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THE EX
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IN A
WILD

INTERVIEW

**MOB
TALES**

JIMMY BRESLIN

COPS GONE
BAD

AND THE
MURDER OF

**JOEY
GALLO**





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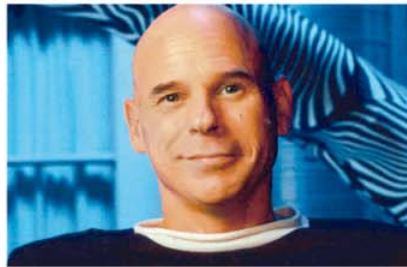
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Though she's been a professional photographer for only three years, **Odette Sugerman** (near left) impresses us with her eye behind the camera and nose for talent such as cover model **Diona Baird**. "Diona's features are strikingly similar to those of Catherine Deneuve at the time of *Belle de Jour*," Sugerman says. "Inspired by the movie, we shot her in a big mansion and made her look like a modern-day Deneuve, only naked. She has an incredible body—natural D-cups—and of course her face is magical too." *PLAYBOY* Senior Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet-Francès** produced the shoot. "Diona is a very sweet girl," she says, "a hard worker and a definite head turner. And she's modest—she drove herself to the shoot in a big pickup truck. I don't think she has a handle on how popular she's going to become."



Pulitzer winner **Jimmy Breslin** spent decades covering organized crime in New York City. In *The End of the Mob* he eulogizes the Mafia. "Who killed the Mob? I blame Iona and Boston College," he says. "The Mafia brought in money and then sent the kids away to college—and they never came back. I don't know if I can say the end of it is a good or bad thing, but if I were still working a daily beat, I would probably kill myself."



Guy Laliberté is the man behind the phenomenon of *Zumanity*, a Cirque du Soleil show with a sexual twist, documented in this month's high-flying pictorial. "There has always been a latent sexuality to Cirque du Soleil," says **Scott Dickensheets**, whose revealing article about the sexy circus accompanies the photos. "But *Zumanity* fuses love and desire and sex and intimacy in an overtly stimulating way."



For this month's *Playboy Interview*, **Stephen Rebello** sat down with **Ewan McGregor**, starring this summer in *Star Wars* and *The Island*. "He is not so much wide-eyed as wild-eyed," Rebello reports. "We were in a posh hotel, and when he walked by, grown men would drop whatever they were doing and pretend to fight with lightsabers behind his back. I have never seen people become so awestruck."



Denise Leite's painting provides the visual kick for this month's fiction, *Weight of the Moon*, by **Madison Smartt Bell**. "I strive to capture life-changing expressions in my work," she says. "Facial expressions tell everything. In the painting I did for this story, the girl's expression has real weight to it. I would say her expression is the sort you get when you go through something life-altering; experiences like that give you a power that goes beyond the day-to-day. In this case the girl has lost something, but she has gained the power that comes with understanding." Leite says she gets away with intensity in her work by using humor. "True humor can come only from taking something seriously. To me the cosmic joke is when you come full circle and can laugh at what has happened to you."

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PLAYBOY

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The Sopranos could get renewed until the Cubs win the Series, but the real-life outfit isn't faring so well. **JIMMY BRESLIN**, the most streetwise reporter in America, wore out some shoe leather on the streets of New York and discovered that, with most bosses now dead, locked up or standing trial, the Mafia itself will soon sleep with the fishes. Plus, *I Heard You Paint Houses* author **CHARLES BRANDT** solves the last mystery about who killed Joey Gallo, and **NICK BRYANT** asks why the feds don't believe a credible and talkative ex-Mob boss.
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 The franchise quarterback has resurfaced as the most precious commodity in the NFL, and there are a lot of good ones. Who's going to wave hardware in the air in February, and who's going to wipe guacamole off his shirt? We have all the pigskin-related predictions right here. **BY RICK GOSSELIN**
- 104 A FULL BOAT**
 Take a funny guy who loves poker. Stake him \$10,000. Send him on a weeklong cruise with 735 eclectic Texas Hold 'Em fanatics all trying to win more than \$7 million in the biggest event on the World Poker Tour. What happens? Well, he's still not rich. **BY JOEL STEIN**
- 116 OLD SCHOOL**
 This year golf's most prestigious championship, the British Open, returns to the game's source: the Old Course at St. Andrews, Scotland, where golfers have roamed for six centuries. We take a look at some of the great moments that adorn the most storied venue in all of golf. **BY EVAN ROTHMAN**

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- 80 WEIGHT OF THE MOON**
 In Haiti, where mysterious spirits join men with guns to haunt the humid nights, a young woman's trip to the market becomes fraught with violence and tragedy. **BY MADISON SMARTT BELL**

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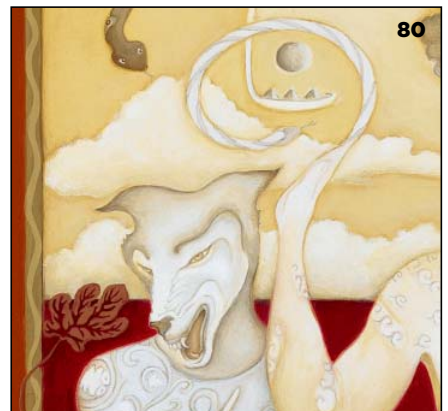
- 51 LUCKY TO LOSE**
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- 118 KATE HUDSON**
 Most people know her as the bubbly actress who plays happy-go-lucky, lovable sweetie pies in a multiplex's worth of romantic comedies. Now, as Goldie Hawn's daughter finds her mojo rising in the dark thriller *The Skeleton Key*, she tells us why it was nice not to smile in a movie, why the whole rock-and-roll lifestyle turns her on, and how to be a good mother and remain a hottie. **BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

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 He made his mark in gritty indies like *Trainspotting* before seducing Nicole Kidman in *Moulin Rouge* and waggling a lightsaber in the new *Star Wars* movies. Then he did what most actors do when they're hot: He left on a 20,000-mile motorcycle trip. Now he's back, talking about playing a clone in *The Island*, the fun of dropping trou and the allure of Glaswegian girls. **BY STEPHEN REBELLO**



COVER STORY

When Dora Baird first saw her Guess billboard she said, "Oh great, people are gonna get so sick of looking up at my boobs." Not so, of course, and now we'll see even more of Dora, with Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn in *Wedding Crashers*. Here, Odette Sugerman photographs her with *Belle de Jour*-inspired spirit. Our Rabbit fits Dora like a glove.



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FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS, TEXT BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

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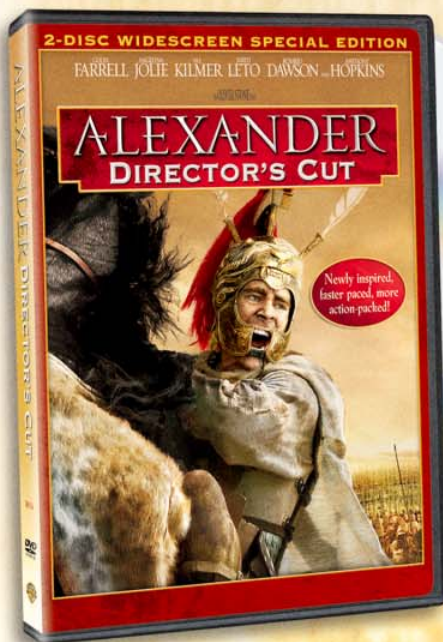
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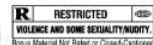
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Hef's HAPPY 79TH



Hef's unforgettable 79th birthday weekend began with a screening of his favorite film, *Casablanca*, followed by champagne and caviar by candlelight. The following night was a gala pajama-and-lingerie party with Centerfolds and celebrities toasting the birthday boy. (1) Hef and Holly dressed up for *Casablanca* Night. (2) A birthday cake featuring Hef and his girlfriends Kendra, Bridget and Holly. (3) Simon Cowell with Renee Sloan. (4) Crispin Glover and Pink. (5) The host with his girls in matching lingerie. (6) Michael Vartan of *Alias* with two of the Playboy Mansion's infamous Painted Ladies. (7) Isaac Singleton and Ameneh. (8) PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon and Jon Lovitz. (9) Ryan Cabrera and Deborah Gibson. (10) Shane West and David Gallagher with Playmates Kara Monaco and Jillian Grace. (11) Owen Wilson and friend. (12) Mark Moccia and *The Sopranos'* Jason Cerbone with Centerfolds Destiny Davis and Lauren Michelle Hill. (13) Bill Maher with Painted Ladies. (14) Jennifer Tilly and guest Phil Laak. (15) The Dahm triplets with a special birthday message.

BUNNY BUSINESS



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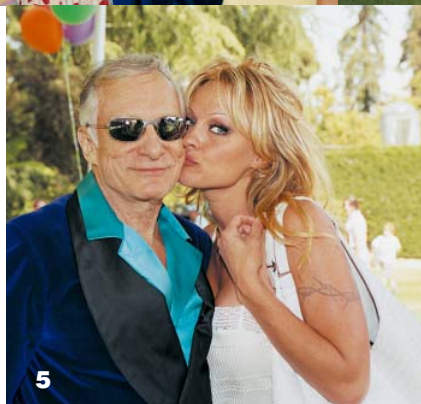
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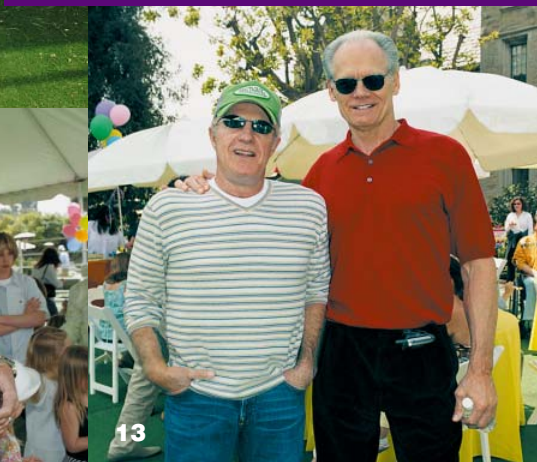
Every spring Hef hosts a spectacular Easter egg hunt for friends, celebrities, Centerfolds and their kids, complete with prizes, a petting zoo and two types of bunnies. (1) Mr. Playboy with his girlfriends Kendra, Holly and Bridget. (2) Actress Krista Allen and her son Jacob checking out the animals. (3) Fiona Horne and Stacy Burke. (4) Fred Durst and his son, Dallas. (5) Hef gets a smooch from Pamela Anderson. (6) Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens and her son, Jaxon. (7) *Amazing Race* stars Jonathan Baker and Victoria Fuller with Hef and Victoria's sister, Caitlin. (8) Burt Bacharach and his family. (9) *The Bold and the Beautiful* star Ronn Moss, Playmate Devin Devasquez and her guest, Ashley. (10) Miss March 2002 Tina Jordan and her adorable daughter, Tatiana. (11) MTV's *Meet the Barkers* superstars Travis Barker of Blink-182 and Shanna Moakler with their kids, Landon and Atiana. (12) Lorenzo Lamas and Barbara Moore with a furry friend. (13) Tough guys James Caan and Fred Dryer. (14) Hef and Natalie Zea, star of TV's *Eyes*.



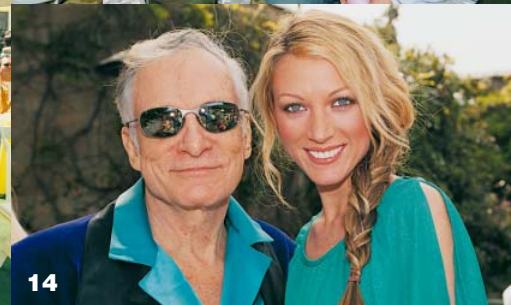
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SEXY SUBURBAN MOMS

Real Desperate Housewives (May) is the best pictorial you've published in years. It made me want to quit my job and become a pool boy.

John Rizzo
Ocean City, New Jersey

Your pictorial proves older women can be hot. Ladies, live young, look young, but appreciate your age.

Karen Wahler
Lexington, Kentucky

Awesome pictorial, but those women look anything but desperate.

David Canfield
Toms River, New Jersey

How about having a *Housewife* of the Month feature similar to your *Employee of the Month*?

Raymond Camacho
Port Hueneme, California

Please show us more of this finely aged wine.

Chuck Diglio
New Haven, Connecticut

Here are some things to look for in a MILF: (1) She hungers for sex; she



Mom and babe Cristina Bazan, 34.

wants to be part of the mile high club, the Empire State club, the anywhere, anytime club. (2) She enjoys browsing in sex-toy shops. (3) She thinks chocolate syrup is a sex aid and sees Halloween as an excuse to dress like a slut. (4) In a sweater and jeans she looks come-hither, not come-to-the-minivan. (5) She can do the splits.

MeMe Roth
Millburn, New Jersey

As a 36-year-old man married to a suburban MILF, I found the slightly older women to be a refreshing change of pace. Please show us more of these gorgeous "mom-shells."

John Adams
Acworth, Georgia

MAKING SENSE OF SCIENCE

The Meaning of It All (May) is the most intellectually stimulating material I've read in years. The essays are brilliant, cogent and personal. It's a shame that those who most need to read about and understand the origins of the universe are the least likely to do so.

Mark Craven
Las Vegas, Nevada

It's impressive to see *PLAYBOY* address difficult issues such as cosmology and evolution.

Three points, however, deserve mention: (1) In the face of attacks by religious groups, academic humanists have been cowardly in the defense of scientific objectivity. We are often treated to formalism and left-wing politics. (2) The truth is that both theories are neutral as to the existence of a personal creator. Science is always neutral regarding such broad claims about the unobservable. (3) The place of religion in our culture goes beyond the verifiability of this or that theory. In fact, the overwhelming weight of evidence is against the existence of a personal god, and persistent belief in falsehoods is damaging to both mental and physical health.

Willis Domingo
Chicago, Illinois

Your article is nothing more than anti-creationist propaganda. By definition evolution is not science, because science is knowledge gained through observation. Rather than list all the erroneous and outdated facts in the piece, I will direct you to drdino.com, where Kent Hovind is offering \$250,000 to anyone who can provide empirical proof of evolution.

Kevin Thompson
Killeen, Texas

Abundant evidence for evolution can be observed in the fossil record. Hovind's challenge has a fatal flaw: The sole judge of what qualifies as sufficient proof is the true believer putting up the money.

While religion is defined in one of your articles as a quest for security, in these troubled times I see it as a

quest for dominance. I have always thought anything that can give us a sense of peace and harmony can only be a good thing. But religion doesn't play that role anymore. It's time for the theological ostriches to pull their heads out of the sand and explore the realities that science has placed under



SCOTT ANDERSON

Big questions about our universal origins.

our noses. Is there room for both? You bet. It's time to get real, but it's nice to have a little hope.

Pam Montgomery
McGregor, Iowa

Simon Singh scoffs at the idea that "the hand of God is required to explain our universe" yet acknowledges that the universe was created. He refers to the "big bang model of creation" yet fails to see that only God can create.

Joe Popovec
League City, Texas

When I read *The Meaning of It All*, my first reaction was, "Right on!" As a professor of physics, I think you did a great job of presenting a variety of viewpoints. The controversial views are described as controversial, and the views that aren't controversial among scientists (e.g., evolution, the big bang) are presented that way.

Ben Crowell
Fullerton, California

The creationists err in seeing God with too little imagination and no sense of humor, and in seeking him too high up and far away. But those who see the miracle of life and can look into the night sky and see only random accidents are simply blind.

Joseph Kutch
Pineville, Louisiana

I believe that Jesus Christ is the only son of God and that Charles Darwin is correct in his scientific theory of biological evolution. Yet my head does not explode. The Bible hints at evolution



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in Genesis 1:11, 20 and 24. The phrase "let the earth bring forth" is best understood as an expression of theistic evolution: the idea that the earth is the agent of creation at God's command. God makes use of "natural" methods to accomplish his purpose, as demonstrated in the east wind that assisted the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites (Exodus 14:21). God created the heavens and earth and all life; it is my privilege as a scientist to figure out a small portion of how he did it.

Carl Drews
Theistic-evolution.com
Boulder, Colorado

The word *theory* is commonly used (and mistaken) for *hypothesis*. A hypothesis is a claim that needs to be tested, so there is no such thing as a "weak, fanciful theory." There are many fanciful hypotheses, but a theory stands as a theory until it is proven incorrect. To say, as some people do, that the big bang is "just a theory" is like saying that gravity is just a theory.

John Jammal
Austin, Texas

I laughed so hard at Singh's use of simplistic terms such as MACHOs (massive compact halo objects), WIMPs (weakly interacting massive particles) and DUNNOS (dark unknown nonreflective nondetectable objects somewhere) that my pocket protector nearly fell out. You can't dumb down science and expect people to take it seriously.

Mike Sweet
San Antonio, Texas

Singh's fifth point in support of the big bang is that it is simple. But then he notes that cosmologists need additional theories (for example, dark matter, dark energy) to support it. So it's not so simple after all. Dogma is dogma, be it that of the old religion of creationism or the new religion of cosmology. I have always loved Robert Heinlein's idea that God, as a cosmic joke, created the universe 6,000 years ago but made it look much older.

Fred Waiss
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

CALLING ALL WEIRD ACTORS

I have always thought James Spader is sexy. Your May *Interview* leaves me thinking he may also be a little weird. But with my husband's okay, I would still fuck him.

Sharon Sermons
Douglas, Georgia

BETTING ON THE RED SOX

I was surprised to read your prediction that the Boston Red Sox will be watching the playoffs from their sum-

mer homes (*Big League Blues*, May). Are you nuts? The defending champs have the best lineup in the game.

Matt Rochette
East Providence, Rhode Island

FEAR AND LOATHING

Those of us who followed Hunter S. Thompson through the years came to appreciate his wisdom and keen sense of humor (*Postcards From the Proud Highway*, May). Your article and his life both ended too soon.

Vic Peccarelli
Lambertville, New Jersey

You neglected to include Thompson's outlaw wisdom on suicide.

Ken Crockett
Austin, Texas

I got to know Thompson when, as an editorial assistant at *Rolling Stone*, I was assigned to help him with whatever he needed when he visited New York. Not long after our first meeting he disappeared into the bathroom of the hotel suite. Forty-five minutes



Hunter S. Thompson: loved, loathed, read.

later, when I thought it might be wise to find out why I could still hear torrents of water, I peeked in to see him completely submerged in the tub, performing an odd high-speed snake dance—horizontally. The man took a weird bath. But I also learned that he was a repository of deep, dangerous and sometimes contradictory wisdom. Particularly apt was his insight into high-performance driving: "It's the swerving that gets people killed." Judging from my brief experience, his habit of driving 110 miles an hour with a spidery two-finger grip while lost might also have contributed.

Corey Seymour
New York, New York



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P L A Y B O Y

a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

Christina Lindley

It's time for this career cover girl to get her act together

Model turned actress Christina Lindley has forever been the new kid on the block. "I was always the new girl growing up because my family moved so often. I went to four different high schools," she says. "I relocated to L.A. from Nashville and started acting only a few months ago." She quickly landed the perfect role on the unscripted Fox comedy series about music producer David Foster's family: "I play Christina Lindley, a model-actress in L.A. I'm literally myself on the show." Her film portrayals have been a little more strenuous, but she's in good hands—working with experienced directors Michael Bay on *The Island* and Nick Cassavetes on

"I'm feminine, but
I also like boxing, football
and violent movies."

the upcoming *Alpha Dog*. In *The Island*, Christina (like star Scarlett Johansson) plays a beautiful clone. "In real life I don't like to look like every other girl," she says. "If they're all driving BMWs, I don't want one. I like to be the center of attention whenever possible." She applies the same philosophy to the men in her life. "If a guy doesn't want me, then I don't want him," she says. "I always tell any guy I date, 'If at any point you meet someone you'd rather be with, please, go ahead.' I always do the dumping but in a very nice way. One of the trashiest things you can do as a woman is fight with someone." That doesn't mean Christina can't appreciate a good right cross. "I'm feminine, but I also like boxing, football and violent movies like *Fight Club*," she says. "It's weird. I have all the characteristics of a tomboy, but I like to dress up and have my hair and nails done. I guess I'm a girly tomboy."





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FRAMES OF REFERENCE

HOW THE POLITICAL GAME IS PLAYED TODAY

Senator John McCain recently explained why President Bush defeated John Kerry: "We Republicans were able to frame the debate appropriately." The political class, once obsessed with spin, has a new mantra. It's all about the frame. We talked to George Lakoff, a professor of linguistics at Berkeley who advises the Democratic Party, about this subtle art.

PLAYBOY: What do we mean by "framing the debate"?

LAKOFF: Framing is characterizing the conceptual framework of ideas and values people hold, then finding appropriate language for those ideas and values.

PLAYBOY: What's an example of benign, honest framing?

LAKOFF: A classic example is the Endangered Species Act. It said we were there to protect species, and it was honest because vast numbers of species were endangered. It was indeed meant to protect them.

PLAYBOY: Can framing be honest and partisan at the same time?

LAKOFF: The right's use of *tax relief* is honest framing. If you are strongly conservative, you see taxes as an affliction to be eliminated. That's what *tax relief* says: Taxes are an affliction.

PLAYBOY: Does the left have an answer to that frame?

LAKOFF: It doesn't. The left tells a story. Taxation is the use of the common wealth for the common good. It's an investment in things that help us all—roads, the Internet, the courts, the FCC and so on. It's also education, which is an investment in individuals. Without those investments we are not able to pursue our individual goals.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't have the same pop.

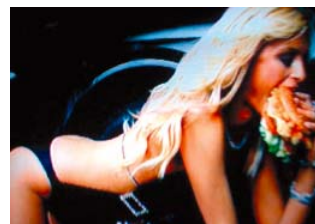


LAKOFF: Because the right has done 35 years of work on this, it can say two words: *tax relief*. And I, on the left, have to give you a story. If we'd had a similar period in which we were sending our ideas out there, we could just say "tax investments" and everyone would know what we meant.

PLAYBOY: What's the outlook for Democrats right now?

LAKOFF: The right has had thousands of people working on this and has poured in a lot of money. The right has figured out something it didn't know in 1964 when Goldwater lost—what Republicans have in common, what their values are, what their basic ideas are. We need to determine which values draw progressives together, the most efficient arguments for those ideas and a language for expressing them. Our best guess is that it will take six to 10 years to catch up—if we do it right.

where the beef is



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Outrage: "Shows every possible dimension of contempt for those who believe in the sanctity of unborn life." —radio host-minister Joe Pursch



Ad for: Six-Dollar Burger

Plot: A certain well-known editor and publisher (yes, Hef!) eats all

kinds of burgers "because some guys don't like the same thing night after night."

Outrage: "I have never been so appalled, hurt and wounded, and I cannot let it pass." —televangelist Robert Schuller

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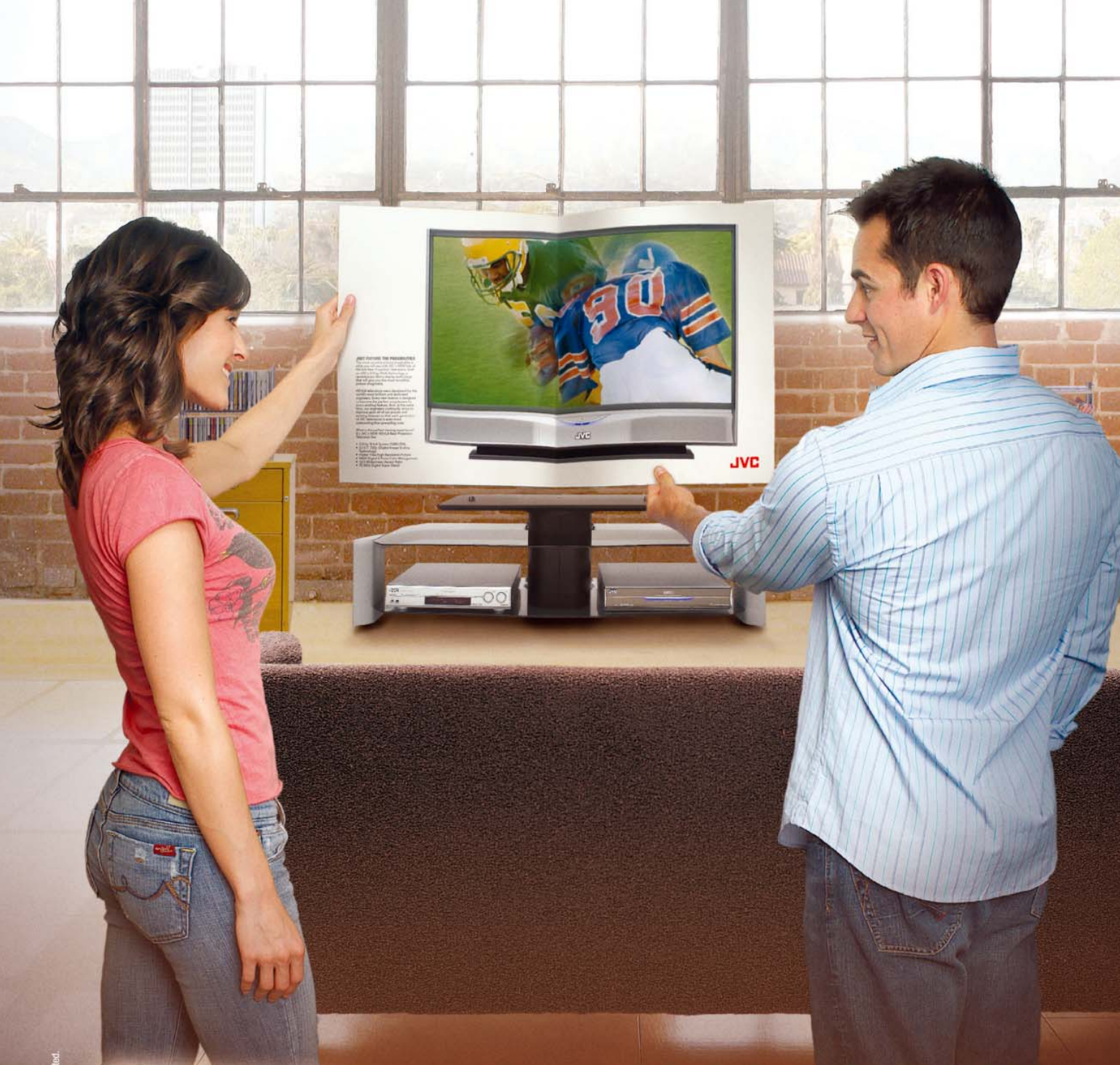
Plot: Woman puts her fist into her mouth to show she can eat "the largest double burger in the country."



Outrage: Undoubtedly someone, somewhere is aghast.

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the world's dirtiest joke

CURSE. SHOCK. REPEAT

The Aristocrats is a documentary about one very dirty joke. Depending on who tells it, the joke can involve grisly violence, foul sexual acts and copious amounts of bodily fluids. We asked director Paul Provenza and executive producer Penn Jillette to explain themselves.

PLAYBOY: In *The Aristocrats* more than 100 comics tell a version of the same filthy joke. Whose was the filthiest?

PAUL PROVENZA: You know, after hearing as much filth as we did, it's impossible to say whether it's filthier to fuck the dog, fist your daughter or shoot your son in the head and then fuck the bullet hole. I wouldn't want to have to create a hierarchy for that kind of thing.

PLAYBOY: Okay, who was most impressive?

PROVENZA: I think we captured Gilbert Gottfried in a way no one else has. Gilbert is the Miles Davis of comedy. Many people who've never seen him do stand-up think he's just abrasive and annoying, but almost everyone in comedy agrees he's the funniest man alive. No one can ever tell you why Gilbert is so goddamn funny. He's baffling—in the best of ways.

PLAYBOY: Bob Saget gets a lot of screen time as well. Did you know beforehand that the former *Full House* star had such a vulgar imagination?



CLARK WAT

PENN JILLETTE: Saget is famous in comedy circles for being the dirtiest comic ever. It's like he has a form of Tourette's syndrome. If I said the things that regularly come out of Saget's mouth, they'd take me directly to prison.

PLAYBOY: How will this film fare in red states?

JILLETTE: Dirty jokes aren't a liberal thing. George Bush tells dirty jokes. I know because he tells Kinky Friedman, who tells them to me. Nothing is more American than a dirty joke. *The Aristocrats* opens in New York and Los Angeles on July 29.

upon further review

DOESN'T COUNT

Before Congress, Kentucky senator and former Philadelphia Phillie Phanatic Jim Bunning said records set by juiced-up ball-players should be "wiped out." Why stop at baseball? Shouldn't we question the accomplishments of everyone who has used performance-enhancing substances?



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A DJ'S CUT SPOOKY TAKES ON FAMOUS FILM

"Sampling is changing the past to fit the present," says Paul Miller, who as DJ Spooky is a leading light of the arty musical subgenre known as turntablism. With *Rebirth of a Nation*, Spooky slices and dices D.W. Griffith's 1915 epic *The Birth of a Nation*, the canonical yet racist film that casts Ku Klux Klansmen as the saviors of civilization. Spooky has been touring with his multimedia spectacle since 2004; in September he'll bring it to Oregon's PICA festival. "A remix is just an interpretation," Spooky says, "but so is a history book."



of dogs and homework

LIKELY STORIES

Odd excuses people have given for missing work, from a CareerBuilder.com survey: I was arrested as a result of mistaken identity. • I tripped over my dog and was knocked unconscious. • My bus was held up by robbers. • A hit man was looking for me. • My monkey died.

as himself

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Contact: \$100.9
America's Sweethearts: \$93.6

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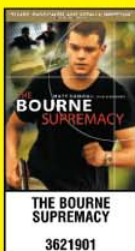
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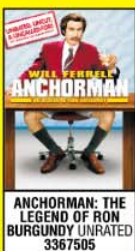
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idea of the year



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From MIT, a tool to fight snooze-button abuse: This carpet-clad alarm clock jumps off the nightstand, rolls away and squawks from a distance until you do something about it. For more information go to clocky.net.

pied-affaire \pyed-a-fer\ *n*, living space rented or bought for the purpose of extramarital assignments, often by men who commute. —*The New York Times*, February 6, 2005

employee of the month

DISPLAY MODEL

BREAST INSPECTOR CASSANDRA CARTER HAS NO SMALL JOB

PLAYBOY: What do you do for a living?

CASSANDRA: I'm the assistant to a plastic surgeon in Texas, and I examine breasts all day long. I take the before and after pictures. Later I show the girls how to massage their implants. I love that part; it's my time to really connect with them.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any work done?

CASSANDRA: I'm a walking billboard for my doctor. I was a plain, skinny brunette—now I'm a full D-cup.

PLAYBOY: Do clients ask for a look?

CASSANDRA: It seems to happen at least once a day, but I try not to go there. I am rather large, and not every girl wants to be that big.

PLAYBOY: What's work attire?

CASSANDRA: Scrubs. But when I go out to nightclubs after work, I wear what I like to call booby tops. Heads turn.

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.



man on the move

HE'S BEEN EVERYWHERE

The world according to John Clouse, who has visited 315 of the earth's 316 countries, territories and islands

Worst mosquitoes: New Guinea. Leave a pinkie unprotected and the bastards will riddle you.

Scariest place: Ghana, late 1960s. The country was in revolt, and kids with bloodshot eyes and automatic weapons knocked on my door. They cut me a deal: two bottles of whiskey for my life.

Happiest people: Russians when they're drunk—a redundant statement.

Friendliest people: Scots.

Least friendly people: The French, before they get to know you.

My favorite people: The French, once their hostile facade comes down.

Best steak: Argentina.

Best meal for a buck: Dim sum in Hong Kong has every imaginable delicacy.

What I won't eat: Dog. Never.

Harshest local rotgut: Latvian Black Balsam is just poison. But if you can get it down, it's a great buzz.



Sexiest women: In the region of Moldavia, in the Carpathian Mountains, the women are splendid—tall, thin, great asses. There's nothing else in Moldavia.

Ugliest women: The Hutus of Burundi got screwed in the looks department.

Easiest women: Steubenville, Ohio always had the best whorehouses.

Least pleasant language: German can break the ears off a stone statue.

Hell on earth: Calcutta. I looked out my hotel window and saw a man sleeping on the street. When I rang the front desk to express my concern, the clerk said, "Oh, he's not asleep. He's dead."

Heaven: Lake Naivasha, Kenya must be what the Garden of Eden looked like.

take a hint

SO THIS IS GOOD-BYE MORNING-AFTER ADVICE FROM CHELSEA HANDLER



So I slept with you—big deal. I sleep with tons of people. That doesn't mean I want you to be my boyfriend. If you're not sure where you stand, here are a few clues that I don't want to see you again.

- The window is open, and I'm gone.
- When leaving in the morning, instead of a hug or kiss I give you a high five.
- If you say my name more than four times and I don't respond, chances are it's not my real name.
- My phone number has a 555 exchange.
- You ejaculated on my face without warning, and I acted like it was no big deal.

Handler is the author of My Horizontal Life: A Collection of One-Night Stands and is one of Girls Behaving Badly's pranksters.

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R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



All This and Brains, Too

In an attempt to crack wise about the brainpower of supermodels, a Slovenian TV show tested the IQ of former Miss Universe delegate Iris Mulej, previously newsworthy for her stated interest in group sex. She scored a **156**.

Seconds of Pleasure

The average man ejaculates **7.3** minutes after entry. Men suffering from premature ejaculation lose it in **1.8** minutes.

Book of Pointless Records

Fastest Text Messaging

Singaporean woman Kimberly Yeo owns the world record for fastest typing on a mobile phone, having transmitted the following **26**-word message in **43.24** seconds: "The razor-toothed piranhas of the genera Serrasalmus and Pygocentrus are the most ferocious freshwater fish in the world. In reality they seldom attack a human."

Lost Generation

In a *National Geographic* survey, **11%** of Americans ages 18 to 24 could not find the U.S. on a map of the world.



Lazy Eyes

17% of people can't wink.



Hurricicon

The number of Floridian funerals paid for by the federal government as a result of last year's hurricanes: **315**.

The number of people who, according to official Florida records, actually died as a result of last year's hurricanes: **123**.



Spam, a Lot

Hawaiians consume nearly **7 million** cans of Spam each year—about **6** cans for every man, woman and child.

Price Check

Fungus Humongous

Amount paid by New York restaurateur Francesco Giambelli at an auction for a 2.4-pound white truffle: **\$41,000**.

Into the Red

Trends in wine sales since the release of *Sideways*:
Pinot noir: **+14%**
Merlot: **-2%**

Booze Travels

Last fall authorities busted a vodka-smuggling operation that had been moving the spirit from Belarus to Lithuania using **2** miles of rubber hose buried **1** to **4** inches below the ground.

Schisms

90% of divorced born-again Christians ended their marriages after finding Jesus.



Japanese Antiques

Centenarians per 100,000 people:
USA **10**
Japan **18**
Okinawa, Japan **47**

No Reservations

Of 768 Native Americans polled, **90%** said they are not offended by the Washington Redskins mascot.





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REVIEWS

movies



movie of the month

[THE ISLAND]

Scarlett and Ewan send in the clones

You pretty much expect to enjoy the ride when you buy a ticket to a film directed by Michael Bay. In *Bad Boys*, *Armageddon* and *Pearl Harbor*, Bay's action-packed hits, the good-looking stars run, jump and fall in love, the soundtracks blare, and expensive-looking stuff gets blown up. But the director warns that his latest movie, *The Island*, featuring Ewan McGregor and Scarlett Johansson racing to save themselves after they discover they're clones about to be harvested, goes lighter on the pyrotechnics and even has an issue or two on its mind. "There's one explosion in the film, and the action stuff is mostly with cars," says Bay. "But it's really a chase movie that deals with an interesting subject, which is everyone's vanity and how everyone wants to live longer. The question is, What would you do if you could live longer? Would you keep clones in a facility and kill them when you needed an organ?" Bay, of course, gives his cast (which also includes Steve Buscemi and Djimon Hounsou) high marks. "Scarlett looks sexy in this movie," he says, "besides being a fine actress. Ewan is such a great actor. Steven Spielberg saw the dailies and said, 'It's the first time I've seen Ewan really look like a man. He looks like a young Harrison Ford.' Spielberg also feels this is one of my stronger stories. You mature as you go." —Stephen Rebell

"Spielberg feels this is one of my stronger stories."

now showing

BUZZ

The Pink Panther

(Steve Martin, Beyoncé Knowles, Kevin Kline) This prequel to one of the all-time classic comedy franchises features Martin slipping into Peter Sellers's signature role as the bumbling Inspector Clouseau, who untangles a murder and discovers whether a sexy singer (Knowles, duh) pilfered the titular diamond.

Our call: The gifted Martin is up against the ghost of a legendary comic icon, but he—especially during the dog days of summer—could emerge as one of this season's coolest cats.



The Skeleton Key

(Kate Hudson, Peter Sarsgaard, Gena Rowlands, John Hurt) This shudderfest detours the usually sunny Hudson into a crumbling Louisiana mansion, in which she becomes a live-in caregiver for a pair of mysterious old coots (Hurt, Rowlands) up to their wattles in ghosts and voodoo-cult weirdness.

Our call: It's great that the delicious Hudson wants to go ghost hunting, but wouldn't *The Grudge*'s Sarah Michelle Gellar be better suited for such Southern-fried Gothic shenanigans?



Stealth

(Jamie Foxx, Josh Lucas, Jessica Biel, Sam Shepard) Ace pilots Lucas, Biel and Foxx scramble to stop a fighter jet equipped with a rogue artificial intelligence program in the Pacific from kicking off the next world war. Considering Foxx's post-Oscar mojo, we're guessing the planet ends up just fine.

Our call: High-flying nonsense from Rob Cohen, the director of *The Fast and the Furious* and *XXX*, shapes up as a big, dumb, likable late-summer thrill machine.



Bad News Bears

(Billy Bob Thornton, Greg Kinnear, Marcia Gay Harden) In director Richard Linklater's redo of the 1976 laughs-and-tears machine, Thornton takes on the Walter Matthau role of the hot-tempered, boozy former pro ballplayer turned exterminator who makes winners out of a team of Little League oddballs.

Our call: The bad news is that everything old in Hollywood is new again. The good news is that Linklater's smarts and humor help turn this into Thornton's best performance yet.



dvd of the month

[THE DAILY SHOW WITH JON STEWART: INDECISION 2004]

The real victor during the last election was the *Daily Show* audience

Does the old maxim about news aging as well as fish still hold true when the news is fake? That's the 20-pound bass on the table when you sit down for this video compilation of *The Daily Show's* Peabody Award-winning "Indecision 2004" coverage. The verdict? Fish stinks, but fake news is forever. Anchor Jon Stewart and the show's correspondents each night skewer the political process and the people who cover it. This three-disc set includes all eight disrespectful episodes from the respective conventions, plus shows from the first Bush-Kerry debate, election night and other highlights. Gems abound, but Stephen Colbert's segments remain the best. **Extras:** A few watch-'em-once bits, highlighted by Rob Corddry's audio comment that one woman, described as a Republican lawyer, "likes pussy." ★★★½ —Greg Fagan



SIN CITY (2005) Directors Robert Rodriguez and Frank Miller, with Quentin Tarantino as "special guest director," must have been mainlining adrenaline while making this brutally beautiful bit of pulp fiction based on Miller's graphic novels. Sin City is a place where a punch to the jaw makes a man airborne, gun-toting babes are in charge and sexualized violence is traded like currency. In this parallel world Elijah Wood is a creepy psychotic killer and Mickey Rourke is the sympathetic hero. **Extras:** View the movie as is or each story one at a time with new footage. ★★★ —Buzz McClain



SIX FEET UNDER: SEASON 4 (2004) Strong ensemble acting and sharp writing make this behind-the-scenes look at a dysfunctional family's funeral home refreshing and surprising. This box's highlights include talks with the dead, a homicidal hitchhiker, hot affairs and Mena Suvari as a lesbian performance artist. **Extras:** Audio commentaries on seven episodes and a featurette on the show's editing. ★★★½ —B.M.



THE ERROL MORRIS FILM COLLECTION

Truth really is stranger than fiction to filmmaker Errol Morris. This master documentarian uses his "Interrotron"—a setup that compels interviewees to look directly into the camera—to shine a steady light on bizarre people and places. You won't know whether to laugh or cringe at the couple in *Vernon, Florida* (1981) who claim they have a jar of slowly expanding sand or the father and sons who are squabbling over the family pet-cemetery business in *Gates of Heaven* (1978). In *The Thin Blue*

Line (1988) former PI Morris reexamines a Texas murder case, elicits a surprising confession and paves the way for an innocent man's prison release. **Extras:** An episode from Morris's now-defunct television series, *First Person*. ★★★½

—Kate Hanley



THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY (1954)

In this prototypical airline-disaster flick, pilot John Wayne and an all-star cast playing cowardly crewmen, aging lotharios and bad-luck couples chew the scenery before the plane either hits the drink or lands on the coast. **Extras:** Leonard Maltin commentary, a behind-the-scenes featurette and restored wide-screen picture and sound for its video debut. ★★★ —Matt Steigbigel



ALEXANDER (2004) You'll want to toss Alexander's sword to director Oliver Stone in the hope that he can cut a way through this underscripted, overnarrated Gordian knot. Colin Farrell doesn't have the presence to fill out the multitasking Macedonian king, but Jared Leto fares better as his lover. Only Angelina Jolie, as Alexander's scheming mother, delivers a performance full of holy terror and campy extreme. **Extras:** Two versions are available for purchase: the theatrical cut and the new director's cut. ★★ —M.S.



tease frame



Lithe, tight and versatile, **Lucy Liu** has shown us several sides of her nature over the years. Our favorite Chinese New Yorker was sword-happy O-Ren Ishii, who causes men to literally lose their heads, in *Kill Bill: Vol. 1* (2003). As one of Charlie's Angels in both films of that name (2000, 2003), she filled the screen with perkiness and hot outfits. This month she plays a brainy FBI psychologist in the bounty hunter saga *Domino*. But her best side is this uninhibited one from *City of Industry* (1997, pictured), in which she has a firm grip on matters at hand.

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A. NEW! Before you stage your own Texas Hold 'Em tournament, get a hold of this. Playboy offers detailed instructions for all of the most popular versions of the classic American card game—including strip poker! You'll also learn countless other facts, tips and strategies from Basil Nestor, author of several best-selling books about gambling. Illustrated with classic Femlins by legendary artist LeRoy Neiman. Hardcover. 5½" x 8½". 160 pages.

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B. NEW! Behind every successful man stands a surprised wife. This is just one of the classic quips you'll find in this collection of the most uproarious zingers ever to appear in PLAYBOY magazine. Naturally, LeRoy Neiman's Femlin—a mainstay on the Party Jokes page since the '50s—appears throughout. Hardcover. 5½" x 8½". 392 pages.

10057 Big Little Book of Playboy Party Jokes **\$7.98**

C. Bartender, make it a double. This deluxe guide by PLAYBOY's former food and drink editor Thomas Mario includes the 1,400 cocktail recipes, LeRoy Neiman illustrations and theme-party tips from the first edition plus nearly 300 additional pages packed with 350 photographs, additional chapters on wine, beer and sake and much more! Hardcover. 6" x 9½". 488 pages.

9403 Playboy Bartender's Guide—Deluxe Edition **\$17.95**

D. As Hef likes to say, "My life is an open book. With illustrations." So too is this stylish volume in which, for the first time ever, Playboy's legendary founder provides advice and personal observations for men of all ages. Resonant photographs from his private archive illustrate Hefnerian policies relating to every aspect of a man's life—from love and ladies to family and dreams. Hardcover with a custom slip-cover case, 5" x 7½". 192 pages.

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G. If you only read PLAYBOY for the articles, here's what you've been missing. This elegant anniversary volume captures five decades of sex, art and American culture as seen through the eyes of the world's greatest photographers. More than 250 of the most memorable images ever published in the magazine appear in six chapters. Hardcover. 9" x 12". 240 pages.

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the critical collector

[FAR EAST FEAR FACTOR]

It's scary how many U.S. remakes of Asian horror films are in the works

On the other side of the world, Asian audiences are thrilled by off-kilter, organically frightening horror films that bear little resemblance to the standard maniac-on-the-loose romps Americans are used to. Hollywood studios are not above exploiting another culture's success; hence the American versions of *The Ring* (2002) and *The Grudge* (2004), joined on DVD this month by *The Ring Two* (2005, pictured). The latter was helmed by Hideo Nakata, director of 1998's *Ringu*, which pretty much started this Asian invasion that warrants a closer look on DVD. *Dark Water* (2002) is about a mother and her child under attack by supernatural forces; Jennifer Connelly recently waded into the anglicized remake. *Kairo* (2001), about a haunted website, is being redone as *Pulse*. *A Tale of Two Sisters* (2003), the biggest box-office opener in Korean history, is being remade by DreamWorks. We wonder which American actor is going to shove a live octopus into his mouth in the remake of *Oldboy* (2003) when director Justin Lin redoes this exhilaratingly nauseating experience. The awful eeriness of Thai import *The Eye* (2002)—about a blind woman who underwent an eye transplant and can see ghosts—must be what drew Tom Cruise's company to it. Meanwhile, *Phone* (2002), about—what else?—a haunted cell phone, rings again for Madonna's Maverick Entertainment. Can the remakes top the originals? See both and then decide, but don't watch the often laughable dubbed versions—choose English subtitles for a purist's Asian horror experience. —B.M.



special additions

Delve deeper into a house of blues, the Colosseum and a crack den



Few comedies enjoy a higher profile than *The Blues Brothers* (1980), with a legacy that includes the House of Blues nightclub chain. The new 25th Anniversary Edition DVD includes the documentary *Transposing the Music*, detailing the film's various spin-offs, such as the long-running British stage tribute. This two-disc set outdoes the earlier edition by including the film's extended and original versions, as well as a new making-of production.... Director Ridley Scott is back for a victory lap around the arena to celebrate his trendsetting Oscar-winning hit *Gladiator* (2000). A new edition of the film adds 17 minutes of footage. At some 200 minutes, the new *Strength and Honor: Creating the World of Gladiator* documentary is nearly half an hour longer than Scott's expanded version of the movie. The production files have been cleared out; we see everything from Scott's scribbled "Ridleygrams" to abandoned sequences.... Actor-director Mario Van Peebles's *New Jack City* (1991) still sizzles 14 years after its debut. This special edition includes a Van Peebles commentary, a making-of feature and *Harlem World*, a documentary on the film's setting, which in 1991 was still the sort of place where Nino Brown (Wesley Snipes) could transform an apartment building into a crack fortress. Today Nino would be lucky to find a nice prewar three-bedroom with a common roof deck. —G.F.

