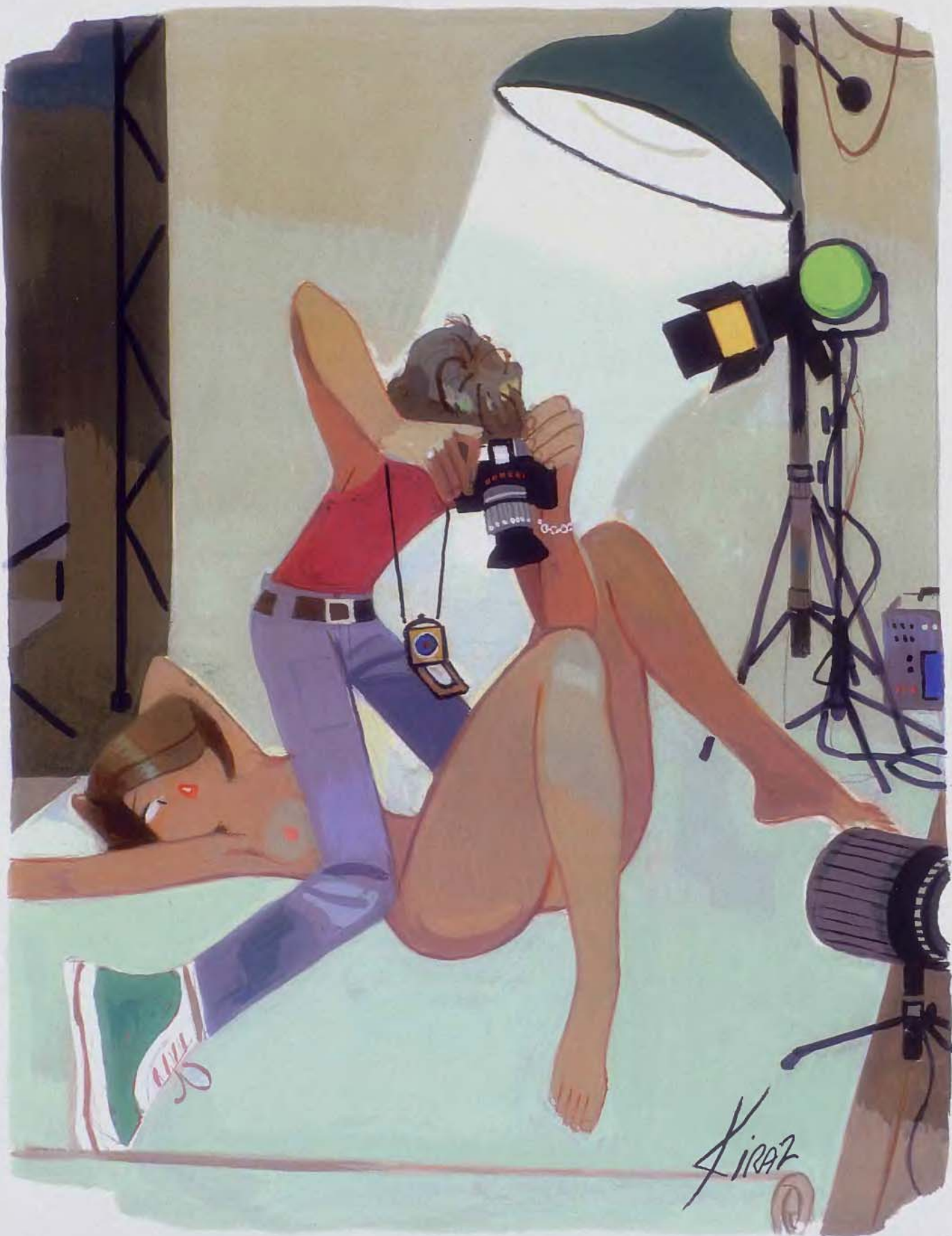
Who was the model for the Mona Lisa?
The Da Vinci Coed.



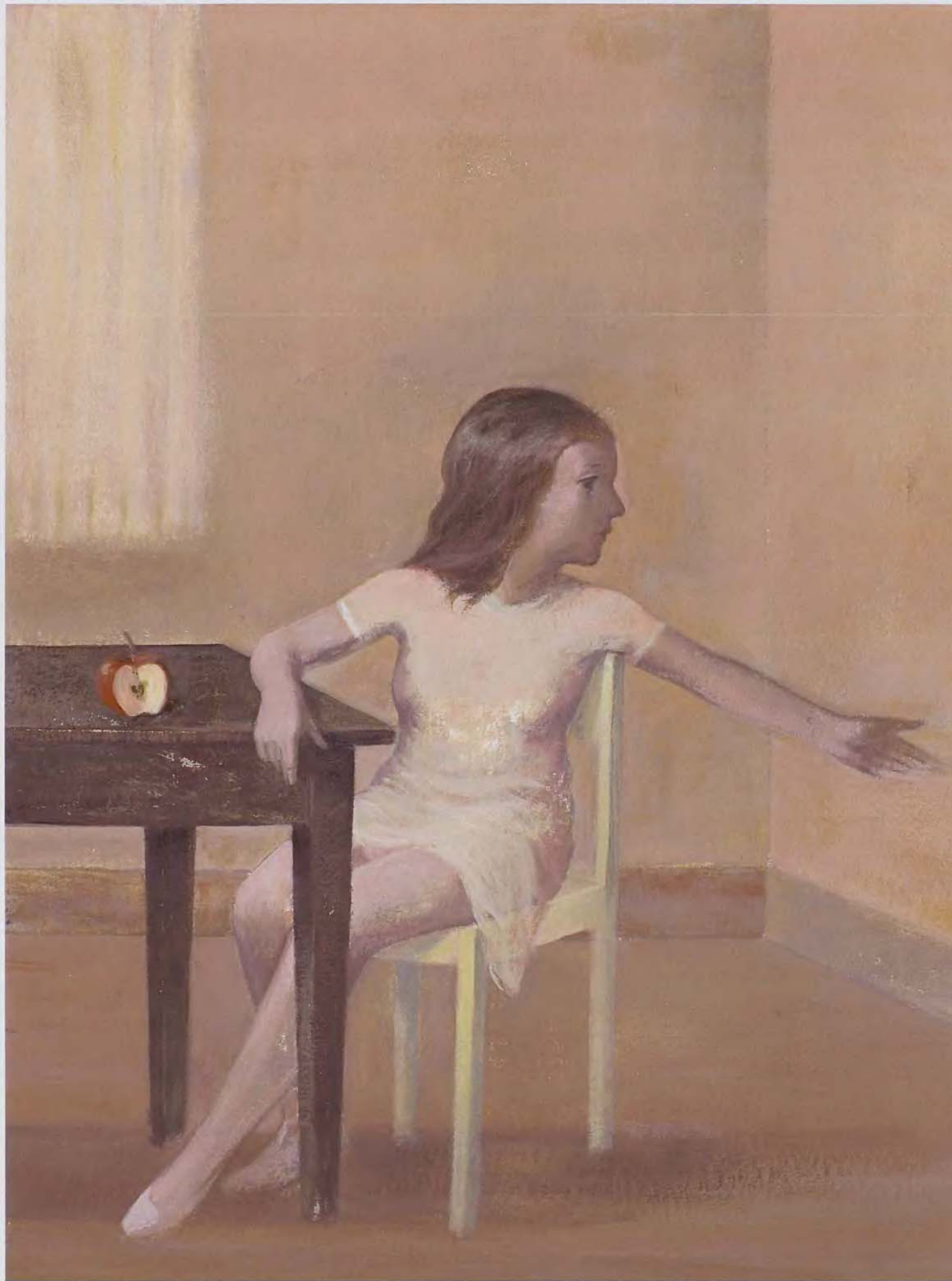
A union plumber arrived at a woman's apartment to repair a leaking pipe. They began flirting and within a few minutes were making out. At five o'clock, the phone rang. The woman talked for a while, then hung up. She said, "That was my husband. He's on his way home. But he'll be going back out later tonight. Come back then, and we can take up where we left off."

The plumber looked at the woman in disbelief and said, "You mean on my own time?"

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected.



"Next time I won't spend hours on my makeup!"





EVEN WHEN HE WAS SURROUNDED
BY WOMEN, DAD KEPT FADING
INTO THE FUTURE

THE AFTER LIFE

FICTION BY **AMY HEMPEL**

When my mother died, my father's early widowerhood gave him social cachet he would not have had if they had divorced. He was a bigger catch for the sorrow attached. He was kind, cultured, youthful and good-looking, and many women tended to him. They cooked dinner for him and sent their housekeepers to his Victorian near the Presidio Gate. My brothers were away at college, but I, who had dropped out of school, spent a good deal of time at the house.

Some of the women who looked after my father banked their right actions for later, I felt. One woman signed him up for a concert series, but it was a kind of music he didn't much like, and he had been at a concert—chamber music—the night my mother died.

One woman stocked his kitchen with candied ginger and snail shells and bottles of good red wine. I would prop bags of Oreos and Fig Newtons alongside so my brothers would find something familiar when they came home.

One woman sang to him; another, when he asked if she could sing, said, "If I were to sing, it would sound like talking louder." A couple of the women courted me as the best bet. There were shopping trips, lunches in their gardens, suggestions for cutting my hair. I was not used to that kind of attention, and seeing through it didn't mean I didn't also like it.

One woman was impatient with his mourning; another seemed excited by it. She didn't wear underwear when she came to visit; I know because I heard her tell him. He told me she sent him pictures of herself naked; he was Midwestern enough to be stunned.

The woman I liked—for a while she came over every night. She would get to his house when it was still light enough to see fog blowing down the street from the bay window in the living room. He would make her a drink in the kitchen, stirring in the Rose's lime juice with a chopstick from the Japanese take-out place. He would carry it in to where he had seated her on the toast-colored Italian couch in front of the fire. The house was a hundred years old, but the furniture was futuristic.

She was futuristic. She was forward-looking, although the past was what they had between them. Jane Stein had known my mother in college. She had married a friend of my father's and had not seen my parents since. She still lived in the Midwest but not with her husband anymore. I had looked her up the month before when I was in Chicago. When I found out she was going to San Francisco, I told my father to take her to dinner. On their second date she arrived at the house with a black cashmere sweater for me—a "finder's fee," she said.

On their third date the three of us went to dinner. Other of the women had wanted me along so my father could see them draw me out. Jane wanted me there because we thought the same things were

shelter she was in town to advise. Then she would reappear, note all that had been given up or given away—the travel, the glass stirrer for drinks—and let him return to a place she'd never been.

On the last night she visited my father, she asked him if the two of them might go somewhere together. And he said, "Darling, I don't go to the *dining room* anymore."

"Is there a place you *could* go and be happy?" she asked.

My father said that maybe he could go back to Aspen. That was where he and my mother, and sometimes we kids, went every summer for a handful of years. Not one of us was a skier, and in summer the town hosted a music festival in a huge tent set up in a meadow. World-class musicians filled small hotels and swam in the pools with tourists like us. My father knew a lot about classical music, so he was happy discussing the afternoon program with the first-chair violinist while my mother read on a chaise in the sun and my brothers tried to land on me in the deep end from the high board.

This was when we lived in a suburb of Denver and would go rock collecting weekends in the foothills. The

lichen-covered rocks we brought back in the car ended up in the yard framing native flowering plants. I got to stay in the car and drink Tab after a rock I picked up freed something I still have dreams about. The

One woman didn't wear underwear when she came to visit.

funny. When my father complained about a nosy woman who had detained him in the grocery store, Jane said, "That's the trouble with people in general—you have to run into them."

When I hung back a bit walking to the car, she said, "Take up space!" and pulled me along by the arm. The next week, she didn't mind that I saw my father walk her to the front door in the morning.

One night: "I made a fool of myself on that trip," I heard my father say. "Staying in the places I stayed with their mother years ago—I was posing the whole time, playing the part of a man in grief, from St. Petersburg to Captiva."

He was telling her about the time he'd gone by himself to Florida, only a few weeks after my mother had died. Jane and my father were in the habit of travel. Every night they returned to his house, he mixed her a drink with a wooden chopstick and took her on the trips he had taken to China and Switzerland and Venice with his late wife. Jane told him she would have thought she would be more interested in hearing about the places she had not seen herself but was, in fact, more interested in where they had gone in this country, especially the places that she knew too, along the coast of Florida. "What year was that?" she would ask, then do the math to see what she had been doing at the time.

When it was time for her to leave for the night, or the next morning, my father would put an object in her hands for her to take; he would divest himself of yet another *thing*—a Waring blender, a toaster oven—he could not imagine using again. He gave her classical CDs, a copper omelet pan, several crystal vases, a Victorian planter, a set of good knives, sweaters if the temperature had dropped the slightest bit, a comforter, books, a pumpkin pie he had made—he gave her something every day. Most of it she gave to the women's

mountains had nothing for me, and I did not yet know that *water* was going to be my place on earth, not swimming pools at small hotels but lakes, the ocean, a lazy-waved bay, ponds ringed with willows, and me the girl swimming under low-hanging branches brushed by leaves for the rest of my days.

I heard Jane ask my father if he was happiest when he was in Aspen. He said, "I was, and then I wasn't." She said, "You can was again." He said he didn't think so. And she didn't come back the next day.

In a note to me a couple of weeks later, Jane wrote from Chicago that she would miss us. She said she understood that my father's life had ended with my mother's death and that what he inhabited now was a kind of afterlife—not dead but not alive to possibility, to what else one might still choose, and "Who would choose to live less?" she asked.

I didn't mention the note to my father, but I asked him if he wished she still came over. He said she was a terrific person.

The women who followed included a self-styled libertine and a beauty whose parents had called in a priest to exorcise her when she was a child. Some of the women were contenders—generous, brimming, game.

The woman he sees now seems decent and kind. I met her at his house this morning. She was clearing his garden of weeds, advising him on the placement of a eucalyptus tree.

She left before I did. My father waved to her from the bay window and asked if I didn't think she looked a little like Jane Stein.

I said, "That was a long time ago," and he said, so I understood him, "*Nothing* is a long time ago."



Romance



JUAN IVARRA • JORGE G

GETTING TO KNOW YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S BREASTS

MEN AND BABIES AGREE — TITS LOOK AND FEEL GREAT.
BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? WHY ARE THEY HERE?
AND WHEN CAN WE SEE THEM AGAIN? BY CHIP ROWE

HOW TO TELL WHEN SHE'S HORNY

BOOB TRUTH #1: When a woman is turned on, her nipples typically become hard. But as she nears climax, they disappear. That's because her breasts swell, and the areolae (the soft pads behind her nipples) expand. Once she has climaxed, the areolae quickly shrink, which is a good indicator that she wasn't faking.

COROLLARY TO BOOB TRUTH #1: A woman's nipples getting hard doesn't always mean she's turned on. She could be chilly or nervous. **BOOB TRUTH #2:** Size has nothing to do with sensitivity. **COROLLARY TO BOOB TRUTH #2:** Women with large breasts are more sensitive to shoulder rubs.

HANDLE WITH CARE

The big mistake guys make while handling breasts is playing too rough. Many women put up with your pawing only because it turns you on. Take it easy. Work your way up from her abdomen with caresses. Stroke underneath her nipples. Wet a nipple, then blow on it. Best move: Ask her to show you how she

likes her breasts handled, which will turn both of you on. About one percent of women can climax from just having their tits caressed; if you find a woman like this, you'll never have to work too hard.

LARGER THAN LIFE

Women have bigger tits than you realize—the breast tissue extends from the collarbone to the bottom rib and from the breastbone to the back of the armpit. The average unenhanced breast weighs about 10 ounces and measures four inches across and 2.5 inches from the chest wall to the nipple. The average Playmate's bust today is 35 inches, as measured around the back and over the nipples, which is about an inch smaller than in the 1960s. Only about one in 800 women has breasts of exactly the same size, but they're usually close, and many women aren't sure which is larger and even guess wrong until they're measured. One or two percent of women and men have more than two breasts (known as *polymastia*) and/or nipples (*polythelia*).

BREAST PSYCHOLOGY

According to a study of 270 male and female college students, the first impression of a woman with large boobs is that she is stupid, incompetent, immoral and immodest. No one has studied the second impression. A survey of 95 male students found that those who preferred

small breasts were more likely to be religious, less likely to drink and smoke and more likely to be depressed. Social scientists have found that men prefer breasts that are larger than women would like to have but that women overestimate the size they think men like. In a study involving 275 men, the average "perfect" breast was 3.84 on a scale of 5, with 1 being an AA cup and 5 being a D. But guys also say they prefer a slim frame, which puts women in a difficult position.

KEEPING IT REAL

According to the American Society of Plastic Surgeons, 254,000 women had their breasts enlarged in 2003, while 113,000 had them reduced. The easiest way to tell if a woman's breasts are natural is if they slide sideways with gravity as she lies on her back. A favorite online parlor game, like the one at playboy.com/breasttest, is to spot the fakes.

WHY WOMEN HAVE BREASTS

Women are the only primates with permanently enlarged breasts (in others, they appear only during lactation). Hypotheses as to why this evolved: (1) to allow an early woman to show a suitor that she eats well enough to have stored excess fat, making her a good candidate to bear and suckle his kids; (2) to bring the nipple to the infant's mouth, since

there's no chest hair for the kid to pull itself up with and because it might otherwise be smothered by Mom's chest; (3) to act as a flotation device for the kid while crossing deep rivers; (4) because STDs wiped out the flat-chested women, who appeared not to be lactating and got more action; (5) for no good reason. In her book *Woman: An Intimate Geography*, Natalie Angier suggests that permanently enlarged breasts are evolutionarily "arbitrary," i.e., decorative. Men, women and children may be drawn to them, she says, simply because we are naturally attracted to round objects, such as faces or the moon. In his *Book of the Breast*, Robert Anton Wilson supposes that the double catenary of female breasts "may have unconsciously inspired the engineers who first solved the problems of suspension bridges."

BREAST MAN

Aside from the fact that you like circles and bridges, what compels you to stare at two mounds of fat hanging from your girlfriend's chest? In *The Naked Ape*, zoologist Desmond Morris outlines his idea that men love boobs because boobs resemble buttocks. In the jungle a female primate in heat displays her ass to indicate that she's ready for sex. The exposed skin around her anus and vagina swells and changes color. Morris surmises that once women began walking upright, breasts developed as a way for them to arouse bootylicious thoughts without bending over. Biped babes could now catch a male's eye coming or going. The problem with this hypothesis is that men in many cultures aren't obsessed with breasts. In their 1951 book *Patterns of Sexual Behavior*, anthropologists Clellan Ford and Frank Beach conclude that the most universally admired female trait is plumpness. Less than one quarter of the tribes they surveyed valued large breasts. The website 007b.com, which archives the various sizes and shapes of breasts (including tubular), argues that they are not inherently sexy but simply a sign that a girl has become "capable of feeding children as God intended." It asks, "Is a bull interested in the cow's udder when it wants to mate?"

NIPPLE LOVE

A woman has two nipples because, like the horse, cow and elephant, she usually gives birth to one child at a time. Pigs and dogs have litters. The German word for nipple is *Brustwarze*, or "breast wart." Men have nipples because all fetuses begin as asexual templates. The presence of the Y chromosome causes a testosterone surge that suppresses breast growth. But occasionally, when a boy reaches his teen years, he sprouts...

MAN BOOBS

Many men suffer from gynecomastia, which is a hormonal expansion of the breast tissue, or pseudogynecomastia, which is excess fat. About 14,000 males have breast-reduction surgery each year. Besides puberty, gynecomastia can be triggered by steroid abuse, liver disease, genetic disorders, castration or heavy marijuana use. In the former East Germany, a few convicted rapists were administered trickling estrogen 24 hours a day to curb their aggression. The drugs gave them breasts and rounded hips, which made them look enough like women that they became favorite targets for rape by other prisoners. In 1996 Las Vegas gambler Brian Zembic got 38C implants for a year to win a \$100,000 bet. He told writer Michael Konik that he occasionally shaved his tits so he could show them off. Zembic collected the cash but kept his implants; they got him laid. "I don't know if it's a latent lesbian thing or what, but the chicks are nuts for them," he said. He also said he was tired of hearing men talk about women's breasts as if they were separate entities, "like jewelry or a hat or something."

