

2006 PARTY COLLEGE RANKINGS

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT MEN

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GIRLS OF THE TOP TEN PARTY SCHOOLS

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REVEALED

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ALISON WAITE
SAN DIEGO STATE
UNIVERSITY

20^Q
REBECCA
ROMIJN

INTERVIEW
WITH A CHAMPION
**OZZIE
GUILLEN**
AND OUR **INFALLIBLE
MLB PREVIEW**

PLUS: SIX AWESOME MOTORCYCLES, ON
THE ROAD WITH DICK CHENEY, NIKE'S
PHIL KNIGHT, JOYCE CAROL OATES



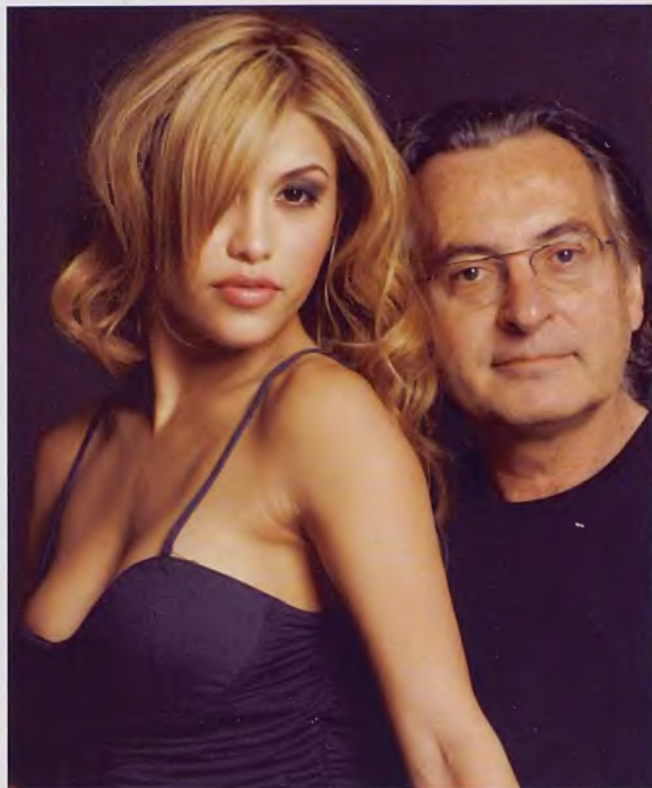
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"**Rachel Sterling** was very comfortable with taking off her clothes," says photographer **Marco Glaviano**. The veteran shutterbug joined the up-and-coming starlet for our sultry shoot *Rachel 911*. Sterling, a former Juggy Dancer, caught our eye in *Reno 911!* and *Wedding Crashers*. We expect big things from her five-foot-four frame. "It doesn't matter that she isn't tall, because she has great proportions," Glaviano says. "I also think her good personality, which is true beauty, projects in the photos." Glaviano's pictures have a quiet power. "With my fashion background, I bring a different approach than what's often used for glam shots in glossy magazines," he says. "We tried to make this shoot more stylish. By toning it down and making her the focal point, we made the pictures more alluring. The result strikes a perfect balance between fashionable and sexy."



In *To Baghdad and Back With Dick Cheney*, **James Rosen**, a correspondent for Fox News and author of *The Strong Man: John Mitchell, Nixon and Watergate*, tells of his impromptu trip with other select journalists to the Middle East, where, along with serious matters of state, some unintentional comedy ensued. "This was demanding and stressful, but it had lighter moments," Rosen says. "Once, on Cheney's plane, all his aides had fallen asleep, and he smiled for a picture behind a mass of agape mouths, as if to say, 'So much for my crack staff.'"



Accompanying **Joyce Carol Oates's** *Suicide Watch* this month is some trashy art. "I walk around New York City and pick up pieces of paper off the street to incorporate into my work," says creative recycler **Jordin Isip**. "The piece is mixed-media—paint and collage. The collage is made from garbage and scraps, with paint mixed in." Isip says growing up in the city accustomed him to being attracted to things that colored his surroundings, like garbage in alleys and fliers that had been run over. "I always liked the hues and textures that rubbish added to the street. Now I find a visceral energy in using cast-off objects in a different context. There is power in giving them a second chance through art."



Contributing a team-by-team analysis to our *Baseball Preview* is **Tracy Ringolsby**, who last year received the J.G. Taylor Spink Award for brilliant baseball writing from the Hall of Fame. This season presents some questions he's eager to see resolved. "The Cubs will be more of a curiosity than before because the Red Sox and White Sox ended their droughts," Ringolsby says. "This year they are in a position to take their division. Yes, the Lovable Losers are expected to win." Ringolsby will also be glad to see the return of the big guy. "Bonds chasing Ruth and Aaron will remind us that he is truly one of the most dominant players in the history of the game."



Nike co-founder **Phil Knight** pays homage to his college track coach with *It's Not Just How Fast You Move Your Legs*, the foreword to Kenny Moore's biography *Bowerman and the Men of Oregon*. "I wrote this to bring attention to my mentor. If there had been no Bill Bowerman, there would be no Nike," Knight says. "He is legendary in the track world, but in general he is vastly underappreciated." Knight has hung up his CEO spikes and promises to pick up the pen again. "I am phasing out of Nike, so I think I am going to put my future efforts into writing."



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PLAYBOY

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In December, on a trip conducted under extraordinary security, Vice President Dick Cheney visited Iraq, Oman, Afghanistan and Pakistan with a small group of journalists. One of them, a Washington reporter for Fox News, takes us behind the scenes to reveal privileged glimpses of a volatile region and onto *Air Force Two* for some unscripted face time with America's number two. **BY JAMES ROSEN**
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COVER STORY

We visited more than 250 colleges in the past year to see which ones earned a good enough grade to make our party-schools honor roll. Any campus that featured lots of beautiful naked coeds demonstrated a high GPA—General Party Aptitude. Senior Contributing Photographer Amy Freytag catches Miss May Alison Waite, from San Diego State University, for the cover. Our Rabbit waits on the waistline.



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



WHAT UP, PLAYA?

Resident Mansion tomboy and backcourt beauty Kendra Wilkinson (above), a.k.a. Hannibal of the Hardwood, helped coach celebrity ballers including Ice Cube and Snoop Dogg for Mark Wahlberg's charity throwdown after a Clippers game at L.A.'s Staples Center.

SWING SHIFT

The night before they made a sold-out appearance at the Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles, Grammy-winning vocal jazz quartet the Manhattan Transfer (below) entertained an intimate gathering of Hef's friends at the Playboy Mansion.



LIVE FROM THE BUNNY BALL

Talk show maverick Tom Leykis hosted the latest semiannual installment of his Bunny Ball, broadcasting a special edition of his radio show from the Mansion, featuring an interview with Hef and his girls (above).

GOLDEN GLOBES NIGHT AT THE MANSION

There are parties, and then there are afterparties. Among the celebrities who kept the Golden Globes glowing at Hef's exclusive après-show event at the Mansion were a trio of stars from the NBC comedy *Four Kings*—Shane McRae, Todd Grinnell and Seth Green (below)—as well as NFL quarterback Jeff Garcia and his girlfriend, our own PMOY 2004 Carmella DeCesare (bottom right).

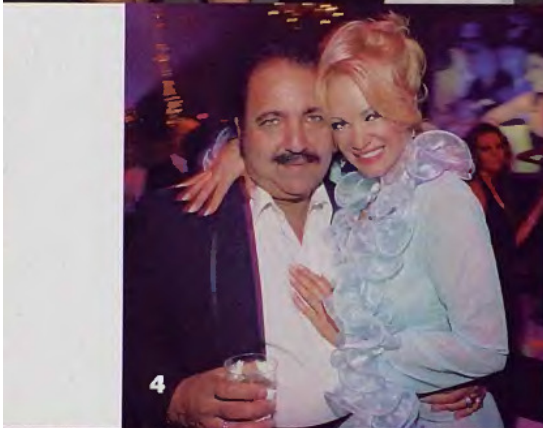


THE SECOND-HAPPIEST PLACE ON EARTH

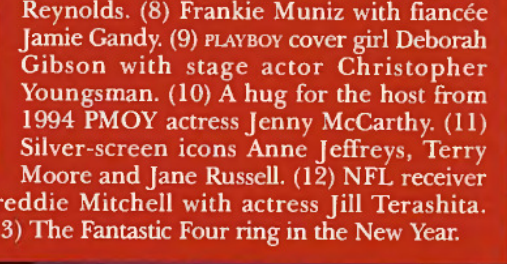
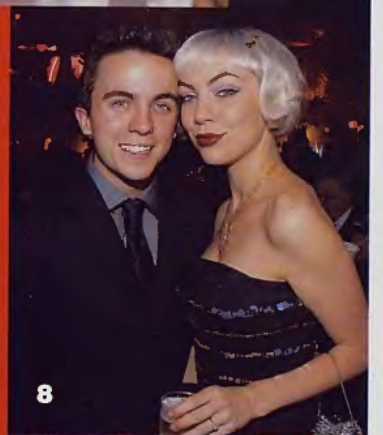
A lot of people would be thrilled to celebrate their birthday at the Playboy Mansion, but Hef took main squeeze Holly Madison to Disneyland (left) for the day to double-date with another well-known couple.



HEF'S HAPPY NEW YEAR



Hef, his girlfriends, the Centerfolds and their celebrity friends welcomed 2006 in signature Playboy style with an unforgettable black-tie-and-lingerie New Year's Eve bash at the Mansion. (1) Kendra, Bridget, Hef and Holly are ready to party. (2) Kato Kaelin, Jon Lovitz and Bill Maher, looking for action. (3) Pauly Shore with guests Melissa Ramsier and Colleen McCullough. (4) Adult-film legend Ron Jeremy with Miss December 1992 Barbara Moore. (5) Actor Steve Guttenberg and guest Shannon Miller. (6) Playmates Kara Monaco, Jillian Grace and a mischievous Amber Campisi show why 2005 was a very good year. (7) Painted Ladies entertain Marines Joe Robert and John Reynolds. (8) Frankie Muniz with fiancée Jamie Gandy. (9) PLAYBOY cover girl Deborah Gibson with stage actor Christopher Youngsman. (10) A hug for the host from 1994 PMOY actress Jenny McCarthy. (11) Silver-screen icons Anne Jeffreys, Terry Moore and Jane Russell. (12) NFL receiver Freddie Mitchell with actress Jill Terashita. (13) The Fantastic Four ring in the New Year.



THERE'S HAVING A PLAN.

AND THEN THERE'S FOUR GUYS,
NO MAP AND A
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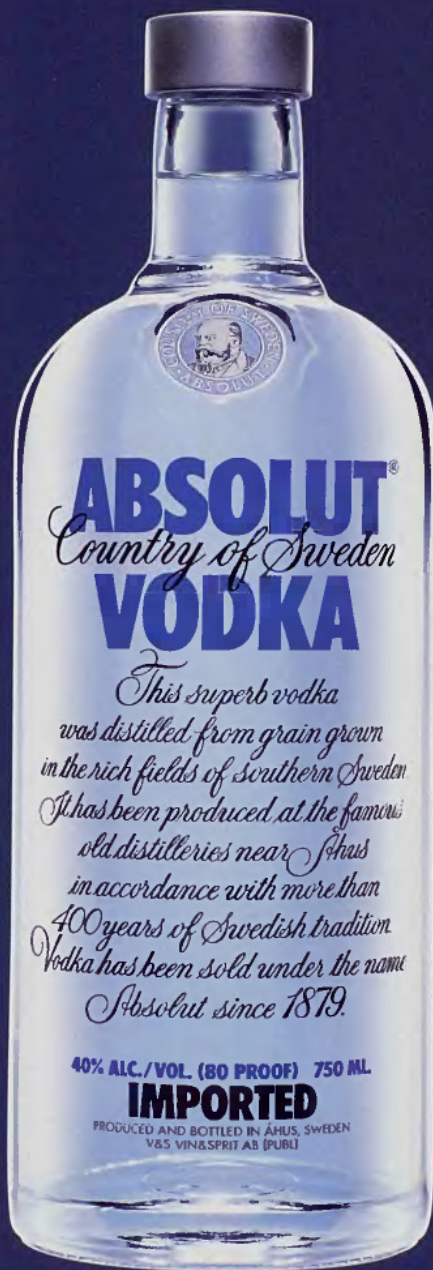
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THE



EVERYONE LOVES AL

Al Franken, a senator from Minnesota? (*The Playboy Interview*, February). That's the first thing he has ever said that made me laugh.

David Rosenfield
Mundelein, Illinois

Say good night, Al. You represent a morally bankrupt and dying ideology.

Eric Bailey
Olympia, Washington

Franken doesn't realize he is as wacko left as Sean Hannity is wacko right.

Michael Stevens
Dayton, Ohio

Franken and his extreme left-wing sheep have no platform besides hating the current administration.

Tom Grace
Aurora, Colorado

Instead of conducting an interview about Rush Limbaugh, why not just interview Rush?

Logan Pribbeno
Santa Barbara, California



Franken rubs readers the wrong way.

Why do you continue to ask celebrities about politics? A beauty-pageant contestant could give better answers.

Eugene Fullerton
Sanford, Michigan

Here are two questions I'd like to ask Franken: (1) If Air America is so vital, why did one of its founders need to borrow \$875,000 from a Boys & Girls Club in the Bronx to keep it afloat? (2) Talk radio thrives because listen-

ers can provide instant feedback. Why don't you take any calls?

Kent Lucas
Austin, Texas

Jon Stewart is funny. Al Franken needs anger management.

Clay Sills
Atlanta, Georgia

THE BATTLE OVER SEX.COM

Despite its iconic status, Sex.com has never clearly proved to be the gold mine Gary Kremen thought it would be when he wrestled it back from Steve Cohen (*The Taking of Sex.com*, February). Internet users are more sophisticated now, and there's much more competition, even for the kind of type-in traffic that initially made Sex.com so lucrative. The real story of the domain lies not in its Wild West roots or its El Dorado mythology but in its success as a back-end provider of adult searches for many of the largest mainstream engines, one of many such collaborations between big business and the adult industry. Cable and phone companies, hotel chains, DVD rental stores and search engines are all quietly banking profits from porn. Kremen recently sold Sex.com to Escom LLC, a group of anonymous buyers based in Boston, for \$12 million to \$14 million. He will surely not be the last owner of an adult business to cash in on his relationships with mainstream companies.

Frederick Lane
Burlington, Vermont

Lane, an attorney, is the author of Obscene Profits and the forthcoming Decency Wars.

SLURPIES

Oyster Cult by A.J. Baime (February) fails to mention the oysters of the Gulf Coast. They are produced and consumed more than oysters from any other region, and they are without peer. Pacific Coast oysters are generally too large to be palatable, especially for eating on the half shell. Also, Baime's cocktail-sauce recipe lacks a prime ingredient—lemon juice—and the amount of horseradish is insufficient by about a factor of three. Baime needs to visit Black's in Abbeville, Louisiana to learn what oysters are all about.

Jerry Patton
Grand Prairie, Texas

Baime responds: "Jerry, I'll meet you there. But you're buying."

SUGAR AND SPICE

Your pictorial with Adrianne Curry

(*A Taste of Curry*, February) is fantastic. Keep showing us hot, all-natural women. That's two issues in a row I've been able to compliment you for that.

Omar Siddique
Ellicott City, Maryland

What a beauty. And judging from your interview with her, what an ego.

Marc Robinson
Los Angeles, California



Adrianne Curry is an affair to remember.

Adrianne's personality and photos both sizzle. You can't help but stare.

Meagan Stutsman
Reno, Nevada

MUSCLE MANIA

I am surprised Charles M. Young found it necessary to boast that he is four inches taller than Arnold Schwarzenegger and suggest that this makes the Austrian Oak a "girlie man" (*The Big Show*, February). You can't control your height. That's genetics. You can, however, through discipline and hard work, control your physique. What's more manly than that?

Troy Saulnier
Tampa, Florida

HONEST POLITICS

The No-Bullshit Caucus by Jeff Greenfield (February) is a fabulous article. It's been so cold in the hinterland since Senator Paul Wellstone left us. Would he have made the list if he were still around? He sure made mine.

Heather Cronin Ott
St. Paul, Minnesota

Senators Russ Feingold and John McCain can hardly be feted as no-bullshit leaders when their legacy is

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a reform act that hasn't done a damn thing about the tainted system of campaign financing.

Thomas Atkinson
Honesdale, Pennsylvania

The only true no-bullshit congressman I know of is Ron Paul of Texas. He votes and speaks clearly on the issues.

Len Flynn
Morganville, New Jersey

CHALLENGE US, PLEASE

My father has subscribed to your magazine for longer than I can remember. Finding the Rabbit Head on the cover has always been a game for us. But lately it has been too easy. Can you hide him a little better?

Kristi Madigan
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

COLLEGE VOICES

As a doctoral student and university instructor, I am more dismayed by the letters in January in response to *Earnest Goes to College* than I was by the article in October. In its own way, each letter supports the assumption that partying is an integral element of the college experience. Many also imply that the primary function of a liberal-arts education is to impart "skills" that are "useful" for advancement in a capitalist technobureaucratic society. The problem with American students is not that they can't get laid or don't have time to get loaded—they have little trouble achieving these things. It's that most have lost a thirst for knowledge, a desire to live a fulfilling mental life, which is at the heart of the Western university tradition. Students seem to have forgotten the capacity of higher education to transform the way they inhabit the world.

Adam Pound
Columbia, South Carolina

FAN MAIL

Your January issue is a literary bonanza. PLAYBOY's contribution to the written word is the number one reason I subscribe. The number two reason is pretty fantastic too.

Tim Egan
Chicago, Illinois

Your February issue is one of the best you've published. I am a 63-year-old grandmother who has been a long-time subscriber and will continue to be. Keep up the good work.

Mary Ann Matthews
New York, New York

I purchased a subscription to PLAYBOY as a wedding gift for my husband. We leave it in the bathroom and write notes to each other in the margins or

comments about the cartoons. I would say to anyone that the secret to a good marriage is sharing PLAYBOY.

Maranda Daniels
Lewisburg, West Virginia

P.S. I love *The Girls Next Door*, but come on, Hef, lighten up with the curfew.

My unit returned from Afghanistan three days ago, and a beautiful photo of Playmate Amanda Paige was waiting for me in the mail. I want to thank her and Holly Madison for taking time to make this Marine smile from ear to ear. And thank you, PLAYBOY, for looking out for the military. Getting mail like this means more than you know.

Sgt. Rob Owens
Kailua, Hawaii

LIVER SPOT THE BUNNY

I want to share an incident that occurred with a 35-year-old patient of ours who works as a nightclub waitress. She came to the hospital complaining of shortness of breath and abdominal pain. After our initial tests showed normal readings, Dr. Marco Cei and I ordered an ultrasound scan of her liver. It showed a familiar image caused by the confluence of the middle and right hepatic veins. Based on our review



You know it was a great party when....

of the literature, this is the first time the Rabbit Head has ever shown up in a liver scan. We could find nothing wrong with the patient and discharged her with a diagnosis of anxiety.

Dr. Nicola Mumoli
Livorno Hospital
Livorno, Italy

EXPERIENCE WANTED

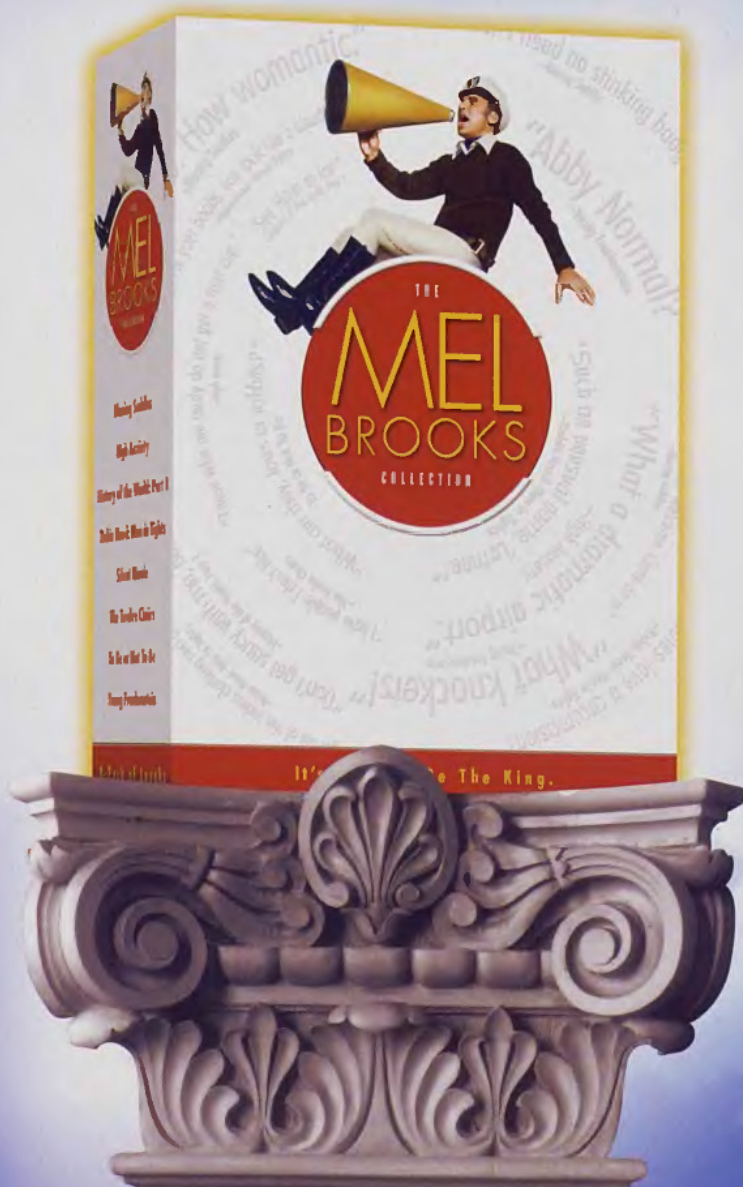
I have started creating custom careers for my *Sims 2* game. Since I love PLAYBOY so much, I would like to create a career at the magazine for my Sims. What levels are there? For example, does a photographer start as somebody who rubs oil on the girls, then work his way up?

Tasia Wehlage
Madison, Kansas

That's actually the top job.



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HE BROKE NEW GROUND.
HE BROKE WIND.



1 BOX...8 FILMS...MILLIONS OF LAUGHS — OWN IT APRIL 4!



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THE GAMEKILLERS

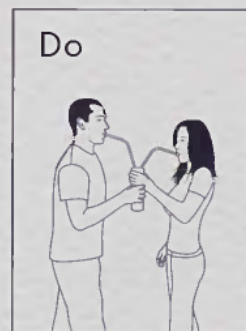
There are people out there whose sole mission in life is to cause you to blow your cool and lose the girl. They are, The Gamekillers.

THE MESS

He'll take you away from your girl and into the gutter.



When you're with a girl, he's the last guy you want to see. Some of his favorite game-killing pastimes include fort lighting, throwing lawn furniture into the pool, and bringing up the time you spent \$300 at a second-tier strip club. While these are perfectly acceptable "guy" activities, to a girl, they can make you come off as a buffoon. The Axe Dry wearer keeps his cool and picks the right place and time to engage The Mess and his many misadventures. Sure, he's an old friend. But he's also a loose cannon pointing right at your game.



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PLAYBOY

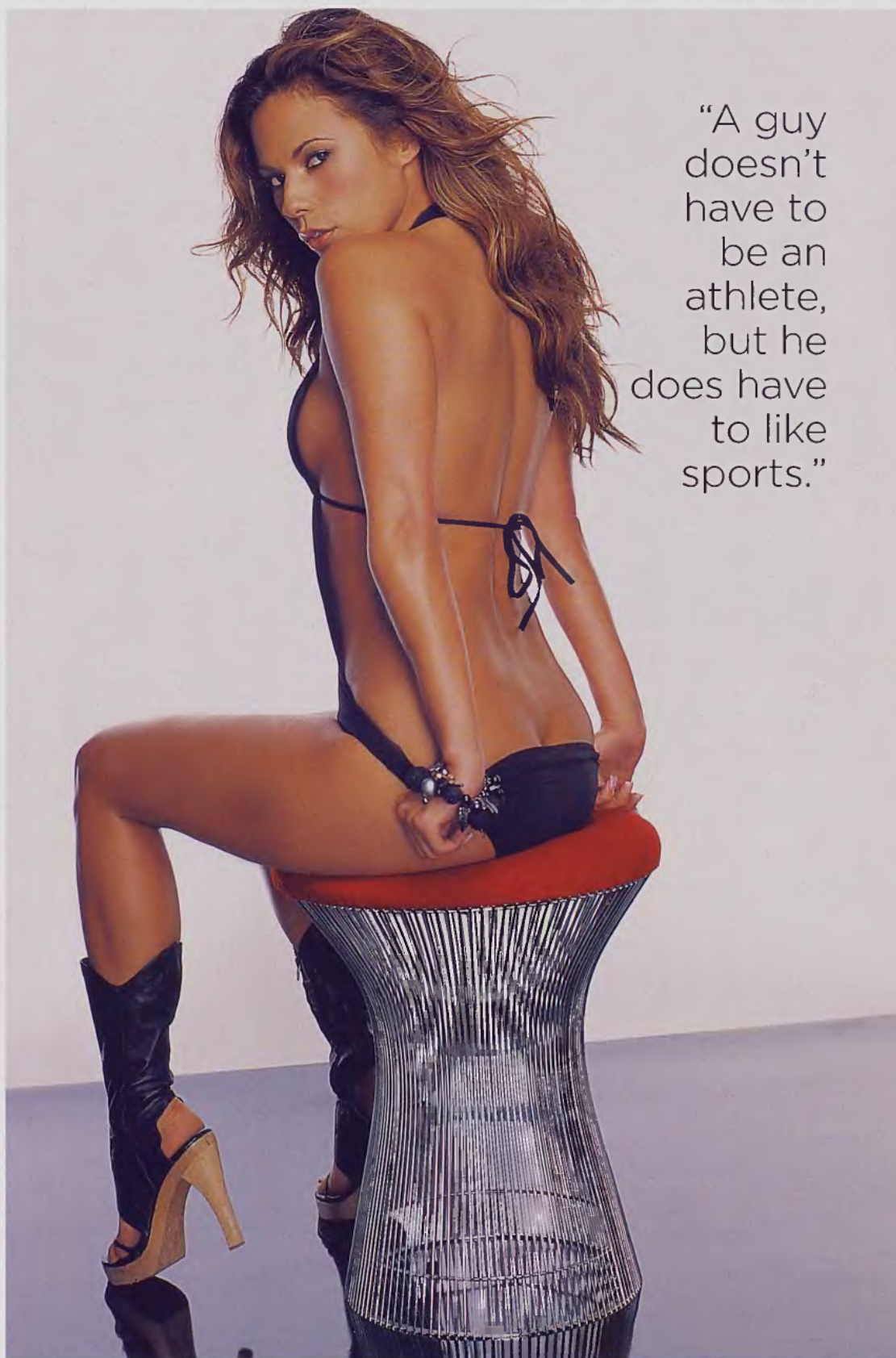
after hours

Babe of the Month

Bonnie-Jill Laflin

SHE LOVES HORSES AND AMERICA, TOO

Talk to Bonnie-Jill Laflin for five minutes and you realize this woman *is* America: America the boobyful, where the Budweisers foam and the skies are not cloudy on game day. She started as a cheerleader, at one point filling star-spangled hot pants for the Dallas Cowboys—America's team—and later hit Los Angeles Annie Oakley-style in cowboy boots, miniskirt and Stetson. It was the 1990s, and the look was *square*. "People would say to me, 'Country music? How can you listen to *that*?'" she recalls. But Bonnie-Jill is one of those country-lovin' cowgirls who grew up barrel racing at rodeos and owns racehorses (with the yee-haw fabulous names Dancin' Deputy and Lil' Miss Hollywood). She's a freak for apple-pie American sports: football, baseball and basketball (not hockey, eh; not soccer, mate). She's been a correspondent for Sporting News Radio and ESPN2's *Cold Pizza*, and she now covers the Lakers for local L.A. TV. "A guy doesn't have to be an athlete to go out with me," she says, "but he does have to like sports." This brings us to her other TV gig, *Hotlines*, a show about girls fishing in skimpy swimwear. There may be nothing more American than a girl in a bikini, dropping a line over the stern—Washington crossing the Delaware could have used Bonnie-Jill with a rod. And you know she would have been there for old GW; as we talk, she's packing for a USO tour in Iraq and Afghanistan. Bonnie-Jill *is* America. God shed his grace.



"A guy doesn't have to be an athlete, but he does have to like sports."



Employee of the Month

Grin and Bare 'Em

ORTHODONTIC COORDINATOR JENNIFER HARRISON SHOWS US HER PEARLIES

PLAYBOY: What line of work are you in?

JENNIFER: I am an orthodontic treatment coordinator. I help patients develop a plan for fixing their teeth.

PLAYBOY: We noticed that you have a fairly perfect smile.

JENNIFER: Thank you. Because kids are normally less than thrilled about getting braces, their parents will often point out my teeth to show them the results.

PLAYBOY: Results? So you were once a brace face?

JENNIFER: I was 12 and rebellious. I chewed gum to break my braces. They took them off early because I wouldn't comply.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other features you like to show off?

JENNIFER: Yes. I have very nice breasts, which I try to accentuate.

PLAYBOY: Is your body an issue when you're with a patient?

JENNIFER: It can be. When patients come in for their initial consultation, I take what we call intraoral photos. I have to get extremely close to the patient's face with the camera, and sometimes I'll straddle him. It's been brought to my attention that sometimes that's too intimate, and I watch for it now.

PLAYBOY: Do male patients bother you with cheesy lines?

JENNIFER: Well, I'm in their mouth all day long—and I guess that's better than the other way around—so they don't have a lot to say. At least not a lot I can understand.

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.

Go, Baby, Go

PONY UP WITH A DIFFERENT RACE-DAY DRINK

You're aware of the supposed "must" Kentucky Derby drink. It rhymes with "squint tulip," takes a week to make properly and doesn't taste all that good. Our friends in Louisville assure us that out-of-towners just love it. Here's an old alternative that you'll actually enjoy drinking and that was invented somewhere near Churchill Downs. (The m__ j__ was born in either Virginia or Georgia—discuss.) We stress the shaking; if it's not foamy, cloudy and a little nasty-looking, you're not doing it right.

Derby Fizz

1½ ounces fine whiskey
5 dashes lemon juice
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
1 whole egg
3 dashes curaçao

Combine ingredients in cocktail shaker and shake well with crushed ice. Strain into small (8-ounce) highball glass. Top off with club soda while shouting, "Run, you fleabag, run!"



Tip Sheet

australus \os-TRAL-us\ *n*, an alternative—and more appetizing—name for kangaroo meat, chosen by the Australian magazine *Food Companion International*. More than 2,700 entries were submitted.

Great Moments in Sport

"A stunning upset. A 100-pound rookie, Sonya Thomas, has edged out the top-ranked American eater, the 409-pound Edward 'Cookie' Jarvis. The final count reveals a photo finish. While Jarvis has consumed seven and a half pounds of Thanksgiving meal (featuring turducken, green beans, cranberry sauce and yams), Sonya has eaten seven and three quarters. Cookie maintains his number-one ranking, but Sonya's takeover feels imminent. The transition is so radical that it defies sports analogies. It's as if Michael Jordan's NBA scoring title was usurped not by Kobe Bryant but by a five-foot-two-inch female point guard. It's as if a one-armed amputee edged out Tiger Woods for a major PGA title. It is, in a word, unthinkable."

—a pivotal moment in the rise of Sonya "Black Widow" Thomas, from *Eat This Book: A Year of Gorging and Glory on the Competitive Eating Circuit*, by Ryan Nerz



Not Particularly American Idle

THINK YOU KNOW YOUR PYTHON? THINK AGAIN, GOOD SIR KNIGHT. ERIC IDLE ANSWERS (SORT OF) 15 BURNING QUESTIONS NOBODY HAS EVER BOTHERED TO ASK

Why did Terry Jones play the organ naked? **He can't play clothed.** Why have two Terrys in the group? **They were cheaper as a set.** If Carol Cleveland was the "seventh Python," who was the eighth? **Margaret Thatcher.** Cleveland was a bit of all right, wasn't she? **If you like that kind of thing.** Any truth to the rumor that John Cleese was the tallest, in height, of the group? **None at all. John is in fact two shorter people stacked up.** Who wrote "The Lumberjack Song"? **Pierre Trudeau.** Who wrote "The Long and Winding Road"? **Ringo.** Who least expected the Spanish Inquisition? **Martin Luther.** Why aren't the French funny? **Because of Napoléon.** Think of a question about Monty Python you'd rather not answer; what's the answer to that question? **Piss off.** Which is better, moose or llamas? **Intellectually, moose have it over llamas every time.** How many sketches were written by llamas? **Three.** Does Cleese still silly-walk? **Yes, but nowadays he must use a silly walker.** How was the hovercraft-eels gag received in Hungary? **It has a national holiday all to itself.** Whatever happened to Monty? **Monty is a confirmed bachelor. He never married, but he took an interest in boys' clubs, sailors' organizations, Broadway choruses and all-male English comedy groups.** There was no stray young man on the streets whom he wouldn't invite into his home and even his own bed. **He was that caring.**

In an apparent coincidence, Monty Python's latest rehash, the Personal Best series, is now available on DVD at pbs.org. Nudge, nudge.



Get Wood

For furniture designer Mario Philippona, function follows female form. His creations include (clockwise from top right) Boobycase, Trio, Wine on Heels and Pame-la. Regarding the last, Philippona explains at sexyfurniture.nl, "The drawer opens through a spring-lock button in the vagina." Buff gently.

"Fucking Bill Clinton? Well, I guess I'll have to stand in line. I'm hardly the only one who finds him sexy. Even after open-heart surgery, he has more life force than most men of any age. Life force is the ultimate sex appeal.... I wonder if I'm trashy enough for him, but I can dream, can't I?"

—Erica Jong, in her memoir *Seducing the Demon: Writing for My Life*

The Sure Thing?

REAP FAVORABLE RETURNS WHEN THE FAVORITES HIT THE ROAD

Veteran baseball wagerers study pitching matchups and batting averages, but there's an easier way to profit from America's game: Always bet on a home underdog. At least that's the theory handicapper Mike Lee put forth 25 years ago, in the now out-of-print book *Betting the Bases*. A typical baseball betting line will list a favorite as -125 and an underdog as +145. A winning \$10 bet on the favorite will return \$18; a winning \$10 bet on the dog will return \$24.50. Home dogs lose more than they win, but their higher payoffs make them profitable. Over two seasons, counting only games played through August (divisional leaders become prohibitive favorites as the pennant races tighten up), Lee found that home dogs won 48.2 percent of the time, for an overall profit of 7.3 percent. A survey of the 2002, 2003 and 2004 seasons shows that the angle still works, with a lower win (44.7 percent) but higher profit (7.5 percent) rate. The return can be downright handsome if you follow this strategy: Bet a fixed amount of your bankroll (say, three percent) on every play, so your winnings increase as your wallet thickens. (PLAYBOY takes no responsibility for what you do with this information.)



PETER HOEY



310

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



The Playboy Poll

Pom-Pom Wonderful

It's fantasy time. Pick your hottest hookup:

Cheerleader	42%	Stewardess	12%
Nurse	20%	Woman cop	10%
French maid	15%	Female Klingon	1%

readerpanel.playboy.com

Whole Lotta Love

1 in every 20 American men is a "chubby chaser," says Katie Arons, author of *Sexy at Any Size*.



Clocking Out

Kenneth Marsh was jailed for nearly 21 years in California until his second-degree-murder charge was overturned. The state decided to compensate him \$100 for every day he had been incarcerated, which totaled \$756,900—California's largest award to date.

Java Disabled

52 Percentage of workers who said they would rather give up their morning coffee than the ability to browse non-work-related Internet sites while at the office, according to *Time*.

Sloppy Sex

A pig's orgasm lasts 30 minutes.

Mindless Entertainment

A study of the most popular American TV soap operas from the past 10 years found that 64 of the characters on them had fallen into a coma.



Reality Bites

You are 10 times more likely to be bitten by another human than by a rat.

Book of Pointless Records

Most Cherry Stems Knotted With the Tongue in an Hour

911 by the lingually dextrous Al Gliniecki of Gulf Breeze, Florida. He also holds the record for the fastest tying of one stem—2.5 seconds.



Arms and a Leg

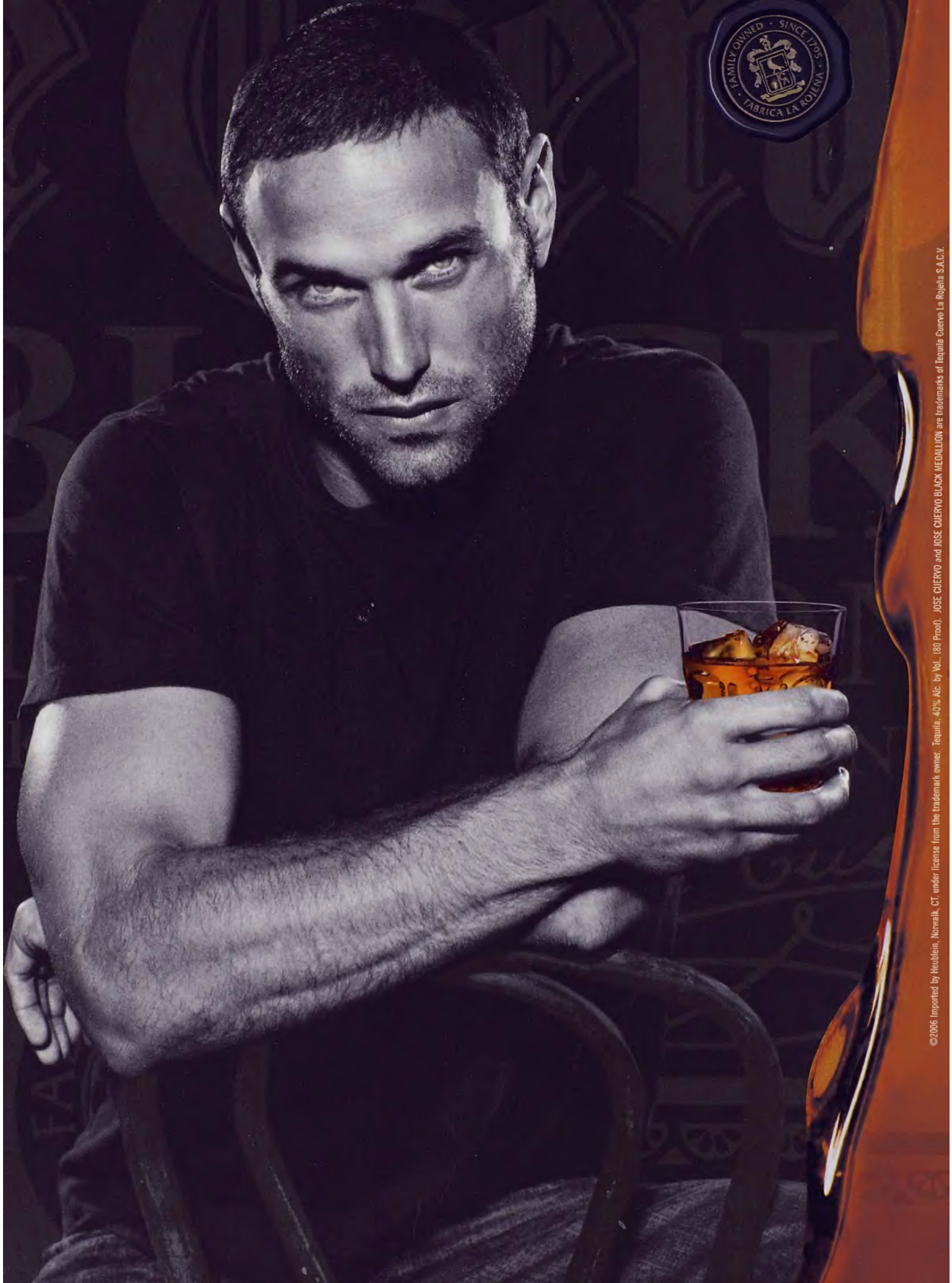
According to the United States Nuclear Weapons Cost Study Project, the U.S. spent \$3.9 trillion on nuclear weapons in the 50 years that followed Hiroshima.

Price Check

\$25,300

was paid at auction for a \$20 bill that had been printed over a Del Monte sticker. It is unknown how the bill was mistakenly minted in 1996 at a Treasury Department facility in Fort Worth, Texas.



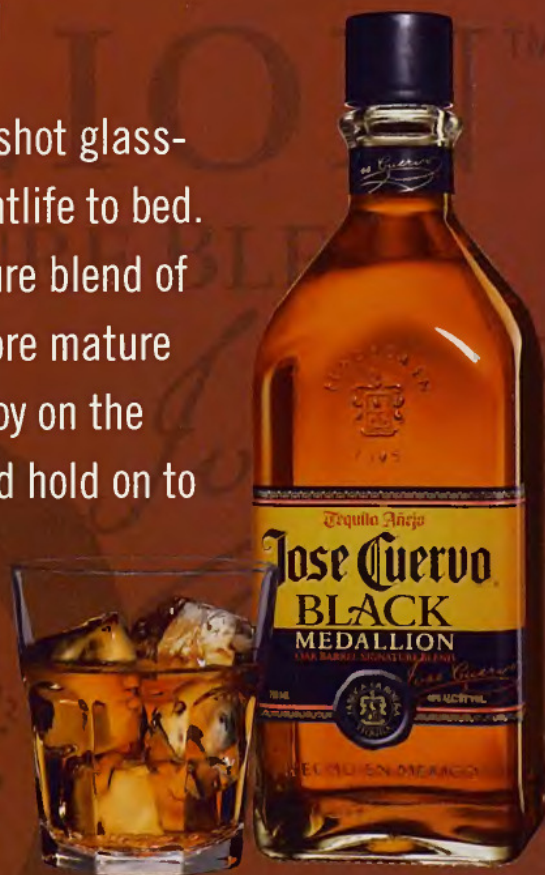


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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE III]

Tom Cruise gets some help from TV's hippest talent

In *Mission: Impossible III* Tom Cruise dodges missiles fired from a chopper, narrowly avoids being squashed on a bridge by a flaming airborne car, plummets down the facade of a glass high-rise and hangs on to the side of a speeding vehicle. Although the newest installment of the hit franchise goes full throttle with edge-of-your-seat pyrotechnics, first-time feature director J.J. Abrams—creator of TV phenoms *Lost*, *Alias* and *Felicity*—insists it also goes full throttle on emotion. This is a good thing, considering the missteps of the first two *Missions* and also considering that Cruise's on-screen nemeses and helpmates (we'd tell you who's who, but then producer and star Cruise would have to kill us) include such strong actors as Philip Seymour Hoffman, Billy Crudup, Jonathan Rhys Meyers, Laurence Fishburne, Keri Russell and Michelle Monaghan. Says Abrams, "There's no question this has a different tone than its predecessors. It's a lot funnier, scarier and more emotional than you may expect." Asked if he got along with the prickly Cruise, Abrams says, "Because Tom is not only maybe the world's biggest movie star but also the producer, I thought, This is a recipe for disaster. But he was the most focused, dedicated, intelligent, deferential, easygoing, crew-conscious actor-producer imaginable. For my first film, that was the gift of a lifetime." —Stephen Rebell

"It's funnier and more emotional than you may expect."

now showing

American Dreamz

(Hugh Grant, Dennis Quaid, Mandy Moore, Willem Dafoe) This sledgehammer comedy casts Quaid as a clueless U.S. president who becomes unhinged after reading newspapers for the first time in four years. Dafoe plays the conniving chief of staff who books him as a judge on an *American Idol*-style TV show.

Our call: Over-the-top performances and the inventive humor of writer-director Paul Weitz (*About a Boy*) mean fans of more subtle comedy may want to seek laughs elsewhere.

Scary Movie 4

(Anna Faris, Regina Hall, Leslie Nielsen, Carmen Electra) The three-year wait since *Scary Movie 3* must have been hell on fans of this franchise's mix of raucous sex, tasteless jokes, cameos and spoofs, this time including the likes of *The Grudge*, *War of the Worlds*, *The Village* and *Saw*.

Our call: The opening scene, featuring Hef's own Holly, Bridget and Kendra in a cameo with Charlie Sheen, is the best. Of course we've been known to play favorites.

The Notorious Bettie Page

(Gretchen Mol, Lili Taylor, David Strathairn) Pinup model and 1950s sex star Bettie Page finally gets the bio movie she deserves. Mol plays the sweet, naive Southern girl whose bondage-and-discipline cavorting for the cameras made her a fetish icon and the target of a laughable Senate investigation.

Our call: Even in this wafer-thin, candy-colored telling of Page's life, Mol's alluring, smart performance takes her to a whole new level of stardom. Let the great roles begin.

Poseidon

(Kurt Russell, Richard Dreyfuss, Emmy Rossum, Andre Braugher) Heavy emoting and brawny action sequences mark director Wolfgang Petersen's redo of the hammy 1972 disaster flick, in which passengers of a capsized luxury liner try to overcome the ever-rising water level to save themselves from doom.

Our call: The movie-star wattage is dialed down and the special-effects quotient is cranked up, but with Petersen at the helm you won't miss original stars Red Buttons and Shelley Winters.

BUZZ



dvd of the month

[BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN]

The award-winning critical favorite proves its worth on DVD

After a truckload of awards and sundry snickering about "the gay cowboy movie," it may be impossible to watch *Brokeback Mountain* with an open mind. But try, because director Ang Lee's tale of two manly men who fall painfully in love is a landmark film, even if it is at heart a downbeat chick flick. Consider the arc: One summer night, sheep tenders Ennis and Jack (Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal)—liquored up, lonesome and cold—get more than cozy. They dismiss it the next day as a one-shot thing, part ways and later marry women and have children, only to reconnect for same-time-next-year hookups as their unsatisfying marriages crumble. As he did in *The Ice Storm*, Lee probes the tragedy of living a lie and affords all the actors enough space to bring substance to the melodrama.