SCANNER

THE CROW: WICKED PRAYER

(2005) Edward Furlong transforms into the latest Crow to take on Angel-turned-devil David Boreanaz. Encumbered by silly sidekicks, including Tara Reid and jive-talking satanist pimp Dennis Hopper, this Crow is all caw and no bite. ½

NIGHT MOVES (1975) Gene Hackman is a down-and-out L.A. private dick in this superb neo-noir directed by Arthur Penn and co-starring a nubile Melanie Griffith. Hackman gives a funny, fascinating and bleak portrait of a man at the end of his rope. ½

HELLRAISER: DEADER (2005) Effects icon Stan Winston presents the franchise's latest creaky sequel, boasting only eight and a half minutes of the sadistic Pinhead and an obtuse story. Horror babe Kari Wuhrer is the stand-out as a tough-cookie reporter. ½

VINCE NEIL'S GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS (2005) Post-op Motley Crue rocker Vince Neil joins PLAYBOY's Tiffany Granath in a quest to find the sexiest stripper. Highlights include celebrity judges and a pair of criminally endowed twins. ½

BOLERO (1984) Bo Derek helps her bullfighter lover recover from being gored in the groin. It's tough luck for him but good times for the viewer as we watch Bo use all her charms to nurse him back to health. ½

KUNG FU HUSTLE (2005) Gang warfare was never so much fun in Shanghai's Pig Sty Alley. When the Axe Gang arrives and dishes out delirious helpings of surrealistic chop-socky, the whole kung fu movie genre is redefined. ½

JENNA JAMESON THREE-PACK For the man who has lost everything, or at least his girlfriend, this video ménage à trois shows ubiquitous erotic star Jenna's soft-core side. Each film finds her in full-frontal frolic with similarly insatiable beauties. ½

JOHN CLEESE: WINE FOR THE CONFUSED (2004) If your *Sideways* hangover has worn off, ride along the same roads with Monty Python's resident oenophile for a down-to-earth lesson in understanding vino. Cleese makes even merlot sound good. ½

Don't miss Good show Worth a look Forget it



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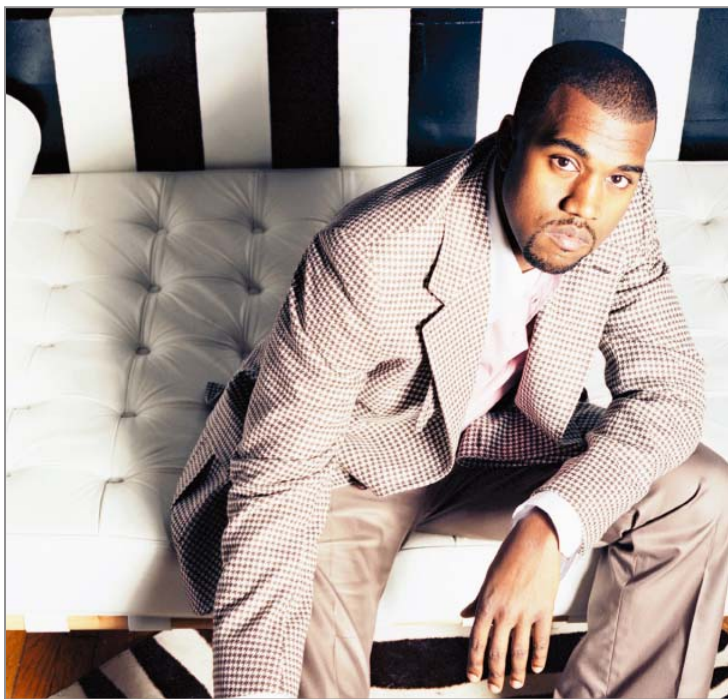
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rapper delights



[WILD WILD WEST]

Late Registration fulfills Kanye's manifest destiny

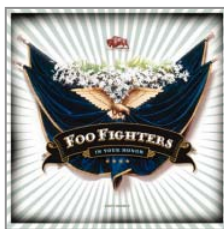
"I love what I call white music—alternative shit," Kanye West told us last year. "I love Nirvana and Counting Crows. Red Hot Chili Peppers are like my favorite group of all time." On his Grammy-winning *College Dropout*, easily the best album of 2004, the Chicago MC used his diverse musical inspiration to push boundaries. He sampled Chaka Khan, showed the world (pre-Ray) that Jamie Foxx is a bona fide crooner, shouted out to Minnie Riperton and rapped about everything from Jesus to being the token black employee at the Gap. On this second set, West spices up the melting pot even more, spanning genres and asking, Can't we all just get along? The most unlikely collaboration is with Maroon 5's Adam Levine, who sings on the piano-laden "Heard 'Em Say." Less surprising but still inspired are a matchup with the Game on the gangsta anthem "Crack Music" and a duet with Brandy, the former teen star, who may get her first big hit in years with "Bring Me Down." And on the hottest track, "Diamonds," West raps over a sample from the theme song of the James Bond flick *Diamonds Are Forever*. Better start writing a new Grammy speech. (Roc-A-Fella/Def Jam) ♪♪♪

—Alison Prato

FOO FIGHTERS * In Your Honor

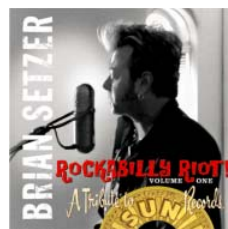
This is one part explosive screamo and one part acoustic lullaby. On CD one, the trademark shrieking, thunderous kit-pounding and stoner metal—heavier than before—call to mind Motorhead and Dave Grohl's Probot project. A Norah Jones cameo highlights the unplugged CD. (RCA) ♪♪

—A.P.


BRIAN SETZER * Rockabilly Riot!

There's more to Sun Records than Elvis, Johnny and Jerry Lee. The Memphis label also released thousands of brilliant rockabilly 45s by unknowns. Here Setzer rebuilds 23 songs from Sun history with his own snarl. His blazing versions show that this music still scorches. (Surfdog) ♪♪

—Jason Buhrmester


RUFF RYDERS * Vol. 4: Redemption

Veterans DMX, the LOX, Drag-On and Jin do indeed find redemption alongside newcomers such as Kartoan, who adds West Coast flavor, and Pirate, the first reggaeton Ryder. The street-driven production (by the legendary Swizz Beatz and others) has us yelling "Ryde or Die" all over again. (Artemis) ♪♪

—Dean Gaskin


JOHN HIATT * Master of Disaster

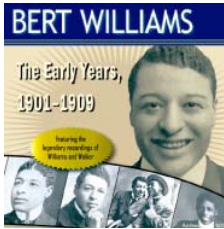
On his best album since 2000's *Crossing Muddy Waters*, Hiatt records at Memphis's Ardent Studios with Luther and Cody Dickinson of North Mississippi Allstars. In fine voice, with expert accompaniment, Hiatt reasserts his position as one of the great American songwriters. (New West) ♪♪

—L.F.


BERT WILLIAMS * The Early Years

As the first black performer to star in major vaudeville revues, Williams altered the course of American music. These recordings sound surprisingly modern, and they show that when it comes to pop music, not much has changed since "Nobody" was a hit in 1905. (Archeophone) ♪♪

—Leopold Froehlich


FRANK BLACK * Honeycomb

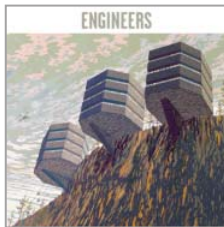
With the Pixies, Black howls about bone machines and *chiens*. Backed by musicians from Stax Records and the Muscle Shoals scene on this solo LP, he plays it straight. Only on a peculiar cover of Elvis's "Song of the Shrimp" does he reveal a glint of the weirdo who fronts the Pixies. (Back Porch) ♪

—J.B.


ENGINEERS * Engineers

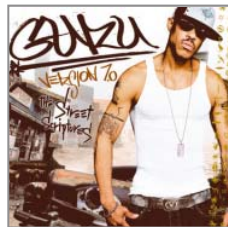
This album echoes the blissed-out sound (and vocal harmonies) of early-1990s shoe-gazing bands such as Slowdive and the Telescopes. But where those acts used walls of guitar noise to simulate complexity, Engineers create layered textures with washed-out electronics and keyboards. (Echo) ♪

—Tim Mohr


GURU * Version 7.0

Having established his bona fides with Jazzmatazz and the influential Gang Starr, Guru goes the indie route with a fresh blast of rhymes that will remind listeners of what hip-hop used to be able to accomplish. Guru is in top form here, but we still miss DJ Premier's production work. (Seven Grand) ♪

—L.F.





Reggae

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game of the month

[TRUE GRIT]

You've read the book and seen the movie—now play the game

For most Americans 1993 meant the *Cheers* finale and Michael Jordan's first retirement. But for some elite members of the U.S. Army it meant something different—a series of raids against the warlords in and around Somalia's capital city of Mogadishu, one of which Ridley Scott dramatized in his film *Black Hawk Down*. Now the *Delta Force: Black Hawk Down* game (NovaLogic, PS2, Xbox) lets movie and military buffs revisit those missions in greater depth, giving players a taste of the way a modern army wages urban war. Like a grunt fresh out of basic, you are dropped into the Operation Restore Hope and Task Force Ranger campaigns. The plight of soldiers fighting today's conflicts is all too clear—in most cases it's impossible to tell who the bad guys are until they start shooting at you. The single-player game is worth the price of admission, and eight multiplayer modes allow up to 50 players via Xbox Live or 32 players over the PS2.

☆☆☆

—Marc Saltzman



187 RIDE OR DIE (Ubisoft, PS2, Xbox) Urban street racing, automatic weapons and easy women pop and lock to a hip-hop soundtrack in this L.A. thrill ride. You play a thug named Buck who's sworn to defend his old pal Dupree's territory from a rival gang led by a tough customer named Cortez. The core gameplay has you racing the streets in pimped-out rides against the computer or online, while you merrily rip things up with AK-47s and bazookas. Road rage, anyone? ☆☆☆ —M.S.

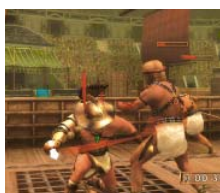


GEIST (Nintendo, GameCube) Many games boil down to shooting everything that moves, but this science fiction shooter takes a serious left turn when a scientist separates your spirit from your body, leaving you a ghost. In your quest to find yourself again and stop a ghost army, you'll inhabit objects to scare enemies, possess guards to use their guns and hop rides with rats to squeeze through tight spaces. There's no online play, but the multiplayer action is great. ☆☆☆

—John Gaudiosi



COLOSSEUM: ROAD TO FREEDOM (Koei, PS2) Forgoing typically tedious RPG character creation, *Colosseum* lets you design gladiators by answering existential and genealogical questions. Outfit your fighter with a sword and shield, and it's into battle for you. You'll carve a path to victory over your opponents' corpses, elude chariots and elephants, and trade blows with centurions. Sound and visuals both lack sparkle, but a rich variety of gameplay adds considerable depth. ☆☆☆ —Adam Rosen



FLIPNIC: ULTIMATE PINBALL (Capcom, PS2) We've always had a soft spot for the little silver ball, and *Flipnic* takes it to a whole new level. Flit through rain forests and neon-lit nightscapes while dodging UFOs and angry hippos as you manipulate the action by controlling both flippers and bumpers. Low-resolution graphics, obtuse cut scenes and a superfluous voice-over aside, *Flipnic*'s trippy solo mode and multiplayer minigames (soccer, basketball, etc.) will have you going full tilt. ☆☆☆ —Scott Steinberg



retro gaming

[EMULATION NATION]

Shouldn't you be spending more time with the classics?

Today's games brim with high-polygon-count beasts, but we're still floored by what the creators of *Pac-Man*, *Donkey Kong* and *Battle Zone* were able to squeeze out of eight measly

bits of processing power. Despite severe limitations, they produced compelling and addictive games that ate a generation of children's quarters and birthed a billion-dollar industry. Now your home computer has more processing power in its on-off switch than the machines of yesteryear had in their wildest electric dreams, and with a few quick down-

loads you can play the classics for free. To do that you need an emulator, a downloadable program that creates a virtual version of those old arcade machines inside your computer's memory. Find the code for an old game online, plug it into the emulator and you're on your way to a showdown with *Wizard of*

Wor, only this time with endless free plays. MAME (mame.net, macmame.org) plays thousands of old games, while the Raine (raine.mu.com) emulator supports late-1980s titles such as *Ninja Gaiden*, along with more than 100 others (including many sleeper hits). Capcom ruled the arcades of the 1990s, and Callus (bloodlust.zophar.net) is dedicated solely to its games—just having all the *Street Fighter* versions is worth the (free) price of admission. The catch? Well, there is one pesky legal issue. Emulators themselves are legal, but the game files (while readily available) are usually not. We can say this, however: Google is a singularly impressive search engine (nudge, nudge).

—Damon Brown



DONKEY KONG



STREET FIGHTER



JOYST



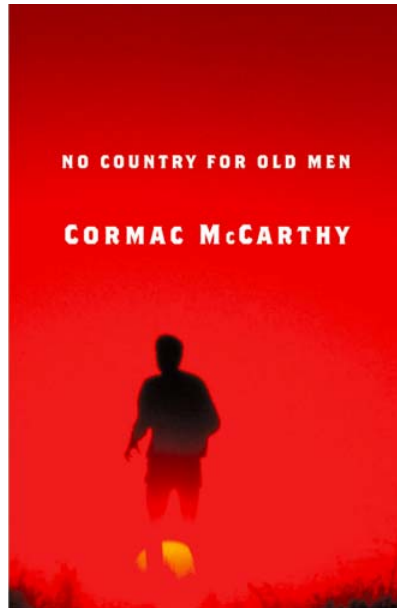
MS. PAC-MAN

book of the month

[HOW THE WEST WAS LOST]

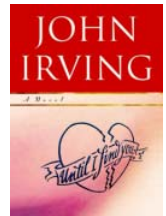
A powerful novel by one of America's great writers

The author of *All the Pretty Horses* returns with his first novel in seven years. In the hands of a lesser writer, a book about Rio Grande *drogistas* and worn-down west Texas sheriffs would be overworked territory. But this is no more a genre novel than is Faulkner's *Sanctuary*. Through masterful dialogue and intriguing characters, Cormac McCarthy creates a brilliant contemporary book about the loss of our moral compass. Implausible yet realistic, with plenty of plot turns and surprises, *No Country for Old Men* presents a harrowing portrait of the passing of an honorable culture. Over the course of his remarkable career, McCarthy has refined his writing to an Old Testament level of purity and directness. As always in his work, evil trumps virtue. But now this moral imbalance has been tempered by a sense of lamentation. Although this is one of McCarthy's more accessible works, it will also rank among his most profound. (Knopf) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich

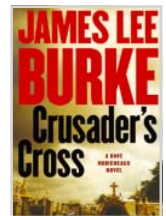


UNTIL I FIND YOU * John Irving

Irving's 11 intriguing novels, written over 30-odd years, have earned him a faithful following. His latest work should draw a few new recruits. It's the story of Jack Burns, who at the age of four travels with his tattoo-artist mother through European seaports, looking for the man who abandoned them. Though the father leaves clues at local churches and tattoo parlors, they never find him, and Burns grows up to be a Hollywood actor haunted by his memories of that voyage. Don't expect another *World According to Garp*. Irving often overstates the obvious, and a precious sort of magic realism distracts from this otherwise interesting tale. (Random House) ★★ —Jessica Riddle



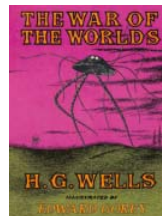
CRUSADER'S CROSS * James Lee Burke
Summer feels incomplete if you don't read a good mystery and spot a topless European woman on an American beach. We can't help with the latter, but we can recommend this installment in Burke's series involving hero Dave Robicheaux. The detective is troubled by thoughts of Ida Durbin—a teenage prostitute he met in the 1950s who later disappeared—when a friend makes a deathbed confession that some locals had kidnapped Durbin. As Robicheaux tries to solve the mystery, he's harassed by redneck cops and the New Orleans Mob. Burke's crisp writing results in a page-turner that doesn't leave you feeling as if you have sunstroke. (Simon & Schuster) ★★★ —Patty Lamberti



4TH OF JULY, ASBURY PARK * Daniel Wolff
Bruce Springsteen called this odd spot on the Jersey shore, for which he named his first album, a "town full of losers." But it's not that simple. The rock landmark was once a stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan. This social history by way of vignette is riveting. (Bloomsbury) ★★★ —Barbara Nellis



THE WAR OF THE WORLDS * H.G. Wells
Before it was a cineplex hit, before it was a 1938 radio drama, *WOTW* was a taut thriller that launched a thousand Martian invasions. This volume reprints Edward Gorey's incredible illustrations from a 1960 edition. The book is way better than the movie. (NYRB) ★★★ —L.F.



the erotic eye



EROTIC FLASHBACK

Michael Berkowitz

Four years ago Berkowitz, a painter, found a book of erotic photographs from the 1890s. He re-created the set and began snapping nude photos of amateur models with "imperfections." Then came his 15 minutes of fame. Women traveled from as far away as Iceland to be photographed in his New York studio. You know what's most shocking? Instead of finding the women mesmerizing, we're more impressed with the way he captures the rich details of the pillows and sheets. (Goliath) ★★★ —P.L.



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from Germany
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This Side of Paradise

What do Paul Gauguin, Marlon Brando and Keith Moon have in common? You're looking at it

SOMEWHERE ON that list of things to do before you die, a notch below “purchase 911 Carrera” and above “learn Cantonese,” lies the Tahitian islands—118 beach-rimmed gems scattered in the South Pacific. You don’t go to Tahiti just to party. (That’s what Cabo is for.) You go to hunt for sharks and black pearls, to see for yourself the place that seduced Gauguin, Brando, Melville, Michener and Moon. Once you’ve done all that, you hit the bar and order a couple of hurricanes (recipe below). For your home base we recommend the Bora Bora Pearl Beach Resort on the island of Motu Teviaroa off of Bora Bora, a five-star haven remote enough to make you feel as though you’re in Eden but not so remote that you can’t order a cheeseburger for lunch. You’ll want to book one of the 570-square-foot over-water bungalows (pictured, \$570 to \$653 a night), which gaze at Mount Otemanu. Spend the days floating in the emerald lagoon or at one of the world-renowned dive spots that are minutes away by boat. After sunset the king-size bed beckons. Book at pearlbeachresorts.com.



Freaky Tiki

You know the mai tai, but have you tried the...

● **Singapore Sling:** 1½ oz. gin, 1 oz. cherry brandy, 1 oz. lime juice. Mix ingredients in a shaker with ice and strain over rocks in the tiki-est glass you have. Top with soda, and garnish with a slice of lime.

● **Hurricane:** 1 oz. each of light and golden rum, ½ oz. passion-fruit syrup, 2 tsp. lime juice. Shake with ice and strain into a cocktail glass or over rocks in a coconut if you’ve got one.

● **Zombie:** 1½ oz. each of light and dark rum, ½ oz. apricot brandy, 1 oz. pineapple juice, 1 oz. orange juice, 1 oz. lemon juice, ½ oz. Bacardi 151. Shake all but the Bacardi with ice and pour into a tall glass. Top with the Bacardi and garnish with a pineapple stick.



About Time

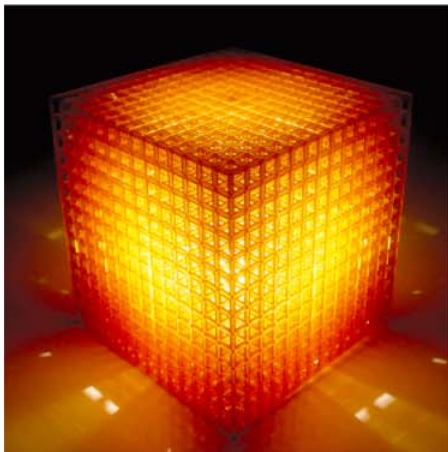
TO HONOR a quarter millennium of marking time, the Swiss watchmakers at Vacheron Constantin threw everything but the kitchen sink into the limited-edition Saint-Gervais chronometer: a perpetual calendar, a power-reserve indicator, oodles of style and more.

Only 55 were made, with a tag of \$380,000 each. Now that’s a birthday gift (877-862-7555).



Power Steering

WHEN YOU'RE a member of the world's power elite, you can't roll up to your castle, palace or Holy See in a dinged-up Hyundai. You need transportation as imposing as you are. *Presidents, Popes and Potentates: Cars of Heads of State*, an exhibit running through January 22, 2006 at the Petersen Automotive Museum in Los Angeles, takes car fans into a place historians never think to go: the garages of some of this century's most influential figures. Among the 20 or so vehicles on display are the Dalai Lama's 1981 Hong Qi, the Chrysler Imperial Parade Phaeton that carted around Eisenhower and Nixon, and Juan and Evita Perón's 1939 Packard. You'll see Pope John Paul II's 1982 Range Rover (the popemobile) and Bill Clinton's 1986 Cadillac presidential limo. (Who knows whose fingerprints you'll find on the backseat of that baby?) Pictured: the 1939 Bugatti Type 57C roadster given to the prince of Persia and future shah of Iran Mohammed Reza Pahlavi by the French government as a wedding present. The car was later sold from the prince's collection for, oh, \$275. It's worth about \$3 million today. More info at petersen.org.



Flash Lights

YOU'RE LOOKING at the birth of a new era in industrial design. These light fixtures from Freedom of Creation were designed on a PC, then "printed" using a rapid manufacturing machine that can custom-build three-dimensional shapes out of polymer resin. The results meld the swoops of organic forms with the signature angularity of computer-aided design. Price: from \$890 to \$1,020. Check out the whole line at freedomofcreation.com.



Making the Cut

Screwed (*adj*): a man who takes a woman on a romantic picnic but forgets the corkscrew. The W.R. Case bartender's knife (\$110, wrcase.com) packs all the supplies you'll need into an elegant cattle-bone and stainless steel package—a corkscrew for the Beaujolais, plus knives for the foil and cocktail fruit.

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Get the Picture



EVERY YEAR the questions change. Today you don't ask if you should get a digital camera (you should) or how many megapixels it should have (four minimum). This year's in-store decisions involve quality, portability and aesthetics, and Fujifilm's new FinePix Z1 (\$450, fujifilm.com) scores high marks for each. Thinner than a deck of cards, this 5.1-megapixel mini has a nonprotruding 3x optical zoom and a back-filling 2.5-inch LCD screen, meaning there's really only one decision you need to make—which credit card to use.



Gentleman's Clubs

LOUISVILLE GOLF'S Classic 50s Fairway Woods (\$169 to \$199, louisvillegolf.com) harken back to a simpler time, when men's men such as Ben Hogan strode the fairways and fans seldom shrieked "You da man!" Hit the sweet spot with one of these and you'll be smiling all the way to the green. The traditional pear-shaped heads are carved from persimmon with red phenolic-resin inserts, providing Rat Pack-like style and swagger. Word to your playing partners: Ring-a-ding-ding, baby.



Three to Get Ready

EVERY MARTINI fan has an idea about how the drink is supposed to be fixed. As far as we're concerned, it's all great. Like a good set of Michels, the drink performs beautifully wet, dry, flooded or filthy. What's critical is your choice of gin. While we assume you've studied the canon (Tanqueray, Bombay, et al.), we can recommend a few indies worth stocking: Cadenhead's Old Raj (\$60), a dry English gin with plenty of juniper and a dash of saffron; Damrak (\$30), a citrus-tinged gin from Amsterdam, where the stuff was invented; and Miller's (\$30), a silky, floral London dry gin. Check your local liquor store.



"FINE FORM"

by KARIM RASHID

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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The Playboy Advisor

I have a serious problem. I am in love with a great guy, but he has only an average-size penis. I was married to a guy who was eight inches long and seven inches around, which spoiled me, although his size couldn't make up for the fact that he's a jerk. I am having a hard time deciding if I want to give up the pleasure a better-endowed man provides. I also visually enjoy a man with a larger penis. Should I tell my boyfriend that I will need to be with other men and hope he understands? Maybe he'd like to watch. Should I continue to date him but cheat? Or should I just tell him it's not going to work out?—L.D., Dallas, Texas

It's never easy being a size queen. If your boyfriend's other qualities don't make up for his not having what you want physically, it may be best to move on. You may end up with another average guy but be less ambivalent about the relationship.

Is it possible to rent a Lamborghini or a Ferrari?—L.K., San Diego, California

This is America—you can rent anything for a price. Search online for “exotic car rental”; many cities have agencies. Beverly Hills Rent-a-Car rents a Rolls-Royce convertible for \$3,500 a day plus mileage, a Ferrari 360 Spyder F1 for \$2,500, a Lamborghini Gallardo for \$4,000 and, for those on a budget, a Maserati Spyder GT for \$950. You'll need your own insurance coverage as well as at least \$20,000 available on a credit card. If you're ready for a long-term relationship, visit Exoticcarshare.com (or dial 847-358-7522). You can own a fifth of a Lamborghini Murcielago, for example, for \$25,000 plus an annual \$15,000 fee, which covers maintenance, insurance, storage and the cost of delivery and pickup in the continental U.S. Your share gives you seven weeks with the Lamborghini each year—two in the spring, three in the summer and two in the fall. Or pay \$60,000 plus the annual fee for an equity share, which means you'll receive the greater of \$25,000 or one fifth of the proceeds when the car is sold after three years.

My girlfriend has been entertaining men through her webcam, though she says she doesn't speak to anyone and has no idea if anyone is watching. Whenever she feels like masturbating, she turns on the camera first. I told her I would like to be involved, even if that means just being in the room. She compares her performances to my looking at PLAYBOY (“You like to look at naked women, I like men to look at me”), but I feel betrayed. Any sexual act involving anyone else done without my consent is cheating, right?—T.R., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Do you want her to stop? This falls short of cheating, but only if she isn't getting feedback. The chief downside to offering a live show is



that someone may be doing screen captures. (Numerous sites archive webcam images of women who perhaps didn't realize they would be immortalized.) Asking your girlfriend if you can watch is a wise move, but the fact that a stranger might be doing the same is what turns her on. That exhibitionist streak will be hard to muzzle, so do all you can to help her explore it. If that doesn't work for you and she refuses to pull the plug, it's still not cheating, but it is a sign your relationship is going off-line.

Are there rules about pursuing a co-worker who flirts but has a boyfriend? I would feel bad if I caused a breakup, but I also don't want to miss an opportunity.—N.B., Sacramento, California

How bad would you feel, really? Your co-worker will decide whom she wants to date. Make your interest known. But her flirting with you may not mean much—she's in a relationship, but she's not dead.

When it comes to satellite-radio services, which is better, Sirius or XM?—H.N., Fort Worth, Texas

Since both cost \$12.95 a month and offer about 65 channels of commercial-free music (the talk and news shows usually have ads), they're distinguished by other programming. Sirius (sirius.com) broadcasts every NBA and NFL game; XM (xmradio.com) does baseball and NASCAR. Sirius has NPR, Little Steven's Underground Garage and, beginning next January, Howard Stern. XM has MTV, Tom Petty's Buried Treasure and Playboy Radio. Receivers start at \$100, and the next big thing is supposed to be video. For now both services are losing money as they build their bases; XM has 3.8 million subscribers, Sirius 1.2 million. At the same time, traditional radio stations are doing their best to

compete by introducing high-definition broadcasts that provide FM quality for AM and CD quality for FM, as well as traffic and weather on demand, store-and-play, scrolling text with song title and artist name and up to eight channels a station. About 300 local stations do this now, but you'll need an HD receiver, which currently costs \$300 to \$500.

For the past month I have been exchanging e-mail with a young woman in Russia through an online dating service. Recently she told me she has fallen in love with me and has put money down on a plane ticket. The problem is that she's \$640 short. I would love to meet her, but I'm afraid this may be a scam. What do you think?—D.C., Chicago, Illinois

More blood is flowing to your brain than to your penis. Too bad for her.

I'm in good shape, but my wife says my butt is starting to sag. How can I tighten it up?—K.B., Little Rock, Arkansas

At least she's still looking. To solidify your glutei, lie facedown on the bed or a work-out table with your pelvis on the edge. Place the ball of one foot on the floor. Keeping that leg relaxed, lift your opposite foot toward the ceiling until you feel your butt muscles engage. Don't extend any further than when your hamstring is parallel to the floor. Do 10 reps with each leg, three sets total, which should take about five minutes a day. Once the exercise becomes easy, add ankle weights for resistance and go to three days a week.

My best friend and I are engaged to sisters. I am willing to let him be with my fiancée if I can be with his. How can we make this fantasy happen?—M.J., Calgary, Alberta

This sounds like a stunt from Fear Factor. Decide which sister is more aggressive, then have whichever of you is engaged to her bring it up, preferably after she's had a few drinks. If she's agreeable, approach the other. We'd be impressed if you could pull this off even with women who aren't related.

How important is a tie clip? I like ties but don't wear a clip. Should I?—M.N., Frederick, Maryland

They can provide a little flair, but your tie can do that more effectively, and a clip will date you to the last century.

Whenver my new girlfriend and I have sex, she talks to me. I don't mean she talks dirty, I mean she tries to have a conversation. She talks about her dogs, her job, her favorite TV show, her obsession with pizza and anything else that comes to mind. The last time we had sex she talked about the time her older brother caught her masturbating. How do I tell her this bothers me

without making her feel bad?—D.M., Kalamazoo, Michigan

Believe it or not her chatter is a form of intimacy. The essence of many female friendships is the sharing of thoughts and feelings—what happened that day, what was said, the emotions evoked. Yet her timing could be better. Tell your girlfriend you love talking with her but that it can be distracting when you're focused on giving her pleasure. If she talks about getting caught masturbating, take advantage. Request that she show you what she was doing. It's good to have a conversation going; you just need to be able to change the subject.

My girlfriend doesn't make any noise when we have sex. Even when I finger her or give her head, the most she'll do is maybe breathe a little harder. Is there anything I can say or do to get her to moan once in a while?—J.T., Albuquerque, New Mexico

Not every woman responds like a porn actress, so you shouldn't have that expectation. But it's too bad your girlfriend won't play along. She may find that faking a few moans for your benefit releases tension, which can elicit the real thing. She should also be telling you what turns her on. As you touch her, ask what feels good and what doesn't. One trick is to have her describe what you're doing. Even the simplest language can be a huge turn-on.

I am a 30-year-old single woman. Often dates will say such things as "This one's on me" or "Put your wallet away" when I offer to chip in for dinner or drinks. What is the

most gracious way to handle this when I'm pretty sure I'm not interested in the guy? I don't worry as much about owing him anything (that's a little too high school), but it still makes me feel I'm taking advantage.—M.S., Portland, Oregon

Men know the score. It's polite to offer, but unless you asked him out don't press the issue. Like cavemen delivering meat, guys like to demonstrate to a potential mate that they're good providers. Guys are usually uncomfortable splitting the tab because that's what friends do, which means they don't have a chance. As long as you offer and you're honest about his prospects, you shouldn't feel any guilt. If you want to see him again, say, "I'll get the next one." If he becomes irritated or is overly insistent or ungracious when the next one arrives, take it as a sign that your styles aren't going to mesh.

Is there any way to open a cigar if you don't have a cutter handy?—H.T., Peoria, Illinois

Many smokers in the Caribbean and Central America have never used a cutter. Instead they incise with their thumbnail around the head of the cigar; then remove the cap. If you don't have experience with this technique, it's best to save it for emergencies because it's easy to muck up. We prefer cutters; they contribute to the ritual and showmanship of lighting cigars, and that's half the reason we smoke them. We also aren't keen on sticking a thumbnail into the same leaf that's about to go into our mouth.

Regarding the discussion in April about whether schnapps is a vodka or a

brandy: German *schnapps* is usually made from wheat or rye and is unflavored. Brandies, whiskeys and cognacs take on flavor from the vessel in which they mature. Schnapps is bottled immediately after distillation, so that would make it a vodka.—G.S., Port Charlotte, Florida

*We asked Bob Emmons, author of *The Book of Gins & Vodkas*, to resolve this. He says you're right, so we're buying.*

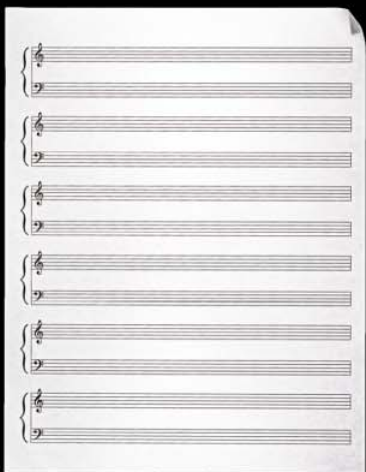
I was bowling one night when I saw a guy in the bar take a girl, sit her down in front of him and push his fingers on her lower back near her spine. She nearly had an orgasm. I'm curious about what he did and how I can learn it. Can you help?—P.J., Bellevue, Washington

Sorry, no. That response is dependent on the woman. Some become aroused when a spot on their lower back is caressed. For others it's the breasts or side of the neck. We assume such easily orgasmic women prefer that every guy at the local alley not know about it.

Why is there a label on condom boxes that reads, "Spermicidal lubricants are not for more than once-a-day vaginal use"?—A.F., Farmington, Michigan

Because the most common spermicide, nonoxynol-9, is a detergent that may irritate the tissue of a woman's vagina and anus if used excessively. That can make her more vulnerable to STDs, including HIV.

You recently discussed libido among older men. I'm 83 and have always been active, although I've never cheated on my



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wives or live-ins. My current girlfriend is my age but had little experience. Now we usually have sex twice a day. Recently she was gone for two weeks. During the 24 hours after she returned we made love five times for 10 to 55 minutes each. I have an orgasm only about every 50 times but don't miss those nine seconds.—S.L., Boynton Beach, Florida

What's nine seconds anyway when you've had 2.6 billion? Many women say they prefer older lovers because the men—either through acquired wisdom, necessity or both—become more focused on the journey than the destination. It's too bad your girlfriend didn't meet you years ago.

I upgraded my cell phone. Is there a place that will buy or recycle my old one?—D.R., Endicott, New York

Because an estimated 25 million phones are thrown out each year, recycling has become a growth industry. Many charities collect phones, most of which they sell to private firms that refurbish them to market in developing countries or recycle with a process that keeps lead, cadmium and mercury out of landfills and recovers any gold, silver and palladium. CollectiveGood.com lists charities that accept phones, while ReCellular (wirelessrecycling.com) has a database of drop-off locations and instructions on how to erase your little black book. Cellforcash.com buys newer models straight up if you'd prefer to donate to yourself.

A charming waitress served me the other day, and I was wondering how to ask her out. I was with two friends, and they

thought it would have been inappropriate to write my number on a napkin. How does a gentleman in this situation proceed?—J.N., Los Angeles, California

You return alone for another meal. Attractive waitresses get hit on by relative strangers all the time, so you may need to become a regular to give her a chance to size you up.

In April the Advisor discussed whether it's best to take a car to a dealer or an independent repair shop. I've worked for both. With a dealer you get better parts and a technician who is trained on your make. That's why it costs more. When I worked for an independent, the aftermarket parts makers taught us that factory parts go bad. I would routinely replace struts at 50,000 miles because the struts maker told me they wear out and make the vehicle unsafe. I learned otherwise working for a dealer. We have vehicles with their original struts at 150,000 miles. The point is that you'll pay more in the long run going to independents. I have seen customers who had tons of parts replaced when we could have fixed the problem for \$35.—B.T., Overland Park, Kansas

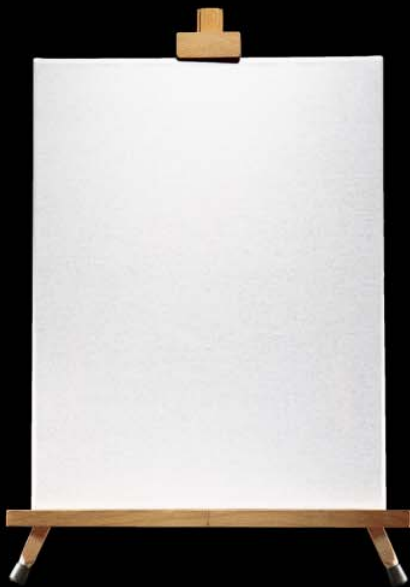
We didn't mean to imply that dealers have a monopoly on ripping people off. In our experience dealer techs are usually trained and familiar with current models, but once a vehicle is a few years old and out of warranty they're not as motivated to spend the time to track down the problem. That may be one reason independents consistently

score higher on customer satisfaction surveys. David Solomon of motorwatch.com adds this: "Independent techs access several aftermarket databases that publish info about pattern failures, which give them an advantage. Aftermarket parts often are better than original manufacturer equipment. For example, many factory ball joints are constructed with plastic internal sockets; aftermarket ones are made from metal and last much longer. Also, OEM ball joints, tie-rods and U-joints rarely have grease fittings, and aftermarket ones do."

Husband wakes wife in the night, pokes her, comes three minutes later just as wife is starting to get into it. When husband makes no further effort to satisfy her, wife protests. He responds, "You're not supposed to come every time." Thoughts or comments?—C.R., Chicago, Illinois

We can't tell you anything that you don't already know.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our web-site at playboyadvisor.com.





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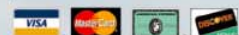
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

LUCKY TO LOSE

THE DEMOCRATS WERE FORTUNATE
TO LOSE THE 2004 ELECTION

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

As a faithful Democrat for more than four score years, I recognize that my argument goes against the national grain. "Winning isn't everything," as Red Sanders, the old football coach, used to say, "it's the only thing." Nor does my argument imply seeking deliberate defeat as an electoral tactic. I worked hard for John Kerry in 2004 and would have rejoiced at his victory. But I derive a certain consolation from the outcome. President Kerry would have inherited nearly insoluble problems created by President Bush's hubris and incompetence.

Hubris? The startling difference between the two George Bushes in the White House lies in their attitude toward what the elder President Bush dismissed as "the vision thing." The younger President Bush seems to regard his father's scorn for vision as a fatal presidential error. When Bob Woodward asked our current president whether he had consulted his father before he ordered the invasion of Iraq, young Bush replied, "He is the wrong father to appeal to in terms of strength. There is a higher father that I appeal to."

The Almighty, to whom our president evidently referred, has stocked the presidential mind with visions, none more majestic and sweeping than the wholesale conversion of the Arab world to liberal democracy. It is a seductive dream. If successful, President Bush would indeed make his mark on history. But it would require the inspired leadership of Abraham Lincoln plus Franklin D. Roosevelt to pull it off.

Incompetence? We waged a preventive war against Iraq because our government believed Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction presented an urgent threat, a mortal threat, to the United States. But Saddam Hussein had no WMDs. The intelligence on which the belief was based was provided by the fantasies of Ahmad Chalabi, Curveball and assorted Iraqi exiles. Mossad, Israel's intelligence agency, knew the score but did not tell Washington lest the truth spoil President Bush's scenario.

Vice President Dick Cheney and Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz fell for the fantasies, as did George



"Slam Dunk" Tenet, the CIA chief. Cheney predicted U.S. troops would be welcomed as liberators, not resented as occupiers. "Once we have victory in Baghdad," he told a high British official, "all the critics will look like fools." Wolfowitz assured Congress that sales of Iraqi oil would pay for the war. Against military advice, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld did not put enough U.S. troops in Iraq and, to compound the error, disbanded the Iraqi army. Because Bush, Cheney and Rumsfeld believed the lies about weapons of mass destruction and explained their absence by supposing they were hidden in the ground, they thought "coercive" (i.e., punitive) interrogation would reveal the WMD hiding places. The result was the horror of Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo. Nothing has debased American ideals of human dignity more than the Bush administration's tolerance of torture. The incompetence is without parallel, and the reward was a second term. It is as if James Buchanan had been reelected in 1860 and Herbert Hoover in 1932. Under Bush there is no apparent account-

ability for mistakes. Some incompetents are promoted. One (old Slam Dunk) received the Medal of Freedom. Most are retained. Lincoln and FDR would have fired them all.

Of course, if the Democrats had won the 2004 election, there would have been distinct advantages. The federal judiciary would have been protected against obsessive theocrats—but the Senate Judiciary Committee may temper President Bush's judicial nominations anyway. There would be no amending the Constitution. Abortion would remain a matter of choice, and stem-cell research and same-sex marriage would be matters for the states. The faith-based presidency would have been retired.

But if the Democrats had won the election, John Kerry would have inherited nearly insoluble problems (the Iraq war, a deficit generated by military preparations and tax cuts). Kerry would have seemed to own those overwhelming problems—and been expected to solve them.

The Republicans would have provided determined

PRISON SEX

ARE MARITAL RELATIONS A HUMAN RIGHT?

and unscrupulous opposition, drawing on the black arts of Karl Rove to condemn President Kerry root and branch. If the new president were to pull the troops out of the Iraq shooting gallery, Republicans would accuse him of cut-and-run. If he were to keep American troops in the shooting gallery, they would accuse him of not having an exit strategy. If liberal democracy in Iraq were to culminate in an illiberal theocracy, Kerry would be held responsible.

At home President Bush has brought military spending to nearly \$500 billion—an amount, to quote a paper from the Cato Institute, a right-wing think tank, that “exceeded the combined defense expenditures of the next 13 countries and was more than double the combined defense spending of the remaining 158 countries in the world.” Were Kerry to cut the defense budget, the opposition would charge him with failure to protect America. If the budget deficits led to inflation, the opposition would charge him with failure to protect the integrity of the dollar. Voters would hold him accountable if he did not come up with remedies for Bush’s diverse incompetencies.

In the meantime, however, the Republicans would have troubles of their own. The 21st century Republican party is an improbable combination of country club and revival meeting. Opposition tends to loosen party discipline, with each faction protecting its own interests. The corporate wing is obsessed with economic regulation—and is against it. The religious wing is obsessed with moral regulation—and is for it.

Bush, who doesn’t have the avuncular authority of a Ronald Reagan, would not be able to hold his party together as ex-president. After all, the Iraq war is his war. When voters tire of the casualty list, they will remember who started the war. The Korean War caused Harry Truman to withdraw in 1952. The Vietnam war caused Lyndon Johnson to withdraw in 1968. Truman and Johnson were not initiators of their wars. The Iraq war, if prolonged and if America is still involved, may well rebound on its author. That would help the Democrats in 2008.

But had Kerry won? If a Democratic presidency did not succeed in working miracles, the Republicans would sweep the 2008 election, perhaps ushering in a long period of truculent conservatism. It seems only fair that the Republicans, having won in 2004, will have to deal with the consequences of Bush’s mistakes—and leave it to the Democrats to sweep the 2008 election, a victory that might usher in a long period of militant liberalism. That is why the Democrats may be lucky to have lost the 2004 election.



By John D. Thomas

Would America be better off if prisoners were allowed to have sex with their spouses?

Some legislators think so. Under certain conditions, minimum-security inmates in California, Connecticut, Mississippi, New Mexico, New York and Washington are allowed to have private visits with their husband or wife. The restrictions in Mississippi are similar to those elsewhere: Privacy is extended only to inmates who were married before they entered prison and who have no rules violations in the previous six months. The couple must have a marriage license; common-law unions don’t count. Inmates with STDs whose spouses are not infected are ineligible. The prison also enforces a time limit (60 minutes) and allows only soap, condoms, tissues, sheets, a pillowcase and two towels. Both husband and wife are searched on the way in and out of the room. There are no candles, no toys and no Sinatra.

Can the sex still be hot? After Mike Hall was incarcerated in Mississippi in 1992, his wife, Fredna, visited him frequently. “The room had a single iron twin bed,” she says. She recalls hearing other inmates and their spouses in adjacent rooms, which sometimes was amusing and sometimes not. Despite that awkwardness Fredna says the visits sustained their marriage. “Even if you didn’t go there for the purpose of being intimate, it was wonderful to

spend an hour with nobody looking over your shoulder.”

Mike, who was paroled last fall, says his anticipation of the visits kept him in line. “If I wasn’t married, I would probably still be in prison,” he says. According to Mike, the guards would often bait prisoners as they waited. “They would say things like, ‘Get the next pair of animals ready,’” he says. “If society wants to have better prison conditions and better people, it ought to afford prisoners these activities. Every state ought to institute them.”

Prisoners have been having sanctioned sex with outsiders since at least the early 1900s, when officials at the



Mississippi Penal Farm brought in busloads of prostitutes to service the chain gangs. In his history of the prison, *Down on Parchman Farm*, William Banks Taylor writes, “Everything suggests that authorities viewed sexual favors as a valuable tool in the management of black field hands.” One old-

timer recalled, “I heard tell of truckloads of whores being brought up from Cleveland at dusk. The cons who had a good day got to get ‘em some right there between the rows.” The practice was the inspiration for a classic blues tune, “The Midnight Special,” in which Leadbelly describes the train that brought women to the prison: “Oh let the midnight special shine a ever-loving light on me.”