TIT SLINGS

The first modern bra, cobbled together from handkerchiefs, ribbon and cord, debuted in New York high society in 1913. During the 1920s manufacturers added elastic and metal fasteners. In the 1930s they introduced a strapless version and cup sizes. The average size today is said

to be 36B or 36C. In *Lesbian Sex Secrets for Men*, Jamie Goddard suggests that guys be more respectful of the bra. "A lot of women carefully pick out their undergarments to arouse you, so it's disheartening if you rip through them," she says.

TITGUSTICS

During the 18th century Swedish taxonomist Linnaeus invented the classification Mammalia ("of the breast," from the Latin *mammae*, which sounds a lot like "Mama!") to describe the order of higher vertebrates that secrete milk from mammary glands. He could have chosen as a common element our hairy bodies, the structure of our middle ears or our four-chambered hearts, but none is as exciting.

The word *breasts* appeared in Europe in the 11th century as *bhreus*, "to well or sprout." *Tit* dates at least to the 16th century but referred then only to the nipple, which is likely

from *nib*, the point of a quill pen. Shakespeare called breasts "chalky cliffs." By the 18th century they had become kettle-drums, globes, blubber bags, dumplings and diddies. By the 19th century it was top buttocks, berkeleys, buffers, charlies, nature's founts, panthers or toora-looras. More recently—1930s: boobies, fried eggs, knobs, knockers, the twins. 1940s: balloons, boobs, maracas, pair. 1950s: cans, jugs, lungs, melons, bazooms, TNT (two nifty tits), gazongas, goonas, snorbs, hooters, wallopies, nay nays, milk bar, shock absorbers. 1960s: baby bumpers, bazookas, funsacks, rack, chabobs, chichibangas, credentials, nice pair of eyes, tremblers. 1970s: honkers, mammaries, bazongas, chalubbies, dangleberries, glands, tit lottery (beauty contest). 1980s: tatas, flight deck, handles, balangas, bazoombas, num-nums, bongos, top set. 1990s: fuck udders, puppies, rib cushions, shoulder boulders, chebs, chest flesh, ditties, fleshy bagpipes, nards, nugs, willets.



p r e p ' s

Break out the khaki and polos—it's time to go back to the 1980s

Mr. Snuggles is in a corduroy three-button blazer with elbow patches (\$475), striped shirt (\$65) and faded denim pants (\$68), all by **Phat Farm**. (Check out the contrasting blue collar on the shirt.) His fedora is by **Paul Smith Accessories** (\$240). His squeeze is in a beaded dress by **Blonetti** (\$870). Sir Salute wears a denim two-button blazer (\$130), an argyle sweater (\$75) and khakis (\$55), all by **Phat Farm**. His hat is also by **Paul Smith Accessories** (\$240).



C O O

PLAYBOY
FASHION

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS/PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICK ROCK

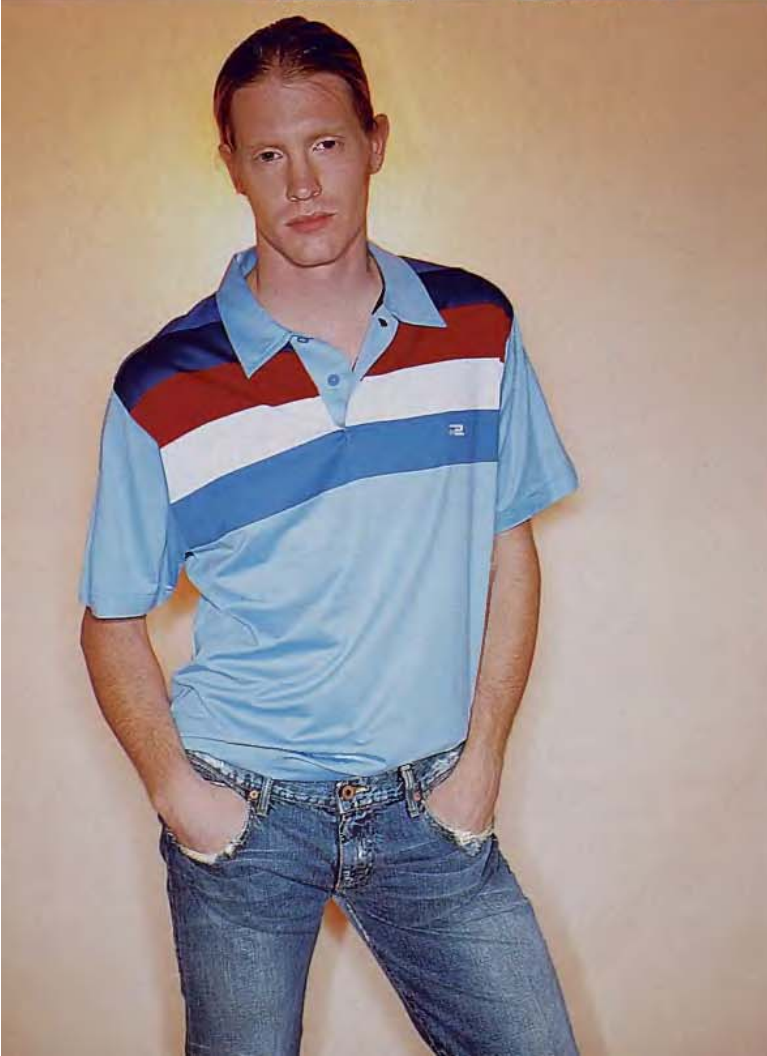
Smiley, in an outfit by **Gant**, wears a pin-striped blazer (\$475), shirt (\$100), zip-front cardigan (\$119), flat-front khakis (\$185), striped belt with ring closure (\$99) and rep tie (\$75). His pocket square is by **Best of Class by Robert Talbott** (\$65). Our Spicoli's in a two-button blazer (\$475), shirt (\$100), sweater (\$100), red pants (\$119) and rep tie (\$75), all by **Gant**. His pocket square is by **Sean John** (\$20). Their glasses are by **Oliver Peoples by Larry Leight** (\$235). She's in a dress by **Kenneth Cole New York** (\$99).

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This spring, plan on using polo shirts as the mainstay of your everyday wardrobe. In addition to the alligators and ponies of the 1980s, all kinds of other chest details will be seen. To avoid looking as if you just walked out of the pages of a generic catalog—or off the set of *That '80s Show*—try pairing your polos with gritty jeans instead of crisp khakis. **THAT PAGE**, clockwise from top left: It's a collection of faux 1980s icons. Our Judd Nelson wears a pink polo (\$60) over a blue polo (\$60), both by **Michael Michael Kors**, and pants by **Shenzo Jeans** (\$175). Our Emilio Estevez is in a striped green polo by **Le Tigre** (\$49), dark-wash jeans by **Chip & Pepper** (\$185) and sunglasses by **Phat Farm** (\$44). Our Anthony Michael Hall—we just call him Rusty—is in a green university polo by **Rosasen** (\$85) and pants by **Shenzo Jeans** (\$175). Our Rob Lowe is in a white striped polo (\$45) worn over a turquoise polo (\$45), both by **OP**. His faded jeans are by **Chip & Pepper** (\$190). A quick note on color: Contrasting layers is cool—it's an old trick, and it still works. Bright hues will make you pop out of the ordinary. In other words, if you think it's too loud, it's just right. **THIS PAGE**: Consider it an updated version of *Miami Vice*. Our Crockett, at right, is in a striped green shirt (\$75), three-button twill blazer (\$150) and flat-front cotton pants (\$65), all by **Tommy Hilfiger**. Tying it all together is a belt by **Paul Smith Accessories** (\$165). Our Tubbs, at left, pleads his case in a floral print shirt (\$60), flat-front cotton shorts (\$40) and navy blazer (\$150), all by **Tommy Hilfiger**. His woven belt is also by **Paul Smith Accessories** (\$165).





One of the great things about classic preppy style is that even though it's sporty and easygoing, it still looks put-together. There's just something about collars and knit patterns. **THAT PAGE**, clockwise from top left: Ornery Guy wears a yellow polo by **Retro Fox** (\$52) over a white polo with gingham collar by **Ryan Kenny** (\$98). His faded jeans are by **Chip & Pepper** (\$190). Dancing Fool is in a striped polo by **NYBased** (\$48) and jeans by **Shenzo Jeans** (\$175). Shy Guy's polo is by **Phat Farm** (\$55). His dark-wash jeans are by **Chip & Pepper** (\$185). Pockets wears a polo by **Rosasen** (\$85) and frayed-pocket jeans by **Shenzo Jeans** (\$175). **THIS PAGE**: Look out for our Oscar's right hook. He's in a navy jacket (\$275), plaid pants (\$125) and yellow heringbone shirt (\$140), all by **Sean John**. His silk-and-cashmere sweater-vest is by **Iceberg** (\$359), and his striped tie is by **Paul Smith Accessories** (\$125). The ring girl is in a red bustier with black lace trim by **Donna L'Oren** (\$28) and a tube dress by **House of Diehl** (\$1,200). Our Rocky, brandishing his left uppercut, is in a seersucker blazer (\$398) and matching pants (\$220) by **Ryan Kenny**. The lime green shirt (\$190) and lavender V-neck sweater (\$140) are also by **Ryan Kenny**. **Paul Smith Accessories** makes his tie (\$125). By the way, you'll probably want to ground all the colors and patterns with neutral-color shoes. These clothes take vintage preppy hallmarks—collegiate looks, upper-crusty fabrics and textures—and marry them to contemporary notions of comfort and style. A kind of hip-hop bagginess adds attitude to the pants, for instance.

THE BIG TIME

THESE DAYS AN OVERSIZE WATCH SAYS YOU'VE ARRIVED

Wristwatches with jumbo faces are big this year and getting bigger. So get bold and lead with your wrist. TOP ROW, from left: With a burgundy leather band, the chronograph by **ICE TEK** (\$795) features eight diamonds. The Seastar diver's watch by **TISSOT** (\$525) is water-resistant to 100 meters. **NOA** makes the watch with the black face and raised silver numbers (\$1,495). Its band consists of alligator leather stitched to rubber. BOTTOM ROW, from left: **TOURNEAU** offers the steel Safari Sport (\$495) with steel-mesh bracelet. The oversized watch with rubber strap is by **EBEL** (\$4,350). The clean silver dial distinguishes the stainless steel watch by **MOVADO** (\$1,495). The watch with the cream face and brown leather strap is by **TIMEX** (\$35). It features an Indiglo night-light. **ORIS** makes the stainless steel watch at far right (\$995) with a sapphire crystal and leather band.

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

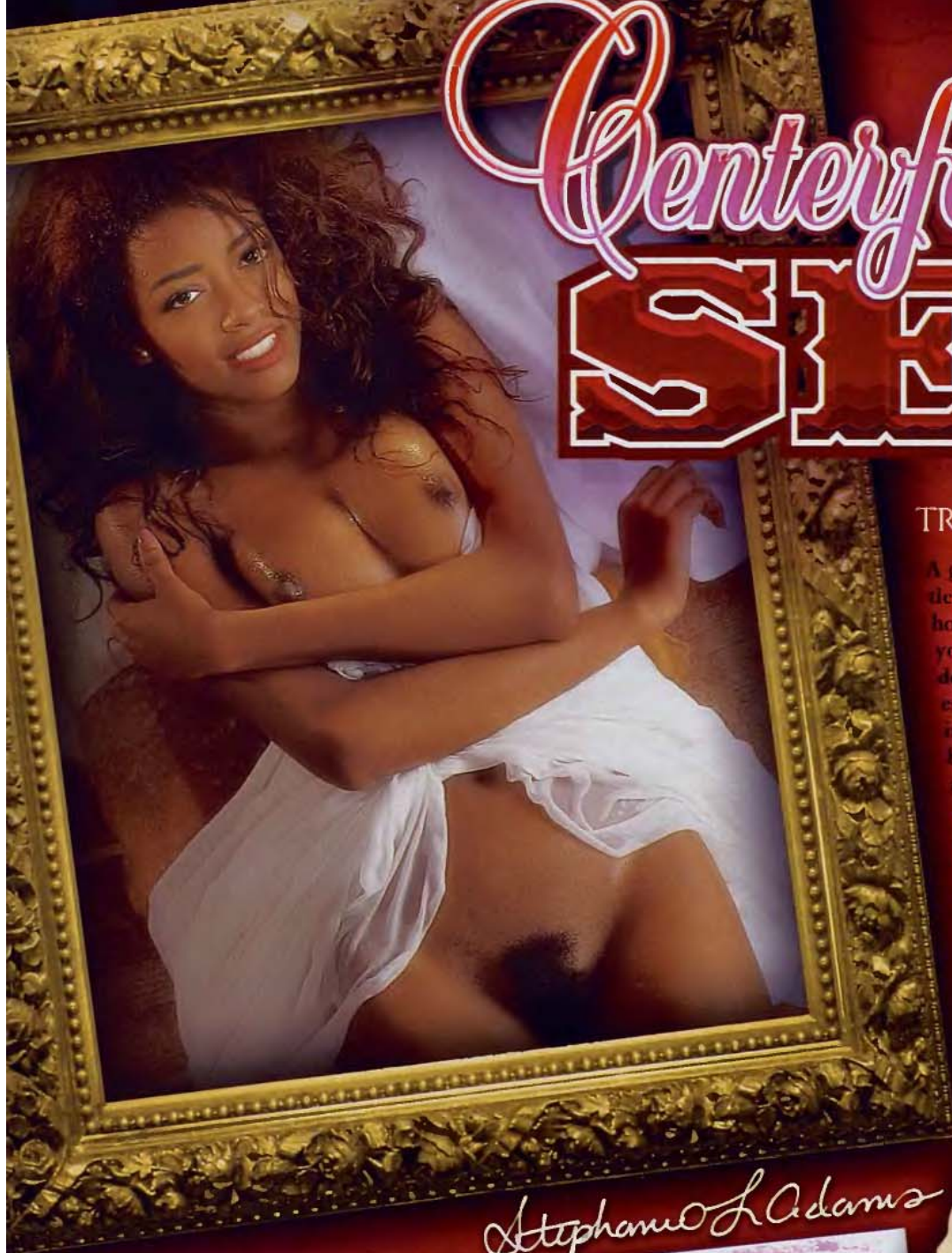






"I knew you had an Extreme Makeover, but my God, Harold!"

Centerfolds On SEX



TRY A LITTLE CHIVALRY

A guy should always behave like a gentleman. Think back to the 1960s and how men used to act. Open doors for your woman. When you're walking down the street, walk on the side closest to the road. Be protective. If you're in a crowded place, make sure no one bumps into her or burns her hair with a cigarette. Try not to get jealous. Always show a woman that you put a lot of thought into planning your date with her. Women love attention. Plan a romantic evening based on her interests. I love food, so my ex once rented a restaurant I liked and covered the place in roses and candles. He made a tape of our favorite songs. The waiters served only us. Later he took me out dancing with friends.

Stephanie Adams

THE BENEFITS OF ALL-NIGHT SEX

The best date I ever had lasted a week. On our last night together we stayed up the entire evening making love. I went from being with my girlfriend to taking a shower to getting into a car and heading to a photo shoot at Playboy. I was smiling and glowing. The photographer couldn't believe how happy and healthy I looked. He thought I'd gotten 12 hours of sleep. I guess sometimes you don't need sleep; you just need a hot, sexy night with someone. I really enjoy making love all night long. Too often one partner will have an orgasm and think the sex is over. It's better to rest a little after having an orgasm and then start all over. If you fall asleep, that's okay. But then you should wake up in the middle of the night and go at it again.





Jolene Blalock

20Q

Star Trek's Sub-Commander T'Pol shows why she's one sexy Vulcan—especially without the ears

1

PLAYBOY: You play strong, in-control Sub-Commander T'Pol on *Star Trek: Enterprise*. If she faced off against a female character from *Star Wars*, who would it be, and who would kick ass?

BLALOCK: *Star Wars* doesn't have many females, because the later movies are computer-animated. I remember wondering as I watched them, Where are the actors? If Princess Leia took on T'Pol, T'Pol would probably order someone to defend her. Then Princess Leia would take off one of her hair buns and toss it like a ninja—a slicing, razor-sharp Frisbee-type Cinnabon. That might actually be interesting.

2

PLAYBOY: You have a couple of love scenes in your new film, *Slow Burn*. Who would be in your ultimate love scene, where would it take place, and what would you be doing?

BLALOCK: It would have to be in a psychological thriller with Gary Oldman. The female would be the unwitting victim, much like the kind Michelle Pfeiffer usually plays. Oldman would play the guy you don't want to like but do anyway. Kind of like Dracula—you're scared of him, but at the same time there's something you're attracted to.

3

PLAYBOY: You've said you like other cool, brilliant, almost insane men, such as Sean Penn. Where's the line between almost insane and insane?

BLALOCK: Almost insane is a guy who's had a little too much to drink and is lying in the gutter with a party hat on. Insane is the guy without the party hat, and it's noon. At noon it's scary.

It works, believe it or not, because women are caretakers. We're nurturers. So these guys who are brilliant—and they're geniuses in only one area—can't balance their home life, and that's

where a woman comes in. That's where they need you. They can't live without you, and they love you. I've got that now. My husband, Michael, is a genius at what he does, but when he comes home he needs me. He loves me. So my strategy works.

4

PLAYBOY: Hollywood is the land of nip and tuck. Who has overdone it? Who needs more work?

BLALOCK: Farrah Fawcett overdid it. Why can she move only one side of her face? Whenever she smiles, she turns in complete profile to the side that can smile. I don't understand that. Peter Jackson, the director of *The Lord of the Rings*, needs more. He is such a scruffy guy. He just does not care.

5

PLAYBOY: Overall, is there more nipping than tucking, or vice versa?

BLALOCK: There should be more sipping and sucking. Let's have free love. Let's bring it back. Hippies, come on.

6

PLAYBOY: What would you like to change about yourself?

BLALOCK: I would enhance my personality and downsize my libido. I would be Mrs. Personality.

7

PLAYBOY: What are some good uses for used Vulcan ears?

BLALOCK: This is our fourth season, and they've always gone into the trash. Not until this year did I realize, Hey, these ears are like a pair of shoes. Now I've started to collect them. It's kind of gross what they turn into, because they're meant for only one day's use. The foam they're made of doesn't preserve well. You have to seal them with something or dip them in chrome.

8

PLAYBOY: What was the worst infection or side effect you endured as a result of wearing Vulcan ears? Did you ever forget to take them off at the end of the day?

BLALOCK: Luckily, I've never had a reaction to the ears. Some people are highly allergic to the foam. Once they're on I don't even notice them. But the amount of crap that comes out of my ears.... I know this is gross, but I could be on hiatus for three weeks and stuff would still be coming out of my ears. If I have any ear issues later in life, I'm going to sue somebody.

I did wear the ears down to San Diego once, a two-hour drive, because I wanted to show my nephew.

9

PLAYBOY: Do any actors or politicians come to mind as natural choices to play Vulcans or Klingons?

BLALOCK: Mr. Bean, Rowan Atkinson, would make a great Vulcan. How cool would he be? Senator Barbara Boxer could be queen of the Labians. It's like lesbians, isn't it? Or maybe Hillary Clinton could be queen of the lesbians or Labians. Ted Bundy—who was involved in politics before he became a serial killer—could be the Borg. If he killed Hillary, he would have to be the Borg, but he would have to kill in masses.

10

PLAYBOY: T'Pol has her own *Star Trek* action figure. What did the manufacturer successfully capture about you, and what would you change?