Extras: Featurettes on the actors' cowboy training and Larry McMurtry and Diana Ossana's collaboration on the screenplay. ★★★½ —Greg Fagan



locals' beehives. It's Depression-era slapstick that deserves a closer look. **Extras:** A Chevy Chase-narrated documentary highlighting L&H and other stars of the era; the only surviving footage from their lost film *The Rogue Song*. ★★★

—Stacie Houglund



MATCH POINT (2005) Woody Allen's best film in years is also his least idiosyncratic. With the neurotic chatter toned down, we get luscious Scarlett Johansson as the other woman of randy lower-class Irishman Jonathan Rhys Meyers, who's trying to keep his foot in the door of the British upper class by marrying a captain of industry's daughter. **Extras:** Typical of Allen's discs, this is barebones. ★★★

—Matt Steigbigel



SYRIANA (2005) Big government and big oil collude to keep the U.S. economy going at any cost in this weighty thriller. The standout actors (Matt Damon, George Clooney and Jeffrey Wright) each struggle with moral crises as their characters' lives intersect. Director Stephen Gaghan presents parallel stories that speed toward an indefinite conclusion you'll be thinking about long after the credits roll.

Extras: A Clooney interview; "Make a Change, Make a Difference" featurette. ★★★½

—Buzz McClain



AMERICAN DAD! VOLUME 1 (2005) Comedy genius Seth MacFarlane delivers this weirdly twisted political satire you could call *Family Guy* lite. This time the alpha boob is gun-toting CIA agent Stan Smith, protecting suburbia from terrorism with his wife, granola-crunching daughter, hapless son, a needy femme alien and a horny German-speaking goldfish. The debut season exposes the Smith family's surreal home life, highlighted by an obsessive patriot father ever vigilant of terrorists, gays and liberals.

Extras: Commentaries and deleted scenes. ★★★ —Kenny Lull



KING KONG (2005) Director Peter Jackson's awe-inspiring dream project overdoses on splashy digital effects. But Naomi Watts's fantastic heartfelt performance imbues the relationship between beauty and behemoth beast with moving love, which makes Kong's inevitable demise even more tragic in this remake.

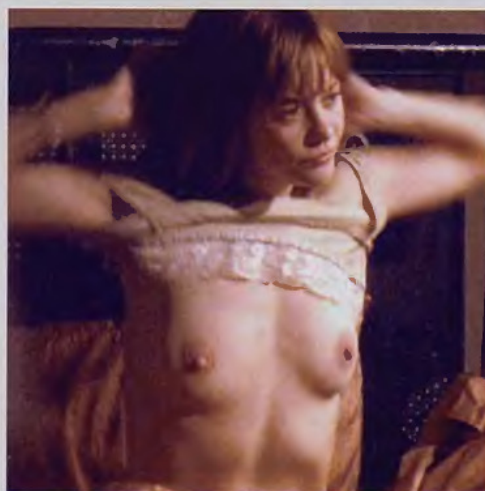
Extras: The two-disc special edition includes 35 postproduction featurettes. ★★★½

—Bryan Reesman



TCM ARCHIVES: THE LAUREL AND HARDY COLLECTION Arguably Hollywood's most beloved bunglers, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy transitioned from silents to talkies to make more than 100 movies together. Happily, two of their lesser-seen classics have been restored for this new set. In the operatic romp *The Devil's Brother* (1933), the twosome gets mixed up with a bandit terrorizing the Italian countryside. In *Bonnie Scotland* (1935), bedlam ensues when the pair joins the British army in India, starts a fire while cooking fish and knocks over the

tease frame



Since expertly faking an orgasm in 1989's *When Harry Met Sally*, **Meg Ryan** has evolved into the patron saint of romantic pap. She rehashed her girl-next-door persona with films like *I.Q.* (1994), *French Kiss* (1995) and *You've Got Mail* (1998). But after her home-wrecking tryst with Russell Crowe during *Proof of Life* (2000), the wholesome image of America's cupcake began to crumble. Ryan seemed game for more risqué roles, like the libidinous schoolteacher of *In the Cut* (2003, pictured). This month she returns to familiar ground with the offbeat comedy *In the Land of Women*.

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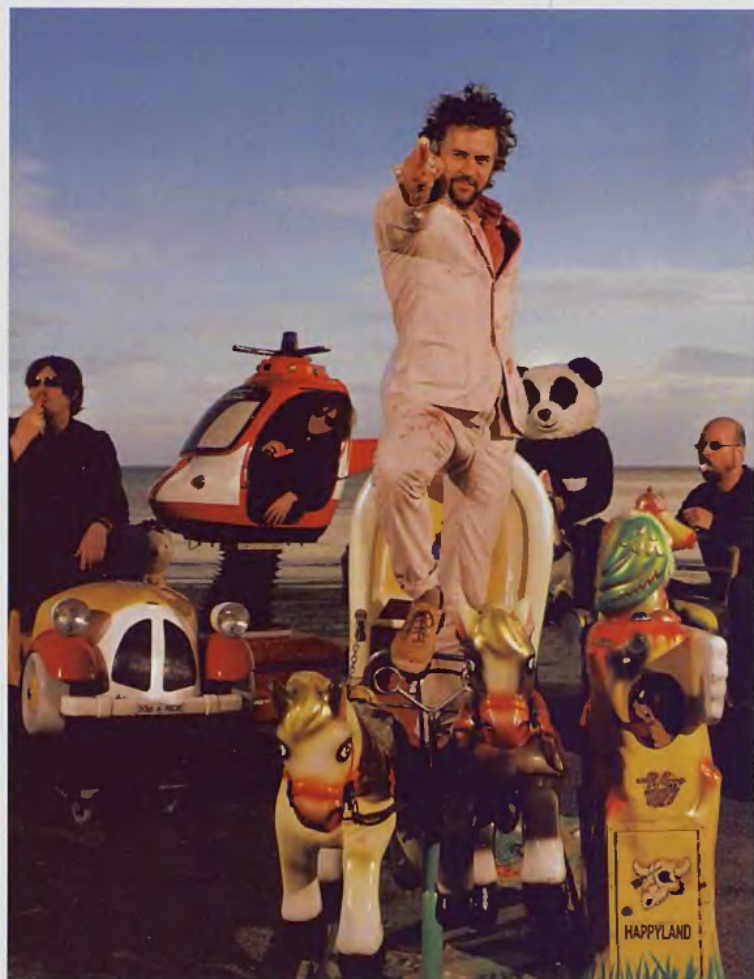
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[THE FLAMING LIPS]

The Lips return. Wayne Coyne talks about Santa

Q: A new LP means a tour. What makes a great show?

A: To me it's not worth leaving the house to watch some grown men play their guitars. I want the audience and the band to drift off together into the extraordinary. It's not that different from being at a football game and having your team win on a last-second touchdown.

Q: Is the audience part of your calculation?

A: Always. I see bands wasting six hours perfecting their monitor mix. We'd rather have space for guys in giant sun costumes than put monitors there. I've never had anybody from the audience come up to me after a show and say, "Your monitors sounded great." But virtually every night that we send those sun costumes and naked women out there, someone will come up and say, "Aw, man, that was the greatest thing—the guy in the sun costume was going crazy, and this woman had big boobs, and she was acting like she was fucking Jesus Christ!" That's rock and roll.

Q: What's with the white suit?

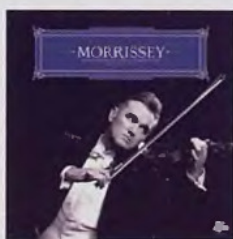
A: I like that when I'm in an elevator, people say, "You look just like I thought you would." And I know what they mean. When I meet people like Paul McCartney and they don't look like they should, it takes away from running into them. If Santa Claus came down the chimney in a fucking jogging suit, you wouldn't even know it was him.

Q: Aren't you supposed to prance around in ripped jeans?

A: By the time people began to recognize me at all, I'd already gone for being an adult. I wasn't trying to look as if I were still 22. But some people get caught up in that. We were just in Brazil with Sonic Youth. I swear Lee Ranaldo was wearing the same shoes he had on when he stayed at my house 18 years ago. I didn't say anything, but I knew.

MORRISSEY
Ringleader of the Tormentors

Moz has finally achieved over an entire LP the perfect balance between his maudlin crooning and rollicking guitars—the same balance that made the Smiths so great. It's one classic song after another on the best solo album of his career. (Attack) **★★★★** —Tim Mohr


YEAH YEAH YEAHS
Show Your Bones

Sexy is not a word often associated with self-consciously arty postpunk bands. But when Karen O coos and wails, your spine tingles. The band's jagged guitar edges are somewhat tempered here, but new depth and complexity just add to the thrill. (Interscope) **★★★★** —T.M.


URSULA 1000 • Here Comes Tomorrow

Ursula has DJ residencies at some of NYC's slickest lounges. No wonder his signature kitsch-hop sound is perfect for cocktails. Here he expands his palette beyond bongos, brass and breakbeats, adding Prince-like funk, glam and even hookah-friendly sitars and Arabian wails. (ESL) **★★★★** —T.M.


MERLE HAGGARD • 1965–1971 Reissues

For country musicians, crossover credibility is unpredictable. Johnny Cash and Willie Nelson are deified, George Jones is a hipster pick, but Haggard, a giant, doesn't get the recognition he deserves. Maybe he is still paying for the antihippie defiance of 1969's "Okie From Muskogee." Maybe it's because he never made concessions to rock and roll—or to anything else, for that matter. Alt-country makes a living by rejecting Nashville's present commercialism and paying lip service to old-timers, even while alt-country music bears as little resemblance to honky-tonk as the Yardbirds did to Howlin' Wolf. Fortunately it has gotten a lot easier to listen to genuine C&W with Capitol Nashville's recent rerelease of 10 Haggard albums on five CDs. These early classics are as good as real outlaw music gets. What impresses most are the lyrics: Like Johnny Cash, Haggard is always on the side of the downtrodden. These are the real thing, works of pure American genius.



showdown of the month: baseball

[COVERING THE BASES]

As virtual baseball season opens, five titles battle for the pixelated pennant. Which is right for you?



Major League Baseball 2K6.



Mario Superstar Baseball.

An eye-popping presentation and intuitive pitching interface get 2K Sports' *Major League Baseball 2K6* (GameCube, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360) out to an early lead, but the joystick-based batting controls pick up an error. They're a brazen knockoff of those found in the excellent rookie effort *MVP 06 NCAA Baseball* (PS2, Xbox) from Electronic Arts (which received three stars in our March issue). If you're after pure realism, the deep management mode in Sony's *MLB '06: The Show* (PS2) makes that game a hot ticket. Too bad it's out on only one console. Of course, slavish realism can be its own curse; a complicated interface has ruined many a day at the park. The simplest pick-up-and-play you'll find is on the candy-colored fields of *Mario Superstar Baseball* (GameCube). Don't worry—the clerk will put it in a plain brown wrapper for you. Finally, Midway couldn't get us a playable version of its upcoming *MLB SlugFest 2006* (PS2, Xbox) in time for this piece, but past experience tells us to expect slapstick commentary and brutal beanings. Take our advice and aim for the head.

—Adam Rosen



MLB '06: The Show.



MVP 06 NCAA Baseball.

TOMB RAIDER: LEGEND (PC, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360) She's back—and she's very, very sorry. The lovely Lara Croft stumbled badly in her last outing, but this time the agile adventurer regains her cool by returning to her roots (i.e., traveling to exotic locations to relieve them of their ancient artifacts). Although the developers have revamped Lara's looks and moves to make her seem more natural, you don't need to worry; the bounce is intact, as are her trademark double pistols. ★★★½

—Marc Saltzman



AUTO ASSAULT (PC) The world of massively multiplayer online role-playing games can seem like an endless parade of orcs and archery. It's time to run the dorks over. *Auto Assault* combines the persistent world and character-development elements of *World of Warcraft* with the car tweaking and supercharging of *Need for Speed*, then lets you mount rocket launchers on your car and terrorize a postapocalyptic wasteland. All that's missing is Mad Max. ★★★

—John Gaudiosi



RUMBLE ROSES XX (Xbox 360) *Rumble Roses* isn't the most complex fighting game you'll ever play. Rather, it focuses on delivering a highly technical concept gamers refer to as the jiggle factor. Given that this next-gen wrestlefest is more about the eye candy than the moves, the moves are surprisingly spectacular (not to mention suggestive), though they happen at the somewhat plodding pace of professional wrestling. A photo-shoot mode caps off this comely cream puff. ★★★½

—Scott Alexander



TIMESHIFT (PC, Xbox 360) *TimeShift* takes what could have been a tacked-on gimmick—temporal manipulation—and makes it the heart of a shooter game in which you can not only bend time's arrow but cram it up your rival's wazoo. Players can put every last enemy in stasis, freeze flying missiles dead in their contrails and even rewind the entire game world—flying debris and all—for crucial do-overs. (Catch: Your previous wounds remain. Don't think about it too hard.) ★★★½

—Chris Hudak

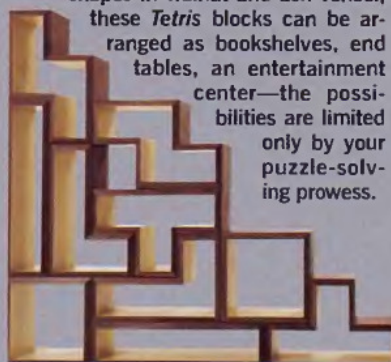


game on

XFIRE (free, xfire.com) When PC gamers play online, they're scattered across different servers. We'd never hook up with our frag pals if it weren't for Xfire, an IM-like program that lets you find your friends, see what they're playing and connect to them with one click. It also offers a host of other game-related services, including real-time voice chat.



TETRIS SHELVES (\$700 a block, brave spacedesign.com) Life sometimes feels like a puzzle. Play on the advanced setting with shelves that show your gamer roots. Available in the classic game's five shapes in walnut and ash veneer, these *Tetris* blocks can be arranged as bookshelves, end tables, an entertainment center—the possibilities are limited only by your puzzle-solving prowess.



All this Beach
yet no room
FOR A gift shop.



Mexico via
Pacífico

Please drink responsibly.



legends

[HOLLYWOOD'S GOLDEN AGE]

Conversations With the Great Moviemakers of Hollywood's Golden Age at the American Film Institute, edited and with an introduction by George Stevens Jr.

In these days of bloated Hollywood superproductions, it's refreshing to read the conversations in this book. They are a series of question-and-answer sessions from the late 1960s through the early 1980s, between students at the American Film Institute and some of Hollywood's greatest directors, writers and cameramen. Their careers spanned the decades from the early days of silent film through the industry's golden age and petered out just as film-school-educated young turks like Scorsese and Coppola began to emerge. What the likes of Hitchcock, Lang, Capra and the rest had in spades was a refined simplicity of thought in constructing arresting visual narratives that grew out of compelling characters. **YYY**

—Matt Steigbigel



However profound or propulsive its on-screen creations, Hollywood has always been its own most successful production. What critic Manny Farber called the "ecstatic, mystical and hortatory" world of filmmaking continues to beget a wide range of treatments. Daniel Fuchs's *The Golden West: Hollywood Stories* captures both the sunlit promise of California and its looming shadows of disillusionment. Like the movies themselves, its characters are variously brilliant, feckless and utterly absorbing. Despite the hide-bound Library of America pedigree, Phillip Lopate's *American Movie Critics: From the Silents Until Now* is a lively celebration of an occasionally great American literary



form. No less artful are the inspired, often Byzantine economics that have sustained the film industry for more than a century, which prove a surprisingly engrossing topic in David Waterman's *Hollywood's Road to Riches*. Matching money and hype as Tinseltown's stock-in-trade is the chutzpah of creative types and suits alike, tracked in James Mottram's *Sundance Kids: How the Mavericks Took Back Hollywood*. Such players form only a part of the dense and largely forgotten world of moviemaking following World War II and preceding the 1960s, a period excavated by Wheeler Winston Dixon in *Lost in the Fifties: Recovering Phantom Hollywood*. **—J. David Slocum**

the erotic eye



PRIVATE ROOMS • Guido Argentini

PLAYBOY contributor Argentini's new photography tome has a clever title: After all, the Italian word for room is camera. But inside are some seriously sultry images full of lens-locked stares and saturated color, featuring women in settings ranging from historic villas to five-star suites. Call it Helmut Newton minus the Teutonic coolness, or something simpler yet—one hell of a sexy book. **YYY**

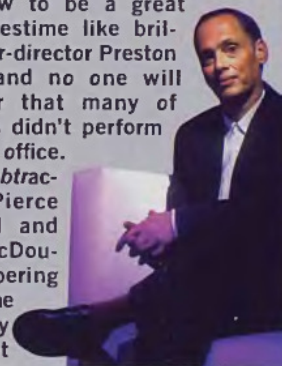
—J. Reynolds



director's outtakes

[JOHN WATERS'S TOP 10 FILM BOOKS]

1. *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture* by Theodore Gershuny. One of the first (and best) books to explain how a major Hollywood film expected to be a big hit tanked big-time. Having known actor abuser Otto Preminger on board to direct seemed to help.
2. *Detour* by Cheryl Crane with Cliff Jahr. Hollywood's most notorious 1950s juvenile delinquent (and Lana Turner's daughter) grows up and becomes a really cool lesbian with a great sense of humor. Oh yeah, she killed her mom's abusive boyfriend, too, but he deserved it.
3. *Cry* by Jonny Whiteside. The amazing little-known story of Johnnie Ray—a deaf, bisexual white singer who everybody at first thought was black.
4. *Mommie Dearest* by Christina Crawford. The perfect literary argument for never having children.
5. *Between Flops* by James Curtis. Learn how to be a great succès d'estime like brilliant writer-director Preston Sturges and no one will remember that many of your films didn't perform at the box office.
6. *Fatal Subtraction* by Pierce O'Donnell and Dennis McDougal. A sobering look at the routinely fraudulent accounting practices of Hollywood studios' book-keeping systems. You must realize early in your show-business career that even if you're lucky enough to have a Hollywood hit, you don't necessarily get to collect a penny of your profits.
7. *Big Bosoms and Square Jaws* by Jimmy McDonough. The incredibly revealing story of Russ Meyer, a director who invented the big-breast industrial genre and became a victim of his own obsessions.
8. *DisneyWar* by James B. Stewart. A horrifying battle of Hollywood egos with absolutely no one to root for.
9. *A Heart at Fire's Center: The Life and Music of Bernard Herrmann* by Steven C. Smith. Put on your Psycho soundtrack and think of its great composer, then read about his bitter, angry life and weep.
10. *Step Right Up!* by William Castle. The King of the Gimmicks reminisces about his nutcase movie career and inspires the carry in us all.



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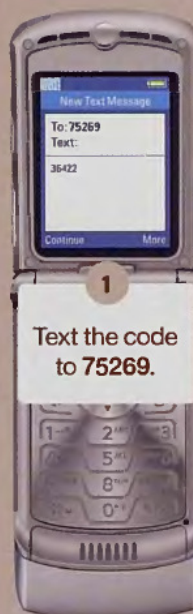


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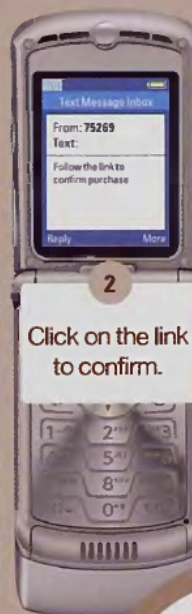
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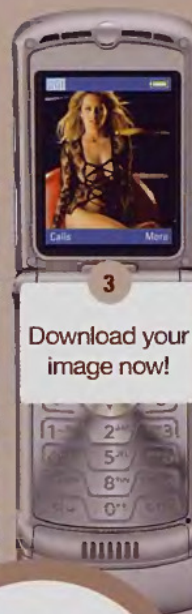
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THOSE WHO TURN IRON INTO ARTSY-FARTSY



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SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES.

Here's some sculpture that doesn't require a bunch of fancy interpretation. The two-fists-in-the-wind new FXDBI Harley-Davidson® Dyna® Street Bob®. This is old school custom Milwaukee iron as clean as it comes. Raked front end. Factory ape hangers. Mid-mount foot controls. Flat Black Denim paint. All powered by a beefy Twin Cam 88® motor with the new 6-speed Cruise Drive™ transmission. There's an art to badass. See the 2006 Dyna® motorcycles at your dealer. 1-800-443-2153 or www.harley-davidson.com. IT'S TIME TO RIDE.





The Cat's Meow

Jaguar's new XK purrs and roars

SOMEWHERE ALONG a sweeping road in Cape Town, South Africa, at the wheel of the 2007 Jaguar XK convertible, it occurred to us: This is the best new Jaguar in 50 years. And that's saying something. The joy starts the moment you sink into the leathery cockpit. Well-bolstered buckets grip you securely. You can choose between burled-walnut, lighter poplar-wood or aluminum accents for the interior. At idle this cat purrs; when accelerating it flashes its claws, roaring like a classic XK120. The 300 bhp 4.2-liter four-cam V-8 takes you from zero to 60 in six seconds, and she'll conquer the quarter mile in 14.5 seconds. The improved Computer Active Technology Suspension (called CATS, naturally) adjusts all four shocks independently in nanoseconds. Thanks to its lightweight, all-alloy, ultra-stiff bonded and riveted structure, the XK has virtually no body roll, just like a race car. As for the gearbox, you have choices at your fingertips. The six-speed sequential-shift ZF automatic offers three driving modes: Drive Auto (automatic), Sport Auto (automatic with added speed) and Sport Manual (paddle shifters). Doing your own shifting in a car like this is a blast, but the computer will beat any twirling you can do. It shifts close to the 6,000 rpm redline and blips the throttle between downshifts. As for the tag, you'll drop \$75,500 on the coupe and \$81,500 on the convertible, above. Both hit showrooms this month. More info at jaguar.com.



London: A Quick Study

Cool digs: Sanderson hotel, an Ian Schrager-Philippe Starck production, features sumptuously modern rooms, a luxurious spa for the ladies and the Alain Ducasse eatery Spoon. Rooms are from \$400 (sandersonlondon.com). **Showstopper:** The pleasantly scruffy Brixton Academy, known for booking everyone from Bob Dylan to the Killers, welcomes ex-Verve frontman Richard Ashcroft from May 19 to 21. **Get your drink on:** That pub on the corner? Yeah, that one. Perfect. **Spring fling:** During the Spring Bank Holiday weekend, May 27 to 29, London loosens its stiff upper lip. Every cutie under 30 clubs until sunrise. Fabric (fabriclondon.com) books some of the best DJs in the world.

Two-Faced

WHEN YOU'RE zipping from Paris to Tokyo and back, you need an rpm gauge to measure how fast your head is spinning. Links of London's Greenwich Two Zone Clock (\$180, linksoflondon.com) slows things down. With two faces to keep track of two time zones and a stand that doubles as a protective cover, it's a welcome bit of clarity packed inside a travel-size case.



All the Buzz

THE CLASSIC VESPA has changed little since Piaggio introduced it 60 years ago. We like to think it has lasted so long because it's so quirky. In the right hands it's an infinitely better seduction machine than a 1,300 cc beast. Pull alongside a *bella ragazza* to ask for directions on a monster bike and you may get maced. On a Vespa you get cafe recommendations and espresso for two. The LX seen here is the 60th anniversary edition of the original, available with a 50 cc (\$3,200) or 150 cc engine (\$4,200, vespausa.com).



Outside the Box

AN AUDIO RIDDLE: If Jamo's R 909 speaker (jamo.com) is supposed to deliver \$7,500 worth of sound, where's the cabinet? Answer: You're standing in it. The drivers on these four-foot-tall numbers use your walls as a resonating chamber. The speakers can handle up to 2,000 watts of power each. Don't worry about blowing them out—worry about cracking the foundation of your house.



The Gold Standard

WHEN YOU'RE THE FASTEST PC on the planet, you don't go out dressed in a putty-colored piece of plastic. Which is why Voodoo's Omen PC (\$4,900 and up, voodoopc.com) comes with an optional 24-karat-gold-plated case. And its beauty is more than skin-deep: It has an AMD 64FX processor and the NVIDIA SLI system, which uses two graphics cards at once to pump out perfect polygons. Now go make a mess of some aliens.



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KOOL
BE TRUE.

The Playboy Advisor

A few of my fraternity brothers like nothing better than to double-team a girl. It's gotten to the point where they would rather tag-team someone than have sex with her alone. I prefer one-on-one or maybe two girls at once. The last thing I want to see while having sex is my buddy's erection. Am I being too uptight?—J.W., Kansas City, Kansas

It's not unusual to want sex with a woman only when she's not fucking another guy. It sounds as though your buddies have been watching too much porn (one sign: They give each other high fives during sex), or perhaps they feel they are performing a public service for women who fantasize about pulling a train. Whatever the case, don't fret about this; take advantage. In their absence you have more old-fashioned girls to choose from.

I am wondering how noise-canceling headphones work. Can the white noise they use to block outside noise affect your hearing?—K.K., Pasco, Washington

The white noise never reaches your ears. Microphones on each earpiece of the best noise-canceling headphones, such as the \$300 Bose QuietComfort 2, capture the sound waves created by ambient noise, process them and send out new waves that are 180 degrees out of phase. When combined with the incoming noise, this adds up to silence. An alternative method is to simply block the noise. This is done most effectively with buds that fit snugly inside the ear canal. They typically cost at least \$100 but may save your hearing by allowing you to listen at a lower volume. With cheaper headphones, such as those provided with MP3 players, you often have to crank the volume to harmful levels to drown out distractions. That, audiologists say, is causing an epidemic of hearing loss among younger people who damage the tiny hair cells of the inner ear with continuous blasting. Researchers at Boston University measured the output of 11 headphones and reported that, on average, the smaller the earpiece, the more noise it produces at any given volume. A Wichita State audiologist who stopped students to measure the volume at which their headphones were playing found that many were listening at 110 to 120 decibels, or the equivalent of a rock concert, which is enough to cause hearing loss after only 75 minutes. (Normal conversation is 60 decibels.)

Can you become a member of the mile-high club by having sex on Mount Everest?—B.W., Portland, Oregon

We'd give you credit, but you might piss off the Sherpas—and the mountain. The Buddhist guides do not take kindly to anyone "making sauce" on Chomolungma, as they believe it insults and angers the mountain (same with killing animals, getting drunk and burning trash). One photographer caught during a private moment with his girlfriend told National Geographic Adven-



ture that a Sherpa warned, "The weather is bad, and I think you are adding to it. No taki-taki on the mountain." But at least one climber says the raunchy Sherpas are half kidding and themselves sometimes hook up with Western women during expeditions. In 2004 a professor of international relations at New Zealand's Victoria University of Wellington, as an exercise in organizing a global social movement, created a website inviting people to assemble at the Everest base camp. He hopes to show support for Sherpa efforts to counter the "most spiritually erosive effects of mountain tourism," including sex.

A reader wrote in January asking if anything besides marijuana could heighten her sensitivity during sex. About a year ago I read *The Tantra Experience* by Osho, in which he suggests meditating during sex. (He also suggests meditating while on the toilet, which I have not tried.) I have found that this forces all other thoughts—laundry, dishes, kids—to disappear. When I am in the moment, my orgasms are more intense and more frequent. I've also had sex while high, and it doesn't compare.—T.J., Buffalo, New York

You don't have to meditate to appreciate the lessons of tantric sex: relax, slow down and don't make orgasm the goal. Raja, who runs couples' retreats in Europe with his wife, Puja (a.k.a. Diana Richardson), says many men tell him sex has become too much work. "It is a relief for them to drop the pressures and expectations," he writes at loveforcouples.com. Relaxing during sex takes time and practice, but Raja and Puja say their students eventually learn to "trust the intelligence of the genitals"—something we've done for years. Whatever you may think of gurus, Osho is onto something when

he writes, "The tantra attitude is that you be loving to a person. There is no need to plan. The Western mind is continuously thinking about when it is coming and how to make it fast and great and this and that." We're glad to hear you've found a path.

Thank you for publishing the question from the woman about having sex while high. I had been struggling with reaching orgasm, but when I smoked a little weed two nights this week, I had the biggest and best climaxes of my life. I had seen a doctor, switched my birth-control pills, masturbated—everything I could think of. Who knew reefer would be the answer?—J.P., Chicago, Illinois

Glad we could help. Your assignment is to continue to search for other ways to relax yourself to orgasm so you are able to approach it from many directions. (Now we're starting to sound like a mystic.)

I was at a party where the host invited us to smoke cigars on the porch. Naturally the conversation turned to cigars. Everyone had a different opinion about how long a cigar should be smoked. That is, do you continue until you hit the band or until you can't hold it any longer? Also how much of the tip should be cut off?—S.H., Allen, Texas

*If you're smoking a great cigar, you can continue until your facial hair bursts into flames. So says Richard Carleton Hacker, author of *The Ultimate Cigar Book*. "Some people stop when they hit the band," he notes. "Others take the band off, which I don't recommend because it provides a good place to hold the cigar and lets others know what you're smoking. Every cigar burns differently and has a characteristic taste, but they all tend to get a little more rank as you get closer to the end and have less tobacco to filter the smoke. It's not unusual for many cigars to begin smoking poorly halfway through." As for the head, slice it from the top, at the point where the tip starts to curve outward.*

I am 28 years old and engaged. I have never considered straying and never intend to. However, my fiancée recently told me she overheard me talking in my sleep; she said it sounded as if I were on the phone. I was trying to get someone to come to our apartment because "she doesn't get off work until five." This obviously bothered my fiancée. How can I explain that it was just a dream, when it seems I subconsciously want to cheat?—B.A., Nashville, Tennessee

Your fiancée apparently isn't sure what to make of this—even if you aren't cheating, what sort of man dreams about it? Every sort of man, of course. That's biology. There's no way to explain this in a way that will satisfy her, but the prospect of committing to sex with the same

woman for the rest of your life can cause anxiety that seeps out in guilty fantasies. Many women would be relieved to have boyfriends, fiancés and husbands who only dream of taking lovers.

I'm sure you will get slammed for your response in January about whether you can click a key fob through a cell phone to open a car, because it is flat wrong. Key fobs operate on radio frequencies, and a cell phone cannot capture that, remodulate it, send it over a network and have another phone demodulate and broadcast it. This is not to say that a high-tech solution could not be built. But that would be a lot of trouble compared with carrying a key in your wallet.—N.M., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

This is an example of a fool's errand. It's fun to imagine all the people holding a fob to their phone after reading your response. Even if it did work, how would thieves benefit? They would need your car's fob.—J.S., Elk, Washington

Whoever wrote that daft response should be fired. As for those who have proof, how far away were they standing when they transmitted the signal "through" their phone? Key fobs can have quite a range.—W.S., Denver, Colorado

We'll just take our lumps on this one. We wanted so bad to believe. Have you heard what you can do with a key fob, a cell phone and a vibrator?

Regarding the reader who wrote about catching a co-worker talking dirty online: People often act very differently when they believe they have anonymity. Just because that woman wrote things online doesn't mean she will say or do the same after she signs off. If a guy pursues her in the hope that she will follow through, he may be in for a rude awakening.—S.D., Phoenix, Arizona

That's a good point, although dating in general is filled with rude awakenings.

My wife, a friend of mine and I had a threesome. I'd seen my friend naked at the health club and mentioned to my wife that he has a huge cock. One night I invited him over for drinks, and after we'd had a few, my wife said out of the blue, "I hear you have a big dick." She wanted to see it. He looked at me, and I shrugged, so he unzipped. All of a sudden my wife was on her knees. It progressed from there. It's been a few weeks now, and I'm not sure I did the right thing. I told my wife I was afraid she might now have an affair, but she assured me that would never happen. We are thinking about inviting my friend over again. Can this sort of thing ruin a marriage?—M.P., Los Angeles, California

Yes. But chances are it won't in your case because you are discussing the insecurities it can stir up and establishing ground

rules. You also need to talk about this with your friend to make sure he understands he will always go home alone.

In January a male reader asked for tips on shaving his butt, and you told him to forget it, that women should "take it or leave it." This coming from a magazine in which the only hair on a Playmate is on her head! A hairy butt is a turnoff, guys. Wax it.—K.L., Escondido, California

Not only should that reader wax his ass, but I'd bet his back and shoulders need shaving. We skip dessert, do our hair, apply makeup, wear bras and pantyhose and wax our bikini line and butt for men. The least you could do is give us something smooth to grab.—D.S., Princeton, New Jersey

While we appreciate your passion on the topic, this is the one area where we feel the sexual double standard is a good idea.

Supposedly the code for not using weapons in a bar fight is to "fight like a man." But shouldn't that mean doing whatever it takes to win? In other words, if someone calls me out, should I bring my pepper spray?—M.S., Kansas City, Missouri

What sort of women do you meet at these bars? We take "fight like a man" to mean fisticuffs, with no kicking or biting and no crying when your glasses get broken.

My friend has his taxes done each year by the same pro and always seems to get a large return. He says the guy just makes things up. I am tempted to let this pro do my taxes this year. Is it true that once you put your taxes in someone else's hands, you're not liable for mistakes?—J.G., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Sure, if you live in La-La Land. There's a difference between honest mistakes and fraud, and IRS computers are designed to flag the latter, such as when a person takes more itemized deductions than his salary would seem to support. If the agency comes calling, it won't be asking your tax pro for documentation.

I'm pregnant with my first child, and I'd like to hear the truth about circumcision. What do men think about being cut?—A.B., Nacogdoches, Texas

Most men had no say in the matter. We see no reason for the procedure, nor does the American Academy of Pediatrics, which doesn't recommend it. Some research suggests that circumcised infants have fewer urinary tract infections and that circumcision may help prevent HIV transmission. But these risks can be addressed by less radical means, such as regular washing and using condoms. The more we learn about the complexity and function of the prepuce, the more a tragedy it seems to let off, even as a religious ritual. It has long been dismissed as a useless piece of skin, but on closer examination it appears to be similar to the tissue between the facial skin and the mucosa inside the mouth. For that reason, notes David Gollaher, who has written a his-

tory of the surgery, the nerve endings of the foreskin have been compared to those in the fingertips and lips. To cut either of those parts from an infant would be considered barbaric.

My girlfriend is always willing to try new things. Recently we began to experiment with pee play, and it turns out it's a major turn-on for both of us. As part of our fun I sometimes drink from her. The problem is, I am subject to random drug testing at my job, and my girlfriend is an occasional pot smoker. Am I flirting with disaster?—W.M., New York, New York

We have expertise in only one of these activities, so we asked Wilkie Wilson, a professor of pharmacology at Duke University, to ponder the possibility. "It's not inconceivable, depending on how much she smokes, how much he drinks and the sensitivity of the test for THC and its metabolites," he says. "In this situation I would worry most about marijuana. Other illegal drugs are metabolized by the body into inactive components." Dan Savage, in his column, Savage Love, has printed testimony from at least one guy who claims to have tested positive in this manner.

In January a reader threw down a challenge—his propane and wood chips versus charcoal. What he and many of your readers fail to realize is that propane toasting is not barbecue. Barbecue is cooking large cuts of meat for long periods of time at lower temperatures. Stop buying grills because they are shiny. Stop trying to cook a cheap hunk of meat at 600 degrees in two minutes. Stop using Italian salad dressing as a marinade. Then we can talk about a grill-off.—R.K., Los Angeles, California



As we have discovered, it's dangerous to stand between two men wielding tongs.

During foreplay my female friend was lying across my lap while I gently spanked her ass. After a few minutes she spread her legs, raised her ass to expose her lips and asked me to spank her vulva. After six spans she was soaking wet, and after a few more she squeezed my hand between her thighs and had a shuddering orgasm. Is this unusual, or had I just missed something?—G.H., West Palm Beach, Florida

Nothing is unusual if you have the right woman, the right position, the right teacher, the right timing and the right pressure. Don't think about what you may have missed. Think about what you have found.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos 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.





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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

UNKNOWN KNOWNS

IT'S WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW YOU KNOW THAT WILL HURT YOU

BY SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK

One of the pop heroes of the Iraq war is undoubtedly Muhammed Saeed al-Sahaf, the unfortunate Iraqi information minister, the infamous Baghdad Bob, who in his regular press conferences valiantly denied even the most evident facts. Sometimes, though, Al-Sahaf hit on a strange truth. When confronted with claims that the Americans were in control of parts of Baghdad, he snapped, "They are not in control of anything. They don't even control themselves!"

He was right. In February 2002 Donald Rumsfeld engaged in a bit of amateur philosophizing about the relationship between the known and the unknown, provoking hundreds of commentaries: "There are known knowns," said the secretary of defense. "These are things we know that we know. There are known unknowns; that is to say, there are some things we know we don't know. But there are also unknown unknowns—the things we don't know we don't know." What Rumsfeld forgot to add was the crucial fourth term, the unknown knowns, the things we don't know that we know. This is precisely the Freudian unconscious, a knowledge that doesn't know itself. If Rumsfeld thought

the main dangers in the confrontation with Iraq were the unknown unknowns, the threats from Saddam Hussein that we did not even suspect, we should reply that the main dangers were and are, on the contrary, the unknown knowns, the hidden ideological premises of which we are not fully aware. By their obscurity such premises determine our acts all the more efficiently. Much more than the violent resistance in Iraq, they are what Americans (more precisely the U.S. political elite) do not control. These deserve a closer look since they lie at the very core of the U.S. deadlock in Iraq.

Consider the three basic types of toilets in Western countries. In the famous discussion at the beginning of *Fear of Flying*, Erica Jong mockingly claims that "German toilets are really the key to the horrors of the Third

Reich. People who can build toilets like this are capable of anything." She is right: In a traditional German toilet the hole through which shit disappears after we flush is in front, so that our shit is first laid out for us to inspect for traces of illness. In a typical French toilet, however, the hole is in back; the shit is supposed to disappear as soon as possible. The Anglo-American toilet presents a kind of synthesis of, or mediation between, these opposites: The toilet basin fills with water in which the shit floats. None of these versions can be accounted for in purely utilitarian terms. A certain ideological premise is clearly discernible about how one should relate to one's own excrement, a premise with a long cultural history.

Since the late 18th century, the geographic triad of

Germany, France and England has been perceived as expressing three different attitudes toward life: the German of reflective thoroughness, the French of revolutionary hastiness and the English of moderate utilitarian pragmatism. In political terms this meant German conservatism, French revolutionary radicalism and English moderate liberalism. In terms of which sphere of social life predominated, it meant German meta-

physics and poetry versus French politics versus English economics. Is this triad not also the hidden principle that sustains the different toilets? Ambiguous contemplative fascination with the waste, the attempt to expunge it as fast as possible, the pragmatic treatment of it as an ordinary object to be disposed of appropriately. It is easy for academics to claim at a roundtable that we live in a postideological universe, but the moment they visit the restroom after the heated discussion, they are again knee-deep in ideology.

And since this is *PLAYBOY*, why not reach into an even more intimate domain, the three main styles of feminine pubic hair? Wildly grown and untrimmed pubic hair indexes the hippie attitude of natural spontaneity; yuppies prefer the disciplinary procedure of a French garden (one shaves



STEVE BROOKER

the hair on both sides close to the legs, so that all that remains is a narrow band in the middle with a clear-cut shave line); and in the punk attitude the area is wholly shaved and furnished with rings (usually attached to a perforated clitoris). Is this not yet another version of the same ideological triad?

So how do unknown knowns function in our public discourse? Although excluded, they occasionally pop up in censored form, evoked as an option and then immediately discarded. For example, on September 28, 2005 William Bennett, the neocon compulsive gambler and author of *The Book of Virtues*, said on his call-in program, *Morning in America*, "But I do know that it's true that if you wanted to reduce crime, you could; if that were your sole purpose, you could abort every black baby in this country, and your crime rate would go down. That would be an impossibly ridiculous and morally reprehensible thing to do, but your crime rate would go down." Two days later Bennett qualified his statement: "I was putting forth a hypothetical proposition and then said it was morally reprehensible to recommend abortion of an entire group of people. But this is what happens when you argue that ends can justify the means." This is what Freud meant when he wrote, "The unconscious knows no negation": The official (Christian, democratic) discourse is sustained by a nest of unknown knowns, of obscene racist and sexist fantasies that can be admitted only in censored form.

And this brings us to the Iraq quagmire, where an old story is repeating itself. America brings new hope and democracy to people around the world, but instead of hailing the U.S. Army, the

ungrateful people look the proverbial gift horse in the mouth and America reacts like a child with hurt feelings. Considering the global American ideological offensive, the fundamental insight of movies such as John Ford's *The Searchers* and Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, both stories about a frustrated savior, is today more relevant than ever. We witness the resurgence of the "quiet American" from Graham Greene's novel of the same title, a naive, benevolent agent who sincerely wants to bring democracy and Western freedom to Vietnam. But his intentions totally misfire, or as Greene put it, "I never knew a man who had better motives for all the trouble he caused."

Here is the underlying presupposition, the *unknown known*: Under

**IF FREEDOM IS GOD'S GIFT,
THEN THOSE WHO OPPOSE U.S.
POLICY REJECT THE GIFT OF GOD.**

their skin, all people desire to become Americans, and their violence against the U.S. is ultimately an act of envy and despair at their failure to achieve this, a failure caused by their racial or cultural backwardness. All that is needed is to give people a chance, to liberate them from their imposed constraints, and they will join us in our ideological dream. "I do not believe freedom is America's gift to the world," President Bush recently said. "I do believe it is the Almighty's gift to each person in the world." In the best totalitarian fashion, this apparent modesty conceals its very opposite. Recall the dictator's standard claim that in himself he is nothing at all—his strength is only the strength of the people who stand behind him. The catch, of course, is that those who

oppose the leader also oppose the people's deepest and noblest strivings. And does the same not hold for Bush's claim? If freedom effectively were to be America's gift to other nations, then things would have been much easier—those opposing U.S. policies would be doing just that, opposing U.S. policies. But if freedom is God's gift to humanity (and if—herein resides the hidden proviso—the U.S. is the chosen instrument for distributing this gift to the nations of the world), then those who oppose U.S. policy reject the noblest gift of God to humanity. No wonder Bush's statements have appalled many a theologian with their obscene and sacrilegious unknown knowns.

When a quiet American comes close to realizing his predicament yet is unable to fully confront it—that is, to truly get to know his unknown knowns—the only way out of the deadlock is a violent *passage à l'acte*. Recall the brutal outburst of Travis Bickle (Robert De Niro) against the pimps who control the young girl he wants to save (Jodie Foster) in *Taxi Driver*. Scorsese clearly indicated the suicidal dimension of this violent explosion: After the slaughter, Bickle, heavily wounded and leaning on the wall, mimics with the forefinger of his right hand a gun aimed at his blood-stained forehead and mockingly triggers it, as if to say, "The true target of my outburst was myself." Travis realizes how he is himself part of the degenerate dirt he wants to eradicate. It would be good for people like Rumsfeld (and for all of us) if they arrived at the same insight.

Žižek is senior researcher at the Institute for Social Sciences in Ljubljana, Slovenia.

PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF WAR

"The individual citizen can with horror convince himself in this war of what would occasionally cross his mind in peacetime—that the state has forbidden to the individual the practice of wrongdoing, not because it desires to abolish it but because it desires to monopolize it, like salt and tobacco. A belligerent state permits itself every such misdeed, every such act of violence as would disgrace the individual. It makes use against the enemy not only of the accepted stratagems but of deliberate lying and deception as well—and to a degree that seems to exceed the usage of former wars. The state exacts the utmost degree



of obedience and sacrifice from its citizens, but at the same time it treats them like children by an excess of secrecy and a censorship upon news and expressions of opinion, which leaves the spirits of those whose intellect it thus suppresses defenseless against every unfavorable turn of events and every sinister rumor. It absolves itself from the guarantees and treaties by which it was bound to other states and confesses shamelessly to its own rapacity and lust for power, which the private individual is then called upon to sanction in the name of patriotism."

—SIGMUND FREUD, "THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES ON WAR AND DEATH"

TRAPPED MINOR IN THE SUNSHINE STATE

IT TOOK A FLORIDA COURT TO ENFORCE HER RIGHTS

By Pat Jordan

When I was 16 I complained to my father about a perceived injustice. He told me, "Only a fool or a child believes in perfect justice." L.G., as she is identified in Florida court records, was a child of nine when she learned that lesson. It is what makes her now, at 14, so angry.

"Her anger colors everything in her life," says Maxine Williams, L.G.'s lawyer. L.G. is angry because for the past four years she has been shunted from foster home to foster home, shelter to shelter and courtroom to courtroom at the instigation of social workers, lawyers, judges, the ACLU, the Family Research Council, Operation Rescue, the Florida Department of Children and Families, the Palm Beach County Juvenile Court and Florida governor Jeb Bush, all of whom were making decisions about her life. L.G. profoundly disagreed with those decisions, which is not unusual for a child.

What is unusual is that in this case the child may be right. L.G. is a mixed-race child, with *café con leche* skin and greenish-gold eyes. When she was nine, the Florida Department of Children and Families took her and her two brothers from their mother, a single parent who was deemed by the court to be "neglectful and seriously abusive to all the children." The mother beat her sons and was described as having deep psychological problems. But according to Williams, the mother never physically abused L.G. Over the next four years, L.G. would be placed in foster homes and shelters against her wishes. She ran away a dozen times, always back to her mother. When L.G. was 13, DCF placed her in Brookwood, Florida, Inc., a home for abused girls in St. Petersburg. While there, L.G. met a 17-year-old boy who lived in a nearby hotel. The boy got her pregnant. Once a girl becomes pregnant, Brookwood director Pam Mesmer says, it's up to that girl and her court-appointed guardian to decide whether she will have the baby or an abortion. L.G. decided she would end her pregnancy. That's when even more adults began to meddle in her life.

Anti-abortion groups demanded the court make her have her baby. The ACLU insisted the court honor L.G.'s right to choose. Last April, DCF appealed to the court to stop L.G. from having an abortion because it was "the best solution for the child." DCF lawyer Jeffrey Gillen told the court that L.G. was not mature enough to make such a choice. Another DCF witness told the court that if L.G. had an abortion, she would suffer "post-abortion syndrome," a condition not recognized by most medical organizations.

Williams fought back for L.G. and received support from unexpected quarters, including a juvenile-court judge, a former assistant attorney general and a former DCF official. When L.G. finally appeared in court before Palm Beach County juvenile-court judge Ronald Alvarez, she said she wanted an abortion because she was "too selfish" to have a baby and let DCF take it from her and put it in the same system that had ruined her life. She also reminded the judge that she couldn't have a baby because "I'm 13, I'm in a shelter, and I can't get a job." To demands that she have the baby because she wasn't equipped to make decisions for herself, she returned, with the impeccable logic of



Anti-abortion protester in Buffalo.

the innocent, "If I can't make good decisions for myself, what makes you think I can make good decisions for the baby?"