Over the years the justification for the policy evolved from enticement

to family preservation. The hookers were replaced by wives. In 1957 prison superintendent Bill Harpole ordered the construction of one-room buildings for couples to use on Sundays, when family members could visit. The practice became known as the "Mississippi experiment."

Five decades later Reginald Wilkinson, director of prisons in Ohio, views the experiment as a bust. His state has never allowed such visits, and he can't see the idea gaining momentum. "There are legitimate reasons for not allowing them," he says before reeling them off: to prevent the spread of STDs, to keep prisoners from harming their spouses, the cost of building or setting aside space, the possible impregnation of female offenders and the associated medical costs, and potential legal claims that the practice discriminates against single inmates and those in nontraditional relationships.

Wilkinson also argues that for some inmates the practice may do more harm than good in the long run. In a commentary for *Corrections Today*, he writes that conjugal visits "tend to place undue emphasis on the sexual aspects of a relationship rather than on promoting emotionally healthy relations, such as when families are involved in com-

munal visitation. Supervised visitation in a more secure environment may better serve dysfunctional families."

Even if all these issues didn't exist, Wilkinson says, public attitudes toward prisoners have shifted from rehab to retribution, and "many prison officials are hell-bent on minimizing any activity that flies in the face of punishment."

The guards
taunted
the inmates
by saying,
"Get the next
pair of ani-
mals ready."

Marital visits are more common outside the U.S., where they are more likely to be viewed as a basic human right. In Canada, where rehab is still the goal, even gay and lesbian couples are afforded the privilege. Mexico allows private visits between anyone in a "permanent, stable relationship." The practice is common in Latin America, and even the International Criminal Tribunal in the

Hague has "intimacy rooms." In Egypt, where officials only recently removed the fence between inmates and visitors, there's already debate over whether preventing married couples from having sex violates the Koran. The current mufti notes that no punishment under Islamic law requires abstinence. A former mufti says marital relations should be regarded as akin to prayer. At least one Muslim inmate in the U.S. has taken similar arguments to a federal court, without success.

MARGINALIA



FROM THE TRANSCRIPTS of tribunals held by the federal government to determine if terrorism suspects should be classified as enemy combatants:

(1) OMAR RAJAB AMIN (a Kuwaiti and a University of Nebraska grad): Is it possible for me to see the evidence?

TRIBUNAL PRESIDENT: The classified information cannot be made available to you for reasons of national security. You may see the unclassified evidence.

AMIN: But that is basically a summary of what I've said in interrogations.... A lot of witnesses here, other detainees, are against my country. Some are Iraqis or other nationalities and may say something against me because of that dislike. Some people here are crazy and not reasonable.

TP: We will consider that.

AMIN: From what I know of the American justice system, a person is innocent until proven guilty. Yet I am guilty trying to prove my innocence. This is something I haven't heard of in a justice system.

TP: We want to remind you that this is a nonjudicial proceeding. It is an administrative legal proceeding.

(2) TRIBUNAL PRESIDENT: You asked about the legality of your detention. You will be receiving instructions of how to bring your question to U.S. courts.

SAIFULLAH PARACHA: I have been here 17 months. Would that be before I expire?

TP: This is an executive-order decision by President Bush.

PARACHA: Your Honor, is your executive order applicable around the earth?

TP: It is a global war.

PARACHA: I know, sir, but you are not the master of the earth.

TP: No, but we have a coalition.

(3) TRIBUNAL PRESIDENT: This is not a matter of Al Qaeda. This is a matter of what you did in Afghanistan.

FEROZ ALI ABBASI: I believe this is a matter of my classification as an enemy combatant. My personal representative never told me that I had to address those matters. If I want to address my designation, by international law and the Geneva Conventions—

TP: If you deviate one more time you will be removed.

ABBASI: But I have a right to speak.

TP: No, you don't.

[Abbasi again cites international law.]

TP: I don't care about international law. I don't want to hear those words again.



FROM AN APPEARANCE in 1998 on National Public Radio by Steven Schwalm, then an analyst for the Family Research Council, commenting on a Republican filibuster to block the appointment of a gay diplomat: "The Senate is a deliberative body, and

(continued on page 55)

5 WAYS TO FIX

COURTROOM SECURITY

BY JUDGE LEE SINCLAIR

(1) Judges must be proactive.

Judges tend to be idealists who believe everyone respects the sanctity of the court. In reality they are dealing with the dregs of society. They also tend to think security isn't their problem. But bailiffs are there only to execute orders. Judges need to make sure their courts don't contain potential weapons. The microphone stand in my court is bolted down. Water pitchers can also be weapons. Usually the defendant smashes one over his poor attorney's head.

(2) Spend more money.

More than half the courts in this country lack basic security such as guards or metal detectors. This is due in large part to a lack of funds because the burden falls on states and counties. Several bills have been introduced that would get Homeland Security involved. There's debate about whether a judge can force legislative agencies to pay for security. Judges have been hesitant to take this step because it looks like bullying.

(3) Limit access to a judge's personal information. A judge's address should be blocked from public records. As it stands, if a judge owns a home in his or her name, not only can a defendant find the

location, he may be able to get a blueprint. Judges have told me about their kids opening the door to an irate person the judge had faced in court.

(4) Increase penalties for harming judges.

In most states killing a judge doesn't carry a stiffer penalty than killing a person on the street. In Ohio a person is eligible for the death penalty if he kills the governor or a police officer but not a judge.



(5) Establish a clearinghouse.

The U.S. Marshals Office, which handles security for federal courts, should collect data at the state and local levels as well. Last year there were 700 acts of violence or threats made against federal judges, but we have no clue how many incidents occurred in state courts. A clearinghouse would let judges

know, for example, that defendants in California have been smuggling weapons into court in baby carriages. Being informed is the first step.

Sinclair, who officiates at the Stark County Common Pleas Court in Canton, Ohio, teaches a course in courtroom security at the National Judicial College.

READER RESPONSE

MORE ON OUTSOURCING

Lou Dobbs says he wants “an honest debate” on outsourcing (“America’s Other War,” April). It might begin with an analysis by management consultant Peter Drucker, who argues that when it comes to the ability of U.S. companies to compete internationally, the cost of health care, energy, regulatory compliance, taxes and lawsuit abuse is far more relevant. Dobbs says we need new trade policies. Hasn’t he heard about the 2.4 million jobs the economy added in the past 12 months? With exports at all-time highs, manufacturing grew 30 percent faster than the overall economy last year. Only 10 percent of the trade deficit in manufactured goods can be attributed to free-trade agreements. We import far more than we export, but consumers demand affordable choices. Currency manipulations by several Asian nations also contribute. Ninety percent of the goods produced overseas by U.S. companies are sold overseas, so it isn’t credible to blame the trade deficit on outsourcing, nor is it credible to define outsourcing only by the number of jobs U.S. firms create in other countries. Foreign companies routinely open plants here as well. Honda, Toyota and

I work in insurance. My company outsourced 1,000 jobs. This may have meant that 1,000 fewer Americans were employed in insurance, but 5 million customers have lower premiums.

Frederick Macaskill
San Antonio, Texas



A nation of the very rich and very poor.

Americans were sold a bill of goods in the 1970s and 1980s on how it was okay to let smokestack industries go overseas because we were going to become an information-based society. We have become that, but it seems to be based overseas as well, and we are poorer for it. Offshoring contributes to our loss of intellectual property, which is both an economic and national security issue. We are outraged when a person gives unfriendly countries our latest technology, but when a corporation does it, it’s “in the interest of free trade.” Technology, like any learning process, builds on itself. Once America loses a generation of technology, we can never regain leadership. If we continue on the present path, we will have two classes—the very rich and the very poor. We must have a viable and secure middle class to have a viable and secure nation.

Bill Reed
American Engineering Association
Grand Prairie, Texas

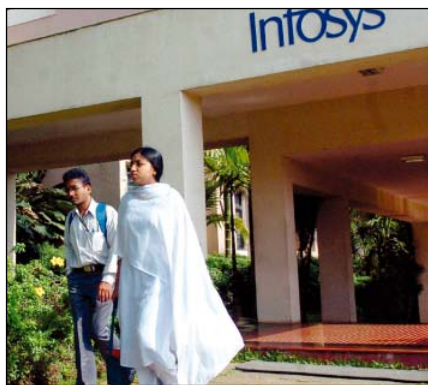
Dobbs’s concerns are understandable. People here in the U.K. have the same response to the idea of outsourcing. One trade union famously predicted the U.K. would become a nation of hairdressers and merchant bankers within 10 years. These fire-and-brimstone allegations have waned. Generally the types of work being offshored are low-level, administrative functions. Offshoring is progress. There will be some short-term disadvantages, such as unemployment, but with a burgeoning economy comes job creation. This is

hopefully what the U.S. will realize in the next few years.

Martyn Hart
National Outsourcing Association
London, U.K.

CONFEDERATE DEFENSE

A few comments on your “Newsfront” item in April about our client, Curtis Storey, who sued his employer for firing him because he refused to remove small Confederate-flag stickers from his truck and lunch box. Storey charged that he had been discriminated against because of his national origin, which is Confederate Southern American. In this context, “national origin” need not be grounded in a narrow connection with a nation outside the U.S. The case of *Roach v. Dresser* established that Cajuns as a group are entitled to anti-discrimination protection without having to trace their ancestry to France or Spain. Like it or not, the Confederate States of America was a separate country for four years (a fact glossed over by historians who insist on referring to the “civil war”). Anti-Southernism in America has hardened from an attitude into an agenda. We represent a number of Southerners who have had some un-American things done to them, such as a student being barred from her prom for wearing a dress patterned after the Confederate flag and an engineer being



Are we really hurt by jobs going to India?

countless other firms have “insourced” 6 million jobs. And American companies opening factories abroad often add support jobs here. Globalization can and will dislocate workers, but the days when a high school dropout could keep the same factory job for 30 years and retire with a pension and health benefits are gone.

John Engler
National Association of Manufacturers
Washington, D.C.

Engler is a former three-term Republican governor of Michigan.



Neo-Confederates: A peculiar institution.

placed on probation for having a box of crackers and a jar of barbecue sauce with Confederate flags on the labels.

Roger McCredie
Southern Legal Resource Center
Black Mountain, North Carolina

E-mail: forum@playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

NEWSFRONT



In 1984 Baltimore police put Chris Conover (far right) in a lineup for a double murder. Although he had a solid alibi, a witness selected him. DNA helped win his release in 2003.

Fixing Police Lineups

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—A legislative advisory committee has recommended that the state's police departments stop using traditional lineups because of the overwhelming error rate. (Of the first 157 convictions overturned in the U.S. by DNA evidence, nearly 90 percent involved mistaken identifications.) Researchers say a better method is to have a detective who doesn't know the identity of the alleged culprit reveal mug shots or suspects one at a time. "Filler" suspects must fit the general description the witness provided but should not look too much alike. The witness must also be told that the suspect might not be in the lineup. Studies have found such safeguards can cut the number of mistaken identifications by half. Police in Boston, Minneapolis, New Jersey and North Carolina are already using the techniques.

Man's Best Friend

SAN FRANCISCO—Most people think of guide dogs as leading the blind. But a number of depressed or anxious Californians have received tags designating their pets as medically necessary. This allows them to be taken into buses, taxis, restaurants and public buildings. It also allows owners to rent apartments that otherwise forbid pets. The state says people with emotional problems qualify because pets cheer them up.

Eye for a Bye

DENVER—The Colorado Supreme Court tossed a death sentence because several jurors searched their Bibles during deliberations for verses that justified capital punishment. By a 3–2 vote, the justices ordered Robert Harlan to serve life without parole. One Christian group said the ruling demonstrated how "the judicial branch is nearly bereft of moral foundation."

Meet the Beetles

ITHACA, NEW YORK—Two Cornell entomologists charged with labeling 65 newly discovered species of slime-mold beetle named one after President Bush (*Agathidium bushi*), one after Vice President Dick Cheney (*A. cheneyi*) and a third after Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld (*A. rumsfeldi*). The researchers said the namings are a tribute to the men's willingness to "do the difficult and unpopular work of living up to principles of freedom and democracy."



Agathidium

Fashion Statements

A federal court ruled that school officials in Fort Wayne, Indiana violated the rights of a student suspended for wearing a shirt depicting an M-16 and the Marine Corps creed. The school says it forbids symbols of violence.... Administrators in Winona, Minnesota suspended two students for wearing the button pictured below; the principal says it could be construed as harassment. (In response, male students vowed to wear I SUPPORT YOUR VAGINA shirts.)... In Flossmoor, Illinois students who wore GAY? FINE BY ME shirts found themselves confronted by classmates with shirts that listed CRIMES COMMITTED AGAINST GOD or read I HATE GAY PEOPLE and GAY? NOT FINE BY ME (UNLESS YOU ARE A LESBIAN).... Officials at Snohomish High (a.k.a. Snoho) in Washington banned clothing with the word *Snohos*, calling it sexual harassment.



License to Steal

TROY, OHIO—Police wanted to close a strip club they considered a nuisance, so they recruited a criminal-justice student to help. For three months undercover officers paid the woman \$100 a night to strip at the club while they drank beer in the audience. As part of her cover, police gave her a driver's license seized at a bar. Police claim they thought the license, which included a Social Security number the woman used to get hired, was fake. (It wasn't.) Regardless, they said, a state law allows police to assume anyone's identity as long as it's part of an investigation. Astonished lawmakers said they would close the loophole.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 53)

it has a number of checks and balances built into our government. The filibuster is one of those checks, in which a majority cannot just sheerly force its will, even if it has a majority of votes. That's why there are things like filibusters that give the minority some power to hold things up and let things be aired properly." The FRC today says it supports banning filibusters because Democrats use them against "people of faith."

FROM A REPORT in the *Christian Science Monitor* following Republican complaints about "activist" federal judges: "Republican appointees outnumber Democratic in 10 of the 13 federal appeals courts. The exceptions are the Second Circuit in New York City (7–6), the Sixth Circuit in Cincinnati (6–6) and the Ninth Circuit in San Francisco (16–8). There are no vacancies in the Second or Ninth but four in the Sixth, including three from the Clinton era, when Republican senators stalled his nominees. That's more than enough to swing the court solidly in a more conservative direction."



FROM A DECISION by an administrative judge in Iowa: "On August 19, 2004 Judi Moorman stopped at the service station she managed. She observed employee Christopher Garcia, 46, wearing a headset and 'air drumming' with drumsticks. After several attempts to get his attention, Moorman reminded Garcia that she had told him to leave his drumsticks in his backpack because customers said they feared being struck as he moved around the store. During the hearing Garcia referred to his sticks as his pacifier. I find that claimant was properly dismissed for misconduct and is disqualified from unemployment benefits."

KNOWN CARCINOGENS added to the federal government's official list, which now totals 58: hepatitis B, hepatitis C, genital warts, neutron radiation from cosmic rays, X-ray and gamma radiation from natural sources, medical tests and nuclear weapons tests and power plants. Based on animal studies, it also added four dyes to the list of suspected carcinogens, along with lead; cobalt sulfate used in ceramics, inks, paints, linoleum and animal feed; diazoaminobenzene, which adheres rubber to steel; three heterocyclic amines found in cooked meats, eggs and cigarette smoke; naphthalene, which is used to make industrial chemicals and some moth repellents and toilet bowl deodorants (and, when inhaled by rats, causes a tumor in the nose lining); and nitromethane, which is used in fuels, explosives, some pharmaceuticals and soil fumigants.



IS THIS MAN CRAZY?

PSYCHIATRISTS SAY DEVIANTS DESERVE ANOTHER LOOK

By Chip Rowe

On April 9, 1974 the American Psychiatric Association voted to remove homosexuality from its *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*. The moment was a milestone for the gay-rights movement because it meant that homosexuals applying for security clearances, child custody or employment could no longer be considered de facto deviants.

On May 19, 2003 Dr. Charles Moser of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality presented a paper at the APA's annual meeting. He and Peggy Kleinplatz of the University of Ottawa called for another watershed moment: the removal from the *DSM* of all unusual sexual interests, including exhibitionism, voyeurism, S&M, frotteurism, cross-dressing and, most controversially, pedophilia.

In the paper, which will be published in *The Journal of Psychology and Human Sexuality*, Moser and Kleinplatz argue that there is no evidence that paraphilias meet the *DSM*'s own definition of a mental disorder. Moser says he was surprised to find that a number of statistics cited in the 10-page section devoted to deviations, such as the "fact" that there are 20 male masochists to every female masochist, come from dubious or even non-existent studies. The section also offers many conflicting, muddled definitions that make it hard to pin down what separates a sick fetishist from a healthy eccentric. It says, for example, that a patient must be distressed by a sexual interest for it to be considered a psychiatric problem, then acknowledges that most people aren't, as evidenced by the fact that they rarely visit shrinks. It also notes that a patient's distress cannot result solely from being discriminated against or shunned, then says this is

the most common complaint of paraphiliacs who do seek help.

The battle over defining deviations has raged since the 19th century. "For thousands of years the perversions had been the exclusive property of the church, until medicine began to claim them," says Alan Soble, a profes-



sor at the University of New Orleans who is editing *Sex From Plato to Paglia: A Philosophical Encyclopedia*. "The philosophers feel perversions should be dealt with by the legal system if problematic, but if not, who cares? As it stands, the paraphilias remain in the *DSM* because psychiatrists want to be in charge of sex."

As once was the case with homosexuality, being labeled as mentally ill has other implications. Bernard Gert, a philosophy professor at Dartmouth, remembers a call he received after arguing for an overhaul of the paraphilias in a 1992 issue of *The*

Journal of Medicine and Philosophy. "A cross-dresser who had served in the armed services told me he had been drinking with buddies when he confided his secret," Gert says. "He cross-dressed only in private. His wife knew. He didn't feel distress, but he was discharged because he suffered from a recognized mental disorder."

"In Russia they once had a psychiatric diagnosis called sluggish schizophrenia," Gert continues. "That was the ailment of political dissidents. In America what's important is sex, not politics, so you have the paraphilias. I consider them the last hurrah of the Freudians, who regard any deviation as sick."

Moser and Kleinplatz's call to action might have remained a hot topic only among academics except that it does not exclude pedophilia. "If we took a vote, the idea that pedophiles are crazy would win hands down, but that doesn't make it scientifically correct," Moser says. In their paper, he and Kleinplatz include a no-brainer disclaimer, writing that "our suggestion to remove the paraphilias does not mean that sexual acts with children are not crimes." In fact, they argue, removing them would make it more difficult for a molester to use insanity as a defense.

That point was lost entirely on the Traditional Values Coalition and other extremists who reacted after excerpts of the paper appeared online without the disclaimer. They accused reform-minded psychiatrists of wanting to "normalize sexual torture, perversion and the molestation of children." After getting dozens of calls from reporters asking about their plan to "legalize pedophilia," Moser and Kleinplatz took the unusual step of posting their paper online before publication. That has doused the flames, at least for now.

THE LINGERING STIGMA OF BEING GAY, STRAIGHT OR UNSURE

HAS HOMOSEXUALITY ACTUALLY been removed from the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, or did the 1974 vote just move the diagnosis to another part of the book? In the first revision after the vote the editors added a new diagnosis, ego-dystonic homosexuality, to describe gay people distressed by their



gayness. In the most recent update that classification has been removed in favor of a dustbin category called Sexual Disorder Not Otherwise Specified, which includes a diagnosis of "persistent and marked distress about sexual orientation." Conceivably this could include a gay man who is worried he might be straight.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: EWAN MCGREGOR

A candid conversation with the ex-bad boy actor about the magic of motorcycles, the pros and cons of drinking and his secret crush on Olivia Newton-John

The typical movie actor doesn't drop out of the business for four months and, leaving his wife and children behind, take off on a 20,000-mile motorcycle trip from London to New York with his best friend, stopping along the way to take some target practice with Ukrainian gangsters and dine on sheep testicles in Mongolia. But Ewan McGregor prides himself on not being the typical movie actor. Sure, he's had his share of blockbusters, from the three *Star Wars* prequels (as Obi-Wan Kenobi) to his current summer popcorn movie, *The Island*, directed by action master Michael Bay. But McGregor, 34, is not usually associated with big-budget commercial films. His credits are an exercise in versatility, ranging from Ridley Scott's *Black Hawk Down* to Tim Burton's *Big Fish* to Baz Luhrmann's racy *Moulin Rouge*, not to mention *Shallow Grave* and *Trainspotting*, the unforgettable indie films that first brought him international acclaim. Perhaps no major male star has taken off his clothes in more movies than McGregor, who bared all in *Velvet Goldmine*, *The Pillow Book* and *Young Adam*, among others. As McGregor jokingly told an interviewer, he enjoys "doing it for the sisters."

McGregor also refuses to behave like a Hollywood actor offscreen. He is unusually outspoken. He has fearlessly slagged his fellow actors, saying of Jim Carrey, "I just cannot fucking stomach the man," and of Minnie

Driver, "She goes to the opening of an envelope." He has also been unafraid to bite the hand that feeds him. "They're all bastards," he has said, "the studio executives, the studio people, the people who live in L.A."

McGregor has been a frequent target of the British press and paparazzi, but he has fought back with zeal. "I think we should encourage people to beat up paparazzi—use extreme force," he has said. "They shouldn't be shot, but they should be severely beaten up." Though he is married—to French production designer Eve Mavrakis—and has two children, the tabloids speculated that he and his *Moulin Rouge* leading lady, Nicole Kidman, had an affair. His response was unequivocal. "I haven't fucked Nicole," he said. "I'm a married man. I haven't been personally involved with all my leading ladies. It maybe would have been somewhat glamorous if I had been, but I have not."

Born in 1971 in Crieff, Scotland to school-teacher parents, McGregor was more interested in music than in academics (he played guitar, drums and French horn). He quit school at 16 to follow in the footsteps of his uncle, Denis Lawson, an actor who had a small recurring role in the three original *Star Wars* movies.

Writer **Stephen Rebello**, who recently interviewed Kidman and Matt Damon for *PLAYBOY*, met with McGregor at a beachside Santa Monica

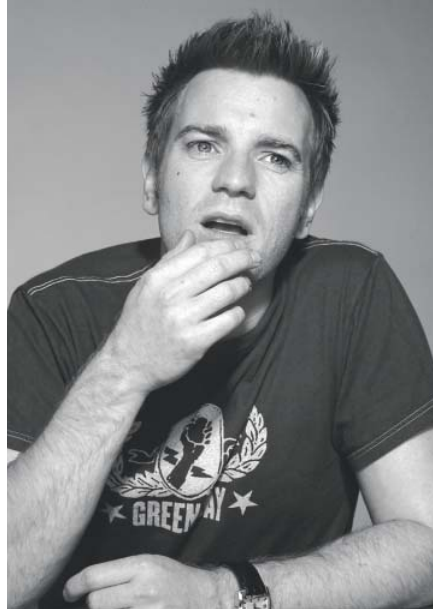
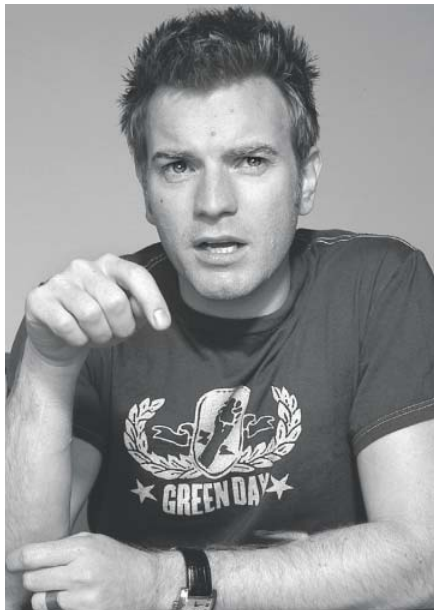
hotel. His report: "McGregor had just finished nearly five months of intensely physical shooting on *The Island*, a \$120 million sci-fi action thriller, for Bay. He has a reputation for being sharp-witted and candid, and though he is laid-back, he has an unambiguous movie-star aura. When he walked through the lobby of the hotel, even blasé L.A. types turned to gawk. He doesn't need a lightsaber to command attention."

PLAYBOY: You're a member of the generation that grew up with the original *Star Wars* films. Was it a defining moment when, after being cast in the movies, you arrived on the set and were presented with your own lightsaber?

MCGREGOR: It was. A props guy brought over a locked wooden suitcase and said, "Are you ready?" He opened it, and there were six or seven lightsaber handles, all intricate and beautiful. He told me to choose one. I knew straightaway which one I wanted. It had quite an aggressive end, and on the handle it had, I don't know what you'd call them, testicles?

PLAYBOY: Was it intimidating to take on such a prominent role in this legendary series?

MCGREGOR: My uncle, who played a tiny role in the first movies as the pilot Wedge Antilles, warned me about it and advised me not to get involved.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"Glaswegian girls just don't stand for any shit. One time I was talking about my feelings, and this girl said, 'You're being a bit fucking deep, aren't you?' She was saying, 'I know what you want. Just get on with it.'"

"If nudity is part of life and movies reflect life, they're going to have nudity in them from time to time. It's like saying you won't have anything to do with sex or music. Why would you say that? I think it's all fine."

"When I was making *The Island*, I had to sign four lawyers' letters saying I wouldn't ride a motorcycle. It was a five-month movie. I didn't ride for about eight weeks. If I hadn't ridden, I would have gone nuts."

PLAYBOY: What was his objection?

MCGREGOR: To this day he receives fan mail and gets asked to sign books written about him, all from having a small part in *Star Wars*. He finds the whole thing fucking ridiculous, so after his experience he was against it. He asked, "Would you like a career after you're 30?" The danger, I suppose, is that you get stuck in it and never get out. But I've managed not to. *Star Wars* has been important in my career, though the movies were hard to make.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

MCGREGOR: They were horrendously difficult because you do so much of your work in front of a blue screen. Backgrounds and effects are added later. It's tedious, and there's no soul to them. By the nature of those movies, all the creative work is done afterward. They don't spend nearly as long on the acting as they do on everything else.

PLAYBOY: Harrison Ford once told George Lucas, "You can type this shit, George, but you sure can't say it." Is he right? Is the dialogue particularly difficult for an actor?

MCGREGOR: If you had really good dialogue in a *Star Wars* movie, it wouldn't be a *Star Wars* movie anymore. The people are two-dimensional, which has almost become the style. I loved being in them. Among the nicest things for me was meeting Hayden Christensen, who is great, and Natalie Portman, because I think she's a wonderful girl as well as incredibly bright and passionate.

PLAYBOY: Kids throughout the world collect Ewan McGregor—as-Obi-Wan Kenobi action figures. What did you collect when you were a child?

MCGREGOR: *Star Wars* toys too and what you call G.I. Joe but in Britain is called Action Man. Now I collect motorcycles. I have four in London, where I live, and two here. In London I have a Suzuki 1200 cc Bandit, a KTM Duke II, which is a 650 single, and an MV Agusta, which is a 750 inline. I've just put a deposit on a 1969 BSA A65 Lightning in England. I'll pick that up when I get home, which is why I want to get home so badly. [laughs] Also, of course, my family is there. Here I have a Harley-Davidson Road Glide and a Honda RC51, a V-twin sport bike.

PLAYBOY: Do you still have the bikes you and your friend Charley Boorman took on your 115-day road trip through Europe, Central Asia, Siberia, Alaska, Canada and the Midwest in 2004?

MCGREGOR: No, we auctioned the motorcycles, BMW R1150GS Adventures, and made something like £200,000 for UNICEF and other charities, which is amazing.

PLAYBOY: The movie studios that pay you millions of dollars must worry about your motorcycle riding. Do they freak out?

MCGREGOR: I'm not allowed to ride when I'm making a film. With *The Island*, I asked if I might be allowed to ride my bike, and they came back with, "Under no circumstances are you to ride a bike." I had to sign four lawyers' letters saying I wouldn't ride.

PLAYBOY: Did you honor that commitment?

MCGREGOR: I didn't ride for about eight weeks. For me that's like not letting me listen to music. It was a five-month movie. If I hadn't ridden, I would have gone nuts. I think it's my release.



I'm not interested in fame. If you chase fame, you're just going to end up miserable and unhappy.

PLAYBOY: You once got paid to ride. You wrote a book and made a documentary, both titled *Long Way Round*, about your motorcycle trip.

MCGREGOR: Last year I took that wild trip for four months. There were moments—in the middle of the steppes in Kazakhstan or in Mongolia, for example—when there was nothing but space around me, nothing but grass, no roads. I had the freedom to ride across it on my motorcycle. I felt a true sense of being looked after. Not much else provides that. I've felt the same thing looking at a tree with my daughter. With kids, you have great discussions about things like that. It's nice when you don't know what you're talking about because you really meet in the middle. I went, "God, look at

that tree!" when my daughter and I saw a huge, beautiful, perfect, enormous blossoming tree on the way to the park in London. She was talking about God and what they get told at school and what do I think, and I thought, Maybe that's God, that tree. Because how could that be if there weren't a God? I didn't know what I was talking about, but it was a lovely discussion.

PLAYBOY: Not only have you been in the most recent *Star Wars* movies, but your latest is the big sci-fi action flick *The Island*, directed by Michael Bay, who did *Armageddon* and *Pearl Harbor*. You have publicly railed about how lousy most big-budget movies are, yet you've been in some of the biggest. Are you trying to have it both ways?

MCGREGOR: If my goal had been to do only big action movies, I could have tried to crack into America long before I did. But I always thought the work was more important than the results. So yeah, now I find myself just having finished a \$120 million Michael Bay movie because of all the other work I did up until now. It felt like the right thing to do. Had I done it after *Trainspotting*, I probably wouldn't be sitting here now. I don't think I'd be dead, but I probably would have burnt out, whereas now I feel I'm just beginning. I can't believe what's coming up: I'm doing *Guys and Dolls* onstage, then a film in London set during 1938, for which I'll play four roles—kind of like an old Alec Guinness movie. I feel as if I can pick and choose, and I'm delighted. I think that's the best you can hope for.

PLAYBOY: Bay has a reputation for being a screamer. Was he?

MCGREGOR: Yeah, he can't stand fucking waiting, and he screams and shouts, but it's just because he's incredibly passionate when he's shooting, incredibly passionate about what he does. I found ultimately I really liked that he's so arrogant and pow-

erful. It sets you free. When he's shooting a scene, he's almost acting with you from behind the monitor. You can feel his excitement. I had my ups and downs with him, but every note he gave me was right. Sometimes he's not very good at telling them to you, but he's right. Overall I liked the idea of the movie, and I liked the idea of doing a big fuck-off Michael Bay film. I thought, If you're going to do action, do it with Michael Bay. The movie is quite interesting and dark and has, as Michael loves to say, cool shit—like, "We need to blow up some cool shit here."

PLAYBOY: You co-star with Scarlett Johansson in *The Island*. She is best known for playing parts opposite actors much older than she—Billy Bob Thornton, Bill

Murray and Colin Firth. Do you have a theory about why?

MCGREGOR: Not many actors her age are good, that's why. She's 20, a very wise girl, but she's lovely, too, a delight. I love Scarlett. She's brilliant. We became real buddies.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult to go from a movie like that to the London stage for *Guys and Dolls*, your current musical?

MCGREGOR: I like the change in routine when I've been making movies and then swap back into theater. I think it'll be extraordinary and ultimately great fun. Not having to go to work until the evening and then having my days free will also let me be at home with the two kids. I'm looking forward to being home.

PLAYBOY: Though you live in London, do you still consider Scotland home? Do you miss it when you're away?

MCGREGOR: I do. When I'm away for a long time, after three or four months I start having flashes of home, not of my home in London but of Scotland: places where I grew up, streets where I played as a kid. I have vivid memories of my home in Crieff and the Highlands. I pine for it and love going back.

PLAYBOY: For many Americans Scotland is Sean Connery, kilts, bagpipes and Mike Myers's Fat Bastard. What are we missing?

MCGREGOR: Edinburgh is a staggeringly beautiful city. It's ancient, and the castle is stunning. Glasgow is a more industrial town. The women in Glasgow are fantastically hard. When you're growing up and you're trying to pull them, they're absolutely terrifying.

PLAYBOY: And that's good?

MCGREGOR: It is. I love them to bits.

PLAYBOY: How are they terrifying?

MCGREGOR: They just don't let you get away with anything.

PLAYBOY: Can you remember a woman shutting you down in a terrifying Glaswegian way?

MCGREGOR: Growing up in Scotland, you're often drunk. I don't drink anymore. I haven't in four years. But when you're growing up there, a lot of heavy drinking goes on and therefore a lot of drunken womanizing. Glaswegian girls just don't stand for any shit. If you try to chat them up, they cut you down. One time I was just talking about my feelings or something, and this girl said, "You're being a bit fucking deep, aren't you?" She was saying, "I know what you want. Just get on with it."

PLAYBOY: Were you good at picking up—or pulling, as you call it—girls?

MCGREGOR: No, I was never really good at pulling girls. I was always too embarrassed about it. I mainly slept with girls I knew, though I enjoyed watching other guys try to pull them. I can't believe women fall for it. If they do, I think, I can't imagine why you would want to sleep with someone who fell for a bad chat-up line like that. I was always more interested in sexual relationships as opposed to just sex. Maybe that causes

McGregor's Risky Business

Is no role too offbeat or extreme for Ewan?



Trainspotting (1996) **Role:** A pissed-off, hip junkie trying to kick the habit. **Risk:** A succession of surreal scenes of low-lives shooting up and vomiting—and of McGregor plunging his head down a filthy toilet—could have plunged his career into the toilet, too. **Reward:** McGregor makes addiction seem hipper than mindless conformity; critics and audiences saw him as a new symbol of cool.



The Pillow Book (1996) **Role:** A bisexual Brit who is the main squeeze of a book publisher (male) and a Japanese writer (female). **Risk:** Lolling around nude in an arty flick about erotic obsession could have gotten him hooted off the screen. **Reward:** Male nudity doesn't usually sell (see Richard Gere in *American Gigolo* and Michael Douglas in *Fatal Attraction*), but McGregor was lauded as a risk taker.



Velvet Goldmine (1998) **Role:** A self-destructive pansexual glam-rock icon of the 1970s involved in a love triangle with another rocker and his wife. **Risk:** McGregor has sex with both Christian Bale and Jonathan Rhys Myers. But far more terrifyingly, he performs onstage like Iggy Pop. **Reward:** Critics gave a thumbs-up to his nervy abandon, if not his karaoke-level take on Iggy.



Moulin Rouge! (2001) **Role:** A penniless bohemian poet who falls in love with Paris's most lusted-after entertainer-courtesan. **Risk:** McGregor wears his heart on his sleeve—and about as much makeup as his leading lady. What's more, he routinely breaks out in pop songs. **Reward:** International audiences flocked to the movie largely because of McGregor's openhearted acting and warbling.



Young Adam (2003) **Role:** A brooding, brutal drifter. **Risk:** McGregor suppressed his natural charm and gave his all to a couple of jaw-dropping sex sequences, one of which has him slathering Emily Mortimer with custard, ketchup and sugar. **Reward:** After turning legit in two *Star Wars* epics, McGregor shook things up by going low-down and dirty, winning his best reviews since *Trainspotting*.



Down With Love (2003) **Role:** A successful journalist and full-time horn dog. **Risk:** What if contemporary audiences didn't care that every detail in the flick—from its opening credits to its phony backdrops—spoofed 1960s sex comedies starring Doris Day and Rock Hudson? **Reward:** Audiences didn't care, and the flick crashed and burned. McGregor, however, survived the fallout.

—Stephen Rebell

more trouble in the end because you get into a series of short relationships as opposed to just having sex, when both people understand that's what it is and then move on.

PLAYBOY: Who was your first love?

MCGREGOR: A girl at Fife College, where I went to do a one-year course as a drama student.

PLAYBOY: Did you lose your virginity to her?

MCGREGOR: No, I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Who was first?

MCGREGOR: The first time was fantastic. She was a complete stranger. I'm sure she must now have a twinkle in her eye if she's up in Scotland somewhere—at least I like to hope so. I was in the halls of residence in Scotland in the college, just a night of the usual going to a pub and then coming back. She was older than I. I was 16 or 17, and she was probably 24. We were sitting around, and one thing led to another. We ended up snogging in the corner of the room. Until it happened I assumed I was going to be fumbling around and stuff. But the next thing I knew, she had taken control of the situation. She was a good teacher. After that I went in and out of relationships. It wasn't really until I was down in London and later that I had my playboy bachelor time, when I was like any young guy anywhere, just kind of rampant. I started drinking and womanizing, that kind of thing, until I met my future wife when I was 24.

PLAYBOY: Marriage hasn't stopped you from doing nude scenes in movies. Have you ever had qualms about them?

MCGREGOR: If nudity is part of life and movies reflect life, they're going to have nudity in them from time to time. Rejecting that is like saying you won't have anything to do with sex or music. Why would you say that? Sex and nudity—the world's made up of these things. I think it's all fine.

PLAYBOY: Did the wedding bells break up your gang of friends?

MCGREGOR: That happened when I stopped drinking. A lot of my friends weren't ready to or didn't need to stop. I really needed to. It's difficult if you've

been drinking as much as I drank. To stop is very difficult. When you finally do, it's impossible to be hanging around people who are still indulging.

PLAYBOY: Why did you stop?

MCGREGOR: I knew I was lucky, and somehow I knew that if I didn't stop, everything would go tits up—my career, my family, everything. I was trying to be a great actor, a great husband, a great dad and a really good drinker. I couldn't do them all. The drinking was the thing I cared for least, yet I kept finding myself sitting with strangers in fucking pubs.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to stop altogether? Could you have remained a casual drinker?

MCGREGOR: For a long time I tried not

ing, and that's the trouble. I can be in a pub now with people drinking and not think about it, but if I smell a cigarette, I'm like, Fucking hell.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried that if you curb too much of your behavior, you may lose your edge?

MCGREGOR: All that really matters to anybody else—or all that I think matters to them—is my work, because personally, my life is my own business. But I think drinking and being out of control narrow your options in front of the camera. It doesn't mean you can't be that way, because I did it. There are great actors who are great drinkers and great drunkards. But I would suggest that when you work drunk, you find one way to play a scene and that's it.

When you're sober in front of the camera, you have choices. You go, Oh, I could play it like this, but maybe I could try playing it like that. That reminds me of being young again; that's how I started off in the business, with *Lipstick on Your Collar*, *The Scarlet and the Black* and *Shallow Grave*. I would never have been drunk at work then, but later, there I was, suddenly drunk at work. I was just ashamed of myself, really.

PLAYBOY: Did your wife say, "You've got to quit"?

MCGREGOR: Well, I was devious about it. She didn't know. And none of my directors ever said, "You know, I'd rather you didn't drink at work." None of them. And they must

have known. I was reeking of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you wish your directors had laid down the law?

MCGREGOR: Yeah. "What the fuck are you doing?" I suppose it would have been different if drinking had gotten in the way of my work. Some people are fine and happy with it. Originally I was a happy drunk. But later I was miserable because it's a depressant.

PLAYBOY: You're a convincing addict in *Trainspotting*. Do you know about heroin from personal experience?

MCGREGOR: I never did heroin, but I worked with heroin addicts before we shot the movie. I got to the point where I knew about it from them.



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to drink heavily. I couldn't do it. It's not within my power to go out and have a couple of pints and then go home. I would always be crawling in at five or six in the morning, full of regret and remorse. So I stopped. I've been sober for four and a half years. I don't think about it anymore. Smoking's different.

PLAYBOY: Is it harder not to smoke?

MCGREGOR: I gave up smoking for about a year, then started again on my motorcycle trip last year. Someone was rolling a cigarette and said, "Do you want a roll-up?" Out of the blue I thought, Fuck yeah. I was obsessed with smoking again, to the point where I couldn't think about anything else. I love smok-

After the movie I met people who were heroin addicts who said I'd gotten it right. Only one person has said to me that they wanted to do heroin after watching the film. I suggested that maybe they had stopped watching halfway through.

PLAYBOY: Later you made *Velvet Goldmine*, the 1998 movie about the pansexual 1970s glam-rock music scene. You did frontal nudity, sang and wore makeup in the style of rockers like Iggy Pop and David Bowie. You've been known to wear makeup offstage, too. Do you enjoy it?

MCGREGOR: From *Velvet Goldmine* I got fond of wearing nail polish and eye makeup. I used to wear it quite a lot. We all wear makeup when we go to events—men and women alike. I've also had some good makeup artists, and I like to let them have a good time. I don't think we should pretend we're not wearing makeup when we are. I quite like the look of it.

PLAYBOY: You and Christian Bale have rooftop sex together in *Velvet Goldmine*. Seven years later you're starring in summer blockbusters like *Star Wars* and *The Island*, and Bale is in *Batman Begins*. Do you see the irony?

MCGREGOR: I just met him downstairs here at the hotel a little while ago for the first time since we shot that film. And

ever since, no phone messages. He hasn't written or anything. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did you have celebrity crushes when you were growing up?

MCGREGOR: There was a film of the musical *Oliver*, with Oliver Reed, and the first I can remember was a massive crush on the girl who played Nancy, Shani Wallis. I remember the kind of empty horror I felt that Reed had killed her in the movie and about how wrong it was, because I wanted so much for her to be my girlfriend. Then a big moment for me was when I saw Olivia Newton-John in *Grease*. I was born in 1971, so I guess I was seven. I remember my friend Eric Strickland and I used to play the record of *Grease* and sit in class with our fingers crossed for months because we thought if we did that, Olivia Newton-John would just come into the classroom.

PLAYBOY: Did you prefer Newton-John in her good-girl clothes or her sexy bad-girl black outfit?

MCGREGOR: Not the good-girl clothes. [laughs] It was quite funny to be sitting in class with our fingers crossed, really, honestly believing she would show up.

PLAYBOY: Did you have erotic fantasies about her?

MCGREGOR: I was too young to remember. But I did later—about everyone. I had them about everyone who was alive

or had been at some point. I had lots and lots of those, but I can't remember any one specifically.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall when you first discovered masturbation?

MCGREGOR: Yeah, I remember it was a bit confusing and a bit terrifying. My brother was particularly unhelpful. I asked him about it, and I think because he was a bit embarrassed, he didn't clarify masturbation and what the results were. For a while I was left thinking, Fucking hell! I didn't know if there was something wrong with me. I was 12 or something, and my brother was just an awkward teenager. A couple of years later, when I was a teenager, he didn't want to talk to me about it at all.

PLAYBOY: Were you often compared to your brother, Colin, who is two years older and seems to have always been a standout?

MCGREGOR: I suppose. We were at the same school, and certainly when he left at 18 to continue his education it was a bad time for me. I was 16 and had just started my penultimate year of school. I was miserable because I knew what I wanted to do, which was act, but I was still in an academic school, and I wasn't interested in being there.

PLAYBOY: Were you a bad student?

MCGREGOR: I'd been thrown out of math, basically because I came back



from the holidays after having passed my exams and couldn't understand what the fuck the teacher was talking about. I remember looking at the blackboard and not knowing what the fuck anything meant, as if everything I knew before the holidays was gone. My school's reaction was "Let's not put you through this," and they put me in a typing class instead, which I loved because I was allowed to drink coffee. I felt very grown-up. I still can't type or do math, so it wasn't really a solution, but I did learn to love coffee. I started to get in trouble a lot, and I would be sent to the headmaster, who became a good friend of mine, actually.

PLAYBOY: What kind of trouble did you get into?

MCGREGOR: They kept saying I had an attitude problem. I think a lot of it came from my brother having been head boy, which is the ultimate honor—a really archaic system of choosing people who represent the school best. I wasn't head-boy material. Academically I was all right. I wasn't brilliant. But I was very musical and loved anything that had to do with performing. That's what I wanted to do. I liked music and art.

PLAYBOY: Did you perform at home for your family?

MCGREGOR: When I was very young and my mum had parties, I'd do my turn with the hairbrush in front of the stereo and stuff. I remember in one of the store windows in Crieff there was this gray sweater with a star on it. I thought it would be a sweater to wear when I did my turns. When I was in my teens I did a lot of Elvis. I loved Elvis and still do. I still get the chills listening to him sing.

PLAYBOY: Were you a fan of his movies as well as his music?

MCGREGOR: Yes. *Roustabout* was my favorite, the circus one where he rides around on a motorbike—a silly little Honda CB77 or something. I don't know why he wasn't on some massive Harley, because it's an American movie.

PLAYBOY: As a teenager you played in a band. People were surprised to hear you sing in *Moulin Rouge*, but apparently it was a return to that period of your life.

MCGREGOR: Yeah, I was in a band called Scarlet Pride when I was 15 or 16. We used to play in schools and at birthday parties. We were truly terrible. We played covers like Joan Jett and the Blackhearts' "I Love Rock and Roll." That's the one I remember the clearest. I think we also did a Phil Collins song. I think it was "You Can't Hurry Love." We did "Twist and Shout" as our finale. Hey, we were young. We weren't good. I was the drummer. There was a girl on bass—sultry, long hair, nice.

PLAYBOY: Did the band attract groupies?

MCGREGOR: Absolutely not. We were hopeless. We didn't tour Britain or anything like that. We didn't even tour Crieff. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did your schoolteachers encourage your interest in music and art?

MCGREGOR: They wouldn't let me do art and music because they thought I was copping out. I thought, Well, I might be copping out if I wanted to be a banker or something, but I want to be an actor, so actually art and music are really good things for me. I wasn't allowed to choose, though, so I thought, Fuck it. As a result, I got into trouble a lot. I was depressed.

PLAYBOY: How did your depression show itself?

MCGREGOR: I wouldn't get into fights with people or anything like that, but I became disrespectful to teachers. I think a teacher's job is to encourage you to want to learn. I was never encouraged to learn. I always felt, This is the shit I have to remember to pass the exams. So I would answer teachers back, which you're not allowed to do. I did it because I felt aggrieved with some of the things they were saying.

PLAYBOY: What did they say?