BLALOCK: It's amazing how they make these things. They brought a semitruck full of digital apparatus that you stand in. It's a plethora of lights, computers and screens. You step on a platform, and this thing starts to move around you. You step off and watch the screen, and your body (concluded on page 154)

MEET TERI POLO

THE GOOD DAUGHTER OF *MEET THE FOCKERS*
NO LONGER NEEDS PARENTAL APPROVAL

Text by Erik Hedegaard

We caught up with Teri Polo the other afternoon, inside her great big Los Angeles house, near her great big tiled fireplace. She wore her blonde hair pinned up with a cheap plastic butterfly clip. She had on a pair of baby blue Ugg boots, green A&F work pants, a black thermal shirt from Target, a sweater. She seemed in a frowsy, lounge-about mood, and at the moment she was looking out a window.

"What do you see outside?" we asked.

"I see a lot of rain," she said thoughtfully. "I don't mind rain. I think rain is great. It provides an excuse to light the fire and not do anything but maybe watch sports on TV and drink a beer. My favorite is Negra Modelo; it's just scrumptious!"

Immediately we liked her—anybody who uses the word *scrumptious* to describe a beer is okay in our book—and wanted to know more about her than what we already did: that in 2003 she divorced her husband of six years, photographer Tony Moore, and the aftermath has been pretty ugly; that she has a two-year-old son named Griffin; that she's been in the entertainment business for nearly two decades, having shown up regularly on TV shows such as *The Practice*, *Northern Exposure* and *Felicity*, as well as in wretched little-seen flicks such as *Born to Ride* (with John Stamos) and *Mystery Date* (with Ethan Hawke); that she's about to become a regular on *The West Wing*; and that she can look pretty darn saucy when she's not looking pretty darn frowsy.

First we asked her to say a few words about her big-name co-stars in *Meet the Fockers*, hoping for indiscretions. She said that Robert De Niro is "sweet and shy," Blythe Danner "more risqué than most people would imagine," Dustin Hoffman "ornery, a troublemaker, but extremely supportive and caring," Ben Stiller "drop-dead hilarious" and Barbra Streisand "honest, genuine."

We yawned through this bit of disappointing Hollywood-type puffery, then remembered a story about Teri and Streisand that had recently been making the rounds. While shooting *Meet the Fockers*, Teri apparently called Babs "Boob," after which Boob became Streisand's nickname. We asked Teri about this, and she told us the moniker was fine with Streisand for a while, but then she got tired of it and let Teri know that maybe she didn't want to be Boob anymore.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA





"I mean, she never got angry with me or anything," Teri said, "but I knew she didn't appreciate it, so I said, 'I'll stop doing it,' and I stopped doing it."

We yawned again, then asked, "Are you wearing underwear today?"

Teri didn't pause for a second. "Nah," she said brightly. "It's highly overrated, underwear. It's just too constricting. *Ach!* I mean, I will wear panties when I go to work—I don't want to offend the wardrobe people. And if I'm wearing a white top, I'll put on a brassiere. But otherwise I'll go without, making sure I have on dark, dark clothes so you can't see through them, though if it's nighttime I might allow for a bit more of the see-through variety."

This left our head spinning, and all we could think to say next was, "What kind of pillows are on your bed?"

"Pillows?" Teri said musingly. "Well, there used to be two, but now I've discovered this fantastic body pillow from Brookstone. Ever since I had my baby I've had to sleep with a pillow between my legs. It's as if my hips have spread out, and if I sleep on my side and my knees come together my hips get sore, so I use the pillow to keep them apart."

And then, in short order, we learned so much more. She said she has a boyfriend but won't talk about him other than to say that when he sleeps over he takes the place of the Brookstone body pillow. She said kissing Stiller was like "kissing my brother—and that doesn't bother me at all." She has no vices she can think of: She doesn't chew her nails, doesn't pick her nose, doesn't blow her nose in the shower ("Eww, golly gosh!") and no longer smokes cigarettes.

Her favorite curse word is *fuck*, though she also often finds herself saying "Jesus Christ!" and wishes she didn't. Sometimes she'll get mad about something and in the heat of the moment exclaim "Jiminy Crickets!" This most often happens in front of her son, but she's also blurted it out in front of friends, and for that she's taken a good bit of ribbing.

She said she brushes her teeth five times a day with Crest ("I grew up with it and still go the Crest way") and washes her hands up to 20 times daily ("I have this thing about that").

She said she's a big fan of making out and is quite in tune with her kissing style. "I use a little tease with the tongue here, a little tease there, a little go-for-it there, and then it's back to teasing," she said. "I love to kiss. There's something to be said for making out. Actually, I think we should go back to the days of a little bit more hair downstairs and more making out. Ha-ha-ha."

Finally, she said she has a motto—"Life's too long and too short, both at





the same time"—but frankly, we barely heard her say it. We were too stuck on something else she said, that business about wanting to go back to the days of a little more hair downstairs. Did she really say that? Did we mishear her? We didn't think so, and we couldn't have been more delighted.

As it happens, Teri grew up in Dover, Delaware, about as bland an East Coast town as you're

likely to find. Still, she made the best of it, mainly by submerging herself in ballet, which she studied from the age of six to the age of 17, when, she has said, "I wasn't accepted into a particular ballet school because one of the instructors wanted to sleep with my 17-year-old boyfriend and I said no." Around that time, however, she won a modeling contest that landed her in the pages of *Seventeen* (text concluded on page 131)

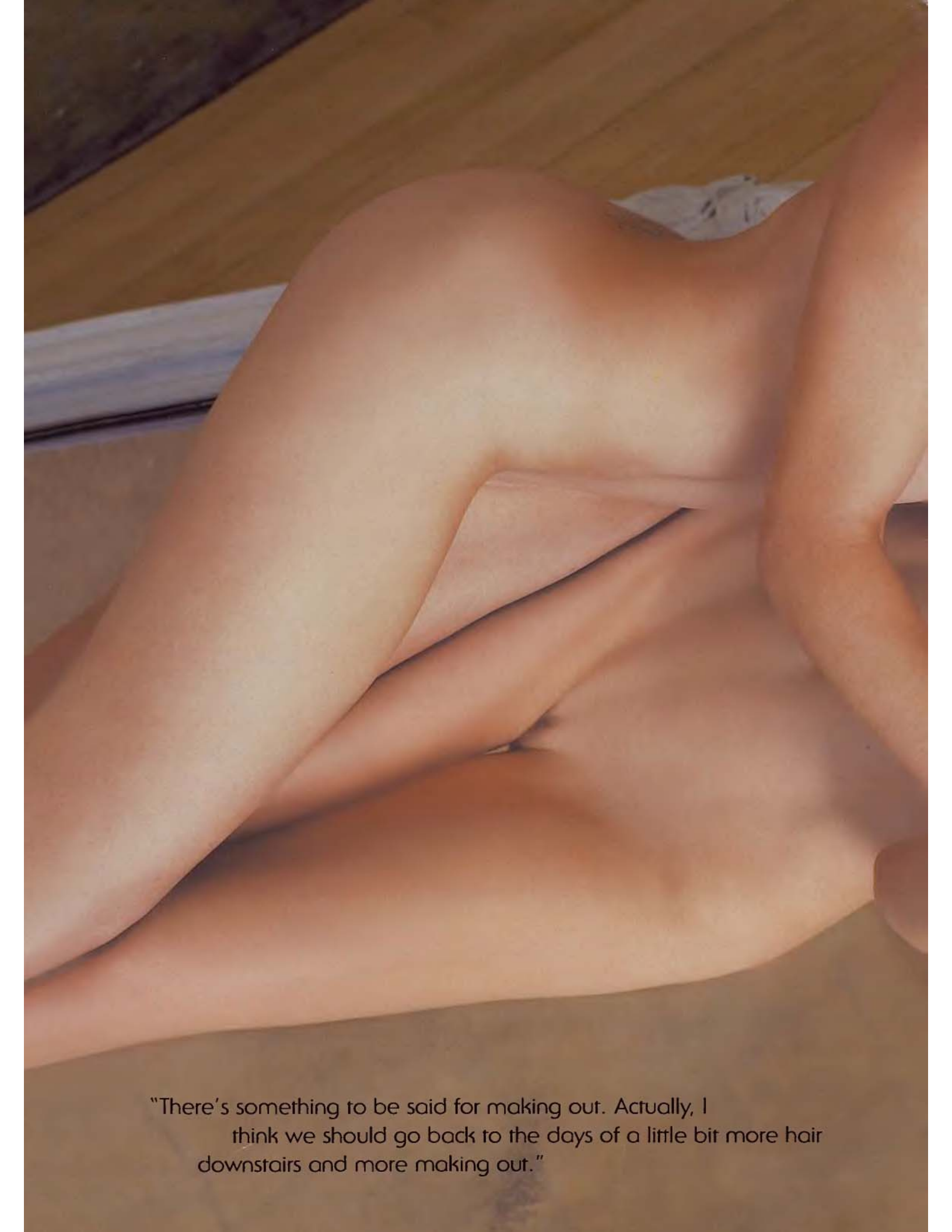


See more of Teri at cyber.playboy.com.









"There's something to be said for making out. Actually, I think we should go back to the days of a little bit more hair downstairs and more making out."



HANDYMAN (continued from page 72)

"An older woman guides you in," Luke said, "like she's in the tower and you're in the cockpit."

occupied France: "Think of it always; speak of it never." I always sensed this power—it lurked behind that terrible word *motherfucker*. But now, as I watched these women roll through town, the idea revealed itself to me in all its power. Motherfucker. No longer an insult but a way of life. For the first time the high school fantasy was tangible and almost within reach. But of course—as with wet dreams, as with dating twins, as with sex in a hearse—Luke was a pioneer.

After we graduated from college Luke returned home. How do you live in a suburban town when you're 23? The rest of us had ventured out into the world, across the country or at the very least across the cities of the Midwest. I had moved to New York City. Luke was living with his mom in the house he'd grown up in, near a church. He worked for a contractor, then became a handyman, the handsome kid in the truck, the townie who could fix anything.

When you are 23 and living in such a town, there are no women your age. They go to college and stay away until they are married and knocked up or already have two or three kids. If you want action, you have to go young (and 17 gets you 20), or you have to go old. When you are the handyman, you have the keys. You are in and out of the house and don't even have to knock. You put up drywall, hang a door, nail in the baseboard and then, as in a porno, say, "Anything else that needs nailing, ma'am?"

It began with trips to the hardware store, which for the handyman is home base in a game of tag. You pick up supplies, look for a new job, hang around. Luke would stop by for paint, nails, whatever. A lonely wife might spot him near the sanders, pick up a caulk gun, test the trigger, start to say something, lose her nerve and walk out. Or else she'd come on with a directness known only to an older woman in need. There was a record store nearby that featured world music. It was failing. The owner was 49. She approached Luke by the drill bits. She said she wanted new shelving in the basement of her store. Could Luke give her an estimate?

Luke met her in the record shop the next day. She flipped the sign to CLOSED. She turned on weepy music

from Peru. She said, "This song makes me cry." She asked if he wanted a margarita. Luke never refused a cocktail.

She said, "Well, let's look at that basement."

Halfway down the steps she asked Luke if he wanted to share a joint. It was creeper weed. You don't feel it, so you smoke more. You still don't feel it, so you smoke more and more and then—*ka-bang!* When Luke tells this story it's science fiction: the musty basement, the mean effects of the dope, the woman "getting closer, closer, closer, then she's on me, then she's bent over, then she's screaming her head off."

In a small town, word gets around. The ladies know where to look. Just like that, it seems a fine idea to wallpaper the nursery. When I talked to Luke about those 13 women—13 women—he said, "All these women were between the ages of 37 and 49."

When I first came to know the adventures of my friend Luke, we had a fight about it. I told him I found the whole thing repulsive. Probably I was jealous. Years had passed, but I still thought he wouldn't want to talk about it, so I broached the subject with extreme care. I called him and eased the conversation toward his wild years. Finally I said, "Do you want to talk about all those odd jobs?"

"Hell yeah," he said. "I've been waiting for you to ask. I'll find a secure line, and let's talk."

He said, "Do you want PG-13, or can you handle X?"

We talked for hours, Luke in his car, weaving in and out of traffic, saying, "What do you mean why did I do it? I was 22" or "It's never a question of feeling used. It's a question of being useful." Me walking my dog in Riverside Park, saying "No way" or "No, sir" or "No fucking way." He told me that most of what he had learned so far in life he learned from having sex with moms. How to be patient, how to ask for what you want, how to be direct, how to look with equanimity upon the process of aging. "Everyone gets fat, and everyone gets old," he told me, "but an older woman, maybe her skin isn't tight like it used to be, but she knows what she needs. And she knows what you need, even if you don't."

He said, "An older woman will dress up—and bring a friend."

He told me about meeting two moms in a suburban bar, a happy-hour sort of place near the soccer fields. By this time Luke was a legend, so the moms—big, full-bodied, broad-waisted moms—started chatting him up. They whispered and laughed (moms don't giggle), then one said, "Lucas, do you want to see the inside of my van?"

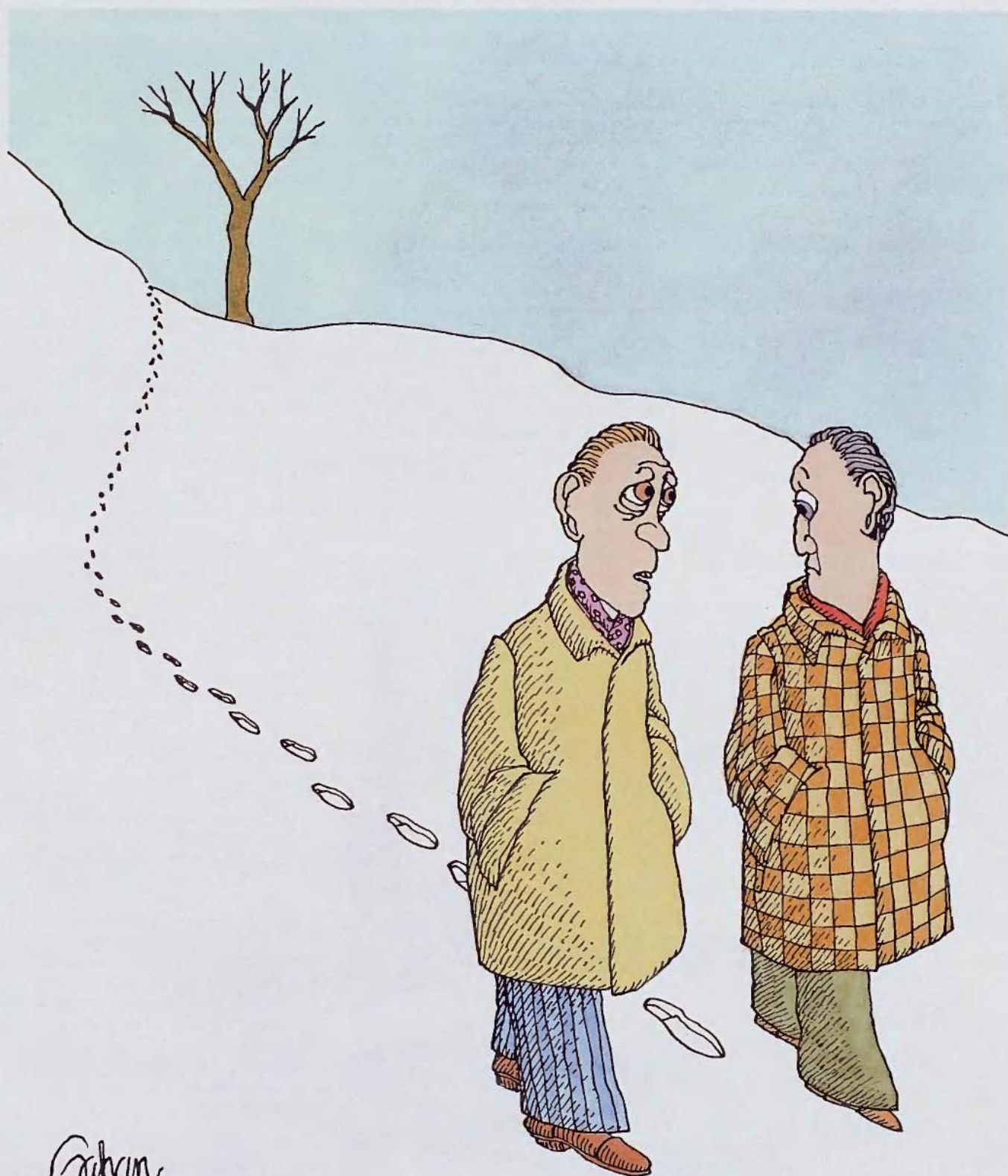
So Luke and these two moms got in the back of a Subaru, the soccer fields in sight beyond the shatterproof glass, the kids crawling across the grass like ants. Luke took off his clothes and settled into one of the plush bucket seats and watched: Off came the sensible shoes, off came the rayon dresses, off came the support bras. Because they are always in the supermarket, moms are used to waiting in line. So they took turns. Did it slow. Did it fast. Then one of the moms looked at her watch and said, "My God, the game's been over for 20 minutes."

And just like that, Luke's clothes—not all of them, because he had to walk back into the bar without his pants—were shoved into his hands and he was pushed onto the pavement. The Subaru left a 20-foot trail of rubber as it exited the parking lot.

Luke never felt he was being used, never felt as if he was using. He never felt he was on the verge of disaster or as though he was wasting his time. That's just not how my friend orders his world. Neither did he worry about what he would do with his life. Whatever he was doing was what he was doing with his life. And just then it was moms. It was the nurse who stayed in uniform, the teacher who found a way to use everything in her fridge. "If you have a craving for something weird but have never done it because you were embarrassed or thought it was wrong," said Luke, "just ask an older woman. She'll probably do it for you. An older woman tells you what she wants. She guides you in like she's in the tower and you're in the cockpit."

He was sometimes in a house for hours, moving from background to foreground, working, working, fucking, back to working. The kids and the kids' friends knew him as the cool handyman. He was always on the lookout for husbands or for toddlers, who, no one knows why, like to reach up and grab your joint. "I never got caught," said Luke, "because I was always supposed to be there, because I was the handyman."

In those years I did notice that Luke seemed to have a special ease with older women—to the rest of us they were another species. On a flight we took together I remember Luke chatting up an older woman, with her husband and



Graham
Wilson

"Is this the first time you've realized I'm an hallucination?"

kids a few rows back—the care he showed her, how when making a point he would touch her leg, then let his hand linger. It seemed to make her so happy, this hand in her lap.

He said, “I had sex with a woman in her minivan as she waited for her kids in front of the school.”

He said, “My libido was timed to the hours of the school day.”

One relationship, Luke told me, stood above the others. He was working in a house by the lake, fixing a porch railing for a couple in their early 40s. He’d forgotten a tool and went to his car to get it. The wife followed him onto the lawn. Imagine her however you want. In my mind she is almost matronly, but those sensible clothes are just a tarp thrown over a body that will not quit. She had all the maternal authority of your best friend’s mom. (Now think of your best

friend’s mom saying, “Remove my panties, Richard.”)

She slipped her number into Luke’s hand. She said, “Call me.”

Luke waited a day, then phoned her when he knew the husband would be at work. He was shocked by the out-in-the-openness of her come-on, which only excited him more. He arranged a meeting out of town.

Luke said, “What about your husband?”

She said, “We have an open marriage.”

It was surprising to find such an exotic species right here behind the shutters. He met her in the parking lot of a hotel, 15 minutes south from the highway. They parked at opposite ends of the lot and ran into each other as if by accident in the lobby. She checked in. Luke waited in the gift shop, looking at candy, trying to read the newspaper headlines. So Robin Yount is retiring? She came in, told him her room number and left.

Luke waited five minutes, then headed upstairs. The maid cart was next to the elevator. He stole a few mints. The hallway smelled like the indoor pool—the smell of family vacations. The windows looked out onto chain stores, expressway, parking lot, sky. The woman was waiting under the covers. My God, could anything be more melancholy? The ice machine humming beyond the door, the water-damaged carpet.