Alvarez granted L.G.'s request to terminate her pregnancy. He says it was an easy legal decision, because it followed state law, but was a difficult moral decision. But, he adds, "this case became controversial because others got involved. Why pick that girl? A hundred girls got abortions under DCF care." Alvarez says he was outraged at DCF's sudden interest in L.G.

After L.G.'s abortion, Tony Perkins of the Family Research Council said the state had "failed miserably." Governor Bush added that it was "a tragedy" but that he had to let the courts decide. After the Terry Schiavo fiasco, it seems Bush no longer has the appetite for controversial cases involving the state meddling in its citizens' lives.

MARGINALIA



FROM COMMENTS MADE by Representative Ginny Brown-Waite (R.-Fla.)

when asked to describe her job: "I'm a hooker. That's right, I said I'm a hooker. I have to go up to total strangers, ask them for money and get them to expect me to be there when they need me. What does that sound like to you?"

FROM AN EXPLANATION by U2

singer Bono of why his new marketing brand, Product RED, which he hopes will generate money for the Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis and Malaria, is a for-profit venture: "Philanthropy is like hippie music, holding hands. RED is more like punk rock, hip-hop. This should feel like hard commerce."



FROM A RESPONSE by Lord

Kenneth Baker, chair of the U.K.'s Cartoon Art Trust, to questions about the uproar over caricatures of Muhammad that appeared in a Danish newspaper last fall and were reprinted as a show of solidarity in other European papers in January: "Religions are a set of ideas reinforced by faith, and as a set of ideas they can be criticized and attacked, and sometimes one says very offensive things about them. The tradition in Western Europe is to, as it were, take the criticism on the chin and not worry too much about it."

FROM AN ARTICLE published at globalresearch.ca on October 27, 2004: "It has become clear that yet another manufactured war or some type of ill-advised covert operation is inevitable under President George W. Bush should he win the 2004 presidential election. A potentially significant news development was reported in June 2004 announcing Iran's intentions to create an Iranian oil bourse. This announcement portended competition would arise between the Iranian oil bourse and London's International Petroleum Exchange, as well as the New York Mercantile Exchange. It should be noted that both IPE and NYMEX are owned by U.S. corporations."

One of the Federal Reserve's nightmares may begin to unfold in 2005 or 2006, when it appears international buyers will have the choice to buy a barrel of oil for \$50 on the NYMEX and IPE or purchase a barrel of oil for 37 to 40 euros via the Iranian bourse. The upcoming bourse will introduce petrodollar versus petroeuro currency hedging and fundamentally

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READER RESPONSE

MASTER AND COMMANDMENTS

How do I reply to your article by Bernard Gert ("The New Ten Commandments," February)? His Pollyanna viewpoint is why our country and world are in the shape they are in. Take his first commandment, "Do not kill." Are we not to eat meat, seafood or vegetables? Many people have to kill every day to survive. My version would be, "Do not commit murder"—meaning do not kill with malice. And consider number five: "Do not deprive of pleasure." Everyone has a different definition of pleasure. For instance, someone into S&M and bondage would be guilty of violating Gert's second commandment ("Do not cause pain") and his fourth ("Do not deprive of freedom").

Mark Compton
Denver, Colorado

MAD TV

I agree that broadcast news has become nothing more than entertainment. In "Stepford Nation" (January), Frederick Barthelme mentions that Hurricane Rita's winds were not as strong as Katrina's. I stayed in my house in Marathon, Florida during Rita. The winds were so insignificant that at the height of the storm, I played in the yard with my dog. Yet TV news channels were reporting how bad conditions were. Hurricane Wilma, on the other hand, devastated the Keys with flooding, but the news didn't report on it because the winds didn't cause sufficient damage for the reporters to stick around.



Must-see TV is often morbid.

They were already in Miami looking for downed trees and blown-off roofs.

Charlie Brown
Marathon, Florida

ROCK AND ROW

Societies don't fail because they lack material resources ("How Civilizations Fail," January); they fail because they lack the ultimate resource: imagination.



No kidding: Wisconsin's concrete-canoe team.

When the Easter Islanders no longer had trees from which to make canoes, they could have used their imagination to make them from the one resource they had in great abundance, namely stone. Sound ridiculous? Every year the University of Wisconsin holds a concrete-canoe competition.

Dennis Gordon
Madison, Wisconsin

MISSING LINK

Since Hugh Ross ("Origins of Life," February) has a degree in physics, I assume he is well-grounded in science. So I have to think he is intentionally misleading your readers on the Adam and Eve story: Though his statement that "recent mitochondrial DNA and Y-chromosome analysis supports the conclusion that humanity is descended from one man and one woman who lived about 50,000 years ago" is true, his use of it, as an answer to the question of whether there was a "literal Adam and Eve," is clearly intended to imply that science now supports the biblical version of human origins. This is untrue, and I'm sure he knows it. The "man and woman" in question were not alone (many other people were alive at the time), they had parents, and they did not necessarily know each other or even live in the same place or at the same time.

Daniel Marks
Pike Road, Alabama

BLAME CANADA

In the "Reader Response" section of December's issue, Tom Seifert suggests "whiny Democrats" should move to Canada if they want to live in a nation that "can be taken over by 10 guys with machine

guns." As a World War II buff, I can think of nothing more insulting to the men of Canada and the Canadian regiments who served valiantly as our allies in that war. Canadian squads played a part in the D-day invasion, and the Royal Canadian Air Force assisted with the bombing of the beaches that preceded the landing.

Adrien Lawyer
Albuquerque, New Mexico

In response to Seifert's letter, I am so tired of whiny Republicans. If you don't want to live in a country that has been taken over by a group of corrupt individuals with little use for anybody or anything but their pocketbooks, move to Canada. Canada looks better every day.

Tom Cecil
Scottsdale, Arizona

YANKEES OVERRATED?

In "Our Pilgrim Fanatics" (February), Simon Worrall makes a major error. He implies that the Plymouth colonists were the founders of the United States and their attitudes formed its "cultural DNA." Yes, they were influential. But Worrall forgets to mention the profound impact of the Virginia colony, founded nearly 20 years before Plymouth. Virginians created the first economic boom



The Constitution owes much to Virginia.

(from tobacco) and wrote the majority of the Constitution. The First Amendment was derived from the Virginia constitution, which thereby had one of the biggest cultural effects on our society. And let's not forget the three Virginians who laid the real foundation of this country: Washington, Jefferson and Madison.

Chris Gottfried
Williamsburg, Virginia

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.

NEWSFRONT



Gators Spread Offense

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA—Under a new University of Florida health care plan, partners of homosexual and heterosexual employees can qualify for benefits. But during the January enrollment period, Gator employees found they had to make disclosures about their sexual activity in order to sign up. Potential enrollees were required to sign an affidavit stating they "have been in a nonplatonic relationship for the preceding 12 months." Though the documents are supposed to remain confidential, concerns were raised over the discrimination that could occur if the information were shared. The military and organizations such as the Boy Scouts, for instance, would likely bar the participation of anyone who had officially sworn they were in an active homosexual relationship.

Rubber Plantation

TULUÁ, COLOMBIA—In an effort to fight AIDS, this town in western Colombia is attempting to require all males over the age of 14 to carry a condom. Under the proposal, those who failed to pack would be fined or forced to attend an AIDS prevention course. A local Catholic church official likened the measure to "selling guns in the streets." Tuluá councilman William Peña, who introduced the idea, believes it makes sense for a sexually active community battling rising infection rates. "This measure would not oblige anyone to have sex, only to protect themselves," he says.

Smack Down

PHILADELPHIA—Naltrexone, a drug that prevents the intoxicating effects of opiates, has also been shown to reduce relapse rates among former heroin addicts. In fact, researchers at the University of Pennsylvania found the only patients in their study to relapse were those who failed to take naltrexone. As a result, a push is under way to make supervised naltrexone regimens mandatory for addicts convicted of nonviolent crimes. "All you're doing," says Dr. Charles O'Brien, head of the university's Center for Studies of Addiction, "is depriving them of the ability to get euphoria from heroin, and it's not as though they have a civil right to get that." So far many legal authorities have disagreed. Louis Presenza, president judge of the



Philadelphia municipal court, counters, "People make bad choices all the time, which they have a right to do. I don't know that we should be in the business of forcing them to take medication they have a right not to take."

Angus Beef

LONDON—A landmark ruling by the Law Lords, a judicial committee of the House of Lords and Britain's highest legal authority, will allow former Church of Scotland minister Helen Percy to pursue her sex discrimination claim against the church. After she was accused of having sex with a married man in 1997, Percy was suspended and then, she claims, forced out of her job as an associate minister in Angus. Percy contends the church has not treated male ministers accused of infidelity with the same severity. The church had maintained that civil employment tribunals and courts had no jurisdiction over the terms of Percy's employment, basing its argument on a 1921 law that established the church's power to govern its own affairs. (Lower courts had held this law to mean that God, rather than the church, ultimately employed ministers—and that God hired on a noncontractual basis.) The Law Lords decided Percy's sex discrimination claim was not a spiritual matter and that her work obligations constituted a de facto contract. After the decision Percy said, "I'm relieved that at last I have an opportunity to have the case heard in a civil court, which I believe will be fair. I'm not alone in having been treated unfairly by the church, and I believe this will give others the opportunity to have their cases heard."

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 39)

new dynamics to the biggest market in the world—global oil and gas trades. A successful Iranian bourse would solidify the petroeuro as an alternative oil transaction currency and thereby end the petrodollar's hegemonic status as the monopoly oil currency. It appears increasingly likely the U.S. will use the specter of nuclear-weapons proliferation as a pretext for an intervention, similar to the fears invoked in the previous WMD campaign regarding Iraq."

FROM RULE 81 of the 100 rules issued by L. Paul Bremer, then head of the Coalition Provisional Authority, to guide Iraq toward stability. Rule 81 concerns, among other things, agribusiness and patented crop varieties: "Farmers shall be prohibited from re-using seeds of protected varieties."



FROM "UNDERSTANDING MADRASSAS," an article by Alexander Evans, who works for the U.K. Foreign & Commonwealth Office, published in *Foreign Affairs*: "The Western consensus on madrassas assumes that some of them produce terrorists and many others contribute to radicalization in less direct ways. But the evidence of a direct link to terrorism remains weak. Indeed, according to Marc Sageman's recent study *Understanding Terror Networks*, two thirds of contemporary Al Qaeda-affiliated terrorists went to state or Western-style colleges. Like the terrorist Ahmed Sheikh (who was a contemporary of mine at the London School of Economics), terrorists today are more likely to have gone through the regular educational system. Many are newly religious rebels rather than regular *ulama* (clergy), created by modernity rather than by a madrassa."

FROM THE ARMY'S Field Manual 27-10, known as the Law of Land Warfare: "No physical or mental torture, nor any other form of coercion, may be inflicted on prisoners of war to secure from them information of any kind whatever. Prisoners of war who refuse to answer may not be threatened, insulted or exposed to unpleasant or disadvantageous treatment of any kind. The fact that a person who committed an act that constitutes a war crime acted as the head of a state or as a responsible government official does not relieve him from responsibility for his act. The fact that domestic law does not impose a penalty for an act that constitutes a crime under international law does not relieve the person who committed the act from responsibility under international law."



REMEMBER THE MAINE?

HOW GOVERNMENTS MANUFACTURE OUTRAGE

When William Randolph Hearst, owner of the *New York Journal*, sent Frederic Remington to Cuba in 1897 to illustrate Spanish atrocities and drum up support for a U.S. war with Spain, the artist found little to draw. "Everything is quiet," he telegraphed back to New York. "There is no trouble here. There will be no war." To which Hearst reportedly responded, "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war." Hearst came through on his promise, and we had the Spanish-American War in April 1898.

In the past few months we've seen a similar use of imagery drive public outrage throughout the Muslim world. On September 30, 12 blasphemous cartoons were printed in a Danish newspaper; about three months later, a global furor broke. Why was there such a lapse between publication and public outcry? As with Hearst, the answer lies in the pictures. Fundamentalist clerics in Denmark initially complained about

the cartoons to the Danish government but were ignored. They convinced ambassadors from 11 Islamic nations to demand a meeting with the Danish prime minister, who dismissed their complaint. The clerics then presented the cartoons to political and religious

a blurry copy of the picture below) to participants at a conference in Mecca in December. Shortly thereafter came coverage in official news media in Syria and Iran, as well as government-approved demonstrations elsewhere.

What does an Islamic state gain by riling up its citizens? It diverts attention from domestic problems, such as the 1,000 people who drowned in February when an Egyptian ferry sank or the 350 pilgrims trampled to death in Mecca in January. It also puts the state ahead of its fundamentalist opposition. The Egyptian government may have used the cartoons to settle scores with Danes who had funded groups critical of President Hosni Mubarak's human rights record.

In the case of the Spanish-American War,

the USS *Maine* did sink, and in the case of the cartoons, *Jyllands-Posten* did publish the images. But in both instances, it was the manipulation of those events that altered history.



This photo from a pig-squealing contest in France was included among anti-Muslim images that Danish Muslims took on a Mideast tour in January, even though the photo had nothing to do with Islam. The Associated Press protested the misrepresentation.

figures in Lebanon, Syria and Egypt. But the controversy didn't break outside Denmark until the Egyptian foreign minister showed the cartoons (part of a 43-page dossier that included

THE GOLDEN CALF

Tired of waiting for Moses to come down from the mount, the Israelites ask Aaron to make them a god. Using jewelry, Aaron creates a golden calf, which the people worship. When Moses returns, he destroys the idol and admonishes his people with the Second Commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven images." Idolatry is, therefore, a grave offense to followers of Abraham. As has been shown this year by various demonstrations from Gaza to Lahore, idolatry is an especially egregious offense in Islam. Though images of the prophet Muhammad can be found in museums, Sunni believers in particular



do not display images of any animal or human—anything with a soul. Christians and Jews are similarly enjoined from the worship of graven images, at least in theory. Fundamentalist Christians have attacked idolatry with a fury as potent as anything we've seen in Muslim nations. Dutch Protestant reformers in the 16th century destroyed Catholic artworks because they viewed them as idols. Here in the U.S., the dissenting English Protestants who founded the New England colonies and some of America's mainline sects—Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Methodist—also kept their churches free of images.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

OZZIE GUILLEN

A candid conversation with the loudmouthed White Sox manager about agents, lazy players, steroids, sports radio, paperwork and his other pet peeves

Ask any ballplayer to name the fastest-moving object in the major leagues and he'll likely point to the mouth of Chicago White Sox manager Ozzie Guillen. In a world of slick, media-savvy athletes, Guillen has no rival. Since taking over the troubled White Sox two seasons ago, Guillen, 42, has aimed his Venezuelan accent at journalists, rival managers and former players. His own team receives the worst lashings. Guillen proudly claims he "leads the league in throwing players under the bus." Last season he suggested White Sox pitcher Damaso Marte was faking an injury, blamed veteran hitter Frank Thomas for contributing to the team's prior bad attitude and called former White Sox player Magglio Ordonez a piece of shit. During a September losing streak, Guillen told the press, "We flat-out stink." The turbulence from Guillen's mouth has caused the sports media to label him alternately as savior of the Sox and an "immature, out-of-control, sensitivity-bankrupt manager." White Sox owner Jerry Reinsdorf refers to him as the Hispanic Jackie Mason.

But Guillen backed up his big mouth in October 2005 when he led the White Sox to their first World Series title since 1917, laying to rest what had been the second-longest streak without a championship win. If Guillen is fiery and explosive, his players aren't. The White Sox won 99 games in the regu-

lar season (the best record in the American League) without a single player hitting more than 40 home runs or a starting pitcher with an ERA under 3.00, then went 11-1 in the postseason. Guillen pushed the team to win by aggressively using the running game and using sacrifice bunts to move players around the diamond. Many games were won by only one run. Sportswriters called it Ozzie Ball.

The oldest of five siblings, Guillen was born in Ocumare, Venezuela but moved to nearby Guarenas with his mother, a grade-school principal, when he was eight, after his parents separated. He played volleyball on Venezuela's national youth team but excelled at baseball under the instruction of Ernesto Aparicio, uncle and celebrated teacher of Hall of Fame shortstop Luis Aparicio. Guillen played briefly for the La Guaira Sharks before signing with the San Diego Padres minor-league system just as he turned 17. In 1984 he was traded to the White Sox, won Rookie of the Year in 1985 and quickly became a favorite with fans who loved watching him talk to anyone on the field, including teammates, umpires and opposing players. It was the first glimpse of the Guillen mouth.

He spent 13 years with the White Sox. After the team released him, in 1997, the angry Guillen slammed Reinsdorf and management. He finished his career in 2000 after stints with the Baltimore Orioles, Atlanta Braves and Tampa

Bay Devil Rays. He resurfaced as a coach with the Montreal Expos and as part of the coaching staff for the 2003 World Series-winning Florida Marlins before taking over as White Sox manager in 2004. He spends most of his time in Chicago with his wife, Ibis, and three sons, Ozzie Jr., Oney and Ozney.

We sent writer Jason Buhrmester to sit down with Guillen in Dallas during baseball's winter meetings. His report: "The lobby of the hotel was filled with baseball reporters, managers and executives. He grumbled that the conference was too much like a high school reunion, but as we walked through the lobby to the restaurant, the real Guillen surfaced; he ran across the room to hug a writer and yelled loudly to friends. He is raw and opinionated but never malicious, even when slamming other players and teams. The only two moments of genuine venom came when Guillen claimed that the media doesn't understand him and that the league doesn't acknowledge his players."

PLAYBOY: What do you tell your players before a game?

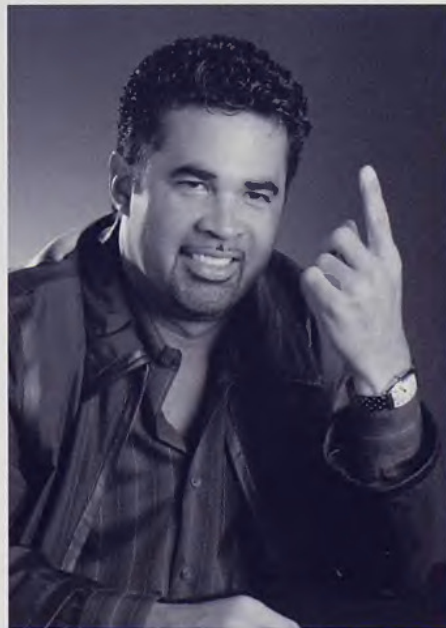
GUILLEN: I always tell my players, "Whatever you did last night means shit today. That's history. Today is another game." A lot of people say I throw my players under the bus. I just tell them the truth. I



"A lot of people say I throw my players under the bus. I just tell them the truth. I don't want them to have any excuses. If you're horseshit, you're horseshit. If you're good, you're good. Don't make yourself look like an idiot."



"Alex Rodriguez is a good player, but he hasn't won shit yet. He's one of the best players in the game. But Derek Jeter is something special. He's the luckiest player ever to play this game. He wins, and he's rich. He's got everything."



"We don't have any bodybuilders. And I hate former players talking shit about this. When I see Wally Joyner, Ken Caminiti and Jose Canseco talk about it, they make me puke. They're full of shit. It's not right."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIU

don't want them to have any excuses. For instance, my pitcher Mark Buehrle said in the press last season that the Texas Rangers were using light signals to cheat. When they asked me about it, I said the way Buehrle was throwing, Texas didn't need to cheat. He was throwing shit. The next day, Brandon McCarthy threw an eight-inning shutout for us. If I had protected Buehrle, people would have wondered what the fuck I was talking about. So I throw my players under the bus because I don't want them to have an excuse for anything. If you're horseshit, you're horseshit. If you're good, you're good. Don't make yourself look like an idiot.

PLAYBOY: You have admitted you lead the league in throwing players under the bus. Have any players confronted you about a comment you've made?

GUILLÉN: They just laugh. They took a T-shirt, had a car drive over it and then wrote UNDER THE BUS on it. Every time I say something about someone, they put his name on the shirt. So they joke around about it. And every time they see me, they make a backing-up noise like *beep beep beep* and say, "Here comes the bus!"

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry you've gone too far?

GUILLÉN: No. I know what I have to do to motivate players. They understand where I come from and what I want for them, not for me. You win it for you. Nobody can take that shit away from you. I can't get the hit to win the game. You have to do it. You won the World Series. You're number one. You're not going to see Ozzie Guillén in the history books; you're going to see yourself.

PLAYBOY: In September the White Sox suffered a long losing streak, nearly blowing a 15-game lead. You said, "We flat-out stunk." Did players resent the comment?

GUILLÉN: They knew we stunk. They're the first who should know. My team was losing 12 out of 13 games. We lost to Kansas City. It was not just because we lost to Kansas City but the way we lost—we were six runs up, and we lost the game. How could I have gone to the media and said we were all right? I didn't believe we were all right. We stunk. Did they make me puke? Yeah, they made me puke. I said, "What I see, I hate it. We're not that kind of team." They knew that. I didn't say anything they didn't know. If you don't like it, play better.

PLAYBOY: What was going wrong during that month?

GUILLÉN: Everything was wrong. We built this team around pitching, and we weren't pitching the way we should. What bothered me was that we won 99 games and

people were still saying we sucked. I can't take that shit from the media or the fans. We had people saying we were a joke and were losers. How are you going to call me a loser when we won 99 games? The St. Louis Cardinals win 100 games and people say they're a great fucking team. The White Sox win 99 and they say we stunk. What kind of shit is that? Just because they're the St. Louis Cardinals and we're the Chicago White Sox? That's not fair. That's my problem with the media and people in baseball. If they like it, they like it. If they don't, fuck them. I don't give a shit what they say or what they think.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that you were so upset over the losses that you vomited in your office.



The entire world could do steroids and they would still hit .000.

GUILLÉN: I did a couple of times, yes, because I hate to lose. I knew we were going to lose some games, but it's how you lose, not because you lose. It's how you lose.

PLAYBOY: Do losses affect you more now that you're a manager than they did when you were a player?

GUILLÉN: Of course. I have to control 25 guys. When I was playing, I had to control only myself and do the best I could to win the game.

PLAYBOY: Are you more competitive now?

GUILLÉN: Not really. Managing just sucks. It's a horseshit job. If you win, you get paid \$2 million. If you lose, you get fired.

PLAYBOY: Does that add to the stress when you're losing?

GUILLÉN: When you're losing, you try to stay level. It's hard to manage and show up every day with the same face. You don't want to be too happy, and you don't want to be too sad or too upset. That's hard when you're driving to the ballpark during a losing streak and you're thinking, Fuck, what are we going to do? But when you hit the clubhouse, you have to smile and talk to your players. You have to be the same guy every day.

PLAYBOY: Because of the White Sox' playing style, you tend to win games by only one or two runs. Does that make it harder on your nerves?

GUILLÉN: It makes you a better manager because you have to be careful. To win the game you have to score only one more run than somebody else, and that's what we did. I can live with that.

PLAYBOY: Your team had the best record in the American League and won the World Series, but none of your players are household names the way Derek Jeter and Alex Rodriguez are. Why is that?

GUILLÉN: I don't talk too much about A-Rod. Jeter is a special player because he's a good player and he wins.

PLAYBOY: He's got a ring.

GUILLÉN: Yeah, he's got a few. Rodriguez is a good player, but he hasn't won shit yet. I have a lot of respect for him. He's one of the best players in the game. He's a Latino. But Jeter is something special. He's the luckiest player ever to play this game. He wins, and he's rich. He's got everything.

PLAYBOY: Did you make a conscious decision to avoid big-name players when building this team?

GUILLÉN: I don't like big-name players. Everybody has to be selfish in the game. If you're not selfish, you're not going to be successful. You have to think about yourself before you think about anybody. But sometimes

you have to sacrifice yourself for the team. It's easier to control that without those three or four big-name players.

PLAYBOY: You've said before, "We don't need superstars. We need guys who worry about the name on the chest more than the name on the back of the uniform." Is that a growing problem?

GUILLÉN: It's the agents' fault. Now all anyone talks about is how much money they are going to make. I don't blame them, because that's how I make my living. But the agent says, "If you don't hit 40 home runs, you're not going to make any money, so don't let them make you bunt to move the runner over" or "You have to be a starter; you can't be a long reliever or a closer." All these things go

through the players' mind, and they start thinking it's true.

PLAYBOY: Do agents have more power now than when you were a player?

GUILLEN: Agents run this game. Managers ask agents what trades they should make. I think a lot of agents make more money than pretty good ballplayers. But an agent is like a manager: If you don't have good players, you've got nothing. People talk about A-Rod's agent like he's a genius. Fuck that. I could do that job—he's the best player in the game right now. But agents changed this game. I don't blame them. This is a business to make money, but the mentality of the players needs to change.

PLAYBOY: Critics call your managing style small ball or Ozzie Ball. The idea is to use sacrifices to move runners rather than wait for a home run to score. Is it hard to persuade players to make those "productive outs" since it won't add to their batting average and bring them higher-paying contracts?

GUILLEN: No, because if you don't play for the team, you don't play for us again.

PLAYBOY: You've never had to confront a player who didn't want to bunt?

GUILLEN: Every day. I don't say, "This is the way I want you guys to play." It's the way they should be playing. People called it Ozzie Ball. It's not Ozzie Ball. It's fucking baseball. Bring baseball back to the way it should be. Now these guys just want to hit 40 or 50 home runs. Goddamn it, there's a lot of difference between winning 100 games and 99 games, especially when someone won't sacrifice to move a teammate over. A lot of those little things are missing in this game.

PLAYBOY: When you took over the team, you said the old White Sox had a bad attitude. What was causing it?

GUILLEN: When I was on the team, everyone was satisfied and thought we did a tremendous job if we made the playoffs. That's not it. When you start spring training, the one thing on your mind should be to win the World Series. I was there in 1993 when we made the playoffs. We were satisfied to make it that far and figured that's what we were supposed to do. That's not a winning attitude.

PLAYBOY: How were you able to remove that attitude?

GUILLEN: I brought in players with the right attitude who put the team before themselves. We even brought in people who had bad scouting reports. A.J. Pierzynski was hated by everybody. Carl Everett was hated by everybody. We brought in a lot of people who were considered trouble, but all of a sudden they would play for me.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you collected a bunch of players no one else wanted. Orlando Hernandez and Jose Contreras were not popular in New York. White Sox fans wanted the team to get rid of Jon Garland and Joe Crede. The press said Juan

Skippers With Attitude

Guillen and his big mouth are in good company



Casey Stengel Career: 1,905–1,842 (.508) with the Brooklyn Dodgers, Boston Braves, Yankees and Mets. **World Series titles:** seven (Yankees, 1949 through 1953, 1956, 1958). The Old Perfesser led the Yankees while giving reporters quotes that were Zen, bull or both. Dumped by the Yanks for being too old ("I'll never make the mistake of being 70 again"), he managed the amazingly bad Mets, a 1962 expansion club that went 40–120. Enshrined at Cooperstown in 1966, he left us one certain truth: "Good pitching will always stop good hitting, and vice versa."



Billy Martin Career: 1,253–1,013 (.553) with the Twins, Tigers, Rangers, Yankees and A's. **World Series titles:** one (Yankees, 1977). As a manager, he drunkenly punched out one of his own pitchers outside a Detroit bar; later he decked a marshmallow salesman. Of his star Reggie Jackson and Yankees owner George Steinbrenner, Martin said, "One's a born liar; the other's convicted." That got him fired from one of his five separate stints managing the Yankees, all of which ended badly. He died in a one-car crash after getting hommered on Christmas Day in 1989.



Leo Durocher Career: 2,008–1,709 (.540) with the Brooklyn Dodgers, New York Giants, Cubs and Astros. **World Series titles:** one (New York Giants, 1954). One of the winningest managers in history, he hung out with Frank Sinatra, married movie starlet Laraine Day and was suspended for a year for consorting with gamblers. Nice guy, huh? "Nice guys finish last," said the man known as Leo the Lip. But he stood up for Jackie Robinson while managing the Dodgers. "I don't care if the guy is yellow or black or has stripes like a fucking zebra. I'm the manager, and I say he plays."



Tommy Lasorda Career: 1,599–1,439 (.526) with the Los Angeles Dodgers. **World Series titles:** two (1981, 1988). His best move was sending Kirk Gibson to pinch-hit in the 1988 Series; his funniest was at the 2001 All-Star Game, where Vlad Guerrero's flying bot turned him into a human bowling pin while he coached third. His 1997 Hall of Fame induction speech lacked the pith of his famed postgame rant from 1976: "What's my opinion of Kingman's performance? What the fuck do you think is my opinion? I think it was fucking horseshit. Jesus Christ, he beat us with three fucking home runs!"



Earl Weaver Career: 1,480–1,060 (.583) with the Orioles. **World Series titles:** one (1970). The Earl of Baltimore, who leads all managers in career ejections, with 98, would gripe about a perfect game. "When he came in bitching," one Oriole said, "that was his way of saying hi." But the grouch pioneered one way to follow the game: He was the first to use a radar gun. As Weaver once told a radio-show caller, his strategy was to "get those big cocksuckers who can hit the fucking ball out of the fucking ballpark." He made the Hall of fucking Fame in 1996.



Jack McKeon Career: 1,011–940 (.518) with the Royals, A's, Padres, Reds and Marlins. **World Series titles:** one (Marlins, 2003). The oldest skipper to win a Series, he was 73 in 2003. As a minor-league manager, he told a player who kept running through stop signs of third base, "You keep doing that, I'm gonna shoot you." The kid ignored him, and when he did it again, McKeon, coaching third, pulled a pistol loaded with blanks from his jacket and bam! "Tougher him a lesson," said Shooter Jack. "He never ran through a stop sign again."

—Kevin Cook

Uribe wasn't good enough at shortstop. Jermaine Dye was labeled injury-prone. The San Francisco Giants hated Pierzynski.

GUILEN: And Tadahito Iguchi had never played in the United States. And Paul Konerko has a bad hip. Listen, I believed in that team since spring training. I told them, "If we stick together, we have a chance," and we did it. I will take a chance on people I believe in. Fans wanted Crede out of Chicago, and look what happened: He got the big hit for us in the World Series. Pierzynski got a big hit for us too. Everybody in Chicago wanted somebody different off that team. I let those guys go out there and play the game, and they showed me they could do it.

PLAYBOY: The Giants called Pierzynski a clubhouse cancer, and you called him a "20-something-year-old baby." What is he like in the locker room?

GUILEN: I love him. One thing about Pierzynski is he's a winner, and he shows up every day ready to play. I call him a big baby because he jokes around and says stuff a lot of people maybe don't want to hear. Sometimes you have to tell him to shut the fuck up and play the game. I can't judge how he was with another team. Maybe the Giants just don't want to win.

PLAYBOY: Bobby Jenks had a history of problems with the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim. He arrived for training camp in 2001 with self-inflicted burns on his arms caused during a drunken party and was demoted for bringing beer on to the bus. You brought him to Chicago, and he had a 2.75 ERA, appeared in every World Series game and saved games one and four. How did you turn him around?

GUILEN: I told him, "If you're not strong enough mentally to turn the page on the problems you had in the past, then you're not strong enough to be in the big leagues." He has a family and two kids to worry about. This guy has a great opportunity to be a rich man, but if he continues with the problems he's had in the past, he's going to be another broke kid. If he sticks to the program and listens to what we say to him, he has a chance to be a great pitcher.

PLAYBOY: You showed a lot of faith in him when you played him in every game of the Series.

GUILEN: You can't be a manager and be afraid to make mistakes or worry about what people are going to say. A lot of managers are scared of losing their jobs. They want to please the fans. They want to please the owners. They want to please the media. All of a sudden they're not pleasing the one group they should be pleasing—the players. You have to go by your guts and believe in your players. People talk about good managers. Nobody's a good manager. If you don't have the players, you're not going to fucking win. Ask all the great managers. Sparky Anderson is in the Hall of Fame. He managed the Detroit Tigers for 17 fucking years, and he lost almost every fucking year. If you don't have the players, you aren't

going to win. You aren't going to run the Kentucky Derby with goddamn donkeys.

PLAYBOY: Some would accuse you of being a good manager because you won the World Series with a bunch of guys other managers didn't perceive as being that good.

GUILEN: No. Being a good manager is about communicating with the players and having faith, respect and trust. I have that with my team. They know I'm there for them. But if you don't have the guys, you won't win. Period.

PLAYBOY: But you won the World Series without any big-name players.

GUILEN: Even though I didn't have the best talent, I had the best team. I had 25 guys prove to each other that they were pulling the rope the same way.

PLAYBOY: None of your players won Rookie of the Year, the Cy Young or any other awards. Does that bother you at all?

GUILEN: Yes. They put Travis Hafner above Konerko in the MVP balloting. That's bullshit. Look at the year he had. This kid should at least be in the top two or three. He was number four or five. Then for the Cy Young Award, Johan Santana was ahead of Buehrle and Jon Garland.

*I have only two rules:
Be on time for the stretch, and
be on time for the national
anthem. If you don't obey
those two rules, we have
problems. I'll pack your shit.*

What the fuck do we have to do? Aaron Rowand didn't win the Golden Glove. Crede didn't win the Golden Glove. Does it bother me? Yes. It's a bunch of shit. My players deserve better than they got.

PLAYBOY: How were they overlooked?

GUILEN: I don't know. How the fuck can I win manager of the year and White Sox general manager Kenny Williams come in second for executive of the year? He lost to Mark Shapiro of the Cleveland Indians. What the fuck did the Indians do? Have a good month? I don't have anything against them, but that's a bunch of shit. And now they're going to pit us against the Indians every year and say it's going to be a good battle. Fuck, I won from the first day all the way to the last.

PLAYBOY: Does it reinforce the team's us-versus-them mentality?

GUILEN: I tell my players to beat the shit out of people and enjoy when they win. Fuck the awards. There's only one award you need, and that's a fucking ring. I don't care how much money you have, you can't buy this son of a bitch. I don't care if you make \$100 million a year. You can buy any piece of jewelry you want, but you can't

buy a goddamn championship ring. You have to earn it. That's what they did.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you fine players if they are not on the field for the national anthem.

GUILEN: That pisses me off the most. There are two reasons. First, it's the national anthem, and you have to respect this country. We have people fighting for us everywhere. And if you're not from here, you have to respect this country double. You're making money in this country, and you're making a living in this country. The least you can do is stand up and hear the national anthem. That's respect. And second, at 7:05 I want my team ready to play. I don't want guys in the clubhouse hanging around when nine guys have to be on the field. It really pisses me off when it's 7:05 and guys aren't ready to play. You had four hours in the clubhouse to do what you were supposed to do. Why do you suddenly have to go to the bathroom when the national anthem starts to play? Why are you putting your pants on now? You have to be ready. When the national anthem starts, the game starts, and you have to be ready for the game.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to discipline players over matters like that?

GUILEN: It's going to cost them money. And it's not going to cost \$2. I fine them \$500. You add that up for every day—ouch! That's a pretty big chunk.

PLAYBOY: You once sent pitcher Damaso Marte home after he arrived late.

GUILEN: I have only two rules: Be on time for the stretch, and be on time for the national anthem. If you don't obey those two rules, we have problems. I'll pack your shit. If you don't want to play for me, we don't want you. When you're ready to play and help your teammates, come back and do it. We're talking about 25 guys here; we're not talking about one. To me, the only difference between my players is that every two weeks they get different paychecks. Otherwise everyone to me is equal. Look at our roster. Who won big games for us? Geoff Blum. Willie Harris.

PLAYBOY: These were guys who came out of nowhere.

GUILEN: Okay, thank you. I gave them all the same respect. Konerko might be my favorite player, but over nine innings I have to root for the guy who is hitting. That's why everybody is equal.

PLAYBOY: This past season you were accused of suggesting Marte was faking an injury. Did you suspect something?

GUILEN: I don't like when my players say something one day and something else the next. It goes from "You didn't pitch me" to "You pitch me too much." I tell my players, "If you're hurt, tell me. If you're drunk, tell me. If you need a day off, I will find a way to give it to you. Just be fair with me and be clear with me when we're talking. Don't go around the clubhouse saying some shit and then come to me and say something else." I hate that.

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PLAYBOY: Did you think he was having personal problems? Health problems?

GUILLÉN: I don't know what kind of problems. Everyone on my team has mental problems. I'm just trying to get the best out of them. I told Marte, "I'm your friend. If you have any problems, talk to me. I'm not your enemy." I think he understands that now. Before that he didn't trust me or anybody.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst thing you've ever said to an umpire?

GUILLÉN: Oh my God. I've said, "I hope your mother is still alive, because you are a fucking motherfucker."

PLAYBOY: Will that get you thrown out?

GUILLÉN: In a heartbeat. You're gone.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about steroid use in baseball?

GUILLÉN: Yes. I talk to the players and say, "If you get caught, don't expect me to back you up. You're on your own." And I hate when people blame it on players when some kid somewhere is doing steroids. It's not the players' fault. It's the goddamn parents' and coaches' fault. Where are you? I have kids in baseball, and I know what my kids are doing.

PLAYBOY: Has steroid use increased since you were a player?

GUILLÉN: I don't know. I never saw it when I was playing or coaching. Did the players look different? Yes. Did I ever see it? No. Of course people were doing it, because they got caught. But I never saw anybody do it. Right now I think the league is doing a tremendous job getting the game as clean as possible.

PLAYBOY: If you pumped an average guy full of steroids, he still couldn't hit a fast-ball. So does it really matter?

GUILLÉN: True. You have to have natural ability. The entire world could do steroids and they would still hit .000. That shit isn't going to help you. You have to learn to perform and have some natural ability. But meanwhile I want everybody to compete at the same level. I don't want somebody to win because of drugs.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that the White Sox are the perfect team for the poststeroid era because you don't rely on giant guys to hit 50 home runs.

GUILLÉN: True. We don't have any body-builders. And I hate former players talking shit about this. When I see Wally Joyner, Ken Caminiti and Jose Canseco talk about it, they make me puke. They're full of shit. You know why? Whatever happens in the clubhouse stays in the clubhouse. I see these former players talking shit about this game, and it's not right. Whatever you do is your own business. You're going to leave the game and then come back and say stuff in the papers or write a book? I don't have respect for those guys.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought about writing your own book?

GUILLÉN: No. I don't need to be Canseco, busting people's balls to make money. I'm not going to be another guy talking shit about this game after he leaves. You want

to say something, say it while you're in the game, not after you leave. If I wrote a book, it would be a nice book that tells the truth in the right way. I would talk about my life from when I was a kid all the way to the World Series. But not right now. It would take a lot of time.

PLAYBOY: What is the most unfair thing said about you?

GUILLÉN: I hate when reporters who don't know me say stuff about me. That happened a lot last year. On ESPN and everywhere else, I was being called a madman. I don't think it's fair when people say I curse a lot in the clubhouse in front of reporters. That's the way I talk. If you don't want to hear me curse, get away from me. This is my office. I do and say whatever I fucking want. I can call my players whatever I want. I'm not saying this to make you feel uncomfortable. This is the way I am.

PLAYBOY: You had a messy fight with former White Sox player Magglio Ordonez after he was traded to the Tigers. What happened?

GUILLÉN: He played with the wrong guy. He was bad-mouthing my team. He was bad-mouthing my trainer. He was bad-mouthing my general manager. He was bad-mouthing

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my owner. He was bad-mouthing my organization. But when he said Ozzie Guillén—uh-oh. As soon as he named me, it was on. You don't lie to people. What he said about me was a lie, and I don't take that shit from anybody. I don't care who you are. I never throw the first punch, but my second punch is going to be a big one.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you took down the photos of you and Ordonez in your office.

GUILLÉN: I took down photos of everybody. I don't want to see players in my office. I see enough of them in the clubhouse. But this year I told Jerry Reinsdorf that I didn't want any pictures in the spring-training clubhouse in Tucson of fucking former players. Fuck the former players. I want the guys who are going to help this team win. Get Ordonez and Frank Thomas and all those guys out of the pictures in Tucson and bring in new ones. Get rid of all that bullshit.

PLAYBOY: We've also read that you hate paperwork so much you ordered a smaller desk and had the shelves removed from your office.

GUILLÉN: My desk is smaller than this little table. The bigger the desk, the more bullshit

that goes on it. I hate it. I have the biggest garbage can of any manager because everything goes in it. When interns bring the scouting report, I say, "Take it to my coaches." I couldn't care less. I just want to know how the other manager is going to manage against me. That's all I need to know. I don't believe in taking notes. You don't see any of my coaches with pen and paper in their hands. Watch the fucking game and see what this guy does. Who cares that two years ago this guy hit a slider for a home run?

PLAYBOY: Your oldest son works for the team as a translator for the Spanish-speaking players. Do they tell him things they won't tell you?

GUILLÉN: No. It's good that my kids get along with the players. They're good friends, but what happens there stays there. I'm the manager of the team, not Ozzie's daddy or Oney's daddy or Ozney's daddy. If a player says something about me, I don't want to hear it from my kids. I understand my players and tell them that if they have something to say, say it to me—good or bad. I don't want one of my kids telling me.

PLAYBOY: Your mother was the principal at your school. Did that get you any special treatment as a student?

GUILLÉN: No. It was worse. I couldn't sneak out of school. I had to be there on time. I couldn't miss class. I had to do my homework. It was a pain in the butt to have my mom next to me.

PLAYBOY: Hall of Famer Luis Aparicio learned to play shortstop from his uncle Ernesto Aparicio. When you were 11, Ernesto began to teach you. How important was he in your life?

GUILLÉN: You're going to make me cry now. The biggest surprise I had after I won the World Series was when I went to Venezuela and they brought Ernesto to see me. There's a picture of it. I don't cry easily for anything, but when I saw Ernesto I went nuts. I wanted him to come to the World Series, but he couldn't because of his health. Ernesto taught me a lot of things on and off the field. He's the guy who really whipped me into becoming who I am right now—father, husband, friend, baseball player. I always say you build the house from the bottom to the top. He gave me a nice foundation that won't shake.

PLAYBOY: What advice did he give you?

GUILLÉN: He told me not to do anything I was going to regret. When I say stuff in the press, a lot of people say, "He doesn't mean that." Bullshit. I mean what I say. He taught me not to be ashamed of myself.

PLAYBOY: You later played for Luis Aparicio in a Venezuelan winter league and then went on to play for the La Guaira Sharks. You also met your wife at this time. Where did you meet?

GUILLÉN: At the bus station. [laughs] I was waiting in the bus station to go from Caracas to my hometown. I was in line for the bus. She was getting into the line. I snuck her in front of me.

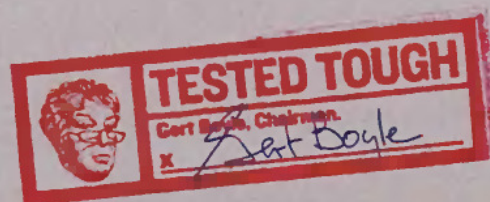
(continued on page 126)



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TO BAGHDAD AND BACK

WITH DICK CHENEY

FOUR COUNTRIES IN FOUR DAYS IN THE HOTTEST SPOT ON THE GLOBE WITH THE MOST POWERFUL VP IN HISTORY. ALL ABOARD!

Am I in trouble?

That was my first question for Kim Hume, chief of Fox News's Washington bureau and my unfailingly discreet boss, when she stopped by my office this past December and asked me to walk with her. "No," Hume said, quite the opposite. In a few days Vice President Dick Cheney was going to Afghanistan, Pakistan, Oman, Egypt and Saudi Arabia. The trip was still a secret. Did I want to go?

Having served as a Washington correspondent for Fox News for seven years—the past five covering the White House and the State Department—I knew well what was

being asked: Are you ready to spend 50 of the next 96 hours in tortuously uncomfortable seats aboard *Air Force Two*, a C-17 military cargo plane and some rickety Vietnam-era helicopters? Can you keep your wits about you while racing through a series of carefully orchestrated tours and mostly newsless speeches staged in remote villages and sprawling military bases in some of the world's most dangerous places? Can you survive irregular feedings, extreme sleep deprivation and excessive exposure to your fellow reporters, the kvetchingest traveling companions alive? Will

you absorb the wrath of an unhappy wife, to whom, just two weeks before Christmas, all of this will have to be broken gently? Then again, do you want to observe up close the most influential vice president in modern times operating in the minefield that is the Middle East and report on it for the millions of viewers of the nation's top-rated cable news channel? Would you like, as my bureau chief likes to call it, a front-row seat for the unfolding of history?

There was only one answer. Covering VIP trips is part of the reason Washington correspondents become reporters in the first place. Beyond

BY JAMES ROSEN



the access to senior officials and their staffs these assignments afford, there are also the satellite phones and cash advances, the expensive suites in exotic countries, the background-briefing binders and loyal local operatives ("runners" or "fixers") you have to rendezvous with once you hit the ground—all the accoutrements, in short, of a well-appointed man of the world. The stuff of espionage—of *Le Carré* and *Ludlum*! Or maybe just the means by which a workaday Walter Mitty can trot around the globe on someone else's dime and pretend, if he closes his eyes and avoids thinking about his meager per diem, that it's 1975 and that political journalism still offers the freedom, excitement and camaraderie of *The Boys on the Bus* and the international intrigue of *The Boys From Brazil*.

For me the locales of Afghanistan and Pakistan would be new, but the drill was not. In 2000 I had followed President Clinton across the United States and to Colombia, Portugal, Germany, Russia and Ukraine. Covering George W. Bush during the 2002 and 2004 elections, I logged tens of thousands more miles on official and campaign trips to the 48 continental states, sometimes hitting five cities in a single day. I traveled aboard *Air Force One* and, more often, aboard the noisier (and more fun) press charter plane that precedes the commander-in-chief everywhere he goes, to ensure that his spy jaunts up and down *Air Force One's* steps are dutifully recorded and fed out—transmitted via satellite—to news stations around the world. With President Bush I had also toured five African countries in four days (Senegal, South Africa, Botswana, Uganda and Nigeria) and tagged along for an equally hectic European tour.

But the most grueling of these trips, the mother of all VIP marathons, was Vice President Cheney's swing through the Middle East and Europe in March 2002, which hit 12 countries in 10 days. Cheney was attempting to line up support for the Bush administration's plan for preemptive war in Iraq. But with the second Palestinian intifada in high gear and each suicide bombing

provoking a lethal armored incursion by the Israeli Defense Forces, Cheney found his hosts wholly preoccupied with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Instead of guarantees of overflight rights for the ouster of Saddam Hussein and the invasion of Baghdad, the vice president got earful after earful about Ariel Sharon and the West Bank.