MCGREGOR: I got in trouble with one because she felt I shouldn't have a job if

*I get frustrated with actors
who don't turn up on time.
We're paid an enormous
amount of money. It seems to
me the more money people get
paid, the lazier they become.*

I was so interested in art and music. She thought I should be going to concerts and things like that and didn't think I should be bothered by money. I didn't think it was her place to be telling me what to do on the weekend.

PLAYBOY: What jobs did you have?

MCGREGOR: I worked from the age of 14 or 15, washing dishes on the weekends in a hotel, because it gave me money and I liked working. I also like to think of myself as a really good dishwasher. Then I became a waiter and barman, and I worked my way through hotels. I was a car valet one summer, and I worked at a trout farm, which was rather beautiful. First thing in the morning I'd feed all the trout in the ponds. I still really enjoy working, and I get pleasure out of hard work.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with the money you earned?

MCGREGOR: When I was 16 I bought my first car. Working for it myself, buying it and looking after it put me to a degree in good stead for my future. Today I get frustrated with actors and, very rarely, directors who don't turn up on time,

for instance. We're paid an enormous amount of money for the work we do in the theater, and if you're lucky enough to be playing leading roles in the cinema, you can be paid a truly enormous amount of money. It seems to me the more money people get paid, the lazier they become. They turn up late, or they don't know why they should rehearse. I think bad behavior from actors is often linked to their insecurity.

PLAYBOY: How did your parents react, as teachers, to your school problems?

MCGREGOR: Brilliantly. I mean, they let me leave, really, when I was 16. Driving into Crieff one night, my mum said, "I've spoken to your father, and if you'd like to leave school, you can." I had imagined I would have to stay until I was 18, so for me it was like being let out of prison early. That's slightly dramatic, but the release was unbelievable. I felt my life broaden immediately. A week later I was walking into a theater and getting involved in its production of *A Passage to India*.

PLAYBOY: Did it cure your depression?

MCGREGOR: Yes. I wasn't depressed and didn't have attitude problems anymore. I was inordinately keen, and I felt for the first time in my life that I was learning what I needed to learn to do what I wanted to do. I started learning about things happening in the world. I realized how little I knew about what was going on. At 16 I went to live in Kirkcaldy, doing a theater-arts course at Fife College. I went to an anti-apartheid meeting and listened to a black South African talk about his experiences and realized I didn't really know what apartheid was. I thought, I've been at school since I was five years old and I don't know about apartheid. They didn't talk about it.

PLAYBOY: What was it like when you left Scotland to study theater in London?

MCGREGOR: If you were going to read a novel about an actor becoming an actor, all the elements would be in place at Guildhall University. I trained there for three years and then went to work, which was a perfect path. London was crazy. I vividly remember our first day there. The auditions to get in are tough. A week ago I watched *American Idol*, which I had never seen before; it was very much like auditioning for drama school. I know that feeling of standing in a room and being in the half of the group that is kept and watching the other half go out. There is an unbelievable feeling of excitement the nearer you get, then callbacks and finally getting in. In those days they put up a list of those who got in. I had met a guy during the auditions and asked, "Do you mind if I call you tonight, and you can tell me if I got in or not?" I took the train, got off at the Kirkcaldy station, stood in the phone box, lit a cigarette, dialed his number, and when he said, "You're in," I went fucking ballistic.

(concluded on page 139)

What sort of man wears Playboy?



PLAYBOYSTORE.COM

VINCENT MANGANO ALBERT ANASTASIA CARLO "DON CARLO"
GAMBINO PAUL "BIG PAULIE" CASTELLANO JOHN "THE DAPPER DON"
GOTTI CARMINE "THE SNAKE" PERSICO JR. VINCENT "THE CHIN"
GIGANTE VITTORIO AMUSO PHILLIP "RUSTY" RASTELLI MICHAEL
GENOVESE ANTHONY SPERO GENNARO "GERRY LANG" LANGELLA
ALPHONSE PERSICO SALVATORE "SAMMY THE BULL" GRAVANO JOSEPH
ARMONE JOSEPH FERRIOLA ANTHONY "JOE BATTERS" ACCARDO TONY
"THE ANT" SPILOTRO SAM "MOMO" GIANCANA JOSEPH "JOEY BANANAS"
BONANNO CARMINE "LILLO" GALANTE JOHN GIORDANO JOSEPH
"BIG JOEY" MASSINO CHARLES "LUCKY" LUCIANO FRANK COSTELLO
VITO "DON VITONE" GENOVESE ANTHONY "FAT TONY" SALERNO
JOSEPH PROFACI SALVATORE "GOOD-LOOKING SAL" VITALE VINCENT
DINAPOLI ROY DEMEO GAETANO LUCHESE THOMAS BILOTTI GER-
LANDO "GEORGE FROM CANADA" SCIASCIA JOSEPH "CRAZY JOEY"
GALLO JOHN "THE REDHEAD" FRANCIS ANTHONY "GASPIPE" CASSO
ANTHONY "TONY PRO" PROVENZANO JACKIE DEROSS GIUSEPPE
"JOE THE BOSS" MASSERIA JOE COLOMBO PETER DEFEO PETE
"THE GREEK" DIAPOULOS CARMINE "SONNY PINTO" DIBIASE RUS-
SELL BUFALINO JOE LUPARELLI LOUIS "LOUIE HA HA" ATTANA-
SIO GABRIEL INFANTE SALVATORE "SALLY FRUITS" FARRUGIA
LOUIS RESTIVO NICOLO RIZZUTO JOHN "SONNY" FRANZESE

THE END OF THE MOB

THE MAFIA'S WORST ENEMY WAS PART OF THE FAMILY

THOMAS DIBELLA BENEDETTO ALOI DOMINIC MONTEMARANO
VICTOR "LITTLE VIC" ORENA ANTHONY SCARPATI JOSEPH TOMA-
SELLO VENERO "BENNY EGGS" MANGANO ANDREW RUSSO
FRANK "THE IRISHMAN" SHEERAN FRANK DECICCO ANTHONY
GAGGI SALVATORE CATALANO FRANK LOCASCIO ANGELO RUG-
GIERO VINCENT "JIMMY BLUE EYES" ALO SALVATORE SANTORO
DOMINIC "BALDY DOM" CANTERINO JOSEPH ABATE ANTHONY
ACCETTURRO MICHAEL SALERNO JOSEPH DIPALERMO PAUL VARIO



LUCKY LUCIANO (THIRD FROM RIGHT) WALKING WITH FRIENDS IN SICILY IN 1949. WHILE IN PRISON HE MASTERMINDED THE BIRTH OF THE MODERN MOB.



JOSEPH MASSINO, THE HEAD OF THE BONANNO FAMILY, BECAME THE FBI'S BEST FRIEND.

Late at night I am watching Bobby De Niro in some *Analyze* movie, and I feel sorry for him because these Mafia parts, at which he is so superb and which he could do for the next 30 years, soon will no longer exist. Simultaneously he could be forced into new subjects. Al Pacino, too. Which is marvelous because both are American treasures and should be remembered for great roles, not for playing cheap punks who are unworthy of getting their autographs. I would much prefer De Niro or Pacino to Sir Laurence Olivier in anything.

Now, watching the late movie, I am remembering where I saw it start for De Niro. It was on a hot summer afternoon when the producer of a movie being made from a book I wrote, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, asked me to meet De Niro because he was replacing Pacino in a big part. Pacino was going into some movie called *The Godfather*. De Niro was looking for his first major movie role.

We talked briefly in a bar, the old Johnny Joyce's on Second Avenue. De Niro looked

like he was homeless. It was a Friday. On Sunday morning my wife came upstairs in our home in Queens and said one of the actors from the movie was downstairs. I flinched. Freak them. Downstairs, however, was De Niro. He was going to Italy on his own to catch the speech nuances of people in towns mentioned in the script. He was earning \$750 a week for the movie. I remember saying when he left, "Do not stand between this guy and whatever he wants."

What he wanted first was to play Italians who were in the Mafia. The crime actors had been mostly Jewish: Edward G. Robinson, Alan King, Rod Steiger, Eli Wallach, Paul Muni, Jerry Orbach. De Niro and Pacino took it over. They were the stars of an American industry of writers, editors, cameramen, directors, gofers, lighting men, soundmen, location men and casting agents who were all on the job and on the payroll because of the Mafia.

Now the whole Mafia industry is slipping on a large patch of black ice. Soon it will be totally gone.

"We had one wiseguy in the first season," Bill Clark, former executive producer of the now departed *NYPD Blue*, told me the other day. "That was all, because they just couldn't make it as characters for us. Their day was gone."

Both of us remember when it wasn't.

By Jimmy Breslin



CARMINE GALANTE AND LEONARD COPPOLA WERE GUNNED DOWN AT A BROOKLYN RESTAURANT IN 1979. A FRIENDLY DETECTIVE CALLED BRESLIN TO GIVE HIM THE NEWS, BUT THE NEWSPAPER'S SECRETARY SAT ON THE MESSAGE, SAYING LATER, "PEOPLE SHOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT A THING LIKE THIS."

There was a hot late afternoon in July 1979 when Carmine Galante, the boss of the Bonanno Mob at the time, was shot dead at a picnic lunch in the backyard of Joe and Mary's Restaurant on Knickerbocker Avenue in Brooklyn. Bill Clark, then a homicide detective, was the first detective on the scene. He looked at Galante and grabbed the phone and called my office at the New York *Daily News*.

The great A.M., secretary, took the call. She was a Catholic schoolgirl who was a true daughter of the Mafia in the Bronx.

"Tell Jimmy that Galante is down on Knickerbocker Avenue," Clark said. Then he hung up. Inspectors were barging in to grab the phone and have it for themselves the rest of the day. There was no such thing as a cell phone.

Secretary A.M. sat on the call for one hour.

"People shouldn't know about a thing like this," she said.

Today, aside from grieving showmen, the only ones rooting for the mobsters to survive—or at least for keeping some of them around—are FBI agents assigned to the squads that chase Mafia gangsters across the hard streets of the city. Each family has a squad assigned to it. The squads are numbered, such as C-16 for the Colombo squad. Each agent is assigned to watch three soldiers and one capo in the family. The work is surveillance and interviews. Agents will interview a cabdriver or a mobster's sister. It doesn't matter. Just do the interview. Then they get to their desk and fill out FD-302 forms that get piled up in the office. They must do it in order to keep the FBI way of life in New York. They earn \$70,000 or so a year, live in white suburbs and do no real heavy lifting on the job. After a five-hour day they go to a health club, then perhaps stop for a drink with other agents, and they always talk about what jobs they want when they retire. If, after interviewing, surveilling and paying stool pigeons, they do not come in with some Mafia dimwit whose arrest makes the news, they face doing true work for their country: antiterrorism detail in

a wet alley in Amman, Jordan or tent living in Afghanistan.

"What do you want?" Red Hot said. He is on First Avenue, in front of the great De Robertis espresso shop.

"We just want to talk to you," one of the two FBI agents said.

"You'll have to wait here until I get a lawyer to stop by," Red Hot said.

"We just wanted you to take a ride with us down to the office."

"The answer is no," Red Hot said.

"We just want to get fresh fingerprints. We haven't taken yours in a while."

"That's because I was in jail. And nothing happened to the prints you have. What are you trying to say, that they faded? They wore out?"

His friend Frankie "Biff" LoBritto cut in, "Red Hot, if you go with them, you won't come back. They'll make up a case in the car."

When the agents left, Red Hot said in a tired voice, "They'll be back. They're going to make up something and lock me up. Don't even worry about it."

Some nights later Red Hot was walking into De Robertis when he dropped dead on the sidewalk.

"He ruined the agents' schedules," Frankie Biff said. "They were going to put him away for sure without a case."

I will now take you into intensive care to observe the last of the Mafia.

The floor under them didn't even give a warning creak before opening up and causing everybody to tumble into the basement. This happened in March of this year when the United States Attorney in Brooklyn announced that, in the 1990s, two detectives, Louis Eppolito and Stephen Caracappa, had killed at least eight people for money paid by Anthony "Gaspipe" Casso, a demented killer and a boss of the Luchese Mob.

From out of the basement climbed Tony Café. Immediately the FBI visited him for the second time. It needed some help. If there were any shooters roaming around Brooklyn, Tony Café had to stop them. For if any bodies appeared on the streets or in the gutters of Brooklyn, perhaps the FBI agents, in absolutely desperate trouble for having Eppolito and Caracappa accused of shooting people practically in front of them, would be thrown like miscellaneous cargo onto transport planes bound for Kabul and Baghdad.

Politicians and the news media claimed the two detectives had committed the most treacherous and treasonous acts in the history of the police department. Would that it were true. Police officers serve wonderfully well and in these times do not even take a free cup of coffee. But there are isolated madmen who still pass the

(continued on page 140)



WHO KILLED JOEY GALLO? THIRTY-THREE YEARS LATER WE FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT UMBERTO'S CLAM HOUSE

BY CHARLES BRANDT



JOSEPH GALLO (TOP LEFT, IN 1961) RUBBED A LOT OF PEOPLE THE WRONG WAY. AFTER HIS MURDER HIS ANGUISHED MOTHER HAD TO BE HELPED DOWN THE STEPS OF THE BROOKLYN FUNERAL HOME (TOP RIGHT). **FRANK SHEERAN** (ABOVE LEFT), TEAMSTERS MUSCLE AND PHILADELPHIA HIT MAN, ADMITTED TO KILLING GALLO IN A RESTAURANT (ABOVE RIGHT) AT THE CORNER OF HESTER AND MULBERRY IN MANHATTAN IN THE WEE HOURS OF APRIL 7, 1972.

Mary Gallo grabbed her son's coffin at Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn and cried, "My baby, my baby son." She wailed, "Joey, why didn't you take him with you, Joey? Take Big Boy...."

It wasn't clear whom Mary Gallo was referring to. The prevailing belief about Joe Gallo's murder was that three Italian gangsters had come through the Mulberry Street door of Umberto's Clam House in Little Italy and opened fire. It was a Mob version of the shoot-out at the OK Corral. But Mary Gallo's meaning should have been clear. Joey's mother was berating her dead son for not killing his own assassin, the gunman who shot him three times in the back while Gallo was eating calamari. As his party celebrated his 43rd birthday in the small hours of April 7, 1972, Gallo became an entry on a police blotter, "Homicide GUN at 0520."

For nearly 30 years the identity of Big Boy was a mystery. Then Frank "the Irishman" Sheeran, a six-foot-four hit man, confessed to me that his godfather, Russell Bufalino, had ordered him to kill Gallo, whom Sheeran called "a fresh kid." In my 2004 book, *I Heard You Paint Houses*, I wrote about what Sheeran told me.

I had spent five years interviewing Sheeran, trying to understand what drove him to murder his friend and Teamsters mentor Jimmy Hoffa in 1975. Sheeran confessed in passing to shooting Crazy Joey Gallo after telling me how valuable Gallo was to Bufalino. The accepted version of his death had been that Carmine "Sonny Pinto" DiBiase led two unidentified Italian gangsters through a side door of Umberto's, and they blasted away. The source for this was Mob informant Joe Luparelli. The authorities seemed to believe Luparelli, but no one was ever indicted for killing Gallo based on Luparelli's information. I've had plenty of experience as an interrogator, and I was satisfied Sheeran had told me the truth about Gallo.

Shortly after my book was published, Sheeran's account received additional support when writer Jerry Capeci corroborated that a lone gunman had shot Gallo. As a young reporter for the *New York Post*, Capeci said he had "spent a few hours at Umberto's Clam House on Mulberry Street in lower Manhattan during the early-morning hours of April 7, 1972." Capeci wrote that Al Seedman, chief of detectives for the New York Police Department, walked out of Umberto's and told reporters that all the carnage was the work of a lone gunman. The case was building for a necessary revision of an important slice of Mob history.

Then fortune brought me something extraordinary. Eric Shawn, senior correspondent with Fox News, called me to say he had discovered an eyewitness to the Gallo shooting. She was a journalist at *The New York Times* who wished to remain anonymous. He phoned her, and she admitted she had been at the scene and witnessed the shooting. Shawn said, "I understand three Italian types came in and started shooting." She said, "No, it was a lone gunman." He directed her attention to an Internet photo of Sheeran taken in the early 1970s, around the time of the Gallo hit. "Oh my God," she said. "I've seen this man before." Shawn immediately walked from Fox News on 47th Street to the New York Times building on West 43rd Street (continued on page 145)



RUSSELL BUFALINO, THE BOSS OF WILKES-BARRE, DIDN'T LIKE JOEY GALLO'S STYLE.



WHO DO YOU TRUST?

MAFIA TURNCOAT ANTHONY CASSO SAYS HE HAD AN INFORMANT DEEP INSIDE THE FBI, WORKING ALONGSIDE HIS NYPD HIT MEN. IS THE GOVERNMENT LISTENING?

BY NICK BRYANT



A THUG'S LIFE (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT): CASSO IN PRISON IN 1998; THE 1986 CAR BOMB CASSO SAYS HE PLANNED FOR JOHN GOTTI BUT THAT KILLED MOB UNDERBOSS FRANK DECICCO; THE ALLEGED MAFIA COPS, CARACAPPA (TOP) AND EPPOLITO, WHOM CASSO SAYS HE KEPT ON HIS PAYROLL AS HIT MEN AND INFORMANTS; GRAVANO, THE DRUG DEALER WHO WON THE GOVERNMENT'S TRUST; THE GAMBINO FAMILY BURIAL GROUND IN BROOKLYN.

Anthony "Gaspipe" Casso, former acting boss of the Luchese crime family, is one of the highest-ranking turncoats in the history of the Mob. The typical Mafia canary sings a few notes, drops a name or two and walks away with a new identity and address courtesy of the United States government. Casso, however, presented the Justice Department with a Wagnerian opera: In a series of interviews in 1994, he confessed to complicity in 13 murders and a plot to assassinate a federal judge. He told of his paid informant—a still unnamed mole—deep inside the Federal Bureau of Investigation, as well as a shocking story about two former New York City police detectives who worked for the Mob as hit men and informants. For this "substantial assistance," Casso says, he was promised a reduced sentence and relocation in the Witness Security Program.

Eleven years later Casso wakes up every day in solitary confinement in a Florence, Colorado Supermax prison, betrayed, he says, by the Justice Depart-

ment. Though what he said about NYPD detectives Louis Eppolito and Stephen Caracappa turned out to be remarkably similar to the charges they've since been indicted for, he was sentenced to 13 concurrent life sentences, plus 440 years. The Mafia Cops, as they're now known, were arrested in March and will go on trial this summer in New York City for eight murders, drug distribution, money laundering and disclosing information to Mob bosses—71 counts of assorted mayhem.

With one of the most sensational trials in New York crime history approaching, several uncomfortable questions about the government's case remain unanswered. Why did it take law enforcement 11 years to act on Casso's information, during which the Mafia Cops allegedly ran drug-dealing and money-laundering operations in Las Vegas? Who was Casso's FBI mole, and why has he not been prosecuted? And most significantly, why does the government prevent Casso from testifying in any courtroom—state or federal—and refuse to make him available for interviews?

The feds dismiss Casso as a liar who contravened the terms of his cooperating agreement and could not be trusted to help them make cases. Casso and his attorney insist the government's betrayal was motivated by the need to protect other high-level informants such as Salvatore "Sammy the Bull" Gravano, whose testimony helped convict dozens of Mafia chiefs, among them John Gotti. In the end it may come down to a case of which murderer one chooses to believe.

I have been in communication with Casso for six years. Before the feds imposed their final gag order I visited him in 1999 at the Supermax. The prison, known to penologists as the Rock of the Rockies, houses around 400 of the country's most infamous convicts, including Ted Kaczynski, Ramzi Yousef and would-be shoe bomber Richard Reid. After I passed through a series of checkpoints, burrowing deeper and deeper into the Rocky Mountains, prison personnel ushered me into a sterile concrete room bisected by a thick sheath of Plexiglas.

The feared Luchese family boss looked considerably *(continued on page 148)*



"Can I call you back? I'm right in the middle of something here...."



ZUMANITY

Cirque du Soleil's hot new show



BY SCOTT DICKENSHEETS

Zero. That's how much gets past the two men behind me. We're sitting in a theater in Las Vegas, watching *Zumanity*, the new bawdy, naughty Cirque du Soleil show. Fifteen minutes into it—which is to say 14 minutes and 59 seconds too late—they finally grasp the essence of the brassy broad acting as MC. Actual dialogue overheard:

"Hey, that's a dude!"

"It is?"

Sure is, fella: drag queen Joey Arias, your host for the evening. Of course, some disorientation is expected. Cirque, after all, is the modern circus—arty, athletic entertainment that combines acrobatics, contortions and juggling with a sense of spiritual striving into an amalgamation that dazzles, amazes and exhausts your supply of synonyms for *bendy*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA









Z

umanity, which coyly bills itself as “another side of Cirque du Soleil,” is about love, sex, seduction, the limits of the body and the vast potential of the mind. Not incidentally it’s also about blowing up old notions of what the Montreal-based *nouveau-circus* troupe can do.

Cirque shows have always had a sexiness about them, with those unbelievably pliant bodies wrapped in skintight suits. *Zumanity* goes to a whole new level. In one act, two female contortionists explore each other in a water tank; magnified by the liquid and distorted by the curved glass, their movements become hypnotic. In another, two balance artists torque themselves into hot positions from an otherworldly Kama Sutra. There are steamy dance numbers and stripteases, along with a little envelope pushing in the form of stylized references to bestiality and autoerotic asphyxiation, and the whole thing concludes with a most artful orgy. At the same time, *Zumanity* retains the shared traits of all the company’s productions: imaginative visuals (“Tissus,” an aerial act in which a topless goddess and a midget swing overhead on white drapery, concludes with the drapes twirling into the double-helix shape of human DNA) and little narratives of the human spirit (two men dance-fight in a cage until they kiss, at which point the cage lifts away, freeing them).

“We wanted to explore love in all its forms,” says Guy Laliberté, the company’s founder and impish guiding spirit. “We wanted to create something in which we can express anyone’s and everyone’s fantasies and experiences. We wanted to have fun.” (concluded on page 135)

The performers featured on the opening spread are Olga with Alan Jones Silva; on the third page, Agnès with Alex Castro; on the fourth page, Elena Gatilova (top) and Laurence Jardin (bottom); on the fifth page, Jonel Earl; on the sixth page, Wassa (top left), Julia Kolosova (top right) and Gyulnara Karaeva and Bolormaa Zorigtkhuyag (bottom); and here, Vanessa Convery with Ugo Mazinwasu. Makeup designer: Nathalie Gagné. Costume designer: Thierry Mugler.









THE ROAD TO GONAIVES IS THICK WITH SPIRITS AND SOLDIERS. THE CROWDS IN THE CITY ARE TERRIFYING. BUT SORROW PROVES TO BE THE BIGGEST OBSTACLE OF ALL

WEIGHT OF THE MOON

FICTION BY MADISON SMARTT BELL

Perhaps by night there would be more water, Lusane had thought, believing that the rising moon might draw it down, but there was not. She must climb as high as she did by day, crisscrossing the thin stream at the lower places where people washed themselves and their clothes, and animals wet their muzzles and trampled and pissed, following the spiraling folds of the ravine whose walls grew higher and tighter around her, sometimes cutting off the moon. She sprang from rock to rock in the darkness, her bare feet sure on the rough boulders, until she reached the cleft where water spilled clear across a lip of stone, blushed in the light of the red moon rising. When the vessel was full she set it on the top of her head, her arms just slightly trembling with the effort. The bones of her back lined up one by one from the top of her head to the base of her spine as she straightened her knees to raise the water glittering with the red light of the moon.

She was not afraid. No one had taunted her with tales of *djab* or loup-garou, wild dogs or wicked men—she'd told no one she meant to go by night to bring the water. The night was still, empty, except for now and then the whistle of a bird. Descent was harder than the climb. She moved more slowly going down, placed her feet more carefully, her back always exactly centered under the rippling moonlit water.

SHE TRIED TO TURN BACK, BUT IN THE STAMPEDE IT WAS HOPELESS, AND IF SHE STOPPED TO RETURN FOR ANYTHING SHE WOULD BE TRAMPLED.

The moon was still low when she reached her *lakou*. She caught her lip between her teeth as she broke the water from her head and crouched to set it on the ground. The little dog had risen when she crossed the cactus fence, and now he pushed his sharp nose into her palm. She trailed her fingers over his matchstick ribs, and the dog flopped over, presenting his belly to be rubbed. Lusane rolled her weightless head and smiled toward her grandmother, who sat on a stone by the door of the small clay house, her crooked stick in her swollen hands. The moon pushed up above the ridge of the tin roof and caught its own light shimmering in the clear plastic tank of water on the ground.

By the old mortar hollowed from a tree trunk, in the shadow of a young almond tree, her mother and her father quietly argued. Lusane's breath caught. Her father was always asleep at this time. But she knew that because of *l'Armée Cannibale* he did not want her mother to walk six hours down the mountain beyond Souvenance to reach the market of Gonaives by morning. Their voices were low, and though Lusane could have picked out the words, she left them senseless as the static that spooled from the small transistor radio her father turned between his hands. He turned away, and her mother reached to catch his elbow. For a moment they hung so, in balance, the red moon rising between them. Then her father broke away and went into the house.

Her mother stood rooted like a sapling, swaying slightly with the night wind, amid the whistling of the birds. At last she squatted and began to pack a bushel of *bananes loup-garou* into a wide enamel pan. Lusane stood up, above the five-gallon water tank she had delivered. The night air breathed across her face.

"*W poté dlo déjà.*" Her mother spoke without looking up. *You already brought the water.*

"*Wi Mamanm.*"

"*Têt bèf,*" her mother muttered. *Stubborn.* But she nodded toward another cracked white pan and the stalks of smaller, sweeter *bananes Ti Malis* beside it. "*W'ap prete'm lafòs,*" she said, which might have been a compliment or a command or a simple statement: *You lend me strength.*

Lusane skipped into the house and groped for the pink dress and a fresh white head cloth. The close interior was loud with her brothers' snoring and smelled of their breath, but her father lay too still to be sleeping. She went out quickly, before he could stop her, shrugging into the pink dress and fumbling the buttons shut up to her collarbone.

By moonlight the pink dress looked yellow, and her mother's head cloth, which was yellow, appeared to be white. The two were alone for a long time on the dark road. The moon grew paler as it climbed above them, became more distant, smaller, colder. Down the center of the road the moon unrolled a wide bright ribbon, but her mother kept to the edge

where the long darkness lay, stitching her shadow into the shadow of the trees. Lusane followed close behind. This road was a long way. Already five, six times the climb up the ravine to get the water. Her mother had told her she could not go to market because she must go to bring water by day, and for that Lusane had fetched the water this night. The pan with the *bananes Ti Malis* was not so heavy on her head as the water tank. Yet it was heavy. Still, her mother carried the heavier load, braced on top of her yellow *mouchoir* with an extra roll of cloth around the pan of *bananes loup-garou*.

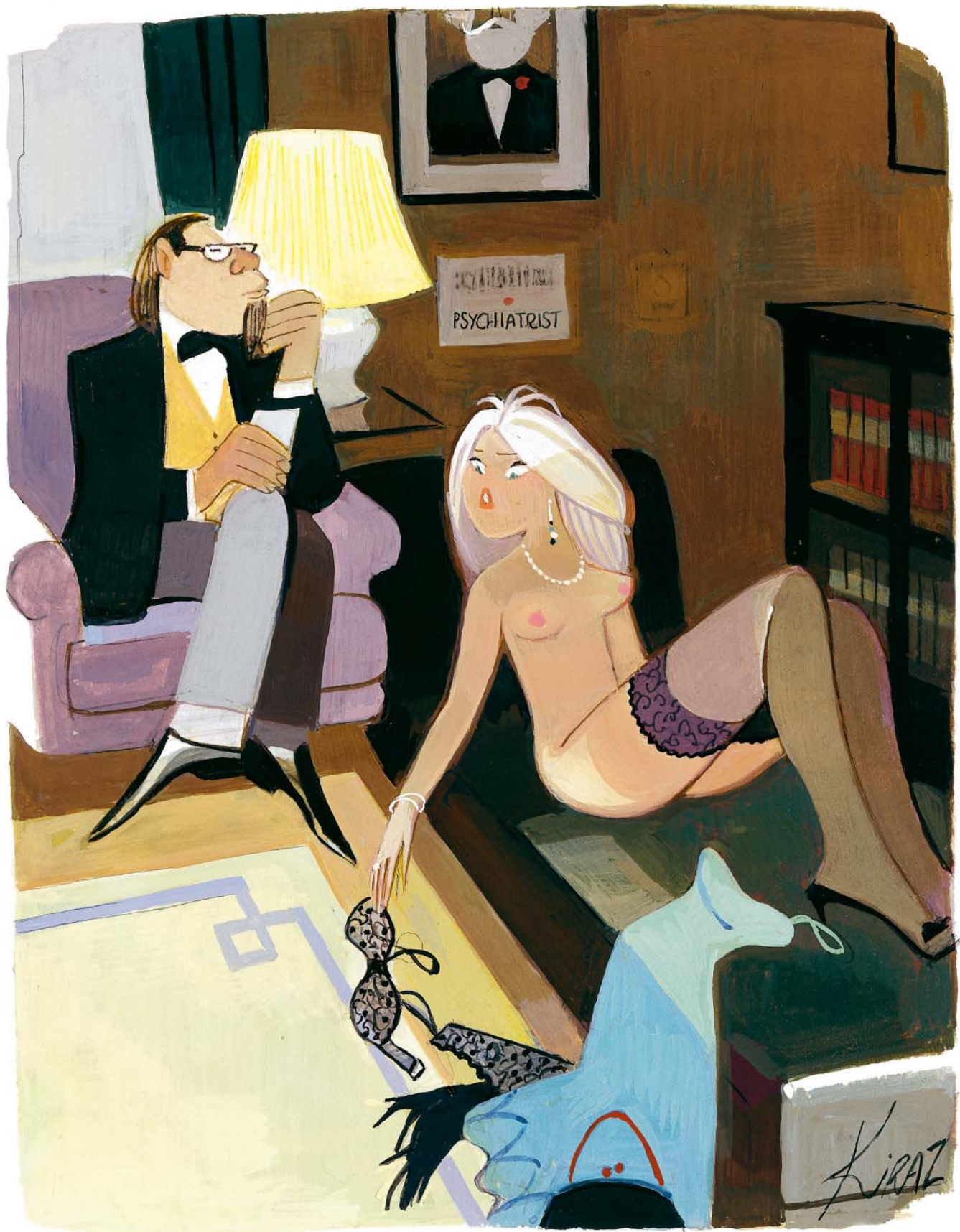
"*Sa w gegne pou nou, cheri?*" a man's voice grumbled out of the dark. *Whatcha got for us, sweetie?* A froggy, quivering thing climbed into Lusane's throat. There were stories, *moun k'ap manjé moun*, men who ate people at Kalfou Sansmaman. Some women who started down the mountain at midnight arrived at the market dressed out as meat.

Her mother walked on without seeming to hear, her head held high beneath her load, her empty hands flowing smoothly around her hips like grass in running water. Her calm and the steadiness of her movement reduced the man and his voice to nothing, away in some other world and unable to reach them. The voice said something indistinct, then crumbled into hoarse laughter and was gone.

They were still walking. Since they had left their *lakou* they had said no word. Only they walked. How long by now it must have been. The moon was very bright and distant, a freezing pinhole in the curved sky. She did not understand how her mother could continue. Yet she would not disgrace herself. She followed in her mother's steps. At last, with the moon full overhead, she came to feel how a thread of its light shot through her burden and her brain, all down her spine to the bone of her heels; her body turned and flowed around its axis and so she was sustained and her load was lightened.

Now more women were coming out to join them, at Souvenance crossroads and the others they passed. Sometimes her mother gave them a low greeting, and Lusane was heartened by their numbers. Dawn broke as they reached the national road, and one of the women began to sing, and soon the others took it up. Lusane felt the song flower in her throat, and her step quickened, and she was dancing; they all were, singing and dancing the last little way across the alkali plain, past the holy white mound of Morne Saint Juste, into the freshening smell of the sea. When they came to Gonaives, the sun and moon were in the sky together.

Today they sold well, as her mother had argued—today their fruit brought higher prices when many women were afraid to come down from the hills. Lusane could count change; she had been to school, and she bargained fiercely over her stalks of tiny sweet bananas, though if a boy winked at her she felt herself flush and wriggle, acutely conscious (continued on page 136)



"It's just to keep you awake during the therapy."

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

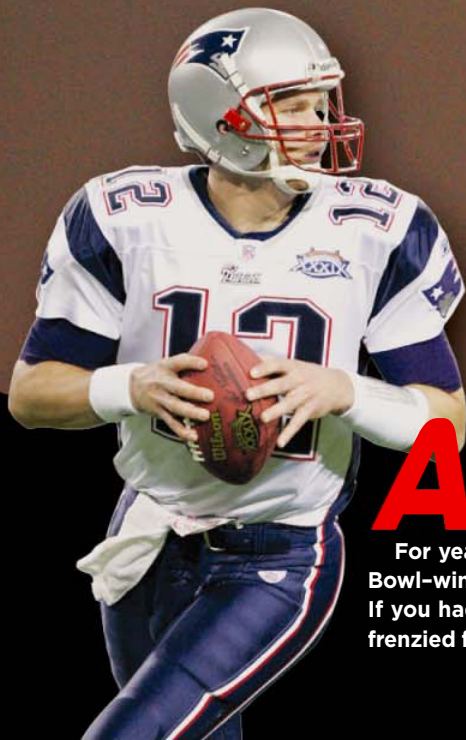
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

EAST	NEW ENGLAND
NORTH	PITTSBURGH
SOUTH	INDIANAPOLIS
WEST	OAKLAND
WILD CARDS	CINCINNATI, JACKSONVILLE
CHAMPION	PITTSBURGH

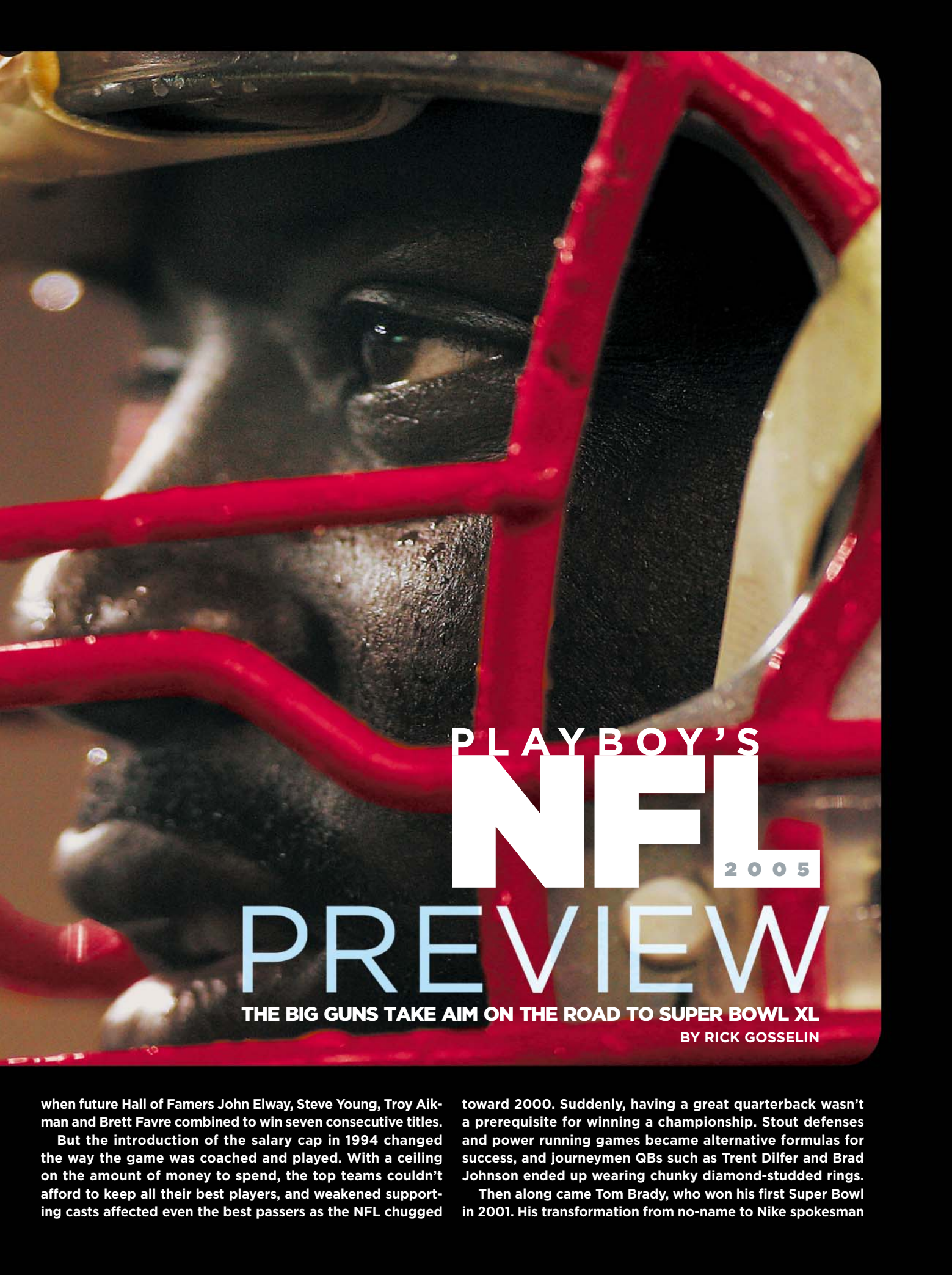
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

EAST	PHILADELPHIA
NORTH	MINNESOTA
SOUTH	CAROLINA
WEST	ARIZONA
WILD CARDS	ATLANTA, N.Y. GIANTS
CHAMPION	PHILADELPHIA

★ **SUPER BOWL** ★
PHILADELPHIA OVER PITTSBURGH



An old friend has returned to the National Football League after an absence of a few seasons. Welcome back, franchise quarterback. The Tom Bradys, Peyton Mannings and Donovan McNabbs are again ruling the gridiron. For years the franchise quarterback was predominant in the league. The first 10 Super Bowl-winning teams and 17 of the first 24 were led by future Hall of Fame quarterbacks. If you had a Terry Bradshaw or a Joe Montana in your huddle, you had a stadium full of frenzied fans and a distinct advantage come January. It was more of the same in the 1990s,



PLAYBOY'S
NFL
2005
PREVIEW

THE BIG GUNS TAKE AIM ON THE ROAD TO SUPER BOWL XL

BY RICK GOSSELIN

when future Hall of Famers John Elway, Steve Young, Troy Aikman and Brett Favre combined to win seven consecutive titles.

But the introduction of the salary cap in 1994 changed the way the game was coached and played. With a ceiling on the amount of money to spend, the top teams couldn't afford to keep all their best players, and weakened supporting casts affected even the best passers as the NFL chugged

toward 2000. Suddenly, having a great quarterback wasn't a prerequisite for winning a championship. Stout defenses and power running games became alternative formulas for success, and journeymen QBs such as Trent Dilfer and Brad Johnson ended up wearing chunky diamond-studded rings.

Then along came Tom Brady, who won his first Super Bowl in 2001. His transformation from no-name to Nike spokesman

triggered a chain reaction in the league. Success breeds swagger, and that's what fans want to see. So the NFL invited the rest of the game's premier passers back onto center stage before the beginning of last season with an officiating crackdown on the defense. No longer would defenders be able to jostle with receivers beyond five yards of the line of scrimmage. The league wanted to make the game more entertaining for its millions of television viewers, and allowing pass catchers to gallop unfettered through the secondary did just that. If you let talented receivers run uncontested routes, the advantage shifts dramatically to the passers—and that means high-scoring games.

Collectively NFL quarterbacks set records for completion percentage (59.8) and touchdown passes (732) last season. Obviously, the better your

quarterback, the better your chances of winning, and the very best—the franchise quarterbacks—excelled. Manning broke a 20-year-old NFL record with his 49 TD passes, and his Colts

won the AFC South. Daunte Culpepper threw for an NFL-high 4,717 yards to propel his Vikings into the postseason. Brady matched his career best with 28 touchdown passes for the Super Bowl-champion Patriots, and McNabb passed for a career-high 3,875 yards for the NFC-champion Eagles.

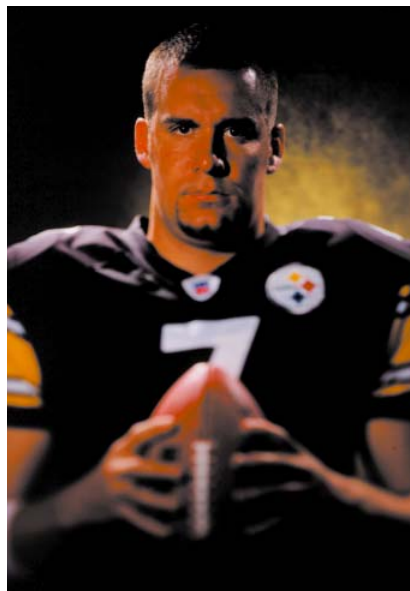
"The two dominant teams in our

And so the quest for the next great quarterback begins. Three passers were chosen in the first round of April's draft, and two of them—the 49ers' Alex Smith and the Redskins' Jason Campbell—figure to start at some point this season, just as rookies Eli Manning and Ben Roethlisberger did last year. Carson Palmer was the first overall pick in 2003 and

now starts in Cincinnati. David Carr was taken first overall in 2002 and starts in Houston. Mike Vick was first overall in 2001 and starts in Atlanta. Kyle Boller (Baltimore), Rex Grossman (Chicago), Joey Harrington (Detroit), Byron Leftwich (Jacksonville), J.P. Losman (Buffalo) and Chad Pennington (Jets) were all first-round picks this decade, and all now start.

While the salary cap has made the NFL a young man's game, the rules have again made it a quarterback's game. And when franchise quar-

terbacks emerge, championships follow. If Brady can win a Super Bowl at the age of 24, don't rule out Roethlisberger at 23, Palmer at 26 or even Eli Manning at 25. One of these young QBs might have a date with destiny on February 5, when Super Bowl XL kicks off in Detroit.



ARMS RACE

Our pick for the Super Bowl matchup at quarterback: the Steelers' Ben Roethlisberger and the Eagles' Donovan McNabb, both of whom caught flack for their performance in last year's postseason.

league, New England and Philadelphia, have something in common," Giants coach Tom Coughlin says. "They have the outstanding quarterback. There are always changes—players in and out and injuries. But those guys line up and play, and the rest is history."

FOUR CAST



LAWRENCE TAYLOR



TONY SIRAGUSA



TROY AIKMAN



DENNIS MILLER

WHO WILL BE THIS YEAR'S CINDERELLA TEAM?

CINCINNATI BENGALS

DETROIT LIONS

CINCINNATI BENGALS

JACKSONVILLE JAGUARS

WILL ELI MANNING BOMB IN NEW YORK?

EXPECT A SOLID SEASON FROM ELI

IT'LL BE A ROUGH YEAR

NOT IF THE GIANTS USE JEREMY SHOCKEY

OF COURSE HE WON'T

WHO WILL BE THIS YEAR'S ROOKIE SENSATION?

COWBOYS DEFENSIVE END DEMARCUS WARE

RAVENS WIDE RECEIVER MARK CLAYTON

RAVENS WIDE RECEIVER MARK CLAYTON

NO IDEA

WHAT'S THE BEST FOOTBALL MOVIE EVER MADE?

ANY GIVEN SUNDAY

THE LONGEST YARD

NORTH DALLAS FORTY, OF COURSE

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

WHO'S THE GREATEST QB OF ALL TIME?

JOE MONTANA

DAN MARINO

JOE MONTANA

JOE MONTANA

SUPER BOWL PREDICTION?

INDIANAPOLIS OVER CAROLINA

DETROIT AND KANSAS CITY, ENDING IN A TIE

INDIANAPOLIS OVER SEATTLE

NEW ENGLAND OVER SEATTLE

NFL BY THE NUMBERS

**STATISTICAL HORS D'OEUVRES
TO CHEW ON AS THE SEASON
KICKS OFF**

\$37.13: Average ticket price at Ralph Wilson Stadium in Buffalo, the cheapest in the league.

\$35: Price to park your car at New England's Gillette Stadium.

42: Grade, on a scale of one to 50, that the Cowboys' Drew Henson reportedly scored on the Wonderlic test (which grades intelligence), among the highest for NFL quarterbacks.

16: Grade that Eagles QB Donovan McNabb reportedly scored.

43-58: Bill Belichick's head-coaching record without Tom Brady at quarterback.

57-14: Belichick's record with Brady at quarterback.

900: Number of pounds Cowboys guard Larry Allen can squat.

426: Number of pounds a new Honda Super Hawk sport motorcycle weighs (without fuel).

4.19 seconds: Broncos cornerback Champ Bailey's best 40-yard-dash time, fastest in the NFL.

\$42,500: Amount television advertisers paid for a 30-second spot during Super Bowl I in 1967 (Packers 35, Chiefs 10).

\$2.4 million: Amount television advertisers paid during Super Bowl XXXIX this past February (Patriots 24, Eagles 21).

376: Number of TD passes Packers quarterback Brett Favre has thrown in his career, second most in league history.

45: Number of TD passes Favre needs to break the record held by Dan Marino.

54: Number of NFL steroid suspensions since 1989, the first year of the league's steroid policy.

1: Rank of Chargers running back LaDainian Tomlinson on the Yahoo Sports fantasy football draft list.

Unranked: The three players who topped Tomlinson in votes for the 2000 Heisman Trophy (Chris Weinke, Josh Heupel and Drew Brees, in that order).

7 to 1: Preseason odds on the Patriots to win the Super Bowl, best of any team, as handicapped by *USA Today* sports-betting maven Danny Sheridan.