Luke said, “She climbed right into me. It was extremely exciting.”

They fucked in the afternoon and woke in the half-light of afternoon ending and fucked again, without a word, falling together like pieces of a puzzle, best sex of my friend’s life, because of her body and face, also because of her age, because of her authority, because of all that she had lived and learned and suffered, because for a long afternoon it was as if Luke were living someone else’s life.

After that Luke continued to come around the house to do odd jobs. One day he was there to fix an awning. He heard footsteps and turned around, and there was the husband. He’d come out to offer Luke a beer.

The two of them stood, silently appraising the half-repaired awning. Luke sipped his beer. The husband said, “I’m going downtown. If you plan to stay, please stay until the morning. My wife gets scared when she’s left alone.”

On other occasions Luke and the woman decided to check into a hotel in the city. The woman behind the desk ran the wife’s credit card and handed it back.

“We already have you checked in, ma’am,” she said.

At once the wife realized her husband had checked in with someone else.

Luke saw this woman for almost two years. He traveled with her in the West. They slept together and talked together and snuck out together. In him she saw (maybe) the life she’d had and lost. In her he saw a life he would never have.

I asked Luke if the woman’s kids knew him.

He said, “Yes, of course.”

I said, “Who did they know you as?”

He said, “The handyman.”

Word continued to spread. And spread. Work orders came flooding in. Doors were creaking, walls were chipping and in need of paint. In moments of vain-glory Luke says, “I was the handyman who could fix people.”

He bought an old wood-paneled station wagon—a woody, the kind surfers drove—and tore out the backseat. It had an interior made of sheepskin. You would see it snaking through the suburban streets, rolling past great green lawns, announcing with a rattle that sexual healing was imminent. The woody parked outside a house was cause for



“Just skim a little off the top.”

gossip—inside, a mother was on the ride of her life.

"It got so that I could not even drive the wagon," Luke told me. "I used to park it in front of my mom's house, then sneak out the back way on my bike. It was like being in high school."

Through handyman eyes, Luke came to see the town in a new way. He was riding his bike in and out of houses, but really it was almost as if he were riding a bike through a forest of vaginas. He could see the lies of the marriages, the sex on display, the world and how it really works. It made him think back to the town he once knew as a kid. It must have always been like this, he thought. There must have always been a handyman. There must be a handyman in every town in the republic. Because a handyman is required. As Sartre wrote about the Jews, if there were no handyman, it would be necessary to invent him. Because the story of any small town is the story of the country, and the story of the country is the story of screwing. And sometimes that story involves screwing a wife or a mother. As we used to say in my college fraternity, "You can't say 'country' without saying 'cunt.'"

Of course, the people of the town came to know the bike as well. It was everywhere, dashing through the village streets in the late afternoon, just a few moments after school let out, or chugging through the dunes in the dead of night or struggling up a steep hill in the green dawn.

One morning Luke went into an Italian pastry shop, and two old cops set down their mugs and applauded.

Whenever I talk to Luke about his time as a handyman, I get to a point when I say, "But what did you learn?"

"That everyone is fucked up," he'll say. "That sex is a narcotic. That the town is old and prosperous but built on sex, and even those matrons in the black-and-white photos at the village hall could be made to moan, because the big twitch is behind everything."

"But how did it end?" I ask.

"There are only two stories known to man," says Luke. "The stranger comes to town; the stranger leaves town."

I remember when he left. He just got into his truck and went south until he ran out of land. He left in such a hurry I often wondered if something bad had happened—had he gotten fed up, or did a husband go after him with a shotgun?

"No, nothing like that," he said. "I just looked at all those houses and all those walls I had painted and all those doors I had hung and all those porches I had built and all those women, and I said to myself, Friend, your work here is done."



TERI POLO

(continued from page 123)

magazine, after which she dropped out of high school, moved to New York, got a recurring role in the soap opera *Loving* and, in 1995, moved to L.A., where she did what all recent arrivals to L.A. do: She slinked into skimpy outfits and hit the club scene.

Today, with the rain still coming down, she said that those party-girl days are long gone. "I was just discussing this with my boyfriend," she said. "You know, 99 percent of the reason we go out is to check out the opposite sex or the same sex, depending on what your choice is. But I'm done with that. I've hooked up, and I'd rather stay home with that person and have sex."

This prompted us to ask, "What do you find sexy in a guy? Are you looking at the package?"

"Well, ha-ha-ha, I'm keenly attracted to my man's package," she said, "but what I find sexy is a balance of being in touch with the inner child and the responsible adult. Also, I'm attracted to someone who is able to take care of himself but also take care of me. I'm the world's strongest woman; I don't need anybody. But every once in a while it's nice to be taken care of."

Our time together was coming to an end, but we wanted to know more.

"What were you wearing when you got out of bed this morning?" we asked her.

"That would be nothing," she said forthrightly. "I can't stand pajamas. They get all bunched up and—*yeew!*—awful!"

We sighed and asked her to trace out a typical Teri morning.

"I go to the bathroom first," she said. "Then I make a cup of coffee, because I figure if I brush my teeth first it'll change the taste of the coffee, and coffee gives you horrible bad breath anyway. So I drink my coffee, then brush my overnight skank mouth and morning-coffee mouth."

We sat there nonplussed and realized we could listen to her go on like this for a long time.

"I used to be kind of a goody-goody," she said. "I mean, I didn't lose my virginity until I was 17, and I really didn't mess around until then either. But at 17 I started having my sexual awakening. So now I definitely have a side to me that's down and dirty and very experimental. But few people have experienced it with me. Because they didn't deserve it. You have to deserve it. You have to be of worth."



"Blonde...brunette...redhead...that's three of the four major food groups."

NICOLE KIDMAN

(continued from page 58)

all liars if we pretend it never happens.

PLAYBOY: In your new movie with Sean Penn, *The Interpreter*, your character works at the United Nations and overhears an assassination plot, and then the suspense begins. That sounds like a Hitchcock movie premise.

KIDMAN: [Laughs] Hopefully. I would have loved to work with Hitchcock. Oh, I so wish I had. I think—I hope—this is an unusual film. I wanted to play a woman who speaks many languages, and I play a South African interpreter. I loved shooting at the UN. I got to work with Sean and Sydney Pollack, the director.

PLAYBOY: One thing about Hitchcock's great thrillers is the chemistry between his stars.

KIDMAN: Well, hopefully Sean and I have chemistry. I know we've wanted to work together for a long time. It felt like coming home, it really did. It felt like this was somebody I'm meant to be around. Sean and I had met many times before, and this really felt like something that was meant to be.

PLAYBOY: Did you find him sexy?

KIDMAN: Of course! I mean, he is. But he's also just so decent and compassionate. That's what I think I responded to the most. I suppose the word *protection* comes up a lot in my conversation, but he was protective and respectful of me. I love to

be around that. But I think it's Sean's nature to stand up and protect people. He'll fight for what he believes in. He's the kind of person you feel would throw himself in front of a bullet for you. It was beautiful, because I got to give him an Academy Award and then got to work with him.

PLAYBOY: After *The Interpreter* and then *Bewitched* and *The Producers*, what's next?

KIDMAN: I've ridden horses my whole life and feel most at home when I'm outside in the Australian bush, so I'm going back to make a film with Russell Crowe from the novel *Eucalyptus*, about a woman, a suitor, the woman's father and the eucalyptus trees themselves, which are truly Australian. I go hiking sometimes up in the canyons in L.A., and just the smell of the eucalyptus transports me to Australia. I see them as our gift to America.

PLAYBOY: You've won an Oscar, and you're a major force in Hollywood. Do you finally feel you've arrived?

KIDMAN: For now I'm getting offered the good roles. Really, it's all about accumulating a lifetime of experience and being able to give back generously to people. I hope that's what I'll be like. The most powerful emotion I remember as a child was yearning, and I still think that being on the precipice, longing for and wanting something without knowing whether you're ever going to get it, is a beautiful and creative place to be.



JERRY LEE LEWIS

(continued from page 78)

played that rock-and-roll style," he says. His influences at the time included Gene Autry, the singing cowboy he'd listened to in the alley behind the local movie theater—his family couldn't afford the dime needed to enter. His parents played hill-billy records, and his church rocked like a wild party. Since hearing Hank Williams broadcast on *The Louisiana Hayride* in 1948, he'd been a committed fan. Lewis could recognize the blues in Williams, having experienced the music at Haney's Big House, a Ferriday juke joint for black field hands, which Lewis regularly sneaked into—usually with his cousins Mickey Gilley, later a country music star, and Jimmy Swaggart, later a television preacher and then a notorious whore fucker.

At 14 Lewis made his first public appearance, playing in the parking lot of Ferriday's Ford dealership. "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee" was a hit that year, and the audience responded to it that day. A hat was passed around, and when it returned holding almost \$13 Elmo began driving his son around the countryside, the piano in the back of a truck, stopping at crossroads, country stores or anywhere a crowd might gather. Lewis and another pal were already calling each other Killer—still Lewis's greeting of choice—and the name stuck.

Soon Lewis had his own car. "All the kin people would be out in the fields working," says his sister Frankie Gean, younger by nine years. "Mother would be pulling the sack, putting the cotton in it. Daddy would be right behind her. He'd ride up—I have witnesses—he would ride up and down the gravel road along the river, and he would scream, 'Work, you peasants, work! For I don't have to work! For I'm wearing the white shirt! I am the Great I Am!'"

By the time Lewis graduated from high school, he was twice married and a father. He entered his first marriage when he was 15 and his bride was 17. They soon separated, not bothering with the formalities of a divorce—as was common among the poor in rural America. According to a biography by Robert Palmer, Jerry Lee knocked up Jane Mitcham. They got hitched, and Jerry Lee Lewis Jr. was born. With his parents caring for his wife and child, Lewis went to Waxahachie, Texas for Bible college. He would absorb the fear of God by day, then sneak out to Dallas's bright lights to see movies and ride the Tilt-A-Whirl. In assembly one day, his version of "My God Is Real" became a little too real, and though the sound of his church and of his nightclub were often indistinguishable, this version had crossed the line. Lewis was expelled.

He sold vacuum cleaners and sewing machines, he played drums and piano



"Okay, Phyllis, why is the seat up?"



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

Hot Spot

Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

the inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

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

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

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

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

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



the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

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

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

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

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

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

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-276-1193 or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

Jamie Ireland

with a local band, he auditioned in Shreveport, Louisiana for a country package tour in 1955. He tried his luck in Nashville, but Nashville was having none of the new sound; Carl Perkins, another white singer who mixed country and blues, had already been told by one corporate label rep there, "I like what you're doing, young man, but I don't know what you're doing."

That unidentifiable mix was much more suited to Memphis than Nashville, which the Lewis family realized when they heard Johnny Cash and Perkins in the summer of 1955, both on Memphis's Sun Records, home also to Elvis Presley. To finance the trip to meet Sam Phillips, Elmo Lewis sold eggs—33 dozen—along the 350 miles north.

Working with Phillips's assistant Jack Clement, Lewis cut "Crazy Arms," his first Sun single. Its sales were a testament to Lewis's style, as the song had already been a country hit for Ray Price and a pop hit for the Andrews Sisters. But Lewis's left hand played funky drums on the piano's low keys while his right ran a lilting, wild melody. He quickly got good bookings, including a tour with Cash and Perkins.

In mid-March 1957 Sun released Lewis's second record. With Clement the band had spent a lot of time working up a rollicking number called "It'll Be Me." It was a Clement original—he'd come up with it while sitting on the studio toilet, pondering reincarnation. The line "If you see a turd in your toilet bowl, baby/It'll be me, and I'll be staring at you" was changed before it was recorded; it became "If you see a lump in your sugar bowl...." The song's feel was well suited to Lewis, but getting the

romp just right was proving difficult. "I said, 'Why don't we come back to this later, Jerry? Let's do something else for a while,'" Clement recalls. "And old J.W. Brown spoke up, Jerry Lee's bass player, and said, 'Hey, Jerry, do that song we've been doing on the road that everybody likes so much.' I said, 'Well, let me go in there and turn on the machine.' I hit PLAY and RECORD, sat down, and they did 'Whole Lot of Shakin' Going On.' No dry run, no nothin'. One take, there it was! Sprang forth full-blown from its mother's womb. Then we went back to 'It'll Be Me.'"

A summer 1957 appearance on Steve Allen's TV show made Lewis an instant national star. He didn't kowtow to Allen as Elvis had, and Allen loved it. Whipped up by his own frenzy, Lewis hurled his piano bench offscreen. Allen threw it back, and "Whole Lot of Shakin'" went from regional hit to number one on the country charts and number three on the pop charts, unable to shake Debbie Reynolds's "Tammy" from the top spot. Lewis's next child, the one who drowned at the age of three, was named Steve Allen Lewis.

A month after the "Twilight" session, Lewis performs at a Christmastime benefit in Memphis. Hometown gigs are rare, especially in smaller venues like this club. His touring has picked up since his divorce proceedings began a couple of years back. He can command sizable fees for an appearance; he and the band recently flew to Switzerland for a single performance. In a Biloxi, Mississippi casino, his was the first act in a year to pay for itself. Tonight he's

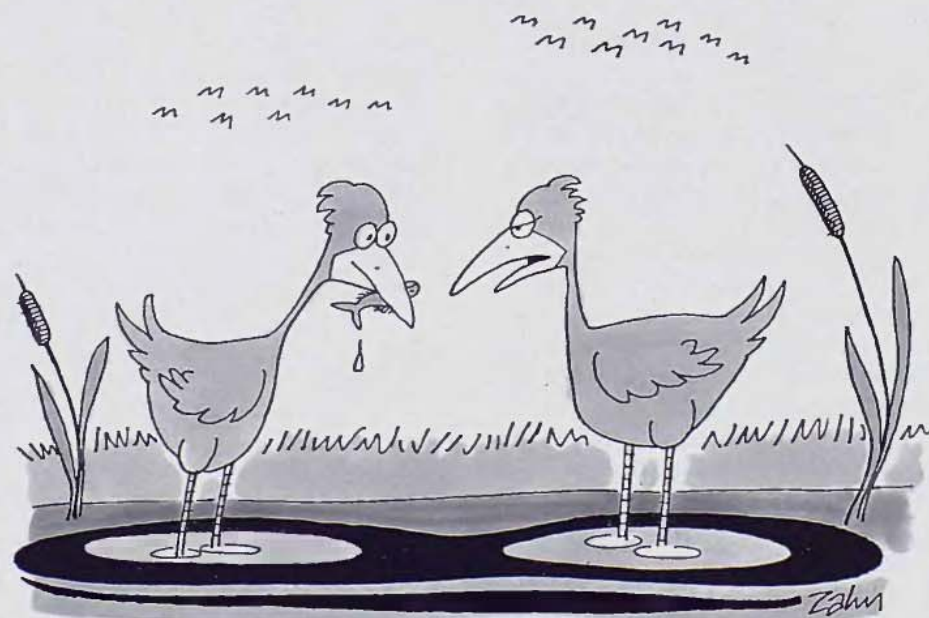
closing the show, and the audience stays late to see him.

When he is announced, he receives a standing ovation. Entering from the side, he does a fanny-shaking shimmy to great applause. He's wearing a leather waistcoat that he doesn't remove before sitting at the piano. But he has nothing to hide—he's slender and fit. The tempo changes—the feel, the emphasis—but it's still distinctly Jerry Lee Lewis. His voice is full of power this night, assuming confidence before an audience whose ages span six or seven decades. This is about conjuring the spirit from within, from the place where good meets bad and right meets wrong and the forces push and they pull, and the tension is exhilarating so that you find yourself unable to stand still and unable to move—shake, baby, shake—and part of you feels as if it might explode—easy, now—until there's a moment of liberation and what's happening onstage is happening in the audience, and no one can say who's leading because everyone together is joining in some new kind of freedom.

Lewis's set swings from his own classics, including both "Great Balls of Fire" and "Whole Lot of Shakin'," to his take on other standards—"Lucille" and "What'd I Say" among them. It's thrills and chills to follow these nonstop twists from the audience but something more of a workout onstage. "I always keep my eyes right on his hands," says Robert Hall, his drummer since 1996. "There's 20 regular songs he draws on, 60 or 80 backups that could come in at any time and a solid 40 I've never even heard. We still get a new one every now and then."

"Jerry can hear grass growing in the music," says bassist Cunningham. "He pushes you further than you think you're willing to go. We try to recognize what key he's in, then pick up what he's doing. One night in Vegas he started playing something even Kenny couldn't follow, and he's been with him for 37 years. Nobody played anything; we just let him play. All of a sudden he stopped, leaned into the microphone and said, 'Are you boys going to jump in with me or just take my money?'"

"He has no set list, which gives him the freedom to do what he feels like doing," Cunningham says. "It's part of the mystique you go through with him as a fan and a player: What will happen tonight?"



"I never would have gotten involved with him if I'd known he was migratory!"

It was a hot August day in 1957, before air-conditioning was common, when Sam Phillips gathered Lewis and his band in the breezeless Sun studio to record a follow-up to "Whole Lot of Shakin'." "Great Balls of Fire" was perfect for Lewis, built around the tension between sexual release and religious exaltation—two of his favorite pursuits (others include cars, motorcycles, tobacco pipes and boots).

As a warm-up for the song, Phillips and Lewis discussed theology. Clement hit the RECORD button. "H-E-L-L!" the Killer exclaimed and clapped his hand on the piano. "It says, 'Make merry with the joy of God only.' But when it comes to worldly music, rock and roll, anything like that, you have done brought yourself into the world, and you're in the world, and you're still a sinner."

"All right," responded Phillips, maintaining his cool in the heat of Lewis's passion. "Now look, Jerry. Religious conviction does not mean anything resembling extremism. Jesus Christ came into this world, and he tolerated man. He didn't preach from one pulpit; he went around and did good. If you think you can't do good if you're a rock-and-roll exponent—"

"You can do good, Mr. Phillips. Don't get me wrong—"

"When I say 'do good'—"

"You can have a kind heart! You can help people—"

As Lewis thought his hellfire and Phillips's humanism were merging, Phillips stunned him: "You can save souls!"

"No! No! No! No!" Lewis made the crowning distinction: "How can the devil save souls? What are you talkin' about?"

Man, I got the devil in me. If I didn't, I'd be a Christian!"

A few moments later, riled and primed by his record producer, this musician achieved one of the artistic high points of his life. With apocalyptic imagery, lascivious delivery and unbridled energy, Jerry Lee Lewis cut "Great Balls of Fire" as if announcing the End of Days.

The song was featured in a Hollywood teen exploitation film called *Jamboree*; it was the only song with an electric bass—played by Lewis's first cousin J.W. Brown. Brown—whose mom and Lewis's dad were siblings—was an electrician who opened his Memphis home to Lewis, as well as to his second wife and his namesake. According to Robert Palmer, when the dads were on the road, Brown's preteen daughter Myra saw that Jerry Lee Jr.'s mama was cavorting with other men. This fueled her adolescent crush on her cousin, a flame Lewis fanned. The cousins eloped in December 1957. Myra had turned 13. Singing perhaps to her, his next hits were "Breathless" and the forward-looking "High School Confidential."