Reporters on this trip enjoyed rare and extensive access to the VP himself. In an administration that has made a

regardless of whether the cameras were running. What you saw was more or less what you got: a seasoned Washington operator, businesslike but not unpleasant; a self-made multimillionaire and unapologetic conservative who made his bones serving under presidents Nixon, Ford and Bush 41.

During a news conference with Tony Blair at 10 Downing Street, I watched Adam Bolton, one of the U.K.'s best-known political reporters, ask why Britons should support the U.S. on Iraq "when they feel that they can't trust the United States after the unilateral action taken last week over steel." Bolton was referring to the Bush administration's recent imposition of tariffs on steel imports, a blow to the U.K.'s steel industry; he was also insinuating, none too subtly, that Bush and Cheney were untrustworthy. Cheney simply lowered his eyes, cocked his head to one side in the disappointed manner he's perfected in more than three decades of dealing with cheeky, sometimes inane questions, and reminded Bolton there were "enormous differences" between the two cases. To draw parallels between them was—and now came the hammer—"inappropriate." An understated yet unmistakable rebuke: classic Cheney.

This time, a few days before Christmas 2005, Cheney's mission in the Middle East was far different. Yasir Arafat and Hussein were both gone from the scene, the U.S.-led invasion of Iraq was more than

two years old, and the cities of Baghdad and Ramadi had largely replaced Jerusalem and Tel Aviv as the world's prime loci for suicide bombings, kidnappings and other terrorist atrocities.

On December 15 an estimated 10 million Iraqi citizens defied the terrorists, insurgents and fanatical nihilists and headed to the polls, where, with ink-stained fingers, they chose the first democratically elected parliament under the country's new constitution. Despite this highly encouraging development, strong sectarian differences still divided the country's Shiite Muslim majority from the Sunni Arab minority, which ruled under Hussein, and both of



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: CHENEY AND HIS WIFE GET A TOUR OF A U.S. MASH UNIT IN MUZAFFARABAD, PAKISTAN; SHAKING HANDS WITH KARZAI IN KABUL; WITH AN IRAQI SOLDIER AT TAJI AIR BASE IN IRAQ.

virtual science of message discipline, probably no official speaks more prudently, sticks more closely to the script or radiates more confidence in his infrequent exchanges with the press than Cheney (even when it pains him, as in the hunting-accident furor). These attributes—coveted among politicians, dreaded by reporters—emerged more clearly than ever in Cheney's frequent, if short, on-camera news conferences with the head of state in each country (three questions from each press corps) and in longer, more freewheeling briefings conducted on "background," meaning responses could be attributed only to a "senior administration official." Cheney's demeanor changed little,

(continued on page 76)



"You have a kind heart."

RACHEL 911

Actress, model
and dancer
Rachel Sterling rides
to the rescue

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MARCO GLAVIANO



Nestled in the breakfast nook of her West Hollywood apartment, Rachel Sterling couldn't be happier. She loves Tinseltown, and given that Charlie Chaplin once owned this building, and Jean Harlow and Marilyn Monroe once strolled its courtyard, Rachel feels right at home. The love of her life, a teacup Maltese named Zoe, is sitting in her lap, and it must be said: Even her dog is hot.

"Zoe's a regular model for a line called American Pup," Rachel says. "She has this little pose she does, looking over her shoulder. I've learned a lot from Zoe. She's a better model than I am."

Not so fast! Rachel, who had us all saying "I would" as one of Vince Vaughn's love interests in *Wedding Crashers*, turns everyone's head. An exotic beauty of Mexican, Korean and Apache heritage, the 26-year-old Texas native is a busy woman. She's a model, a dancer and an actress. You can see her later this year in the indie film *Price to Pay*, about 1980s drug culture, or you may catch her dance act, the Sugar Blush Beauties, as it tours Canada with some notable celebrity guests, including our September 2005 cover girl, Jessica Canseco. The group features five model-dancers who do "rock-and-roll cabaret." If, however, you're feeling lazy, turn on *The Price Is Right*. Yup, Rachel is slated to grace the stage later this year as a Barker babe with everybody's favorite game-show host, Bob Barker. Priceless.

Rachel turned to acting and dancing "only after it hit me that I wasn't going to be a runway model. I'm only five-foot-four." She quickly became a music-video must-have, providing luscious eye candy for the likes of Dr. Dre, Kid Rock, Sugar Ray and Velvet Revolver. She earned a lot of attention last year for her *Reno 911!* character, a gorgeous madam running a brothel full of beauties. Rachel was a Juggy Dancer on Comedy Central's *The Man Show*, too.

"The Juggys was a fantastic experience," she says. (There's a sentence you don't hear often enough.) "Co-hosts Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla are such sweet guys. I had a crush on Jimmy for, like, a day. It wore off."

When she's not working, Rachel loves to eat, though who knows where it goes. She's also a classic-movie hound. She wore out her *Citizen Kane* DVD, which was a problem. If it wasn't playing on the TV in her "very girlie" bedroom—complete with canopy bed and flowers galore—she couldn't fall asleep. Her favorite movie of all time? *Sunset Boulevard*. Now that's our kind of girl.





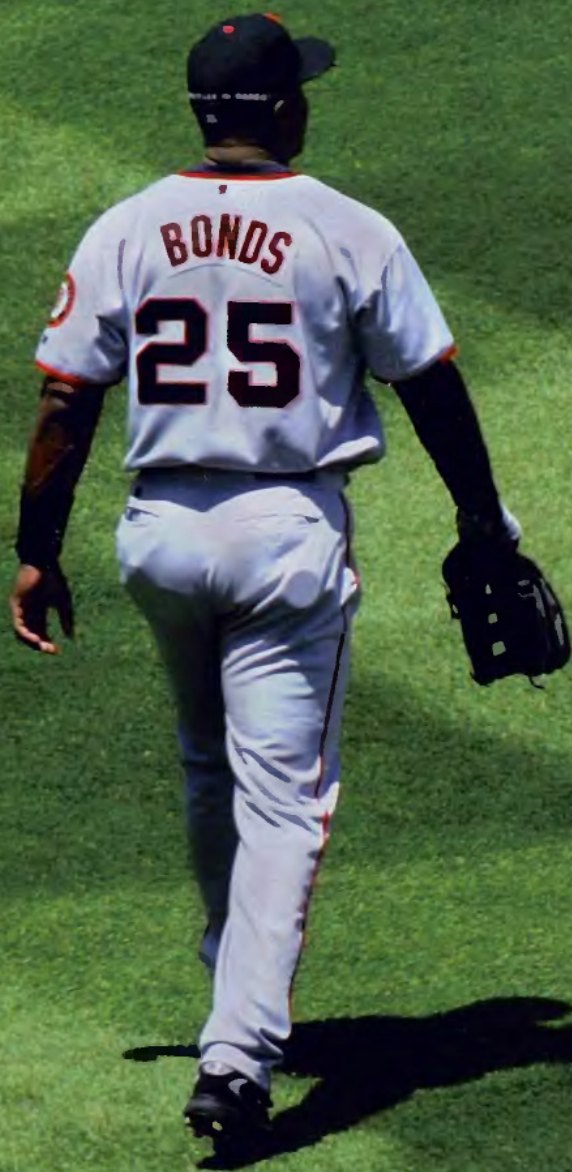
A sampling of Rachel Sterling's gorgeous body of work (from top): seducing a cop on Comedy Central's *Reno 911!*; slow dancing with Vince Vaughn in *Wedding Crashers*; getting jiggy in a Kid Rock video; and with Adam Carolla on *The Man Show*. Her best role so far—PLAYBOY model—is a dream come true. "The first time I saw an issue of PLAYBOY, I thought the girls were so pretty and that I'd like to do that someday," she says. "Every American girl has thought about it at least once—unless she's Amish."







See more of Rachel at cyber.playboy.com.



PLAYBOY'S 2006 BASEBALL PREVIEW

GOING, GOING, GONE

In 2004 Boston broke its streak. Last year it was the White Sox. But rest assured: This season will be even more surprising



Two years ago the Red Sox claimed their first championship since 1918. "It was a surreal feeling in that city," says commissioner Bud Selig. Last year the White Sox put an end to a drought that dated back to 1917. "You could feel the sense of accomplishment," says Selig. So what's next? The Cubs winning their first title since 1908? "I'm not going to get into that," Selig says. But the commissioner will talk about parity. In the past six seasons 10 teams have played in the World Series, with a different one taking the championship each year. "It gives so many people reason for hope," he says. "The barometer I like to use is how many teams are still in contention on Labor Day. In recent years we've had 17 to 20." The sport is coming off another record-setting year for attendance and income, which Selig credits to the game's revenue-sharing plan and luxury tax. This year promises to be even more intriguing because Barry Bonds looks to resume his climb up the chart of the game's greatest home-run hitters. After three knee surgeries limited him to only 52 plate appearances in 2005, Bonds is back. He starts 2006 with 708 home runs, seven away from passing Babe Ruth for the number two spot on the all-time

BY TRACY RINGOLSBY

list, something Bonds has said he covets. He's also 47 short of overall leader Henry Aaron's 755, a milestone Bonds has downplayed his desire to reach. However, as even Selig admits, the BALCO drug investigation will temper the excitement. "Time will tell if Bonds's accomplishments are tainted," he says. "He has been quiet this off-season, trying to get ready to play." Selig feels good, though, about baseball's recent attack on the use of illegal substances. What provides him with hope is the drug policy being the result of cooperation between the Players Association and the owners. "Instead of the continual hostility that had hung over our game for so long," he says, "the two sides worked together." The commissioner is even optimistic about negotiations for a new basic agreement. Four years ago, for the first time in more than three decades, baseball concluded labor negotiations without a work stoppage. There is now talk that a new deal could be reached without public posturing.

In the spirit of parity, we see another new champion this year: the Oakland Athletics.

Let's look at the teams (listed in predicted order of finish).

AL East



1. New York Yankees

Last season: 95-67. First place, lost to the Los Angeles Angels in five games in the Division Series. The Yankees have won eight consecutive division titles, but they haven't won it all since 2000 and have been to only one World Series in the past four seasons.

Off-season focus: They needed a center fielder and a top-of-the-lineup bat. By signing free agent Johnny Damon they got both, with the bonus

of taking him away from archrival Boston. The Bombers also wanted to rebuild their bullpen, but after refusing to give Tom Gordon a three-year deal, they were forced to gamble on the inconsistent Kyle Farnsworth, giving him a three-year, \$17 million deal. The Yanks also guaranteed two years to situational lefty Mike Myers.

In-season prognosis: With the addition of Damon, the lineup is ready to roll, and a title should be attainable. The key is in keeping the pitchers healthy,

Barry Bonds enters the season with 708 career home runs, only six fewer than Babe Ruth and 47 fewer than Hank Aaron. Could Bonds be the greatest slugger of all time?

Playboy's PICKS

AL East
NEW YORK
AL Central
CHICAGO
AL West
OAKLAND
AL Wild Card
LOS ANGELES
AL Champs
OAKLAND

NL East
ATLANTA
NL Central
CHICAGO
NL West
SAN FRANCISCO
NL Wild Card
NEW YORK
NL Champs
CHICAGO

World Champions
OAKLAND

One thing we're sure of is we can't be sure of much. As Mark Twain said, "Prophecy is a good line of business, but it is full of risks." Still, we think this will be the year Billy Beane's efforts come to fruition.

which is easier said than done, considering Randy Johnson's and Mike Mussina's age and the medical history of Carl Pavano, Jaret Wright and Chien-Ming Wang.

Closing statement: No one is better than Mariano Rivera. If anything, he has been so good for so long that the Yankees now take him for granted and overreact to his rare bad outings.

2. Toronto Blue Jays

Last season: 80–82. Third place, 15 games out. During his four-year regime, general manager J.P. Ricciardi has received more extensions (two) than his team has had winning seasons (one).

Off-season focus: The Jays found the pitching they needed, but it came at a steep price—a five-year, \$55 million contract for A.J. Burnett, who has 49 career wins in seven seasons, and a five-year, \$47 million deal with B.J.

Ryan, who has been a closer for only one year. They also added legit bats to the lineup by acquiring third baseman Troy Glaus from Arizona, catcher Bengie Molina from the Angels and first baseman Lyle Overbay from Milwaukee—although the Glaus trade forced them to give up second-base whiz Orlando Hudson.

In-season prognosis: Ricciardi got his job by claiming he could compete despite a tight payroll, but he didn't hesitate to spend money once Rogers Communications, which owns the team, increased the revenue stream by purchasing SkyDome. Toronto has the talent to be in the race, so the pressure will be on untested manager John Gibbons to succeed.

Closing statement: Ryan used to rely on his slider, but when added movement on his fastball gave him something else to show hitters last year, he was able to thrive as a closer.



3. Boston Red Sox

Last season: 95–67. Though the Red Sox tied for the best record in the East, their 9–10 record against the Yankees relegated them to their eighth consecutive second-place finish and their third straight AL wild card. The White Sox swept them in the Division Series.

Off-season focus: With GM Theo Epstein returning from an 80-day hiatus, Boston finally has its front office sorted out. The Sox looked to improve their defense, acquiring Coco Crisp to replace Johnny Damon in center and signing Alex Gonzalez to take over at shortstop for Edgar Renteria, who was sent to Atlanta following an error-filled season that earned him the wrath of Boston fans.

In-season prognosis: Boston took advantage of the Florida Marlins' fire sale to add talent, but as good as his

On Luck

By Bill James

"I never knew an early-rising, hardworking, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of." —JOSEPH ADDISON

Don't ask me who Addison was. I got that out of a quote book. All I know about Addison is that there's a street named after him near Wrigley Field—that and the observation that he appears to have been a self-righteous asshole. In the sports world the most famous quote about luck is Branch Rickey's: "Luck is the residue of design." One has to say, in fairness to Rickey, that he didn't get it nearly as wrong as Addison. Luck is not something left over when all our plans have been implemented. Luck is a beast that jumps into the middle of our plans and kicks the snot out of them. Plans are rabbits; luck is a hungry wolf.

It has been suggested that statisticians don't believe in luck. What are you, nuts? Statisticians see luck as an Eskimo sees snow, a paranoiac sees enemies, a banker sees money. To a statistician, luck is so much a part of our environment that we have difficulty being certain there is anything else. We tend to see everything as if it were built mostly of luck.

Your average sports fan underestimates the power of luck by a factor of dozens, your average athlete by a factor of hundreds. If you ask a baseball fan, "Is it possible for an average pitcher to win 20 games just because he is lucky?" most likely he will scoff at the idea. In reality an average pitcher winning 20 games is not only possible, it's fairly common.

They say chance favors those who are prepared for it. Well, yes and no. In sports, luck always favors the less skilled athlete, since without luck the lesser team would win only when the better team has a breakdown. Perhaps statisticians are keen on luck because we are such bad athletes. When I was a young man I was the worst athlete in the world, but I am six-foot-four and attended high school in a small town, so I got to play a little bit of basketball. Usually I did okay at rebounding because I was bigger than anybody else on the floor, but I remember one game in which the other team had these two guys: One was six-foot-six and a lot stronger than I was, and the other was six-foot-five and could jump.

I knew I had no chance banging against those guys, so I just leaned into one of them until the shot was in the air and then bounced out four or five feet in case there was a long rebound. In about five minutes I had policed up three or four long rebounds. I thought I was doing great, until halftime came and the coach lit into me as if I had dishonored his mother. "Get in there and fight for those rebounds," he screamed.

Some people say they would rather be lucky than good. I would rather be good than lucky, but unfortunately I wasn't lucky enough to be good. I was lousy. I was smart enough to realize, however, that even though I was lousy I still might get lucky. If I got away from those guys the ball *might* bounce in my direction; whereas if I tried to tussle with them, the best possible outcome would be my not needing surgery.

Coaches don't believe in luck, because they can't afford to rely on it. This is too kind. Coaches don't believe in luck mostly because they are ex-athletes. The coach didn't understand my perspective, because he had never been that guy who was just too damn slow to win a rebound battle. If you ask an athlete whether it is possible for a below-average team to win the pennant in baseball just by dumb luck, you'll be lucky if he doesn't punch you. Athletes are trained not to believe in luck. The guy who wins always believes he has won because he deserved to win, because he worked hard and was smart and had real intestinal fortitude. Winners are not inclined to think they won because they were lucky. I'm not saying the White Sox won last year because of luck—not at all. It takes a lot of skill to make the umpire and the opposing catcher both screw up the same play.

Ecclesiastes gets it exactly right: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

Of course, there are limits to the power of luck. If the Kansas City Royals had an ocean of good fortune, they would probably just drown in it. There are limits to the power of good luck; I'm not sure there are limits to the power of bad luck. Is it possible for a team's luck to be so bad that, let's say, the Yankees could finish last even though they really are the best team in the league?

Sure it is—all it takes is one car wreck and a pulled hamstring or two. We think of luck as being a bunt that rolls foul, a hard smash with a fielder standing right in front of it, a blown call that goes against us, a windblown homer or a long rebound that bounces our way. When luck reaches a certain level we stop thinking about it as luck and we start thinking about it as just the way things are. People think the Red Sox were really smart for signing David Ortiz. But I was there when the decision was made, and I know we were as much lucky as smart. We could just as easily have gone after another guy, who is now out of baseball. We signed Ortiz and he turned out to be great, so we don't think about that as being lucky anymore; we just think we're really good. The truth is, we are lucky to be so good.



scouting reports may be, Josh Beckett has yet to prove he is durable enough to be a quality starter, and third baseman Mike Lowell's 2005 season has raised questions about his future. Add uncertainty about Curt Schilling's health and leaders Kevin Millar's and Johnny Damon's absence from the

TAMPA BAY 5. Tampa Bay Devil Rays

Last season: 67–95. Last place, 28 games out. The Devil Rays have finished in last place in all but one year since they joined the league in 1998, and the team has never lost fewer than 91 games in a season.



1. Chicago White Sox

Last season: 99–63. First place, swept Boston in the Division Series, beat the Angels in five games in the ALCS and swept Houston in the World Series. To defend their title, the Sox have raised payroll by \$22 million, to \$97 million.

Off-season focus: Not wanting to take anything for granted, Chicago added to its strengths. As well as re-signing Paul Konerko, the White Sox traded for Jim Thome to provide left-handed balance to the middle of the lineup. They tied up Jon Garland for three years and traded for Javier Vazquez, adding another veteran starter who can eat innings.

They left themselves with uncertainty in the bullpen, though, by dealing lefty Damaso Marte for versatile utility man Rob Mackowiak.

In-season prognosis: Owner Jerry Reinsdorf didn't boost the payroll so he could finish second. Making the most of his relievers could prove challenging for manager Ozzie Guillen, but last year he showed a knack for finding the hot bullpen hand and staying with him.

Closing statement: Right-hander Bobby Jenks has the stuff and showed a never-say-die attitude last year, but his past raises questions about whether he can stay focused for a full season.

In closing by Goose Gossage



PLAYBOY: Does the Hall of Fame voting bother you?

GOSSAGE: I'd be lying if I said I wasn't disappointed. I know there weren't many people who did the job better than I did.

PLAYBOY: Did you come too early in the evolution of the reliever to get your due?

GOSSAGE: I don't know. Dennis Eckersley deserves to be in the Hall of Fame, but it's insulting that he got in before Bruce Sutter and myself. I hear all this talk of people comparing us to Mariano Rivera and Trevor Hoffman. Please. They should be compared to us.

PLAYBOY: Do you think modern players get too much hype?

GOSSAGE: It pisses me off when I hear people say Barry Bonds is the greatest hitter. He's playing in a wussy era. The game is soft. You never get thrown at today. The last thing a hitter has to worry about today is getting hit. The first thing Hank Aaron had to worry about was "I'm black. Am I going to survive this at-bat?"

clubhouse, and the Bosox are likely to slip in the standings.

Closing statement: Keith Foulke, who battled injuries last year, is not your typical closer. He has an ordinary fastball, but he lives on the outer half of the plate with a good change and slider.



4. Baltimore Orioles

Last season: 74–88. Fourth place, 21 games out. At 31, off-season addition Kris Benson is the oldest member of the Orioles rotation.

Off-season focus: Baltimore had grand plans to beef up its offense but couldn't get its prime choices. Paul Konerko turned down more money to stay with the White Sox, and Jeromy Burnitz reneged on his agreement to a two-year deal, signing for one year in Pittsburgh instead. At one point shortstop Miguel Tejada demanded a trade, but by the start of spring training he had backed off.

In-season prognosis: The Orioles lack a solid veteran nucleus, and the young players haven't been consistent. New pitching coach Leo Mazzone gets a chance to show that his magic, rather than the quality of the Braves' pitchers, led to his success in Atlanta.

Closing statement: Chris Ray has been given the challenge of taking over for B.J. Ryan. He has a great arm but has yet to pick up his first big-league save.

Off-season focus: Tampa launched yet another rebuilding program with a new front office that features former Houston general manager Gerry Hunsicker advising youthful Rays GM Andrew Friedman. The team also replaced manager Lou Piniella with longtime Angels bench coach Joe Maddon. By trading relievers Danys Baez and Lance Carter to the Dodgers for prospects, the team made it clear that it's looking to the future.

In-season prognosis: The Devil Rays have a surprising amount of young talent, but they don't have the veterans to bring the team together. With a patchwork bullpen and a dubious

In closing by Billy Wagner



PLAYBOY: You said you would never pitch in New York, but as a free agent you chose the Mets. What happened?

WAGNER: I come from a small town in Virginia and played in Houston, which is a laid-back city. But the Astros traded me to the Phillies. If you can handle Philadelphia, you can handle anything. Blow a save in Houston and it's "Go get 'em tomorrow." Blow a save in Philly and it's the end of the world. Going to an East Coast market, I started to see things differently.

PLAYBOY: How did Craig Biggio and Jeff Bagwell influence your career?

WAGNER: They taught me how to approach the game, the mental aspects. They talked about anticipating things. When you stepped onto the field with Biggio and Bagwell, you wanted to live up to their expectations. They set the tone for how hard you played. They made you realize you were playing for a team, not for an individual.

rotation, Tampa has no realistic hope of escaping the AL East's lower tier.

Closing statement: Right-hander Shinji Mori arrives from Japan, where he was an All-Star setup man for the Seibu Lions. Maddon will juggle his bullpen a lot, which could mean that journeyman Dan Miceli and sophomore Chad Orvella will get save chances as well.



2. Minnesota Twins

Last season: 83–79. Third place, 16 games out. The Twins were 15–55 when they scored three or fewer runs in 2005.

Off-season focus: Minnesota had to bulk up its offense, which took a hit with the free-agent departure of Jacque Jones. The

team filled Jones's vacancy with outfielder Rondell White and addressed the need for a leadoff hitter and second baseman by picking up Luis Castillo from Florida. The Twins flirted with trading for Toronto third baseman Corey Koskie but decided instead to see if journeyman Tony Batista has one more season in him.

In-season prognosis: The Twins have wild-card potential, especially since they play 38 games against Detroit and Kansas City. Brad Radke has slipped to a bottom-of-the-rotation starter, but his talk of retiring means this should be an emotional year for him.

Closing statement: Joe Nathan was a steal for GM Terry Ryan when he was acquired from San Francisco in 2004. He has a resilient arm and a demeanor that lets hitters know he is in charge.



3. Cleveland Indians

Last season: 93-69. Second place, six games out. The Tribe suffered 36 of its 69 losses by one run, despite having what was statistically the best bullpen in the league.

Off-season focus: The Indians had to retool their rotation after losing AL ERA champ Kevin Millwood and Scott Elarton to free agency. They wound up risking \$14.25 million on a two-year contract to oft-injured Paul Byrd. Cleveland also brought back right-handed relievers Danny Graves and Steve Karsay to replace underrated setup man Bob Howry, now with the Cubs.

In-season prognosis: Cleveland doesn't have the pitching to duplicate 2005's run for the postseason, which ended when six losses in the final seven games cost the team a wild-card spot. The Indians do, however, have most of their lineup back and will need the offense to carry them, much as it did during their run of five consecutive division titles in the 1990s.

Closing statement: Cleveland wanted to upgrade from Bob Wickman, given his age and injury history, but nobody can take away from his competitive nature, a key to finishing games.



4. Detroit Tigers

Last season: 71-91. Fourth place, 28 games out. The Tigers have had a dozen consecutive losing seasons, which is the longest current streak in the American League and the longest in franchise history.

Off-season focus: After boosting their offense the past two off-seasons by bringing in catcher Ivan Rodriguez and outfielder Magglio Ordonez, the Tigers realized they needed to look for pitching

help this past winter. They found a veteran starter in Kenny Rogers and convinced former closer Todd Jones to come back after a 40-save season with Florida. **In-season prognosis:** Manager Jim Leyland returns to the Tigers and

looks to remove any tarnish that may remain on his managerial record following his walking out on the Marlins after the 1998 season and the Rockies after 1999. Leyland will definitely have his work cut out for him in a competitive division with a team that doesn't fit together well and has had to buy loyalty with free-agent contracts.

Closing statement: Todd Jones resurrected his career a year ago after Florida invited him to spring training. He gets by more on moxie than stuff these days, but he somehow managed to get a two-year guarantee from the Tigers.



5. Kansas City Royals

Last season: 56-106. Last place, 43 games out. After avoiding a 100-loss season in their first 33 years of existence, the Royals have lost 100 or more in three of the past four seasons.

Off-season focus: Looking to plug roster holes, Kansas City hauled in second-tier free agents, signing outfielder Reggie Sanders, second baseman Mark Grudzielanek, first baseman Doug Mientkiewicz and pitchers Mark Redman, Scott Elarton and Joe Mays. This brought back memories of 1997, when the performance of off-season additions Jay Bell and Jeff King cost manager Bob Boone his job.

In-season prognosis: It's going to get ugly. Owner David Glass has said he expects a .500 record at minimum if GM Allard Baird and his front-office staff want to return in 2007.

Closing statement: Mike MacDougal has the stuff but needs to be more consistent in throwing strikes. In other words, he has to have confidence in his ability to challenge hitters.



1. Oakland Athletics

Last season: 88-74. Second place, seven games out. The Athletics were 33-45 while shortstop Bobby Crosby was on the disabled list.



Unconventional Wisdom

by Jonah Keri

1. Managers cost their team wins by overmanaging. With teams regularly scoring five or more runs a game, the most precious commodity a manager possesses is a game's 27 outs. It makes

no sense to give them up in the early innings with bunts, steal attempts and hit-and-runs. The sacrifice is useful only when one run will win it or the pitcher is at bat. It's no coincidence that stolen-base rates have fallen since the days of Rickey Henderson and Tim Lincecum. Teams today hit many more home runs, which diminishes the value of gaining one base. During hit-and-runs, runners usually don't sprint with the same gusto they have when trying a straight steal, thus leading to a greater likelihood of being caught stealing. Staying out of the double play is a noble idea, but it doesn't override the risk of erasing a base runner.

2. Teams should use their best relievers in the sixth inning—or earlier. Goose Gossage's managers brought him in whenever the need was greatest, sometimes as early as the fifth inning. Managers rarely use their ace relievers for more than one inning and never more than two. This is great for relievers' arms but does little for a team. Even more odd is that managers will use their closers for two innings during the playoffs but not during the regular season. The first manager who returns to the Gossage model will win a lot of games.

Off-season focus: Shopping for right-handed power to balance their lineup, the A's decided to take risks. They traded for Dodgers outfielder Milton Bradley after L.A. finally decided his clubhouse problems offset any benefits his switch-hitting ability afforded. Oakland then signed designated hitter Frank Thomas, who broke his left ankle twice last year and was told the White Sox no longer needed his services. The A's also added rotation depth by signing moody starter Esteban Loaiza to a multiyear deal.

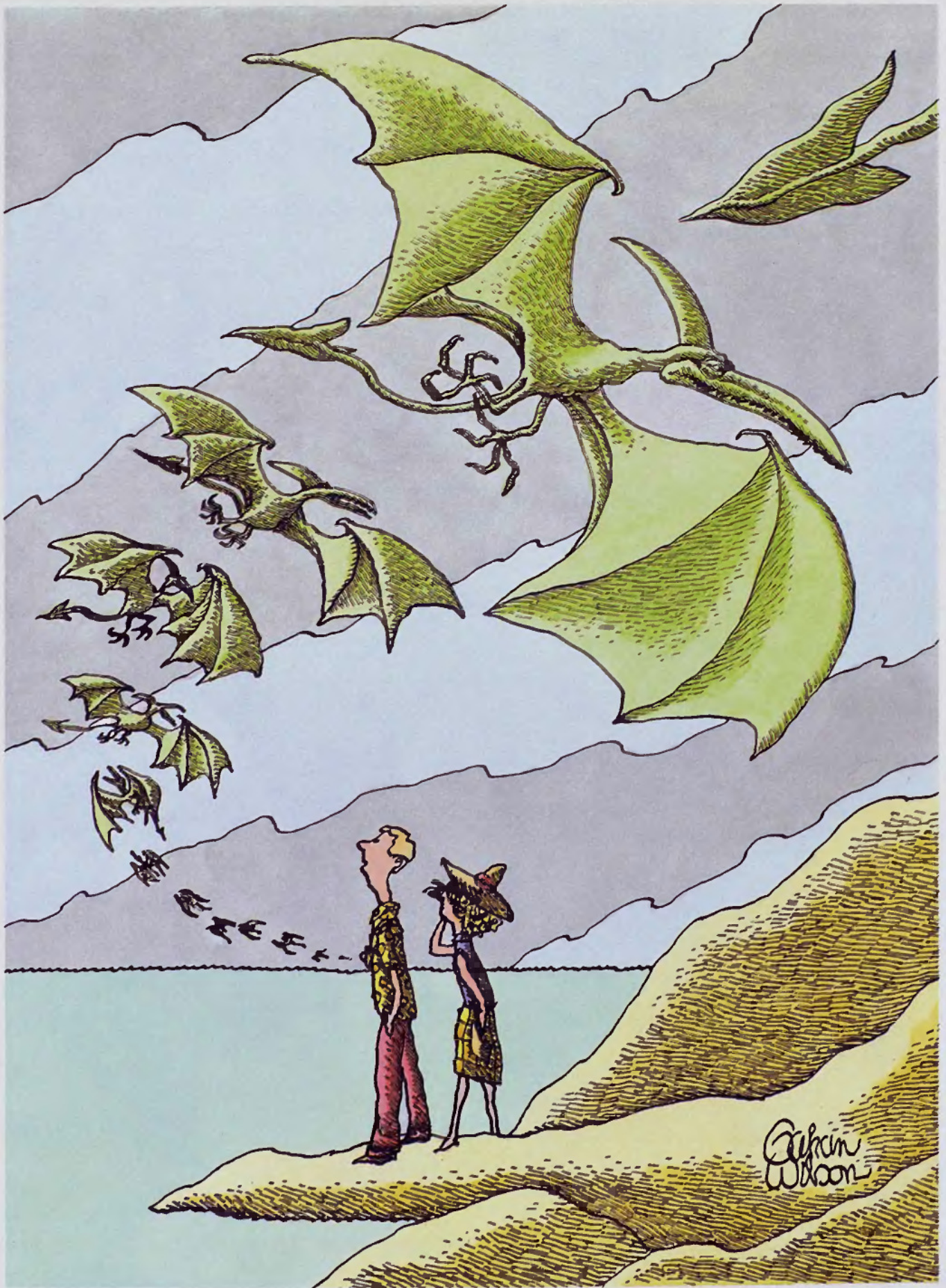
In-season prognosis: GM Billy Beane has long said he's not worried about clubhouse harmony, and he reaffirmed that by bringing in Bradley and Loaiza. If the two of them fit into the A's system, Oakland could have its best team since 2001, even if manager Ken Macha needs to do a lot of babysitting.

Closing statement: Only a year out of college last season, Huston Street showed the A's he wasn't the slightest bit intimidated by the big leagues. He has a great arm with command and savvy.



2. Los Angeles Angels

Last season: 95-67. First place, defeated New York in the Division (continued on page 136)



"I think the return of pterodactyls is a little ominous!"



IT'S NOT JUST HOW FAST YOU MOVE YOUR LEGS

Lessons from **Bill Bowerman**,
the greatest track coach who ever lived

By Phil Knight

At 17 years and six months of age I went off to the University of Oregon, 100 miles and a world away from the only home I knew.

With 6,000 students, the school was the largest in the state. It was located in the middle of the Willamette Valley, a setting of tall trees, clean air and old buildings.

I arrived a few days before school started, to work out with the cross-country team. I was a walk-on for a team whose members included three future Olympians and whose famous coach was developing national champions from unlikely sources.

I hadn't run a lot over the summer. In high school I never put in that much effort, but still I had managed to do fairly well and had been a favor-



ite of my high school coach. My plan was simple: I would work hard after I got to school, and I would again be one of the coach's favorites. He would put his arm around me and guide me to track-and-field greatness.

The Oregon coach was, of course, Bill Bowerman, who was in the process of developing more sub-four-minute milers than anyone had yet produced in the history of track and field. The world didn't know that then, but some of us suspected it. That is why we were there.

On the first day, he sent me out on a "long slow run" through the hills of the Laurelwood Golf Course with Bill Dellinger. I was thrilled just to meet Dellinger. He had come out of Springfield, Oregon, and despite being too

Above: Bill Bowerman. Opposite: Bowerman with his student Dyrol Burleson, the second American to break the four-minute mile.

STILL LIFE PHOTO BY JAMES IMBROGNO

short and too slow he had shocked the track-and-field world to win the NCAA mile championship as a sophomore, 15 months before my arrival. Now I was running alongside him.

Well, the thrill was over quickly. Dellinger ran the dozen hills. I ran three of them. While he was never anything less than encouraging to me in running, his teammate and fraternity brother Jim Bailey had beaten him in the NCAA mile the previous year, and he was not about to lose to Bailey again. So he certainly wasn't going to ease up on a workout to please a walk-on.

At the top of the third hill, I was spent and panted something like "I'm not quite ready for this." At least I didn't blame a pulled muscle. I limped back to the dressing room, startled by its emptiness. What 30 minutes before had been alive and expectant was now quiet. The street clothes of other runners

in his opinion, was a nail through the foot, but those kids of the 1950s were just too soft to put up with that.

He was attitude dressed as a man—broad shoulders, erect posture and of course that stare, a part of him still the Army major who had captured a German division. He was an educated man capable of impressive use of the English language. I heard him give a lot of good talks to high schools and community gatherings. But he chose to educate me and my teammates by making effective use of silence.

Before our first cross-country competition against intrastate rival Oregon State and several other schools, we fidgeted in that same dressing room, which would be our home for four years, waiting for final words from the coach. "We" included two national champions and five freshmen. I was very nervous and very curious about the coach's pep talk.

He took forever to come into the room. All the while, I glanced around, my leg shaking.

Finally he showed. After a long pause he said, "I want you freshmen to understand that there is something different about competing against Oregon State." Then he walked out of the room. Bill Bowerman, master of the unspoken pep talk.

Bailey and Dellinger stared at the freshmen, making sure we understood. Then they walked out, and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up.

We slaughtered them. I was seventh for the team and 10th overall, beating Frank Moore of Oregon State, who had beaten me in the state high school meet the previous spring.

As a freshman I had a lot of trouble adapting; the food, long homework assignments and a roommate who never agreed about when the windows should be open or closed didn't help. But one thing constantly made it more difficult: him.

I had wanted to please, but he wouldn't let me. He was contrary about everything, and that first year felt a lot like hazing: He scheduled six A.M. workouts and made us run daily doubles, unheard of at the time. He wrote out personalized workouts for everybody—harder ones for great runners, building up to hard for wannabes. He mimeographed the days of the week in green ink on yellow paper, then penciled in what you were to do: "6x400 at

:64; 4x800 at :66" and so on, writing in a way that mimicked how he talked—gruffly, illegibly. For no reason at all he would assign extra workouts, then cancel one that had been scheduled. He criticized me if I was five minutes late for practice, even though all the workouts were personalized anyway.

Although he would occasionally yell, at heart he was not a shouter. He could make you mad at him without raising his voice at all.

"Who's the coach of this team?" he would ask when I gave him a doubting look.

"What is this, Beast Barracks?" I wanted to answer, but I knew that would get me kicked off the team forever. He kicked a national-class sprinter off the team for "interfering with my right to enjoy coaching." For a time there was a better track team on campus made *(continued on page 120)*



Bowerman the teacher (clockwise from left): with the legendary Steve Prefontaine, with Nike's Phil Knight (fourth from right), with the Multnomah Athletic Club (back, far left).

who were still working out hung limply from hooks on the wall. The coach was not in sight, but for the first time I could feel his presence when he wasn't there. I could hear his grim voice saying, "If you don't like this feeling, don't come unprepared. This will not be easy."

I saw that moment as the end of a painful three-mile. It didn't occur to me that it was also the start of a long journey. On the first day of my college education I learned you could have a conversation with an empty room.

Bowerman was unique. He lived by a code: He would not be a bad father or husband; he would not have a beer with his athletes or even in front of them. He quoted scripture—usually incorrectly, but he made his point. Frequently he would tilt his head back in thought and scratch his neck just under the chin; that was a signal to look out. The ultimate running shoe,

I wanted to please him, but he wouldn't let me.

He was contrary about everything.



"I don't really think of us as a couple...we're more like one shy of a threesome."

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT...

HIGHLIGHTING THIS YEAR'S
MOTORCYCLES ARE
SOME UNIQUE
OUT-OF-THE-BOX
RIDES. HOLD
ON TO YOUR
HELMET—WE
DIDN'T SEE THESE
BIKES COMING

**BUELL ULYSSES XB12X
(\$11,500)**

What it is: An adventure tourer or, as designer Erik Buell calls it, a touring supermotard. **What you notice:** How free you are. The ultimate street fighter-hooligan bike-wheelie machine is a dual-purpose motorcycle that keeps riding when the pavement ends. Though a street bike, it can attack dirt roads with ferocity. The engine, suspension and tires are tuned and fit to handle a bumpy ride. (The Kevlar belt drive is bombproof.) **The numbers:** This bike gets 103 hp from its 1,203 cc engine and enough torque to turn the planet. **Where to be seen:** Thirty-five percent of American roads are unpaved. Buell gives you the keys to that playground.



BY JAMES R. PETERSEN



TRIUMPH SCRAMBLER (\$8,000) What it is: A modern classic. What you notice: The combination of hip retro styling and contemporary Triumph performance. The small headlight, chromed high-level twin-exhaust tailpipe, single-clock speedometer, skid plate and flat seat are all reminiscent of the 1960s, when Steve McQueen jumped a barbed-wire fence on two wheels in *The Great Escape*. The numbers: A thoroughly modern 865 cc engine will zip you around at a speedy clip. It delivers 54 hp at 7,000 rpm. Where to be seen: Campuses, cafes, bookstores and POW camps.



ECOSSE HERETIC (\$49,800 to \$139,800) What it is: Denver-based designer Don Atchison calls the Heretic a handmade high-performance street machine. What you notice: The killer styling. Driving through the industrial parks of Long Beach, California, a backdrop straight out of *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas*, we turned more heads than Carmen Electra would. Almost. The numbers: Other than the price? The 107-cubic-inch V-twin Patrick racing engine pumps out 125 hp and 125 foot-pounds of torque. This bike is not for novices—it has the kick of a handgun. Where to be seen: Wherever there's pavement.





YAMAHA R6 (\$9,300) *What it is:* Arguably the most advanced production sport bike on earth. *What you notice:* The R6 has the sleek Yamaha bodywork that is art in motion. *The numbers:* This bike's tachometer redlines at 17,500 rpm. Not even Valentino Rossi's MotoGP engine turns that fast. The R6's engine peaks at 133 hp. The shriek begins around 10,000 rpm, but that may be the sound coming from inside your helmet. *Where to be seen:* Around town the ride is silky smooth, but this bike belongs on the track. Notice the easily removable taillight—license plate holder.



BMW R 1200 S (\$14,700) *What it is:* Mean. You're looking at the most powerful boxer twin engine ever. *What you notice:* The S model is defiantly unadorned. It would be sacrilegious to obscure the slender lines with saddlebags. This is not a staid tour bike; it's a serious tool. It offers the kind of escape velocity that can come in handy. *The numbers:* 122 hp in a 419-pound, pure hot-rod package. Zero to 60 goes by in 3.15 seconds. *Where to be seen:* At the head of the pack. Check out the neat LED taillight and the underseat exhaust pipe. On the road, that's what your biker pals will be looking at.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON SCREAMIN' EAGLE V-ROD DESTROYER (\$31,250) What it is: A turnkey drag bike. It is not street legal. What you notice: The noise, for starters. Eighty decibels is an act of God. The straight pipes are like percussion caps. The first time we heard this bike fire up, we thought we'd been shot. The numbers: With help from the Screamin' Eagle/Vance and Hines championship drag-racing team, Harley tweaked the Porsche-designed V-Rod engine to get 165 hp (up from 115 hp on the production V-Rod). The bike does a sub-10-second quarter mile. It'll be the hairiest nine seconds of your life. Where to be seen: Thursday test-and-tune nights at your local drag strip or any All Harley Drag Racing Association-sanctioned event.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

DICK CHENEY

(continued from page 54)

those groups from the Kurds in the north. Meanwhile, on Capitol Hill, the respected Democratic congressman Jack Murtha had just called for the pullout of U.S. troops.

Neither Cheney's office nor my boss had mentioned Iraq as a stop on the vice president's itinerary, but in retrospect I should have seen it coming. With the Iraqi elections just behind us and echoes from the Murtha debate still reverberating in Washington, it was natural enough that Cheney would, en route to visiting troops in Afghanistan and Pakistan, also make a holiday stop in Iraq. He was by that point the only major figure in the Bush administration who hadn't been there since the invasion; his only previous visit had been in March 1991, shortly after the end of the Persian Gulf war, when he was secretary of defense under the first president Bush. A tour of the theater would help advance several critical goals: bucking up the morale of U.S. troops, demonstrating to Americans watching TV at home that progress was indeed being made in both the training of Iraqi forces and the gradual transfer of security responsibility from American to Iraqi hands, and perhaps manufacturing some positive press for Cheney himself.

He could have used some good press. The same day as the Iraqi elections, *The New York Times* revealed that President Bush had signed an executive order in 2002 authorizing the National Security Agency to monitor wiretaps installed without a warrant. Amid the ensuing Beltway uproar over domestic spying and a flurry of Democratic charges alleging that Bush was exercising unchecked executive power, Cheney, as always, rose to the president's defense. The vice president also played the heavy in a recent debate over interrogation limits and the legal definition of torture when he sought to carve out exceptions for the CIA in pending legislation on the subject. Cheney's aides reckoned televised images of their man and the missus mingling with GIs in Iraq and Afghanistan at Christmastime would help dispel the popular caricature of the vice president as a ruthless backstage puppeteer of President Bush.

Queuing up to board *Air Force Two* at Andrews Air Force Base, the reporters circulated rumors about Cheney making a surprise visit to Iraq and steeled themselves for the survivalist exercise that lay ahead: We would be up for at least the next 30 hours. This was a smaller press contingent than on the 2002 trip; the only returning veterans were myself and Terry Moran, who

had recently been elevated from the ranks of White House correspondents to become one of three anchors succeeding Ted Koppel on *Nightline*. The only other TV reporter was CNN's Dana Bash; the usual complement of wire service reporters—Nedra Pickler of the Associated Press, Toby Zakaria of Reuters—was joined by correspondents from *The New York Times* (the lanky, dry-witted Dick Stevenson), *The Washington Times* (the lanky, dry-witted Bill Sammon) and National Public Radio (the stocky, dry-witted David Greene). Also present was Stephen Hayes of *The Weekly Standard*. Cheney has occasionally touted the conservative magazine and the shrewd, affable, goateed Hayes in particular; Hayes is writing a biography of Cheney and is one of the few reporters still pursuing one of Cheney's favorite stories: documentary evidence of pre-9/11 links between Hussein and Al Qaeda.

Hayes's presence on the trip bespoke the influence Cheney's staff can have on what is otherwise a largely rote formula. The matter of which news organizations will fill the seats on a VIP trip fluctuates and rotates in accordance with arcane rites and rituals established after the Kennedy assassination and known only to designated White House staff members, D.C. bureau chiefs of the major news organizations and a handful of veteran news managers. These people specialize in running the pool, the collaborative entity through which the major news organizations share the costs and privileges associated with covering high-level Washington. (The wire services and print organizations each have their own rotating pools.) Tom Tillman of CBS, Vija Udenians of ABC, Wendy Dawson at Fox News—these names likely mean nothing to you, but in the obscure realm of poolology, they are revered figures, holy clerics, virtual gods! If you saw the president on the news last night, chances are one of these people, or their colleagues and counterparts at the other networks, arranged the satellite feed and other complex logistics that brought the footage to your TV set.

As *Air Force Two* descended into Royal Air Force Station Mildenhall in the U.K., a senior administration official, or SAO, formally informed us we would be making three stops in Iraq. None of that could be reported, however, until Cheney's staff gave the go-ahead for us to file at the third and last stop, and even then the location of the third stop could not be reported until we had arrived at the *next* stop, which was Muscat, Oman. The reporters barked out a number of clarifying questions, angling to make sure they would not be scooped by local media, but the SAO's implicit

central assertion—that we were obligated to abide by the rules Cheney's people laid down—was not disputed. Breaking the rules of the house, in this case the White House, was unthinkable for a number of reasons. For one thing, we were at war, and the security concerns invoked to justify these mild restrictions on the press were undoubtedly legitimate. Second, the offending reporter and his organization could be blackballed from future VIP trips and face (even harsher) reprisals from other members of the pool. Last but not least, there was the unavoidable fact—also never mentioned in polite company—that *Air Force Two* was Cheney's plane, and if you ticked him off, or his peeps, finding your way home could prove problematic.

We reached Mildenhall in the dead of night. There the whole entourage deplaned and ran 100 yards across the chilly tarmac to clamber aboard a waiting C-17. Eight hours later we were at Baghdad International Airport, squinting at the sun, donning body armor and green Kevlar helmets and boarding Black Hawks.