1 sextillion to 1: Preseason odds on the 49ers to win the Super Bowl, worst of any team.

AFC EAST



NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Tom Brady has already won three Super Bowls, and he's only 28. Joe Montana was 32 when he won his third, Terry Bradshaw 30.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Six players started in all three New England Super Bowl wins; three won't be back: linebacker Roman Phifer (released), guard Joe Andruzzi (free agency) and linebacker Tedy Bruschi (heart ailment). The Pats won a Super Bowl last year without injured cornerback Ty Law, so they let him go as well. More significant may be the losses to the coaching staff. Offensive coordinator Charlie Weiss left to become head coach at Notre Dame, and defensive coordinator Romeo Crennel took the Browns' head job.



PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: The three constants in this dynasty—quarterback, coach (Bill Belichick) and kicker (Adam Vinatieri)—form a trifecta that makes the Patriots as tough to beat in September as in January.

PROJECTION: It's been four decades since an NFL team has won three straight titles (the 1965-1967 Packers). Look for the Patriots to go deep this year—and maybe all the way.



BUFFALO BILLS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Drew Bledsoe steered the Bills to six consecutive victories down the stretch and nearly got them into the playoffs. His reward? The team cut him and turned the offense over to J.P. Losman, who has attempted five NFL passes.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Along with Bledsoe, the Bills lost a couple of starting tackles—Jonas Jennings on offense and Pat Williams on defense. They hope to compensate with the additions of veteran blockers Bennie Anderson and Mike Gandy and second-year defensive tackle Tim Anderson.



PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: The Bills have the NFL's best special teams, a defense that ranked second in the league last year and game breakers in halfback Willis McGahee and receiver Lee Evans. All coach Mike Mularkey is asking of Losman is what the Steelers asked of Ben Roethlisberger last year: Don't make mistakes to lose games.

PROJECTION: If Losman doesn't beat himself with turnovers, opponents will have a tough time beating the Bills.



NEW YORK JETS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Chad Pennington was the first Mid-American Conference quarterback to storm the NFL, paving the way for first-rounders Byron Leftwich and Ben Roethlisberger. Pennington won a passing title in 2002 but has had trouble staying healthy.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Doug Brien missed two field goals at Pittsburgh in the playoffs, costing the Jets a trip to the AFC title game. So like a general still fighting the last war, management used a second-round draft pick on kicker

Mike Nugent, Ohio State's all-time leading scorer. The Jets also swapped speed receivers with the Redskins, sending Santana Moss south and welcoming back Laveranues Coles to New York. But their key addition is offensive coordinator Mike Heimerdinger, who spent the past five years in Tennessee playing swami to Steve McNair.



PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: If you have Curtis Martin, you run him until he drops. He's the Walter Payton of his era. Last year Martin, 31, became the oldest player in NFL history to win a rushing title. The Jets will also rely on the defensive front of John Abraham, Shaun Ellis and Dewayne Robertson.

PROJECTION: It's tough to be optimistic playing in a division with the Patriots.



MIAMI DOLPHINS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Miami had a choice with the second overall pick on draft day: Take a potential franchise quarterback in Aaron Rodgers or the best running back on the board in Ronnie Brown. The Dolphins took the runner, leaving shaky incumbent A.J. Feeley behind center. Gus Frerotte is already warming up in the bullpen.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: While former Dolphins coach Dave Wannstedt emphasized speed on defense, new coach Nick Saban likes size. So he overhauled that unit, bringing in free-agent linemen Kevin Carter and Vonnie Holliday, a couple of 290-pounders, and safety Tebucky Jones, who beefs up the secondary with his 220 pounds. Meanwhile the Ricky Williams saga continues.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: A Bill Belichick disciple, Saban believes defense wins championships, so that's where he'll focus his attention for now. Brown will be a Rookie of the Year candidate with all the carries he'll be getting.

PROJECTION: The Dolphins are the only team in this division without a potential franchise quarterback. That'll make it difficult for them to compete.



NFC EAST



PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

TAKING THE SNAPS: Remember when Philadelphia fans booed the draft-day selection of Donovan McNabb? They wanted Ricky Williams. McNabb has since guided the Eagles to four straight NFC title games and a Super Bowl. Where would the Eagles be today had they picked Williams?

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Philly lost starting defensive end Derrick Burgess and guard Jermaine Mayberry, but coach Andy Reid knows how to plan ahead. Two recent first-round picks, end Jerome McDougle and guard Shawn Andrews, move up in the queue, while a sharp class of rookies makes the deepest team in football even deeper.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Reid has the best set of coordinators in the league in Brad Childers (offense), Jim Johnson (defense) and John Harbaugh (special teams) and nine returning Pro Bowlers at his disposal. McNabb and Terrell Owens give the team clout on Madison Avenue. T.O. just has



to quit whining—\$16.6 million a year isn't enough?
PROJECTION: How can you pick against the Eagles? From the owner down to the ball boys, this organization has no weakness. If everyone does his job, this team will continue to succeed.

ny NEW YORK GIANTS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Coach Tom Coughlin was criticized last November when he benched Kurt Warner in favor of rookie Eli Manning with the team still in contention. Manning promptly lost his first six starts. By December, however, he had game, and New York fans knew they had a quarterback.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Giants needed to get Manning some help; starting wide receivers Amani Toomer and Ike Hilliard failed to catch a touchdown pass between them last season. So they signed free agent Plaxico Burress and expect speedy wideouts Jamaar Taylor and Tim Carter to assert themselves after injuries slowed their 2004 season. Linebacker Antonio Pierce, the Redskins' leading tackler last year, was brought in to strengthen the NFL's 28th-ranked run defense.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: The faster Manning establishes himself, the faster the Giants will develop. Running back Tiki Barber brings talent to the attack. Tight end Jeremy Shockey and defensive end Michael Strahan must return to their 2003 Pro Bowl form.

PROJECTION: Eli's brother Peyton went from a 3-13 rookie season to a 13-3 sophomore year. Look for Eli and the Giants to make the playoffs in 2005.



★ DALLAS COWBOYS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Bill Parcells trotted out his former Jets quarterback Vinny Testaverde in 2004. He'll go with his former Patriots quarterback Drew Bledsoe in 2005. Who's next, Phil Simms?

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: A munchkin defensive front was bullied last fall, so Parcells signed nose tackle Jason Ferguson, a 300-pounder he drafted while with the Jets in 1997, and then drafted pass rushers Demarcus Ware and Marcus Spears in the first round. Fan favorite Dexter Coakley, a diminutive (five-foot-10) Pro Bowl linebacker, was forced out. After two years it's official: Parcells is building the Cowboys in the image of his 1980s Giants. Bigger is better.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Leather-helmet football is the Parcells way—run the ball on offense, stop the run on defense. Expect youngsters Julius Jones and Marion Barber to get a lot of carries out of the backfield. Wide receivers Keyshawn Johnson and Terry Glenn are old enough to remember who shot J.R.

PROJECTION: Parcells reached the Super Bowl in his fourth season with both the Giants and Patriots. He's entering his third year in Dallas. There's still work to be done.



WASHINGTON REDSKINS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Joe Gibbs won three Super Bowls with three different quarterbacks in his first life as an NFL coach. He went through

two more QBs (Mark Brunell and Patrick Ramsey) in the first season of his comeback, and he might turn over the offense to another this season: first-round draft pick Jason Campbell.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Redskins finished 30th in offense last year despite acquiring Pro Bowl running back Clinton Portis before the season. The quarterbacks were blamed, which is why Gibbs drafted a new one. The club's other first-round pick, cornerback Carlos Rogers, will square up against Terrell Owens and Plaxico Burress twice each this season.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Coordinator Gregg Williams fielded a top-three defense last season, so that side of the ball is in good hands. A playoff run hinges on the success of the offense.

PROJECTION: Gibbs was a Hall of Fame coach in his first tour with the Redskins, but the salary cap has changed the game. This is not the NFL he remembers.



AFC NORTH



PITTSBURGH STEELERS

TAKING THE SNAPS: The Steelers had been trying to fill the void left by Terry Bradshaw for more than two decades. They finally succeeded. Ben Roethlisberger won a rookie-record 13 consecutive starts and finished first in the league in passing efficiency. Terry who?

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Why mess with success? A bit of fine-tuning was all the team required. First-round draft pick Heath Miller fills Pittsburgh's biggest need, a pass-catching tight end. Guard Kendall Simmons and Pro Bowl nose tackle Casey Hampton return from knee injuries. The only major defection was wideout Plaxico Burress.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: The formula that won championships for the Steelers in the 1970s has returned: a bruising offense and an intimidating defense. Duce Staley and Jerome Bettis pound the ball on the ground, and pass rushers Joey Porter and Aaron Smith lead a spirited, blitz-driven defensive scheme.

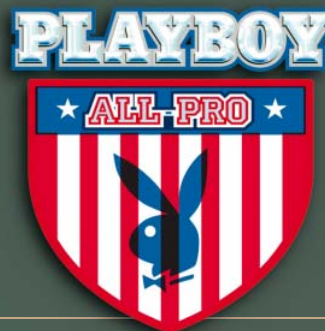
PROJECTION: Circle September 25 on your calendar, the day the Steelers and Patriots face off in a rematch of the AFC title game. This year we're going with Pittsburgh.



CINCINNATI BENGALS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Carson Palmer didn't play a down as a rookie in 2003, yet coach Marvin Lewis handed him the reins in 2004. He started slowly but finished with a flourish.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Lewis was defensive coordinator for the 2000 Super Bowl-champion Ravens, one of the greatest defenses ever assembled. His 2004 Bengals finished 19th on defense, allowing 207 more points than those 2000 Ravens. (continued on page 153)



★ PLAYBOY'S ALL-PRO TEAM

NFL.COM SENIOR ANALYST AND PLAYBOY CONTRIBUTOR GIL BRANDT PICKS THE BEST FOR 2005

OFFENSE

QUARTERBACK: PEYTON MANNING, COLTS
HALFBACK: LADAINIAN TOMLINSON, CHARGERS
FULLBACK: JUSTIN GRIFFITH, FALCONS
WIDE RECEIVER: TERRELL OWENS, EAGLES
WIDE RECEIVER: MARVIN HARRISON, COLTS
TIGHT END: ANTONIO GATES, CHARGERS
CENTER: JEFF HARTINGS, STEELERS
GUARD: STEPHEN NEAL, PATRIOTS
GUARD: WILLIE ANDERSON, BENGALS
TACKLE: BRYANT MCKINNIE, VIKINGS
TACKLE: STEVE HUTCHINSON, SEAHAWKS
KICKER: ADAM VINATIERI, PATRIOTS
PUNTER: SHANE LECHLER, RAIDERS
KICK RETURNER: DANTE HALL, CHIEFS
OFFENSIVE ROOKIE OF THE YEAR: RONNIE BROWN, RB, DOLPHINS

DEFENSE

END: SHAUN ELLIS, JETS
END: RICHARD SEYMOUR, PATRIOTS
TACKLE: SHAUN ROGERS, LIONS
TACKLE: KEVIN WILLIAMS, VIKINGS
NOSE TACKLE: JASON FERGUSON, COWBOYS
LINEBACKER: KEITH BULLUCK, TITANS
LINEBACKER: KEITH BROOKING, FALCONS
LINEBACKER: TAKEO SPIKES, BILLS
CORNERBACK: CHAMP BAILEY, BRONCOS
CORNERBACK: CHRIS MCALISTER, RAVENS
SAFETY: BRIAN DAWKINS, EAGLES
SAFETY: ED REED, RAVENS
DEFENSIVE ROOKIE OF THE YEAR: ADAM "PAC-MAN" JONES, CB, TITANS

MVP PEYTON MANNING



PEYTON MANNING QUARTERBACK



"It's a miracle! We've just arrived and the men are already teaching the natives our customs!"



TODAY! TONIGHT! TAMARA!

Miss August bides her time and
goes her own way

Tamara Witmer, 21 and gorgeous, is trying on hats in Ensenada, Mexico. She's elegant in the black sombrero, puppy cute in pink. We've been watching her for a couple of years now, since she first returned to her native California from Columbus, Ohio, too young to have a beer in a bar. A photographer sent us pictures of her modeling swimsuits. You may wonder why it took us two years to bring this beauty to your attention. All we can say is that some things are worth waiting for.

For a while there, the soft-spoken, self-effacing Tamara thought she might like a career in entertainment. Not so much anymore, she says with a chuckle. Why is that? "Because I don't have any talent," she says, laughing even harder. "Acting is unrealistic for me." Before we can ask how acting could be unrealistic for anyone—after all, have we not seen the films of Steven Seagal?—she elaborates. "I just live for the day," she says brightly. "I don't have any concrete plan." And why should she? The modeling is working out just fine, and anyone lucky enough to while away an afternoon in sunny Ensenada trying on hats would surely agree. It's a breezy kind of moment that might bring on a song. Here, we'll give you the first line: "Tamara, Tamara, we love you, Tamara."

Later, after the tequila and the limes come out, she lets her personal side escape. She says that while she finds successful, well-educated men sexy, they're not necessarily her ideal: "I would rather be with someone who is not hot but down-to-earth and stable." She hasn't had lots of boyfriends; she says she's shy. "I would like to be more outgoing," she confesses. If you feel you'd like to help Miss August burst from her cocoon, here's a tip: She bowls. In fact she has her own ball, a sparkly pink and purple one.

She's a beautiful woman who takes neither the world nor herself too seriously. One other point: She's honest. "Some people want to win no matter how fake they are," she says. "I just do things in my own way." In other words, live for today, and don't worry about Tamara.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG













Tamara has modeled for catalogs, calendars and swimsuit and fitness magazines. Her career in front of the camera began at the age of three. Her first assignment was for a men's fashion catalog. "I had to play the baby daughter of an older guy," she recalls. "I would get excited, then scared, then bored and want to go home. I'm still such a homebody."





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Summer witnessed

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Samara Witmer

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 3/21/84 BIRTHPLACE: Valencia, CA

AMBITIONS: To leave this world better than I found it.

TURN-ONS: A good heart and a good mind.

TURN-OFFS: Stinkers and lima beans.

ASTROLOGICAL SIGN: I'm an Aries, and sometimes I won't even date someone who's incompatible.

A RECENT CONCERT I ENJOYED: The Rolling Stones.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SEXY: Class, beautiful eyes.

PLACES I'D VISIT AGAIN: South Beach, Maui, Lake Tahoe, San Francisco.

I'M A SUCKER FOR: A man on a horse.

MY PERSONALITY: Fun-loving, stubborn, creative.

SPORTS I PLAY OR WATCH: Golf and tennis.



Still innocent.



Ha-ha!

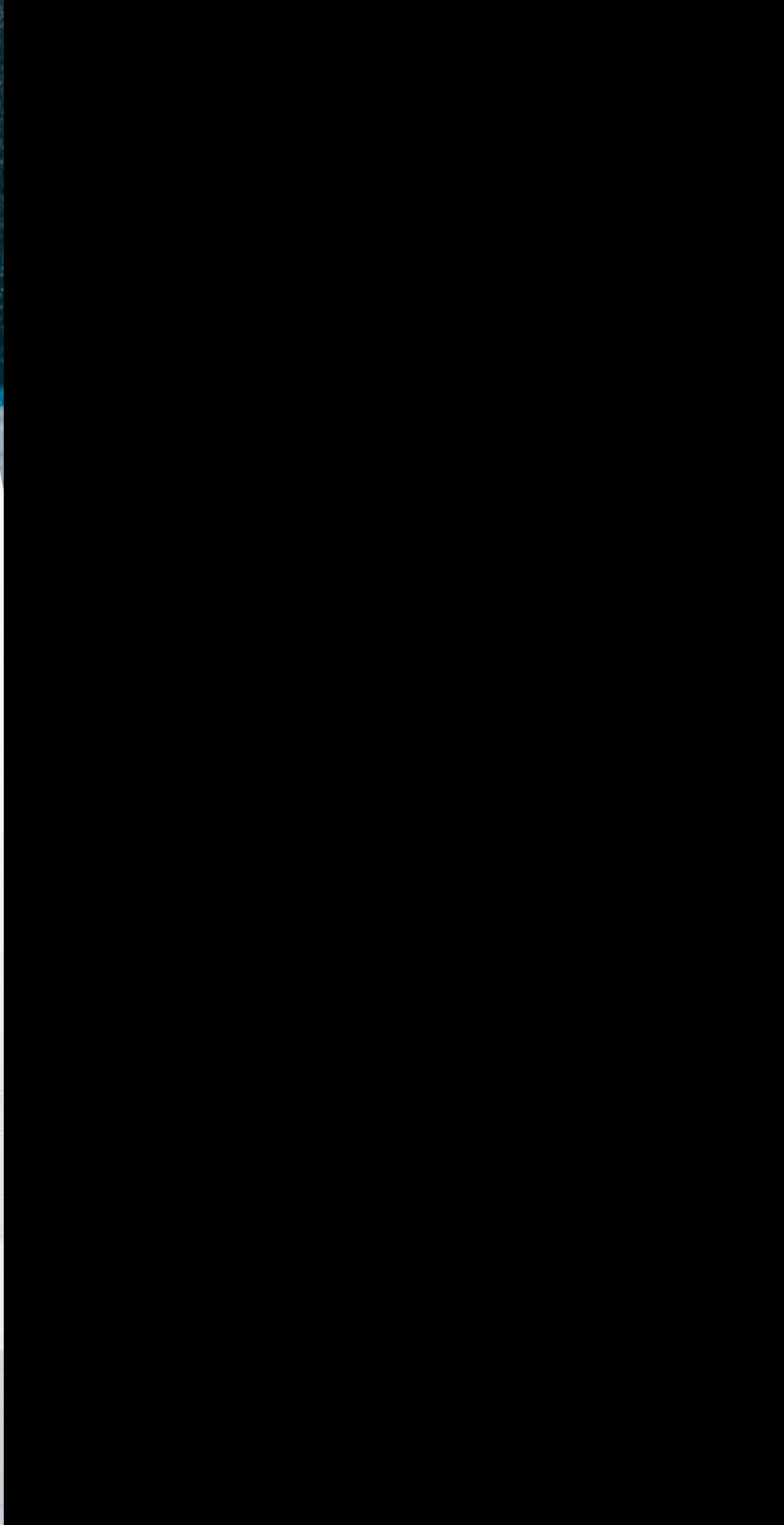


Getting a little better.

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A history professor and a psychology professor were sitting next to each other at a nudist resort. The history professor asked the psychology professor, "Have you read Marx?"

The psychology professor replied, "Yes. I think they are from the wicker chairs."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: "What," the girl quizzed her date, "is hot-blooded, passionate and hums?"

The young man thought a bit, then said, "I don't know."

She smiled and replied, "Hmmm...."



Prince Charles was driving on his mother's estate when he accidentally ran over her favorite dog, killing it instantly. He jumped out of his car and sat down on the grass, distraught. Suddenly he noticed a lamp half buried in the ground. He dug it up and polished it off. A genie appeared and said, "You have freed me from thousands of years of captivity. As a reward I will grant you one wish."

"Well," Prince Charles said, "I have all the things I need, but I just killed this dog. Is there any way you can bring it back to life?"

The genie looked at the dog and said, "The dog is too mutilated to bring back to life. Is there something else you would like?"

The prince thought for a moment, reached into his pocket and pulled out two photos. "I was married to this beautiful woman named Diana," Prince Charles said, showing the genie the first photo. "The whole country loved her. But we divorced and then she died. A few months ago I married this woman, Camilla."

He showed the genie the second photo, then said, "Camilla isn't the beauty Diana was, and everyone hates her. Do you think you can make Camilla as beautiful as Diana?"

The genie studied the two photographs and after a few moments said, "Let's have a look at that dog again."

After their wedding reception a newly married couple went to their hotel and asked for the honeymoon suite. "Do you have reservations?" the desk clerk asked.

"Only one," the groom replied. "She's not into anal sex."

During an etiquette class the teacher asked her male students, "Imagine you are courting a well-educated young girl from a prominent family. During dinner you need to go to the toilet. What do you say to her?"

One student raised his hand and said, "I'll be right back. I need to go to the toilet."

The teacher said, "No. Never mention the word *toilet* while eating."

Another student said, "I'd say, 'My dear, please excuse me for a moment. I have to go shake hands with a personal friend whom I hope to be able to introduce to you after dinner.'"

What do Italians call a cloud floating above Rome? A bigamist.

An old retired sailor put on his uniform and went down to the waterfront once more for old times' sake. He found a prostitute and went up to her room with her, draping his sailor suit across the bed. He was going at it as best he could for a guy his age and asked, "How am I doing?"

The prostitute said, "Well, sailor, you're doing about three knots."

"How's that?" he asked.

She said, "You're knot hard, you're knot in, and you're knot getting your money back."



Rumor has it in the publishing industry that Michael Jackson's new book will be titled *The Ins and Outs of Child Rearing*.

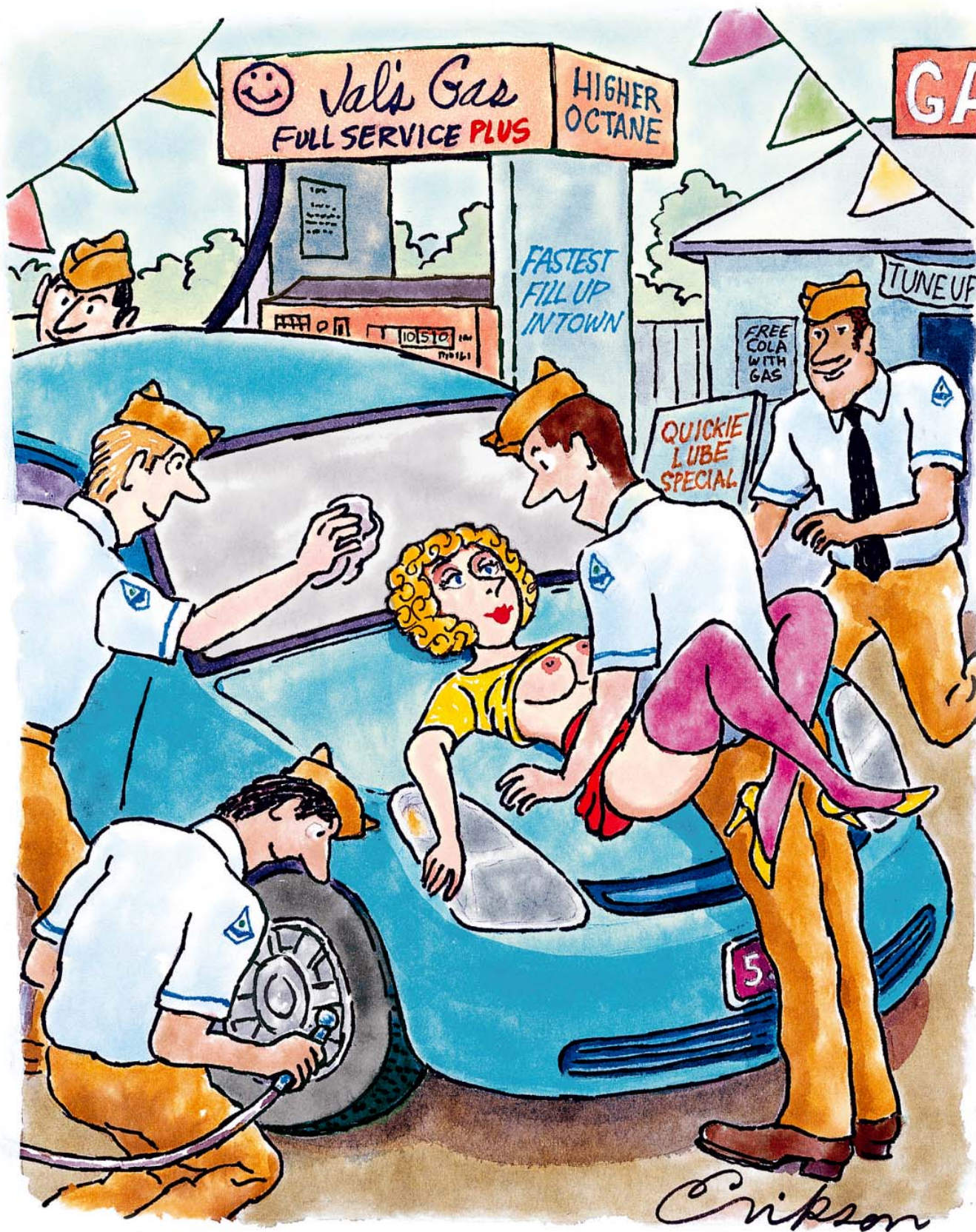
An innocent young woman went into a strip club for the first time. Not wanting to watch the show alone, she sat down next to an older gentleman. "Come here often?" she asked.

"Not really," he replied. "I usually wait until I get home."

One sperm said to the other, "I can't wait until we reach the fallopian tubes."

The other said, "Forget it, stupid. We're in the stomach."

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



"We decided that we needed to go back to the old 'service with a smile' concept."



A FULL BOAT

Flush with \$10,000 of someone else's money, our resident funny guy enters the biggest event on the World Poker Tour—a cruise with 735 poker fanatics vying for more than \$7 million. Will he be a winner or just another nerd on a ship of fools?

I know why I'm a bad poker player. I have no patience and little interest in other people and have never been all that good at math. Unfortunately I really like playing. I like the way each hand is a little lesson in masculinity: You should have had more guts to see it through, more humility to lay it down early, more cool to sucker him in and more bravado to scare him out.

So when PLAYBOY offered to stake me \$10,000 to enter the largest event on the World Poker Tour—the PartyPoker.com Million IV—I didn't much care that it meant being stuck on a cruise for a week. Sure, I'm about 40 years too young and the wrong sexuality for cruises, but for a chance to compete with the pros I'd be willing to play at a gay nursing home.

To prepare for the tourney I skimmed a few books: Sam Braid's *The Intelligent Guide to Texas Hold 'Em Poker*, James McManus's *Positively Fifth Street* and Mike Sexton's *Shuffle Up and Deal*. And they helped. Paul Simms, the creator of *NewsRadio*, invited me to a game at his house in Los Angeles one night with 10 of his friends, and in the winner-takes-all tournament I won \$400. On my way I took down former *NewsRadio* star and 2004 Bravo *Celebrity Poker Showdown* champion Maura Tierney. Beating Tierney made me feel pretty good about my chances on the boat until I realized it was the equivalent of heading off to run the 400 at the Olympics after outsprinting Gabe Kaplan on *Battle of the Network Stars*.

On March 19 I went to San Diego to board the giant Holland America *Oosterdam*, which was being transformed into the Noah's ark of math nerds: There were long-haired Dungeons & Dragons types, older engineers with giant square glasses, baseball-capped frat boys, Europeans with clothes from the 1980s. As I looked at them it struck me that forcing 735 tournament players to live together in a confined area for a week was the kind of dangerous psych experiment outlawed in the 1970s. Poker players wear sunglasses and use iPods not just to hide their eyes and calm their emotions but to avoid talking to one another. And for good reason. Traditionally the only socializing done at the poker table is to inform someone that you're about to shoot them. Poker players aren't supposed to converse, much less meet on the lido deck for shuffleboard.

All the tourney players got to bring a guest, and though many of them brought poker buddies, a surprising number brought wives. I could not wrap my head around the fact that these guys have wives. I have enough trouble getting laid without playing poker online all night. These guys were my heroes. I couldn't get my wife to come, and I even stressed the words *Mazatlán* and *Puerto Vallarta*. She, however, focused on *cruise* and *poker*.

Even though the PartyPoker.com Million is a pro tournament on the World Poker Tour—with almost \$7.5 million in prize money—the vast majority of players were amateurs



getting a shot at becoming a millionaire but were there mostly to play against their heroes. It's akin to the Masters allowing anyone with \$10,000 to play against Tiger Woods.

Only 50 players actually paid the entry fee out of pocket. Instead of shelling out the 10 grand, the rest wagered \$20 or \$50 in minitournaments at PartyPoker.com, where players could win a chance at the top prize of \$1.5 million and nearly \$6 million in other prizes. Most of the online cruise winners told me they had to spend hours convincing their wives this was not an Internet scam.

The idea for poker cruises didn't spring from the same wife-placating genius who included spas at golf resorts, though the cruises now serve a similar function. "A lot of time, wives complain that their husbands spend too much time online playing poker," says Mike Sexton, professional poker player, PartyPoker.com spokesman and World Poker Tour TV announcer for the Travel Channel. "They can say, 'Honey, I'm trying to win us a cruise for two here.'"

The cruise runs 20 miles off the coast to avoid gambling laws. Card Player Cruises offers trips throughout the year for players, and it is managing this cruise for PartyPoker.com, which acts as a sponsor for this event on the World Poker Tour. It's similar to what Coca-Cola does for NASCAR or AT&T does for the PGA. PartyPoker, by far the largest online poker site, with 55 percent of the market, is pretty good at skirting laws itself, having headquarters in Gibraltar, where fewer than 200 of its 1,200 employees actually work. Gibraltar, it seems, doesn't have a lot of gambling regulations. Or any kind of regulations. It is just a rock.

Because so many of the players qualified online, a lot of them are really young. Putting online gambling in dorms with built-in high-speed Internet connections is like putting beer in classroom water fountains. Students are dropping out of schools such as Princeton to play full-time. Three hours after I check into my surprisingly large suite—which has a TV, DVD player and balcony—I get in line to register for the tournament. I stand next to Sean Marshall, who at 22 was making so much money playing poker online that he dropped out of Berkeley 11 units shy of graduation. "I was taking classes in the summertime, but things just started taking off," he explains. Marshall's parents, not surprisingly, are no longer big fans of online poker.

Most of my fellow cruisers tell me they play poker online

a few hours a day. Not only that, but they tend to play six games simultaneously on different windows on their com-

puter. All say they make a lot of cash online. Few have much experience playing against others in person. Not one has taken on Maura Tierney.

nce—with pros Howard Lederer, Huck Seed and Doyle Brunson—Mike Sexton wagered \$800,000 on a game of golf.

To see just how good these professional amateurs are, I head down to the ship's poker room that first night. Though the whole ship is being dedicated to poker for the week, there is still a waiting list for a table. I get \$200 worth of chips and sit down at \$4-\$8 Hold 'Em, the second-cheapest game.

The level of play isn't any better than at a casino table in Vegas or Atlantic City and is slightly worse than my friend's weekly game in Brooklyn that I stop by occasionally. Everyone is a little too loose, a little too cocky and more than a little easy to read. Sunglasses don't do much when you're yelling "Damn it" and telling the guy next to you what you had on your last hand. After paying tips and the house rake, I walk away \$15 ahead and dangerously proud.

Back in my room, watching a Mike Sexton video on the in-ship channel, in which Sexton shows us around his house *Cribs*-style (he plays piano and has good intentions about using his workout room), I find I'm inventing little myths about myself to explain my victory. The main one is that I am so genetically smart that I intuit all the math. Another involves how years of journalistic training have given me the ability to gauge a stranger's honesty. Admittedly, I have been drinking a little.

The next day I do not shower. I don't even change my clothes from the night before. Despite intentions to go to the gym, as well as interview some pros, I head straight to the poker room. I step up to \$6-\$12 Hold 'Em and play for four hours straight, losing \$136. I create a powerful new myth in my head about getting screwed over by bad cards.

Talking to my tablemates, I learn that poker players are all highly competitive people, the kind who as kids actually finished Monopoly games. In the old days poker players weren't competitors so much as gamblers. Sexton spent the first half of his amazing poker career in debt because he'd win money for six days and lose it on football games on Sunday. Once—with pros Howard Lederer, Huck Seed and Doyle Brunson—he wagered \$800,000 on a game of golf. But the new guys, they're more about victory than cash. They're so into it that my dinner companion on the second night, a really nice dad from Wyoming who has come with his wife and adores cruises, tells me he won't even be getting off the ship at Mazatlán or Puerto Vallarta. He once met Lederer, who played on the cruise the year before, and Lederer told him the sun would drain him for the tournament.

I'm not in the second heat of the tournament, so I have Sunday off. When I check out the poker room, I notice a lot of sunglasses, visors, headphones and hooded sweatshirts. Between five and 10 percent of the players are women, very few of whom I'd want to have sex with. Then again, if I were a woman, I wouldn't want to have sex with any of the men here.

At dinner I'm seated at a big table, cruise-style, with two couples. As I later recall, they are both in their 20s and from Maryland; the guys are mortgage brokers who are into sports and golf and talk a lot, and the women are dental assistants who don't speak in public. Everyone has the steak. If some of the details are a little off, they are truer than whatever the real facts are. I have never met a group of people so uniformly boring as the guys who play poker online. They are detail-obsessed.

In fact, everyone on the ship seems to have Asperger's syndrome. I suppose every group is into its minutiae, but poker minutiae are particularly boring. Guys will talk for hours about hands they played years ago and bad beats they caught. "So the guy next to me raised pre-flop and I have a queen-jack off-suit, and the flop comes queen-jack of spades and a three of diamonds and he raises, so I come over the top and...." It's as if professional baseball players really spent all day talking to one another about swing mechanics instead of cheating on their wives. At a Wednesday poker seminar, one of many that were standing-room only, one of the 140 people asks, "Could you explain how you apply the gap theory to your game?" No one laughs.

At 10 the next morning I sit down to play in the official tournament. I tell myself there is no point in playing anything but a pair of aces for the first few hours. Taking risks while the blinds are still low, especially in a tournament that isn't no-limit, is just stupid. The rewards pale compared with the risks. But lacking patience, I can't stop myself. At the end of the first hour, despite some very good cards, I am down \$300 from my stack of \$10,000.

After the second hour I'm down only \$100, and sometime in the third hour I hear the sweetest words over the loud-speaker: "Player down." I am not the worst player here. I look forward to finding him and making fun of him.

At the end of the third hour I'm (continued on page 132)





"A good shoe is a girl's best friend...!"

MOTORCYCLE, JACKET

BORN TO BE WILD? KICK-START YOUR FRAME WITH THESE HIGH-SPEED LOOKS—AND BIKES

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

TEXT BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NAOMI KALTMAN

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPORTSTER 883R

A seminal moment in biker history: After World War II, fighter pilots and bomber crews returned to the States with a taste for speed. Some of those heroes traded their planes for motorcycles, and the leather they wore to keep warm while airborne came in handy on the road. They wore their bomber jackets like trophies. The leather was battle-tested, and the bike of choice was a Harley-Davidson. A style was born. Today there are more motorcycle jackets than motorcycles. Leather still rules, and as for the bikes, Harley is as hot as it ever was. The Sportster 883R is a young man's Harley. Appealing to the purist, it's a minimalist machine uncluttered by excess chrome and aftermarket kitsch. The color scheme shown here (orange with black-and-white checkerboard) pays homage to Harley's racing history. The Sportster debuted in 1957—in the same decade that gave us the Stratocaster, PLAYBOY and rock and roll. But the current model features a thoroughly modern (not to mention rubber-mounted) 883 cc Evolution V-twin engine. Climb on, rev the throttle, and you'll hear it—the best soundtrack on wheels. (\$7,595, harley-davidson.com)

PLAYBOY
FASHION



His jacket is by **HARLEY-DAVIDSON** (\$305), the sleeveless sweatshirt by **D&G** (\$210) and the jeans by **REPLAY** (\$275). Her dress is by **ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA** (\$3,000), and her boots are by **GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI** (\$860).



His jacket (\$2,810), T-shirt (\$240), sweater (\$505), trousers (\$680) and side-zip boots (\$645) are all from **DIOR HOMME BY HEDI SLIMANE**. The belt with square buckle is by **J. LINDBERG** (\$150).

BMW R 1200 RT

BMW's design wizards have been in overdrive, first with last year's amazing adventure tourer, the R 1200 GS, and now with the more refined R 1200 RT (pictured). We tore up a stretch of desert highway on the RT. Simply put: The bike sets a new benchmark for high-tech sport touring. It embodies comfort and class, with subtle touches such as heated handgrips and an electronically adjustable windscreen. (Keep the bugs off the leather, thank you.) As for power, this long-distance runner wraps a streamlined body around a 1170 cc, 110 hp engine. It may look like a gentleman, but it can tear up the twisties without breaking a sweat. (\$17,490, bmwmotorcycles.com)



TRIUMPH THRUXTON 900

The world's other 100-year-old motorcycle company has done as much to shape biker mythology as the one in Milwaukee. (Look what Brando's riding in *The Wild One* and what Dylan's wearing on the *Highway 61 Revisited* cover.) The Thruxton is a born-again British classic built around a 69 hp engine—what they call neo-retro, a rakish handful of speed with a spiffy period feel. It's an update of the cafe racer, the bike of choice among a pre-Beatles subculture of young men who gathered at the Ace Café in London and ran stripped-down street fighters from truck stop to truck stop. Like the originals, this one has rear-set pegs and tank-hugging handlebars called clip-ons (not to be confused with the tie you wore to your first wedding). Slap on a leather helmet and ride. (\$7,999, triumphmotorcycles.com)

His bomber jacket (\$2,575) and jeans (\$400) are by **ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA**. The belt with silver buckle (\$115) and boots (\$495) are by **D&G**. His sweater (\$495) and ascot (\$80) are by **PERRY ELLIS SIGNATURE**. Her outfit—a bomber with fur collar (\$2,200), chiffon miniskirt (\$700) and top (\$1,500)—is also by **ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA**. Her boots are by **GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI** (\$905), and her bag is by **LOUCHE** (\$135).



At left, the jacket (\$1,795) and boots (\$475) are by **J. LINDBERG**, the shirt (\$225) and sweater (\$145) by **CANALI**, the pants by **BRIONI** (\$625) and the belt by **FAÇONNABLE** (\$60). At right, **PIRELLI** makes his jacket (\$1,040), **ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA** his sweater-vest (\$500) and velvet pants (\$500), **PERRY ELLIS SIGNATURE** his shirt (\$295) and **D&G** his boots (\$495).

KAWASAKI NINJA ZX-6RR

Most people hear the phrase *class war* and think of the rich and foppish. Or simply Paris Hilton. We think of the new class of 600 cc sport bikes, the weapon of choice for the young and restless. These middleweights work with astonishing energy on the road, and competition to roll out the best one is fierce. Kawasaki used cutting-edge technology from larger racing bikes to create the ultimate pocket rocket, the Ninja. The ZX-6RR (pictured) is a descendant of last year's Supersport champion, which won eight of 11 races in the 2004 season. Meet at dawn? (\$8,899, kawasaki.com)



His jacket (\$4,275) and shirt (\$590) are by **BRIONI**, and his pants (\$125), sunglasses (\$59) and belt with oversize buckle (\$30) are all by **PHAT FARM**. On her is a dress by **D&G** (\$910) and boots by **GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI** (\$860).

DUCATI 999R

When Ducati first unleashed the revolutionary 999 in 2003, it sparked a controversy among the *ducatisti* (the Italian word for people who get aroused at the sight of anything so impractical and irresistible as a street-legal racing bike). Stacked headlights? What next, over and under breasts? All that cappuccino and you have to argue about something. One way or another, this model quickly established itself as the bike to beat, the object of desire for riders who crave speed first and foremost. It's hard to argue with something you can't catch. Powered by a 150 hp Testastretta engine, the carbon-fiber concoction is capable of 185 miles an hour. If a bug hits your leather jacket at that speed, it's between you and your dry cleaner. (\$29,995, ducati.com)





"Stop pouting—that's the first time I've finished under 100 strokes all season!"



Markesa Janska

Centerfolds On SEX

WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR

I am open to threesomes. I would prefer for the other woman to be my friend instead of a stranger. With a stranger a threesome is just sex; with a friend it's more like lovemaking. And the next morning isn't quite so awkward.

SHE CAN THINK OF BETTER USES FOR HANDCUFFS

When my man and I take a stroll on the beach or eat in a restaurant, we look around and pick out the women we'd like to bring into our bedroom. Classy women turn me on. I don't like fake breasts and prefer brunettes to blondes because most blondes have dyed hair. Many women have issues with their bodies, but I am not self-conscious when I'm naked around men or in public. I don't dress to show off my body when I'm going out at night, but when I go to a beach I'll soak in the sun topless or completely nude. In Europe, where I'm from, that's totally normal. I've made love on the beach only once. We were sitting on the sand and didn't see anyone around, so we took off our clothes and went at it. I was worried the cops might show up. But you can't avoid trying new things just because the police might get mad.



OLD SCHOOL

This summer, golf's most illustrious tournament returns to the game's birthplace—the Old Course in Scotland. Here's a slice of history



AS A MATTER OF COURSE

One measure of St. Andrews's greatness is that it produces high-caliber British Open champions. Cinderellas like Todd Hamilton and Ben Curtis make headlines elsewhere but not at the Old Course. A sampling of past champs: J.H. Taylor, James Braid, Jack Nicklaus (all twice), Bobby Jones, Sam Snead, "Champagne" Tony Lema, Severiano Ballesteros, Nick Faldo and Tiger Woods.



WHO'S YOUR CADDIE?

Thirteen women are among the approximately 180-strong caddie corps at the Old Course. No PLAYBOY pictorial is in the works as yet.

JOG YOUR MEMORY

Several unforgettable scenes in *Chariots of Fire*, the 1981 Oscar winner for best picture, were filmed on the beach to the right of the first fairway. Think of the movie's soundtrack, and the image of runners in slow motion on that beach will come to mind.

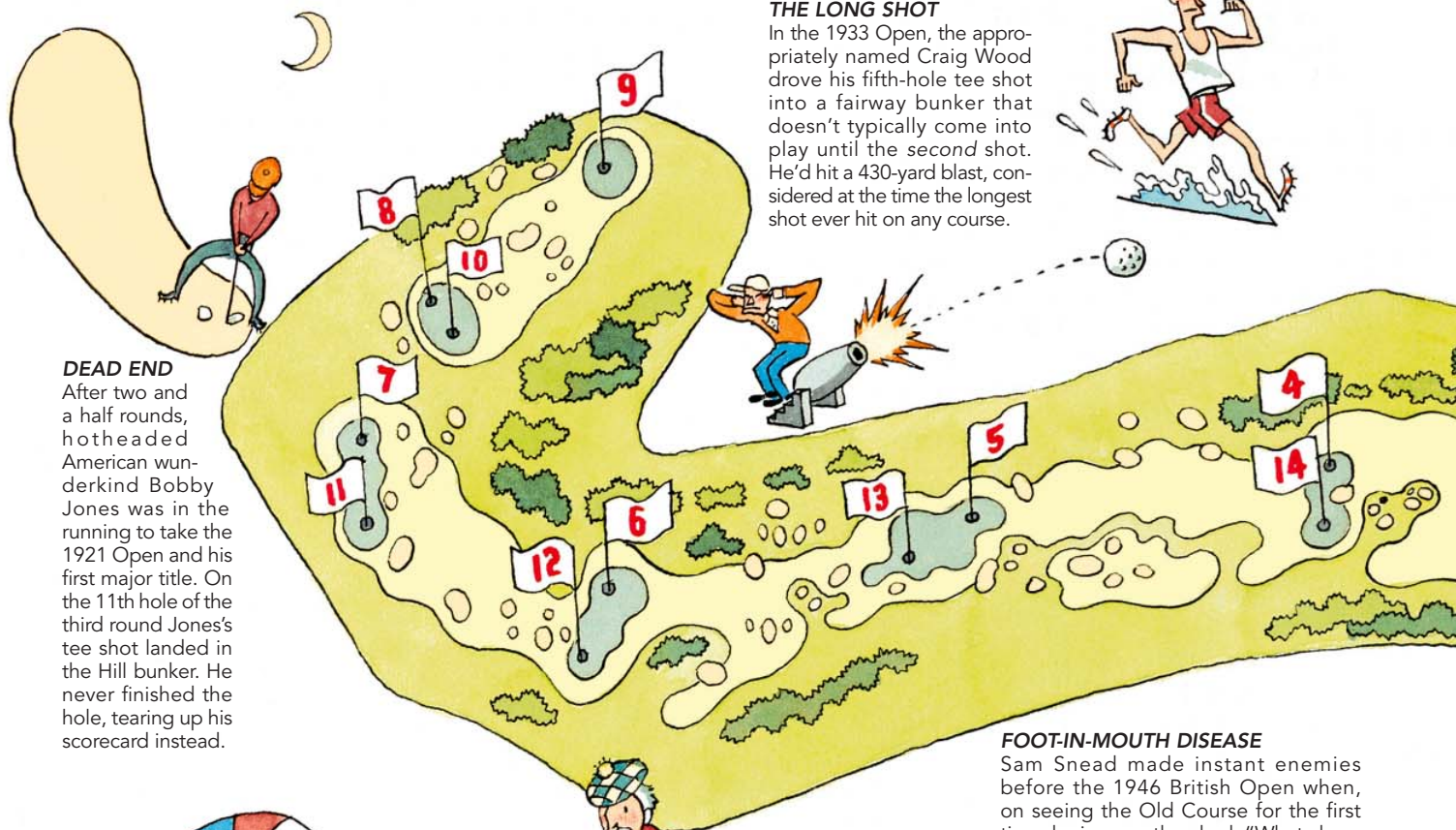
THE LONG SHOT

In the 1933 Open, the appropriately named Craig Wood drove his fifth-hole tee shot into a fairway bunker that doesn't typically come into play until the second shot. He'd hit a 430-yard blast, considered at the time the longest shot ever hit on any course.



DEAD END

After two and a half rounds, hotheaded American wunderkind Bobby Jones was in the running to take the 1921 Open and his first major title. On the 11th hole of the third round Jones's tee shot landed in the Hill bunker. He never finished the hole, tearing up his scorecard instead.



FOOT-IN-MOUTH DISEASE

Sam Snead made instant enemies before the 1946 British Open when, on seeing the Old Course for the first time, he innocently asked, "What abandoned course is this?" Snead went on to claim the title that year by four strokes.