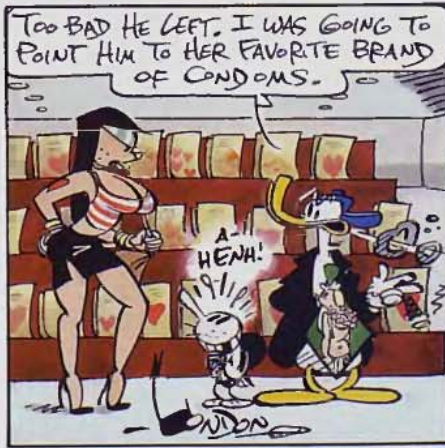
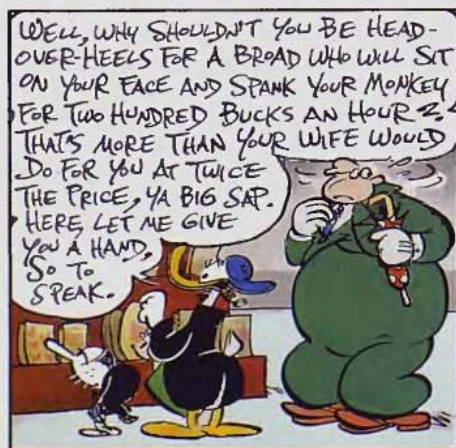
While love was blooming, the relationship between the entertainer and the press was about to wither. No matter how much Lewis appreciated the way

reviewers, critics and writers had helped launch his career, the character assaults that followed the revelation of his wife's age, their blood relationship and his past marriages revealed the journalists' true murderous natures. He squared off with them in a stance he maintains to this day: He has no interest in mixing with the press, no trust that it will do anything but create bloodthirsty headlines.

"He's a man of a great, contrite heart who's just maybe messed himself up from time to time," Phillips said 25 years ago. "It's a shame he doesn't have anyone to direct his talent—he is one of this century's great, great talents. But he feels a lonesomeness in his talent, extreme lonesomeness, for somebody to be strong around him."

The lonesomeness created a protective layer of arrogant skin. Even at his lowest point he still had the demeanor of an angry god. When touring in the 1960s, playing state fairs and dive bars before his Nashville comeback, he got an engagement in a Miami nightclub following a two-week stint by Conway Twitty, who'd known Lewis since they were both at Sun. Twitty had warned the club owner about Lewis's pounding piano style, so the owner bought an old upright for the gig. "Jerry showed up the

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



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afternoon he was supposed to open," Twitty once recalled, "took one look at the piano and kicked it off the stage onto the floor. He kicked it all the way out of the building, across the parking lot and into this lake. Then he came back in, blew cigar smoke in this mobster's face and said, 'Now get me a goddamn piano.'" He got his piano.

Another recording session in Memphis. Jimmy Rip has flown in from Los Angeles, but no band has been called. Piano and vocals only, three songs, though guest vocals and backing tracks will be dropped in later: "What Made Milwaukee Famous (Has Made a Loser Out of Me)" will get a visit from Rod Stewart; Lewis's first-ever recording of Hank Williams's "Lost Highway" will be bolstered by Delaney Bramlett's raspy vocal; and "Miss the Mississippi and You," a yodeling classic by Jimmie Rodgers, will remain a solo presentation.

Lewis is brought to the studio this time by his daughter Phoebe. She is in her early 40s and, since his divorce proceedings, has stepped up to help manage Lewis's affairs.

Phoebe has long blonde hair and her father's spirit. She speaks with a Mississippi twang, smokes a corncob pipe and is excited about this new album. "I couldn't believe I was hearing Led Zeppelin's 'Rock and Roll' blaring out of my dad's bedroom. He was learning the song. And of course he cut it totally different."

Rip is pleased to have Phoebe at the session. Lewis doesn't go anywhere alone. He drinks hardly any alcohol these days, and pills, reefer and all drugs except those prescribed by his physician are out of his life. (At a recent doctor's visit following teeth transplants, Lewis was pronounced to be in perfect health. The new teeth have not affected the peculiar wet slur that has always made his speech an effort to understand.) It may be whatever he's taking to keep him from taking anything else, it may be a life of being doted on, or it's possible he feels as though he owns every damn place he finds himself in—but Lewis needs looking after. In a hotel not long ago he wound up alone in his room. "Hey!" he shouted, because he needed something. There was no answer, so he shouted "Hey!" louder and then again louder, until he left his room in his socks and underwear and stood in the hallway, shouting "Hey!"

Lewis is out at the piano noodling around, and without pause or introduction he breaks into "What Made Milwaukee Famous." The engineer is Roland Janes, who besides being the house engineer at the Sam Phillips Recording Service was Lewis's guitar player in the glory days. Janes can read Lewis, and he has missed nothing—he has the tape rolling in plenty of time.

Lewis moves on to the Williams song. He's reading the lyrics off the music stand, but he's singing with fervor. (He was reading the lyrics when he recorded "Great Balls of Fire" at Sun.) "I'm a rolling stone, all alone and lost/For a life of sin, I have paid the cost...."

Lewis has switched from rehearsing to recording without telling anyone, and even Janes misses the turn this time. "Hold it," his old friend says into the talk-back, "wasn't rolling."

"Aww, now," says Lewis, "you ruffled my feathers. Let me go get my pistol."

A visitor in the control booth gasps and says, "Oh no, not the pistol." After waiting a couple of beats, as if he could hear the fear, Lewis adds, "Only a joke. I ain't got a pistol."

"Boys, don't start that stupid rambling round," he sings, his back straight, his face stern beneath eyeglasses, his beady eyes focused on the page. His profile is sharp, like a hawk's. The piano hides his flip-flops and pajamas. Lewis could be a preacher alongside his cousin Swaggart.

Rip steps out to the studio between takes and says, "One more?"

"One? At least 10 more."

"I think one more will be enough."

"Too bad you don't know me as well as you think you know me," Lewis says. The revelation of such a truth is always startling, though it's natural that the Great I Am would open up in a recording studio, where he has always pored over and poured out his soul. With each take, he's only begun to peel away the song, to simplify and complicate, to reveal more of his terrifying, terrified soul.

He says, "If you let me get this down right, you'll have a million-seller on your hands—20 or 30 more takes." Rip explains that from the three keeper takes he can build a solid one on the computer. "Play it back, then," Lewis snaps. He's willing to listen to what they've got, but he really doesn't feel he's hit his lick yet. "Don't cover up my mistakes with the band," he protests. "Let me get it right. He writes everything you do in the Book of Life, and he'll hear it. Dim the lights."

Rip says, "Lighting is everything."

Lewis misses not a beat. "Nah, it's a little part of it, but it means a lot." He begins one more take—it opens completely differently from the others. "One more," he says again but no longer means it, having heard what's there and realized he's done a good job. "I stayed here three days and nights once," Lewis says. "Laid my pistol on the piano, dared anyone to leave. We was cutting a religious song, and I felt myself rising up off the piano bench."

The talk of the old days primes him to cut "Miss the Mississippi and You," a Jimmie Rodgers song his parents would play on a 78 before Lewis could even find middle C. The song washes out of him like silt onto a delta. "That would

bring a tear to a steel ball," he says, and gets up from the piano.

After the session there's small talk in the control room. Lewis has bought a Hummer for his 17-year-old son, Lee, and he laughs as he complains about the cost of the insurance. Phoebe laughs, then says her dad recently set his Harley-Davidson inside the living room of his ranch, where he can admire it. After several days of looking he could resist no longer. He opened the sliding glass door so the exhaust wouldn't kill him, mounted the beast, kicked—and unleashed mayhem. The machine roared throughout the house, the dog went crazy barking, and the fumes set off the smoke alarm.

Lewis's Nesbit home is a sprawling ranch built on 30 acres with its own lake. It has six bedrooms, six bathrooms and plenty of living space. He's lived there since 1973, and it suits him just fine. Phoebe occupies one of the suites, and their longtime helper Carolyn is often around. She cooks like Lewis's mama—Phoebe has given her the family recipes. He eats only one real meal a day, dinner around eight, but he'll snack. A night owl, he has a suite in the back, where he sleeps, bathes and watches a big-screen TV. His collections are on display there—model cars, tobacco pipes (he keeps his many boots in a closet)—and so are his prizes and awards, including his Grammy (bestowed for an album titled *Interviews From the Class of '55*, best spoken word in 1986), as well as some gifts he's been given. "Little bitty things mean the most to him," says Whitten, his road manager. "A friend will get him something, and he'll cherish it."

Studio talk turns to *Gunsmoke*, an indication that the evening is going great. *Gunsmoke* is Lewis's favorite subject in the world. He loves television, Westerns in particular. Of all the Westerns, he likes *Gunsmoke* best. Of the two kinds of *Gunsmoke*, he prefers Chester, the Dennis Weaver character, over Festus, his replacement. When asked why he likes *Gunsmoke* so much, he answers, "Because it's unique, perfect and great. I got tapes going back to 1954—Kitty was beautiful." He states, "Matt Dillon is my hero," and he admits he cried when Harry Dean Stanton's character on the show died.

Lewis is legendary as a rock-and-roller, so it's often forgotten that when he came to Sun he was playing George Jones and Ray Price songs, a Carter Family number and Jimmie Rodgers. And it was to country he turned in 1967, a decade after his meteor burned up. He made classic honky-tonk comfortable in the modern era with "Another Place, Another Time" and began a string of country hits—many in the top three and more than several that crossed over into pop—that ran all the way through the 1970s and included "She Still Comes Around (To

Love What's Left of Me)," "She Even Woke Me Up to Say Good-Bye," "Would You Take Another Chance on Me" and "Thirty-Nine and Holding." The run ended in the late 1970s, when the individualism Lewis brought was no longer appreciated.

Lewis married Kerrie McCarver in the mid-1980s, and initially they ran a nice little cottage industry. His fan club was thriving, she opened his home to tours, and she took over the management of his career. But storm clouds appeared. According to a member of Lewis's band, Little Richard, with whom Lewis has always gotten along famously, said, "That fat white girl called me a nigger to my face." And after her first European tour, contracts reportedly began to include "no Kerrie" clauses; she was not welcomed back. "It was a relief for us," says one entourage member.

In 1985 Lewis was 51 and soon to be a father again. "I want my unborn son to have a drug-free daddy," he said at the Betty Ford Clinic, but he checked out two days after checking in. "Patients are supposed to clean bathrooms, take out garbage, sweep floors and pick up after people," he said. "That may be fine for Suzie Homemaker, but it ain't my style."

The new family moved to Ireland during a protracted battle with the IRS. But over time the partnerships—marriage and business—soured, until Lewis basically quit performing. Kerrie moved out of the house, but the divorce, with all its attendant court appearances, lawyers and gag orders, has been ongoing since spring 2003.

It's evident that the final Phillips studio session for the new album, titled *The Pilgrim*, will be different. A tour bus is parked out front, and movie lights are glowing. The lobby, usually so quiet that the echo of the 1950s can be heard, is a video crew's staging area. "When I started doing this record, it was so low-key," says Rip. "For this to be the end, it's wild."

A couple of weeks earlier Lewis was in Los Angeles to tape a Willie Nelson Memorial Day weekend TV special with Merle Haggard, Keith Richards and Toby Keith—all guests (along with Nelson) on Lewis's new album. (Other guests include Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Buddy Guy and Bruce Springsteen.) Lewis was slated to close the show in a duet with Kid Rock.

Two days before the May taping, Lewis had never heard of Kid Rock. Phoebe looked him up on the Internet, and in the first picture they saw, the Kid was standing atop a grand piano. "I like him already," Lewis said.

They were slated to play "Whole Lot of Shakin'" and possibly work up a take on the Stones' "Honky Tonk Woman." Lewis had practiced the song, but under the eyes of five cameras, 70 crew

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members and the song's co-author—Keith Richards—Lewis couldn't get it. The idea was scrapped. But Kid Rock and the Ferriday Kid behaved like reunited father and son. Rock never left the Killer's side, and Lewis was digging him right back.

At 2:30 A.M., after the gig, Rip's hotel phone rang—a summons. Lewis played "Honky Tonk Woman" with vehemence. And thus this last Memphis session: That's Kid Rock's bus out front, itineraries having been aligned for the pair to record "Honky Tonk Woman." The film crew is from DreamWorks Nashville, the label that will release the new record under its Lost Highway imprint. James Stroud, head of DreamWorks Nashville, drummed in Lewis's band in the early 1970s; he's playing on tonight's session. Before the evening is out he will have had so much fun that he'll declare he's making this record the company's number one priority.

The engineer is playing the Stones' version of the song. Kid Rock is wearing black: jeans, T-shirt, hat. His cigar is brown, which matches his snakeskin boots. His gold cross is bigger than his large plastic cup of whiskey and cola. Waiting for Lewis, he invites people onto his bus, where a Detroit Pistons game plays on a TV the size of the side of a bus.

As his car approaches, Lewis's jaw drops. He steps out and says, "I got to go comb my hair. Looks like we got an audience already." Road manager Whitten, who has driven him, suggests Lewis use the bathroom on the bus. Kid Rock bows to show his hospitality. "They got one inside," Lewis says. "I been paying for it for 29 years." He's not wearing pajamas tonight—crisp black jeans and a black shirt with gold trim that will flash in the video—but he's still got on the flip-flops. His skin looks pastier than usual, and he's sucking on a tobacco pipe. "I like that crease in your pants,"

Kid Rock says with genuine admiration. "That's old-school. I ain't coming near you—you'll cut me."

As Lewis glides through the track, his "Honky Tonk Woman" sounds appropriate for a honky-tonk. Kid Rock suggests starting it as a slow gospel thing. He's full of ideas—he inserts a break for the drummer, then for the whole band. He modifies Lewis's verse again, telling the multiracial background trio to "hit on the upbeat," slapping time on his knee. They run the song down. Lewis says, "Well, you might have an idea there." The producer agrees—these pros are ready to recognize positive input. "It's good," Rip says. Kid Rock adds, "It's rock and roll." And Lewis, out of the side of his mouth and a bit under his breath, says into his mike, his voice rising like a question, "That's rock and roll?" It's wry and contentious, just this side of snide, and there's a weighty pause after he says it as everyone in the room reflects on what has just happened. It's not a put-down; it's just something the granddaddy of rock and roll is allowed to say, and it's laden with meaning and humor.

After the recording the Killer tells the Kid, "Don't let nobody change your style," and the Kid replies, "I won't."

There's lots of jubilant photo taking, and the Kid stands next to Lewis and says, "Show me something on the piano." The two share the bench, and Lewis pulls out Fats Domino's "Walking to New Orleans." But the Kid's really too excited to pay attention, and they wind up doing a duet of Hank Williams's "Lovesick Blues." The talk leads to Williams, then to Louisiana. "Did you ever live near a paper plant?" the Killer asks. "Auto plants. Detroit," says the Kid. "Man, you should live near a paper plant," says Lewis. "It stinks." It's been nearly half a century since Lewis lived downwind of Natchez, but there's a lot he ain't forgot.

At eight P.M. on a summer night, the band congregates in a Memphis hotel parking lot. A luxury bus will cart us to Nashville, where Lewis is closing a star-studded night hosted by Marty Stuart at the historic Ryman Auditorium—the mother church of country music. Lewis is due to play at one in the morning. The last one to arrive, he boards and heads directly to his suite in the back, son Lee in tow. He turns on the big-screen TV, settles onto the comfortable sofa and sits slack-jawed, rapt with a three-quarter smile for the next three or so hours. It doesn't matter that Ronald Reagan's funeral is the only show on; television—sitcoms, a hemorrhoid-treatment commercial, Moses coming down from the mountain—makes him oblivious of the world, and happy.

This performance is part of country music's Fan Fair. Lewis has never been totally comfortable with fans. At a show not long ago, someone passed a request



"Oh, yeah! Babs Wilcox! Now I recognize you!"

to him on a cocktail napkin; without a glance he blew his nose on it. When his bus pulls into the alley behind the Ryman—the alley Hank Williams used to cross from the Grand Ole Opry to get a drink at Tootsie's Orchid Lounge—fans swarm the vehicle. No one disembarks, but one elderly gentleman is let on. He's Lewis's barber, and they talk about old times while Lewis gets a trim.

Outside, fans wait patiently and expectantly. A ponytailed man in his 60s holds a stack of albums, not CDs, that he dreams of getting autographed. Many people have markers and pens at the ready, pick guards pulled off their guitars, autograph books open to a blank page. "Should we just get a picture of the bus?" asks one woman, tired of waiting. "Whose bus is that?" asks another. When she's told, she repeats the name and stares, sounding surprised that Lewis is still alive.

At 1:45 A.M. he disembarks and heads to the stage. Passing through the fans, he's anything but fair, greeting the peasants cursorily, making no real contact. He seems repulsed by the idea of touching something of theirs. Strolling directly to the piano—there is great applause—he begins to play "Roll Over Beethoven." He sits three-quarters cocked to the audience—but he's more than half-cocked, fully loaded, bangin' 'em out.

Lewis's hands pound out a fury. Sometimes they seem barely to rise off the piano, and at other times he's all ass and elbows, his arms flailing like a roller coaster. The piano is an extension of his own being, and he commands it. He's been known to stomp on the keys with the heel of his boot, to pound it with his fists, to place his butt squarely on the ivories—and always the piano sounds perfect. He's declared that he can stare at the piano and make it play.

Within seconds of the 30-minute set's last notes, Lewis is back on the bus, settled on the rear suite's sofa, mouth agape, eyes looking at the TV. A couple of hours later, at five in the morning, rolling down the highway, I walk back to the bathroom on the bus. It's the last door on the left, just before his suite. He's reclining on the sofa, framed by the doorway, his hair newly trimmed, the TV uncomfortably loud. He's slouched, his feet planted firmly on the floor, ready to kick anyone who dares to cross the threshold, anyone who mistakes his door for the bathroom door and tries to piss on him. He looks up as I near and glares—his eyes burning through an unhealthy pallor, but burning. His skin shines like wax, but the meaning in his look is real. He glares like the devil.

Lewis's glare is as intimate and arbitrary as Elvis's gifts of Cadillacs. It's a way to retain control of the moment. When Elvis slurred that he was buying you—a stranger, a friend—a Cadillac, he was purchasing not just the moment but his control of you. You said no, you

pissed him off, and the relationship was over; you said yes, you lost your power of independence. So it is with Lewis's glare. Respond to the glower with a challenge—"Yeah, what do you want to do about it?"—and get thrown off the bus; tuck tail and meekly go about your business, you prove yourself a candyass. In a business of manipulation, these are masterful moves.

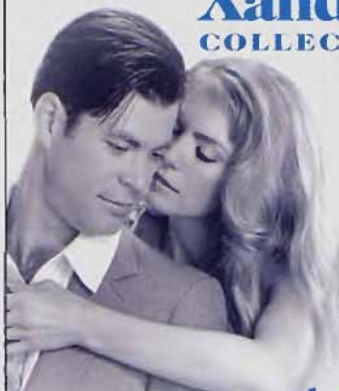
The TV in the back is so loud—even over the noise of a tour bus barreling 70 miles an hour on the expressway—and the day has stretched so long that someone finally slides the suite door shut. Lewis—rapt at the altar of TV—doesn't notice. Band members climb into bunks for an hour of shut-eye before they can go home and sleep.

The sky is pale purple becoming the white of day, and the bus is on city streets when there's an angry banging and someone shouts, "Open this door." For a minute, I am seeing the *Twilight Zone* image of the gremlin who has hung on through the whole flight outside the airplane window. The banging continues. It's from the back of the bus—someone's locked in the bathroom?—and as we get oriented from half sleep, we realize it's Lewis. "I want this door open right now!" He says it with such force, the door itself must cower before him. B.B. Cunningham hustles down the aisle, sees it's a sliding door, feels everywhere for a handle and takes a hit as the assault continues right by his head. "Somebody open this door!" There's a panic in Lewis's voice, as if he's drowning near shore, each pounding blow as strong as a victim's flailing. Cunningham is bent at the waist, trying to get his fingernails wedged between the metal frame and the door to rip it open.

Blam! Blam! "Somebody open this door right now." There's a syncopation to the banging and shouting—it's not something you'd dance to, but it gets your attention. The bus driver hears the commotion and yells to the back, "It's pneumatic." *Bang! Bang!* "It runs on air," he yells. "Push the button." There's a crowd at the door when the message reaches the back: "Push the big black button to the right of the door." As in *Batman*, *Austin Powers*, *Indiana Jones*—the door disappears inside the wall and reveals Jerry Lee Lewis, an everyday miracle, stunned but with an aura of fire burning like a voodoo candle, a voodoo campfire. He is silent, he speaks, he steps out of the room and back in. What he does and says is nothing compared with how he appears: a ball of fire, of pent-up rage. He's a warm front of vulnerability, a cold front of anger and mistrust, the thundering fury that is the Killer. Life is hell, and Lewis is still paying.