Our aerial tour of Baghdad revealed a surprisingly busy city, a sprawling metropolis filled with palm trees, buildings and cars, her ruins scattered, not pervasive. We alighted in the Green Zone. There we boarded a convoy of security vans that snaked through a maze of concrete barriers and concertina wire, U.S. soldiers with automatic rifles seemingly every five feet. Finally we arrived at our first stop, the official residence of the U.S. ambassador to Iraq, Zalmay Khalilzad. Word had it the heavily fortified home, with tall Arabian archways and columns painted a sickly tapioca, used to belong to Uday Hussein's mother-in-law. Inside the sparsely furnished house, Cheney was to conduct an hour-long briefing with generals Abizaid and Casey, the war's top commanders, followed by separate meetings with Iraq's president, Jalal Talabani, and its prime minister, Ibrahim al-Jaafari. At the beginning of each session, the media was allowed to "spray" the scene with cameras and record the inconsequential dialogue that often prevails in BOPSA (bunch of people sitting around) photo ops.

Pseudoevents like these underscore the uneasy relationship, at once adversarial and symbiotic, between public officials and the press. Kept at a physical distance, herded like cats, reporters are often made to feel like the kitchen help at a black-tie party: inferior, underdressed, sometimes vexing creatures, present solely by dint of their hosts'

(continued on page 128)



"It's a new version of 'King Kong' and I play the ape...!"



Miss May is a subject
worthy of advanced study

IDEAL Waite

She's youthful, vibrant, full of energy and about to graduate with a master's degree from PLAYBOY-accredited party school San Diego State University. The last subject you might guess 24-year-old Alison Waite would specialize in is gerontology, the study of aging—that is, until you hear about the super octogenarian who inspires her. “My grandmother is my number one supporter and has always represented fun in my life,” says Alison. “This is a woman who wore pink hot pants to my mom’s graduation and has a sweatshirt that reads, HOW THE HELL DID I GET THIS OLD? When I was in college my grandma would send little packages to me at the dorms with holiday-themed thongs or G-strings inside. She got a kick out of it. I got into this field partly because I think it’s very important to live a full and meaningful life by continuing to do the things we enjoyed when we were younger.”

Although studies are her top priority, Miss May admits with a mischievous grin that it wasn’t always so. “In high school I was more preoccupied with boys and didn’t apply myself,” she says. When asked what a man needs to lure her away from her books, Ms. Waite is quick with a reply. “I want someone to challenge me and make me want to be a better person—someone I can have a conversation with. And there’s something sexy about a guy who can cook, because I like to eat. I don’t care if it’s just an omelet.” As it turns out, food has been good to Alison; waiting tables at Hooters not only financed her way through college but also got her into a Playboy Mansion party. There she met Kimberly Conrad Hefner, who lives next door to the Mansion and remains close to Hef. “She asked if I was a Playmate, and I said I was just there for the evening. She smiled and said, ‘Oh no. You should pose.’ She set up a meeting, and here I am. What a fluke coincidence! I think she is phenomenal.”

Our cover girl explains that she likes to work hard and play hard and that this balance is the key to life. “I can’t do anything halfway—it’s all or nothing,” she says. “My way of relaxing is to go to the beach with my pug, Makoa; his name is Hawaiian for ‘courageous warrior.’” As Alison happily plays in the sand with her little warrior pup, we can’t help but think that this insightful, down-to-earth young woman will, like her grandmother, be content at any age. Still, when we ask her when she would stop the clock if she could take a magic pill that would keep her the same age forever, she doesn’t miss a beat. “Right now,” she says. “I’m just thrilled about this ride I’m on.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG







"I've always wanted to pose for PLAYBOY," says Miss May, who lives in San Diego with her younger sister, a synchronized swimmer. "I didn't have any apprehensions about taking off my clothes for the camera. I'm not shy at all."













MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYERS OF THE MONTH

Don't hate

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: ALISON WAITE

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 117 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 11-10-81 BIRTHPLACE: LOS ALTOS, CA

AMBITIONS: UPON GRADUATION I WISH TO TRAVEL THE WORLD BEFORE PURSUING ADDITIONAL SCHOOLING TO STUDY MEDICINE.

TURN-ONS: ANIMAL LOVERS, GOOD CONVERSATION, SINCERITY, OPTIMISM, SPONTANEITY & UNINHIBITED AFFECTION.

TURNOFFS: CLOSED-MINDED, UPTIGHT, INDIFFERENT, NEGATIVE, IMPOLITE & INSECURE PEOPLE.

TV SHOWS I CAN'T MISS: GREY'S ANATOMY, ENCOURAGE & THE GOLDEN GIRLS.

THE BEST PARTY MUSIC: TOO MUCH TO LIST! THE BLACK EYED PEAS, JAY-Z & EAZY-E ("GIMMIE THAT NUT"), AND SOME LATE-NIGHT BEN HARPER.

FAVORITE AUTHOR AND WHY: SHEL SILVERSTEIN - HIS WIT + WISDOM ARE INFECTIOUS!

FAVORITE SPORT: WATCHING ANY LIVE SPORT EXCITES ME!

MY PHILOSOPHY: WORK HARD, PLAY HARD! AND ONE MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER: SUCCESS IS NOT FINAL, FAILURE IS NOT FATAL; IT IS THE COURAGE TO CONTINUE THAT COUNTS!



ME WITH BANDS,
AGE 10.



HIGH SCHOOL
CHEERLEADER, AGE 17.



SOCH A GOOFBALL!
AGE 18.



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

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A kindergarten class was given a homework assignment to find out about something exciting and relate it to the class the next day. When the time came to present what they'd found, the first little boy walked up to the front of the class and made a small dot on the blackboard. Puzzled, the teacher asked him what it was.

"It's a period," said the boy.

"What's so exciting about a period?" she asked.

"Damned if I know," said the boy, "but this morning my sister was missing one, my mom fainted, my dad had a heart attack, and the man next door shot himself."



A man met a blonde in a bar, and after a few drinks they went back to her place and had wild, passionate sex. "I guess that was just about the best sex you ever had," he said when they were done.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"Well," he replied, "while we were doing it, I couldn't help notice how I made your toes curl."

"Oh," she said, "that was just because most men take off my panty hose first."

God," said Adam, "why did you make Eve so beautiful?"

"So you would love her," God replied.

"But why did you make her so dumb?" Adam asked.

"So she would love you," God answered.

How are drunk women and old bumper stickers alike?

They're both hard to get off.

A guy came home early one day from work and heard weird sounds coming from his bedroom. When he went upstairs he found his wife on the bed naked and sweating.

"What the hell is going on?" he said.

"I'm having a heart attack," she stammered.

He ran downstairs and dialed 911. As he was doing this, his young son ran up and said, "Daddy, Uncle Tommy is upstairs hiding in the closet, and he's naked."

The father slammed the phone down and ran upstairs to find his brother. "What the hell are you doing?" he screamed. "My wife is having a heart attack, and you're running around naked, scaring the kids!"

What's the difference between a woman in church and a woman in the bathtub?

One has hope in her soul.

A man came back from a long business trip to find his son had a new \$300 mountain bike.

"How'd you get that, son?" he asked.

"By hiking," the son replied.

"Hiking?" the father asked.

"Yeah," the son said. "Mom's boss came over every night and gave me \$20 to take a hike."

A man took his blind date to the carnival. "What would you like to do first?" he asked.

"I want to get weighed," she said.

They ambled over to the weight guesser. The carny guessed 120 pounds. When she got on the scale, it read 117, and she won a prize.

Next the couple went on the Ferris wheel. When the ride was over, the man again asked his date what she would like to do. "I want to get weighed," she replied.

Back to the weight guesser they went. Since they had been there before, the carny guessed her weight correctly, and the man lost his dollar.

The couple walked around the carnival, and again he asked where to go next. "I want to get weighed," she responded. By this time the man figured she was weird and took her home early, dropping her off with a handshake.

"How'd it go?" her roommate asked.

She responded, "Oh, Waura, it was wousy."



Sex is like a card game. If you don't have a good partner, you'd better have a good hand.

Did you hear about the woman who went on a fishing trip with five guys?

She came back with a big red snapper.

A boy was playing with himself in his room so loudly that his father walked in and said, "Son, if you don't stop doing that, you're going to go blind."

The boy responded, "Dad, I'm over here."

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. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



*"In this scene you bring him back to the bunkhouse
and prove he just thinks he loves his horse."*

HIS SON MAY BE A JUNKIE, A DROPOUT
AND A LIAR, BUT IS HE A MURDERER?

Fiction by JOYCE CAROL OATES

SUICIDE WATCH

"If you could tell me where Kenny is."

It was a matter of trust. He wanted to believe this. A father, a son in trouble. A father in his mid-50s, with obvious resources. A father who'd terminated a business trip to Seattle to fly to Philadelphia to help a troubled son. A father saying, "It's a matter of trust. If you could tell me where Kenny is."

He was careful not to say *If you could tell us*. For us would imply that the father was speaking on behalf of others. *If you could tell me*.

"And where Christa is."

Kenny, the missing grandson, was two years, three months old. He was "missing" in the sense that no one seemed to know where he was. The missing mother, Christa, wasn't a daughter-in-law because she and the son, Seth, weren't married. Seth was 28, Christa was a year or two younger.

"Seth? I mean, if there's any need for trust. If you are in danger...."

Slowly the son shook his head. Slowly his eyes lifted to the father's eyes. There was something wrong with the son's eyes: deep-set in their sockets, bloodshot, with a peculiar smudged glare like worn Plexiglas. The son's soot-colored hair was disheveled and matted, and his jaws were covered in stubble. The father took comfort in the fact that the son wasn't handcuffed or shackled to the table.

None of the other inmate-patients in the visitors' lounge, so far as the father had noticed, appeared to be restrained. Several were very large men. Like them, the son was wearing prison-issue clothing: pebble-gray shirt, gray sweatpants with an elastic waistband. The son was allowed to wear his own shoes, rotted-looking running shoes, minus laces. The son had been taken "forcibly" into police custody and remanded to the Philadelphia House of Detention for Men, psychiatric ward, a minimum of 48 hours observation, evaluation, round-the-clock suicide watch.





Suicide watch. For the son's forearms had been crudely slashed and bleeding when he'd been taken into police custody and it hadn't been clear from his dazed and incoherent account if he'd inflicted the wounds himself.

Both forearms, wayward gashes that hadn't severed any arteries. The father had been informed: In a normal state an individual probably couldn't slash both arms in such a way, but in an abnormal state—drug psychosis, mania—it could be done.

There were also minor burns on the son's fingers, the backs of both hands, his ankles. These were unexplained too.

The father tried not to stare at the son's bandaged arms. The father tried not to stare at an open sore on the son's upper lip. The father heard himself saying, calmly, "I mean, if there's danger in your immediate circumstances. Anyone who might want to hurt you, or..." The father wasn't sure what he was saying. He might have meant that the son might be in danger inside the detention facility or would be in danger when he was

HE'D BEEN SHOWN POLAROIDS AND BEEN STUNNED BY WHAT HE SAW. EVIDENCE OF HIS SON'S MADNESS. SICKNESS.

released. The father might have been speaking not of the son but of the two-year-old grandson and of Christa. The father was distracted by the son's breath, fetid as liquidy tar in which something had died and was decomposing.

"Hey, Dad: Who in hell'd want to hurt *me*?"

The son made a wheezing noise like laughter. The son was picking at the sore on his upper lip. Thumped one of his bandaged arms against the edge of the table. It was wrapped in soiled white gauze that looked as if it were leaking blood.

At least the son was speaking coherently. And the son had decided to speak to the father.

For the father had been warned by the resident psychiatrist that the son may not make sense or might refuse to speak at all. The son was joking, the father supposed. The son had, since childhood, cultivated a style of droll deadpan jokes to entertain, confound and dismay selected elders. The kind of joke that depended upon an expression of mock innocence. The kind of joke that hurts to tell (you had to assume) and hurts to hear. In this case the father interpreted the son's joke to mean: Who in hell'd want to hurt *me*, I'm past hurting.

Or: Who in hell'd want to hurt *me*, I can do that myself.

Or: Who in hell'd want to hurt *me*, I'm shit.

Of course it was the grandson, the two-year-old, of whom the father was thinking. On whose behalf the father was anxious. His only grandson, "missing." But believed to be in Philadelphia. Very likely, west Philadelphia. Two-year-old Kenny, whose name the father could scarcely speak without faltering. Halfway thinking Kenny was his son.

His son. As his son was meant to be.

"...a matter of trust, Seth. You know you can trust me."

For Seth had been questioned by police officers, and Seth had said repeatedly that he had "no idea" where his son was, where the son's mother was. "No idea" why neighbors on S. 43rd Street had called police to report what appeared to be a domestic disturbance. Why he'd been "forcibly arrested" at three o'clock in the morning, shirtless and barefoot and covered in blood from gashes in both his forearms, outside the row house on S. 43rd Street where he'd been living with his son and the young woman named Christa.

Nor had Seth any idea of what had happened inside the house. The overflowing tub in the bathroom on the second floor, water so scalding hot its steam had caused paint to blister and peel off the ceiling and walls, plastic fixtures to melt. On the landing outside the bathroom, on the stairs, scalding hot water had done more damage, and in the kitchen raw garbage floated in puddles. Police officers reported drug paraphernalia, broken glass and broken toys, sodden clothes. Bloodstains, human vomit. Cockroaches.

Where was the two-year-old child amid the wreckage? Where was the child's mother?

"Missing."

Painful for the father to utter the name: Kenny.

"Seth, if you could tell me. Where Kenny is. If..."

Seth he could utter. *Niorde, Seth M.* He'd become accustomed to *Niorde, Seth M.* as a name that might require being stated in the way you might state the name of a recurring illness, a chronic condition. At the reception desk, stating the purpose of his visit. *Niorde, Laurence C. Father.* Eager to provide a driver's license, a passport. For the father was a businessman-traveler who carried his passport with him much of the time, for he traveled frequently by air. Domestic flights, transatlantic.

Mr. Niorde, wait here. He'd waited.

He wasn't shown the police report, but he was informed of its contents, which seemed to him confusing, inconclusive. He'd been shown Polaroids of the interior of the row house at 1189 S. 43rd Street and he'd been stunned by what he saw. Evidence of his son's madness. Sickness. In one of the photos what appeared to be a small lifeless body broken like a toy amid the water-soaked debris.

"Oh my God. Oh."

Of course, it wasn't. Looking more closely he saw that it was just twisted sodden clothing, possibly a child's.

Still, the father had been badly frightened. He had not expected to be so badly frightened, so soon.

Telling himself, *It's just the beginning. This journey.*

He was led through the security checkpoint. He smiled; he was eager to comply. It wasn't so very different from airport security, to which he was accustomed. He tried not to observe that he was the

(continued on page 143)

The Things People Say

WHAT ABOUT MEH, EH?
WHEN THEY SAY



WHAT THEY REALLY MEAN IS, "HONEY,
LET'S DO IT ALL NIGHT AND I'LL SAVE
MONEY ON THE RESTAURANT BILL."



AND WHEN THEY SAY,
"I'M SORRY, BABE - I MADE A
MISTAKE," THEY REALLY MEAN
"BUT IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT -
YOURS."



AND WHAT ABOUT "DON'T WORRY,
SWEETHEART, I'LL TIDY UP"
WHEN WHAT THEY MEAN
IS "I'LL STICK IT ALL UNDER
THE BED - SHE'LL
NEVER NOTICE."



WOW, GIRLS, LOOK
WHAT JUST WENT
BY! THIS ONE'S
MINE!!!!



HI! DO YOU
HAVE A
LIGHT?

WHEN YOU SAY
"DO YOU HAVE
A LIGHT?"



DO YOU MEAN "DO YOU HAVE A LIGHT?" OR
ARE YOU REALLY TRYING TO SAY "HEY, CUTE
BUT, LET'S MAKE OUT RIGHT HERE, RIGHT
NOW AND MAKE MY GIRLFRIENDS
SICK WITH ENVY"?



JUAN AVAREZ • JORGE G

9 STEPS TO BETTER FASHION

AMERICAN MEN ARE WEALTHY, POWERFUL AND CREATIVE, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO STYLE, MOST ARE LESS THAN WORLD-CLASS. A PLAYBOY MANIFESTO ON OVERCOMING THE FASHION DEFICIT

Last year Americans spent more than \$52 billion on men's apparel. That's a sizable chunk of change and one that should reasonably produce an attractive return on investment in terms of how we look. Unfortunately that isn't the case. While a minority of men in the U.S. have learned to make clothes work for them—those paying attention to PLAYBOY, for example—the typical male is a lost soul when it comes to personal style. Fortunately all is not lost. By following PLAYBOY's nine-step recovery program, Americans too can join the ranks of sharply dressed men everywhere.

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KARIN KOHLBERG



Stately fashion like this is an anomaly stateside. Europeans use the "critical V," where the suit, shirt, tie and pocket square intersect, to build looks. Many Americans don't even know it exists.

STEP 1

FIGHT FASHION BASHING. GOOD CLOTHING IS PART OF AN ASPIRATIONAL ATTITUDE THAT CAN MAKE LIFE RICHER AND MORE ENJOYABLE.

Nothing exposes the general slovenliness of American men like traveling abroad. Treading through Tokyo, one sees legions of salarymen decked out in proper suits, as well as side streets teeming with stylish hipsters. Italians have long lived by the credo of *bella figura*, which pervades all aspects of life and is just one reason the country is such a beautiful place to visit. And the influence of Savile Row on the generally polished English is as strong as it was during the 19th century.

In contrast, one can easily spot Americans in any airport or tourist trap. Just look for the walking piles of laundry: lumpy khakis, rumpled sport coats and oversize sweatshirts.

The underlying reason for the disparity? Cultural perspec-

tive. While many societies embrace personal style as a means to enrich people's lives, American men tend to view it as trivial or effete. And the fashion industry does little to challenge that opinion. Dressing stylishly is not Sudoku, despite the apparent complexities of Karl Lagerfeld's getups. It's more like appreciating fine wine: It can be somewhat intimidating at first, but once you get the hang of it, a whole world of pleasure opens up—a world previous generations of men navigated with aplomb. Style is an integral part of living well, a worthwhile luxury on a par with French cooking, fine furnishings, convertibles and beautiful women. Of course, some guys don't care for any of those things, either. But that's their loss.

IGNORE THE WHOLE-SALE DECLINE OF SARTORIAL STANDARDS. JUST BECAUSE DILBERT IN THE NEXT CUBICLE LOOKS LIKE CRAP DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO.

Bill Downes, a 25-year veteran menswear buyer at Wilkes Bashford, the San Francisco specialty store, blames the countercultural movement of the 1960s for sounding the original death knell for American elegance. But at least those tie-dyed flower children had a sociopolitical message in their antiestablishment garb. Nowadays laziness underpins most male sloppiness.

Whereas previous generations wouldn't have left the house without a proper hat and tailored jacket, guys today traipse into theaters and fine restaurants in jeans and sport shirts. "That's appalling," says Downes. "Most of the theatergoing public looks as if they should be sitting at home watching television."

While no one expects men to revive the Cary Grant look in toto, dressing appropriately pays dividends personally and professionally.

"Business casual is to men's style today as the black plague was to the Middle Ages," declares designer Joseph Abboud. "It destroyed dressing standards, and I don't think we've recovered from it."

That's why, after a brief dalliance with business casual in the 1990s, many companies—especially those, such as banks and law firms, that rely on the special confidence of clients—reinstated traditional corporate dress codes. It's time for everyone else to follow suit.

← Memo: Casual Fridays are officially off the calendar. Suit (\$3,095) by **Giorgio Armani**, sweater (\$520) by **Salvatore Ferragamo**, shirt (\$99) and tie (\$99) by **Charles Tyrwhitt**, pocket square (\$75) by **Luigi Borrelli**, watch (\$2,295) by **Oris** and shoes (\$297) by **Church & Co.**



STEP 3

LEARN TO EMBRACE THE FUNDAMENTAL CONVENTIONS OF STYLE.

Even the best-dressed man seizes the chance to keep learning. Reading this magazine regularly, of course, will help. The photos at left, for example, illustrate some key rules for choosing a well-appointed look.

But you don't have to take it just from us. If you admire someone's style, don't be afraid to ask him for advice or a short list of his favorite designers. He'll be flattered, says Michael Macko, men's fashion director at Saks Fifth Avenue. "Just don't start wearing all the same outfits he does, or you'll remind him of *Single White Female*," Macko warns.

The nuances of style don't come overnight. Rather, acquiring them is a lifelong pursuit, which is part of the challenge. You'll be refining your tastes and preferences over decades, constantly

building on what you've learned. "It's sort of like cooking," explains Wilkes Bashford's Downes.

And as with cooking, once you know the accepted conventions, you can start breaking with them. After all, most people wouldn't make ice cream with mustard, but that hasn't stopped the adventurous chefs at New York's WD-50 restaurant from doing just that. And most people wouldn't wear Converse sneakers with a suit, but that combination can look unconventionally dishabile on the right guy. You may not be him, but only you know for sure.

Remember that fashion can be fun—a sport, almost. Once you know certain ironclad rules of fit, pattern and proportion, feel free to play around with everything else.

STEP 4

VISIT A BETTER MEN'S SPECIALTY STORE AND TALK TO A GOOD SALESMAN.

A trip to a great men's store is an eye-opening experience. While big department stores and chain retailers provide a wide selection and are convenient places to shop, independent men's stores tend to stock unique products and hire a knowledgeable sales staff. Here you're more likely to get individual attention from someone who truly knows the merchandise and can devote some real time to helping you.

"The people who work in these stores like fashion, and they enjoy turning people on to it," says

Downes. "Talk to them. It's like going to antiques dealers. They are there to help you, and they want to spread the gospel."

Building a relationship with a good salesman is like finding a trusted financial broker; the best ones will help you make the right choices, and their services pay long-term dividends. For example, a good sales associate will contact you about new items you may like, put stuff aside for you and let you know when things will be marked down, says Saks's Macko.

STEP 5

FOCUS ON QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY. WELL-MADE GARMENTS ARE WELL WORTH THE EXTRA MONEY.

Last year about 4.7 billion pieces of men's clothing were sold in the U.S. Inexpensive Asian production and high-tech supply chains have made it easy to churn out massive quantities of garments. Retailers boost turnover by emphasizing quantity over quality, and America's consumer culture has happily embraced this model of disposability.

"In Europe customers buy less but choose better quality, and they look better for it," says Downes. "Americans have big sliding-door closets packed full of absolutely nothing."

You can wear only one outfit at a time, so buy the highest quality possible. It's better to spend money on one great item you can wear again and again than on multiple pieces that will go out of style or fall apart quickly.

A Burberry trench coat, a Jil Sander cashmere sweater, a stainless-steel Rolex and dark-rinse Levi's Premium jeans are luxury items that look great and will last for years.

"Spend as much as you can on shoes and suits," says Saks's Macko. "Other things, like ties, belts and jeans, you can cheat on with inexpensive options."



FROM TOP: Shades should fit your face's frame; sunglasses (\$400) by **Oliver Peoples** by **Larry Leight**. Pocket squares add panache; tie (\$125) and pocket square (\$65) by **Best of Class** by **Robert Talbott**. Stripes work well on stripes; shirt (\$225) by **Best of Class** by **Robert Talbott** and suit (\$3,690) by **Luigi Borrelli**. Pants require only a single break.



BERGDORF GOODMAN MEN

745 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York
212-753-7300
berdorfgoodman.com



WILKES BASHFORD

375 Sutter Street
San Francisco, California
415-986-4380
wilkesbashford.com



MITCHELLS OF WESTPORT

670 Post Road East
Westport, Connecticut
203-227-5165
www.mitchellsonline.com



MARIO'S

1513 Sixth Avenue
Seattle, Washington
206-223-1461
marios.com



MARK SHALE

900 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
312-440-0720
markshale.com

10 GREAT AMERICAN MEN'S STORES

An understanding of fabric, proportion and color goes a long way toward creating a polished, versatile wardrobe—and makes for a more confident, productive shopper. You'll find the best sources of advice are specialty stores (pictured left and right), reference books on the tenets of men's style (below) and websites offering free tips (bottom).

VOLUMES OF VOGUE

HERE ARE SOME OF THE
BEST BOOKS ON MEN'S STYLE:

DRESSING THE MAN

by Alan Flusser

After the publication of this guide to fashions that never go out of style, Ralph Lauren bought 796 copies of the book for his employees.

CHIC SIMPLE: MEN'S WARDROBE

by Kim Johnson Gross and Jeff Stone

A gracefully designed volume that concisely explains the ins and outs of stylish threads, with plenty of illustrative photos.

GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO GROOMING AND STYLE

by Bernhard Roetzel

Erudite and packed with trivia, this encyclopedia of elegance can be difficult to locate in stores but is available on Amazon.com.

THE MEN'S CLOTHING GUIDE

by Steve Brinkman

This book boasts a comprehensive city-by-city directory of men's specialty stores.

STYLE SITES

THE WEB IS A VERITABLE VAULT OF
USEFUL FASHION ADVICE. SOME OF THE
BEST ONLINE ADDRESSES INCLUDE:

JosephAbboud.com

Simply Googling a fashion-related question and taking tips from a random website is as dangerous as dressing in the dark. Abboud's designers field actual style questions and post the answers through this website.

AskAndyAboutClothes.com

Founded by Andy Gilchrist, a retired business executive and former Polo Ralph Lauren salesman, this site claims to be the most popular destination on the web for men's clothing advice. It's chock-full of recommendations, resources, store info and sartorial history.

TheSartorialist.Blogspot.com

This amusing site written by a fashion-obsessed New Yorker is full of entertaining menswear arcana. While the Sartorialist is very serious about style, he is also playful in his posts.



STANLEY KORSHAK

500 Crescent Court
Dallas, Texas
214-871-3645
stanleykorshak.com



ANDRISEN MORTON

270 St. Paul Street
Denver, Colorado
303-377-8488
andrisenmorton.com



CUFFS CLOTHING COMPANY

18 East Orange Street
Chagrin Falls, Ohio
440-247-2828
cuffsclothing.com



BOYDS

1818 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
215-564-9000
boydsphila.com



GARYS

1065 Newport Center Drive
Newport Beach, California
949-759-1622
garysonline.com



The extravagant styles flaunted on the runways are not street legal. Designers showcase their ingenuity on the catwalk, but it is purely for show. Not even this model could pull off these duds.

For whatever reason, men's fashion publicity has lately been showing less of the actual product: clothes. We're not sure how this advertising package is supposed to make us want to buy this gear.



STEP 6

IGNORE DIPPY FASHION ADS AND ABSURD MAGAZINE SPREADS. THEY'LL ANNOY YOU, AND THEY HAVE LITTLE TO DO WITH CREATING A TRUE SENSE OF PERSONAL STYLE.

"Fashion advertising has set men's style back 15 years," says Abboud. "If you go through the first 10 pages of some magazines, you'll never want to wear clothes again. Those pictures have nothing to do with real life. The average guy takes one look at that and runs the other way."

Why the big disconnect between a lot of magazines and reality? On a basic level, the objectives of the fashion press are not directly aligned with those of the typical apparel shopper. Fashion magazines are primarily interested in provocative images, not in clothes per se—which is why in some fashion articles and ads you can be hard-pressed to find any clothing at all.

"The fashion press tends to glom on to weird trends and avant-garde ideas because they make for a better story. But it ends up talking to a tiny world," says Wilkes Bashford's Downes. "When you see a male model wearing hot pants and antlers, it's not hard to see why men aren't interested in fashion."

Ironically, most male fashion editors dress fairly conservatively themselves, in tailored jackets and high-end sportswear.

Don't try to copy looks straight from runway shows. Even professionals know those presentations are predicated on sheer entertainment value rather than any sense of what guys should wear in reality.

STEP 7

DON'T FOLLOW FASHION TRENDS TOO CLOSELY. FOCUS INSTEAD ON DEVELOPING A PERMANENT SENSE OF YOUR OWN STYLE, BASED ON WHAT WORKS FOR YOU.

The fashion industry is founded on the somewhat obnoxious concept of planned obsolescence. By forcing consumers to chase trends, style houses ensure that people buy things they don't need. This approach stems from the women's ready-to-wear industry, in which trends come and go like the tides. But for menswear, it's largely counterproductive.

"Gentlemen's fashion is based on permanence and tradition," says Downes. "Chasing trends can be fun, but it should be done in moderation."

Case in point: those omnipresent multihued striped shirts so popular for the past few years and always worn with the tail hanging out.

"When every guy at a bar or party is wearing the same thing, it's a uniform," says Abboud of that thankfully flagging trend.

Rather than latching onto passing fads—leaving you with a closet full of ugly bias-striped shirts—invest in quality and timeless designs: Think spread-collar shirts from Thomas Pink (yes, you can pair them with jeans for a night out), Fred Perry polo shirts and Paul Smith suits. You'll always look sharp in them.

Trends are also a game for the young and fit. "When the bloom is off the rose and you have a bit of a belly, it's a good time to dress your age and invest in quality," says Downes.



STEP 8

SIZE DOES MATTER.

It sounds easy, but many guys mess this up. Wearing your correct size will dramatically enhance your appearance and won't cost a nickel extra.

Make sure the shoulder seams of your new shirts and jackets fall at the end of your shoulders, not down at your triceps. Collars on woven shirts should close neatly around your neck. Polo shirts should end just below your waistline, not at your crotch.

Attention to the finer points of tailoring can help accentuate the body's natural proportions. A low waistline on pants will appear to elongate the torso, whereas a high waistline will shorten it. A spread collar will make your neck look more substantial, while a pointy collar will make it look longer. A jacket that drapes low appears to shorten your legs, while an abbreviated cut will lengthen them.

STEP 9

YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE JEANS-AND-T-SHIRT LOOK.

In today's hypercasual culture, idols like Russell Crowe and Colin Farrell show up on David Letterman's show in jeans, sporting three-day growth. Yikes.

But there are bright spots on the style landscape. Hip-hop stars like Kanye West, Jay-Z, Diddy and Pharrell Williams have embraced classic traditions of men's haberdashery and added a touch of modern-day flair. For them, Brioni and Burberry are integral parts of the Bentleys-and-babes high life.

While that kind of aggressive style isn't to everyone's taste, it is illuminating to see how fine tailoring and traditional notions of elegance can be molded into compelling new guises. Take inspiration from these ideas and incorporate such influences into your own personal style.

BEFORE



AFTER



Men buy too large in a misguided attempt to exude masculinity. Find six things wrong here: (1) The suit is big and boxy. (2) The sleeves run long. (3) The pants are overly baggy. (4) The tie falls long. (5) The neck is too wide. (6) There's no pocket square.



Clothes should slim your silhouette. Suit (\$1,995) by Dunhill, shirt (\$225) by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, tie (\$125) by Robert Talbott Studio, pocket square (\$65) by Robert Talbott, belt (\$280) and shoes (\$480) by Salvatore Ferragamo.

> SAVE FACE

WOMEN USE PRODUCTS ALL FROM THE SAME LINE. FRANKLY, WE ARE MORE COMPLEX

Grooming by JOSEPH DE ACETIS <

What you do every morning isn't called shaving anymore—it's now known as grooming, thanks to a slew of products designed to keep you in the skin game. Feel free to use whatever it takes to put your best face forward. **1> Biotherm Homme** Aquatic Lotion (\$21) is a gel that liquefies into your skin and will cause a woman to melt when she touches your cheek. **2> Zirh** FIX Blemish Control Gel (\$34) hides imperfections—as if you had any. **3> Gillette** Complete Skincare Cleansing Bar (\$3) strips away the remnants of last night's sweaty fun. **4> Archipelago** Morning Mint Shaving Creme (\$19) wakes up your stubble. **5>** Like your date this weekend, **Kenneth Cole** Signature spray (\$49) is warm and sophisticated. **6> Peter Thomas Roth** Un-Wrinkle (\$120) will wipe the worry from your brow. **7> AXE** Snake Peel Shower Scrub (\$4) polishes away dirt and any lingering shame from questionable hookups. **8>** Add elegance to your shave and your sink with the **Crabtree & Evelyn** Nomad Shave Soap in a wooden bowl (\$20). **9> e Shave's** Ivory Handle (\$60) complements your Gillette blades and your vanity. **10>** Spritzing zesty **Terre d'Hermès** eau de toilette (\$90) will spice up your night. **11> Nivea for Men** Daily Protective Lotion (\$6) is a true body guard. **12>** Lathering with **Nature's Gate** Organics Tea Tree Oil & Blue Cypress Shampoo (\$7) is the next best thing to having her rub her fingers through your hair.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO / PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES





< 6



7 >



< 8

9 >



10 >



11 >



12 >



"If this is valet parking, I can't wait to see room service."

Centerfolds ON SEX



Caro Zavaleta

VIVA LA REVOLUCIÓN!

Three things have revolutionized the world of sex: razors, remote-control fireplaces and text messages. Gentlemen, take two seconds in the shower to shave off your pubes or at least clean up the area. It makes all the difference in the way you feel about your body, and your partner will find you a thousand times sexier. Everyone should consider having a remote-control fireplace installed at home. It instantly gets both people in the mood for sex, you don't have to mess with matches or logs, and because the room gets hot quickly, you have to take your clothes off. I can't say enough about text messaging. I'd never been much of a text messenger until recently, but now I'm addicted to sending my man naughty messages like "I can't wait to see you with your clothes off." Just a dirty phrase in the middle of the day works wonders. You could be in the worst situation—say, a boring meeting with someone you don't like—but when you get that message, the world changes. Your anticipation builds, and you can't wait to get back home. A sexy text message can be so much hotter than hearing a silly voice saying, "Hey, baby, I'm thinking of you."

BASIC INSTINCT

I'm pretty specific about what I look for in a man. I love a guy with a hairy, muscular chest. That's something you should never shave. When I'm lying on top of him, I want to feel a very masculine man beneath me. Also, he has to be from the Midwest. I'm from the Midwest, and I think men from there tend to be more honest. I also like confidence in a man, but it's important that he not talk too much, because that usually means he's bragging. Last, a man's scent is very important to me. I know I'm with the right guy by how he smells. I have to love his scent after he works out.







Rebecca Romijn



THE ACTRESS WITH A CERTAIN MYSTIQUE TALKS ABOUT THE GEEKS IN HER LIFE, FAKE NIPPLES AND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO WORK BLUE

Q1

PLAYBOY: A prominent movie critic called your role as Mystique, the shape-shifting blue mutant in the X-Men movies, "the best piece of supermodel casting of all time." Can you top that in the upcoming *X-Men: The Last Stand*?

ROMIJN: All I can say is I get even more physical this time. In one scene Mystique is handcuffed in a prison cell, and the only way for her to get out is to strangle a security guard, steal the keys and unlock the handcuffs—all with her toes. If nothing else, my feet will get great reviews.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Mystique's blue skin is the sexiest thing to happen to comic-book fans since Wonder Woman's golden bra. What can you do when you're blue that you can't do when you're you?

ROMIJN: Absolutely nothing. I leave tracks everywhere I go. And I'm talking toilet seats, doors, phones. It's very challenging, actually, both physically and psychologically. It takes hours to put on the prosthetics and paint, and it's very claustrophobic. And the costume is really fragile. It's constantly falling apart, so there are always four

or five people working on me. It's truly like wearing a piece of art, but I'll tell you, after a couple of hours like that, I'm screaming, "Get me outta here!"

Q3

PLAYBOY: Did you ever go to, say, a 7-Eleven dressed as Mystique?

ROMIJN: No way. Even if they let me outside—which they don't because the studio is so secretive about these movies—I couldn't move very much. I did freak out my poodle this one time. He usually loves everyone. He's a bit of a slut, actually. But he wanted nothing to do with me when I was dressed as Mystique. I didn't look right to him. I didn't smell right. In fact, the only way I could convince him it was me under there was to breathe right into his muzzle.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Will you be nuzzling animals on your comedy series, *Pepper Dennis*?

ROMIJN: I play an ambitious reporter who wants to be an anchor, so she's willing to do anything. Her first mistake is having a one-night stand with this hot guy. She realizes too late that he's the new anchorman. Pepper's constantly getting into humiliating sit-

uations she has to talk her way out of. I like to think of her as a cross between Mary Tyler Moore and Jack Tripper.

Q5

PLAYBOY: A cameraman on the show has an unrequited crush on your character. What was your stickiest on-the-job romance?

ROMIJN: Back when I was modeling, I worked with a male model who was plucked out of obscurity by a famous photographer to do a shoot for a jeans campaign. We were shooting in a parking lot somewhere in New York City, and the photographer had us literally making out on the ground, in the gravel, which was already very uncomfortable, and this guy wasn't even a real model. Anyway, we're really going at it, and suddenly the photographer says, "Hold it right there." The model guy's face is up against my ear, and I hear this raspy little voice say, "I love you. I know this is just another job for you, but I love you. I really love you." *Okaaay.*

Q6

PLAYBOY: You played David Schwimmer's girlfriend on *Friends* and David Spade's wife (continued on page 118)



PLAYBOY'S TOP TEN PARTY SCHOOLS

Our highly scientific study of the books, babes and beer

It's a distinction for a university that ranks right up there with the number of Nobel Prize winners on its faculty—at least in the minds of the students. It's the one honor for which everybody on campus can claim some credit. We're of course talking about a spot on PLAYBOY's Top 10 Party Schools list.

Only twice have we published a list of colleges and universities distinguished by their high General Party Aptitude. Students at California State University, Chico, our top pick in 1987, still brag about the title as if it were a national championship. Four years ago Arizona State topped the roster. This year it's Wisconsin. Take a look at this crew (left) and you'll see why.

To come up with the 2006 list, we found ourselves using an entirely new set of criteria. Campuses serve as a cultural barometer, and in recent years we've noticed a shift in the way students approach indulgence. It isn't just about bloodshot eyes and panties hanging in the trees anymore. After talking with countless students and professors at the 250 universities we visited in the past year, we found that students value overall lifestyle more than ever. They appreciate climate, the student body (figuratively and literally), the club and music scenes, the quality of their education and athletic programs—as well as the cost of a six-pack. We've taken all that into account. Still, one thing will never change. Beautiful women who love to get naked—that's a party. Let us matriculate.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON

The Halloween party on State Street draws 100,000 revelers from all over the Midwest. Every April, the mayor of Madison gets his underwear in a bunch when 30,000 carousers descend on the Mifflin Street block party. Badger hysteria at Camp Randall Stadium rivals the madness up north at Green Bay Packers games. Music fans are especially happy: The scene in Madison is the equal of any small city's. In a single week last November, Henry Rollins, Trey Anastasio, Dick Dale, *(text concluded on page 142)*

We needed stinkin' Badgers to show us how they roll in Wisconsin, and a frat (or perhaps only its pledges) gladly cleaned up its house to host the girls of Madison. Top, from left: Fallon O'Connor-Brooks, Becca Trey, Justine Welter, Narisa Limpanathon, Shady Katie. Middle: Christina Marie, Simona Pêna, Kristi Linn, Andrea Bliss, Ali Bartholin, Brenna Matthews, Carly Klein. Bottom: Katie Gerding, Tara Marie, Brigid Kelly, Colleen Glandt, Bethany Marie, Aurora Marie.

THE TOP 10

1. WISCONSIN
2. UC SANTA BARBARA
3. ARIZONA STATE
4. INDIANA
5. SAN DIEGO STATE
6. FLORIDA STATE
7. OHIO
8. GEORGIA
9. TENNESSEE
10. MCGILL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIU, MIZUNO AND DAVID RAMS



1. WISCONSIN



BEST ANNUAL PARTY: The 100,000-strong Halloween bash on State Street
SEXIEST NEW TREND: Full-contact female roller derby

BEST TWO A.M. EATERY: La Bamba, where burritos are "as big as your head"
U of W MBA'S AVERAGE STARTING SALARY: \$74,332

Opposite: Ana Noelle is a senior art major who aims for a career in interior design. She is shown here on laundry day, but the rest of the week she is out at jazz clubs. When sick of trudging from bar to bar in nippy Madison, she rents hotel suites and heats things up with steamy Jacuzzi parties.

2. UC SANTA BARBARA



MOST POPULAR CLASS:

Geography of Surfing

NOTABLE ALUMNI:

Michael Douglas, Benjamin Bratt, Robert Ballard

CAMPUS FACTOID: Comprises 989 acres of Pacific coastline

FACULTY'S CLAIM TO FAME:

Five Nobel Prizes in the past eight years

Top right: Suzie Anderson, a.k.a. Sexy Suzy, is a communications major. Her beautiful dancer's body is the result of 17 years of ballet. Middle right, from left: Vanessa Mussenden, Andrea Langston, Natalie Bilski, Sabrina Leigh Deltoro, Mimi Moras, Jessica Steinberg, Erica Hernandez and Melanie Campos cool off under the hot California sun at a tiki bar. Bottom right, from left: Tiffany Hamblin, Jennifer Miller and Suzie Anderson get down after dark. Below: Andrea Aymes is a sun-kissed beach babe who runs along the shore to stay in shape. See any tan lines?



3. ARIZONA STATE



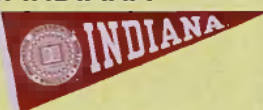
BEST HANGOUTS: Jenna Jameson's club, the Pussycat Lounge, in nearby Scottsdale; Maloney's on Campus

CLAIM TO FAME: The hottest female student body in the country
BEST PLACE TO STUDY: The Library Bar and Grill

Opposite: Biology major Brittney Leigh carried a 3.7 GPA into her senior year. Studious during the week, she lets her hair down in Scottsdale on the weekends. Brittney's friends took her to Vegas for her 21st birthday, but what happened there couldn't compare to the craziness on campus.



4. INDIANA



BEST HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENT: Watching porn at the Kinsey Institute

NOTABLE ALUMNI: Sportscasters Dick Enberg and Joe Buck, writers Robert Coover and John Crowley

SCHOOL REP: A drinking school with a basketball problem

RABID RIVALRY: Purdue hoops

Top, from left: Kelly Dyann, Elizabeth Stepford, Stefani Allen, Ashton Daniels and Victoria Walker get to show their true colors by losing. Stefani says that on a typical night she plays cards at an off-campus house—read 'em and reap. Left: Molly Ann and Corina Marie crowd around a pole. Molly claims that the bars in Bloomington are so packed, she has no place to dance. So she gets up on the tables. Right: April Nicole, Denae Louise and Lisa Ann share a seat. We're not sure what Hoosiers are, but we know we like them.







5. SAN DIEGO STATE



BEST PARTY: Sigma Chi's annual Reggae Sunsplash
FAVORITE JOINT: Moondogies in nearby Pacific Beach
BEST ROAD TRIP: Tijuana bullfights
OUR FAVORITE SDSU STUDENT: Katelyn Marie, freshman (opposite, far right)

Opposite, from left: Jan e Nicole likes to "shake her tail feather." Carma Giralayne "used to cause hell for her teachers," now she is studying to be one. Casey Costa is from a "three-stoplight town." Sofia Deleon abhors seafood, but Katelyn Marie's perfect date involves sushi. Both are great catches.

6. FLORIDA STATE



FEMALE-TO-MALE RATIO: 57 to 43
BEST PARTY: Florida State vs. University of Florida football game
FAVORITE LOCAL BAR: Big Daddy's on West Tennessee Street
NOTABLE ALUMNI: NFL stars Warrick Dunn, Deion Sanders, Laveranues Coles, Corey Simon, Derrick Brooks, Terrell Buckley, Brad Johnson, Zeke Mowatt, Travis Minor and Anquan Boldin

Near right: Just as Pamela Anderson was discovered by an eagle-eyed cameraman while attending a football game, an ABC lensman picked out Jenn Sterger at the FSU-Miami game last September. Upon seeing the spicy Seminole, sportscaster Brent Musburger noted that "15,000 young red-blooded American men just signed up to go to Florida State." One of the Cowgirls of FSU (hence the hat), Jenn told us that she was invited by the team to attend a recruiting party this spring. Far right: Miami native Jordanna Gross says her goal is to become the next Paris Hilton. This sorority girl makes us long for the days of community showers.



7. OHIO



SCHOOL REP: A bargoer's paradise
FAVORITE TWO A.M. DESTINATION: Burrito Buggy
FEMALE-TO-MALE RATIO: 53 to 47
BEST PARTY: The 25,000-strong Halloween block party in Athens, a.k.a. the Mardi Gras of the Midwest

Below left: Kamelia Berke hopes to work someday in international public health for the Centers for Disease Control. Feel our forehead—it's hot. Center: Communications major Alexandra Angotti reminds us to order a double next time. Her guilty pleasure is gossip magazines; ours is her. Right: Khalei Fogle is a student in the classroom and a Bobcat in her dorm room.



8. GEORGIA



HOTTEST POST-FOOTBALL GAME PARTY SPOT: The Firehouse and Flanigans, two bars on East Clayton Street

FEMALE-TO-MALE RATIO: 57 to 43
NOTABLE ALUMNI: Michael Stipe, Ryan Seacrest, Dean Rusk, Phil Gramm and five Pulitzer Prize-winning writers

Opposite, from left: Mikaela Karr hates cheesy pickup lines; in class, don't ask her, "Do you come here often?" Colleen Jacobs is waiting for the man of her dreams, preferably a Dawg, to sweep her off her feet. Devon Fowler bartends after classes, but here is a tip for you: She wants a guy with a personality. Hey, you have one of those.

9. TENNESSEE



MOST POPULAR CLASS:

The History of Rock and Roll

BEST SANDWICH:

The cheesesteak at Gus's Good Times deli

COOLEST PARTY:

The pre-football game "sail-gate" outside Neyland Stadium

TOP ROAD TRIP:

The Bonnaroo festival every June in Manchester

Top left: Originally from Germany, Shea West and her beautiful blonde mane now call Knoxville home. She is studying to be a nurse and coolly states that she is fond of the word *bi-curious*. Oh, doctor. Near right: Complementing Miss West is an import from the Far East. Korean native Rena Fox may be small in stature but considers herself one of the biggest Tennessee football fans. Far right: Sisters Salem and Peyton Rams are the most popular siblings on campus since the Clausen brothers. Away from class they make a killer doubles-volleyball team. Petite Peyton majors in pharmacy and Salem is a witchy woman studying interior design. We are extremely grateful that all these lady Volunteers lent themselves to the shoot.



10. MCGILL



BEST BIRTHDAY-PARTY

VENUE: Club Super Sexe on Rue Ste.-Catherine Ouest

NOTABLE ALUMNI: Burt Bacharach, William Shatner, Leonard Cohen and seven Nobel laureates

FEMALE-TO-MALE RATIO: 3 to 2

DRINKING AGE: 18

An alluring dimension of McGill's campus is the influence of the francophone Canadians, who are famously open about sex. Left: Brynn Chudleigh and Madison Chi show what *fraises* are for. Near right: Bree Massey pours Baileys into her coffee before class and says algebra turns her on. Far right: Phylis Syd is an actress; maybe McGill alum William Shatner will help her get a leg up in the biz.