STRIKING DISTANCE

To stiffen the challenge for the game's longest hitters, seven new tee boxes were built in preparation for the 2005 Open. The one on the 14th hole will bring the feared Beardies fairway bunkers back into play. Look for somebody's day to get ruined there.



BEACH HOLIDAY

The Old Course features 112 bunkers. Tiger Woods somehow managed to avoid them all en route to winning the 2000 Open with a record-breaking score of 19 under par.



Golf has one thing going for it that no other sport does: a spiritual epicenter, an emerald mecca that inspires awe in anyone who sets foot on it. Pit the greatest players against one another on this hallowed turf, let the cameras roll, and you will have history in the making. This year, golf's most prestigious championship, the British Open (July 14 to 17), returns to the Old Course at St. Andrews, Scotland, where golfers have roamed for six centuries—why, where the very game was invented. While we can't say for sure who will walk off with the Claret Jug, we can take a look back at the most storied venue in all of sports. Take a stroll on the Old Course with us. Sorry, no carts allowed.

WORST DRIVE EVER

A uniformed nurse lost control of her white sedan on a neighboring road during the 1975 Walker Cup, a noted amateur competition. She ended up in a bunker near the ninth green. A crowd stared at her and her sand-wedged car and murmured in sympathy.



COURSE RULES

The clubhouse of the Royal & Ancient Golf Club stands next to the 18th green. Formed in 1754, the R&A now serves, in conjunction with the United States Golf Association, as the game's governing body worldwide.



OFF THE HOOK

At the 1997 Open, 1991 champion Ian Baker-Finch, deep in the throes of an amazing career collapse, hooked his first tee shot 170 yards left of the target and out of bounds. He went on to shoot a 92 and quit professional golf soon after.



BY EVAN ROTHMAN

ABANDON ALL HOPE, YE WHO ENTER HERE

The most dangerous spot on the course is the Road bunker on the 17th hole, also called the Sands of Nakajima (after the John Wayne film *The Sands of Iwo Jima*). In the third round of the 1978 Open, contender Tommy Nakajima hit the green of the fearsome Road hole. But he struck his long birdie attempt too hard and watched in horror as his ball fell into the dreaded bunker. It took him four swipes to escape the trap, and his nine on the hole ended all hope of victory.

OVERNIGHT SENSATION

The Old Course Hotel is golf's most famous. You'll want to stop by the Road Hole Grill, which overlooks the 17th fairway. The menu includes 174 malt whiskeys, at least one from every distillery in Scotland. The most coveted: Ben Wyvis Highland single malt 1972 27-year-old whiskey—£220 (about \$400) for a wee dram.



CHOKES ON THIS

Colorful Doug "the Peacock" Sanders needed only two putts from 30 feet to win the 1970 Open. His first attempt left him 30 inches from the cup. He set himself over the ball, then lunged at it in bizarre fashion, "stagging as if he had just finished his 15th pint," as one journalist put it, and missing to the right. The "shot" is still considered the most infamous 18th-green gaffe in course history. The next day Sanders lost an 18-hole playoff to Jack Nicklaus by one stroke.



ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA





BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARY ELLEN MATTHEWS

KATE HUDSON

Between life with a rock-and-roller and hanging out at strip clubs, the bubbly actress shows off a brand-new side

Q1

PLAYBOY: Your latest film, *The Skeleton Key*, is a horror thriller. This is a big change for you—you're known mostly for your work in romantic comedies. How was the experience different from what you're accustomed to, aside from your needing to scream more?

HUDSON: It's not a scream movie. It's a "What's behind the door?" movie. It has more psychological elements than most horror movies that come out now. I scream maybe once. It didn't hurt that I'd just had a baby when we shot it, because I was breast-feeding and had actual tits. In every thriller there has to be a girl running through the house or the woods with no bra on, and I could actually do that. If we shot it today, that would be impossible. I had a very different body at the time, and my breasts really helped my character. Who woulda thunk it?

Q2

PLAYBOY: You play a nurse in the movie. Please tell us you wear a revealing, low-cut nurse outfit.

HUDSON: No, sorry. I actually play a hospice worker. I wear more of a nurse overcoat—it's nothing guys would be too

excited about. You're thinking of Jenna Jameson's version of *The Skeleton Key*. That should be coming out soon, and it'll be fantastic.

Q3

PLAYBOY: We hear you got a lot of bruises on the set. Did you do your own stunts?

HUDSON: Some of them, yeah. It was the first time I'd done a film that was so physically demanding. There was a lot of heaving and running and being out of breath. The wonder of filmmaking is that they make everyone look much more graceful in the finished product than you feel in the actual moment. I had to climb up a two-story trellis that was breaking, and I slashed my hand. But it was so much fun. It brings out the athlete in me. You get to go home and show off your scars.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Most of your characters have been cute, lovable, happy-go-lucky women. Were you consciously looking for a script that didn't require you to smile?

HUDSON: It was nice not to smile. I don't think I smile once in the movie. By nature I'm a happy person, but in

terms of acting it's nice to breathe heavily rather than giggle. So many times I'll go to a looping session for a film and the script will say, "Reel 20: Giggle." And I'll think, Oh great, another giggle. I mean, I'm proud of the movies I've been lucky enough to do, but I also think it's nice to be able to feed yourself as an actor and switch things up a bit.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're frequently described as bubbly and cheerful. We'd like to give you a chance to change that perception. What's the meanest thing you've ever done?

HUDSON: [Laughs] That's a horrible question. I would never consider myself a mean-spirited person. I encountered a lot of mean people growing up, and it's hard not to be affected by that. Believe it or not I've done a few things I'm not proud of. I don't think I want to admit to any of them. I don't regret what I've done, but I'm not necessarily proud of it. I'll just say they usually involved men.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Oh, come on. You can do better than that.

HUDSON: Well, I'm really honest. I'm the

first one to tell my girlfriend she doesn't look so good, and that can come across as mean. But I'd rather be honest than look somebody in the face and lie because I want her to like me.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Your first public performance was at a fifth-grade talent show, in which you danced to Janet Jackson's "Rhythm Nation." Did you manage to pull it off without any wardrobe malfunctions?

HUDSON: None at all. It was spectacular. I did my own choreography, and I won first place. [laughs] It was really funny. I remember winning and being so excited by it. It's those little things in your life that make you feel you're on top of the world. Then I went to the bathroom to collect my things, and these girls from the sixth grade had gone through my bag and thrown everything around the bathroom. And they used my lipstick to write YOU SUCK on the mirror. I took it like a champ, though. I wasn't afraid of rejection. No wonder I can take criticism so well. I was always okay with putting myself out there knowing that people like to knock you down.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You started your acting career playing virgins, first in *200 Cigarettes* and then in *Gossip*. What is it about you that makes a director say, "She'd make a great virgin"?

HUDSON: Well, believe it or not, at the time I was at the age when some girls are still virgins. I'm assuming it's a compliment in a weird way. I don't know. I'm not a man. What is the fascination with virgins anyway? Is it that they're untouched? Guys want to be the first to get in there? I think I just answered my own question. I definitely wouldn't want to date a virgin. It's totally different for us. Women want the top dog, while guys want somebody who is ripe, someone pure and uncorrupted. It's very primal. Unfortunately, these days it's also unrealistic.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You have an affair with a younger man in *Almost Famous* and an older man in *Le Divorce*. Do you prefer the grandson or the grandpa? And who makes a better fictional lover?

HUDSON: The grandson. I've never been able to wrap my head around women who date men their father's age. I just don't understand that. It's not that it seems creepy, but I'd imagine you'd want somebody active and energetic. Maybe it's just my personality. I would rather guide than be guided. [laughs] I don't believe I just said that. And that's

totally going to be in the interview. I don't know, I guess it has something to do with coming from the age of sex ed. You know, "You're sleeping with everybody they ever slept with." I'm sticking with my answer: the grandson.

Q10

PLAYBOY: So what does a 16-year-old boy know about women that an adult man doesn't?

HUDSON: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Let's not go to 16! First of all, I don't sleep with William in *Almost Famous*. It's a sweet kiss while I'm overdosing on quaaludes. It's more of an intimacy between two young people. As for what younger men know about women, well, it's all relative. I'm sure there are men in their 60s who don't know the first thing about women, and boys who are 16 who know everything they need to know. I've always believed age means nothing, as long as you're not robbing the cradle.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You're married to Chris Robinson, lead singer of the Black Crowes. How did a nice girl like you end up shacking up with a rock star?

HUDSON: I hear that all the time. "What is she doing with a guy like him?" To be honest I asked myself a similar question. Why have I fallen so deeply in love with somebody when obviously our lives aren't parallel at all? But they actually are in ways I didn't expect. I think marriage needs to be an open book. You need to talk about everything and have the freedom to make mistakes. Are two people supposed to be with each other for the rest of their lives? I don't believe that's realistic. That's just my own opinion. This idea of having the perfect marriage just doesn't exist. It's a fucking blast to commit yourself to one person and discover each other and completely open yourself up to one person. It's a beautiful thing. But you have to be realistic about it and with each other.

Q12

PLAYBOY: So being married to a rocker doesn't come with a party every night, with strippers in the punch bowl and drugs on the coffee table?

HUDSON: Rock and roll, man, rock and roll. [laughs] What can I say? I'm a rock-and-roll kind of girl. The whole lifestyle turns me on. But no, it doesn't involve a party like that every night. You're forgetting that my husband is in the Black Crowes, not Motley Crue.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You play a groupie in *Almost Famous*. Because of what you learned

from the film, are you more fearful or less fearful about groupies lusting after your husband?

HUDSON: I'm not a jealous person by nature. I like the idea that there are women out there who would like an opportunity to be with my husband or are turned on by his music. But that's why I love rock and roll. It can be really crazy.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Given the band's on-again, off-again troubles and infighting, have you ever worried that you might be perceived as the Black Crowes' Yoko Ono?

HUDSON: Well, I was a big fan of the band before I married Chris, and the last thing I wanted was for them to get so sick of each other that they had to break up, which is inevitably what happened. But that had nothing to do with me. It was about these guys spending the past decade and a half on the road together without much time off. I can take a little responsibility. Chris and I were attached at the hip. His dad said it perfectly: "You two are like Velcro." We spent a lot of time together on the road, and that can be hard. I was a new person in an atmosphere that had existed for much longer than we had as a couple. But I stayed out of everything in terms of the band's whole vibe. I tried to be supportive of Chris, and that's it. I didn't want to get involved.

Q15

PLAYBOY: A lot of actresses, including Lindsay Lohan and Minnie Driver, have put out albums recently. Have you ever considered a second career as a rocker?

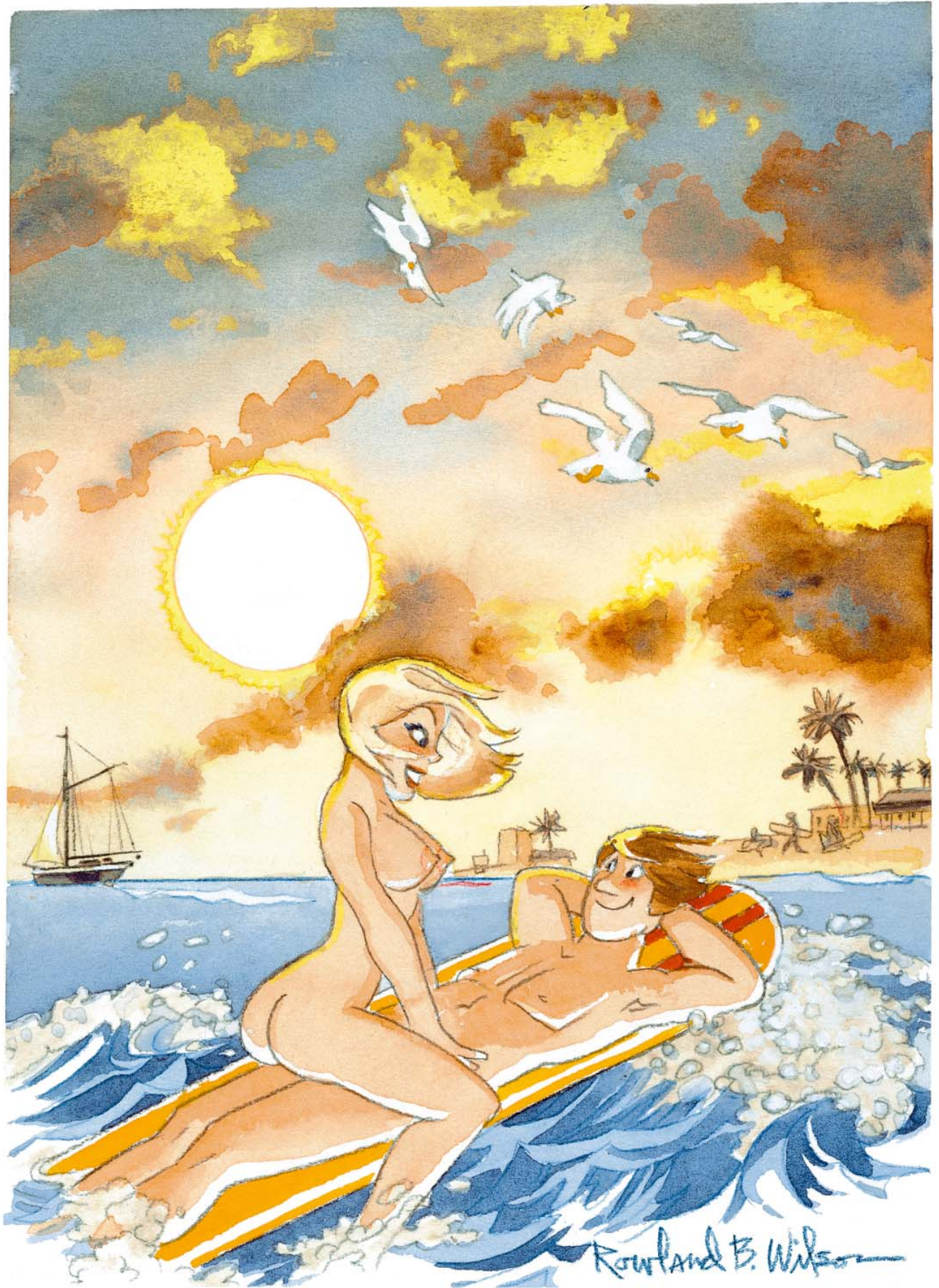
HUDSON: No. Because of my marriage to Chris I have a totally different perspective on music. I've seen that it can be such a difficult career. And as a music fan I enjoy artists who are devoted to their music and have something to say. So if I did that, I'd feel like a fraud. I don't think music should be taken lightly.

Q16

PLAYBOY: While working on *Le Divorce*, you developed an appreciation for lingerie. Please tell us about this, going into as much detail as possible.

HUDSON: I've always been a sucker for lingerie. When you go to a lingerie shop everything smells beautiful because of the yummy powders and perfumes and lotions. It's a really nice, sensual ritual I've always enjoyed. The only problem is that you can keep lingerie in your closet for only so long. You can't wear the same outfit 10 times in a row. The mystery would be over. You need to switch things up.

(concluded on page 152)



"I never dreamed body surfing could be so much fun."





OUR BEST GUESS

MEET DIORA BAIRD, ACTRESS,
GUESS MODEL AND THIS SUMMER'S SIZZLE

By David Hochman

Think of it as a secret initiation rite for the exceptionally beautiful. Late on a serene moonlit evening this past spring, Diora Baird and her closest girlfriends came down from the Hollywood Hills to feast their eyes on an image so savagely attractive, so primal in its sexual urgency that it's sinful to think of it as a mere advertisement. "It was my first billboard," she explains, understandably tickled to be towering above the cars on La Cienega Boulevard.

Like other rites of passage, this one was equal parts joy and mystery. Guess had photographed Diora in all sorts of fabulous finery, and here were the glorious results. "Of course they went with the bikini shot," she says with a laugh. "I'm like, 'Oh great, people are gonna get so sick of looking up at my boobs.'"

That theory was disproved the next morning (and the next and the next and...) when traffic snarled even more than usual at the busy intersection not far from the hipster coffee shop where Diora, 22, is now recounting her other Hollywood firsts—her first job (folding shirts at the Gap), her first acting lesson ("No role is worth taking just because some sleazy bozo who wants to sleep with you flashes a card that says PRODUCER") and her first big project, *Wedding Crashers*. The comedy co-stars Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn as enterprising womanizers who sneak into weddings to romance the bejesus out of desperate bridesmaids, including one played by Diora.

There, too, the Miami-born model-actress's bounteous talents entered the picture. "The first scene we shot was the bedroom scene," she says with a mouthful of sweet-potato fries.

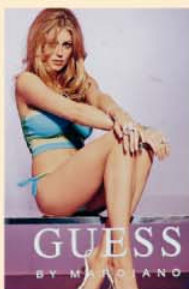
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ODETTE SUGERMAN





"We didn't know what the movie's rating would be, so we did two different takes, one with a bra and one without. Needless to say, the first take was without. It was basically, 'Owen, nice to meet you. These are my breasts.'"

You chuckle, but the truth is, encountering Diori for the first time can be a challenge, albeit a sumptuous one, for the sophisticated modern gentleman. Even in her bad-girl ripped jeans and sexy gold sandals, Diori is sweet and approachable, the sort of green-eyed angel next door you would have built a three-story tree house for as a kid. But it is tough not to stare. The biological impulse is to let one's gaze drift southward during conversation to the natural 32DD attractions she keeps mentioning and—here's the killer—accentuating with careless tugs at



From left, Diori does Guess proud and lights up *Wedding Crashers*. Her manager-to-be discovered her as she was doing construction in paint-spattered overalls. "Are you an actress?" he asked. "Duh!" she replied.



her black bra strap or the occasional yogi-rific back arch.

Fortunately she feels your pain. "I know men like to look at women, and I can't control that," she says. "I just wish they were more up-front about their intentions sometimes. You want to be my friend? Great! Next thing you know I'm like, 'What are you doing?'"

The last five years have been quite an education for Diora. She came to Los Angeles alone at 17 to try her luck at acting full-time, knowing she could always fall back on modeling, which she'd been doing since babyhood. "The plan was to come out for a month, strike it rich on *Dawson's Creek* or something and move back home. Unfortunately that didn't happen."

What did happen was that Diora, who shares her modest residence with a husky, a Rhodesian ridgeback and a pair of turtles, worked her butt off, acting in every student film and indie movie that would have her (she calls herself a "minor film geek") while doing whatever she could to score extra cash, including playing Tinkerbelle at children's birthday parties. Her big break came when her current manager found her, oddly enough, doing construction work. Her next gig: a role in a UPN pilot called *South Beach*, produced by Jennifer Lopez. "I play a Guess model from South Beach," Diora says. "What a stretch!"

Much as she likes L.A. and its countless options for "surfing and wakeboarding and generally getting wet," Paris is Diora's city of dreams. She has a thing for Frenchwomen—how they walk, how they talk, how they get everything they want. "Their attitude toward life speaks to me so much," she says. "They take pleasure in food, in sex, in love, in beauty."

Diora loves French movies, too, particularly *Belle de Jour*, which she calls the most erotic film of all time. "Everybody used to say I looked like Catherine Deneuve," she says. "I got addicted to her movies and wanted to be like her." What struck Diora was the glamour Deneuve embodied in a time before Botox and plastic surgery were considered routine in show business. "She had an amazing body and looked like a real woman," says Diora. "She's an inspiration to me. When I first came out here I tried to hide that I had big boobs because I was competing against 20-year-olds who looked 14. Then I looked at Catherine Deneuve and went, Ah, now I get it. Being womanly is cool. Let it fly."

Then she smiles. "Every day I get a little more comfortable with myself, with being unique, with letting it all hang out. I just hope the rest of the world is ready for it."









See more of Diara's pictorial at cyber.playboy.com.



A FULL BOAT

(continued from page 106)

actually up \$1,300 thanks to some pretty solid play. I'm feeling cocky. I start to bluff for no reason and pull in some pots. I bully people around and play erratically to throw them off my trail. Basically I start overthinking. These are decent moves for the final table, but there are still hundreds of people left. After four hours I'm down \$2,500. So many players are down that tables are consolidated and I am moved to a scarier one where most of the stacks are significantly bigger than mine.

For our 15-minute break I run up to the lido deck and make a burrito. Unfortunately I am from the East Coast and making a burrito takes me a while. I enter the room with just 20 seconds until the end of the break. A fat guy's chair is blocking my way, so I sit down exactly five seconds late. A guy at my table from Chicago invokes the rule that if you're not sitting when the first card is set in front of you, you can't play that hand. I'm sitting on the big blind, so it costs me \$400. Friendliness, I discover, leaves a tournament in the fifth hour.

Around this point I notice that a photographer with large breasts is taking a lot of pictures of me. She even smiles. I figure I know her from somewhere or that someone has told her to take pictures of the journalist, so I start mugging. This isn't so good for my poker face.

Still, I knock two people out of the tournament within 10 minutes of each other: an Asian woman and a fat guy from Texas. I feel as though I've gotten not only their chips but their hit points. I was a Dungeons & Dragons kind of math geek.

By the end of the seventh hour I am back to playing well, and I'm up \$700. Basically I've been treading water for seven hours, which is all you're trying to do on the first day. It's SIX P.M. I know that if I last another hour and a half, I'll make it to day two, which not only would be an emotional victory but would put me close to the top 150 players, all of whom will be in the money. All I have to do is keep cool.

After taking a bad beat against a guy who pulls a flush on the last card and another against a guy who pulls an ace on the last card after going all-in against me, I am forced to make a bold move against the bastard from Chicago who invoked the in-your-seat rule. He's pissed when I call his bluff with mediocre cards.

This is when I make my mistake. The Chicago guy, now afraid of me, starts peppering me with questions so he can figure out how to play me. The most obvious one is whether I qualified online—basically, "Are you a pro?" I know that saying I won a spot online will get him off my back, but I once again

overthink and start to fear that lying will break some kind of journalistic code one shouldn't violate in the post-Jayson Blair age. So I tell him I've been staked by PLAYBOY for an article.

This does two things. The first is that he gives me my first poker nickname, and it's an awesome one—Playboy, which everyone on the cruise employs liberally. The second, which is not as good, is that players realize they can push me around since I don't know what I'm doing.

I am down to my last \$2,000 in no time, my vision blurry, my brain exhausted. I've been sitting for more than eight hours, staring at cards. I have that actively bored, stressed-out feeling I haven't had since I played *Pitfall* on my Atari 2600, finished the game and took a picture of my TV to get that sweet, sweet patch sent to me.

I have to choose my time to go all-in or slowly get sucked out by the raising blinds. It's one of the things I like about poker: At some point you can no longer avoid a fight, and all you can do is make sure you rumble on your turf. I get the cards I want (ace-seven), the seat position I need (one from the button) and the guy I want to sucker in (aggressive, big stack). I put all my chips in the middle of the table, and my opponent turns up a king and a queen. I am a 57.5 percent favorite. A king pops up on the river.

It never seems right to get knocked out on your first all-in, without even one reprieve from the governor, but I don't feel so bad. Sure, I could have played a little tighter just to say I made it to the second day, but that would have been like pitching around Mark McGwire when he was going for 60. I went to my final showdown like a man, and the other guy got off a lucky shot from the ground. Everyone at the table knows I played my last stack right. And in a way, that's worth \$1.5 million. By "in a way," of course, I mean "not at all."

I shake a few hands and leave, proud that I finished in the top half of my class. I go upstairs to my room and then head over to the ever-present, never-ending cruise buffet. As I leave the room I see my next-door neighbor pop out at the same time. It's the Chicago guy who dubbed me Playboy. "I put you at a more experienced player than you are," he says about finding out I'm a mere journalist. "You played your cards well."

Then the Chicago guy tells me he just took a quick break from the tournament to go to his room and smoke another joint. My ego is majestically deflated when it sinks in that I was beaten at poker by a stoned guy.

I have just played poker for eight and a half hours. I don't do anything for eight and a half hours, including sleep. Yet, pathetically, all I want to do

is head into the poker room and play some more. In just three days I have become a degenerate gambler.

Luckily I have to go to a dinner hosted by Sexton. And far more luckily, after drinking too much wine, I am magically approached by the hot photographer, Amy Gallaher. At this point the only thing strong enough to keep me from gambling is breasts. And Gallaher has them.

And she is talking to me as I've never been spoken to in my life. That's when I realize the power of PLAYBOY. This is my first assignment for this publication. It turns out that when women hear you're working for PLAYBOY, they immediately think you're a little dangerous and very, very interesting. I have waited 33 years for a woman to feel this way about me. I suddenly have a little of what Tommy Lee has. She tells me secrets of her sexual history within hours of meeting me. I think some of them are even true.

I hang out with Gallaher in Mazatlán, drinking with the World Poker Tour crew at a hotel called El Cid. Sitting on the beach, she asks if she can touch my armpit hair. I'm not sure how I feel about it, but I'm pretty sure it will save me from going to the tables and blowing a couple hundred. At least if I put it that way, I figure my wife will understand.

Unfortunately Sexton saves me a seat next to him during lunch at El Cid, so I have to ditch Gallaher. When I tell Sexton I almost made it past the first day, he is unimpressed. "If you had never played a pot you would have lasted about as long as you did," he says. I need my armpit hair stroked.

Sexton still plays in occasional tournaments, like the Australian Speed Tournament he says he just won, though I'm suspicious he made it up. But most of his time is spent building his empire: books, TV announcing and PartyPoker.com. "I'm still a player, so I think, Geez, I want to be down there playing. But I don't miss the aggravation," he says. "It's war on the green felt. When you're out there playing poker, there are no friends."

Sexton says that he, like most pros, got into the game because it was a job without a boss. "Far and away the best thing about being a poker player is that freedom," he says. "A lot of the big poker players would be successful in any business." But, he admits, they are social misfits, unable to talk about much besides poker. Unlike most players, Sexton has extrapoker interests: He's a former gymnast who has taught ballroom dancing, and he plays piano. "You can't even go to dinner with a poker player without spending the whole time talking about poker," he says. "That's all they want to talk about. Most poker players have a hard time enjoying life."

One thing I learn is that absolutely everyone hates pro player Phil Hellmuth, who is known equally for his



"Well, I guess that pretty much takes care of our retirement plans."

cockiness and his temper. Hellmuth has a few fans, as the Oakland Raiders do, but time and again on the ship the best way to warm up a room is to make a joke about how small Hellmuth's dick is.

Like many pros, Hellmuth is not on the ship this year. The World Series of Poker circuit, the smaller competitor to the World Poker Tour, purposely scheduled a tournament at the Rio for the same week. And even though the winner took home only \$695,970, most of the pros there thought it was worth it not to be on a ship with a bunch of amateurs.

Although amateurs are easy to beat (they're what the pros call dead money), they can be annoying. First of all, would Tom Cruise want to be stuck on a cruise with a bunch of Tom Cruise fans? Second, getting beat on a lucky hand by an idiot like me who is playing bad cards is just wrong. Third, though it may not be an effective strategy, it's frustrating that all the amateurs are trying to take you out so they can tell their friends.

Except for Chris Ferguson. A lot of the

pros, such as the beautiful Clonie Gowen, abandon the ship in Mazatlán after they lose, off to another game. Others, like Barry Greenstein or Kathy Lieber, keep to themselves. But Ferguson, who is known as Jesus because of his long dark hair and beard, has a blast.

A shy guy, Ferguson likes being recognized because it means he doesn't have to initiate conversation. The thing that impresses me most isn't his 2000 World Championship or his ability to cut a carrot in half with a card from 10 feet away; it's that as we are leaving the dining room, a hot older blonde he met at Señor Frog's in Mazatlán not only stops him but refers to a tournament player who is obviously her husband as "my friend Randy."

As a Ph.D. student in computer science at UCLA, Ferguson started wearing his trademark black cowboy hat so other players would see him less as a math nerd than a cowboy. Now he basically runs his poker life like a small business, investing between \$300,000 and \$400,000 in tournament entry fees and travel each year. As of the

March cruise, he had made \$900,000, winning a tournament in San Diego and coming in second on NBC's heads-up tournament, losing to Hellmuth. "I let the whole poker world down," he says.

Ferguson is by far the most fun guy in the poker world. He's really into ballroom dancing (he'd met Sexton on the dance floor before they saw each other in a poker room), and he single-handedly turns the cruise into so much of a party that the ship's crew has its one A.M. curfew lifted for the week so the dancers from the on-ship musical can dance with him. He is up every night at the Crow's Nest bar, buying strangers drinks until it closes. Then he brings DJ Jazzy (the *Oosterdam's* version of Isaac) to the nightclub so he can dance until four A.M. And as I learn firsthand, Jesus freaks.

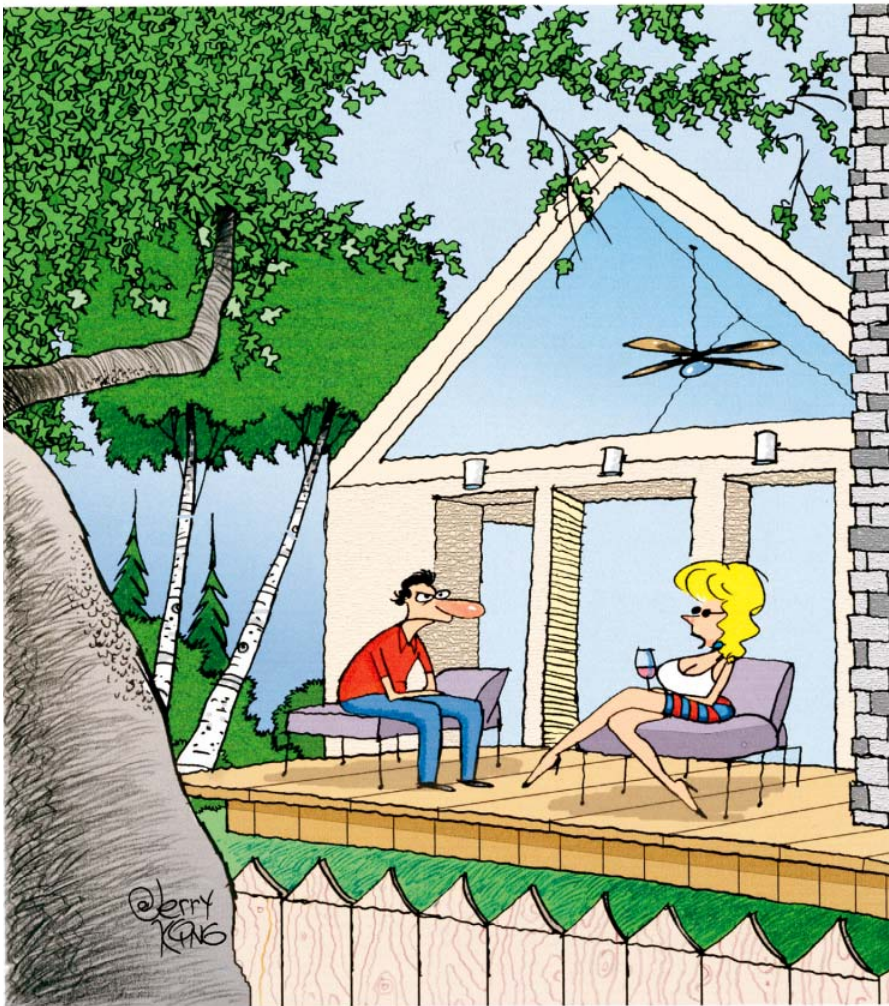
At 11 P.M. 50 people crowd outside on the deck to watch the tournament through the portholes. Mind you, they cannot see the cards underneath. Essentially they are just watching chips move back and forth. One of the spectators is wearing a shirt that says LIFE'S A BITCH AND I'M HER PIMP. Another is wearing one that says IT AIN'T GONNA SUCK ITSELF. I am suddenly a little less flattered that Gallaher chose me to hang out with.

On my way to watch the final table, a guy stops me to ask if, in a hand I'd taken from him in the tournament, I had the flush, a pair of kings or the queens. I can't even remember the guy. He refuses to believe I can't remember the hand, figuring I'm just holding out on him so in case we ever meet again he won't have some kind of insight into my game. I assure him I don't remember. He still doesn't believe me. So I tell him I didn't have the flush. He seems satisfied. I seem scared.

At the final table the six remaining players compete in a huge auditorium, which to my amazement is packed. Watching people play poker without seeing the hole cards is freakishly boring. A dude behind me can't stop chanting "Hurricane," a nickname he's invented for Richard Kain, a 33-year-old married Haverford graduate who, in any other setting, would seem unnicknameable. Kain's plan, should he win, is to invest the money in Men's Wearhouse stock.

Last year Kain quit his job to play online full-time, working four screens of \$10-\$20 Omaha at once. He seems to have it down. "You have to be careful if Miss Muffett or Roxy T4 is playing, but otherwise you're okay," he says. And after playing on the cruise, he is pretty sure he can become a tournament player. "The gap of knowledge between pros and players has diminished significantly, if not been eliminated," he says. "I didn't feel intimidated."

The other people at the final table are a small young dorky kid named Adam, whom I nickname the Virgin; an Indian kid who is a senior at Princeton and has a lucky Buddha next to him, whom I nickname Siddhartha; an old guy with huge glasses, whom I nickname Coach; pro



"Since you bring it up, I have had a lot of orgasms since I started dating you. And if I remember correctly, you might've even been there for one of them."

Paul “the Truth” Darden, who already has a nickname; and a college-age guy named Michael Gracz, who has such a good Everyman poker face that I nickname him Michael. Like I said, I’m really bored.

Five and a half hours later, with the theater still inexplicably full, it is finally down to Coach and Michael. Out of nowhere, music blasts, and a bunch of bikini-clad dancers from the cruise musical come in wearing feathers on their heads, dancing the conga and carrying a huge tray of cash. It makes me simultaneously proud and ashamed to be an American.

After I give up and head to bed, Michael takes out Coach. When I talk to Michael the next day, he tells me he got a friend to pay the \$5,000 entry fee to a tournament in Atlantic City in December and took the \$300,000. The two of them split the money. Having backers is becoming common, and Michael, who rarely plays online, is staked in this tournament as well, so he’ll take home only half the \$1.5 million.

That night I go to dinner with the World Poker Tour employees, and again I can’t sit with Gallaher because Mark Tenner, a pro player and Card Player Cruises partner, saves the seat next to hers. Tenner says he’s worried about the influx of young, inexperienced players into the game. “I think some of these kids are going to have a rude awakening when they’re 30 years old and have a family to support,” he says.

At a tournament for journalists and WPT employees, Tenner speaks. “Poker is a people game played with cards,” he says. “It’s not a card game played with people.” He says it again. I’m proud that I do not laugh. Poker is played by serious people, and I have learned to respect them.

I have also learned how to kick their ass. Of the 40 people in the minitourney, which has \$10,000 in prize money, I outlast all the World Poker Tour workers. It comes down to me and Jenny Yokum, a photographer. I have a stack twice the size of hers. I can afford to wait until she makes a mistake and moves against me when I have an awesome hand. Which I do. Twice. And she gets lucky both times.

Still, I come in second and win \$2,000. In front of Gallaher. And more than that, I know I played well. Exploiting my PLAYBOY-writer mystique, I tell Gallaher to put on a miniskirt and a low-cut blouse, and I meet her and Jesus at the nightclub. I buy everyone I’ve met a drink and dance until four A.M., when I grab a final late-night pizza with Gallaher on the lido deck before the ship docks at eight A.M.

As I leave her for the last time, in the glass elevator overlooking the moonlit Pacific, I am sad to leave the freak show that is the pro poker world. As I realize that I’ll go back to my wife and never talk to these people again, Gallaher included, and that the cruise will quickly fade into a happy, vague memory, I know why I’m not a good poker player. And I’m glad.



ZUMANITY

(continued from page 78)

MC Arias applauds these objectives. “That’s why Guy is the king of the Strip,” he says. “He’s always pushing.”

King of the Strip is a title usually bestowed on whichever casino mogul owns the most neon tubing on Las Vegas Boulevard. This may be the first time it has been used to describe a fire-eating, stilt-walking accordionist. But since the early 1980s, when he coalesced a group of street performers into “the circus of the sun” and got the provincial government of Quebec to underwrite its formative years, Laliberté has proven to be the sort of driven, inventive businessman destined to do well in the new Las Vegas. In the 20-plus years of its existence, the act has evolved into a premium entertainment brand, one that employs 3,000 people, has been seen by more than 50 million customers and generated \$650 million in ticket sales in 2003.

In addition to *Zumanity*, Laliberté’s Strip kingdom includes three other permanent shows—the original *Mystère*; *O*, performed in a vast water tank; and the troupe’s newest show, the Orient-themed *KÀ*, which adds martial arts, puppetry, video and pyrotechnics to the customary acrobatics and contortions. A fifth production is in the works, and there is a resident show in Orlando and five touring acts.

All that New Agey contorting and juggling has made Laliberté a billionaire, a fact he is la-di-da about with the media. You want to sneer—sure, Guy, the money’s not the point, *right*—except that he does seem genuinely more engaged by creative risk-taking than by his compa-

ny’s muscular cash flow. He still preaches the linked gospels of risk and innovation, plowing up to 40 percent of the company’s income into developing new material and performers. To wit: his upcoming Vegas production, a Beatles-themed show that resulted from a meeting with George Harrison at a grand prix race. It is set to open next year.

“Guy was clear about what he wanted,” says *Zumanity* artistic director Ria Martens. What he wanted was “a little edge,” as Laliberté himself says. “Hopefully a lot!”

We’re at rehearsal. Martens has just finished tweaking a dance number that later, when the performers are wearing considerably less, will help provide that edge. If that doesn’t do it, there are the two chubby women dressed in fishnets, juggling sex toys. Or the quartet of zanies who race around the theater, speed-humping anything in sight, including patrons. Critics who grumble that the troupe has sacrificed the audience interaction that’s part of its street-busker roots for the sake of spectacle have clearly never seen the revolving lovefest that closes this show. Each night some Martha from Philly and Joe from Des Moines are brought up to join the groping and simulated sex. “I remember one woman who worked at a Catholic hospital,” Arias cackles. “I told her, ‘Start saying your three Hail Marys,’ because she was up there humping this guy.”

Not everyone gets into it like that, of course, and there’s always someone who walks out. That’s fine with *Zumanity*. “If people leave with an attitude, whether a great one or a crappy one,” says Arias, “we did our job.”



“We don’t do carryouts. You gotta screw ’em on the premises....”

White dust was in her mother's open eyes, and with her thumb she rolled them shut.

of her new breasts shifting against the pink cloth, beneath the red buttons. The bills they handled were as wrinkled and illegible as elephant hide, but their value could be told by size, and Lusane passed the large ones to her mother, whose deft fingers tucked them under the red sash.

Her mother was pleased and bought them hot, spicy *acras* to eat and a stalk of sugarcane to chew. She bought a bolt of cloth and a paper of needles, a spool of thread, a small bag of rice, hot peppers and coffee beans, and still there was money under the red sash. There still were *bananes loup-garou* to sell, though not so many, and it was hardly noon. Lusane had sold the *bananes Ti Malis*; her pan was empty.

The market crowd poured over them, thick and sluggish as cane syrup; now and then a bubble flowed by in the stream, containing two or three men of the Cannibal Army. They had no uniforms, but their head cloths marked them, and the small machine guns and *rigwaz* whips they carried. Naturally people gave them room. When the hard lenses of their sunglasses beetled across her, Lusane did as her mother had done, walking in the shadows of the dark road, and felt herself invisible to them until they passed.

The tenor of the market babble changed, as birdsong changes its tune before rain, but Lusane barely had time to notice before everyone surged up, shouting, smacking one another with baskets and stools; a water seller's tray of tin cups fell. Her mother snatched at Lusane's arm, then turned to draw her into her train. They were moving together in the human wave, which was so turbulent that her mother was not able to raise her enamel pan to her head; she carried it before her in both arms. Then Lusane realized she had failed to pick up her own pan, which was a catastrophe, though it had been empty. She tried to turn back, but in the stampede it was hopeless, and if she stopped for anything she would be trampled. Someone had already stolen the pan. Lusane began to cry, but the tears were shocked out of her when she faced forward: The red sash on the blue dress was nowhere.

A rattling sound, like the wind through dry cane but horribly louder, brought dreadful screams in its wake. All at once Lusane was the only person standing in the white, dusty street, though some of the CIMO men were lying down in front of the hissing tires of their trucks. They were dead when they lay down like that, their arms and legs all crooked.

136 She found her mother, not far away, or

at least there was the blue dress with the red sash, but the head cloth was the wrong color, dark and wet.

Someone was crying, with frightening wails, like herself outside her body, only Lusane did not want to cry. She was only trying to think what to do, and then she knew. Besides the high keening, someone was shouting to her to get down, to get off the street, and she dropped to her knees, then to all fours, and found the pan where her mother had dropped it and turned it upright to collect the contents: the paper of needles, the bolt of cloth.... The thread had partly unrolled in the spill, and she wound it up carefully, sitting back on her heels to do it, finally catching the loose end in the notch on the spool that was meant to retain it. The wind-in-cane-leaves sound came again, this time with a noise like wasps around her ears. More voices screamed at her to get out of the street.

She scooped up the coffee, still intact. The rice bag had split open along a seam, and under the fire of the noon sun the grains were almost indistinguishable from the white dust. She scooped a handful, but it was half gravel, pebbles jingling when she dropped it in the pan. Leave it, then. She dragged the pan back toward her mother. When she crawled that way, she saw the men of the Cannibal Army crouching behind a wrecked cargo container and the chassis of a ruined truck, firing at the CIMO men, who were behind her now. One of the Cannibal Army rose to a half crouch and waved his *rigwaz* furiously that she should leave the street—then he spun away, as if an invisible hand had snatched his shoulder. The wasps whined again around her ears. She straightened her mother's legs; the limbs were still flexible; she could do it.

It was hard to let go of the strong bare feet, but she made herself release them. No more mistakes after losing the pan. The feet were still warm, but she let them go. White dust was in her mother's open eyes, and with her thumb she rolled them shut. It was all out of order—it should have been her grandmother who died before her mother, and then the *houngan* would come up from Souvenance for *dessounen*, to shepherd the spirit out of her grandmother's head and make it safe. She let the thought go and weighted her mother's eyelids with two small flat stones that had fallen in the pan when she tried to gather the rice, then sat on her heels to look at the face, calmer now with the eyes closed. This time when the wasps sang by one stung her cheek, and

she flinched and lowered herself, gathering her mother's hands and folding them across the breastbone. Again, it was difficult, hard to let go. Her mother's ribs felt frail as the dog's.

She remembered to slip her fingers under the red sash for the sweaty fold of worn-out paper money. It made her nauseous for a second to think how close she'd come to forgetting. She herself had no pockets and no sash. She thought and then crawled forward and unfastened the bloody cloth from her mother's head. With her own white *mouchoir*, she covered her mother's face. Then she stood up and turned into the wind from the sea. They had meant to walk down to the port after the market, to see the boats on the water along the promenade of the Bicentenaire. She let her mother's cloth flag back in the wind and then began to fasten it to her own head. The shooting had stopped, and the screaming had stopped, and even that wailing woman's cry had stopped. As she finished the knot at the back of her head, she tucked the money in just above it, under the cloth and hidden by the twist of her hair, where she could feel the packet pressed between the tendons of her neck. She crouched and carefully set the enamel pan on her bound head.

The shooting resumed as she stepped forward. Now she could see that the Cannibal Army was firing from the upper galleries of the houses on both sides of the street, as well as from its barricade behind her and even from points beyond where the CIMO trucks lay crippled. She did not increase her pace. The pan was so lightly loaded it might easily topple. She stepped deliberately, laying her bare feet soft in the white dust. Her empty hands swam free around her hips.

When she reached the shadow of the galleries, the people cowering there moved back to give her room. She walked. Her head was hollow like a gourd; only her feet remembered the way. The Commissariat was burning now, where they had passed before, and the restaurant across the street was burning. The air was black with smoke of burning tires.

On the way out of town she began to cry, so hard that she was blinded, and she staggered unconsciously toward the middle of the road. A police truck, screaming away to the north, nearly ran her down. Then she made herself stop crying. She could not move if she was blind, and she knew if she stopped moving she would die. She didn't know how it would happen, but she knew that it would. She kept on walking, her eyes parched and hot. Blood from the crease on her cheek dried at the corner of her mouth; from time to time her tongue rasped over it. The burnt-rubber smell began to fade, but all the air was charged with the alkali dust, spun up by cars and trucks and



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motorbikes and the hooves of donkeys and running feet, as everyone rushed as fast as they could out of Gonaïves.

Lusane's bare feet burned on the shattered asphalt. Then they went numb. The money pushed into the back of her neck like a thorn. It was strange how heavily the pan pressed her down when after all it held no real weight: the needles, thread, cloth and a few coffee beans—she hadn't collected the hot peppers, she remembered with an awful shock, had seen them nowhere near her mother's body. Strange how it seemed the weight would crush her, as if the whole white moon had fallen into her enamel pan, rocky and dry and hard and huge as the desert mound of Morne Saint Juste.

When at last she turned from the national road there was shade, though the ascent grew steeper. She had been climbing all the way from Gonaïves, and she could not think of all the hills that were still to climb, nor of one battered foot falling after the other. That was too hard. She must be with the chord that rang from her loaded head to the base of her heels and kept her flowing constantly forward. Last night the moon had borne her up, and now she felt her load release as she moved deeper into the green shade, surrounded by her mother's spirit as if after all the *houngan* Bien Aimé had come up from Souvenance to bring that spirit back from beneath the flood so it would be in every cup of water Lusane carried, below the surface of any pool, on the other side of every mirror, beneath each fold of a white cloth. Her mother was parting the way before her, as she had done when she walked in life.

She was behind and above and around her, too, invisibly present like the vanished moon.