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BANK HEIST

(continued from page 84)

His adrenaline was pumping, his body flooded with endorphins. He was half a step away from being rich.

money down to Mexico.

"Sounds pretty good," she said. "For once I'll be a rich bitch."

They talked about what it would be like to live in South America. "I accept your kids, and if you bring them that's part of the deal," he told her. "For this money we'll be able to give them the kind of education they want and all the advantages."

On October 4, 1997, David Ghannt watched the money roll in at Loomis, Fargo. Millions of dollars in cash was due to arrive from the Federal Reserve on the way to local banks and ATMs. Five trucks

were out. His new shift partner obeyed dutifully when Ghannt set him in front of a TV in the loading bay and told him to watch training videos while he tidied up the vault.

As each truck returned to the loading dock, Ghannt separated out the bundles of checks and boxes of coins and stacked them to one side. He put the bags of cash on carts in the truck bay, pushed them into the vault and built a stash against the far wall. A few times he'd emerge from the vault and receive another page from Campbell: 1-4-3, numerical code for "I love you."

By six P.M. the last truck had pulled in. Soon after, Ghannt and the new guy were alone. Ghannt sent him to get a white oversize Loomis van, a Ford E-350. When he drove up, Ghannt congratulated him on a good day and sent him home. "We're outta here," he said.

He shut the vault door and pretended to lock it. At the employee exit Ghannt brushed the buttons of the alarm with his fingers as though he were activating it. Once in his truck he sparked up another butt and watched the trainee's black Honda disappear around the bend. Then he took a deep drag off the Marlboro, stamped it out and headed back into the abandoned vault.

The squeak of rubber wheels echoed through the dark building as Ghannt pushed waist-high Federal Reserve carts to the van. Four feet long and made of brown aluminum, the carts had clamshell lids that flipped up to reveal stacks of money shrink-wrapped in clear plastic and sorted into \$50,000 bundles. To Ghannt's trained nose, the new money stank of chemically replicated wet cat hair. He scooped up the bundles by the armload and heaved them into the van.

The ATM money came in big sacks containing \$10,000 to \$120,000 in different denominations. It was a crisp October evening, but after Ghannt had loaded 80 bags, sweat soaked his shirt and pants and made his socks squishy.

The van drooped in the back like a lowrider, money stacked high inside it. He slammed the doors shut and headed to the manager's office. He plunked down in the big leather executive chair. His adrenaline was pumping, his body flooded with endorphins. He threw his feet up on the desk, leaned back and lit a cigarette. It felt good. He was half a step away from being rich.

Ghannt had turned the tables. He had struck back. So why not fuck the suits over one more time? The vault had a timer. He set the three clocks as far forward as they would go, locking them down for more than three days. Then, laughing, he took the giant key rings with all the keys to the locked interior doors and threw them in the van. He reckoned he'd loaded about \$15 million or \$16 million.

He was wrong. When he drove out of the Charlotte Loomis, Fargo facility, he was carrying \$17,044,200—the second-biggest cash heist in American history. Altogether the money weighed 2,747 pounds.

The big day began for Scott Grant with an unexpected call from Steve Chambers. Did he want to make a quick couple thousand? Absolutely. Grant's girlfriend, Courtney Philyaw, followed him all the way to Chambers's house and tried to block him from entering the driveway. He told her it would be okay and sent her home. Chambers's wife was in a decidedly different mood.



"Oh, hell! Government interference!"



"Put your wallet away. I've got 100 hours of community service to work off."

"Ain't you nervous?" she teased.

"About what?" Grant asked.

"Steve hasn't told you yet?" she said. "I'll let Steve tell you."

Grant was appalled when Chambers finally did. "Hey, you want out? You can get out," Chambers told him. Then he started painting pictures: wealth, happiness, a trust fund for Grant's daughter, a new car. The smooth son of a bitch had a way of talking. He could get you to do things you didn't want to do. He was a hard person to say no to, persisting on like that.

A few hours later Grant settled uneasily into Chambers's black Mazda 626 outside the Loomis, Fargo facility and waited. He slumped low. The place was probably loaded with cameras.

Grant's dread mounted as a skinny redhead—Ghantt—appeared on the other side of an entry gate and struggled to pull it open. Chambers turned to look at Grant.

"Go over there and help him."

"Uh-uh," Grant said, shaking his head.

"Go over and help him."

Grant pulled on a pair of gloves and got out of the car. He ran over to the gate, grabbed it and pulled. He turned his head to the side so the redhead couldn't see his face.

Finally the white van lumbered through the gate. Grant had been nervous driving with Chambers to Loomis, Fargo. Now he was scared.

"The dude is an idiot," he said once he was back in the Mazda. "He doesn't even have enough sense to get a gate open!"

Chambers gave a dead-eyed stare. The dude was cold.

"We're gonna have to take him out," Chambers announced. "He's a liability."

"No we ain't," Grant shot back. "I ain't being involved in no killings. You promised me no guns or killing."

Then they took off.

Two cars ahead, Kelly Campbell was driving north toward I-85. Ghantt, in the white Loomis van, drove behind her, while Chambers and Grant brought up the rear. Eric Payne, another old friend of Chambers's, was waiting with a Budget rental van in the parking lot of Reynolds & Reynolds, where he worked. Once in the deserted lot, they'd transfer the loot to Payne's rental and ditch the Loomis van.

Reynolds & Reynolds lay at the end of a wooded road near I-85 lined with dark, boxy printing shops, graphics houses and companies that make ball bearings. The thin redheaded guy jumped out of the Loomis Ford E-350 in the parking lot, clutching a \$50,000 bundle of cash and leaving behind his Loomis service pistol and two videotapes from the surveillance cameras. He climbed into Campbell's vehicle. Then they were off.

Grant jumped into the Loomis van. He found the key to the back door and threw it open. Grant, Payne and Chambers stared in solemn silence. Mounds of cash in cellophane packets were piled from floor to ceiling, more money than any of them had ever seen.

Chambers hooked up a flashlight in the corner of the Loomis van. Grant grabbed money by the armful and tossed it out. Chambers and Payne crammed it into blue metal drums in the rental van.

Grant was throwing money faster than they could load it.

He was stepping all over money. He was swimming in it. A siren burst out down I-85, headed in their direction. They froze. An ambulance. Take the 100s, 50s and 20s. Leave the 10s, fives and ones. They had to hurry.

"That's enough. We got to get out of here," Chambers yelled.

Payne got into the Budget van. Chambers got into the car. Grant hopped back into Ghantt's Loomis van. He drove across the street, past a decaying building, through a cracked parking lot, over the grass and into the woods. He left the car running with the key in the ignition.

Finally Grant was back in Chambers's Mazda 626.

"Did you get them videotapes?" Chambers asked as they drove away. "Nobody told me to get them," Grant responded.

"Well, good," Chambers said. "They ain't going to be looking for us. They'll be looking for him."

They piled the money on the kitchen table back at Chambers's double-wide mobile home. Michele kissed her husband and talked about how they were going to buy a house. Grant looked at his cousin. "Nobody's going to buy a house," Grant burst out. "The plan is to sit on the cash for six months."

He paced the room as they counted the money. The stacks of crisp 100s, 50s and 20s were huge. "Look at it all," Grant said. "We're gonna get caught."

"No," Chambers said, "we're going to take this to our graves."

"Look at all this money—you think the government is just going to let this ride?" Grant lamented.

"If everyone does their part," his cousin declared.

Grant called his girlfriend. She had been looking for him all day. She demanded he return home—now. The cash count was up to \$8.6 million.

That night Grant took \$6,000 home. Courtney Philyaw ran to him. Where had he been? He scattered stacks of fresh \$100 bills onto the kitchen table.

That night Courtney had the best sex of her life.

David Ghantt had been unnerved as he drove the Loomis van out of the gate. On the road at one point he had spotted a Charlotte police cruiser. After that he tried to put a cigarette in his mouth but couldn't light it because his hand was shaking so much. He spat it across the van.

Once Ghantt was with Campbell, he relaxed. She was quiet for the first 10 minutes or so. "You know what? I'm a rich bitch now. I can do what I want," Campbell said.



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She was right. They were both rich. "Now I can get my kids some toys," she said. "I can take my mom on vacation. I can finally get rid of my husband."

They got to the airport in Columbia, South Carolina. It was desolate and closed.

Steve Chambers had come through with a fake ID for Ghatt. He'd persuaded an old acquaintance named Mike McKinney to sell him his Social Security card and birth certificate.

Chambers had assured Campbell he had a plan for the money: He would stash it with friends in New York who owned a bank, and then he'd use his connections to wash it and get it out of the country when the time was right.

But Chambers hadn't figured out Ghatt's transportation. This was a major glitch. How could Chambers have fucked this up? Campbell called him. He told her to drive Ghatt to the bus station.

"You need a money belt," Campbell said. They pulled into a convenience store across from a Waffle House. Campbell bought panty hose. She cut the ends off and stuffed money into them. She wrapped the money belt around Ghatt's chest and secured it with medical tape. She stuffed stacks of bills into his cowboy boots, then put him into a cab.

Ghatt caught the last bus out of town that night to Atlanta. He moved on to New Orleans and crossed into Mexico, settling into a four-star hotel with a view on the Cancún beachfront.

The heist dominated the local news. Loomis, Fargo offered a \$500,000 reward. Everything pointed to Ghatt. The vault supervisor had left behind a videotape from the surveillance camera in the assistant manager's office that he hadn't known about. It flitted among 16 different camera angles. Between shots of the employee bathroom and the back parking lot, Ghatt appeared, methodically loading money into a van.

The FBI found the van with the other two videotapes and more than \$3 million in discarded 10s, fives and ones within days. Ghatt made his national television debut on *America's Most Wanted*. His parents and Tammy told police he must have been forced to commit the crime.

To some of the agents, this was plausible. Ghatt was known as a punctual, dedicated worker who sometimes pulled double shifts before dawn. Days before the crime he'd made a dentist appointment—hardly the behavior of someone about to skip town.

"We would sit around speculating: What are we going to do if we find David facedown in a cornfield in Abilene," says former assistant U.S. attorney David Kessler. "What if he fell in with sophisticated thieves and we find him dead with no evidence?"

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Ghantt was having the time of his life. He had never had a pair of \$150 Oakley sunglasses before. So he purchased three: one red, one white and one blue. The American dream, baby! He got jeans and hand-stitched python-skin boots. They'd fit one pair of feet—his.

Then he hit the clubs. If you don't get laid in Cancún, you've left your pecker at home. He bumped into a cruise ship full of horny German tourists. They were there to party. They spoke a little English; Ghantt spoke a little Spanish. Didn't matter—he had a weak spot for blondes. They were tall and leggy with heart-shaped asses, and Ghantt had a hot tub.

He spent money like a stockbroker and partied like a rock star. He cruised the pools at Cancún's best hotels. He checked out women in thongs. He strolled sandy beaches and watched the sun sink into the ocean from outdoor bars where the waiters brought fruity drinks with little umbrellas in them. He sipped champagne and tossed money around at restaurants. He scoped out a Jet Ski business and came up with a plan to open one with Campbell when she came down with his money.

Whenever he saw couples walking along the beach, holding hands, he truly missed her.

For a time he made do. He changed his name daily, doled out drinks like cups of water at a marathon, told people he was a race-car driver. Soon he was throwing raucous parties at which the air smelled of sex and suntan lotion, and beautiful women he'd never met arrived at his door in packs. He woke up two days after one rowdy bash and found a black sequined G-string on the fan and cocaine in the sugar jar.

Buff, mustached Eric Payne got his wife a pair of breast implants and a nose job. His sisters, Celeste and Karen, had always wanted bigger breasts too. So he hooked them up with \$3,500 jobs. Celeste told the neighbors in the trailer park that she had quit her job and cashed out her 401(k) to pay for them. Karen suspected the money might have come from some sort of illicit deal. Still, she had always been flat as flutter, and she'd always wanted implants. Her kids thought it was funny, but she loved them.

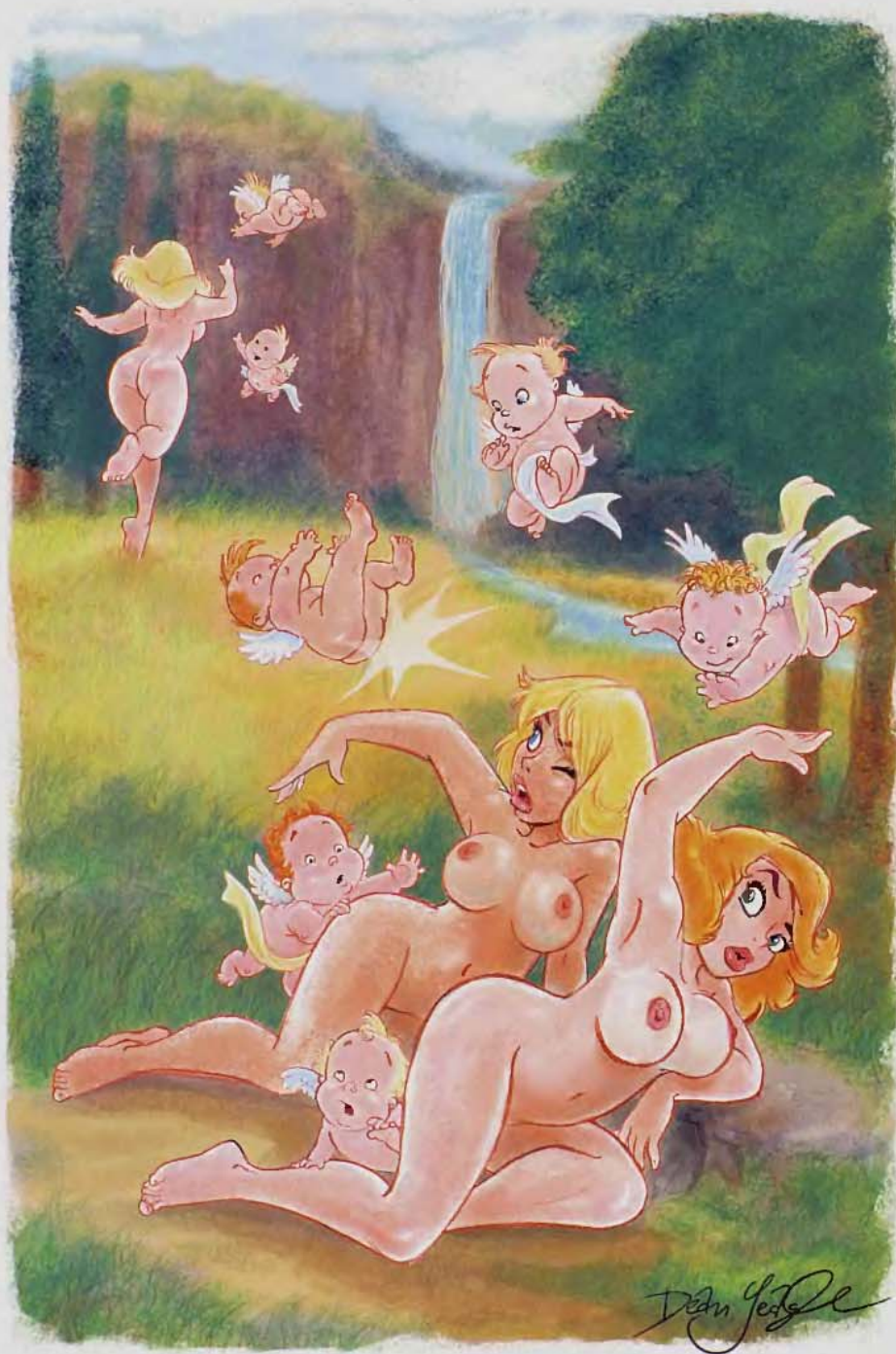
Kelly Campbell bought her kids trail bikes for Christmas. She got them their own television and a PlayStation. She took them and her mother on vacation to Florida and got Chambers to help her buy a new minivan.

Steve Chambers and his wife outdid them all. They moved into a \$635,000, 15-room mansion in a gated golf-course community. They took friends out in rented limousines to steak dinners and led a posse to Atlantic City.

Then they decorated. In the bar area of the mansion Chambers placed Dallas Cowboys team plaques from 1971, 1977, 1992 and 1995. A 1993 Cowboys Super Bowl championship plaque served as the centerpiece. The couple told acquaintances that Chambers was a retired Cowboy.

He told others that he had won money gambling. He told his old friend Calvin Hodge that he had made the money in the furniture business. "There's a lot of money in furniture," he said. It seemed plausible to Hodge, a former co-worker who drove an ice cream truck and worked for the city. Soon after the heist Chambers actually purchased a discount-furniture business in downtown Gastonia, which he shuttered for remodeling and stocked with high-end goods. He considered buying a nightclub and renaming it the Big House.

Calvin Hodge was at the Chambers palace the day a leopard-print runner arrived for the winding staircase in the entry hall. He watched movers haul in a big-screen TV. Chambers picked at them. He had a long driveway and said the movers were lucky he didn't make them unload the truck at the bottom and push the TV down the street. But he tipped them well, and they left happy.



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Soon ceramic urns on seven-foot-tall pedestals lined the entry foyer, leading to a large mirror in a leopard-print fabric frame. A baby grand piano was off to the side. In his study Chambers set up an antique cash register. He placed a handmade Civil War chess set with hand-painted pieces on the table. He had a black antique Underwood typewriter, a Confederate flag blanket, a leather trash can. On the wall he placed a large painting of a dog in military clothes.

They installed a white wooden four-poster king-size bed with leather on the headboard in the master bedroom, along with a silver-plated statue of an angel and a woman, and two bronze statues of nude men. There was a bust of Caesar in the dining room, and a leopard-print ottoman, gold-framed oil paintings of zebras and 22 assorted Barbie dolls in a glass case were in the living room. Elvis Presley presided in a black frame (a velvet version was in the storage room) over the pool table in the game room, near a picture of Robert E. Lee and a six-foot-tall wooden Indian.

Before Christmas Chambers showed Hodge a \$43,000 3.5-carat diamond ring he planned to give Michele. "I don't care who the woman is, no woman deserves a ring that big," Hodge told him.

Agents interviewed David Ghannt's Army buddies, his high school friends and his Loomis supervisors and colleagues. The conversations confirmed what they already knew: Ghannt was a docile guy who dreamed about exotic places and muscle cars. He liked spy novels. But he was hardly the kind of guy to pull a \$17 million heist. Only one detail stuck out: Ghannt's co-workers all noticed how enthusiastic he got when he talked about Kelly Campbell. In recent months he'd hinted to some work friends that he was getting some on the side.

Steve Chambers was running out of things to buy. It was a strange dilemma:

He loved money, but he knew that if he didn't get rid of it he would end up in prison. He hid some in barrels in his garage, buried some in the backyard. After getting tossed out of a local bar, he tried to buy it. Michele toured Gaston County's banks in a shiny new white BMW z3, approaching tellers with paper bags full of 100s and asking how much she could deposit without filling out any forms. "Don't worry," she said. "It's not drug money." One day she walked up to a window with a briefcase containing \$200,000 in cash. After she left, the teller filled out a suspicious-activity report that eventually made its way to the FBI.

Chambers continued to insist to Campbell that he was stashing the money with his connected friends in New York. In reality he had no place to put it all, and he and Michele were scrambling to hide it.

Chambers approached family members and friends. He told some he had struck it rich gambling. Would they deposit, say, \$30,000 for a \$10,000 cut? Calvin Hodge was trying to get his father to write a \$250,000 cashier's check on Chambers's behalf in exchange for cash. Chambers persuaded several friends to open safe-deposit boxes, then crammed them full of money.