See more girls of the Top 10 Party Schools
at cyber.playboy.com.

Rebecca Romijn

(continued from page 107)

on *Just Shoot Me*. What's with you and the goofballs?

ROMIJN: That's your word, not mine. I just like regular, smart, funny guys. What am I supposed to do? If I strutted around thinking I was the most fabulous person in the world, that would make me a crazy person. Maybe it was growing up in Berkeley in the 1970s, but I never got to skate by on my looks. I had to pony up like everyone else. That's been really good. It forced me to be a normal person who gets along with normal people and has normal interests.

Q7

PLAYBOY: So that explains your "normal" obsession with fountain choreography. Your new documentary, *Wet Dreams*, is about fulfilling your desire to program the fountains outside the Bellagio Hotel in Las Vegas. Why fountains?

ROMIJN: It was one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life, actually. The fountains are so beautiful to watch. I could sit out there with a glass of wine and watch them for hours. My filmmaker friend and I decided to see how far we could take this. We didn't get a response at first, but then I went on *The Tonight Show* and begged the guy at the Bellagio to call me back. That did the trick. We set up a tent by the lake and spent 10 days dancing around pretending we were fountains. At one point they let us swim in the fountain, in the center ring, with the water pouring down.

Q8

PLAYBOY: What song did you pick?

ROMIJN: We used Ennio Morricone's "The Ecstasy of Gold" from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. And now the hotel has our fountain sequence in permanent rotation, so you can watch it three or four times a day.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Speaking of getting all wet, there's talk about a nude shower scene you did in *Rollerball* that ended up on the cutting-room floor. We were disappointed. Were you?

ROMIJN: It was a steam room, actually, but I don't want to get into it because I don't want to ruffle any feathers. They did something in postproduction that was kind of naughty, and I got very upset. Someone added, um....

Q10

PLAYBOY: You can tell us. We're very discreet.

ROMIJN: Well, there's a shot of me walking across the steam room. I was

wearing pasties, and it was foggy, so you weren't supposed to see anything. But then in an early cut of the movie, I saw that someone had CGI'd nipples onto me. I was like, "No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no." So unless there's something floating around that I don't know about, I think I won that nipple battle.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You're engaged to actor Jerry O'Connell. When did you realize he played the nerdy fat kid in *Stand by Me*?

ROMIJN: I always loved that movie. I think I was 11 when it came out, and my friends and I would quote it and sing that "Lollipop" song. But when Jerry and I started dating, I hadn't seen it in a while. After about three months I snuck a peek. It was just so funny to me. He's really good in it, but never in a million years did I think this guy would become my husband. I mean, honestly, *River Phoenix* was the one my girlfriends and I all talked about. But no, I ended up with good old Vern.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Now that you're engaged, how do you deal with guys hitting on you?

ROMIJN: It almost never happens. I've never been that girl. Maybe it's because I don't go to the right places. I mean, I'm not much of a nightclub or meat-market person. I like to believe that men find me attractive, but for some reason I don't provoke that sort of reaction.

Q13

PLAYBOY: How did O'Connell make his move?

ROMIJN: We were at a party in Vegas. This was right before we started shooting the documentary. Jerry overheard me talking about it and asked if he could be the boom operator. He asked, "Can I boom?" And I was like, "Sure." He said, "I've boomed before. I've boomed my friend's student films. I'd love to boom." I said, "Okay. Welcome aboard."

Q14

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your California upbringing, were you a typical Berkeley kid? You know, Birkenstocks, smoking pot with Mom and Dad, that sort of thing?

ROMIJN: Berkeley in the 1970s was kind of a crazy place to grow up. Fun, really fun. But my parents weren't hippies. I mean, yes, my mom does have a giant amethyst in her living room, but my friends' parents were the antiestablishment types. I remember seeing them smoking pot and stuff, and their interests were unusual. My friend's mom

was an artist, and she made incredible paintings out of found objects. For years I'd go over and see bags, jars and boxes full of different-colored lint she had collected from the dryer and used in her paintings. The cool thing about Berkeley moms is you can laugh at them and they take it pretty well. I'd like to think I'm the same way.

Q15

PLAYBOY: What was the stupidest gig you had during your modeling years?

ROMIJN: I once went to Greenland in the middle of summer, when the sun never sets there. Every night around 11 P.M., the Eskimos would take us out on boats, and our photographer would make us climb up icebergs to shoot us on top. The problem was, because it was July, the warmest time of the year, pieces of iceberg were crashing into the water. Every half hour or so—*kerplunk*. It was so dangerous the Eskimos weren't getting out of their boats. The pictures were absolutely beautiful, but my mother almost killed me when I told her about it.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You don't see too many supermodels up there. What did the locals make of you?

ROMIJN: Honestly, I don't think they could make heads or tails of anything. None of them was 100 percent, because they were drinking heavily around the clock, and with all the roads to town frozen over—I sensed some inbreeding, which probably explains the TV situation. The hotel had only two channels. One of them had a really bad Arnold Schwarzenegger movie playing on a continuous loop. The other was 24-hour porn. Let me tell you, when you're in a place like that for nine days, entertainment of that caliber can get very tedious.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Fans on the Internet were buzzing about the possibility of your *X-Men* character spinning off a sequel. Will we ever see a *Mystique* movie?

ROMIJN: I think the limitations of the costume might prevent that from happening, but it would be fun because the character is so fun and there are so many different ways you could do it. I mean, the possibilities are endless when you're a metamorph.

Q18

PLAYBOY: *X-Men* fans are notoriously geeky. Do you ever get cornered and asked insider comic-book questions about, say, *Mystique's* supposed involvement in the third incarnation of the Brotherhood of Evil Mutants?



"Ginger, guess who's skipping economics again?"

ROMIJN: There's a tremendous amount of pressure when you do a movie like *X-Men*, because you've got characters that people have been waiting their entire lives to see come to life. And yes, there are those guys. But they're the people we're thinking about when we're making choices and taking liberties with these characters. You have to be extremely careful because you don't want to disappoint the fans. Luckily I think they have been pretty happy with the outcome. From my perspective it's nothing but love.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Your Malibu house was once a bordello. Does that mean your ghosts have gonorrhea?

ROMIJN: Well, the place definitely has a Wild West past. When I found it, the first floor had five tiny bedrooms with attached bathrooms, so who knows what went on there. I gutted them because they were so gross. Now it's just the cutest, sexiest little house. But every once in a while some random person will come up to me and say he's partied there. I was in France once and

this guy—a total stranger—said, "Oh my God. I spent an entire night in your fireplace."

Q20

PLAYBOY: When you plug your name into Google's image search, around 20,000 pictures of you come up. Does it creep you out knowing that kids in Ulaanbaatar may be gawking at you?

ROMIJN: I try not to think about it too much. People can get weird sometimes. Back when I used to read fan letters, I got a series from someone—and I can't believe I'm saying this—who would write pages and pages about my "luscious melons": "Dearest Rebecca, I love you. I think you are beautiful. When you wear that red bikini, your luscious melons look fantastic. I would like to see your luscious melons in a pink lace bra. Or maybe I would like to see your luscious melons in a black bathing suit. I would also like to see your luscious melons...." I'm not kidding. Four pages. Four! Can you believe it?



Bill Bowerman

(continued from page 70)

up solely of guys who had been booted from varsity.

All the while, Bowerman gave strange-sounding advice. "Do right and fear no man," he'd say. What did that have to do with running a fast 880?

Plus he was always tinkering with something. He could be found on the field on Saturday mornings, stirring a huge cauldron over an open fire. In his weathered pants, boots, flannel shirt and green cowboy hat, he was an unusual picture of a mad scientist. He was constantly attempting to formulate a material to improve the long-jump runway surface. Runners assumed these strange mixtures were equal parts tar, rubber, Irish whiskey and hocus-pocus incantations. One time he lost control of the fire and almost burned down the east grandstand.

He concocted a combination of tea, honey and lemonade, the better to replenish nutrients, he said, and on cold days he made us run in long underwear. He was continually trying to take two ounces off a pair of racing shoes.

But mostly Bill Bowerman was tinkering with your mind.

When you put your faith in him, however, he would put his faith in you. He was about to produce a whole lot of Olympians. Before long a sports drink like his—albeit a better-tasting one—would become known as Gatorade, and within a decade 3M's synthetic track surfaces would become the industry standard. And the long underwear? The Oregon freshman team was about to win a cross-country meet in Vancouver, where the temperature was 12 degrees; the underwear was, of course, the forerunner of muscle tights.

We had no way of knowing those things then. For the most part we would do it his way—or do something else. It took until halfway through my sophomore year, but as the meets and practices rolled by, it all gradually began to make sense.

As my commitment grew, something else changed. The bond between us began to grow as well.

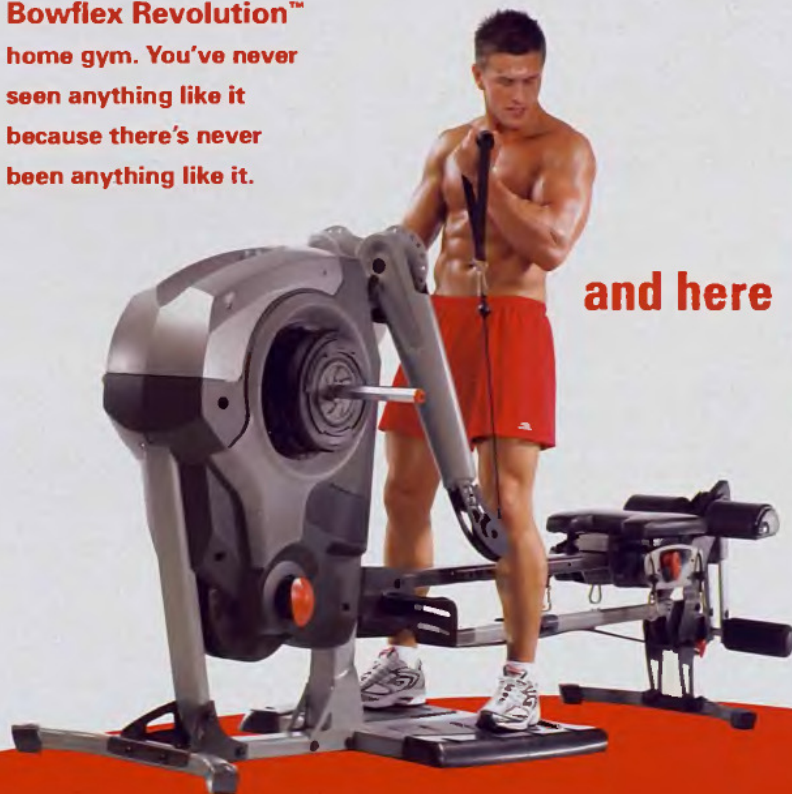
Almost two years to the day after Bill Dellinger had left me for dead on the Laurelwood Golf Course, I beat the great Jim Bailey in a cross-country race. Fifteen months before, Bailey had run the first sub-four-minute mile on U.S. soil. To be sure, Bailey wasn't at his best, and I was the fittest I had ever been, but breaking the finish tape is one of the real thrills in sports, and I didn't do it that often in my college years. On this day it was more than that. I belonged.

Twenty minutes after the race, the coach found me, my cooldown almost over. He put that great warm paw of his on my neck, looked down at me and gave a smile. "Good race," he said. It wasn't as good as standing on the medal platform



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in Tokyo while the national anthem played, but for those of us who would never get that far, it would have to do.

In the spring of my senior year Bowerman met with me one-on-one to talk about a big Saturday 880 against USC. For a few moments, his look, the one that could melt platinum, was focused on the imaginary back of a USC runner, the one whose personal best was three seconds better than my own. Then he turned to me. "You can beat him," he said.

Running is a solo sport. Primal. Start in the same place as the other guy and see who can get to the finish line fastest. No ratings judge in sight. Training means slogging through countless miles, roaming the world with your thoughts. So too was college a solo sport; in this place I was deciding who I might become. If I were to be a businessman, I would be an entrepreneur; if an artist, a writer. Or maybe a lawyer in private practice—a sole practitioner, of course.

Bowerman had been drawn to the same unique sport. In those college years I grew to understand why I ran for him; harder to figure out was why he was drawn to me. He spent more time with me than my performance justified. I still don't know why. I suppose it was in part because I did other things: good grades

every couple of terms, a weekly column in the *Daily Emerald*, fraternity president and, maybe best of all, class representative on the student disciplinary committee, which decided if kids were to be kicked out of school. There I fought on a regular basis with Golda Wickham, dean of women, who to this day I believe was Ken Kesey's role model for Nurse Ratched in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Bowerman had found me worthy in a way that had nothing to do with how fast I ran. My gratitude was deep, in no small part because he allowed me entry to a place where I could view greatness up close.

Our odd but growing relationship peaked that Saturday in May when we faced USC. After eight years of running in high school and college, as the meets got bigger and the competition tougher, I didn't want to be alone quite so much. There in that room, while we talked strategy, the bonding of my college years reached a new high. This ornery, indecipherable man who had put me through so much—who got me to do things I didn't want to do, who got me to do things I didn't think I could do, who got me to beat a national champion, who got empty rooms to speak—would be there with me. I would leave it all on that track.

I lost. I found out one more time that some people can run faster than you can. Wayne Lemmons from USC beat me by a

step, costing the team four points, half the total it lost by, to a USC squad that hadn't lost a dual meet in more than 10 years. I got the paw and the "Good race," but I was crushed. When I later came to think about that race, knowing I had given my all plus 10 percent, including the three and a half years of preparation, I concluded that, win or lose, finding the extra 10 percent within yourself is what matters.

By the time my college years wound to their end, I had lost far more races than I had won. But a part of me insisted it wasn't so much that I had not achieved success; I had just used up my eligibility. If winning on the track were just around the corner, it would have to be done on some other team, and that saddened me.

Looking back on all those workouts, I realize that once you got past the oddities, Bowerman was a wonder in many ways. He had no assistant coach, no secretary. He tailored individual workout sheets written in longhand for each of his 35 athletes every week of the school year. In my four years, that amounted to 4,200 individualized workout sheets. About 120 of them were mine.

At the end of the four years, I had progressed to the level at which I could ask the question, Why the tough treatment of the new guys, all those guys kicked off the team?

Of course I received an understated answer: "Because the most important thing for any teacher is to get the student's attention."

I understood it, but an aura of mystery also existed about him that I could not crack, a part that always remained hidden. I concluded that after he had gained a student's attention, he had to find means to make sure it did not wander. A little like Samson and his hair—if he lost the mystery, he couldn't teach.

On my last day on campus, it was time to say good-bye. I would, I thought, not see him much anymore.

I prepared for that last meeting. I had gotten an A in my one semester of speech; this would be the real final for that course. I typed what I wanted to say, one full page. I memorized and rehearsed it, including the gestures. This was my heartfelt thanks for all he had meant to me on so many levels.

I walked down the hallway to his office for the last time—the corridor where already so many of the greats had walked, their pictures on the walls—and went in. It was a modest office on reflection, but a certain aura issued from it. In four years ice had turned to warmth, punishment to encouragement and hope. Yet it was still an intimidating place, especially with him right there.

I wondered, Why would he care, this coach of the greats, the man who would later become head coach of the U.S. Olympic team?



"I stole the identity of some guy who was in debt, and now they're hounding me to pay his bills."



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So I stood there, shifting my weight from one leg to the other, and I choked. Finally I managed, "Well...it's been an honor.... Thanks..." and stuck out my hand.

He shook it firmly, and I turned to go. "Just a minute," he said. I turned back.

"You've meant a lot to this university, not just in running. It is indebted to you."

A speech. He gave me a speech longer than the first pep talk I heard him give the team. I had to get out of there. I turned again. "Just one more thing," he said. I turned back once more.

"Never underestimate yourself."

When I got outside I was still shaking. As I had with so much of his stuff, I would have a long time to think about that final moment in his office.

After my college years he came to be accepted as the greatest track coach of all time. It should have been no surprise that he found greatness in overlooked young men from the smallest, most neglected towns of Oregon: Coos Bay, Cottage Grove, St. Helens, Oregon City, North Eugene, Scappoose, Sherwood, Seaside, Siuslaw.

A part of me connects with those young men who came out of nowhere. Bowerman looked inside us and mystifyingly placed his belief in us, and then one day we were capable of more than we knew. The ones he found worthy began to repeat this process on their own.

For me the journey resumed in an unforeseen and circuitous way.

After an active-duty tour in the Army and sitting in an entrepreneurship class at the Stanford Graduate School of Business in 1962, I wondered, *Hmmm*, could Bowerman's search for a better running shoe be a business?

Four and a half years after that "final" moment in his office, I showed Bowerman track-shoe samples made in Japan. What did he think? The response was better than I had expected. We each put in \$500 and shook hands on a partnership.

The next several years were a struggle. Our "executives" were ex-runners and lawyers and accountants who couldn't work for establishment firms. Our marketing and sales efforts consisted of skinny white kids selling shoes out of their cars in Oregon and California.

One of my old marketing professors came up and reviewed operations for a couple of days. He declared, "Management is a shambles. Every day is a crisis, and every Friday a Jesus Crisis."

One week the only way we could meet our payroll was to borrow \$5,000 from a shoe-box manufacturer.

We were thrown out of two banks in Oregon, and at that time Oregon had only two banks. One of them advised, "You are so far overdrawn in so many accounts, we have notified the FBI."

Nissho Iwai, the sixth-largest Japanese trading company, picked us up off the side of the road. It was a better arrangement. Tom Sumeragi, who became a friend, was assigned to our account. If we couldn't pay, he left the

invoices buried in his drawer. When I asked why he did that, he said, "Because I personally believe you will someday do \$10 million in sales."

And of course the big one: Eight years after we started, after we had overcome all those other obstacles, we lost our sole source of supply.

But you see, so many of us back then had come off Bowerman's teams. The obstacles the world was throwing at us, well, they were just the business version of hazing. What mattered, what always mattered, was our competitive response.

Lose your source of supply? Find another one. This time do it your way, under your own brand name. But what name? Jeff Johnson suggested naming the brand after the Greek goddess of victory. Would that work? But it's also a surface-to-air missile. Could that con-note speed? It wasn't great, but like the shoe-side logo we were starting to call the Swoosh, maybe it would grow on us. Fight hard.

Today more hard-core young runners come to visit Hayward Field than ever before. They come for a talk with the ghosts, the ones from the Olympic trials of 1972, 1976 and 1980 and all those national and invitational meets. They take in the west grandstand, which seems to have come right out of *Chariots of Fire*. They walk around the urethane track where Lee Evans, John Smith, Marion Jones, Hicham El Guerrouj and, of course, Steve Prefontaine raced. Then they wander to the north corner, where the life-size statue of Bowerman oversees everything. Always they run their hands over the statue, hoping some of the magic will rub off.

The silences are permanent now.

Yet over all these years I have communicated with and heard much about many of those old runners. Many went back to their small towns. They became doctors, lawyers, architects, farmers, educators, business leaders and, in at least one case, writers. They've survived divorces and dashed hopes. We cannot shake the voice, the voice that at various times came out of voids—the empty rooms, the unfinished sentences, the unreadable workout schedules. Bowerman runs with us still.

Jim Bailey said at a public gathering in 2001, "I have let him down many times. Never he me." Bailey, channeling Bowerman, wasn't talking about his track career but about the race inside. It applied to everything you cared about. Competitive responses honed. The aspirations we didn't dig deep enough for, didn't fight hard enough for.

In the end, this is what he taught us: It's never just about how fast you move your legs.



"My Boyfriend's **SECRET** ... for Amazing **SEX!**"

As a faithful reader of your magazine, I just had to tell your readers about a recent experience I had with my boyfriend.

First, let me just say he is a great guy. **But, after dating for six months, it seemed he was having confidence issues in AND out of bed.** It was having a real negative effect on his sexual prowess and let's face it, with any new relationship, it usually doesn't last very long without a real strong sexual connection. My dilemma was that I really liked the guy.

Thankfully, I didn't have to make a difficult decision because everything changed a few days ago. I came home from work and he basically tore my clothes off before I even made it through the door. Right there on the stairs he practically pounced on me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I definitely felt sensations I'd never felt before ... in places I forgot existed. We made love for what seemed like an eternity. I never knew what some of my friends meant when they said the earth moved from having sex - I do now. **"I can honestly say it was the best sex I've ever had in my entire life!"**

When I asked him what was going on - what brought about the change - he wouldn't answer me. So I did what any red-blooded American woman would do, I started snooping. It didn't take me long to figure out his secret. In his underwear drawer under the "men's magazines," was a tube of Maxoderm Connection. After reading the fine print and finding the website, I went online to maxodermct.com to discover more about this magic in a tube.

Maxoderm Connection (of which I'm having my boyfriend buy a lifetime supply) is a lotion that is applied topically to either the clitoris or the penis. **An all natural mix of herbs and who knows what, brings blood flow straight to the source - that's when amazing things start to happen. He achieves harder, stronger erections and my orgasms go through the roof!** We aren't into taking pills of any kind - not even aspirin - so I was relieved to find he was using something topical without any systemic side effects. Unless you want to think of great sex as a side effect, because that's definitely what's going on at our place - ALL the time!

So ... please print this letter. Anyone who wants to experience mind-blowing intimacy has to try Maxoderm Connection. They need to tell their boyfriends, husbands or partners about this product. Or just "accidentally" leave a tube lying around for them to "accidentally" find. I really want to thank the woman who developed Maxoderm Connection - only a woman could design something that feels this good.

T.J.

T.J.
Phoenix, AZ



**"I felt
sensations
I'd never felt
before
... in places
I forgot
existed."**



P.S., Let your readers know I'm pretty sure they can still get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** of Maxoderm Connection with their order by calling **1-800-499-5704** or by visiting their website at www.maxodermct.com. Oh and even better, their product is backed by a 120 day full money back guarantee.

OZZIE GUILLEN

(continued from page 50)

PLAYBOY: You lied and told her you were a banker. Why?

GUILLEN: When you said you played baseball, people gave you funny looks. If you said you were a banker or a lawyer or went to college, they were a little more interested.

PLAYBOY: How did she find you out?

GUILLEN: She saw me on TV. She thought, This is the guy who is going out with me! I think she was crazy to go out with a guy who didn't have any future besides baseball. If I hadn't played baseball, I don't know what I would have done. She took a chance. She had a winning lottery ticket. She kept it and won.

PLAYBOY: You later married and lived with her parents while you got your start in the major leagues. One of the first things people noticed about you when you were a rookie for the White Sox was that you talked to everybody around you—team-mates, umps, opposing players. What were you saying?

GUILLEN: I made the games fun. People take this game so seriously now. It's not fun for them; it's work. I look at these kids now and think, Wow, these people don't have fun playing this game. And you don't even know how long you'll be playing. They're going to regret it when they're done. There wasn't one day I didn't have fun.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone tell you to shut up?

GUILLEN: Everyone. They'd say, "I don't

want to talk to you. Shut the fuck up." Some people hate me and some people like me, but I didn't come here to make friends. I came here to be what I am. Old-school players hated that shit. Now everybody is talking and patting each other on the back. Back then if you were a kid trying to talk to the players, they didn't like that. Doug Dascenzo didn't want to talk. Brian Downing didn't want to talk. All the veteran players told me to shut up and go back to my position.

PLAYBOY: You were upset when, after playing for the White Sox for 13 years, the team dumped you. What happened?

GUILLEN: I told them I wanted to stay here. I wanted to finish my career here. I was the

fan favorite. I thought, If you don't sign me and you sign Mike Caruso, you guys are full of shit. I didn't think the way they treated me at that particular time was fair to me and my family. The general manager was Ron Schueler, and I didn't appreciate the way he treated me. I hated everybody—the trainers, the coaches, everyone. I would have taken a pay cut because I wanted to stay. My kids were in school in Chicago. I had a house in Chicago. That's one thing I will always regret: not finishing my playing career with the White Sox.

PLAYBOY: You were 37 when the Devil Rays told you they were letting you go, effectively ending your playing career. What went through your mind?

GUILLEN: I thought, If I can't play for the

was a big deal only because it was in the playoffs for the World Series.

PLAYBOY: Pierzynski was at the center of another controversial call in game five, when Kelvin Escobar tagged him with an empty glove while holding the ball in his other hand.

GUILLEN: People don't like Pierzynski. Escobar wanted to hit him so hard that he forgot the ball was in the wrong hand. If you look at the replay, you see he went after Pierzynski to hit him hard. If it were another player, it would have been different. He would have been tagged easy. But they want to beat the shit out of Pierzynski.

PLAYBOY: Does baseball need the instant replay?

GUILLEN: No. We have good guys we trust,

and they do the best they can in the game. It would only delay the game, and people wouldn't trust the umpires. They do it in football only because the game is so quick, you sometimes can't see stuff. But in baseball, I trust the umpires. I don't want to, but I have to.

PLAYBOY: When the White Sox won the World Series, all the players ran out onto the field to celebrate, but you stayed in the dugout. Why?

GUILLEN: I was just proud to watch them celebrate. I wanted to see everything. I wanted to cry. I wanted to smile. I wanted to jump. Just to see those guys achieve something because they worked together made me prouder than anything. I stood back and saw everything. I'll never forget that day. A lot of people thought, because of

the way I am, I would run out onto the field with my shirt off or run naked down Michigan Avenue.

PLAYBOY: Will the Sox having won the World Series end the rivalry with the Chicago Cubs?

GUILLEN: I hate playing the Cubs. So much shit gets said in the media. It's fun when the game starts, but other than that I don't like it. It's great for the city, but it's a pain in the ass for everybody else.

PLAYBOY: Are the Cubs cursed?

GUILLEN: No, they're just horseshit. I was with both teams that beat the Cubs in the last two playoffs they went to, the Braves and the Marlins. The Marlins had a better team than the Cubs. Player by player we

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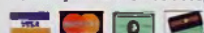
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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Devil Rays, I can't play for anybody in the big leagues, because they're a horse-shit team. If I can't make the team there, it's time to go home.

PLAYBOY: The White Sox playoff series against the Angels featured several controversial calls. In game two the home-plate umpire ruled that a pitch Pierzynski swung at and missed for a strikeout bounced before Angels catcher Josh Paul caught it. During the confusion, Pierzynski made it to first, and later he was knocked in by Crede to win the game. What did you see?

GUILLEN: If you look at the replay, you can see it's a tough call for any umpire. You see the ball, and it hits the dirt. It hit the dirt. But that happens every day. It

had a better team. Cubs fans talked about a curse and blamed their loss on the kid in the stands who interfered with the ball. How about when Alex Gonzalez dropped the ball? How about the RBI triple by Mike Mordecai? So many things happened. Don't blame the curse. You don't know shit.

PLAYBOY: You took the World Series trophy to Venezuela, the first time it has been in a country other than the U.S. or Canada. Was it a lot of work to make that happen?

GUILEN: Kind of. I knew Reinsdorf wasn't going to say no, but we had to ask the commissioner. That trophy means a lot to my country. We're going through a lot of political problems, social problems and money problems. I feel prouder to be Venezuelan than anybody. Venezuela is a part of me. The only thing I could give back to them was to say, "Here's the trophy for you guys."

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to arrange?

GUILEN: I would have taken it no matter what.

PLAYBOY: You flew in a private plane arranged by controversial Venezuelan president Hugo Chávez. He has been accused of everything from electoral fraud to human-rights violations. Are you involved in politics there?

GUILEN: Not really. I like President Chávez. I like Chávez the man. I don't say I like him politically, because I don't agree with a lot of the stuff he does and says. But I have a right to like somebody, and I like the man. When I read about how hard he worked since he was six years old to be president of Venezuela, I felt proud. Believe me, I don't agree with what he does. I don't agree with what he says. But to me, it's all about the person. People hate him. When I said I like Chávez, people said, "Wow. Why did he say that?" Why not? Why can't I like him?

PLAYBOY: You are close friends with free agent Ugueth Urbina, formerly of the Philadelphia Phillies. He was recently charged with attempted murder in Venezuela and is imprisoned in Caracas. The charges claim he and a group of men attacked five workers with machetes and attempted to set them on fire. Are you worried about him?

GUILEN: Yes. I'm doing everything I can.

I've spent a lot of time in Venezuela, trying to get him out. I talked to him, and I think he's not guilty. He wasn't setting people on fire and hitting them with a machete. I'm not just saying that because he's my friend. I don't lie to anybody, because people will find out the truth. There was a big fight in his house and people were beating the shit out of each other, and he was caught up in that. I've already told the justice system in Venezuela to take care of this quickly because this kid needs to return and play in the U.S.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible for a professional athlete to come back after something like that?

GUILEN: He didn't kill anybody. He just had a fight. I've seen people do drugs.

I've said hi to him since 1985. Where I come from we don't judge by black or white or religion. You're just like everybody else. In this country it's not easy. When you talk about any issue, somebody will have something to fucking say. You have to be so careful. That's why I almost quit. I said, "Fuck this." I had a meeting with our public-relations department and said, "If this shit is going to continue like this, I'm not talking to anybody."

PLAYBOY: The Chicago press wanted you suspended and called you an "immature, out-of-control, sensitivity-bankrupt manager," a "social fool," a "loose-lipped disaster."

GUILEN: I called somebody gay in New York with 60 people around me, and only one guy wrote about it. That guy

came to me later and said, "You know, you called someone a fag." I said, "No, I didn't. That's my best friend. I just said hi to him." He said, "That's how you say hi to your friends?" I said, "To him? Yeah. If you don't like it, fuck off. Get the fuck out of my office, you piece of shit." So the next day he wrote it. My mind, my heart and my soul are as clean as a whistle. I know I don't mean to disrespect anyone. Say what you want. When I go to sleep at night, I don't have any regrets. I know what I meant.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to sports radio?

GUILEN: Sometimes. Just to laugh. We have the best stations in Chicago. They think they know baseball, but they don't know shit.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you sit in your car after games and

listen to sports radio with your son. Does it get to you?

GUILEN: No. You know why? You don't win or lose games by listening to the radio. If people on the radio were so smart, they'd be in the goddamn dugout with me. Every time the media second-guesses you, it's after something happens, not before. I told them, "If you want to second-guess me, I'll give you my cell phone number so before I make a move you can call me in the dugout and tell me what I have to do. Let's see how good you are." Believe me, the farther you sit from the plate, the smarter you get.

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DICK CHENEY

(continued from page 76)

sufferance, subject at all times to expulsion or lesser punishments but annoyingly integral to the success of the overall project. The tension arises from the fact that the goal of the public official and his staff is to produce unqualifiedly positive news coverage, while the goal of reporters is to produce informed, compelling news coverage. These two agendas do not regularly converge. Angling to surmount the obstacles imposed by each other, government and media people are forever engaging in cat-and-mouse games.

Since the rules are stacked in favor of those in government—it's their plane, their meeting, their show—the reporters are at a disadvantage. We are therefore forced, like guerrillas, to seize opportunities when we can. This I did in the opening photo op, which featured Khalilzad, the generals and two Cheney aides. Here I introduced the trip's first unscripted moment.

Ambassador Khalilzad, his right index finger still blackened with ink from his ceremonial participation in the previous week's elections, touted the dramatically increased turnout among Sunni Arabs. The postelection outreach to the Sunnis was under way: "Those conversations have started," he told Cheney quietly. The vice president said he was "delighted" to be in Baghdad and glad to learn "on the ground" of the "great many successes." Among them he listed, with evident pleasure, his staff's concealment from the media of this first destination.

"We wouldn't have told anyone," I interjected. Cheney's head tilted upward. "We'd have been good." The room chuckled, Cheney finished his remarks, and the journalists were soon hustled out of the spray and escorted to a nearby room to write, nap, kibitz or stare into space. But an important principle had been established: Reporters would not necessarily stand mute during the photo ops. Indeed, at the next one, where Cheney bade the generals good-bye while standing outside the house's front door, he happily responded to some basic but fruitful questions I threw out: How was the briefing, sir? "Excellent." Anything surprise you? "A huge change of attitude of the Sunni population.... The election was a major milestone." He took some follow-ups from my colleagues as well. Now we at least had usable sound.

As if on cue, a white SUV rolled up and disgorged President Talabani, a Humpty Dumpty figure in thick wool pinstripes, who laboriously chugged the 10 steps to greet Cheney, who wore a blue blazer and gray slacks. Inside the residence Talabani praised his visitor as "a hero of liberating Iraq," and Cheney forecast an "enormous impact" on the Middle East. A few minutes later Talabani waddled back to his SUV and drove

off. If the schedule had been running like clockwork, the vice president and Khalilzad at that precise moment would have watched another SUV roll up bearing Prime Minister Al-Jaafari. Instead the minutes ticked by, and Cheney's pink, bald head began to glisten under Iraq's hot afternoon sun. For the next 15 minutes the vice president stood around uselessly, rocking back and forth on his feet. Khalilzad grew visibly nervous. The ambassador made small talk while the cameras kept rolling, and Cheney stiffened. It had probably been 15 years since he was last kept waiting like this! I thought about crying out, "This is an outrage, Mr. Vice President! Heads are going to roll, no?" but then thought better of the idea. The reporters snickered among themselves and watched with a mixture of pity and glee as poor Khalilzad struggled to fill the dead time. "This is quite an upward movement for me," he said, glancing back at Tapioca House. Then after a pause, "You going to take some time off when you get back?"

When Al-Jaafari finally arrived, he blurted out, "I thought only the ambassador would be here!" A balding, well-groomed man in beard and business suit, the prime minister could easily be mistaken for a dapper pharmacist; certainly he showed complete ignorance of the photo op etiquette known even to novice politicians. Most of them know intuitively to mutter a few banal words before ordering the media out of the room and getting down to business, but Al-Jaafari went on at length, addressing Cheney as "your excellency," thanking America for the "pressure" it brought to bear against Hussein's dictatorship and chastising UN Secretary General Kofi Annan for having opposed suffrage for Iraqi expatriates ("I insisted," said Al-Jaafari). It got to the point where Khalilzad, who'd had his hands clasped in his lap, started discreetly circling his finger in the universally understood motion that signifies "wrap it up," and Cheney politely suggested they could accomplish more with the media gone.

A chopper ride away at Taji Air Base, the former home of Saddam Hussein's elite Hammurabi division, Cheney struggled to hoist his hefty frame out of a pint-size armored Humvee. This stop was to be a crowning moment of the trip, a demonstration of the speed with which Iraqi security forces have taken the lead in the fight against terrorists and insurgents.

Now sporting combat boots and a customized navy-blue bomber jacket emblazoned with the words **MULTINATIONAL FORCE IRAQ**, the vice president shook hands with about 45 alternately nervous and nonplussed Iraqi soldiers, each standing at attention in front of 20 tanks belonging to the Iraqi army's Ninth Mechanized Infantry Division.

None of the Iraqis spoke English. A Nebraska native, Cheney seemed to genuinely enjoy meeting the Americans on hand, asking each one where he was from. With a smile and a tilt of his head he was able to convey that although he'd never served in the armed forces, he too was a regular guy from real America, not New York, L.A. or D.C., and that he was grateful to have even a fleeting chance to reconnect with like souls. For the media, however, glimpses of these moments had to be stolen. Prodded by Cheney's aides to stay 10 feet ahead of him at all times, the reporters were constantly backpedaling in perpetual motion along the great column of men, gravel and tanks.

The genealogy of the Ninth's armored vehicles was complicated; many of the tanks were refurbished from the scrap heap. According to U.S. military officials interviewed on-site, six of the tanks were T-55s, the Soviet model used in the invasions of Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968, and the Arab-Israeli wars of 1967 and 1973. Four of the Iraqis' old-new tanks, U.S. military personnel said, were T-72s, which, according to online sources, were also developed in the USSR and exported to non-Soviet Warsaw Pact armies. There were also said to be four MTLBs, first introduced into the Soviet Army in 1964, and six BMP-3s, a 1990 Russian model sold in large numbers to the United Arab Emirates. If the Iraqi tanks were to be used in the advance of democracy, they had a history of ownership and action in the service of something quite different.

Cheney's tour guide was Major General Bashar Mahmoud Ayoub, a hairy, mustached oil burner of a man dressed in a beret and fatigues and wearing a Rolex. Once the top armored commander in the Hussein regime, Ayoub had run afoul of his patron and spent a year in Hussein's prisons. Now he was the proud commander of liberated Iraq's first tank unit. "Excuse my English," Ayoub apologized at the outset, "but maybe I can manage." First he explained his unit's crest, which emphasizes national unity. ("We think Iraq is above all of us.") Then the general told how his men patrolled 73 polling sites in the December elections and helped make Iraq safe for democracy. Frightened Iraqi citizens in Ramadi gazed on the tanks, Ayoub recalled, and "they were so delighted. They said, 'Will you stay with us?' And we said, 'Yes.' They were so proud to see Iraqis with tanks, securing them." Later an American officer took up this theme, asserting, "These tanks generated Iraqi votes."

"We will always protect against the terrorists," Ayoub assured Cheney, apparently unmindful of the unwelcome implication that protection from terrorists will "always" be required in Iraq. Despite minor gaffes like this, Ayoub possessed an undeniably commanding

go.

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presence, and his men appeared sharp and impressive. The Iraqi Ninth consists of three brigades, each boasting between 1,500 to 3,000 soldiers and about 150 combat vehicles. In the first brigade, stood up in October 2004, two of three battalions now "own their own battle space," according to the Defense Department, which means they can fight without Americans guaranteeing their hide. The second brigade, stood up in July 2005, began conducting joint combat operations with American forces three months later and by December controlled 10 "fixed sites," including high-value infrastructure, during the Iraqi elections.

At each point along the tour, Ayoub showed Cheney a multicolored chart. One was titled "Success Stories." This chart said the division had found or captured 77 improvised explosive devices (IEDs), six vehicle-borne IEDs, 16 weapons caches and 91 detainees. A final bullet point far down on the chart read that the Ninth had uncovered a "large unexploded ammunition site used by terrorist [sic]." Asked about this last claim, Brigadier General Daniel Bolger, the tall, birdlike commander of the Coalition Military Assistance Training Team, who was

assigned on this day to brief the media, exclaimed, "Their intelligence figured it out!" The depot, Bolger said, was located four miles north of the base at a site "the bad guys" had disguised as a junkyard. "It was a hell of a find," Bolger beamed, "the most significant in the past six months." Asked which "terrorist" had been using the depot, he cited "local Ansar al-Sunna and Jaish-e-Muhammad." The latter is a Pakistani group not known to have operated inside Iraq.

Keep moving, people! By now Cheney was chatting up a storm with Major Scott Davis, American advisor to the third battalion of the Ninth's second brigade. Davis, who speaks fluent Arabic, exuded a kind of fraternal pride in the Iraqi division and its men. "We live with them. We sleep near them," he told Cheney. "It's an honor and a privilege." Davis introduced his Iraqi colleague, Major Minir, to the vice president as "my counterpart and my brother." Thick, bespectacled and red-cheeked, Major Davis was on his second tour of duty—he had spent 700 days in the Middle East, "about 299 of them" in Iraq. Wittingly or otherwise, he almost flawlessly parroted the Bush administration's rhetoric. "We have to

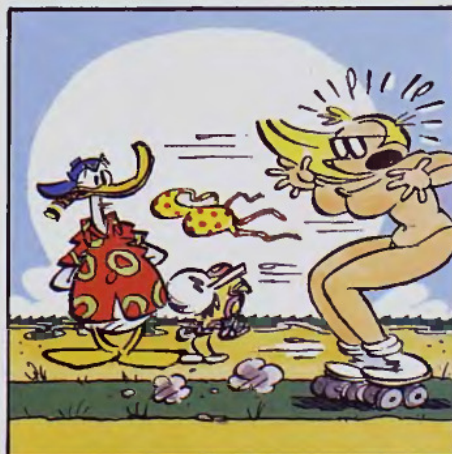
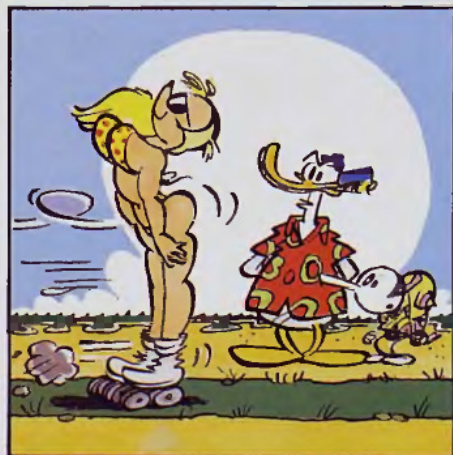
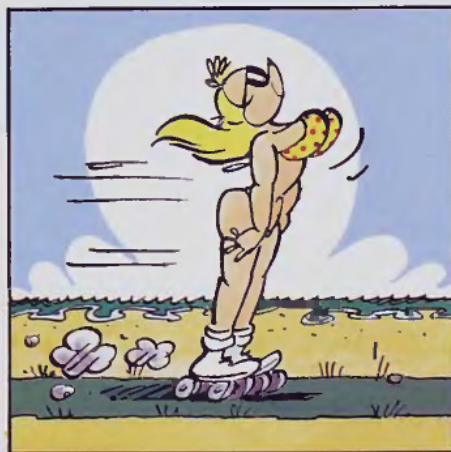
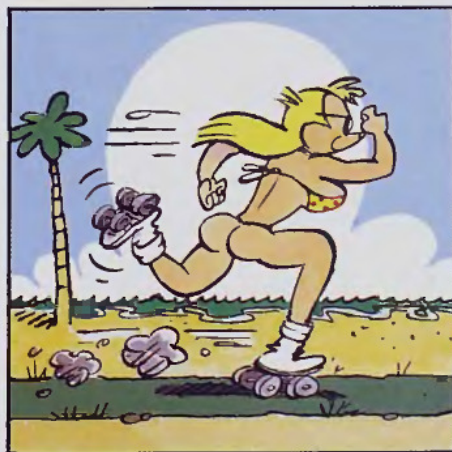
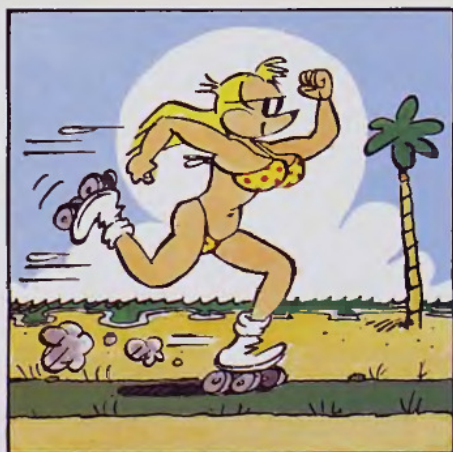
be right every percent of the time; the terrorists have to be right once," he told Cheney, echoing one of President Bush's favorite lines. While the vice president bonded with Davis, a trio of Iraqi infantrymen ran their hands over the four open doors of a white SUV. Ostensibly this was to simulate the way they search for IEDs at a checkpoint, but they looked more like car-wash guys limply wiping off dashboard cleaner as part of the Ultra-Super Special (\$16.99).

General Ayoub wanted to cap off Cheney's tour of the unit with a demonstration of the tanks' mobility, during which Iraqis would scramble atop the armored vehicles and send them rolling off in precise formation. However, the general evidently thought he possessed insufficient authority to trigger this exercise; either that or the Cheney aura simply got to him. So the general turned to the man he believed did have the requisite authority, the famously influential vice president of the United States, and asked obligingly, "Sir, may I have your permission to move the tanks?"

You could see Cheney blanch. Imperiously issuing orders to a decorated Iraqi general in front of the American press,

Dirty Duck[®]

by Bobby London



giving him the authority to move his own tanks in his own country, was hardly the message the vice president wanted to send. Taji was supposed to be an exhibition of growing Iraqi strength and command control. An awkward moment lingered until Ayoub came to his senses and, invoking no one's authority but his own, commanded his men to mount their tanks and roll out, a helter-skelter of shouted orders, victory cries and dust clouds.

Soon it was off to the chow line under a camouflaged tent, where the vice president, joined by rank-and-file American and Iraqi soldiers, held up a tray to receive fatty servings of lamb, hummus and some gelatinous dish of indeterminate origin that looked like vegetable lo mein. Those who'd spent time around Cheney could tell he was apprehensive about the meal; they could spot the muted expression on his face that showed him in anguished dialogue with his dutiful self: *Do I really have to eat this?* Once again the media was permitted to record the august event. No one spoke as Cheney inched down the line toward us, so when he was about a foot away I decided to break the silence. "Has Mrs. Cheney approved all this?" I asked. He smiled a mischievous grin and brought an index finger to his lips.

While Cheney lunched with the troops, reporters sat in an unmarked shed for a briefing by Lieutenant General Martin E. Dempsey, Bolger's boss and the top U.S. commander in charge of training Iraqi forces. To the reporters on these trips, photo ops are the trimmings, the briefings the meat. Here was where we could strut our stuff, show our knowledge, ask the brilliant questions that would unnerve the briefer and reduce him to stammering incoherence or, better yet, unwitting candor; only then would we penetrate all the carefully orchestrated imagery and bring ourselves and our viewers and readers to The Truth.

Lean, muscular, pigeon-toed, his pug face topped with cropped gray hair, Marty Dempsey could have kicked your ass in high school, and he can still

kick it today. From June 2003 to July 2004, he began, "the issue was, How do we put an Iraqi face on this problem? We're way beyond that." He disputed as "nonsense" suggestions that Iraqi recruitment was declining or driven by unemployment. "There is no other delicate way to put it. It is nonsense. They come into the army out of a sense of—I mean, it is a job, but they could get the same amount of money they get in the army. For pay and hazardous duty they get about \$300 a month. They could get that plantin' one IED. And they could get far more than that. They could probably get that for planting one IED. I don't know what the street value is. But the point is they don't have to come into

"That's really out of my league," he said. But he insisted the process of training Iraqi security forces was "on track." On track how? "Against the metrics we've established, which are both quantitative and qualitative." The police force, he conceded, was about six months behind the army and would probably defer to the military in the great task of establishing "normalcy," or civil order. "I think you'll see that in 2006, the Iraqi army will, in fact, be in the lead and that the year afterward we will begin—maybe provincially, by province, or in some other way—restoring civil security. And I keep saying *we*, but truly it's them, with our assistance."