Wherever Lusane walked, the people gave way for her. At Souvenance crossroads she was tempted to turn; she knew every step of the way that would carry her to that *lakou*, through the gate where Attibon Legba, keeper of the crossroads, slept in the piled stones, beyond the houses and across the cornfield into the orb of cool green beneath the grand old couple of trees where the ancestral spirits named Mawu-Lisa rested. But she had already gone beyond the crossroads. At once a number of things became clear to her, though without pain in the spirit eye: her father's anger and his fear, his gesture at the red moon rising. That man of the Cannibal Army had risen to try to save her life and taken a bullet in the shoulder for it. She remembered that Bien Aimé, the well-loved one, was dead; there was another *houngan* now at Souvenance, and still she felt his presence with her mother's spirit and all *les morts et les mystères*, breaking gravity from her back and floating her uphill, upstream.

Kalfou Sansmaman was still to pass. There, last night's voice was made visible: a man, maybe just a boy with a frog in his throat and a green jungle hat and an old AK-47.

Sa w gegne pou nou, cheri?

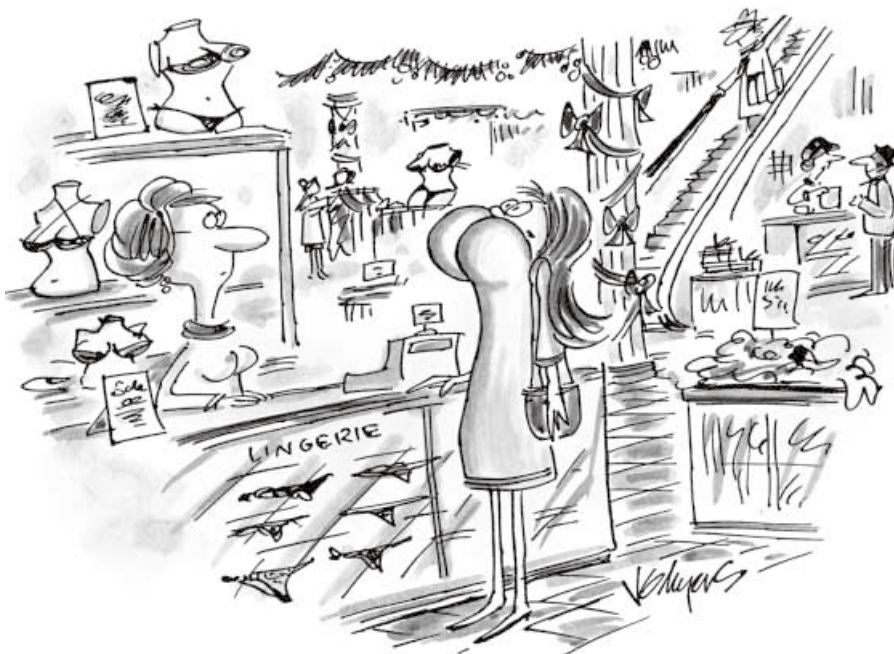
His eyes slid over her breasts and thighs as she rose toward him, but she saw herself in the spirit eye, five years old and climbing the ravine to carry water under the incandescent sun. In the low ground a long-horned, wraithlike cow licked the wet gravel, and a little higher

a naked youth lay on his side by the weak stream to wash himself as best he could, his eyes turned inward so he would not be ashamed.

"*W pa wé'm?*" He shook the gun and struck himself in the chest with his free hand as she came nearer. *Don't you see me?* When she had gone by he turned and ran to pose himself a dozen yards uphill from her so that she must pass him another time. The spirit eye found her child self at the head of the ravine, the clear five-gallon tank centered on her head. She had made only her first few steps of the descent when two boys, neither larger than she, stopped her and demanded water. She smiled and made them a deep curtsy so they might serve themselves from a white saucer floating in the tank. One boy tasted the water and offered it to his friend and spat and sloshed the rest of the saucerful into the stream that whispered around their feet. Then both of them turned away from her without a word. The whole time she'd been smiling at them as charmingly as she knew how, but today she wasn't smiling, and she wasn't going to bend her knees, and she wasn't going to offer her belly like a dog. She walked into the black hole of the gun.

There was the click of a chambered round, and another man knocked down the barrel. "*W pa wé lespri ave'l?*" he said as Lusane passed. *Don't you see the spirit with her?* Lusane didn't hear it. She walked on.

A ghost of daylight still remained when she reached her *lakou* and pushed open the rickety weave of sticks and wire that served as a gate in the waist-high cactus. The radio squawked in her father's hands: "Government forces driven out of Gonaïves." He jumped up when she entered, and his large eyes read the story from her mother's bloody head cloth. Maybe he had already known, for he covered his face only for a moment before he came to take her hand. Her brothers were lifting the load from her head, which was something she had never known them to do, and her grandmother limped up and kissed both her cheeks and loosened the knot of the bloodstained cloth, passing the packet of money before Lusane's eyes so she would know that the money was safe. Lusane was sitting on the stone. The little dog licked her bruised feet, and one of her brothers brought water from the tank so that her grandmother could begin to wash the blood out of her hair. Another brother raised a cup to her cracked lips. She swallowed, then leaned back and rolled her head, loosening the muscles where the money had pressed, letting the ache come out of her back. She let the hands of her family hold her, but the weight of the moon was still on her.



"Hi! I was wondering if I could exchange this push-up bra for a smaller size."



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xoxo
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EWAN MCGREGOR

(continued from page 64)

I was walking on air for weeks. It was the biggest moment of my life. A day or two later I went back to Guildhall. I was a drama student there with 24 other people who felt every bit on top of the world as I did.

PLAYBOY: You left the university when you were hired to star in the British TV miniseries *Lipstick on Your Collar*, written by Dennis Potter, and then you were in an adaptation of Stendhal's *The Scarlet and the Black*.

MCGREGOR: I remember my uncle saying to me at the time, "Now you're an actor." It was incredible.

PLAYBOY: At one point you shared a house with Jude Law.

MCGREGOR: It was a fantastic time. It was the three of us—me, Jude Law and Jonny Lee Miller, who was Sick Boy in *Trainspotting*. I had been living for a year and a half on my own in a one-bedroom flat in Regent's Park. I think my lease had run out or something. I had to leave, so we decided to take an apartment together. None of us could be bothered to look properly for a good place, though, so we took the first one that came up, and it was a bit of crap. Because we were all working actors—luckily that was happening for us all—the three of us were never much there at any one time.

PLAYBOY: Kind of like having fellow flight attendants as roommates.

MCGREGOR: Yes, that's right. But my biggest memory of the place, apart from some crazy nights, is the bathroom. The floor was tiled with wall tiles, so if you went to have a pee in the middle of the night, you quite often ended up on your back. Your feet just slid away from you. I think we put down rugs or something in the end but only after several falls. It was so stupid.

PLAYBOY: Which of you was the neat freak, if there was one?

MCGREGOR: They're both quite neat. We used to get trashed on the weekends,

and I remember to my dismay getting up with a terrible hangover many times and they'd be vacuuming, dusting, cleaning. Or they'd be whistling around the house while they paid bills. It's depressing when you're in that state and others are on top of it.

PLAYBOY: At that time you made three movies with director Danny Boyle and screenwriter John Hodge—*Shallow Grave*, *Trainspotting* and *A Life Less Ordinary*. You later had a falling-out with Boyle when he cast Leonardo DiCaprio instead of you in *The Beach*. Has that relationship been patched up?

MCGREGOR: That's a relationship that's over, I think. And it's a shame, because we did some really brilliant work together. We had a director-actor relationship unlike any other I've had. But Boyle and his people didn't treat me very well. It wasn't just about *The Beach*—it was that they were dishonest with me about it. It cost us our friendships. I had the rug pulled out from under my feet. It wasn't that they cast Leonardo DiCaprio in the part. That was irrelevant. It was how they dealt with me. That was extraordinarily out of character for who we were and what I thought we meant to one another. It was a betrayal. I'm sorry, because who knows what we could be doing together now.

PLAYBOY: Do you get angry?

MCGREGOR: I'm not a violent person, but I can get very angry.

PLAYBOY: At what?

MCGREGOR: It always has to do with injustice. I am an optimistic person; I forget there's another side. When I come across violence, I'm always shocked and disappointed. If I see violence for the sake of it—or bullying, racism, sexism, backstabbing or people driven by ego—I can get angry. I feel extremely disappointed. There's just no place for those things in my world.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you turned down blockbusters such as *The Matrix* and *Bridget Jones's Diary*?

MCGREGOR: I didn't turn down *The*

Matrix—not to my knowledge, anyway. Fucking people will hang if I did. But I have turned down other things that have become successful. I've turned down parts that got people Academy Award nominations, but I'm absolutely delighted for them. If I say no to something, then it's not my part anymore; it's theirs. I took off almost a whole year to do that bike trip, and it was the best thing I've ever done for myself. I missed out on a whole bunch of stuff, but that's just the way it is. Now that I'm going into *Guys and Dolls* for six months, a lot of people have said, "Aren't you worried about the films you're going to miss out on?" I miss out on a film if I take another film, anyway. You can't do everything, so just enjoy what you're doing.

PLAYBOY: How would you cope if one day the fame were to disappear?

MCGREGOR: It has never been about fame. I'm not interested in fame, because you'll never be famous enough. You'll never wake up one day and go, "I'm fucking really famous, and I'm really happy." If you chase fame, you're just going to end up miserable and unhappy. Some people are willing to pay a huge price for it, but not me. For me it has always been about the work. You can go to sleep saying, "I did the best work I could do today."

PLAYBOY: Do you have that feeling often?

MCGREGOR: I really like success. I'm good at what I do. I'm easy to work with, I'm proficient, and I take pride in that. I like to think I don't cause anyone any trouble. I get on with it.

PLAYBOY: Are you competitive with your fellow actors?

MCGREGOR: I'm not competitive about my work. I do it the way I do because I like to be really good at what I do. I like to be on top of my game. I like success. I take pride in my work. Although I'm not competitive about work, I'd like to take you on at a racetrack on a motorbike. Now there I'd give you a run for your money.



THE MOB

(continued from page 68)

test and who have guns and could use money, and over the years the belief has been that many Mob shootings in Brooklyn have been done by cops.

Tony's favor to the FBI consisted of finding the only two Mob gunmen left in Brooklyn and ordering them to keep their fingers still.

There were other issues for the Mob. As ordered by the mandates of Christmas for Mafia captains, collections were taken up late in 2004 for traditional presents for the bosses of the five New York City Mafia families. The bosses now mainly were worried defendants and long-term prisoners. There was only one recognized boss, Joe Massino of the crime family named for the late big old mobster Joe Bonanno. I don't know what the other families did about Christmas collection money, for there was nobody worth a gift certificate.

The men in the Bonanno crime family raised \$200,000 for Massino, the last boss. His liberty, however, was as shaky as a three-legged chair. He was in jail under the Gowanus Expressway in Brooklyn, held without bail while standing trial in federal court some blocks away. There were three murders and seven or eight prosecution witnesses of the type known as rats, including his wife's brother, "Good-Looking Sal" Vitale. Seated in the first row of the courtroom one afternoon was the wife, Josephine Massino. On the witness stand her brother was telling the court how Joe Massino's people came busting out of a closet and began firing away at three Bonanno mobsters he felt were dangerous dissidents.

Joe Massino sat at the defense table with a computer. He was good and overweight. He had a round, bland face and short white hair. The heritage of great suits ended at his plain blue suit and open-collared white shirt. Glasses were perched on his nose as his pudgy fingers touched the computer keyboard. I don't know what he was looking for. What he needed was an old movie of the battle of Dien Bien Phu, where he could identify closely with the French, who lost; the brother-in-law, Good-Looking Sal, would be shooting at him from the hillside. When Massino stopped typing, his hand went to the top of his head and, with thumb and forefinger, moved the glasses. This was the style of removing eyeglasses for all those in the underworld in Queens County.

On this day he noticed a reporter who had just had a death in the family. Massino mouthed, "I'm sorry." This was probably the last time we'd see someone in the Mafia showing the old-world class it was always reputed to have but rarely did.

Watching her brother destroy her husband, Mrs. Massino wailed softly, "This is the same as a death in my family. You don't know what I am going through."

"How could Sal do this? Joe taught

him how to swim," Tony Rabito, from Massino's restaurant, the Casa Blanca, complained. Sal Vitale is on his way to prison for a whole lot of years.

Joe Massino always was a very good swimmer. He could swim from Coney Island all the way across a wide inlet to Breezy Point, on the ocean. He taught his wife's brother, Good-Looking Sal, how to swim. This is a very big thing; you teach a kid to swim so he never drowns. Joe Massino could do that. He taught all the strokes to Good-Looking Sal. A lot of good that did.

During the trial, from out of the past, from Jimmy Weston's on 54th Street and P.J. Clarke's on 55th, from Pep McGuire's on Queens Boulevard, from his scungilli restaurant on Second Avenue, came Tony Café, who is called that because he was always in saloons. He arrived at my building one night with a handwritten open letter from Joe Massino's daughter. She pointed out that Massino had been in prison and Good-Looking Sal Vitale had been running the Bonanno family when many of the murders were committed. While this was true, she was not able to cover all the murders. But she did try.

"I don't know why the government is so mad at Joe," Tony Café said. "He's a nice fat guy, likes food."

•

At this time Tony was a blessed unknown, but that would change.

Tony Café's previous experience was to make the mistake of rolling through the nights 25 years ago with the whole Mob and its new big hitter, Donnie Brasco.

"He is Joe DiMaggio!" everybody said one night at the old Pep McGuire's on Queens Boulevard.

When next seen, Brasco took the witness stand in room 103, federal court, Manhattan. Tony Café (his courtroom name Anthony Rabito) sat listening with his lawyer, Paul Rao.

Q: What is your name?

A: Joseph Pistone.

Q: What is your occupation?

A: I am a special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Tony was sentenced to eight years. Rao told the judge that Tony had served two years in the artillery in Korea, that both his brothers had served and that he deserved something for this.

THE COURT: Mr. Rabito, is there anything you would like to add to what Mr. Rao has told us on your behalf?

DEFENDANT RABITO: Judge, I think I got a fair trial. There are a couple of things I don't like. I fought for that flag. I was in the Army. I believe in the press. I believe in you. You open up somebody's head, you find love in my head, but in some people you find the little Italian flag.

The judge took two years off the sentence, one for each year Tony spent in the service. He did six years at Otisville federal prison in upstate New York. I didn't see him when he came out and never

heard about him, so I figured he wasn't up to much, which I thought was good because a second sentence would run a thousand years. In court for one thing or another over several years, I would take a look at the government's Mafia three-deep charts. The pictures of the Bonanno varsity players were mounted on cardboard. I never saw Tony's picture nor found his name in a news story, even if it was about guys at the bottom.

Bad things now happened in the courtroom. Joe Massino was convicted and faced sentences of more years than he had to give for his country.

Right away, in Washington, Attorney General John Ashcroft directed prosecutors in Brooklyn to start a capital punishment case against Massino for another murder. They find you guilty in federal court on any charge, from stealing a postage stamp to murder. If the federalists said they wanted an execution case, Massino was going to die.

No, he wasn't. He called for a prosecutor and said he wanted to cooperate. He knows everybody and everything about the waning days of the Mafia. He is a traditional mobster. He eats until he can't fit at the table. He had a restaurant with the best pork braciola for miles. He flicks a thumb down and somebody dies. He has a wife and daughters and several girlfriends. He lives in Howard Beach, Queens, which had an overcrowding of big gangsters. His house was a few blocks from that of John Gotti and also Vic Amuso, another boss. The first sounds of anger about Massino's turning came from Vito from Metropolitan Avenue. He had put up \$1,500 for Massino's Christmas present.

"Joe is a rat. I don't give my money to rats," he said. "I want my money back."

"How are you going to get it from him? He's in jail," he was told.

"From his wife," he said.

"You go ask his wife."

When mobsters are reduced to fighting under the mistletoe, there is no reason for them to exist.

And now, in this court building at the same time, you saw the reason the Mafia must die. Four members of Local 15 of the Operating Engineers Union were in court to plead guilty to selling out workmen. They work cranes, backhoes, bulldozers and hoists. They are proud and physical and, along with Local 40 of the Iron Workers, were about the first to walk up to the fiery mountains of the old World Trade Center, fierce, powerful, unafraid, and did all the gruesome heavy lifting for the next year. They were Irish, and their union heads admitted to being controlled by Mafia gangsters. Tom Robbins of *The Village Voice*, who seems to be the only reporter in the city who thinks labor is important, called the union the Mob's Engineers.

The government indicted 24 Mob guys in Brooklyn, including one Jackie DeRoss, who was listed as a union member but was recognized on the streets as

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WARNING: Couples who watch these explicit videos together may become highly aroused.

an underboss in the shrinking Colombo family. His sons, John and Jamie, had union books and were placed on jobs where attendance might have been taken. In Manhattan another 18 mobsters in the union were indicted; one was Ernie Muscarella, a reputed boss in the Mob.

The one that bothered the most was Tom McGuire Jr., the business agent for the local. Everybody in labor knew his father, who had been business agent before him. Junior, out of Manhattan College, was unable to wail that he had to steal in order to make it in life. He was in the son game, as in "son of...." If America is weaker at this time, blame the son game, the nepotism, as much as, in this case, the Mafia.

As Massino told agents stories that would end the Mafia, McGuire was in the same court building pleading guilty to a charge of selling union books. There were many other charges, including extorting \$50,000 a year from a paving company and then giving an \$80,000 bribe to the president of the International Union of Operating Engineers in order to become a vice president of the international. But selling the union books was the hideous crime. People beg, plead and implore for a union book. If your son can get a book, you can sleep all through the night; union jobs pay up to \$45 an hour, and your son has a fine living for life. Tom McGuire Jr., now 60, pudgy and arrogant, sold union books for \$12,000. He had a man running things for him, purportedly a Local 15 member, Anthony Polito. He took care of anything to do with organized crime. There were no-show jobs to be given to wiseguys or allowing work rules for health and safety to be ignored on any job where contractors had come up with money. Polito is in prison.

Reading through the government's indictment, I found that one of its legal standards for introducing evidence was

based on *United States v. Brennan*, the defendant being "a former New York State Supreme Court justice who was charged with fixing four criminal cases," the indictment reads. "The government's witness, Anthony Bruno, served as a middleman."

I used to see Justice Brennan on Queens Boulevard, and we'd have a beer once in a while. He would walk across the street to the courthouse and fix narcotics cases and, I believe, a homicide for the Mafia. He was another one of those who come without a shred of shame. His was a complete character collapse that turned him into a cheap errand boy. Reading on, I found a page of testimony about the labor men pleading guilty in Brooklyn federal court to robbing their own.

Simultaneously Joe Massino sat in the jailhouse and bargained for his life, his \$10 million in plunder and his two houses, one for his mother and the second, larger one for his wife and daughters. For life and possessions he would give up the entire underworld he had sworn to keep secret.

There are murders all over the place, and he must solve so many of them for the FBI. This is catastrophic for the guys on the street. Any mobsters nearing the end of their sentence will be hit with new charges and never see civilization again.

The publicity stool pigeons, "Sammy the Bull" Gravano being the latest, are illusions. Massino will end the Mafia. All the murders and dialogue that have been a large part of this nation's culture will disappear. All Mafia books and shows, *The Sopranos* foremost, will be based on nothing and therefore too unrealistic to make.

Massino put himself into a small room with desperation with the murder of one Gerlando Sciascia, who was known as George from Canada because he was from Canada. According to testimony, Sciascia and Massino killed three Bonanno family dissidents in 1984. Sciascia then thought

he was as good as Massino. They found Sciascia and his ambitions in a lot in the Bronx. Entire flights of stool pigeons immediately went to the grand jury to put a gun into Massino's hand in premeditated murder. And now he talks.

Bosses must go first. There are five families, and they are supposed to have bosses, but most of them change every 48 hours. The Gambino family had John Gotti. The old man of the Gambino crew, Joe N. Gallo, told Gotti, "It took 100 years to put this together, and you're ruining it in six months."

This appears to be right. This old crime organization—which started in the narrow, wet alleys of Palermo and Lercara Friddi and other towns in Sicily, then rose out of the packed streets of the old downtown east side of New York, with names like Joe the Boss and Lucky Luciano, then with Al Capone coming out of Brooklyn and putting the Mafia into Chicago—had a murderous, larcenous hand everywhere. It weakened with time and the convictions of commission members in New York, but nothing matched the magnitude of what Gotti did to the Mafia. He had Paul Castellano hit in the midst of rush hour on the east side of Manhattan. It was brazen, and Gotti loved it. He failed to hear the sound of tank treads on Mulberry Street. They were bringing in an armored division to get him. They did.

He proudly put his son, Junior Gotti, in charge, and agents fell from the skies on him. He did six years and now is up for attempted murder, and he may not be seen for decades. The new head of the Gambino family was Nick Corozzo. He said he was exhausted from not working and needed a vacation. He flew to Miami and was on the beach for about half an hour when two men in subdued business suits walked along the beach toward him.

"So what's up, fellas?" Nick said.

"You are," they said. They displayed FBI cards. Nick the Boss went off the beach in handcuffs and then to court, where nobody wins. He is back on the street now but is a loud target.

The family named after Joe Profaci, an old-time Mafia boss, was shot up by an insurgency group, the Gallos, in the 1960s. Crazy Joe Gallo was shot dead at Umberto's Clam House on Mulberry Street. The news business loved the story. Joe Colombo took over. He believed he was a legitimate citizen. He invented the Italian-American Civil Rights League and ran a rally at Madison Square Garden during which his crowd shouted "Uno, uno, uno," the old Roman cheer for Benito Mussolini. *New York Post* columnist Murray Kempton observed, "The entertainment was provided by Diahann Carroll and Sammy Davis Jr., two striking illustrations of pre-Norman Sicilians."

Colombo then ran an outdoor rally at Columbus Circle during which he was shot, later dying from his injuries. The killing gave the Mafia a bad name. The next boss was Carmine Persico Jr., known



"Imagine that! He chose the blonde with the big tits."

as Junior. He is in federal prison in Lompoc, California for about the rest of his life. During a succession disagreement, one Vic Orena, pronounced "Vicarena," was convicted of mayhem and sentenced to two lifetimes and one 80-year sentence.

"Which one should I do first?" he asked Judge Jack Weinstein, who nodded to his clerk. "You name it," the clerk said.

"Put me down for the 80 years first," Orena said.

He went to Atlanta, and his lawyers entered a motion to throw everything out and let him come home. He was certain his motion would prevail over the whole government. He called Gina, his girl on Long Island, and told her, "Get my suits and have the tailor take them in. I've lost weight down here. Then go and get me some new shirts. I'm going to win this motion and make bail. We're going to Europe on the first day."

Orena was brought up by prison bus from Atlanta. His motion, a foot-high stack of paper, was on Weinstein's desk. The judge had studied it for some days.

Gina was in the courtroom with a suit for her now-slim love. The clerk called out "All rise," and Weinstein entered the courtroom. The door to the detention pens opened and a slim Vic Orena came in, his eyes glistening with hope.

"What is he doing here?" Weinstein asked. "He belongs in prison."

"He is here on his motion," the lawyer said.

"Motion denied," Weinstein said. "Marshal, take this man back to prison."

Vic Orena, his one and a half minutes of hope over, went through the door and onto a prison bus that would stop five or six times at dingy county jails on the way to Atlanta.

His love, Gina, with his suit folded neatly over her arms, went back to Long Island.

Vic Orena is still doing the 80-years part of his sentence; then all that remains for him to do is the two lifetimes.

There is now no real Colombo family boss whose name is worth typing.

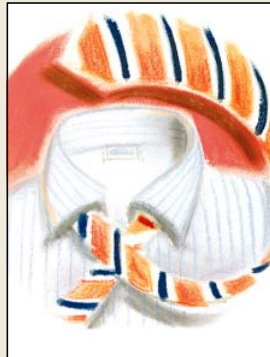
The largest, fiercest and busiest family, the Genovese, had Vincent "the Chin" Gigante as boss—the boss in a bathrobe. Babbling in pajamas, robe and truck driver's cap, he staggered through the night on Sullivan Street in Greenwich Village and entered the black-painted private club at number 206, where the guys played cards all night. The Chin, suddenly alert, sat down at the game. The cards were dealt. He picked up his hand and without looking at it called "Gin!" Money was pushed to him. Next he tired of picking up the cards. While they were being dealt, he called "Gin!" Always he got paid.

When in front of Judge Jack Weinstein in Brooklyn, he flopped around in his chair and mumbled for hours without stopping. My guess, and it is well educated, is that he was saying the Hail Mary,

WHERE

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 38, 41-44, 108-113 and 162-163, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



BMW, bmwmotorcycles.com. Brioni, available at Brioni boutiques. Canali, available at Barneys New York. D&G, 212-965-8000. Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane, dior.com. Ducati, ducati.com. Façonnable, available at Nordstrom. Giuseppe Zanotti, 212-650-0455. Harley-

Davidson, harley-davidson.com.

J. Lindeberg, available at J. Lindeberg boutiques. Kawasaki, kawasaki.com. Louche, louchedesign.com. Perry Ellis Signature, perryellis.com. Phat Farm, phatfarm.com. Pirelli, 212-961-1500. Replay, 800-250-6972. Triumph, triumphmotorcycles.com.

GAMES

Page 38: Capcom, capcom.com. Koei, koei.com. Nintendo, nintendo.com. NovaLogic, novalogic.com. Ubisoft, ubi.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 41-44: Freedom of Creation, freedomofcreation.com. Fujifilm, fujifilm.com. Gins, available at fine liquor stores. Louisville Golf, louisvillegolf.com. Pearl Beach Resorts, pearlbeachresorts.com. Petersen Automotive Museum, petersen.org. Vacheron Constantin, 877-862-7555. W.R. Case, wrcase.com.

MOTORCYCLE, JACKET

Pages 108-113: Alessandro Dell'Acqua, 212-253-6861 or Ikram, Chicago.

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Pages 162-163: Aidan Gill, aidangillformen.com. Bushnell, bushnell.com. Fast Women, fastwomen4u.com. GPX, gpx.com. Pepper Computer, pepper.com. Sea-Doo, seadoo.com. Socket Communications, socketcom.com. The Squiggler, squiggler.com. White Collar Slacker's Handbook, quepublishing.com.

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a lovely prayer that is short and can be repeated without end. Lawyers presented results of new tests they said showed the Chin had Alzheimer's. Weinstein, who reads science periodicals every morning, was greatly interested in the new test, the PET scan. "Congratulations. You are on the cutting edge of science," he told the lawyers. "But you omitted one important part of your test. In order to show that it is Alzheimer's, you need an autopsy."

Gigante shook and went to prison. The outfit was left with nothing.

Now there were five families in name and no bosses. At the start of 2005, in the midst of all the squalling over the Christmas money that went to Joe Massino's wife, federal agents came through Brooklyn like armed locusts and arrested 27 members of the Bonanno family.

It followed that one morning when Tony Café was at home in Brooklyn, where he lives with his 80-year-old sister, the last of four sisters, the first three dead of cancer, he heard knocking on the door downstairs. He looked out. He could see two agents, each holding up identification.

Tony Café sighed. "I'll be right down," he called. He threw his wallet to his sister.

When he got downstairs there were three agents, one of them a little Irish woman who did the talking.

"Are you going to lock me up?" Tony asked.

"No, but you're number one."

She made it official. A week before, an article by Jerry Capeci appeared in *New York* magazine and was first to mention that Tony Café—proper name Anthony Rabito—was suddenly an important figure. Capeci, whose *Gangland News* is on the Internet, is the authority on the Mafia to the extent that all those left in crime know that on Thursday, when Capeci's work comes out on the Net and in the afternoon's *New York Sun*, they will find out where they stand, if anybody is left to stand. Now on Tony's stoop, the FBI confirmed that Tony was number one in the Bonanno family. He was in shock as the agent, Kim something, told him, "We don't want any bodies in the street, we don't want witnesses bothered, and we don't want agents threatened."

"I live upstairs with my sister. I don't have any money or guns in the house," he said.

The agents sniffed and left.

And now Tony Café, who is allegedly the boss replacing the last boss of the Bonanno family, was sitting alone at the bar of Bamonte's Restaurant on Withers Street in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, his hair short and turning white, his voice

like gravel pouring from a truck and his build entirely too wide.

Bamonte's appears to be an out-of-the-way place, but it is on Broadway in the world of New York people who know what they eat. It is a short drive across the Williamsburg Bridge. At lunchtime half the city seems to walk past the bar and into the dining room.

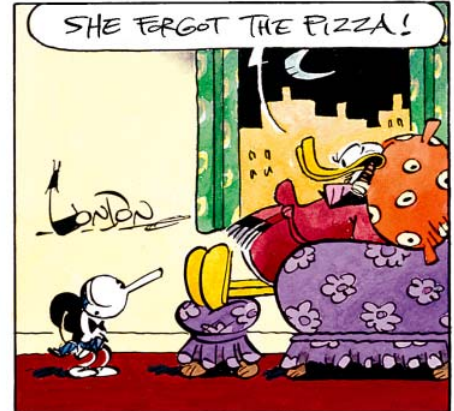
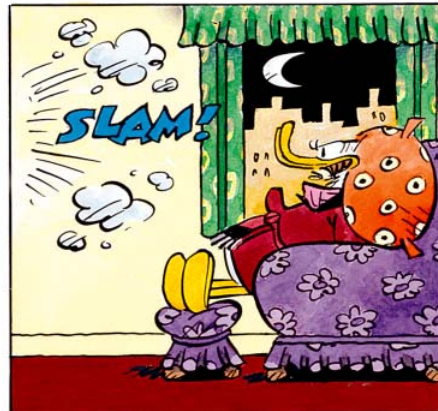
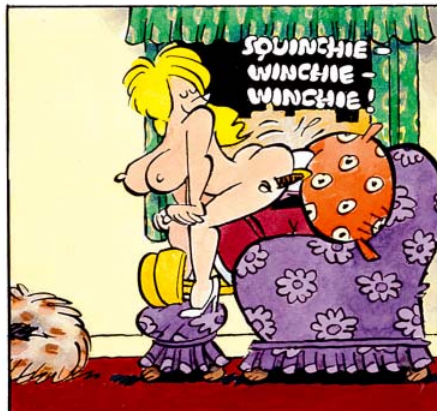
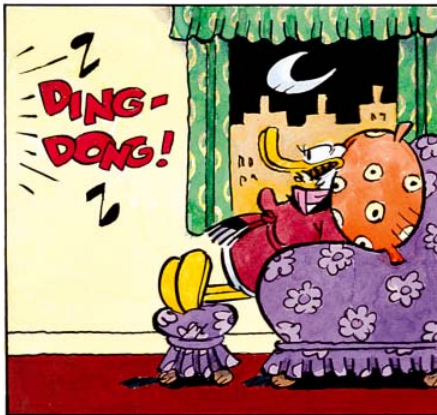
Here was police commissioner Ray Kelly coming in and shaking hands with everybody. At the bar Tony Café held out his hand, and Kelly grabbed it and then moved on. Later, in the gloaming, Tony Café sat in the empty restaurant and said, "The police commissioner shook my hand. How do you like it? He didn't know who I was. Nobody knows who I am. I don't know anybody else. They're all in jail. Once the top of the family turns like Joe did, nobody from the other families will talk to you."

"What was the worst thing to happen to the outfit?" he was asked.

"Gotti," he said slowly, "when he had the case against him with a woman prosecutor and he fixed the jury. That got the government mad. Nobody was safe after that. They got Gotti and then they came after everybody else. Because of him, all of a sudden I'm standing out here alone."



Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



"I was looking down at my plate of food when I heard the first shot. I looked up, and he was standing there."

and gave her a copy of my book.

I told Ted Feury, a friend of mine and a retired CBS executive. With a big smile Feury said, "I know her. She was the best grad student I ever had at Columbia. She's a terrific gal, very bright, a great journalist and as honest as they come. I'll call her."

The three of us had dinner at Elaine's in Manhattan. Although other journalists knew of her presence at Umberto's, the eyewitness told us she still wanted anonymity. She drew a diagram of the scene for us, indicating her table in relation to the Gallo party's. "There were a lot of shots that night," she said. "I heard those shots for a long time afterward." She confirmed that they came from a single gunman, "and he wasn't Italian, that's for sure." She flipped through a display of photos, including ones of other gangsters, and when she saw a black-and-white photo of Sheeran from the early 1970s she said, "Like I told Eric Shawn, it's been a long time, but I know this much: I've seen this man before." In answer to my question she said, "No, not from a photo in the newspaper. I've seen him in the flesh." I showed her black-and-whites of a younger Sheeran, and she said, "No, too young." An older Sheeran, "No, too old." She picked up the photo of Sheeran taken around the time of the Gallo hit and said, "This picture gives me chills."

I wanted to formally interview the eyewitness alone, show her the black-and-white photos in better lighting and play her a color video of Sheeran. The lighting at Elaine's was too dim. Because of our busy schedules, nine months would elapse before I could meet the witness at her home. I brought my photos and a video I'd made of Sheeran on September 13, 2000, when he was 79. Although he was 27 years older than he'd been at Umberto's, the footage was in color, and it was Sheeran in the flesh.

"I was 18 at the time," the eyewitness told me, "a freshman in college in Chicago. It was probably spring break, and I was with my best friend. We were visiting one of her brothers and his wife, who lived near Gracie Mansion. We'd gone to the theater and then probably drove around and did some sightseeing. None of us were drinking. We were underage, and my friend's brother and his wife didn't drink when they were out with us. We ended up at Umberto's about 20 minutes before the shooting. No way were there only seven people there besides the Gallo party, if that's what some book says. It was pretty

crowded for that time of night, with people at maybe four or five tables and a couple of people sitting at the clam bar. Maybe people left after we got there and before it happened—I don't know. We came in the front door, the one on the corner of Hester and Mulberry. There were no tables to the left, on the Hester side. They were all in front of you as you walked in, between the bar on the left and the Mulberry Street wall on the right. We sat toward the back. I was facing Hester Street, and my best friend sat to my right. Her brother and his wife were opposite us. They faced the back wall and the side door off Mulberry. I remember the Gallo party to our left because of the little girl and because I thought the girl's mother was very pretty. Besides the little girl there were two or three women and two or three men. I don't remember seeing the faces of the men.

"Our seafood had just arrived when I noticed a tall man walk through the Mulberry Street door. I could see the door easily; it was just off my left shoulder. He walked on a diagonal to the bar, right in front of me, the whole way in my direct line of vision. As he walked past I remember being struck by him. I remember thinking he was distinctive—quite tall and a handsome man. He stopped at the bar, not far at all from our table. I was looking down at my plate of food when I heard the first shot. I looked up, and that same man was standing there facing the Gallo table with his back to the bar. I can't say I remember a gun in his hand, but he was definitely the one doing the shooting. There's no doubt about that. He calmly stood there while everybody else was ducking. The Gallo party didn't know what hit them.

"It was Sheeran. That man was the same man in this photo. Even the video looks more like the way he looked that night—even though he's much older in the video. It was him, I'm positive. He looks bloated and fat in the photos you showed me from 1980 but not in the video.

"My friend's brother yelled for us to get down. Other people were screaming to get down too. Besides the gunshots the thing I remember most when I was down on the tile floor was the crashing of glass. We stayed on the floor. When the shooting stopped, my friend's brother yelled, 'Let's get out of here,' and we got up and ran out the Mulberry Street door. There were a lot of others shouting, and they ran away when we did.

"We ran up Mulberry. There was



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nobody on Mulberry firing at any get-away car, if that's what the bodyguard claimed. Our car was parked near the police station. On the drive home we speculated about whether we had just been in a robbery or a Mob hit. Nobody wanted to stereotype Little Italy, but we thought it was Mob-related. I don't remember if we heard it on news radio on the way home, but we saw it in the papers the next day. It was pretty horrible. I think if my girlfriend and I had been there alone we might have gone back the next day, but her brother and his wife were very protective and didn't want us involved in any way."

This Gallo witness with a journalist's memory and an eye for detail, a witness who had a chance to observe before the fear set in, told me she had not read any of the stories that had cropped up over the years. She hadn't heard about the "three Italians" until Eric Shawn mentioned them. "That's ridiculous," she said. "There's no way three Italians burst through that side door on Mulberry Street and started shooting. I'd have seen them come in. If there were three men, we'd have been too scared to get up and run away. If we did get up, we wouldn't have run out that side door."

When I closed the session by asking again how sure she was that Sheeran was the man she'd seen that night, she said, "I'm positive. He's definitely the man I saw that night."

Why did Sheeran tell me all he told me?
Within weeks of Hoffa's 1975 disappear-

ance, the FBI placed Sheeran on its short list of eight suspects. As Sheeran's daughter, Dolores, put it to me, "The FBI spent almost 30 years scrutinizing my father's every move to get him to confess." When the FBI squeezed, Sheeran took the Fifth. Hoffa's daughter, a St. Louis judge, wrote him asking that he tell what he knew "under a vow of secrecy," but he remained silent. In 1980 the FBI took him to trial for two murders and other mayhem, but he was acquitted. In 1981 he was finally convicted of labor racketeering and given a 32-year sentence.

In 1991, when Sheeran was 70, my partner and I got the high-ranking Philadelphia mobster and Teamster out of jail 10 years early based on his arthritis and need for surgery. In 1999, when he was 78, after first getting absolution from his church, Sheeran contacted me, a former homicide prosecutor, and consented to tape-recorded interviews. Sheeran had been raised a strict Catholic. His father had studied for the priesthood. Sheeran knew his lease was short, as he put it, and he wanted to prepare for the next life. What most plagued the conscience of this man who had performed 25 to 30 hits was that his godfather, Bufalino, had forced him to kill his mentor, Hoffa.

Sheeran's lawyer, former Philadelphia DA F. Emmett Fitzpatrick, cautioned him from the outset that he would be indicted for what he confessed to me. Balancing a desire to confess and a fear of dying in jail, this stand-up guy let me dig the truth out of him. I put four men

on death row with less evidence than I dug from him.

"Jimmy Hoffa," Dolores said, "was one of only two people my father cared anything about. Russell Bufalino was the other. Killing Hoffa tortured my father the rest of his life."

Sheeran told me Bufalino had asked Hoffa not to retake the Teamsters presidency after Hoffa got out of jail on a pardon from President Nixon. The Mob wanted to continue to have the free hand in the Teamsters pension fund that the puppet president, Frank Fitzsimmons, afforded them. Hoffa said no. Bufalino told Sheeran to tell his friend "what it is." In Mob talk this meant Hoffa would be killed if he persisted in his quest. "They wouldn't dare," Hoffa replied to Sheeran.

Sheeran saw this as Hoffa's ego talking. Sheeran said the Mob has a saying for those whose thinking appears distorted: "When in doubt, have no doubt." He said to me, "If I ever said no to Russell, you and I wouldn't be talking now. If I said no to Russell about Jimmy, he'd have been just as dead, and I'd have gone to Australia with him."

Sheeran had been a combat infantryman in World War II. The average number of combat days was 80; Sheeran had 411. He waded ashore in three amphibious invasions. He helped liberate Dachau. He learned to kill in cold blood on orders. "When an officer would tell you to take a couple of German prisoners back behind the line and 'hurry back,' you did what you had to do," he said. The Gallo hit was more like house-to-house combat than the traditional two shots behind the ear of an unsuspecting victim by a close friend. And Sheeran was an out-of-towner, not easily recognized by the mobsters of Little Italy or known to NYPD detectives.

But why did Bufalino order Sheeran to kill Gallo? Sheeran was evasive with me on this topic. We had an understanding that he would leave things out that tended to reflect badly on others—even the dead. He never wanted anyone to call him a rat.

Though a member of the Colombo crime family, Gallo had a long-standing feud with Joe Colombo, the family's boss. Colombo had formed the Italian-American Civil Rights League, claiming Italians were a minority in need of protection. On June 28, 1971 the league held a rally at Manhattan's Columbus Circle. In front of tens of thousands of people, including Colombo's family, an assassin posing as a press photographer shot Colombo three times. The assassin was immediately shot and killed. Colombo didn't die right away. He was paralyzed and in a coma and would remain in a vegetative state for several years.

All eyes—law enforcement and Mob—were on the recently released Crazy Joey Gallo. The assassin was a black



"Vodka martini. Would you like me to super size that?"

man with a long rap sheet. Only Gallo cultivated alliances among the city's black criminals. Sheeran said Bufalino and Colombo were friends. Some say the Colombo family represented Bufalino's family on the Mob's ruling commission. But clearly Bufalino was close to Colombo. Bufalino even established a chapter of Colombo's Italian-American Civil Rights League near his northeastern Pennsylvania headquarters.

April 6, 1972 was Gallo's 43rd birthday. His bride of three weeks, Sina Essary, her 10-year-old daughter, Lisa, Gallo's sister Carmella and two bodyguards—Bob "Bobby Darrow" Bongiovi and Pete "the Greek" Diapoulos—began Gallo's birthday celebration at the Copacabana nightclub. Gossip columnist Earl Wilson and his wife and secretary were there. NYPD detective Joe Coffey, author of *The Coffey Files*, was also at the Copa that night with his partner and their wives. They had seen Gallo come in. Coffey told me that if their wives hadn't been with them they would have tailed Gallo that night and "walked right into the jackpot."

When the Copa closed at four on the morning of April 7, Gallo urged Bobby Darrow to take Wilson's secretary home in a cab. Gallo, Diapoulos, his date Edith Russo, Carmella, Sina and Lisa got into Diapoulos's limo and headed downtown in search of a late dinner. Their first choice was Chinatown, but they ended up at Umberto's, which Genovese capo Mattie "the Horse" Iannello had recently opened.

Earlier at the Copa an incident occurred that would explain the forces that led to the Umberto's shooting. It was something I didn't know about when Sheeran was alive. I discovered it after I interviewed the *New York Times* journalist. As a result of what she said, I figured I should know more about the informant Luparelli's version and ordered all the books I could find on the subject. Many bordered on the silly, especially Luparelli's own book, but Diapoulos's 1978 book, *The Sixth Family*, was more revealing.

Sheeran had told me that the evening began when he'd gotten a call from Bufalino to go to Yonkers to meet John "the Redhead" Francis, a former IRA hit man. Francis drove Sheeran to Umberto's, dropped him off and circled the block once. If Sheeran did not come outside in a reasonable amount of time, Francis was to leave, and Sheeran would be on his own.

Sheeran described the hit, explaining he had two little brothers—guns—in his hands that night. "You wanted to do some noisy stray shooting all over the place to send the witnesses for cover," he told me. He walked in as the witness had described, stopped at the bar and first wounded Diapoulos the bodyguard in the buttocks because there was no reason to mortally wound him. Sheeran

figured that Gallo, as a convicted felon, would not have a piece on him. Gallo ran from the table, either to get between Sheeran's fire and the women or simply to save himself. Sheeran followed him out the front corner door and finished him off. Francis was on the corner waiting for Sheeran.

But Sheeran never told me how he knew Gallo would be at Umberto's that night. He also hadn't told me details about Bufalino's motive. I learned the answers to both questions from one seemingly insignificant anecdote in Diapoulos's book about events at the Copa earlier that night.

"After the show we all went down to the lounge and had drinks at the round bar. The girls sat at the table talking among themselves. Champagne was still being sent over. A wiseguy named Frank sent some. He was with an old-timer, Russ Bufalino, a regular greaseball, the boss of Erie, Pennsylvania. Joey, feeling no pain with all the champagne, grinned at the button in Bufalino's lapel. It was a Colombo NUMERO UNO button with a diamond in it. 'Hey,' said Joey, 'what're you doing with that? You really believe in that bullshit league?' You saw how Bufalino's chin went, his back going very straight, turning away from us. Frank, with a very worried look, took Joey by the arm. 'Joey, that's nothing to talk about here. Let's just have a few drinks.' 'Yeah, we'll have a few drinks.' 'Joey, he's a boss.' 'So he's a boss. So am I a boss. That make him any better than me? We're all equal. We're all supposed to be brothers.' *Brothers* came out like it was anything but. 'Joey,' I said, 'Let's go to the table. Let's not have a beef.'"

A boss doesn't have a beef. The real-life Donnie Brasco, undercover FBI agent Joe Pistone, wrote in *The Way of the Wiseguy*, "Insulting the boss even in passing can easily get you killed." Now that we know about the insult, no doubt Sheeran called the Redhead to drive down from Yonkers with the little brothers. Together they followed Gallo to Umberto's. Retired NYPD detective Joe Coffey told me, "The Gallo hit was my case. Sheeran's confession makes the most sense of all the versions I heard, and I was the first one to interview Luparelli."

Thirty-one years later a "wiseguy named Frank" did a final taping for me, a video to serve as the signature on the audio confessions I already had. The next day the man who shot Hoffa and the "fresh kid" Gallo because they showed disrespect to Bufalino stopped eating the food on his tray. Frank Sheeran died on December 14, 2003 at the age of 83, after giving credible and corroborated confessions that finally solved the murder mysteries of Jimmy Hoffa and Crazy Joey Gallo.



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"The only reason I'm here in prison," says Casso, "is so the government can cover up its misconduct."

older than in his photographs; seven years in captivity had added girth to his five-foot-eight frame. The \$3,000 Versace suits of his glory days had been replaced by a government-issue white cotton jumpsuit. His facial features had been rounded and blanched by age, and gray was generously sprinkled throughout his once jet-black hair. Casso had been in virtual solitary confinement for nearly a year prior to our meeting, and he related his side of the story with frenetic, angry intensity.

"The only reason I'm in here for 13 life sentences, buried in prison, is so the government can cover up its misconduct of allowing government witnesses to give false testimony on the stand," he nearly shouted in a Brooklyn rasp. "I did 40 years in the street with the worst kind of people imaginable, and on a handshake we always kept our word, whether it was million-dollar deals or a \$1 deal. The government on a handshake—forget about it! The United States attorney for the Eastern District of New York is more corrupt than any organized-crime family in New York City!"