Michele persuaded her parents to open a safe-deposit box. She slipped stacks of cash to a friend who was a bank teller in the area. For a generous fee, Grant's brother Nathan agreed to keep an eye on \$2 million stashed in a nearby storage facility. Nathan and his wife purchased a tanning bed and a big-screen television.

One day a tipster informed the Charlotte FBI office that Eric Payne had gone to work for one day after the heist and then taken a three-week vacation. Payne was also driving a brand-new Harley-Davidson. The FBI was intrigued that Payne worked at Reynolds

& Reynolds, near where the Loomis van had been dumped.

Steve Chambers had ponied up \$100,000 in cash for the furniture business. A tipster called the FBI to report the transaction and convey suspicions about the buyer with the big new mansion. The FBI had a file on Chambers; the small-time scam artist had once served as a low-level informant. The FBI tailed Kelly Campbell one afternoon and ran a check on the new minivan she was driving. It was registered to a man named Robert Dean Wilson, who, the bureau discovered, had paid for it in cash. The alias was in Chambers's file.

The FBI installed wiretaps on Chambers's and Campbell's phones.

In Mexico David Ghannt was running out of cash. He and Campbell had set up a system of codes—he used a calling card to ring her pager, then left the time, date and number where he'd call her. They talked about once a week, which filled him with heartache.

On the phone one night he told her again how he felt and said he couldn't wait to see her. But she was spooked. The FBI had already come to see her, and she didn't want to try to go anywhere until the heat died down. If she couldn't get down to Mexico, Ghannt said, someone else would have to. He had no more money.

Chambers wanted Ghannt dead. He told Campbell he wanted to get rid of him. "No way," she said. "Absolutely not." Ghannt had trusted Campbell more than anyone else in her life. She did not want to betray him. Chambers let it go.

Campbell felt squeezed. FBI agents continually pressed her for interviews. Chambers kept tabs on her 24 hours a day. She smoked pot like crazy. Chambers had all the money, and he called all the shots. She was stuck. Didn't know what to do. One day she could no





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longer take any more of his badgering. "Just do what you're going to do," she said weakly, "but I want no part of it."

Steve Chambers had chosen a hit man: an imposing former Marine named Mike McKinney—the same McKinney who had agreed to sell Chambers his birth certificate and Social Security card. Chambers instructed McKinney to get close to Ghannt and look for an opportunity to take him out. In the meantime McKinney would serve as the courier, using the fake name Bruno.

Bruno showed up late to his rendezvous with Ghannt. He threw \$8,000 in cash on Ghannt's bed. Said it was all he could get through the airport. Ghannt hit the roof. This was bullshit—after all, he had just smuggled \$30,000 in \$20 bills.

One day in December Ghannt ate a burger at the Hard Rock Cafe. "You look awfully familiar," a stranger said. "You look like the guy who robbed Loomis, Fargo in North Carolina."

"No, can't be me. I've been here a couple years," Ghannt shot back. He paged Campbell. He needed to get out of there.

Chambers sent McKinney back down. McKinney told Ghannt he had plans to evacuate him to Mexico City and perhaps Brazil. He made Ghannt nervous. As the pair drove down the coast to the island of Cozumel, McKinney wouldn't make eye contact. He asked Ghannt if he was armed. One night the two sat on the balcony of

an expensive hotel overlooking the water, downing drinks and talking. "You sure know how to pick a good view," McKinney said.

Ghannt loosened up. They started talking about Kelly Campbell and Steve Chambers. McKinney mentioned that Chambers and his wife lived in a mansion and that she had bought a new BMW convertible. He wondered where they'd gotten the money. Ghannt was shocked. Mansions? BMWs? Ghannt told McKinney about the \$17 million bank robbery, of which he had been ignorant. It was a sobering conversation for both of them. When it was time to leave for Mexico City, McKinney told Ghannt he didn't have a ticket for him yet. "I'm going to go back and talk to Steve," he said.

A few days later the phone rang in Ghannt's hotel room. "I'm a friend of Bruno's," a man who identified himself as Roberto told Ghannt. "I'm supposed to come help you."

Roberto was a tough-looking Chicano who had grown up in L.A. and had fled to Mexico to avoid prison. But when Ghannt showed up at Señor Frog's in Playa del Carmen wearing a Jerome Bettis Pittsburgh Steelers jersey, Roberto smiled. "You a Steelers fan?" Roberto asked. He'd been looking for a Bettis jersey. The Steelers had just gone to the playoffs and blown a big game. The two Steelers fans downed beers, ate nachos and griped about the loss.

Roberto took Ghannt back to Cancún

and found him a place to stay. Freshly stocked with cash by McKinney, Ghannt invited his new pal to go clubbing. Ghannt picked up the lavish tabs. They had fun. They clicked.

Ghannt asked Roberto to get him a cell phone. Roberto came by one afternoon to drop it off. The two stood alone, the door shut. "I got something I got to tell you," Roberto said. "That Bruno dude, somebody hired him to kill you." And then he confessed that Bruno had hired Roberto to do the dirty work.

Ghannt was devastated—and terrified. He cut down on the booze. Didn't want to get too drunk. He needed to stay sharp. He was miserable. Paranoid.

He holed up in a new hotel room, ate M&M's and watched television. He thought about his family and the reunions he'd skipped or shown up late for. He thought about how his uncles and father were gone now. He missed them. He regretted not skydiving. He'd gone white-water rafting only once and loved it. Why had he been so cheap? Why had he wasted so much of his life working?

He called Campbell and told her he didn't want to deal with Bruno anymore. She insisted he must. Finally, it clicked. She had to be part of it.

"I know what you're doing. And the same thing Steve has planned for me he has planned for you," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You know what I mean," Ghannt shot back. "What you need to do is load up that .45 I left you." He hung up the phone.

Ghannt went to a flea market and bought a 15-inch bowie knife. Then he blew town.

Campbell was on her wiretapped phone telling Chambers she planned to get liposuction on her buttocks and a tummy tuck. Chambers didn't care. He pressed Campbell aggressively for Ghannt's exact location. Then he got on the phone with McKinney. Told him Ghannt was in Cozumel and it was time to strike.

The FBI decided to move.

Ghannt was hiding out in Playa del Carmen—not in Cozumel as he had told Campbell on the phone. The FBI traced one of his calls to a hotel. One afternoon Mexican police, accompanied by a stocky Italian American, approached Ghannt. After a confused moment of terror, Ghannt burst out, "Please tell me you are from the FBI!"

"I'm from the FBI," Special Agent Mark Rozzi responded.

"Boy, am I happy to see you!" Ghannt confessed.

In a series of coordinated early-morning takedowns on March 2, 1998, scores of agents stormed trailers and homes across the Gaston County area. They hit Chambers, Campbell, Payne, Grant and



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310-274-0760. Kenneth Cole New York, kennethcole.com. *Le Tigre*, holdthattiger.com. NYBased, available at Wear Me Out in NYC. Michael Michael Kors, available at Filene's. Oliver Peoples by Larry Leight, oliverpeoples.com. OP, available at Lord & Taylor. Paul

Smith Accessories, 212-627-9770. *Phat Farm*, available at Macy's. *The Retro Fox*, theretrofox.com. *Rosasen*, rosasen.com. *Ryan Kenny*, available at Marshall Field's and Saks. *Sean John*, available at Bloomingdale's and Macy's. *Shenzo Jeans*, available at Lounge in NYC. *Tommy Hilfiger*, tommy.com.

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POTPOURRI

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eventually numerous friends who had, many unwittingly, helped launder money. Well versed in how the process worked and looking at heavy time, Chambers started singing the moment he got into an interrogation room, selling out his cousin and everybody else.

Over the course of the next couple of months the FBI recovered or accounted for most of the \$17 million. In 1999 a judge sentenced Kelly Campbell to five years and 10 months in prison. Michele Chambers got seven years and eight months. The two are in the same compound, but "we never talk to each other," Campbell wrote in a letter to Ghatt. "I can't even stand to be in the same room with her." Of her old buddy Steve Chambers, Campbell says, "After we were arrested and the fog had cleared from my brain, I realized that Steve was most likely planning on killing me, too." She also wrote, "Yes, to an extent I did lie to you and deceive you. But if I would've had my way about it, you would have gotten your full share of the money."

Scott Grant was released last spring and is now married to Courtney Philyaw. He hopes never to speak to his cousin again. Steve Chambers got 11 years in prison and remains in a lockup in Estill, South Carolina. His family says he is seeking a movie deal. "I am not tooting my own horn when I say my life story is pretty interesting," he explained to PLAYBOY in a recent letter. "I've taken risks all my life. Nobody knows all the details like I do. I'm a criminal, a retired criminal now."

David Ghatt got seven and a half years. Sitting in a prison visiting room, looking back on his life, he expresses a relief at escaping the trap of consumerism that seems odd for a man living in a metal cage. "They try to put you in this little box, our society," he says. "You feel like you're trapped because you look around at all your neighbors and they all look alike. All those minivans. I don't know about you, but that depresses me all to hell."

Standing in front of the prison yard gate, in his tan inmate's uniform, the naive young dreamer who fell in love with Campbell is a distant figure. Ghatt's scrawny shoulders are broader. The limp patch of hair on his head is shaved clean. As he turns to leave, a jauntiness enters his stride.

Does he regret what he did? He calls out over his shoulder, "It's the most fun you can have with your clothes on."

A prison guard slams the metal gate shut, turns the key and shakes his head.

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RADOSH

(continued from page 46)

relationship before marriage. "I want you to call GM and tell them, 'I understand you're promoting fornication to sell automobiles,'" he says. I'm trying to figure out if this is a setup for his next joke book. Then his wife, Leslee, tells us she has been meeting with Clearinghouse-approved AIDS workers around the world and has found they uniformly denounce the ABC lesson—Abstinence, Be Faithful, Use Condoms—that has been credited with stemming the AIDS epidemic in Uganda. "Tell American mixed-message people, 'Keep your condoms at home,'" Leslee claims she was told. She is so gleeful about her reputation as someone who never compromises that it seems churlish to wonder how many people have to die for her principles.

But then, war demands sacrifice. "We lost the most important war of the 20th century, the sexual revolution," says Colonel Ronald Ray. In his session, Ray and his wife, Mrs. Eunice Van Winkle Ray, lay out an alternate history of the past 50 years as a conspiracy to destroy America, beginning with the decriminalization of "fornication and cohabitation." The Rays pin this plot on Alfred Kinsey, but in a newsletter, Why kNow places the blame for the first strike of "cultural terrorism," which it compares to 9/11, on a different culprit: Hugh Hefner and the "PLAYBOY mentality."

The convention ends with a dinner and the presentation of Abstie Awards for dedication to the cause. The entertainment is a delicate matter. A song from former Miss America Tara Dawn Christensen, who made purity her pageant platform, probably seemed safe. But Christensen's bodysuit causes some consternation among my tablemates. Not that it doesn't cover her from ankle to wrist, but it's awfully clingy and lacy, although completely opaque. When one woman at the table begins singing along, her friend jokes, "All you need is the outfit."

"I'm saving that for my husband," the woman says.

Downstairs, the hotel is hosting a tribute to Norman Rockwell, featuring life-size three-dimensional re-creations of his famous paintings: families gathered by the fire, children frolicking in swimming holes. I squeeze behind a desk in the picture-perfect one-room schoolhouse and soak in the nostalgia for an America that never existed. It is easy to see the appeal. But I keep thinking about the pair of school programs a group upstairs is pushing: a presentation for boys called "Protector vs. Predator" and one for girls called "Treasure vs. Target." In the end, the trouble with living in Virginland is that all relationships between males and females are limited to these choices.

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8901 Weekend Thong Set \$29

Jolene Blalock

(continued from page 117)

comes together in pieces. It's amazing. Unfortunately, when they made the dolls they squished us. We're all a little narrow, so my face is too thin. The head on Scott Bakula's doll doesn't stay up; it's always hanging one way or another.

11

PLAYBOY: You were a fan of the original *Star Trek* series, and Spock was your favorite character. What qualities does your character share with Spock?

BLALOCK: We are know-it-alls. You want to know; we already know. You don't want to know; we still know, and we're going to tell you. And even when you tell us, we'll tell you back, but trust me, we'll tell you better.

12

PLAYBOY: What would Spock and your character be like in bed?

BLALOCK: Vulcans are really freaky nasty. You would never know it. You'd think it would go total missionary. But no, we are freaky nasty, dirty nasty and, yeah, funky. If we had a kid, it would look like me with those ears and that hair. We'd name him Vern. "Vern, you little Vulcan." Yeah, Vern.

13

PLAYBOY: What is the weirdest place you've ever been beamed up from and had a cigarette afterward?

BLALOCK: The strangest place I have

been beamed up from is a phone booth. I guess that would generally be considered odd. We used the yellow pages for leverage. It was during a road trip to Muskoka, north of Toronto.

14

PLAYBOY: You're a surfer. Where is the most uncomfortable spot you've ever developed a knot?

BLALOCK: Knots usually happen on the shins because the bone is closest to the skin there. That's where you feel them. But more dangerous things can happen, such as someone else's board landing on you. If it's a heavy board, you can be knocked out. Or being sliced with a fin—the fins are so sharp, they go right through your wet suit.

15

PLAYBOY: Would you share your shark preparedness checklist?

BLALOCK: You know how great it feels to pee in your wet suit because it's so cold and the warmth is nice? Don't do it. For some reason sharks can smell it from 10 miles away. Also, if you're bleeding, make sure all your wounds are securely covered. Other than that, if there are porpoises or dolphins in the water, sharks are usually not around. Just don't freak out.

16

PLAYBOY: Are undergarments a friend or a foe? How does a woman make them work for her?

BLALOCK: Friend. Big-time friend. My husband always says, "Why are you buy-

ing new underwear? Are you cheating?" He read in a book that when women buy new lingerie they're stepping out. So he always asks, "What's going on? Are you having a crisis?" No, I like underwear. It's okay. Guys throw on a pair of underwear, and it could be the same pair for jogging or for work. Women should buy underwear per outfit because some bras are textured, and you don't want to wear a textured bra under a T-shirt because that would look funky and people would think you had cellulite on your boobs. So lots of stuff is harder for us than for guys, but it's fun.

17

PLAYBOY: You're from San Diego. Were the Beach Boys correct about California girls? Is there anything you'd change about them?

BLALOCK: Yes, and this goes for all of California. There could be fewer hos. I mean, we have beautiful girls, but man, they're hos. I don't get it. They go down to Tijuana, and only hos go there. Tijuana is skanky dirty. If you get pulled over by the cops there, you'd better have \$200 and a good Rolex if you want to get out of the country.

18

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you like men who have hands with big masculine veins. Are there other places you like big masculine veins?

BLALOCK: On the Snickers bar. The Snickers satisfies. Sorry, that's bad. I know it's bad.

19

PLAYBOY: Is it about time to say good-bye to *Star Trek* and go home?

BLALOCK: Yeah, this is probably our last season. It's a little strange, because it would be the first time in almost 40 years that there wasn't a *Star Trek* on the air except in reruns. I feel it, and I'm okay with it because the shows haven't been that great. I would rather go out now than slowly go down with a sinking ship. Ironically, this year is going to be our best. We have had our share of crappy stories, but we've had a lot fewer of them and have been addressing some pretty interesting issues. It shouldn't be just entertainment; it should be thought-provoking.

20

PLAYBOY: Who would be better suited to wear the Vulcan ears, Meryl Streep or Pam Anderson?

BLALOCK: Working with my bosses? I'd have to say Pam Anderson, because you've got to be equipped. Do you know what I mean? Meryl Streep, she's not equipped. Now that's the first time I've ever said that.



"What makes you so sure that's for some lucky woman?"



PLAYMATE NEWS



Carmella: a total knockout.

RINGSIDE SEATS! CARMELLA DECESARE JOINS THE WWE

Let's get raw, Playboy style. PMOY 2004 Carmella DeCesare, whose first foray into reality TV was on *Who Wants to Be a Playboy Centerfold*, gave the genre a rematch last summer when she became a contestant on WWE's *RAW Diva Search* on Spike TV. As one of 10 finalists Carmella fought it out in the *Monday Night Raw* ring with other feisty females for the grand prize: \$250,000 and a contract with the WWE. Although she says the experience had its downside—"I didn't like the competitive environment; the girls were so catty"—she still finished second. That was good for a consolation prize: Carmella made such a positive impression on the WWE that she has been

asked to continue her character appearances on *Monday Night Raw*. Each time she enters the ring she's pitted against the *Diva Search* victor, Christy Hemme. "I love working for the WWE,"

Carmella says. "I'm not a wrestler, but my routine with Christy always includes little catfights. I play myself, and I use my name and the PMOY title, but it's not really me. I act as if I'm a total bitch. We call each other names and punch each other. Obviously everything is exaggerated and staged, but sometimes you really take a few hits. I have bruises. But once we get backstage we laugh and hug. It's like a wrestling soap opera."



50 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

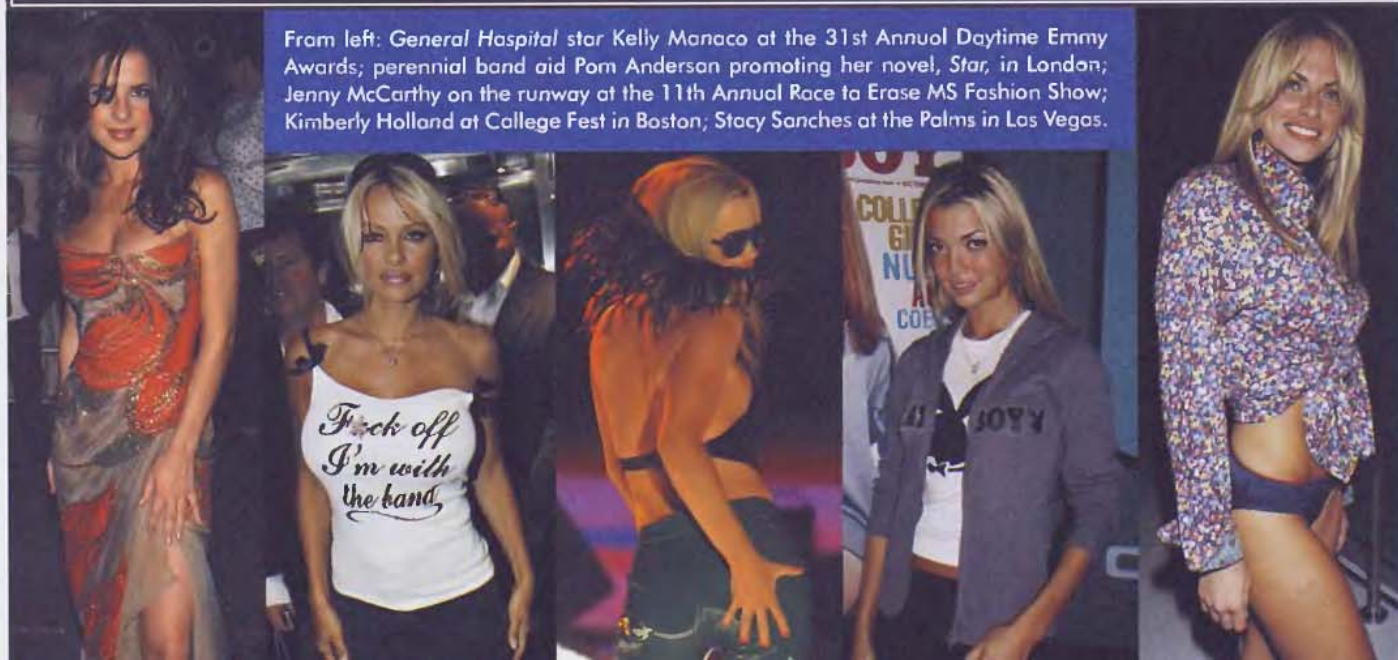
"When we shot *Jayne Mansfield*," says photographer Alice Gowland, "I said, 'That girl's going nowhere.' I thought she was just overwhelmingly sexy—too sexy. Shows you what I knew." After appearing as Miss February 1955, Jayne



was signed by 20th Century Fox, and her career took off. Her June 1963 layout, *The Nudest Jayne Mansfield*, earned Hef an obscenity bust from Chicago police. Long after her death in a 1967 car crash, Jayne remains a legend.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, FASHION

From left: *General Hospital* star Kelly Manaco at the 31st Annual Daytime Emmy Awards; perennial band aid Pom Anderson promoting her novel, *Star*, in London; Jenny McCarthy on the runway at the 11th Annual Race to Erase MS Fashion Show; Kimberly Holland at College Fest in Boston; Stacy Sanches at the Palms in Las Vegas.