That some American soldiers in

Iraq did not share Dempsey's optimism about the war effort was made clear at Cheney's third and final stop in Iraq. This was the Al Asad Air Base, 112 miles west of Baghdad, in the Al Anbar province, the nerve center of the Sunni insurgency. More than 600 Marines and other service members, dressed in camouflage, rifles hanging casually off their shoulders, stood waiting in a giant hangar and applauded ferociously when the vice president strode onstage to address them. Like Iraq's prime minister, the troops had no idea Cheney was coming. "We've got a good deal. Be here in camis tomorrow," they were told. Perhaps fearing he would disappoint

the troops, Cheney opened with uncharacteristically whimsical words: "Well, I'm not Jessica Simpson."

Then the vice president bore down for a typical Cheney stump speech, read word for word in punishing monotone. All life drained instantly from the crowd, a group hungry only for a little entertainment, a little razzle-dazzle, the kind of crowd-pleasing swagger President Bush unfailingly delivers. At the end the Marines applauded politely, sapped of the energy with which they had greeted Cheney's entrance.

Next Cheney retreated to a small tent, where he was to have a private talk with 30 rank-and-file American soldiers. "If you've got any complaints, I can take 'em 131

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the army, and they're not in the army purely because of money."

Gesturing at his own set of multicolored charts attended to by a silent aide, Dempsey described how the coalition forces' effort to stand up an indigenous force of 325,000 men, with 130,000 police officers, was mostly finished. "We're about two thirds built now, and by next summer—next fall, really—we'll be largely built out in the major muscle activities, combat power. But of course we'll have to fill in the blanks on the specialized side—logistics, intelligence, communications and so forth."

A reporter asked when American troops could start leaving Iraq in significant numbers. Dempsey demurred.

straight to the top," Cheney deadpanned. "Not sure it'll do any good, but..."

Marine Corporal Bradley P. Warren, a machine gunner from St. Louis, kicked things off in blunt fashion. "From our perspective we don't see much as far as gains," Warren said. "I was wondering what it looks like from the big side of the mountain—how Iraq's looking."

"Well, Iraq's looking good," Cheney replied. "It's hard sometimes, if you look at just the news, to have the good stories burn through. I think we've turned the corner, if you will. Ten years hence, we'll see that the year 2005 was in fact a watershed year here in Iraq."

Another Marine, Corporal R.P. Zapella, asked simply, "Sir, what are the benefits of doing all this work to get Iraq on its feet?" Cheney urged him to envision an Iraq that no longer offers safe haven to terrorists, a U.S. ally in the Middle East. He then predicted the troops would see "changes in our deployment patterns probably within this next year."

Now this was news! The line was quoted in wire reports around the world. Asked later what was meant by "changes in our deployment patterns," Cheney replied, "I didn't make a prediction in terms of 'By X date, such and such will happen.' I made it very clear we're not talking about timetables. You can see a lot of adjustments already being made. It's some 30 bases that we used to occupy that we no longer occupy, that we've turned over to Iraqis. That's a big deal. Go back and look at what we did in Fallujah a year ago. As I recall the numbers, we had something like 11 battalions, and the Iraqis had about five battalions. Our guys were basically in the lead, doing the heavy lifting. More recently, in the operation in Tal Afar

a year later, it was almost exactly the reverse of that."

After spending another night in Oman, Cheney flew in the C-17 to Kabul. For the reporters, the Afghan leg of the trip was just shy of nightmarish. At one point, while Cheney and his convoy of black SUVs headed for the chopper that would take him to the residence of President Hamid Karzai, the press corps was nearly left behind. On our way into the parliament building we were hassled and manhandled by the Afghan security team—skinny, bearded men with intense dark eyes and hair, bad teeth and submachine guns, sprinting around in 1970s polyester suits, agitated and frantic. A pushing match nearly ensued when a young military aide to the vice president, carrying a mysterious black knapsack for the entirety of the trip, refused to submit it for the Afghans' inspection. Women reporters searched by female guards reported being touched inappropriately.

At the parliament building, the vice president and his wife sat through two hours of stupefying nationalist speeches, heard through an earpiece in which the translator's voice, owing to an errant switch, competed with incessant chatter in Pashto. The ceremony's only interesting moment came when Karzai professed Afghanistan's desire to have "good neighborly relations" with Iran and vowed not to interfere in her "internal affairs." Such was the Afghan president's response to the tirades of Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, the president of Iran, who a few days earlier had labeled the Holocaust a "myth" and defended his country's right to produce weapons-grade uranium. It

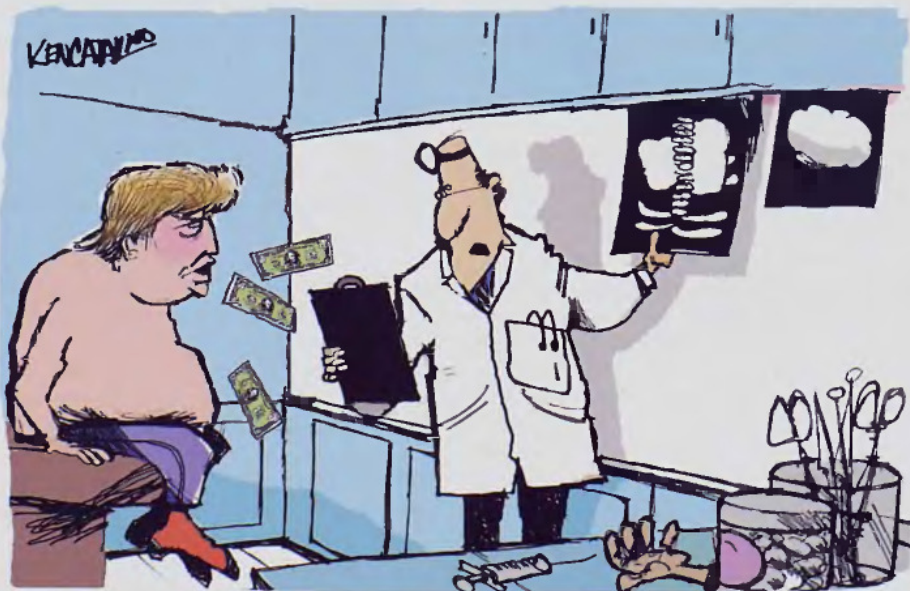
cannot have pleased Cheney to see Karzai, a moderate Muslim head of state whose ascension to power came on the strength of American military intervention, saying such decorous things about a fanatical disciple of the Islamic revolution who routinely denounced the United States and whose recent utterances included calling for Israel to be "wiped off the map."

Afterward the Cheneys signed the visitors' book, and the vice president glanced back at the press pool as if to invite questions. "Did you enjoy the ceremony, sir?" I asked, thinking Cheney was now accustomed to playing ball with us. This delusion he appeared pleased to dispel with a sly smile, a single word ("yes") and his abrupt departure in the opposite direction. In the trip's unspoken tug of wills, I had made a tactical error. I felt foolish and resolved never again to ask Cheney a yes-or-no question.

Now, as if by afterthought, the chopper assigned to ferry reporters to Cheney's next stop arrived 15 minutes late and almost descended on top of us, sending us scattering with our arms over our heads and our backs to the chopper, its *whup-whup-whup* blades creating a blinding dust storm and whipping pebbles at our calves. We struggled to clear the dust from our hair, mouths, eyes, contact lenses and clothes. Later we heard—from where or whom I never discerned—that 75 percent of Kabul's dust consists of fecal matter from goats.

In Islamabad Cheney met with Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf, then choppered 65 miles northeast to Muzaffarabad, near the epicenter of the earthquake that claimed more than 70,000 lives last October. With reporters on the trip averaging two hours of sleep a night, many used the half-hour Chinook ride to pass out. At the foot of a steep mountain, local villagers clad in motley rags and sneakers queued up for screening by members of the 212th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital and cast wary eyes on the exotic aliens arrayed before them, with their laptop computers, neckties and potbellies. Two days earlier the villagers had watched Ted Turner and his new squeeze drop by to see how his million dollars was being spent. In the remote world of Pakistani earthquake assistance, Muzaffarabad was the place to be.

Joined by U.S. ambassador Ryan Crocker, a leathery-faced foreign-service lifer who had previously served as a diplomat to Syria, Kuwait and Lebanon, the Cheneys received a briefing in a tent from Rear Admiral Michael LeFever, commander of the Pentagon's disaster-assistance center in Pakistan. Thin and soft-spoken, LeFever raced through a PowerPoint presentation that showed how the U.S. military, on the scene within 48 hours of the quake, has helped



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administer America's \$510 million relief program. "This is the most rugged terrain I've seen in my life," LeFever said.

"How do you get fuel in? By truck?" asked Cheney, the former energy executive. "By truck," LeFever nodded. Of course Cheney knew how you get fuel to Muzaffarabad after an earthquake. He's been dealing with energy supply disruptions for decades! You didn't really think there was an angle the old master—White House chief of staff at 34, Lord of Halliburton at 54—had missed, did you?

Then the Cheneys prowled the interconnected set of heated tents that served as the primary-care clinic, the emergency room, the intensive-care unit, the mental ward and the chapel. They met with recovering patients and some of the 350 U.S. personnel whose efforts have made this by far the best medical facility in northern Pakistan. With near unanimity the patients told Cheney, through an interpreter, that while they hated the United States because of Iraq, they could now see America wasn't so bad after all. To the consternation of her husband's

aides—who thought she might be veering toward a moment like Barbara Bush's in Houston (wherein the former first lady suggested that because so many of the Hurricane Katrina evacuees "were underprivileged anyway," the Astrodome was "working very well for them")—Mrs. Cheney told a reporter "about the gratitude of the people we're helping. It's very touching. Some of them don't even—you know, they're living on a mountaintop and you don't even know what America is. And now you know what America is: help and mercy and love."

The entourage paused in the primary-care tent. Resolved to improve on my performance in Kabul, I shouted out an open-ended question. "Mr. Vice President, could you tell us very briefly, sir, what goes through your mind when you come to a place like this, what strikes you?" (Read: Give us some usable sound.) He and LeFever looked at each other and agreed—silently, instantly—that to ignore the question would be unnatural, bad for business. "It's been an amazing experience to see the extent of the dev-

astation," Cheney allowed, adding how impressed he was by the performance of the MASH unit. "So you're satisfied with how much the United States has done?" asked *The Washington Times*' Bill Sammon. "We're doing a great deal here," Cheney snapped, irritated. "And it's a remarkable success."

By day's end, word spread among the reporters that still another unscripted moment—Cheney's required presence back in Washington to break a tie in a Senate vote—was going to cut the trip short. Saudi Arabia and Egypt, stops on Cheney's previous visit to the Middle East, would have to wait till next time. (Cheney returned to those countries in mid-January.) Aboard *Air Force Two*, where the narrow-waist, three-across, coach-class seating provided to the media was positively luxurious compared with the neck-breaking accommodations of the C-17, an aide ambled back to our section to announce some welcome news: The vice president would see us in his cabin, sans cameras, for a formal question-and-answer session, his first of the trip.

I was the first to arrive, and I found Cheney seated in a tall chair like Captain Kirk's, studying an enormous loose-leaf binder with the vice president's seal on its cover, red and black Sharpies within reach and a darkened plasma screen on the wall before him. Mrs. Cheney sat across from him, her feet propped on the small desk that separated them, her head buried in reading material. "You must be sick of my face, Mr. Vice President," I said, shaking his hand.

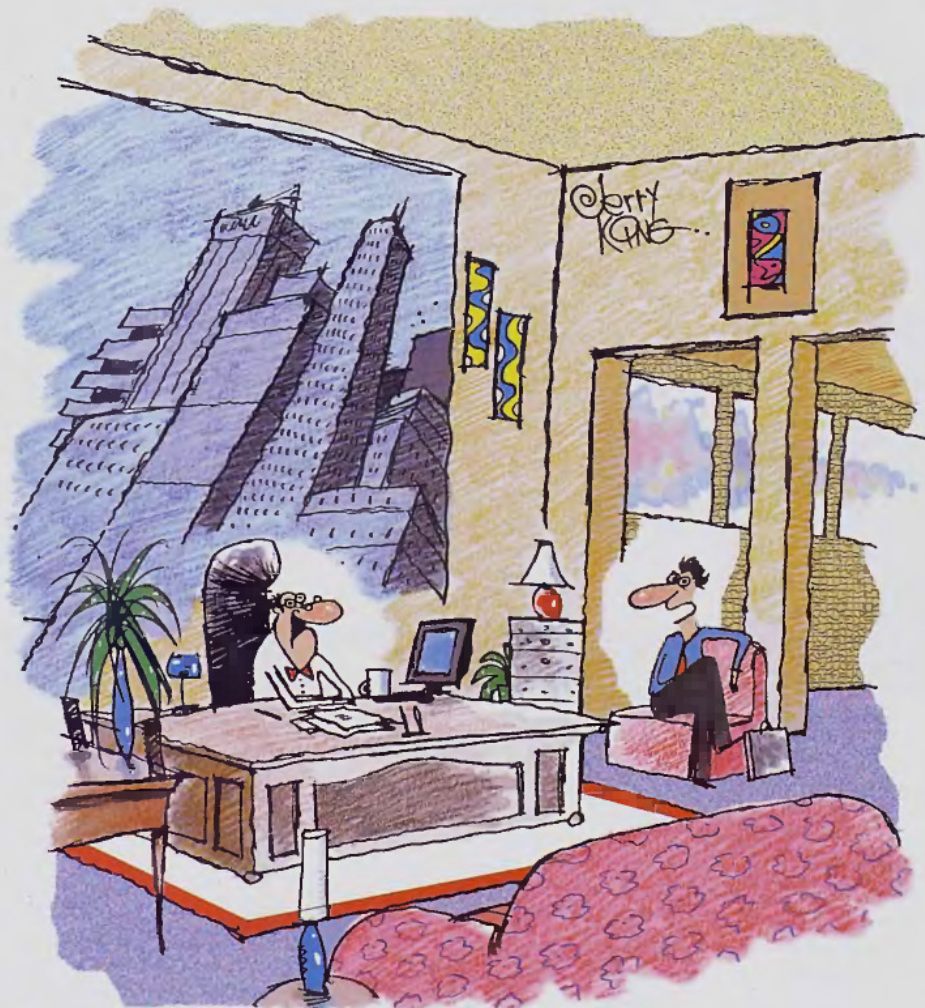
"Not at all, Jim. Come on in." I grabbed one of the three other seats and watched the bulk of my colleagues collapse into uncomfortable yoga positions at Cheney's feet, thrusting their portable tape recorders at his mouth. Cheney was wearing a windbreaker, gray slacks and heavy brown hiking boots.

Another awkward silence followed: *We were in the sanctum sanctorum, Dick Cheney's cabin on Air Force Two.* Once again I raced to fill the void. "Mr. Vice President," I said with mock hauteur, "I had heard there would be hors d'oeuvres served."

The crowd laughed nervously before Cheney said, "I can offer you a beer. Would you like a beer? Or a soda?" I reckoned the situation, in the service of mutual ease, required acceptance of the vice president's initial offer.

"I shall have a beer," I said grandly, and an aide was promptly dispatched to fetch Amstels and Cokes. Cheney, who was nursing an increasingly troublesome cold—at Bagram he brazenly interrupted his hangar speech to blow his nose—abstained.

Over the next half hour the reporters took their best shots at Cheney on a variety of topics: Iraq, the Middle East, the NSA wiretaps. Asked to identify the



"I believe I'd be good for this job because I'm a real people person. Now do I get the job or not? I don't have all fucking day."

best news and worst news conveyed by generals Abizaid and Casey, he replied, "The vice president shows up, you're not necessarily going to get the down and dirty." Besides, the accent here was on cold-eyed, pragmatic management, not the application of adjectives: "You don't think of good news, bad news. Here's something that needs to be fixed. Here's something that's working well, and it doesn't need any further adjustment. Let them roll for a while."

Cheney grew most expansive in response to *The New York Times'* Dick Stevenson, who asked if the vice president was actively "reasserting" executive powers curtailed after Vietnam and Watergate. "Yes, I do have the view that over the years there had been an erosion of presidential power and authority," Cheney began. He denounced the 1973 War Powers Act and the Budget and Impoundment Control Act of 1974 and urged his listeners to consult the minority report produced by the House Iran-Contra committee and drafted, he said, by his own aide. "Part of the argument in Iran-Contra was whether or not the president had the authority to do what was done in the Reagan years," Cheney said. "And those of us in the minority wrote minority views laying out a robust view of the president's prerogatives. I do believe that, especially in the day and age we live in, the nature of the threats we face—it was true during the Cold War, as well as what I think is true now—the president of the United States needs to have his constitutional powers unimpaired, if you will, in terms of the conduct of national security policy. That's my personal view."

Asked if the NSA controversy would reignite old debates about the limits of executive power, Cheney, one of the last veterans of the Watergate era still in government, said he was sure there would be a debate, an "important" one. But all the individuals under surveillance "are Al Qaeda or have an association with Al Qaeda," he emphasized. "It's not just random conversations. If you're calling Aunt Sadie in Paris, we're probably not interested. The criteria are very clear, very precise, very specific, very narrow. People running around, worrying about calling Mom in Chicago and somebody is listening in, no."

When Dana Bash, the CNN reporter, wondered whether the NSA wiretaps might cause a "backlash" against the administration, Cheney disagreed. "I think when the American people look at this, they will understand and appreciate what we're doing and why we're doing it," Cheney said. Then he delivered the rather succinct message his trip to the Middle East, chaotic and truncated though it was, was meant to underscore. "It's not an accident that we haven't been hit in four years."



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Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 31–32, 96–101, 102–103 and 154–155, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



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Page 26: *Auto Assault*, ncsoft.com. *Major League Baseball 2K6*, 2ksports.com. *Mario Superstar Baseball*, nintendo.com. *MLB '06: The Show*, us.playstation.com. *MLB SlugFest 2006*, midway.com. *MVP 06 NCAA Baseball*, ea.com. *Rumble Roses XX*, konami.com. *Tetris Shelves*, bravespacedesign.com. *TimeShift*, atari.com. *Tomb Raider: Legend*, eidos.com. *Xfire*, xfire.com.

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9 STEPS TO BETTER FASHION

Pages 96–101: *Best of Class* by Robert Talbott, Robert Talbott stores nationwide. *Charles Tyrwhitt*, ctshirts.com.

Church & Co., available at Church & Co. stores in NYC, Washington, D.C. and Houston. *Dunhill*, dunhill.com. *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. *Luigi Borrelli*, available at Luigi Borrelli in NYC. *Oliver Peoples* by Larry Leight, oliverpeoples.com. *Oris*, oriswatch.com. *Robert Talbott Studio*, roberttalbott.com. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, salvatoreferragamo.it.

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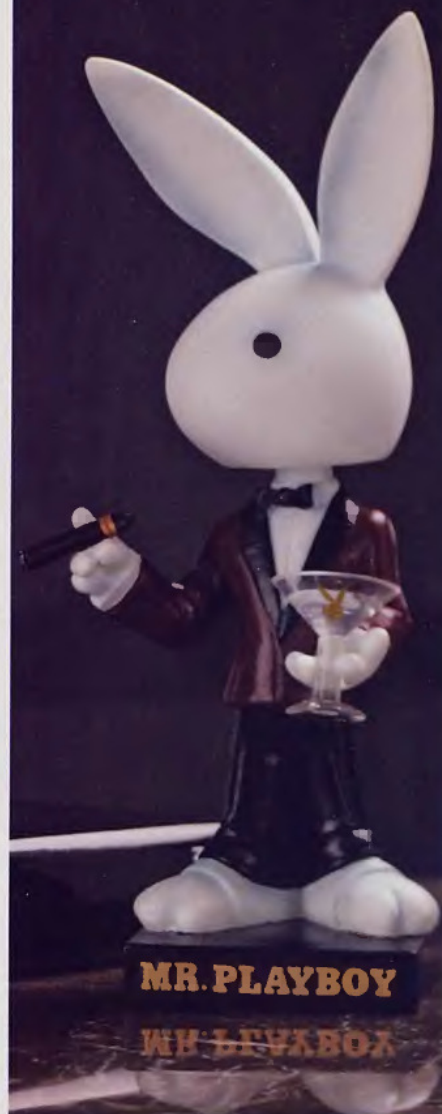
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BASEBALL

(continued from page 66)

Series in five games but lost the ALCS to Chicago in five. The Angels managed to win their division despite a team OPS (on-base percentage plus slugging percentage) of .734, which ranked 11th in the league.

Off-season focus: The Angels claimed they wanted to add an impact bat but couldn't lure Paul Konerko away from the White Sox and refused to meet Boston's demands for Manny Ramirez or Baltimore's for Miguel Tejada. They managed to unload outfielder Steve Finley's contract on San Francisco but had to take Edgardo Alfonzo, who will provide infield depth. As a result, Darin Erstad moves back to center field after spending two seasons at first base.

In-season prognosis: With the addition of left-hander J.C. Romero, the Angels have the best bullpen in baseball. Manager Mike Scioscia has shown he can get the matchups he needs for the arms he has ready. Whether the Halos can win depends on Casey Kotchman or Kendry Morales emerging to claim primary first-base duties.

Closing statement: Francisco Rodriguez has handled the pressure of late-inning situations with ease since rising to prominence in the 2002 postseason. He has power stuff and isn't bothered by rough stretches.



Bullpens

Most relief innings pitched:

Salomon Torres, Pirates (94.2); Scot Shields, Angels (91.2); Ryan Madson, Phillies (87); Gary Majewski, Nationals (86); Justin Duchschere, A's (85.2). **Most holds:** Tom Gordon, Yankees (33); Scot Shields, Angels (33); Scott Eyre, Giants (32); Ryan Madson, Phillies (32); Julian Tavarez, Cardinals (32).

Closers with the lowest opponent's batting average against (minimum 20 saves):

Billy Wagner, Phillies (.165); Mariano Rivera, Yankees (.177); Joe Nathan, Twins (.183); Francisco Rodriguez, Angels (.184); Huston Street, A's (.194).

Lowest ERA in save situations (minimum 20 save opportunities):

Mariano Rivera, Yankees (1.25); Brian Fuentes, Rockies (1.26); Ryan Dempster, Cubs (1.47); Billy Wagner, Phillies (1.48); Dustin Hermanson, White Sox (1.49).



3. Texas Rangers

Last season: 79–83. Third place, 16 games out. Only eight times last year did an AL team score 10 or more runs and lose. Texas did it two of those times.

Off-season focus: Manager Buck Showalter continued to expand his power base, forcing GM John Hart into an advisory capacity and running Hart's ally, pitching coach Orel Hershiser, out of the organization. After failing to

sign free-agent pitchers, the Rangers panicked and were bluffed into giving Kevin Millwood a five-year, \$60 million contract. They also traded for Adam Eaton and Vicente Padilla to fill a rotation that retains none of its five members from last year's opening day.

In-season prognosis: Owner Tom Hicks upped the payroll by \$20 million to provide more pitching, which means he expects to win the division, something the team hasn't done since 1999. The bullpen remains the Rangers' vulnerability, and the lineup's young core is beginning to show the same skepticism toward Showalter that players expressed during his previous stints with Arizona and New York.

Closing statement: Francisco Cordero can dominate hitters but has to be more consistent in the strike zone to become a premier closer.



4. Seattle Mariners

Last season: 69–93. Last place, 26 games out. The Mariners are the first team to go from back-to-back 90-win seasons to back-to-back 90-loss seasons since the 1913–1916 Philadelphia A's.

Off-season focus: They claim to have added left-handed power to the lineup and strengthened the rotation, but the reality is the Mariners agreed to pay \$37.5 million to lefty Jarrod Washburn for four years and had to give Kevin Appier a minor-league deal. For offense they signed Carl Everett and Matt Lawton, both of whom are past their prime.

In-season prognosis: Forget about contending; the Mariners would have to overachieve to avoid a third consecutive last-place finish. Vast Safeco Field can hide a subpar pitching staff for only so long, and the offense doesn't have enough explosiveness to carry the load.

Closing statement: Eddie Guardado, or Everyday Eddie, as he was known in Minnesota, has above-average stuff, but more important, he can hit his spots.

NL East



1. Atlanta Braves

Last season: 90–72. First place, lost to Houston in the Division Series. Atlanta has won a pro-sports-record 14 consecutive division titles, and manager Bobby Cox has won division titles in his past 15 full seasons, including his final year with Toronto in 1985.

Off-season focus: The Braves were unable to re-sign free agent Rafael Furcal and had to part with prime third-base prospect Andy Marte to get veteran Edgar Renteria from Boston. Concerns continue to grow about Wilson Betemit, a onetime superprospect.

In-season prognosis: The Braves' lineup got a big lift from the arrival of

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farm-system products Jeff Francoeur and Ryan Langerhans a year ago, but the key this year will be finding a quality closer. If Atlanta is able to fill that need, it stands to add another title to its legacy in what should be the weakest NL East in the decade since the league went to the three-division format.

Closing statement: Right-hander Chris Reitsma was a two-month wonder who faded in August last year. His consistency remains a question. Good thing Bobby Cox is used to mixing and matching his way through the late innings.



2. New York Mets

Last season: 83-79. Tied for third place, seven games out. The Mets had a winning record for the first time since 2001, adding 12 victories to their 2004 total.

Off-season focus: The Mets had to improve their pen, particularly the back end, and made a statement by luring free agent Billy Wagner to close games. To make sure they can reach Wagner, the Mets were willing to juggle their rotation to add middle-relief depth, trading Kris Benson to Baltimore for Jorge Julio and sending Jae Seo to the Dodgers for Duaner Sanchez.

In-season prognosis: The pressure is on the Mets to unseat the Braves, particularly after they went to the expense of adding big bat Carlos Delgado to go along with Wagner's arm. The improvements came at the cost of the rotation. That means the team will need a break-out season from Aaron Heilman.

Closing statement: Wagner overpowers hitters, regardless of which side they hit from, and he never backs down.



3. Philadelphia Phillies

Last season: 88-74. Second place, two games out. The Phillies have made it to October only once since 1983—in 1993, when they lost to Joe Carter's Blue Jays in the World Series.

Off-season focus: From the start the Phillies knew they needed to bolster their pitching staff, and the challenge grew when Billy Wagner left for Shea Stadium. They had to settle on the aging Tom Gordon as a closer, and they also brought in lefty reliever Arthur Rhodes, right-hander Julio Santana and starting candidate Ryan Franklin.

In-season prognosis: Growing frustrations led to the firing of general manager Ed Wade and the hiring of Pat Gillick, who has built playoff teams in Toronto, Baltimore and Seattle. It's going to take more than one winter for Gillick to get the Phillies back on track.

Closing statement: Tom Gordon has a great curveball, but he's now 38 years old. The team has to wonder if his body will hold up.



Good Eye, Bad Eye

Lowest percentage of swings at balls out of the strike zone (minimum 502 plate appearances)

Brian Giles, Padres (16.8); Bobby Abreu, Phillies (17.6); Jason Giambi, Yankees (18.1); David Dellucci, Rangers (20.0); Brad Wilkerson, Nationals (21.1).

Highest percentage of swings at balls out of the strike zone (minimum 502 plate appearances):

Ivan Rodriguez, Tigers (46.8); Angel Berroa, Royals (46.3); Jorge Cantu, Devil Rays (43.8); Carl Crawford, Devil Rays (43.8); Dmitri Young, Tigers (42.9).



4. Washington Nationals

Last season: 81-81. Last place, nine games out. Washington struggled offensively, finishing last in the NL in batting average (.252), runs (639), home runs (117), stolen bases (45) and slugging percentage (.386).

Off-season focus: The Nationals found hope in their inaugural season in the capital, but that didn't help them overcome the limitations of being owned by the league or alleviate their continuing uncertainty about a stadium. Even when they made an off-season move and added Alfonso Soriano, they created a clubhouse stir because he refused to move from second base to the outfield.

In-season prognosis: Matching last year's 81 wins will be a challenge. With an offense ill-suited to their enormous ballpark and a piecemeal rotation, the Nats will be thankful they're in the same division as the Marlins.

Closing statement: Chad Cordero ranks with Oakland's Huston Street as one of the game's elite young closers. He doesn't



"I may be a wealthy city girl, Mr. Rawlings...but I do have a knack for making things grow!"

have a closer's fastball, but he doesn't know it. He has the mind-set to finish games and will challenge hitters.



5. Florida Marlins

Last season: 83-79. Tied for third place, seven games out. The only player still around from last year's opening-day lineup is Miguel Cabrera, and he is moving from the outfield to third base.

Off-season focus: For the second time in seven years, the Marlins had a fire sale, slashing payroll that was a franchise record \$66 million last year to less than \$30 million this year—and that includes money being paid to former Fish Pudge Rodriguez, Al Leiter and Carlos Delgado, who now play elsewhere.

In-season prognosis: The 2006 campaign could make Florida's 1998 cost-cutting season (which brought 108 losses) seem like a good time. This is a team with no veteran influence in the clubhouse and a rookie manager, Joe Girardi, whose coaching experience consists of one year on the Yankees bench next to Joe Torre.

Closing statement: Joe Borowski, a one-time closer for the Cubs, has battled injuries but showed flashes of his old stuff at Tampa Bay in the second half of last season. Still, the Marlins will be looking for a young arm to push him aside.

NL Central



1. Chicago Cubs

Last season: 79-83. Fourth place, 21 games out. The Cubs' big three of Kerry Wood, Greg Maddux and Mark Prior have combined to win 57 games in the past two seasons.

Off-season focus: Chicago had to rebuild a bullpen that had become a long-term headache. The club resigned Ryan Dempster, who took over closing duties last year, and paid \$23 million in three-year deals to journeyman relievers Bob Howry, a right-hander, and Scott Eyre, a lefty. It also exercised an option on Scott Williamson, who the team hopes will duplicate Dempster's recovery by coming back strong from elbow surgery.

In-season prognosis: With a revamped outfield—the Cubs added Juan Pierre to bat leadoff and Jacques Jones to provide mid-lineup production—the North Siders have every reason to expect a division title. Keep an eye on the Dusty Baker soap opera: The manager could walk even if he's offered an extension.

Closing statement: Right-hander Dempster moved into the closer's role early last season and responded to the challenge. He has the makeup, but does his reconstructed elbow have the strength to throw back-to-back seasons?



2. St. Louis Cardinals

Last season: 100-62. First place, swept San Diego in the Division Series, lost to Houston in six games in the NLCS. The Cardinals have won 205 games in the past two regular seasons but no world championship.

Off-season focus: After being swept by Boston in the World Series two years ago and not earning a return trip in 2005, the Cards decided to rebuild their pitching staff. Spurned by A.J. Burnett, they had to gamble on Sidney Ponson. With Larry Walker's retirement and Reggie Sanders's departure, the outfield also needed to be revamped. And St. Louis fans can only hope third baseman Scott Rolen bounces back after two surgeries on his right shoulder.

In-season prognosis: A welcome move into a new ballpark will be the highlight of a disappointing season. Budget limitations didn't allow the Cardinals to add an impact player in the off-season. And even if Ponson can equal departed right-hander Matt Morris's performance on the field, Morris will still be missed in the clubhouse.

Closing statement: Jason Isringhausen is the most overlooked closer in the game. He doesn't have the dominating pitch, but he has shown he can do the job for a championship team.



Almost Gone

Batters with the most fly-ball outs of more than 380

feet: Hank Blalock, Rangers (19); Troy Glaus, Diamondbacks (17); Raul Ibanez, Mariners (16); Hideki Matsui, Yankees (16); David Ortiz, Red Sox (16); Jimmy Rollins, Phillies (16).



3. Milwaukee Brewers

Last season: 81-81. Third place, 19 games out. The Brewers not only ended a stretch of 12 consecutive losing seasons with last year's .500 finish, but for the first time in five years they avoided losing more than 93 games.

Off-season focus: Derrick Turnbow emerged last season to fill the closer's role, but the Brewers knew they needed arms to bridge between him and the starters. They reacquired former closer Dan Kolb, who was a bust in Atlanta last year, and picked up Dave Bush in the trade that sent Lyle Overbay to Toronto. They also added a veteran third baseman, Corey Koskie, to go with kid infielders J.J. Hardy, Rickie Weeks and Prince Fielder.

In-season prognosis: The Brewers haven't been to the postseason since 1982, and there's little reason to think that will change in 2006. However, if they avoid health issues—and that means Ben Sheets rebounding from the bum shoulder that cost him the final six

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weeks of 2005—they can hang around the fringes of the postseason race.

Closing statement: Power pitcher Turnbow is the latest unknown who has surfaced to save games for GM Doug Melvin. Turnbow will have to dominate the ninth this season.



4. Houston Astros

Last season: 89–73. The NL wild-card winner beat Atlanta in the Division Series in four games and St. Louis in the NLCS in six before being swept by the White Sox in the World Series. The Astros scored three or fewer runs in 74 games, losing 54 of them.

Off-season focus: Despite their need for offense, the Astros went looking for ways to save money, including filing a \$15.6 million insurance claim in hopes of ending Jeff Bagwell's career. The only significant addition to a team that ranked 11th in the league in runs scored and 13th in on-base percentage was Preston Wilson, who struck out 148 times last season.

In-season prognosis: The Astros will struggle to avoid a losing season, which would be only their second in 16 years. Houston's refusal to offer arbitration to pitcher Roger Clemens and the insurance fiasco with Bagwell, the most critical clubhouse force on the roster, may cost the team two of its leaders.

Closing statement: Brad Lidge struggled in the postseason, and any misstep will be blamed on that. But he has an electric slider, and he spent the off-season working on a split-fingered pitch.



5. Pittsburgh Pirates

Last season: 67–95. Last place, 33 games out. The Pirates have suffered a franchise-record 13 straight losing seasons, three shy of the major-league record set by the Phillies from 1933 to 1948.

Off-season focus: After finishing 14th in the NL in offense, Pittsburgh looked to add lumber. The team traded for hometown hero Sean Casey and signed

free-agent outfielder Jeromy Burnitz and third baseman Joe Randa. It's counting on Burnitz's left-handed power to complement right-hand-hitting Jason Bay.

In-season prognosis: The Pirates' payroll jumped from \$32 million to \$47 million, thanks to revenue generated in part by hosting the 2006 All-Star Game, but that won't fill the holes caused by a farm system that has been mostly barren for a decade.

Closing statement: Left-hander Mike Gonzalez will move from his setup role to the ninth inning. He's a good strikeout pitcher but has been untested as a closer.



Money Pitch

Pitchers with the most called third strikes with runners in scoring position:

A.J. Burnett, Marlins (21); Chris Capuano, Brewers (21); Brett Myers, Phillies (19); Erik Bedard, Orioles (18); Roger Clemens, Astros (18); Livan Hernandez, Nationals (18); Esteban Loaiza, Nationals (18).



6. Cincinnati Reds

Last season: 73–89. Fifth place, 27 games out. The Reds' 5.15 ERA was the highest in the NL (even higher than Colorado's) and ranked 28th in the majors, ahead of only Tampa Bay and Kansas City.

Off-season focus: Cincinnati welcomed new owner Bob Castellini, whose first move was to fire GM Dan O'Brien after only his second year on the job. That won't change much on the field, though. The addition of lefty Dave Williams, who brings a career line of 17–26 from the Pirates, will do little to help a mediocre pitching staff.

In-season prognosis: Castellini quickly took to the limelight and has shown he's going to meddle. That doesn't bode well for manager Jerry Narron, who had this team playing respectably at the end of last season but hasn't been given any reason to think it will be better in 2006.

Closing statement: This is why managers get fired. After former first-

round draft pick Ryan Wagner struggled to survive in the major leagues, much less to save games, David Weathers, a middle reliever who is somewhat past his prime, was forced into the closer role.

NL West



1. San Francisco Giants

Last season: 75–87. Third place, seven games out. After drawing 232 walks in 2004, Barry Bonds was limited to nine free passes in 52 plate appearances in 2005. The Giants ranked 15th in the NL, with only 431 walks.

Off-season focus: After overestimating the ability of their young arms, the Giants invested \$27 million in a three-year contract for Matt Morris to put another veteran alongside Jason Schmidt in the rotation. They also unloaded Edgardo Alfonzo, opening third base for Pedro Feliz, but they had to take on outfielder Steve Finley as a result.

In-season prognosis: Bonds's availability will be the key. He skipped the World Baseball Classic because of health concerns after three operations on his right knee last year. The Giants hope he will play in at least 100 games, as he is enough to make the difference in the league's weakest division.

Closing statement: Armando Benitez is an old warrior coming back from a new injury. Whether he'll be healthy enough at his age and with his ailments to be effective remains to be seen.



2. Los Angeles Dodgers

Last season: 71–91. Fourth place, 11 games out. The combined 1,177 games Dodgers players missed because of injuries in 2005 was the most in 20 years. That total includes 366 missed by eight members of the opening-day lineup.

Off-season focus: Owner Frank McCourt did a major makeover, firing GM Paul DePodesta and replacing departing manager Jim Tracy with



Grady Little. New GM Ned Colletti then rebuilt the infield, bringing in third baseman Bill Mueller, shortstop Rafael Furcal and first baseman Nomar Garciaparra to go with holdover Jeff Kent.

In-season prognosis: The Dodgers have reason to feel they can make a run at a division without a clear-cut favorite, as long as closer Eric Gagne can bounce back from the elbow surgery that limited him in 2005. The lineup will certainly have a new look, with Kent and right fielder J.D. Drew the only remaining starters from opening day last year.

Closing statement: Having recovered from his injury—the Dodgers hope—a trimmed-down Gagne will try to once again dominate as he did when converting a record 84 consecutive save opportunities, a streak that ended in 2004.



3. Colorado Rockies

Last season: 67–95. Last place, 15 games out. Rockies relievers failed in 12 of 19 save chances during their 15–36 start but converted 30 of 44 and lowered their ERA from 6.75 to 4.25 in the final 111 games.

Off-season focus: After starting last year with five rookies among the seven pitchers in their pen, the Rockies decided they needed veteran stability to help Brian Fuentes, who emerged as the closer in mid-May and converted 31 of 33 opportunities. They re-signed Mike DeJean, a mid-2005 pickup, added Jose Mesa, who has closing experience, and found a lefty, Ray King, to serve as Fuentes's primary setup man.

In-season prognosis: The Rockies have surprise potential. In 2005 the newcomers settled in and battled back from a horrendous beginning to finish with a winning record over the final two months. None of the young players had a career year, and Todd Helton had the least productive season of his career, so chances are the offense will grow.

Closing statement: Southpaw Fuentes, a sidearm with plus stuff and no fear, arrived as a major-league-caliber closer a year ago. He's the reason Colorado now has a chance to win when it takes a lead to the ninth.



4. San Diego Padres

Last season: 82–80. First place, swept by St. Louis in the NL Division Series. Counting their playoff losses, the Padres were the first team ever to appear in the postseason and finish below .500.

Off-season focus: The Pads weren't blinded by their division title. Fourteen of 25 players from the postseason roster were gone before spring training started. San Diego focused on shoring up its defense, which is vital in a park the size of Petco. But can the gloves of third baseman Vinny Castilla and center fielder Mike Cameron—whose arrival allows

Dave Roberts to move to left—offset the offensive struggles they will face in a pitchers' park?

In-season prognosis: The Padres moved Petco's right-center fence in by 11 feet, making it a mere 402 feet from the plate. This won't be enough to juice up an offense that can count on only Brian Giles to produce runs consistently. With a spotty rotation, the Padres lack what it takes to win, even in their division.

Closing statement: Trevor Hoffman's not what he once was, but his competitiveness makes him better than his stuff. And he still has a premium changeup.



5. Arizona Diamondbacks

Last season: 77–85. Second place, five games out. By dealing pitcher Javier Vazquez to the White Sox and third baseman Troy Glaus to Toronto, Arizona was able to unload contracts worth \$56.75 million over the next three years.

Off-season focus: The Diamondbacks feel they have a cache of young players coming along, so ownership wanted to cut salary as much as possible to help pay down long-term debt. Tony Clark and Shawn Green are the only position players under contract past 2006, and Clark isn't even projected for everyday duty. Of the pitchers, only Brandon Webb and Russ Ortiz are signed past this year.

In-season prognosis: The D-backs are preaching improvement, but they traded Glaus, their only feared hitter, because management didn't think he worked hard enough. After dealing Vazquez, the team is left with Brandon Webb as its lone dependable starter.

Closing statement: Brandon Lyon can survive if he hits his spots, but he's not a power guy. Expect Arizona to look for an upgrade.

Statistical support provided by Stats LLC.



The Book

Never swing at a 3–0 pitch?

Teams with the highest per-

centage of swings on a 3–0 count:

Rangers (12.3), Tigers (10.9), Angels (10.5), Mariners (9.9), Astros (9.8).

Don't use your closer before the ninth? Teams with the most

saves of four or more outs: A's (13), Blue Jays (12), Diamondbacks (11), Devil Rays (10), Angels (9).

Never walk the leadoff hitter?

Teams with the most walks allowed to an inning's leadoff batter: Devil Rays (125), Pirates (122), Royals (119), Cubs (118), Rockies (115).

Never give up a home run on an 0–2 count? Teams allowing the most homers on an 0–2 count: Red Sox (13), Cubs (10), Rangers (10), Reds (9), Astros (8), Twins (8).

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PARTY SCHOOLS

(continued from page 109)

Susan Tedeschi and Jeff Tweedy all stopped off in Mad Town. Not bad for a school with a sharp academic reputation.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA BARBARA

Perched on the sandy Pacific coast, UCSB is an intellectual's paradise: a school full of brains who know how to party. Students surf to class from their beachfront dorms. The school's most popular course is Geography of Surfing. While *dude* remains a staple in the vernacular, these students are hardly burnouts. The UCSB faculty boasts five Nobel laureates honored in the past eight years. With the City of Angels and Big Sur a road trip away, this is California at its best.

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

The ASU campus—an Eden-like desert oasis full of orange and palm trees—features some serious sightseeing. ASU's students are renowned for their pulchritude and for skirts that resemble hula hoops. The Tempe, Arizona region has more sunny days per year (300) than any other in America. Whether it's the bars on Mill Avenue or the massive party that surrounds the Fiesta Bowl every January, there's no end to the fun at ASU. No wonder it has the highest enrollment in the country.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON

In recent years everyone from *USA Today* to *Time* and *Newsweek* has named this school

one of the best when it comes to student life. The Princeton Review called it the number one beer-drinking school in America. It's the only school in the world where students can honestly say they're majoring in sex and doing their homework while watching Vivid videos at the Kinsey Institute, which houses the papers of sexual explorer Alfred Kinsey. If this school is known for any one thing, however, it's the Little 500 intramural bike-and-booze fest that inspired the 1979 movie *Breaking Away*.

SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

Where else can you hit the beach in the morning, eat huevos rancheros in Tijuana and still make it to your first class on time? In addition to the weather and prime location, SDSU features a football program with home games at Qualcomm Stadium, where Super Bowl XXXVII was played. Nearby Pacific Beach is one of California's hippest seaside enclaves, with bars like Moondoggies and the Typhoon Saloon. San Diego's high quality of living isn't drawing just students; SDSU has attracted more than \$516 million in external research grants in the past six years, dollars that trickle down to undergrads.

FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY

The best party in Florida every year forms around Doak Campbell Stadium when FSU hosts the University of Florida or the University of Miami. "The entire city starts to load up two days beforehand," says student Mike Ellis. Don't get us wrong; FSU is

a good time on any night. The Greek system is huge, the non-Greek party scene is just as big, and the jazz clubs in Tallahassee offer a great night on the town. Bonus: You have to hand it to a faculty that includes two PLAYBOY contributors—philosophy professor Michael Ruse (*Faith & Reason*, April) and English prof Mark Winegardner (*NASCAR Crash Course*, October 2005).

OHIO UNIVERSITY

At Ohio the students aren't the only ones who know how to have a good time. "One of the craziest weekends is moms' weekend," says junior Kamelia Berke (seen on page 115). "You'll see moms in frat houses—some are more out of control than their kids!" Ohio hosts a notorious 25,000-strong Halloween block party that's known as the Mardi Gras of the Midwest, and it has a raging Greek scene. Court Street in Athens (not to be confused with Athens, Georgia) is a bargoer's paradise.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

The country's preeminent college music scene emanates from the dozens of clubs within a one-mile radius of this school's campus. From the 40 Watt Club (which helped launch Athens-born band R.E.M.) to the Georgia Theatre (which serves as the backdrop for John Mayer's "No Such Thing" video) to Tasty World (the coolest club on Broad Street), no school howls louder than Georgia when the sun sets. UGA is also famous for its football, its bar scene and its beautiful women. "Even when they wear their pajamas to class, they're still hot," one student tells us.

UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE

"This place is all about Southern belles and Southern hospitality," says Tennessee student Adam Bryant. "It's real laid-back. And Southern women? They're hard to beat." Turns out you get what you ask for in Elvis's home state: great local music, beautiful women, plenty of cheesesteaks and a party scene to rival any other. School spirit blazes in Knoxville. When the Volunteers play, some 200 boats line the Tennessee River for a "sailgate" outside 104,079-seat Neyland Stadium. Simply wearing orange will get you free beer at most parties, and as General Robert R. Neyland himself might have asked, isn't that half the battle?

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

Canada's equivalent of an Ivy, McGill is situated in the heart of Montreal, and student life pours out into the "city of sin." The drinking age is 18. The city boasts bevies of sophisticated francophone women, "the most vibrant indie-rock scene in the world right now," according to music mag *Under the Radar*, and the swankiest strip clubs this side of Vegas. Montreal is also arguably the best hockey town on the planet, and Canadiens games are a staple. When students need a break? The Mont Tremblant ski resort is only 90 minutes away.



THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.



SUICIDE WATCH

(continued from page 94)

only white man in view. Tried not to note how brusquely he was ordered to empty his pockets, turn his pockets inside out, remove his shoes and pass through a metal detector. Tried not to mind being frisked by a frowning guard who avoided eye contact.

But never had he entered such a place: the Philadelphia House of Detention for Men.

Psychiatric ward.

This was a fact: *Niorde, Seth M.* had been a patient at several drug rehabilitation clinics (Hartford, New York City). But the father had not visited the son in these places. The mother had visited him; that had seemed sufficient at the time.