HOT SHOT



IRINA VORONINA

POP QUESTIONS: CARA ZAVALETA

Q: How has life changed since you became Miss November 2004?

A: I'm a princess now. All of a sudden people bend over backward for me. I'm like, "What is this? I'll take off my clothes more often!" Just kidding.

Q: Who's your idol?

A: Brooke Burke. It's funny that she was on the cover of my issue. I died and fell on the floor. I looked at her pictures before I looked at my own.

Q: What's next?

A: I want to be a really good trained singer, which is crazy because I don't know how to sing. That's the unrealistic daydreamer in me. Realistically, I'll do some modeling. It's all about variety, baby. I get bored doing one thing. I have to do a hundred things, or I'll rip my hair out.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Esai Morales

"My favorite Playmate is Miss June 1985 **Devin DeVasquez** because she's all that—down, brown and one of the most beautiful



women I have ever seen in my life. When I met her she was such a nice girl. And I'm sure she is still a nice girl."



BARBARA AND LORENZO: A LOVE STORY

We're always glad to hear that people are happy. Barbara Moore, whose wedding to Lorenzo Lamas is imminent, offers this bliss report: "Lorenzo and I have been inseparable since our first lunch date. Almost every night he gives me a full body massage. We light candles and put on romantic music. We always make time for intimacy. We can't help it, because our chemistry is so strong. My happiness is important to him. He needs a lot of attention too, which I'm happy to provide!"



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Congrats to **Shanna Moakler** and Blink-182 rocker **Travis Barker**, whose *Nightmare Before Christmas*-inspired wedding was featured in *People* magazine. Their son, **Landon**, wore mini versions of Travis's tux and Mohawk, and Shanna's daughter, **Atiana** (whose dad is boxer **Oscar De La Hoya**), was a flower girl....

If you've never seen *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, here's one great reason to do so: **Cynthia Myers**, who starred in the 1970 cult classic. **Cynthia** (right) posed with *Beyond* co-writer **Roger Ebert** at the funeral of **Russ Meyer**, the film's director and co-writer....



Angel Boris appears in national commercials for Best Buy and Budweiser....

Remembering writer-director **Russ Meyer**.

Julie McCullough and **Cara Wakelin** (below) showed off the latest in Bunny gear at the Magic Fashion Convention in Las Vegas.... *Amazing Race* star **Victoria Fuller** gave us her postshow assessment: "It was the most exciting time of my life. I had several meltdowns. I cried, I laughed, I had it out with Jon, my husband and teammate. I saw things that changed my life and,

Making Magic in Vegas.



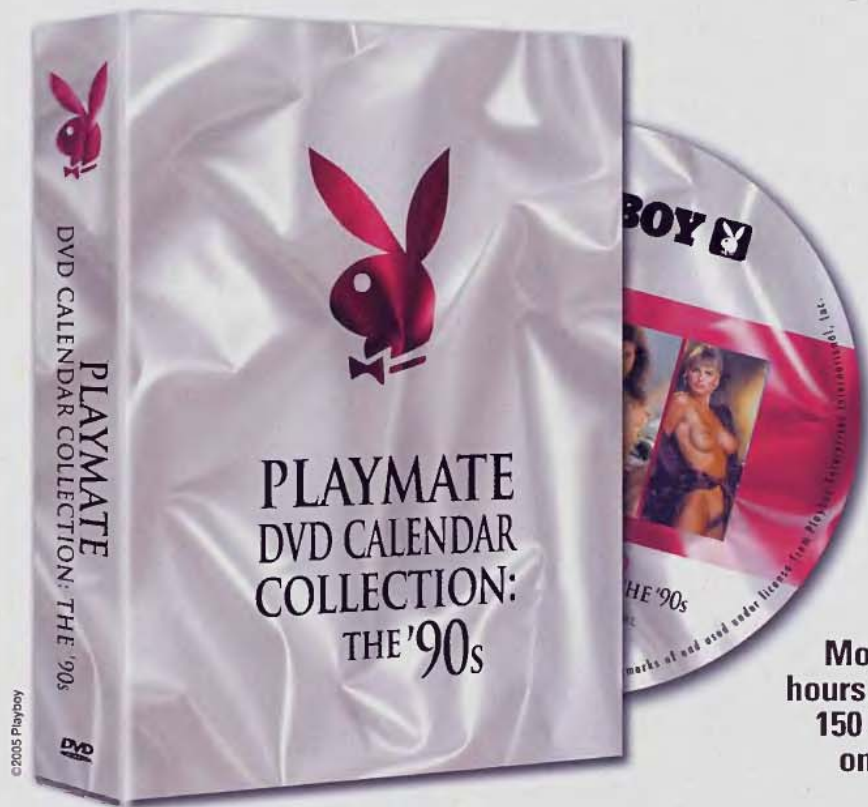
ultimately, how I feel about the world. 'Amazing race' is an understatement. It blew my mind and rocked my soul."

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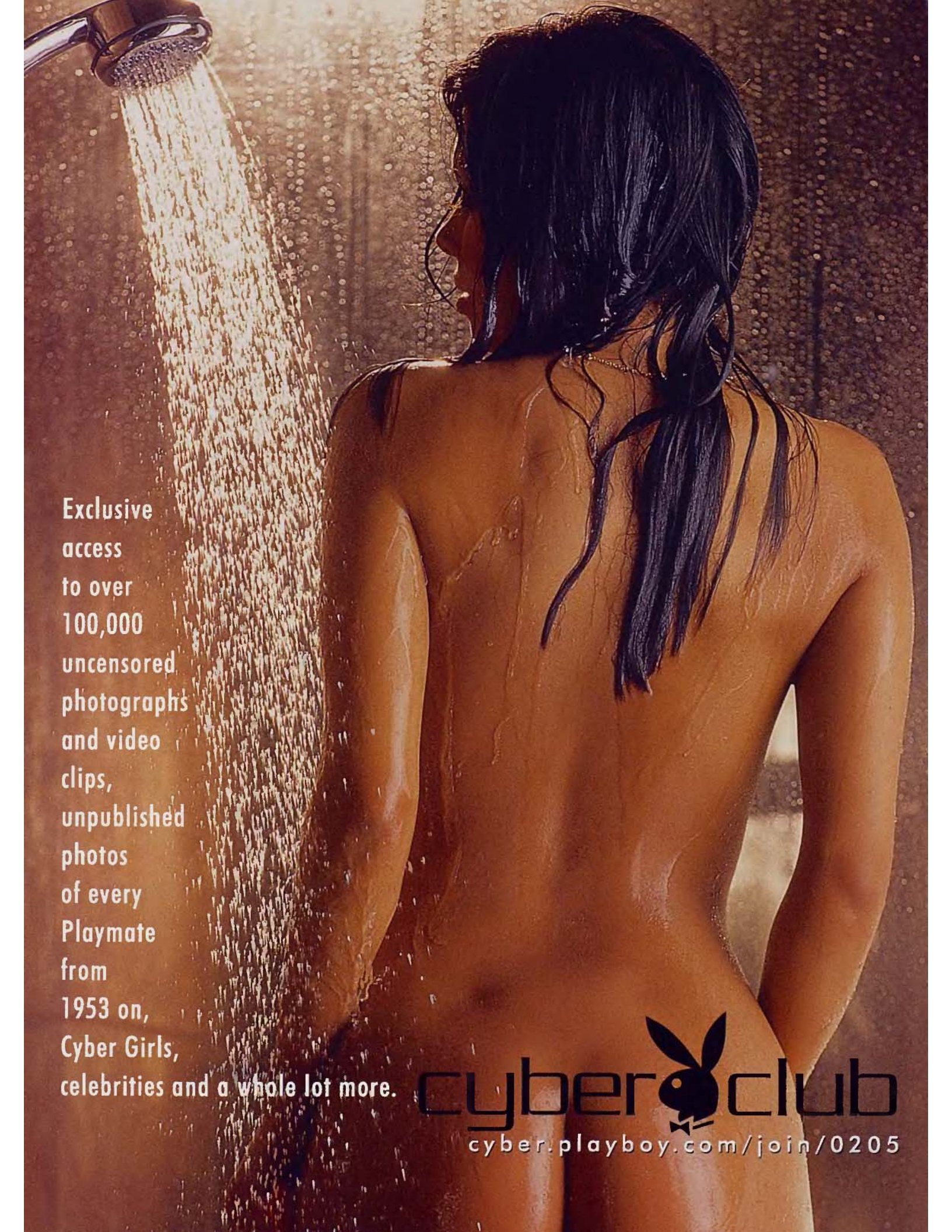
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Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



Sonic Outlaw

In Blackie Pagano's workshop, DIY and high-end audio come together in custom-designed stereo treasures

As you approach Blackie Pagano's shop on Ludlow Street in New York City's Lower East Side, ignore the chopped-out motorcycle sitting outside the window. Same goes (this is harder) for the mint 1957 Porsche GT parked in front. Why? Because the really good stuff is inside. Pagano's work space is a riot of multimeters, oscilloscopes, drill presses, saws and World War II military surplus, all packed into a long, narrow storefront smaller than some people's bathrooms. From these rude electronic guts Pagano brings forth devices that are one part stereo equipment, one part sculpture—like Victrolas that play MP3s and monoblock amps made of circular saws that sound the way Milla Jovovich looks. Having cut his teeth building and repairing guitar tube amps for everyone from the Strokes to David Bowie for 13 years, Pagano creates works that could easily hang with the audiophile in-crowd—and at \$3,000 to \$20,000, they're priced to match. But Blackie has no interest in seeing his work in snobby high-end audio showrooms. Rather, his aim is to custom design and hand build something unique for each client. "I like to hang out with the person, have dinner with them, find out what kind of music they listen to," he says. "Then I can build them something. If someone's giving me five grand for an amp, I can't give him the same thing I gave the last guy." Plus, it's an investment: "When I build something, it's guaranteed for life. You should feel like you never need to buy another amp." See more of Pagano's work at tubesville.com. —Scott Alexander

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Klum With a View

Here's a tip from Victoria's Secret saleslady HEIDI KLUM: "Spend money on nice lingerie. Big wool-cotton pants don't work." At the World Music Awards she made out with Seal, inexplicably the luckiest guy there.

REYNALDOZ



ROBERT GALBRAITH/REUTERS

Sharon Was a Freezing Stone

It must have been nippy inside the Shrine Auditorium, where SHARON STONE presented an Emmy award for... who the hell cares? While rumors of a *Basic Instinct* sequel swirl, one thing's for sure: Stone still gets her rocks off.

We Sing the Body Electra

The most baffling factoid from CARMEN ELECTRA's eventful life? The artist formerly known as Tara Patrick changed her name on the advice of former mentor Prince.



MICHAEL CAULFIELD/REX USA



Spell Check

TORI SPELLING showed off her spelling Bs (or are they Ds?) at an *Elle* magazine party. When your dad has produced some of TV's sexiest shows (*Charlie's Angels*, *Melrose Place*) you learn how to display a pair—of earrings.

CHRIS POLK/FILMMAGIC.COM



Her Cups Gwyneth Over

Baby Apple isn't the only fruit of GWYNETH PALTROW's labor. "The cup's gone up from an A to D. / It's bad for you, but it's fun for me," hubby Chris Martin sings on the Coldplay site.



Good Heir Day

Hotel heiress NICKY HILTON has the world checked in, thanks to her wild canoodlings and bold fashion statements. What's that? She's got a sister? We had no idea.

BRAD CHECKETT/SPLASH NEWS

Thong of the South

You can see more of SoCal's ASHLEY ROBERTS in the video *Undress for Success*, in which she's called Thong Representative. Where's the rest of Congress?



ASHLEY ROBERTS



ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

Nothing's more fun than a board game—involving naked women. Should you find yourself in the mood, we recommend PervArtistry (\$25, pervartistry.com), a combination of charades and Pictionary with an X-rated edge. You pick a card at random that says something on it (examples: BEAT THE MEAT, HERMAPHRODITE, FAKE ORGASM). Then, by drawing a picture or acting it out, you try to get your partner to say that word or phrase without his or her seeing the card.

The woman pictured here is trying to get you to say "pearl necklace." She's pretty good at this game, don't you think?

A BIT SCRATCHY

Problem: You want to deejay but don't want to rummage through vinyl bins at flea markets. Digital turntables let you scratch on your CD collection, but the small scratch wheels on most digital decks don't feel real. Enter Numark's CDX (\$800, numark.com), which uses a full-size turntable platter and a direct-drive motor, just like conventional DJ decks. Now go create Mister Rogers vs. Metallica mash-ups to your heart's content.



PICTURE THIS

Digital cameras have been outselling film-based snappers for more than a year now, but their display options haven't measured up to the good old-fashioned photo album. Digital photo frames promised to fix this, letting you exhibit multiple photos in one place (and out in the open, where you'll actually look at them), but the screens are small and storage is limited. At \$1,200, Photoviu's new frames aren't cheap, but they come with a generous 19-inch LCD screen and built-in Wi-Fi to pull photos wirelessly from your PC. A browser-based interface allows you to control which photos are shown and for how long. Just be careful which folders you select—no one needs to see those colonoscopy slides again.

ALL THE NEWS UNFIT TO PRINT

Want to know what made Grandpop the man he is? It was the men's magazines he read, which were packed with stories about swingers, sex slaves and gang bangs. *Dian Hanson's History of Men's Magazines Vol. 1* and *Vol. 2* are coffee-table books that celebrate the mags in all their lurid glory, from 1900 to 1957. Pictured: a shot from a 1950s French rag. The books are available for \$50 at taschen.com.



FREE AS A BOARD

Wintertime means snowboarding, unless you happen to live in Florida or another snow- and mountain-deficient locale. If your spirit is willing but the conditions are weak, you can carve up your town's asphalt moguls on a Freebord (\$179, freebord.com). With two extra swiveling wheels, this skateboard approximates the edging action of a snowboard, enabling you to carve turns as you would on snow. Just remember, pavement is ever so slightly harder than powder.



FOR HER, WITH LOVE

Valentine's Day is fascist, but participation is, alas, obligatory. Flowers are too obvious, and seasonal items are cheesier than the Wisconsin State Fair. Thank Cupid for redambrosia.com and its custom gift boxes filled with classy, sensual accessories. Pictured here: the *Kama Sutra* (\$15), a Japanese pillow book called *Shunga* (\$16), violet tangerine massage oil (\$18) and a silk kimono (\$109). Oh, and the edible vanilla-flavored lubricant (\$23)—far tastier than any Russell Stover sampler.



LEVEL WITH YOURSELF

The key to happiness? Don't sweat the small stuff. Say an 18-wheeler runs over your toes or you mysteriously start to lactate. Shit happens. These level cuff links (\$50, cufflinks.com) will remind you to always stay on an even keel, to hang straight, so to speak. And they actually work, so they'll come in handy the next time you're building a cabinet or checking the slope on a pool table. The rhodium-plated beauties come with your choice of blue- or green-colored liquid inside, so a matching tie is not a problem.



WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED

At one A.M. your neighbors (or significant other) won't quite share your enthusiasm for *Halo 2*'s explosions. Before they make their case with a baseball bat, pick up a pair of Philips's HD1500 wireless surround-sound headphones (\$599, philips.com). With their Dolby and DTS compatibility and separate front and rear drivers to replicate 5.1 surround, you won't miss a grunt or scream, even when it's coming from right behind you (which it is).



SUGAR AND SPICE

Women love it when you butter them up and surprise them with sweet nothings. We're guessing you have the buttering part figured out. As for the nothings, we recommend Vosges chocolates, candies made with exotic ingredients from around the globe, such as Kaffir lime leaves, ancho chili peppers and Illawarra plums. Pictured here: assorted truffles and a miniature Gatsby cake (\$33), with five layers of Belgian chocolate. Order at vosgeschocolate.com.



Next Month



GWEN GLAMS UP OUR MUSIC ISSUE.



MESSING WITH THE KID.



THE CONTRARIAN'S SOUND SYSTEM.



MISS MARCH: FROM HOWARD STERN'S SHOW TO PLAYBOY.

STOLEN SCREAM—IN AUGUST 2004 *THE SCREAM*, THE CLASSIC PAINTING BY EDVARD MUNCH, WAS SNATCHED FROM AN OSLO MUSEUM. IT WAS THE SECOND TIME IN A DECADE THAT A VERSION OF THE ICONIC PIECE (THERE ARE FOUR) HAD BEEN TAKEN. **SIMON COOPER** INVESTIGATES THE MIND-BLOWING MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR HEIST.

THE YEAR IN MUSIC 2005—CRANK IT UP! OUR BEST ROUNDUP EVER STARS GWEN STEFANI AND THE MUSIC WOMEN WE LOVE, ALONG WITH DEEP, DARK SECRETS FROM SCOTT WEILAND, SLICK RICK AND BRIAN WILSON; WHAT DIZZEE RASCAL, LADY SAW, JET AND UNCLE KRACKER WERE LISTENING TO WHEN THEY LOST THEIR VIRGINITY; ROCK'S COOLEST NEIGHBORHOOD; AND OF COURSE THE POLL WINNERS, HANDPICKED BY YOU.

KID ROCK—HE'S DATED PAMELA ANDERSON. HE'S GONE FROM RAP ROCKING FOR 10,000 SWEATY DUDES TO JAMMING WITH MERLE HAGGARD. HAVE WE MENTIONED HE DATED PAMELA ANDERSON? DETROIT'S FIRST SON (SORRY, EMINEM) COMES CLEAN IN A DIRTY 20Q ABOUT GETTING SCREWED BY RECORD EXECS, LIVING ON DOPE AND CRACK AT HIS LOWEST POINT AND WHAT HE LEARNED FROM HANK WILLIAMS JR. OH, AND WE ASKED HIM ABOUT PAM ANDERSON, TOO. BY **ALAN LIGHT**

THE 25 SEXIEST CELEBRITIES—THE ONES WE FANTASIZE ABOUT. THE ONES WE CAN'T GET OUT OF OUR HEADS. THE ONES FOR WHOM WE'LL SIT THROUGH AWFUL MOVIES (ANYONE FOR *CATWOMAN*?) JUST TO SEE THEM WIELDING WHIPS IN SKINTIGHT LEATHER. ALL IN ONE PLACE, FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE.

SEX, DUDS AND ROCK AND ROLL—ROCK PHOTOGRAPHER MICK ROCK TEAMS WITH INNATELY COOL BANDS—FROM THE KILLERS TO THE RAVEONETTES—FOR A FASHION LAYOUT THAT LOOKS AS GOOD AS THEY SOUND.

JILLIAN GRACE—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MOTHER WRITES A LETTER TO HOWARD STERN, ASKING IF HER DAUGHTER IS BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH TO BECOME A PLAYMATE? UNLESS SHE'S LUCKY, SHE'LL GET BALONEY TOSSED HER WAY. BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE A GIRL DOES GET LUCKY. AND SO DO WE. MEET MISS MARCH. (THANKS, JILLIAN'S MOTHER, AND THANK YOU, HOWARD!)

PLUS: BRILLIANT FICTION BY CHUCK PALAHNIUK, A *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH THE ROCK, THE BEST AND WORST CELEBRITY ALBUMS, THE ULTIMATE STEREO, COPPING A BUZZ WITH A GUY WHO GETS PAID TO DRINK GUINNESS ALL DAY, AND BETWEEN THE SHEETS WITH PLAYMATE COLLEEN MARIE.