In the visitors' lounge he was escorted to a small table and told to wait, and so with increasing anxiety he waited. Here too *Niorde, Laurence C.* was the only Caucasian in sight. He was 57—a youthful 57—but he was the oldest individual in the room. In his businessman clothes, he was weirdly dressed. He was perspiring and short of breath and not so immaculately groomed as he'd been 15 hours before in another time zone. Still you had only to glance at him to recognize a man with resources. A man with investments, properties. He had residences in Fairfield, Connecticut; Wellfleet, Massachusetts; Boca Raton, Florida. He was a man not inclined to shift in his seat nervously, to tug at his shirt collar, to wipe his forehead with wadded tissue. A man not inclined to glance up anxiously at strangers.

The son Seth, looking like a stranger! Though of course the father recognized the son immediately.

Now there were two Caucasian males in the room.

A guard was bringing the son to the father, bypassing other guards, visitors. The father stared at the son's bandaged arms held stiffly at his sides. The son's sallow slack face and scratched-glassy eyes. How weak-limbed the son appeared, like an elderly man negotiating a tilting floor.

"Oh God. Seth."

With a twitchy smirk-smile the son acknowledged the staring father. "S me."

It wasn't clear what the son had mumbled. *It's me?*

Like a load of damp sand off a shovel the son sank into a grimy vinyl chair. The father's nostrils began to pinch; immediately he smelled something dank, tarry-fetid. So the visit began. Like a small rudderless boat being tossed in the waves of a river too vast to be seen, so the father felt himself dazed, desperate. He had only one question to ask. But he dared not ask his question too quickly. Too emphatically. Too obviously. He assured the son, or anyway tried to assure the son, who might have been listening, that he would arrange for a lawyer for him by noon tomorrow. He

would post bail. He would insist upon private medical care. As soon as the son was released.... The father was distracted by a large glaring clock on the facing wall. Visiting hours in the facility ended at nine P.M.; he hadn't been escorted into the lounge until 8:35 P.M. The father was distracted by the busyness and commotion of the place. Tables spanned the breadth of the overheated, low-ceilinged room, and most of these tables were being used. Visitors were facing inmates—blacks, Hispanics—some of them speaking loudly, excitedly. The father hadn't been prepared for so many others. Having to raise his voice to be heard and then uncertain if he was being heard. The father was not dressed appropriately; he'd become itchy-warm and so felt the need to remove his suit coat and hang it on the back of his grimy vinyl chair. The father was speaking to his mostly unresponsive son in a lowered voice not meant to sound anxious. Not wanting to sound as if he were begging.

Each time the father glanced up at the glaring clock the minute hand leaped forward. Twenty minutes remained.

The father hadn't booked a hotel room in Philadelphia for the night. Beyond nine P.M. the father hadn't allowed himself to think.

"Can I! How'd I know that, Dad?"

What was Seth saying? The father hadn't exactly heard. The father wasn't sure if the son was responding to something the father had said or if the son was saying something unrelated, belatedly, in a slurred mumble. The son was partially hiding his mouth with his hand; his front teeth were stained the hue of urine. And there was the fetid breath of teeth rotting in the son's jaws.

"Trust me? Of course you can trust me. If you know where the boy is...."

It seemed urgent to touch the son. Touching by visitors and inmate-patients was not forbidden. Yet the father could not bring himself to touch the son, though the son was slouched in his chair only two or three feet away. One of the son's hands hovered at his mouth; the other was a scabby-knuckled fist on the table.

Impossible to close your fingers in a gesture of sympathy around a tight-clenched fist.

"Seth? If Christa has him, if you know where Christa is...."

"Told you, and I told them. Don't know where'n hell Ch'ista went."

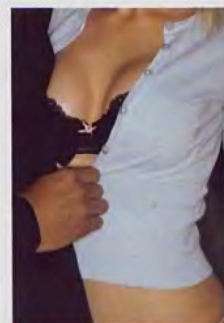
"But...did she take him? Kenny?"

A small trusting face, luminous eyes. The father had not seen the grandson in months, which had been a mistake he didn't recall having made, as in a dream in which something has gone terribly and irrevocably wrong but the dreamer can't recall what it is, still less how to grieve for it.

"Must've. I told them. Must've told you, I told them."

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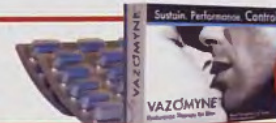


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It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

The father wondered if *them* meant the police officers. The father didn't want to risk inquiring.

Important to keep the son speaking. To keep eye contact. To appeal to the son. Yet not to beg, for begging had never seemed to work.

The father had vowed last time, and the time before that, he would not beg the son again. He would not.

"See, what it's like.... It's like cement, in your gut."

"Cement? What is like cement?"

Seth yawned. Suddenly, a luxuriant yawn. The terrible rotting breath that made the father's nostrils pinch.

This time it was methamphetamine, the father had been informed. Previously it had been crack cocaine. In prep school, marijuana, cocaine. Once the son had been a beautiful boy who'd taken clarinet lessons, had an interest in astronomy, a boy whose high grades

came with a minimum of effort; this was official family history.

"...trying to shit cement. In your gut. Time. When it doesn't pass."

"Seth, what are we talking about? Are we talking about.... I'm not sure, Seth, what are we talking about?"

Time. Talking about time. Time that doesn't pass. Or was it time passing too swiftly? The father leaned closer, elbows on the table. The father tried not to glance up at the glaring clock face where another time the minute hand leaped forward. The father had to fight an impulse to lunge at the son, grab the son's slumped shoulders and shake, shake, shake. Slap the gaunt stubble-cheeks. Shout in the son's face instead of trying to keep his voice calm, measured, fatherly warm, sympathetic and yet not outwardly pleading.

"Seth? Try not to fall asleep, will you? If you could just tell me where you think

Kenny might be, or Christa. Is there someone she might have gone to, with Kenny? If she didn't have a car, where could she have gone on foot...?"

The father had been cautioned: Whatever his son told him, if the son told the father anything, would very likely be confused and incomplete and possibly inaccurate, for the addict son might not know what had happened or might not remember. The child had been missing for at least 48 hours but possibly longer. The child might have been gone before Wednesday. Neighbors on S. 43rd Street who'd called police were not certain what they'd seen. They thought they'd seen Christa leaving the residence at about 11 P.M., running out into the street into a nearby intersection alone. But other neighbors had reported a child crying. A child half carried and half dragged by a young woman. Except it wasn't clear when this had been: Wednesday night or another night. A day earlier. Two days earlier. Residents of the 1100 block of S. 43rd Street gave police conflicting information. The father learned that twice in the past six weeks Philadelphia police officers had responded to "domestic disturbance" complaints at 1189 S. 43rd Street.

Officers had spoken with the adults at that address. No arrests had been made.

"Seth? Tell me about Christa? Were you quarreling with her? Is that why Christa took Kenny away? And where would...."

The father hadn't ever felt comfortable speaking the name *Christa*.

A wanly attractive girl, very thin, slouch-shouldered like the son, sulky-quiet, at least in the father's presence, something smudged and sly about the eyes. She wasn't a daughter-in-law and she wasn't a girl whom Seth had seemed specially to care for, yet somehow it happened that Christa was the mother of Seth's child, which made her the (improbable, undesirable) mother of the grandson, Kenny, whose name the father can scarcely utter. The father had given the son money from time to time. Not for drugs (of course!) but on behalf of Kenny (that was the hope, the plea), but it hadn't been as much money as the son had wished and in recent months the money had ceased altogether. The father had met Christa only three times. He had no idea who her family was, if Christa had a family, if there were adults, parents, individuals like himself who were providing money, however intermittently. The father had not exchanged more than a few perfunctory words with Christa and never, he'd later realized, apart from the son's presence. In his own household the son had exuded a slovenly and unexpected glower of sexuality, laying hands on his female companion, stroking his female companion's straw-blonde hair, kissing the sulky mouth with the father looking on.

The father hadn't known whether to believe what the son had told him: He and Christa had first met in an



—CW LUND—

"Someone suggested a group hug to celebrate our record profits this quarter, and it just went on from there...."

economics class at Penn. That Christa had been a scholarship student at Penn. That Christa had remained in school for a final semester after Seth had dropped out, after they'd begun living together in an apartment off campus.

The son had had high SAT scores somehow. The father had wanted to think, *He takes after me.*

"...know her name, Dad? Never met her."

"Never met Christa? Is that what you're saying? Seth, of course I've met Christa."

"...or him, you met him?"

"Kenny? My grandson? Of course I've met Kenny. You must know that."

"You know his name? 'Ken-ny.'"

The son's mouth began to quiver.

The eyes were rapidly blinking. A look of something like hurt, tenderness, regret came into the son's face.

"See, Dad, I called you. Never called back."

"Called me? When?"

"When? That night."

"Which night?"

"That night. That it happened."

"What happened?"

"You should've called, Dad. I told you."

Maybe this was so. The father was having trouble recalling. The father had not always called the son back. The father had sometimes seen PENNSYLVANIA on his caller ID and not picked up the phone. The father had more than once erased the son's rambling message midway.

In a loud, aggrieved voice Seth was saying, "She took him! Fucking junkie, know what she did? Wrapped him in this stuff like a mummy shroud. Wrapped him in tinsel like Christmas. Like, you shake this stuff, it shoots sparks. I never wanted to. It was her." The son's outburst was so sudden, one of the guards approached him. Without glancing around, instinctively Seth hunched his shoulders and lowered his head, protecting himself against a blow. He crossed his bandaged arms tightly over his chest and clamped both hands beneath his armpits rocking forward in his chair. The guard told the son to keep it down and told the father visiting hours were almost over, but the guard did not touch the son. The terrible

minute hand on the wall clock leaped forward. The father dared to reach out to the son, hesitantly touching the son's arm at the elbow. The son was hunched over, breathing heavily. "Seth? What are you saying? She took him where?" and the son shivered and said, "I said to her, she's a bad mother. And she's trying to get past me and open the door. There's this steam from the tub. The bathroom. I wasn't high, I hadn't been high all day; my mind was clear like glass. The thing is, the kid isn't in the bathroom. He's shit himself, puked and shit himself, and she never got around to cleaning him. She is such a bad mother! Should've called the cops myself. What I did was, I hid him out in the back, the car. My car, I

done last night,' and she says, 'I want to see Kenny, let me past,' because I wasn't letting her past me, had hold of both her wrists like these little sparrow bones you could break like snapping your fingers. I'm like, 'You can't, he's having his bath,' and she's excited, saying, 'If you hurt him, I'll call the cops,' and I say, 'Call the cops? The cops are going to fucking bust you,' and now she really gets excited, all this while the steam is coming out beneath the door. I was sleeping in the front room, and it must've been the tub got filled and the damn hot water keeps pouring out and there's water condensing on the walls even downstairs and dripping from the ceiling and hot water starting to come down the stairs—it's a

wild scene—and she's screaming, 'Get him out of there! Open the door!' The door was locked from the outside, this berserk woman on the stairs clawing at me, and the bathroom door is hot like fire, the doorknob so hot you can't touch it, all this steam all over everything, I'm sweating like a pig, and somebody's screaming, you'd think it was Kenny screaming, 'Daddy! Daddy!' but it can't be Kenny. I know this because Kenny is outside hiding in the car, and Christa's fighting me. Christa gets the door open, the steam is burning us, and I'm waiting for you, Dad—for you to call. And you don't call, and you're not here," and the father said, "Me? Waiting for

me?" and the son said, "It was a test, Dad. To see how long it would take you to get here," and the father said slowly, "I don't understand, Seth. You were waiting for me here, in Philadelphia?" and the son said, "You had your chance, Dad. Hell of a lot of times I called you, left a message, and now it's too late," and the father said, "But I'm here now. Where is Kenny? If he was in the car, where is the car? He wasn't in the bathroom but in the car, was he? Seth, please tell me," and the son said, "Hey, Dad: You tell me. You're the one with all the answers, I thought," and the father said, trying not to beg, "You didn't hurt him, did you? Did you hurt his mother? Where are they? Please tell me," and the son said, "Her, how in hell'd

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Mama's Boy Bear with "MOM" tattoo

I know where she is! Damn junkie you can't trust behind your back. Him, I told you: He was in the car. Sleeping in the backseat. I was telling her: He isn't in the bathroom, he's in the car. She's clawing at me to get past me. She's got the bathroom door open, and there's the cloud of pure steam and hot water on our feet, our ankles. It's burning us. There's noise from the water rushing from the faucet, now the water's coming out like a flood. What I do is grab a chair to stand on, would've been scalded if I hadn't. And Christa is on the stairs, and she slips and falls, and she's screaming, the water is so hot. And there's so much steam you can hardly see. And there's the kid, there's Kenny in the water! There's Kenny in the bathroom, on the floor. Kind of wedged under the sink. These pipes under the sink, he's kind of wedged there. It's hard to see in all the steam, I'm thinking it isn't him; I'd been sleeping downstairs and wakened by her coming home and making so much noise, it's like a dream, I'm thinking it's some other thing under the sink that crawled in there, a squirrel, like, or a dog the size of a Pekingese, the fur is scalded off this poor thing, it's got to be dead, boiled dead, the skin is all red and blistered and coming off in my hands and the eyes are popping. I'm thinking somehow the kid got past me and hid up in the bathroom. Why'd he do that and lock the door behind him! He was naked, like somebody was giving him a bath but went away, and the water got too hot. So I'm thinking maybe Christa did it, somehow. When I was asleep. *I know this:* I left Kenny in the car. It had to be her; it wasn't me. Think I'm

going to call 911, try to explain to the cops or anybody, like hell they'd believe me. They would not believe me. The hot water ran out finally. Now it's cold water so the steam wasn't so bad. So I got the faucet off. So I tried to help Kenny, but it's too late. Splashed cold water on him but anybody can see it's too late. I picked him up, he was so hot! His little body, the skin was all red and peeling off on my fingers, and his face red and wizened like a little old man, it was a terrible thing. Must've been calling me—"Daddy! Daddy!"—but there was so much noise from the water, I couldn't hear him. Christ, I'm feeling so bad about this, what happened to Kenny, it's like...like there are no words.... Later, we're downstairs, and there's water here, too. We've got Kenny on the kitchen table, and Christa is crying over him, wrapping him in cold soaked towels, ice cubes from the freezer, thinks he's breathing but he is not breathing, then she wraps him in some stuff like gauze and tinsel paper that's sparkly and she said would 'preserve' him from decay for a while at least. And it's my idea to send him to you."

During this torrent of words, the father was staring at the son. Pulses beating in his ears, barely could he hear the son's terrible words. It seemed crucial to watch the son: the mouth. The smirk-smile, the sore on the upper lip. The father laughed suddenly, a sound like fabric being torn.

"None of this is true, is it? Seth? You're making this up, are you? My God."

"Fuck I'd be jiving about my own son! Not like you, Dad, that doesn't give a shit about your son." Seth spoke shrilly, like

a hurt child. He continued to rock in the vinyl chair, hands clamped in his armpits. "So—we got high, we were so stressed. And Christa says, 'We will bury our son ourselves. A decent burial.' For Christa saw the folly of summoning help, any kind of help, as I did and always have. And I'm like, 'We can send him to my father. He can bury him.' So we got some garbage bags from out in the alley that our neighbors had put trash in, and we dumped out the trash and put this little tinsel mummy that hardly weighed more than a cat would weigh in the bags, more than one bag for safekeeping. Then we wrapped it all tight with wire. Then there's cardboard cartons in the cellar, we bring one of them up and put Kenny inside, it's a tight fit. And we wrap this all up tight and secure, and what I can remember of the address in Boca Raton is just Prudhomme Circle. So I make out the address label to 'L. Niorde, Prudhomme Circle, Boca Raton, FL' and lock the box in the car trunk and next morning I take it to the post office and mail it, parcel post. And the guy behind the counter says, 'Are the contents breakable?' and I say, 'Yes. The contents are breakable.' So he stamps it 'fragile' like they pay any fucking attention to 'fragile' at the fucking P.O.—don't bullshit me. However long it takes for the package to get to Boca Raton, I don't know. Might be a week. I figure it's time that's stopped. For me in here, like for Kenny where he is. Because nobody knows where my son is. Because the damn package might get lost. And nobody's staying at the Florida place now, right? Not you and not Mom. So Kenny is like 'nowhere'—'no time.'" The son smiled a slow sly stained-tooth smile. "See, Dad. It's a test."

"A test...."

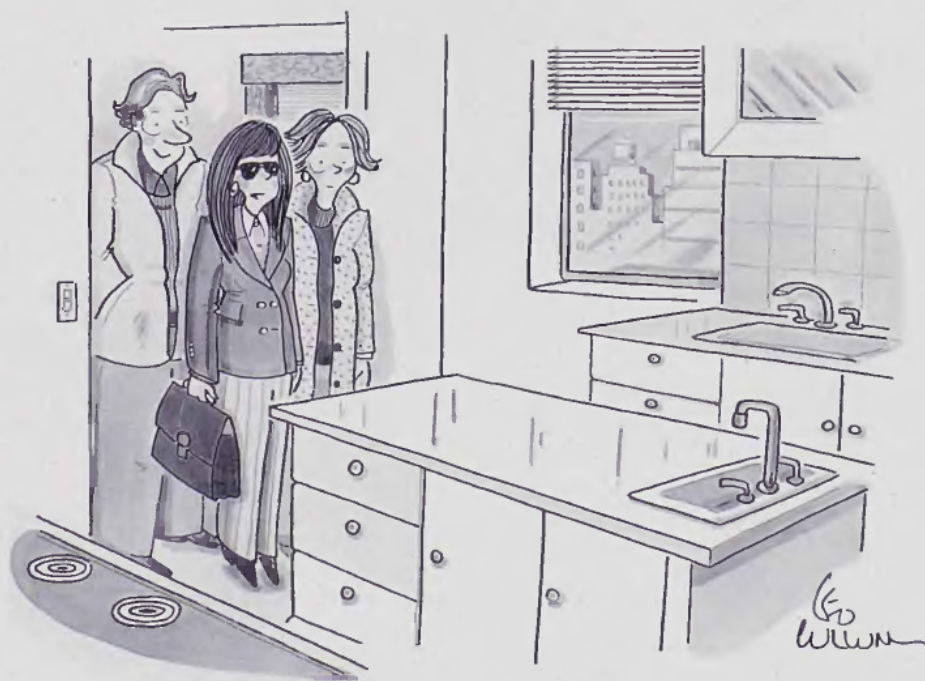
"You've been believing this! That's the test."

The father heard himself say, "I...I didn't believe you. As if I would believe such a—"

"Don't bullshit me, Dad. You believe it! You still do, I can see it in your eyes. That's the test, Dad."

"...a terrible story, from my own...."

The father's feet were tangled in something. His suit coat had fallen to the floor from the back of the vinyl chair. Stooping to pick it up he felt his face pound with blood. His heart pounded strangely. The son was jeering at him; the son was on his feet preparing to leave the visitors' lounge. The father was pleading, "It isn't true, then? Kenny isn't...." It must have been nine P.M.; visitors were being asked to leave. There was a scraping of chairs, commotion. Loud voices, emotional farewells. The son was being led away by a guard, and the father tried to follow after him but was restrained. At the doorway the son took pity on the father, called back over his shoulder, "Hey, Dad: If the carton shows up where I mailed it, then you'll know. If not, you'll know too."



"This, of course, is the kitchen. The previous tenants had some of their best sex right on that countertop."



PLAYMATE NEWS



BOUTIQUE BUNNIES

Our resident makeup expert, Miss April 1993 Nicole Wood, is teaming with her Playmate buddy Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott to launch a West Coast branch of Nicole's spa and boutique, the Beauty Lounge. Nicole began her career as a makeup artist back in the early 1990s, honing her craft at the Joe Blasco Makeup School in Orlando before becoming a Playmate. While working with *PLAYBOY* she developed a business plan to open her own shop, and in 2002 she finally realized her dream by establishing the Beauty Lounge in Westmont, New Jersey and turning it into a huge success. Offering a full range of spa treatments, including facials, waxing and massage, the Beauty Lounge



also carries a unique selection of gifts, perfumes, accessories, beauty products and cosmetics, including Nicole's own line.

Nicole had initially considered franchising her company, but several business advisors recommended against it. When she began research into opening a West Coast branch on her own, she turned to Jennifer, who's based in Arizona, to give her a hand. "Jennifer is one of my closest friends, and we'd talked about opening a new place together for a long time," says Nicole. This location will be similar to her current storefront but will have a few variations. "We're thinking about incorporating really hot, sexy lingerie," she says. What's to think about?



From Playmates to business partners: Jennifer and Nicole make a glamorous pair.

10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

When Shauna Sand posed for the May 1996 issue, it was the beginning of a beautiful relationship; she has since become a mainstay of our *Playmate News* page. Over the years she has tacked several movie and television credits to her name, as well as appearances on Howard Stern and the E network. Recently she starred in videos for Eurythmics and Weezer, and she's even designing her own shoe line.



LOOSE LIPS

"It was 25 degrees and all I was wearing was a little yellow bikini."

—Lauren Anderson



PLAYMATES AT GLAMOURCON

Playmates made Glamourcon 37, at the Los Angeles Airport's Radisson hotel, a convention's dream come true. Miss November 2001 **Lindsey Vuolo**, Miss June 2003 **Tailor James**, Miss July 2005 **Qiana Chase**, Miss January 2004 **Colleen Shannon** and Miss January 1997 **Jami Ferrell** were just some of the Centerfolds on hand to drive fans gaga.



HOT SHOT



TERI HARRISON

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

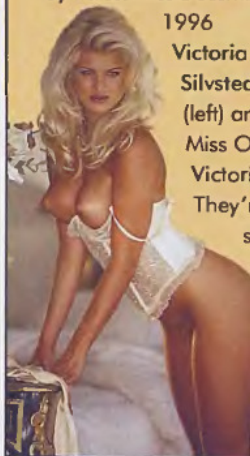
By Vinny Parco

of Court TV's *Parco P.I.*

"I have two favorite Playmates: Miss December 1996

Victoria Silvestedt (left) and Miss October 1994 Victoria Nika Zdrok.

They're beyond sexy. They're absolutely stunning, and their personalities shine through."



POP QUESTIONS: ELOISE BROADY DEJORIA

Q: We hear you have a new Pilates DVD. How did that come about?

A: I started doing Pilates just before last summer, and I felt a difference immediately. Then I went away and wished I had a DVD with me. So when I returned from my trip, I asked my trainer, Janice, if she would be interested in producing one. "I'll do it," she said, "but only if you do it with me." It's called *Fit at 40+*.

Q: So does it work?

A: Absolutely. Janice has five children, and she still has a great body.

Some young guys who are tennis pros

come to the studio, and the workout is difficult for them. It works so well.

It's good for your posture because it strengthens your core. It keeps those muscles strong and limber, and the women in our class are very ripped.

Q: So I guess you can do your workout pretty much anywhere now.

A: I recently vacationed on a private train car. It was built in 1929, and there are only about 250 left; it basically hooks onto the back of a regular Amtrak train, and I was able to work out. It was such a trip.

Check out fitat40pluspilates.com.



PAINTING PLAYMATE



Based in the hills outside Kona, Hawaii since 1978, Miss April 1966 Karla Canway, also known as the artist Sachi, has built an archive of about 700 works. Causteau's Lagoon (left) is part of Hef's collection.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Heating up the Great White North, Canadian Playmates Miss June 2003 Tailor James and Miss November 1999 Cara Wakelin (below) hosted Playboy Fashion Unleashed at Brant House in Toronto.... In other Canadian Playmate news, Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson appears in a video sent to managers of Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants throughout the U.S. PETA produced the video as part of its Kentucky Fried Cruelty campaign. Pam also shows she's got a great set of lungs in a duet with Bryan Adams on his album *Anthology*. Unfortunately Pammy's pole-dancing appearance in the Elton John concert *The Red Piano* was cut from the TV broadcast....

Newfoundlander Miss November 1981 Shannon Tweed and her boyfriend of 22 years, Kiss bassist Gene Simmons, star in the new A&E reality show *Family Jewels*.... Miss April 2003 Carmella DeCesare (below) gets comfortable in the backseat of a 1965 Chrysler New Yorker for MPH magazine's "Backseat Betty" spread, in which the magazine reveals a bit of Playmate trivia: Carmella's first ride was a red Pontiac Fiero. She also modeled in

PLAYBOY cover girl Brooke Burke's swimsuit fashion show at Pure in Las Vegas.... Miss January 1988 Kimberly Conrad Hefner appeared in photographer Alistair Morrison's exhibition *Desperate Housewives* at Iona House Gallery in Woodstock, Oxfordshire, U.K.



Cara wiggles her tail at Playboy Fashion Unleashed.



Carmella, our favorite backseat driver.

MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club of cyber.playboy.com or download her to your phone at playboymobile.com.



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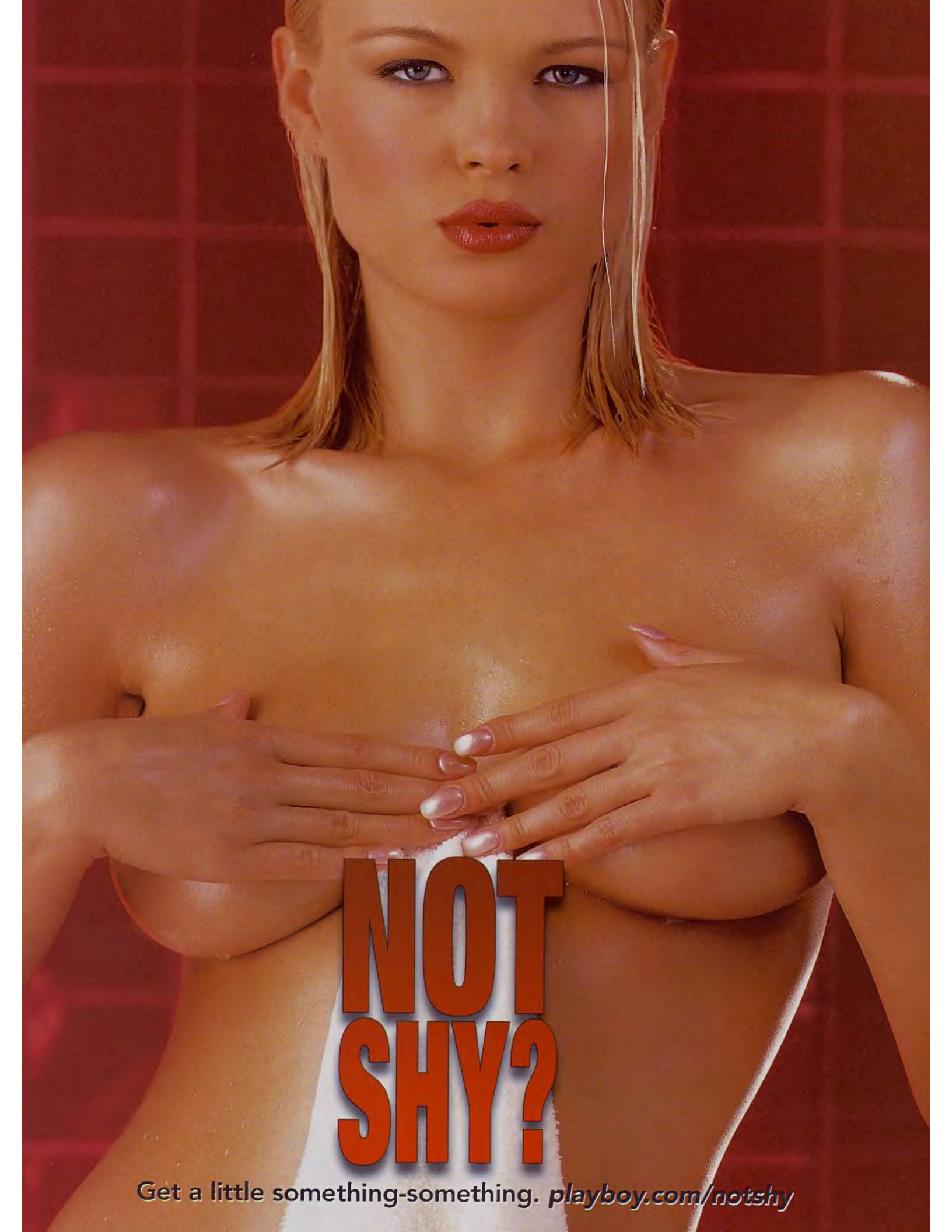


PLAYBOY RACING SCHEDULE 2006

May 5-7	Mazda Raceway Laguna Seca, Monterey, CA
May 12-14	Phoenix Int'l. Raceway, Phoenix, AZ
May 26-29	Lime Rock Park, Lakeville, CT
Jun 2-3	Watkins Glen Int'l., Watkins Glen, NY
Jun 23-25	Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course, Lexington, OH
Jun 29	Daytona Int'l. Speedway, Daytona Beach, FL
Jul 28-30	Barber Motorsports Park, Birmingham, AL
Aug 10-11	Watkins Glen Int'l., Watkins Glen, NY
Aug 24-26	Infineon Raceway, Sonoma, CA
Aug 31-Sep 2	Miller Motorsport Park, Tooele, UT

Photography by Richard Prince, Melinda Stewart and Colour Tech South.
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A close-up photograph of a woman with wet, blonde hair and red lips. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. Her hands are placed over her chest, with her fingers spread. The background is a red, textured wall. The overall tone is sensual and provocative.

NOT SHY?

Get a little something-something. playboy.com/notshy

Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



The Art Game

The second annual I Am 8-Bit exhibition unites old-school gaming with new-school artists

Today's video games offer amazing visuals and intricate plots, but not so long ago all it took to make us happy was a little yellow circle that ate dots or an Italian plumber with a five-pixel mustache. That kind of old-school happiness is what the I Am 8-Bit group art show is all about. A loving homage to the faces that ate a million quarters, the exhibition—which runs from April 18 to May 19 at Gallery Nineteen Eighty Eight (gallery1988.com), in Los Angeles—is filled with new interpretations of favorites from the eight-bit-gaming era of the 1980s, such as Greg “Craola” Simkins’s *Pac-Man in Hospice* (above). “These characters are like the Michelin Man

or Mr. Clean. They’ve registered that deeply in our minds,” says Jon Gibson, the video game reviewer turned television writer who dreamed up the show, now in its second year. “My mom knows nothing about video games, but she knows Mario.” The simplicity of the 1980s graphics is precisely what makes retrospective interpretation interesting. “Twenty different artists drawing Mario is compelling because everyone had a unique experience with him,” Gibson says. For art lovers who can’t justify a cross-country trip, Chronicle has released an *I Am 8-Bit* book (\$23) filled with the work displayed at last year’s show. Get your game on at iam8bit.net.



Big Chimpin’

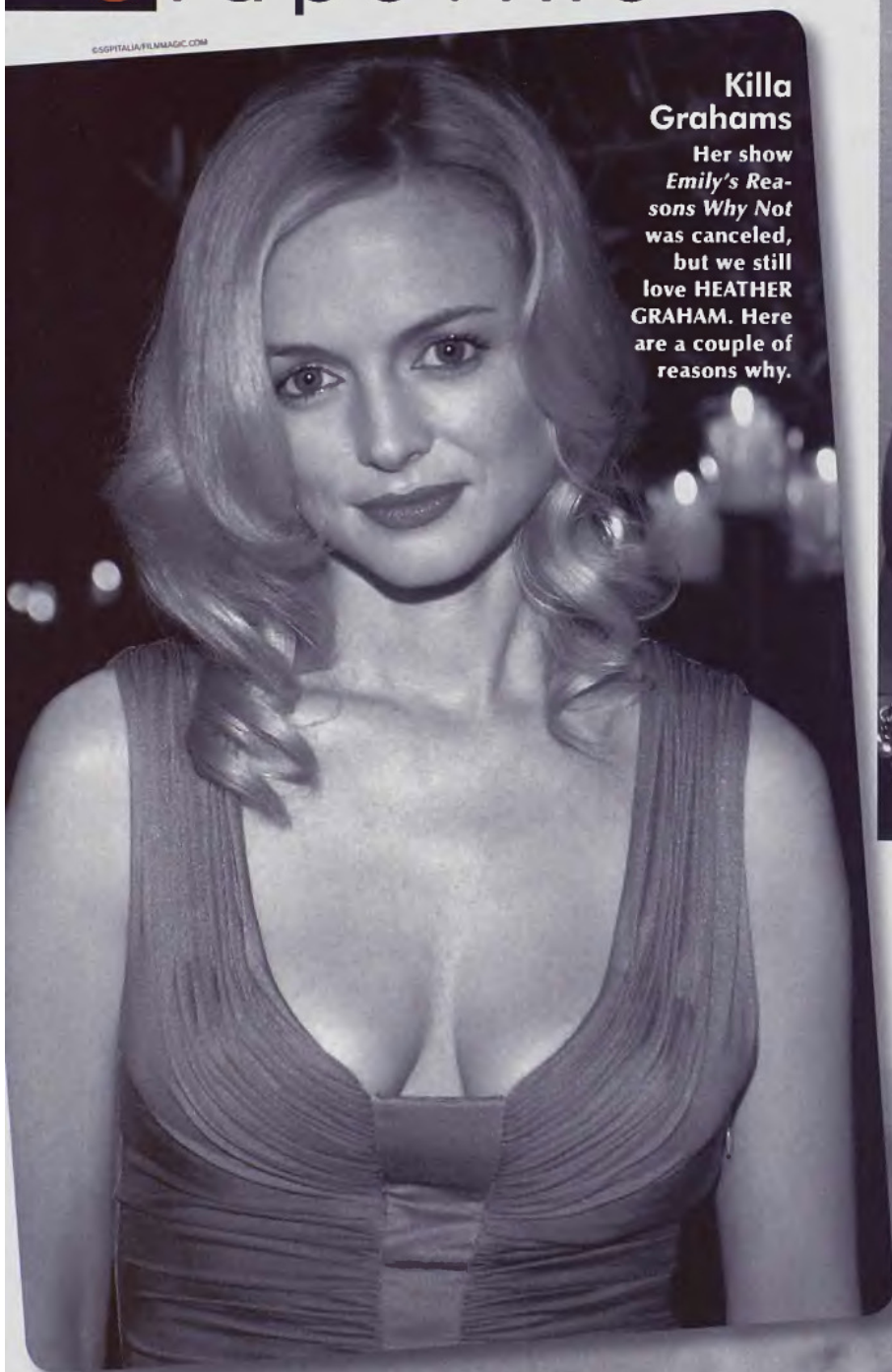
Meet the first superstars of the file-sharing era

When a band scores the fastest-selling debut album in U.K. chart history, you have to figure they sound like the Spice Girls or got their start on some manufacturing-the-band TV show. Not so. Instead the Arctic Monkeys—four young men from Sheffield, northern England’s gritty Steel City—stumbled onto national and international prominence when fans took a homemade EP handed out at concerts and started sharing it online. Before ever inking a record deal (Domino eventually issued the LP), the combo had a sold-out concert tour and played the Reading Festival. But is all this hype deserved? Sheffield’s unofficial ambassador, Jarvis Cocker of Pulp, says yes: “The only reason people have gotten into the music is because they’ve listened to it and they like it, so it’s something real. It has happened naturally, so there’s no way to apply spin doctorism to it.” 151

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Killa Grahams

Her show *Emily's Reasons Why Not* was canceled, but we still love **HEATHER GRAHAM**. Here are a couple of reasons why.



JIMMY BACCHUS/CAMERA LINK



Mystery Dane

The story on Danish model **ANINE BING** is (a) she's the next Helena Christensen, (b) her Ellesse billboard scandalized Birmingham, U.K., and (c) she's dated soccer stars and/or Jim Carrey. We're guessing (d): She looks great naked.

ERIK NITZEL/WIREIMAGE.COM

Royally Lubed

We presume, readers, that professional bikini stuffer **BROOKE BURKE** needs no introduction. Here she is on a secluded beach, being pawed by a blue blood of dubious pedigree. He's probably telling her about the size of his duchy.



Gettin' Twiggy With It

At 17 she was a buxom (underage) sex bomb, a ticking Bardot. Now she's playing it waif. Will the real LINDSAY LOHAN please stand up?



Some Body to Love

For Billy Zane, 40, this is what eternity looks like. His fiancée, KELLY BROOK, 26, is hands down the most adored woman in Britain, and not just by the lads—a Weight Watchers poll of women picked hers as the “body of the decade.” Well played, Zane.



VITALI GLUBIN ©2006 MET-ART.COM



Web Gem

Among glamour sites, Met-Art.com is a veritable Pyramid of Giza, online since 1999 and hosting 250,000-plus pictures of 1,300 models. JADE here is a fan favorite.



"Simon Garfinkle? Never 'eard of 'im."

Meet MRS. ROBINSON, a trio set to storm the (U.K.) charts with the single "I'm a Little Obsessed." They're named after member Tanya Robinson—she's the brunette in the see-through top. Here's to boobs, Mrs. Robinson.

Potpourri

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Two heads are better than one, so why not two lenses? Among the features packed into Kodak's latest snapper, the five-megapixel V570 (\$400, kodak.com), are wide-angle and zoom lenses. The 22 preset scene modes and high-speed processing chip help your pictures always look the way you want them to, and the camera also does neat tricks such as stitching together huge panorama shots and printing directly to PictBridge photo printers.



CUTTING TRACKS

Pity MacGyver. He could make a bomb out of toothpaste and an old shoe, but could he listen to *Led Zeppelin IV* on his pocketknife? No. Be prepared for emergencies both sonically and gadget-wise with Victorinox's s.beat knife (\$200 to \$260, swissbit.com), which includes a built-in MP3 player along with the usual blade, scissors and nail file. Available in one-, two- and four-gigabyte models, it also packs an FM radio, a voice recorder and an integrated USB plug, so you never need a cord. Toothpaste and old shoe sold separately.



FOR KICKS

Back in the 1980s when soccer began to overtake Pop Warner football as the preferred autumn kiddie sport, many Bud-drinking, NFL-watching dads were terrified that their sons would become French-fried Euro-wussies. This year the cream of those first youth players forms the core of an American team primed for a World Cup run. Nike supplies the official jersey (\$70, niketown.com) the team will don for its June 12 opener against the Czechs. The official tournament ball, by Adidas (\$130, shopadidas.com), is the most advanced in the game.



YOUR OWN PERSONAL STASH

Old graffiti artists never die; they just go legit. The last time Brooklyn graff legend Stash tagged an active Metropolitan Transit Authority subway car was in 1987, so these days you're less likely to see his work on the F train than in a high-end gallery. Or in your living room. The Wildstyle rugs (\$1,450 to \$2,350, toyculture.com), created from a Stash design, are part of a series of homages to yesterday's spray-can masters of underground transit art, and they reference the bold, superdeformed "wildstyle" lettering Stash helped pioneer back in the day. For optimal realism, view after the cops have chased you through a Bronx subway yard at two A.M.

SEEING THE STONES

Any watch can tell the time, but how many can tell you exactly when to sacrifice your goat to ensure the fertility of your crops? Open the Stonehenge pocket watch (\$43, stonehengewatch.com) and you'll find a scale replica of the world's least portable calendar, along with a compass for aligning it correctly. If you don't have a goat for the sacrifice, you can substitute a three-day orgy. Usually works for us.



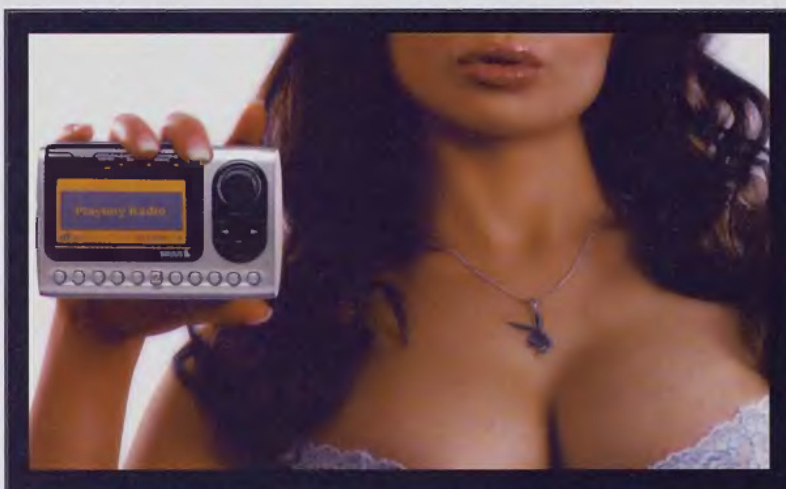
HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

Kentucky Derby Day mint juleps are great but a lot of work. Here's a slimmed-down recipe for a racetrack drink that never fails: Pour Maker's Mark into a finely crafted flask and enjoy. Colibri's stainless steel and leatherette Door flask (left, \$30, colibrishop.com) holds six ounces and six cigarettes. Its Cosmopolitan flask (right, \$28) features a porthole so you can see how many victory toasts you have left.



WELL-DONE

The quest for the perfect grilling tool began when Cro-Magnon man was perplexed by a problem: How do I eat this gorgeously well-marbled but frozen mastodon steak without breaking my teeth? The answer: Jam it on a stick and hold it over that fire stuff everyone keeps talking about. Forty thousand years later, All-Clad, the brand for serious cookware, issues the ultimate set of sticks (\$120, cooking.com), including a fork, a marinade brush, locking tongs and a turner in 18/10 stainless steel with a brushed-metal carrying case.

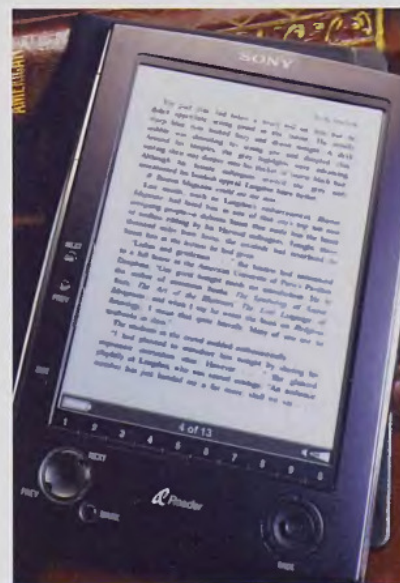


SATELLITE OF LOVE

Watch your back, Howard. Playboy Radio is the latest addition to Sirius Satellite Radio's fab content lineup. It's a 24-hour channel devoted to all things near and dear to the Playboy man's heart—that is, Playmates, gadgets, advice, Playmates and humor. And Playmates. For details on signing up, go to playboyradio.com.

READ ALL ABOUT IT

The word *revolutionary* is used a lot in the technology world, but it usually translates to "slight improvement." This time the *R* word is justified. The Sony Reader (\$300 to \$400, sony.com) uses a—yes, we'll say it—revolutionary new technology the company calls e-ink. It allows the Reader to blacken individual pixels on its white screen, which then stay blackened when the power is off. So, unlike conventional displays, the screen doesn't constantly refresh itself, meaning the images are as clear and flicker-free as the printed page. Buy it, then head to gutenberg.org for more than 17,000 classic books, all free of charge.



Next Month



THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, UNVEILED.



KELLER, THE HIT MAN WHO THOUGHT TOO MUCH.



NATURAL BEAUTY?



MY NAME IS JASON LEE.

2006 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—AFTER SEARCHING EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD IN AMERICA FOR GIRLS NEXT DOOR AND SELECTING THE 12 LOVELIEST AS OUR 2005 CENTERFOLDS, WE REVEAL THE WOMAN WHO IS TRULY ONE IN A MILLION. TWO HINTS: SHE'S PICTURED ABOVE, AND NO ONE WITH HER CURRENT TITLE HAS ATTAINED THIS HONOR BEFORE.

ROSEBUD—MODERN MEDICINE NOW ENABLES WOMEN TO COSMETICALLY ENHANCE THEIR BREASTS, BUTTS AND—PERHAPS THE FINAL FRONTIER—SEXUAL ORGANS. **HEATHER CALDWELL** TURNS PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR TO EXAMINE THE DOCTORS AND PATIENTS WHO QUEST FOR THE PRETTIEST PINK.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF JOHN KRUK—ONCE A FLESHY PHILLIES FIRST BASEMAN AND NOW AN EVEN MORE ENDO-MORPHIC ESPN ANALYST, KRUK IS ONE OF THE MORE APPEALING THINGS ABOUT BASEBALL. IN AN ERA WHEN MOST ATHLETES LOOK SUPERHUMAN AND HAVE INTERCHANGE-ABLE EMPTY PERSONALITIES, **PAT JORDAN** PROFILES A BASEBALL BRAIN WITH WHOM EVERYONE CAN IDENTIFY.

MYSPACE OR YOURS?—**DAVE ITZKOFF** SPENDS TIME IN THE INTERNET SINGLES BAR, CONTEMPLATING THE MEANINGS OF COMMUNITY, ANONYMITY AND IDENTITY, AND LEARNING WHAT IT TAKES TO WOO WOMEN ON THE WEB. ALSO, GIVEN

THE NUMBER OF HOT CHICKS WHO POST SEXY PICTURES OF THEMSELVES ON THE SITE, WE CLICKED THROUGH ENDLESS PAGES, ADDED THE MOST BEWITCHING WOMEN AS FRIENDS AND SHOT A *GIRLS OF MYSPACE* PICTORIAL.

PROACTIVE KELLER—**LAWRENCE BLOCK** AND HIS FAMOUSLY FLAWED HIT MAN, KELLER, RETURN TO OUR FICTION PAGES, WHERE THE INTROSPECTIVE ASSASSIN FINDS THAT WHILE HIS HEART IS HEAVY, HIS WALLET IS LIGHT.

JASON LEE—THE STAR OF *MY NAME IS EARL* CLAIMS HIS RIGHT TO JOIN TOM SELLECK AND BURT REYNOLDS IN THE PANTHEON OF GREAT MUSTACHE FLAUNTERS AND DISCUSSES WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE FEAR OF BECOMING FAMOUS MEETS THE REALITY OF CELEBRITY. 20Q BY **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

BEST GOLF COURSES IN THE WORLD—CBS ANNOUNCER **GARY MCCORD**, THE FUNNIEST MAN IN GOLF, HAS SPENT A LIFETIME TRAVELING FROM CLUB TO CLUB. HE GIVES A SMART GUY'S GUIDE TO GOLF'S GREATEST DESTINATIONS.

PLUS: **SHEPARD SMITH** OF FOX NEWS IN A FAIR AND BALANCED *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW, BRIONI'S POLO MATCH IN CRO-ATIA, AND WITH THE WEATHER WARMING UP, MISS JUNE **STEPHANIE LARIMORE** IS WEARING LESS.

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— *Wine Enthusiast*

"Gold Medal Winner"
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