Casso's story included details on how the Luchese and Genovese families had made a concerted effort to murder Gotti, a former Gambino family boss, and others in the Gambino hierarchy by any means necessary. This included, according to the indictment, conscripting Eppolito and Caracappa. He told me how he had used the cops to murder Gambino captain Eddie Lino, who was found shot to death in his Mercedes on New York's Belt Parkway.

"I had a reasonable deal worked out with the cops," Casso said. "They never asked for a specific amount of money, so I paid them by the difficulty of the job. For Eddie they got \$75,000 to split between themselves. They also gave me information on informers. They want to make me into the monster, but these guys were New York City detectives."

The detectives were not only hit men but paid informants and even kidnapers, Casso said. On September 12, 1986, as Casso exited a Brooklyn Chinese restaurant, a young hood named Jimmy Hydell shot at him four times with a snub-nosed .38, missing twice. After Hydell learned Casso had survived the attempted hit, he armed himself to the hilt. "Nobody could get to Hydell, and he always had two guns on him, so I gave Eppolito and Caracappa \$40,000 to snatch him," said Casso. "They went to the club where he was hanging out, took his guns and locked him in their car.

The cops paged me on my beeper, and then they brought Hydell to me. I took it from there. The kid saw me and he knew it was all over. That's the rules."

When Casso made his initial disclosures in 1994, the cops had already retired: Eppolito four years before, Caracappa two years. They were living across the street from each other in an affluent Las Vegas neighborhood. Caracappa, now 63, worked as a private investigator, and Eppolito, now 58, had taken up acting and appeared in a dozen movies, including *Goodfellas*. He had a knack for playing mobsters.

For years the feds sat on the information garnered from Casso. But then investigations launched by the Brooklyn DA and the feds entreated a second Mafia turncoat, Burton Kaplan, to finger Eppolito and Caracappa for complicity in eight murders, including the Lino and Hydell hits.

In 1999 I wrote about Casso's allegations, but the feds had so thoroughly discredited the Mob informer that nobody in the mainstream media would touch the article. Two years later Steve Wick, a reporter for *Newsday*, interviewed Casso for a story titled "Used and Left Unprotected, Two L.I. Garbage Haulers Betrayed by Detectives, FBI Mole." Casso admitted sanctioning the murders of Robert Kubecka and Donald Barstow, two men who ran a family-owned trash-carting business—but he implicated others.

Kubecka and his brother-in-law Barstow were honest, hardworking family men unaffiliated with the Mob. Kubecka, a husband and father of two, wouldn't rig bids, nor would he acquiesce to personal threats or vandalism. He also had the temerity to cooperate with New York State's Organized Crime Task Force and testify about Mob infiltration of the carting industry, and he would eventually cooperate with the FBI.

Casso said he learned of Kubecka's FBI cooperation from the Mafia Cops, who sent their information through Kaplan. But Casso also claimed he went forward only after confirmation from his FBI mole—again via Kaplan—who also acted as their conduit. Kubecka's and Barstow's bullet-riddled bodies were found in East Northport, New York on August 10, 1989.

Cathy Kubecka Barstow lost both her brother and her husband that day. She believes the man who sanctioned the murders when he alleges that he had moles in the NYPD and FBI. "I have no reason to doubt Casso," she says. "Why would he lie now? He's never

changed his story, and what does he gain now? He's behind bars for life. He's not going anywhere."

The widows of Barstow and Kubecka sued the state for negligence, received a \$10.8 million judgment and ultimately settled for \$9.4 million, though the names of Casso's law-enforcement moles were never revealed. The Kubeckas lived in the serene village of Stony Brook, Long Island, in New York's Suffolk County. The county district attorney was compelled to revisit the murders in the wake of Wick's article. Robert Creighton, chief investigator for the Suffolk County DA, visited Casso in his subterranean digs.

"Casso is a little off on some of his stuff, but I believe that most of what he says is absolutely accurate," says Creighton. "Federal law enforcement had information on Eppolito and Caracappa for 11 years, and in my view they didn't do much with it for 10 years. I think they had a lot of antipathy toward Casso. They would never say why he was discredited, but we kept trying to find out. We talked to a whole bunch of people, including former U.S. attorneys. They all gave us the same horse-shit: Casso beat up somebody in prison and smuggled cigars."

Meanwhile the Brooklyn DA's inquiry into Eppolito and Caracappa had begun. The investigator, Thomas Dades, a 20-year veteran of the NYPD, disputes Creighton's theories. "I think the feds believed Casso about Eppolito and Caracappa 11 years ago," Dades says. "They tried to make the case, but in order to bring these types of charges against two highly decorated detectives, you have to have solid corroboration, which wasn't available then. People in the media have implied the feds didn't do the right thing, but that's not true. As soon as there was any light in this case, they jumped all over it."

I ask Dades why Casso had been discredited. "I don't know what destroyed Casso's cooperation agreement," he says. "I'm sure it was significant, because he was a significant guy. Although he's not credible as a witness, you couldn't make up the stuff he spoke about—even incidents unrelated to the cops."

In late February 1994, after one year of incarceration, Casso decided to break his sacred vow of *omertà* and become a cooperating witness. He was introduced to assistant U.S. attorneys Charles Rose and Gregory O'Connell, and he signed a cooperation agreement. A week later he appeared before Judge Eugene Nickerson and pleaded guilty to 70 counts of a 72-count racketeering indictment that included complicity in 13 homicides. "Rose said, 'Trust us, don't worry; you're going home in six years,'" said Casso.

Shortly after Casso became a cooperating

witness, Rose and O'Connell retired from the Justice Department; assistant U.S. attorneys Valerie Caproni and George Stamboulidis replaced them as his principal prosecutors. Caproni and Stamboulidis didn't subscribe to Rose's declaration to "trust us, don't worry; you're going home in six years."

When the FBI and the Justice Department debrief Mafia stoolies, their statements are transcribed on FD-302 forms. The information contained in a cooperator's 302s largely determines if he will be called as a witness in court. Joshua Dratel, one of the lawyers who has represented Casso, contends that Casso's 302s ultimately sealed his fate because they contradicted a number of cooperating witnesses—including Gravano—whose testimony had reaped numerous convictions. If Casso were to take the stand, his 302s would have to be given to defense attorneys as prior statement.

Sitting behind his mahogany desk, Dratel momentarily peers out the 28th-floor window of the Wall Street skyscraper that houses his law office. He brushes a fleck of lint from his navy blue Brooks Brothers suit and looks up. "Gravano and Casso are racketeers and murderers," says Dratel. "The only distinction that can be made between them is that the government is determined to defend Gravano because he has been responsible for convictions through his testimony. If the government takes the side of Casso over Gravano, it has to inform the defense that Gravano is a liar, and the convicted defendants he's testified against have the potential to receive a new trial."

"On the first day, they said, 'Just tell the truth,'" said Casso. "I told the truth, and on every subject I contradicted their witnesses. The very first week, in March 1994, I found out they didn't want me to say anything negative about Gravano. If I said something negative about him, my debriefers would literally get up and walk away, or they would say, 'We'll discuss that later.' I told the FBI that Gotti and everybody in the Gambino family dealt in heroin, so what makes you think Gravano didn't deal in heroin? They told me to stop right there because the DEA would interview me. I've never seen anybody from the DEA."

Gravano, former underboss of the Gambino family, has been the government's star witness against the Mob. On September 26, 1994 federal judge Leo Glasser dispensed the following accolades on Gravano before sentencing him to five years for his part in 19 murders: "There has never been a defendant of his stature in organized crime who has made the leap he has made from one social planet to another."

Gravano's rehabilitation turned out to be a government fantasy. He was busted on February 24, 2000 for masterminding

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a vast ecstasy ring in Phoenix. Prior to the arrest, Gravano and the feds adamantly rejected numerous allegations that he had ever dealt drugs during his criminal career.

"Casso told the feds Gravano was a dope dealer, and they didn't want to hear that," says investigator Creighton. "It turns out he was absolutely right. If the feds incorporated that information, they could never have used Gravano for all the things they used him for. After they used Gravano as a witness, they really didn't want to hear it because there would probably be a lot of people walking out of jail based on the fact that the feds knew Gravano was a dope dealer."

Judge Nickerson's presiding over the Casso case is yet another irony in Casso's crime and punishment. Shortly after he signed his cooperation agreement, Casso admitted to FBI agents and federal prosecutors that he had discussed murdering Nickerson with William "Wild Bill" Cutolo, a Colombo captain, while the two were detained at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in New York City.

Cutolo and his crew were about to be tried for 11 homicides before Nickerson, and they were pondering the possibility of killing the judge if the scales of justice didn't tip in their favor.

Casso's FBI and Justice Department handlers were so shocked by his disclosure about the Nickerson assassination plot that they had him polygraphed on the subject. Despite the feds' awareness of the plan, they kept Nickerson in the dark and continued to have him oversee Casso's case for the next three and a half years.

As Nickerson presided over this case, federal prosecutors Caproni and Stamboulidis tried the Cutolo indictments before him, even though the FBI and Justice Department knew of Cutolo's scheme to kill the judge. Colombo turncoat Salvatore "Big Sal" Miciotta was the government's star witness at the Cutolo trial, but the defense team so thoroughly dissected him that the murder was no longer necessary.

On the stand Big Sal admitted the feds had let him continue loan-sharking and

extortion operations during his cooperation. He conceded he had financed a drug deal with his brother, pummeled a seminary student and routinely carried a gun while he was a cooperating witness. Miciotta was also caught in a morass of lies, so Cutolo and his entire crew were acquitted of all charges. Following the Cutolo debacle, the feds ripped up Miciotta's cooperation agreement and sentenced him to 14 years for four murders and a slew of other crimes.

Approximately two years after the Cutolo trial, the feds held Casso in breach of his cooperation agreement. On August 8, 1997 the United States attorney for the Eastern District of New York, who declined to be interviewed for this article, found Casso had breached his agreement by smuggling contraband while in custody, assaulting a fellow inmate and lying to law-enforcement agents.

The feds cited the smuggling of contraband—in this case, cigars and other amenities—as one of Casso's transgressions, but Dratel contends "the government was looking for reasons to break its agreement with Casso" and points out that smuggling is common in protective-custody units. In 1996 the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* ran a series of exposés on the Witness Security Program that revealed such activity is indeed rampant at its PCUs.

James Basile, a former cooperating witness and mafioso, testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee, saying the use of drugs is "the tip of the criminal iceberg" at PCUs. George Taylor, a former cooperating witness who had been detained at a PCU with Gravano, maintains that the mobster smuggled Dom Perignon and lobsters into the PCU. Interestingly Colombo canary Miciotta informed on Casso for the smuggling of contraband; Miciotta's 14-year sentence was later commuted to five.

Assaulting an inmate was the second offense the feds used to breach Casso's cooperation agreement. They said Casso—at five-foot-eight and 165 pounds—assaulted Miciotta—six-foot-two and 350 pounds—at the Otisville, New York PCU. The feds have implied the "attack" was Casso's reprisal for Miciotta's snitching on him for smuggling contraband, but Casso's attorney insists their altercation had actually occurred two months earlier.

The feds have branded Casso as a liar, but the primary evidence they've produced concerning his lying to law-enforcement agents, the third breach of his agreement, is a letter his initial lawyer had written and sent to the feds. In it Casso accuses the government's principal witnesses in the Vincent "the Chin" Gigante case—including Gravano—of perjury at the trial. Casso stated that Gravano had lied about drug dealing, and he said Gravano admitted to sanctioning the stabbing of Al Sharpton



"My best friend! My best friend's wife! I think I'm in the wrong apartment."

when the two mobsters met in a Brooklyn schoolyard the day after the Sharpton attack. Law-enforcement sources quickly leaked that Gravano and Casso couldn't have had such a meeting on the day after the stabbing because Gravano was imprisoned at the time. A week later the government found Casso in breach of his cooperation agreement.

"Obviously I made an error about Gravano, but I really did think it was Gravano who'd told me about the stabbing," said Casso, shaking his head. "The prosecutors must've been happy to receive that letter—it meant they would have nothing more to do with me."

After the feds found Casso in breach, his lawyer immediately called for a conference before Nickerson. The lawyer claimed the government was acting in bad faith, and Nickerson granted Casso a hearing that would have required the feds to start surrendering his 302s so Casso could prove his previous statements were consistent with the letter.

"Nickerson was the judge when Big Sally lied on the stand during the Cutolo trial, and Caproni and Stamboulidis were the prosecutors," said Casso. "Nickerson was wise to these prosecutors, and that's why he said, 'You have a hearing.'"

A week after Nickerson granted the hearing, he received a letter from assistant U.S. attorney Stamboulidis that related Casso's involvement in a plot "to murder Your Honor." The prosecutors then made a motion that Nickerson recuse himself from the case so he wouldn't be prejudiced against Casso. "The government was happy to have Casso sentenced by a judge who would hate his guts and think of him as a potential assassin," Dratel points out, "but as soon as he granted Casso a hearing, he wasn't right for the case."

Judge Frederic Block replaced Nickerson. Shortly thereafter Casso's lawyer made three requests for the feds to surrender his client's 302s. They turned over only a few and refused to produce a polygraph test they said had deemed Casso to be deceptive.

While the case lingered before Block and Casso's lawyer prepared for a hearing, Casso was abruptly notified that his sentencing would take place in two weeks. When he was brought before Block for sentencing, Casso insisted Nickerson had granted him a hearing, but federal prosecutor Stamboulidis responded that no judge had ever granted him one. Block said he too was not aware of Nickerson having granted a hearing, even though court transcripts document that Nickerson did, in fact, do so.

Block then banished Casso to the Supermax for 13 life sentences plus 440 years, and his 302s were buried forever. "The prosecutors knew a hearing would reveal the true facts, and they did everything in their power to deny me a hearing," said Casso.

The feds never allowed him to testify in an actual trial that would have made his 302s accessible to defense attorneys—302s that might have jeopardized previous convictions by tainting government witnesses. Not only did the feds prevent Casso from testifying in federal trials, they also prevented him from testifying in state trials. The Kings County district attorney requested that Casso testify in the murder trial of an organized-crime figure, but the feds declared Casso would not be granted immunity for his testimony.

Critics contend the government has delayed the prosecution of heinous crimes and overlooked the participation of lawmen in the murders of the Long Island trash carters. Casso's contention that he was buried in prison so the feds could cover up witnesses giving false testimony may have once seemed absurd, but the suppression of his numerous 302s and the revelations thus far lend credence to his accusations.

Eppolito and Caracappa have been indicted for complicity in eight homicides, but were there other murders? Casso said information from the cops essentially sealed the death sentence for Kubecka and Barstow, but the federal indictment makes no mention of their murders. Barstow and Kubecka were heroes; they provided law enforcement with vital information. But the government not only left them unprotected, it opted not to prosecute three of the men indicted for their murders, and two of the mobsters who admitted to complicity in their murders received lenient sentences of 10 and a half years and 15 years.

Now it gets interesting. Was Casso lying about Eppolito and Caracappa's part in the conspiracy to kill Kubecka and Barstow, or do the feds have another motive for selective justice? I have learned that Casso's FBI mole, who he said served up the two innocent men, played an integral role in the conviction of numerous mafiosi. It stands to reason that the cases would be jeopardized if the mole were identified. Dades adamantly maintains that Casso's claims of having an FBI mole are unsubstantiated, but I have seen one of Gravano's 302s, which states Casso did indeed have an informant in the FBI. This information from the government's star witness was collected long before Casso flipped.

It is disturbing that the feds routinely play Let's Make a Deal with criminals like Gravano and Casso, but it's particularly unsettling that the feds are willing to cover up their crimes to prosecute and to preserve other convictions. If Eppolito and Caracappa hadn't been implicated by Kaplan, chances are they would still be living large in sunny Las Vegas.



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KATE HUDSON (continued from page 120)

"What's so crazy about going to a bikini bar? There's nothing wrong with having fun once in a while."

Q17

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you and Chris sing lullabies to your son, Ryder, that involve drinking. Any truth to that?

HUDSON: They're just country songs. Chris comes from the South, and his dad was a folksinger. Most of those songs are about

drinking. They're definitely melodic, but the lyrics aren't just "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." Ryder likes that George Jones song—"One drink, just one more and then another." A beautiful song, just not a song to use as a learning tool. You have to follow your gut when it comes to raising your

Q18

PLAYBOY: Not long after you gave birth, you and your husband visited a strip club in Los Angeles. Is that how a modern mom likes to unwind?

HUDSON: Are you reading those tabloids again? [laughs] There's nothing wrong with having a little fun once in a while. I can say that I appreciate beautiful women and beautiful bodies. It was just a spontaneous thing. What's so crazy about going to a bikini bar? It's not bizarre to me at all. I can't understand why people are so fascinated by these things.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You were featured in VH1's *All Access: Hot Mamas* special. How can you be a good mother and still remain hot?

HUDSON: I have no idea. I don't consider myself hot. I like to feel sexy, but I don't think of myself as objectively sexy. I'm in my mid-20s, and I want to be able to have fun now and again. But at the same time it's most important to me to be a good mother. That's something I'm always aware of. But there are still times when I'll go to dinner with my husband and maybe to the occasional strip club. Every once in a while you have to blow it out. I can't forget I have more roles in my life than just mom. I'm a wife, too. So I try to balance all that out. Who knows, maybe I'm doing it wrong. We'll find out. Get back to me in 18 years.

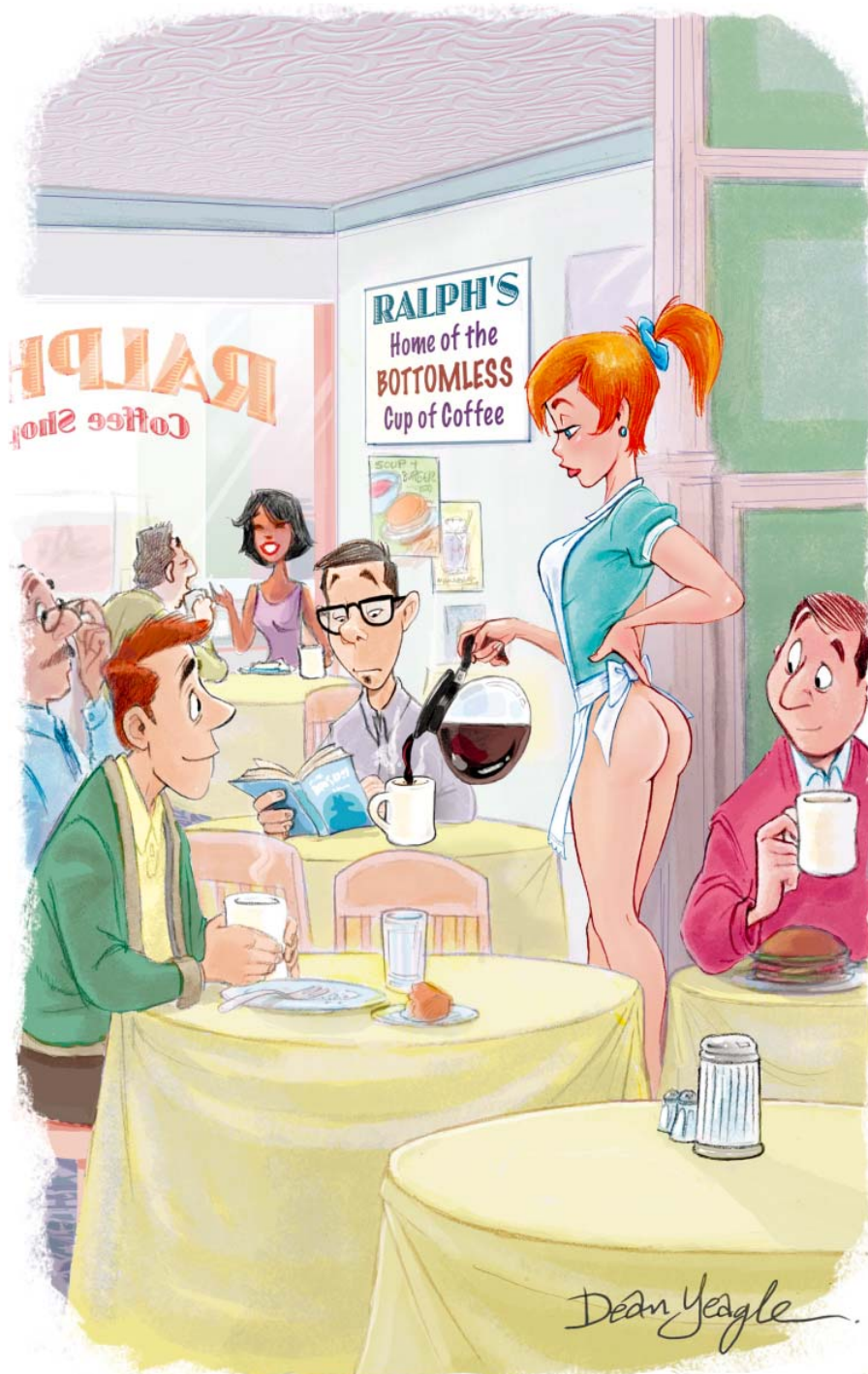
Q20

PLAYBOY: Your brother, actor Oliver Hudson, has given you nicknames such as Dumbo and Hammerhead Shark. Which is a better reflection of your personality? Are you a goofy flying elephant or a man-eating shark?

HUDSON: That's a good question. I don't know. Do hammerheads eat humans? I guess I'd go with Dumbo. I'm a little more Dumbo-oriented by nature but without the ability to fly—well, maybe if I put my mind to it like he did. That's really a question for my brother. [retreats to her kitchen and asks Oliver the same question]

OLIVER HUDSON: Are you kidding me? Definitely the man-eating shark. Without a doubt.

HUDSON: Well, there you go. Just shows you what I know.



Dean Yeagle



NFL PREVIEW

(continued from page 88)

No surprise, then, that Cincinnati drafted pass rusher David Pollack in the first round and linebacker Odell Thurman in the second.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Running back Rudi Johnson gives the Bengals a steady ground game, and receiver Chad Johnson has quick-strike ability. But Palmer must reduce his interceptions. Only three quarterbacks threw more than his 18 a year ago.

PROJECTION: Suddenly the Bengals look like a team with a plan.

BALTIMORE RAVENS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Kyle Boller has thrown as many interceptions (20) as touchdowns in his two seasons as the Ravens' starter.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Ravens have given Boller some weapons, signing Derrick Mason and drafting Mark Clayton in the first round. Mason was second in the NFL with 96 receptions for the Titans last season, and Clayton is Oklahoma's all-time leading receiver. Pro Bowl corner Samari Rolle arrives, but the defense lost end Marques Douglas, linebacker Ed Hartwell and corner Gary Baxter to free agency.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Defense, defense, defense. That will never change in Baltimore. Bruising running back Jamal Lewis allows the team to control the clock and keep the defense fresh.

PROJECTION: If Boller remains the third-best quarterback in the division, the Ravens will remain its third-best team.

CLEVELAND BROWNS

TAKING THE SNAPS: New coach Romeo Crennel knows he can't turn this franchise around overnight, so he brought in veteran quarterback Trent Dilfer to get the Browns through this season.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Crennel, formerly the Patriots' defensive coordinator, brought free-agent guard Joe Andruzzi with him. This year's third-overall draft pick, receiver Braylon Edwards, will add instant offense. Cleveland lost four defensive linemen from a unit that ranked dead last against the run last season. That can only be a good thing.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: The great Cleveland teams of the past all ran the ball. These Browns should be potent in the backfield as well, led by Lee Suggs and trade acquisition Reuben Droughns, a 1,240-yard rusher for Denver last year. But there's no quick fix for the defense.

PROJECTION: It would be a long season even with Paul Brown as head coach.

NFC NORTH

MINNESOTA VIKINGS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Outside of Indianapolis, there may not be a more talented NFL quarterback than Daunte Culpepper. At 28

his best years should still be ahead of him.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Randy Moss, the game's most gifted player, is a Viking no longer. But Minnesota drafted a Moss clone in receiver Troy Williamson, who has 4.32 speed in the 40-yard dash and averaged 48 yards a touchdown at South Carolina. The Vikings also restocked on defense, adding five probable starters.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: With Culpepper in command, the Vikings will score 400 points a season. But they can't allow 395 points as they did a year ago and expect to reach the Super Bowl.

PROJECTION: Minnesota might prove to be a better team without Moss.

GREEN BAY PACKERS

TAKING THE SNAPS: The Packers have a Hall of Famer on the field and a first-rounder on the sideline. When Brett Favre retires, Aaron Rodgers will be the man.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Mike Sherman surrendered his general-manager powers, and the Packers coaxed Ted Thompson back from Seattle to make the personnel decisions. Favre mulled retirement but decided against it. Two of his Pro Bowl-caliber blockers, however, guards Marco Rivera and Mike Wahle, are gone.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Keep Favre healthy. He is one of the great iron men in sports, having started in 205 consecutive games—nearly 90 more than any other quarterback in history. The more he hands the ball to Pro Bowl tailback Ahman Green, the healthier he'll be.

PROJECTION: Green Bay went 4–12 in 1991. Favre arrived in 1992, and the Packers haven't had a losing season since. This year will be a different story.

DETROIT LIONS

TAKING THE SNAPS: No team has been as cursed at the quarterback position as the Lions, who've had one Pro Bowl passer since 1960. Detroit had great expectations for Joey Harrington, but he's been disappointing. Management brought in ancient Jeff Garcia as a safety net.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: For the third year running the Lions drafted a receiver in the first round: Mike Williams, number 10 overall. In 2004 they took Roy Williams at seven, and in 2003 they nabbed Charles Rogers at two. They also plucked tight end Marcus Pollard from the Colts and safety Kenoy Kennedy from the Broncos.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: It's now or never for Harrington. He has an elite receiver corps and a top young back in Kevin Jones, fresh off a 1,100-yard rookie season. If Harrington can't generate points with this cast, it's curtains for him.

PROJECTION: The Super Bowl will be played in Detroit next February. No team has ever played a Super Bowl on its home field. None will in 2006.

CHICAGO BEARS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Rex Grossman had three starts as a rookie in 2003 and three last year before blowing out his knee.

Chicago still doesn't know if he's the next Jim McMahon or the next Jim Miller.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Bears signed Pro Bowl wideout Muhsin Muhammad, who led the NFL with 1,405 receiving yards for Carolina last year. He gives Grossman a big target. First-round pick Cedric Benson, the sixth-leading rusher in NCAA history, fills a void in the backfield. The Bears also signed blockers Roberto Garza and Fred Miller to help their playmakers.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Benson has the size to run the ball and control the clock, while pass rusher Adewale Ogunleye, linebacker Brian Urlacher and safety Mike Brown anchor the best defense in the division.

PROJECTION: A rookie runner teamed with an inexperienced passer is usually a formula for disaster. The Bears will go as far as their defense takes them.

AFC SOUTH

INDIANAPOLIS COLTS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Like Dan Marino before him, Peyton Manning will retire from the NFL with most of its passing records. But will he too retire without a championship? He's the best quarterback from September through December.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Marino was a running game away from a Super Bowl. Manning is a defense away, and coach Tony Dungy is desperately trying to build one. The team has used high draft picks on pass rusher Dwight Freeney (2002), safety Bob Sanders (2004) and cornerback Marlin Jackson (2005). Five of the Colts' six draft picks in April were defensive players.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Indy produced one of the great offensive showings in NFL history last year. That explosiveness, led by Manning, Edgerrin James, Marvin Harrison, Reggie Wayne and Brandon Stokley, remains. The question mark is its 29th-ranked defense.

PROJECTION: Offense will continue to make the Colts one of the league's most entertaining teams. A trip to New England in November could define their season.

JACKSONVILLE JAGUARS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Jaguars quarterback Byron Leftwich has gone 2–1 against Peyton Manning, including a couple of 300-yard passing games. But at 13–14 overall as a starter, he needs to be more consistent against everyone else.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Jags need young talent to complement aging stars Fred Taylor and Jimmy Smith. The team's first-round pick, Matt Jones, is a six-foot-six, 242-pounder with 4.37 speed. Jones will convert to receiver from quarterback and is a big play waiting to happen. On defense the Jaguars signed a handful of free agents to bolster the attack.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: John Henderson and Marcus Stroud form the NFL's best defensive-tackle tandem. Jacksonville also has a stout offensive line. If games are indeed won in the

trenches, this team is equipped to go far. **PROJECTION:** When Leftwich becomes a Pro Bowler, the Jaguars will become a play-off team. Both could happen this year.

HOUSTON TEXANS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Championship dreams accompanied the selection of David Carr with the first draft pick in franchise history in 2002. But Carr still throws too many interceptions (42 in three seasons).

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Although subpar on defense, the Texans released linebacker Jamie Sharper, their leading tackler, and cornerback Aaron Glenn, who was second in picks. To fill the gaps, they signed corner Phillip Buchanon and linebacker Morlon Greenwood and drafted Florida State nose tackle Travis Johnson.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Only six NFL teams featured a 3,000-yard passer, a 1,000-yard rusher and a 1,000-yard receiver last season. With Carr, half-back Domanick Davis and wide receiver Andre Johnson, Houston was one of them. The offense has to perform even better, though, and the defense has to generate a pass rush. The team posted a league-low 24 sacks in 2004.

PROJECTION: Four years into their existence, the Texans should be competing for the playoffs. They aren't.

TENNESSEE TITANS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Steve McNair has won a passing title and taken Tennessee to a Super Bowl. He is what the Eli Mannings and Carson Palmers of the league aspire to be. But can he stay healthy?

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The salary cap has made a mess of the Titans. In February they had to release their best receiver (Derrick Mason) and cornerback (Samari

Rolle) to get under the \$85.5 million cap. The other starting corner, Andre Dyson, left for Seattle via free agency. Cornerback Adam "Pac-Man" Jones and wide receivers Courtney Roby and Brandon Jones, all rookies, will be tested early.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Starters missed a staggering 105 games due to injury last season. By comparison Colts starters missed just 39 games. Coach Jeff Fisher will have his hands full: Twelve draft picks made the roster last season, and another 10 could make it this year.

PROJECTION: Young teams struggle.

NFC SOUTH

CAROLINA PANTHERS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Like fellow bayou QBs Terry Bradshaw and Bobby Hebert, Jake Delhomme has guts and ability.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Carolina revamped its secondary, drafting safety Thomas Davis in the first round and signing veterans Ken Lucas and Idrees Bashir via free agency. The addition of free agent Mike Wahle adds bulk to the offensive line, but the departure of Muhsin Muhammad cost Delhomme his security blanket.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Starters who missed games due to injury last year included Steve Smith (15 games), Stephen Davis (14 games) and Kris Jenkins (12 games)—the best receiver, runner and defensive lineman on the 2003 NFC championship team. Coach John Fox's goal: keep his top players on the field.

PROJECTION: Two years ago, when healthy, the Panthers had the best team in the NFC. They're healthy again.

ATLANTA FALCONS

TAKING THE SNAPS: The Falcons have the most exciting player in the game in

Mike Vick. But as great scramblers John Elway and Steve Young learned, you must develop patience in the pocket to become a championship quarterback.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The NFL's best rushing attack, led by Vick, Warrick Dunn and T.J. Duckett, was offset in 2004 by one of the worst passing games. Vick needs a go-to guy, and the Falcons hope they found him in first-rounder Roddy White.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Let Mike Vick run. Let Mike Vick pass. Let Mike Vick do whatever he wants because he's magic in cleats. The Falcons are a speed team built to play on a carpet and will play 10 games in domes. If they turn every game into a track meet, few teams will be able to run with them.

PROJECTION: Atlanta is better on paper than it was in 2004, but the schedule and division are both tougher.

NEW ORLEANS SAINTS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Aaron Brooks is a tease. He's had 400-yard passing and 100-yard rushing performances in five years as the Saints' starter but has too many three-interception games.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Brooks has been sacked 161 times over the past four seasons. Peyton Manning has been sacked 83 times in that stretch. So the Saints drafted a tackle in the first round (Jammal Brown) and signed a Pro Bowl guard (Jermame Mayberry). They also lured ball-hawk safety Dwight Smith from Tampa Bay.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: The Saints need to play all year the way they did in winning their last four games of the season. With so much skill on offense—Deuce McAllister, Joe Horn, Donte' Stallworth, Brooks—they can win on a weekly basis if the defense clicks.

PROJECTION: Playoff contenders win their home games. The Saints have had only one winning season at home since 1992.

TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Offensive guru Jon Gruden has a right-handed (Brian Griese) and left-handed (Chris Simms) option but doesn't seem fond of either. The QB who will take Gruden back to the Super Bowl probably isn't on the roster yet.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Four more starters from the 2002 Super Bowl team departed, leaving just 12 of the 22 who helped win the franchise its only championship a mere 33 games ago. Key upgrades are free-agent tight end Anthony Becht and rookie running back Carnell "Cadillac" Williams.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Aerial football is what sold the Bucs on Gruden in 2002, but with suspect quarterbacking and the drafting of Williams, this team may resemble the Bucs of old—run the ball and try to win low-scoring games. That might be tough to do minus defensive stalwarts Warren Sapp and John Lynch. Tampa Bay has lost its identity.

PROJECTION: The NFC South is a shark tank, and Gruden's team will get eaten
(concluded on page 157)



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10164 Sexy Bunny Thong \$14

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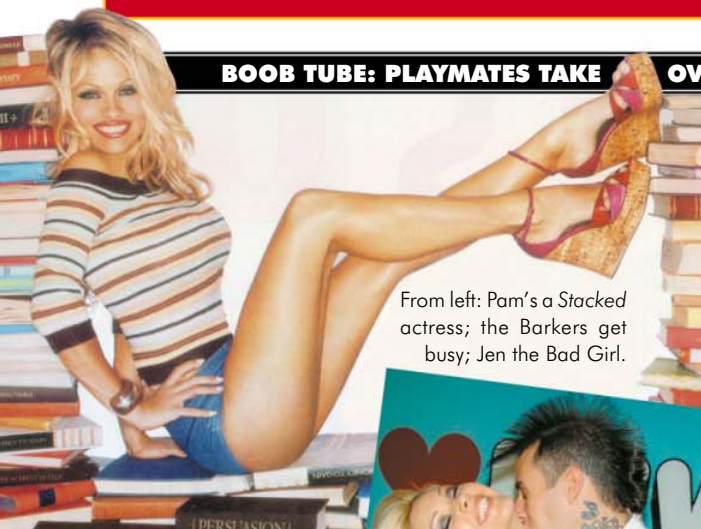


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PLAYMATE NEWS



BOOB TUBE: PLAYMATES TAKE OVER TELEVISION



From left: Pam's a Stacked actress; the Barkers get busy; Jen the Bad Girl.



Superstar Playmates Pamela Anderson, Jenny McCarthy and Shanna Moakler are all starring in their own TV shows, giving a whole new meaning to the term *boob tube*. But how do the programs stack up? On Pam's sitcom, the sometime lead-in to *American Idol* on Wednesdays, the bombshell plays a party girl who's had enough of sleazy men and takes a job in a bookstore. "We've been doing really well in the ratings, but it can't hurt to get a boost from the *American Idol* viewers," Pam writes on her friendster.com blog. *The Bad Girl's Guide*, based on the famously cheeky book series, once again



"I keep talking about the show, and people yell at me and say, 'Don't say what you do on the show—sponsors will pull out!'" says Jenny of *The Bad Girl's Guide*.

gives Jenny (who got rave reviews for her latest movie, *Dirty Love*) an ideal opportunity to flaunt her hilarious side. "It's pretty edgy and not afraid to go places," Jenny says. "I love questioning authority." And when it comes to MTV's smash *Meet the Barkers*, a reality show that tails Shanna and her husband, Blink-182's Travis Barker, fans can't get enough: "*Meet the Barkers* is amazing," writes a fan on a community message board. "Shanna is my idol!"

10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"PLAYBOY has taught me to be comfortable with myself," says Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeán Marteen, who was raised in a conservative Georgia household where she was told that nudity was taboo. But as she explained to us when she posed, "I'm not ashamed to go au naturel." Sometimes mistaken for *Beverly Hills, 90210* actress Shannen Doherty, the everfiesty Rachel made us chuckle when she confessed on her Playmate Data Sheet, "The Chicago newspapers printed that Shannen Doherty was hobnobbing at the 1994 Michael Jordan Golf Classic—sorry, folks, it was me!"



THE PLAYMATE LOOK BOOK



You've seen them naked, now see them wearing their finest fashions. From far left: Victoria Silvstedt's legs just don't quit; Heather Kozar makes a life-haltering entrance at the PLAYBOY-Napster March music-issue party in L.A.; can you believe Shauna Sand has three kids? (it must be the boot camp); little black dresses on a stylish, stellar trio—Marketa Janska, Tiffany Taylor and Audra Lynn.



HOT SHOT



NEFERTARI SHEPHERD

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Terry Gilliam

My favorite Centerfold is Miss June 1963 **Connie Mason**, because that year marked the



first time I was at the original Playboy Mansion in Chicago. Playboy was an investor in the very first Monty Python movie, titled *And Now for Something Completely Different*.



POP QUESTIONS: SCARLETT KEEGAN

Q: Hey, Scarlett, how's small-town life?

A: I love my home in the Santa Ynez Valley. With the people I love and plenty of animals to play with, it's heaven to me. But actually I'm moving to Los Angeles.

Q: Are you going to pursue acting?

A: I'm at a crossroads. I could focus on acting, but I could be just as content marrying my soul mate, having kids and being a domestic goddess.

Q: What was the general reaction to your pictorial?

A: Some people have asked my parents how they dealt with it. We're like, What's there to deal with? It was a great opportunity and my parents are proud of me.

Q: What's your poison?

A: I'm a gin-and-tonic girl. Being Irish, I wish I could say I'm a Guinness drinker, but honestly it doesn't do it for me.

Q: Forget blondes. Do redheads have more fun?

A: I love being a redhead. No matter how many beautiful women are surrounding us, we stand out. I don't know about other redheads, but I definitely know how to have a good time.

Q: Tell us about the tattoo on your hip.

A: It says GRA, which is the Gaelic word for love.

Q: Have you gotten more tattoos since the shoot?

A: I haven't gotten any tattoos recently. The phase was Angelina Jolie's fault. As a teenager I was in love with her.



GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

There's only one Marilyn Monroe, but Anna Nicole Smith proves she can create quite a tribute in these exclusive shots. "Like me or loathe me, all I ask is you give me a chance," Anna writes in her *Enquirer* column. Marilyn would probably love her.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Lauren Michelle Hill has been tapped as Guess's gorgeous new face. Look for her in print ads everywhere.... **Kimberly Conrad Hefner** and her boyfriend, Quincy Jones, have been spotted everywhere, including at the Grammys, where they posed with Vivica A. Fox (below).... **Brande Roderick's** next flick? *Win, Lose or Die*, about an investigative journalist who uncovers a deadly secret.... PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** and **Destiny Davis** hung out with the Eagles' Terrell Owens at



Kimberly and pals at the Grammys.

the Playboy Golf Scramble (below).... Attention-addicted **Anna Nicole Smith** surprised the crowd at Nashville's Grand Ole Opry when she flashed them. "She was onstage, shimmying around and shaking her breasts," a source told MSNBC.com. "She



Bunny hopping with Terrell Owens.

stuck her butt out at the audience and lifted her skirt. At one point her boob popped out." That's our girl.

cyberclub

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.

NFL PREVIEW

(continued from page 154)

alive. Atlanta, Carolina and New Orleans are all playoff contenders.

AFC WEST

OAKLAND RAIDERS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Kerry Collins, for now. And he's a good one for now. He threw for 21 TDs last year and should improve with Randy Moss on the flank.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Moss's arrival earned the Raiders a prime-time season opener against the Patriots. The game's best receiver has raised everyone's expectations. Oakland used its first two draft picks on corners, Fabian Washington and Stanford Routt. If they can cover Moss in practice, they can cover anyone on Sundays. Free agent LaMont Jordan upgrades the NFL's worst rushing attack.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: In Jordan and Moss the Raiders have added the big back and downfield passing threat reminiscent of owner Al Davis's great teams. But the defense is still shaky—a problem in a division that features three of last season's top 10 offenses in Kansas City (first), Denver (fifth) and San Diego (10th). To win, this team has to survive shoot-outs.

PROJECTION: Expect fireworks in Oakland—a division title.

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

TAKING THE SNAPS: The Chargers took Philip Rivers in the first round of the 2004 draft because they'd lost faith in Drew Brees. Then Brees had a career season, leading the team to an AFC West title.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: One of last season's youngest teams remains largely intact. Two first-round picks, linebacker Shawne Merriman and defensive tackle Luis Castillo, will bolster a defense that must square off against NFL rushing champ Curtis Martin, Corey Dillon, Priest Holmes, Edgerrin James, Tiki Barber and Clinton Portis.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Pro Bowl halfback LaDainian Tomlinson gives the Chargers a running attack, while Brees and Pro Bowl tight end Antonio Gates allow them to throw the ball. The missing element is a speed receiver to stretch defenses; the team hopes second-round pick Vincent Jackson will be the guy.

PROJECTION: Will Marty Schottenheimer ever coach a Super Bowl team? He's building a roster with that type of talent.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Trent Green has posted back-to-back 4,000-yard passing seasons. He'll do it again this year.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Chiefs were the only team to outgain the Colts last year, but their defense was even more inept than Indy's. So they went after playmakers, drafting linebacker Derrick Johnson, signing free-agent safety Sammy Knight and free-agent linebacker Kend-

rell Bell and trading for Pro Bowl cornerback Patrick Surtain.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Green, running back Priest Holmes and tight end Tony Gonzalez rank among the NFL's best, and there is no better blocking front. Defense is another story. For K.C. to reverse its fortunes, the new additions will have to gel quickly.

PROJECTION: Arrowhead Stadium gives the Chiefs one of the NFL's best home-field advantages. Too bad they can't play all 16 games there.

DENVER BRONCOS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Mike Shanahan was a coaching genius when John Elway was his quarterback. He's a mere mortal now that Jake Plummer is running the attack.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Broncos acquired four defensive linemen from the Browns, including three of Cleveland's starters—odd considering the Browns were last in the NFL in run defense. More sensibly the Broncos answered Oakland's acquisition of Randy Moss by drafting cornerbacks with their first three picks.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Manage Jake Plummer, who threw 12 of his 20 interceptions in the team's six losses last season. The Broncos, with a top-five rushing attack and defense, should be a Super Bowl contender, yet Shanahan hasn't won a playoff game since Elway retired. That's the difference a franchise quarterback makes.

PROJECTION: Denver hosts Philly and New England in October. That hurts.

NFC WEST

ARIZONA CARDINALS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Arizona has had a different opening-week starter in each of the past three seasons. Former MVP Kurt Warner was brought in to compete with incumbent Josh McCown this year.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Emmitt Smith, the NFL's all-time leading rusher, retired, but a more dangerous ball carrier arrives in second-round pick J.J. Arrington, the NCAA's only 2,000-yard rusher last year. He'll find wide-open spaces in coach Dennis Green's three-wideout offense. First-round draft pick Antrel Rolle and free agent Robert Griffith make the Cardinals more imposing in the secondary.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: With Arrington and wide receivers Anquan Boldin and Larry Fitzgerald, the weapons are in place for a productive offense regardless of who plays quarterback.

PROJECTION: Two seasons ago San Diego won four games, Atlanta five games and Pittsburgh six. All finished first last year. Why can't the 6–10 Cardinals make the same leap in the NFL's weakest division?

SEATTLE SEAHAWKS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Matt Hasselbeck won't make Mike Holmgren forget Brett Favre, but he's been to a Pro Bowl and is capable of delivering a playoff berth.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Seahawks lost

their leading interceptor (cornerback Ken Lucas) and sacker (end Chike Okeafor), but they ranked 26th in defense, so what have they truly lost? Offsetting those departures were the signings of linebacker Jamie Sharper and cornerbacks Andre Dyson and Kelly Herndon.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: The offense is potent with Hasselbeck and reigning NFC rushing champ Shaun Alexander. But to contend, this club has to cut down on the mistakes (Hasselbeck's 15 interceptions, Alexander's five fumbles, innumerable dropped passes by receivers Darrell Jackson and Koren Robinson).

PROJECTION: Seattle travels more miles each year to play games than any other team. Jet lag takes a toll.

ST. LOUIS RAMS

TAKING THE SNAPS: Marc Bulger passed for 3,964 yards last year but only 21 touchdowns. He has Pro Bowl talent, yet the cast around him has grown old.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: The Rams made the playoffs last year despite allowing 73 more points than they scored. Coach Mike Martz went to work on the defense, signing free-agent linebackers Chris Claiborne and Dexter Coakley and drafting three defensive backs. In the first round the Rams took offensive tackle Alex Barron in hopes he can reduce the absurd number of sacks Bulger suffered (41).

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: Once the Greatest Show on Turf, the Rams are now a carnny act. Torry Holt remains an elite downfield weapon, but the more the Rams hand the ball to Steven Jackson, the better off they'll be. On the other side of the ball, a young secondary needs to mature in a hurry.

PROJECTION: Until Martz improves the defense and special teams, the Rams can forget about any more Super Bowls.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

TAKING THE SNAPS: The 49ers were the worst team in the league last season, thanks to three former seventh-round quarterbacks. Little wonder the team claimed Utah QB Alex Smith with the first overall pick of April's draft.

OFF-SEASON SHUFFLE: Dick Nolan coached the 49ers for eight seasons (1968–1975) and won a couple of division titles. Now his son Mike takes the reins. But coming off a 2–14 season, the team needed to overhaul more than the coaching staff.

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUCCESS: The roster isn't devoid of talent. Eric Johnson is a Pro Bowl-caliber tight end, and five former first-round draft picks dot the defensive depth chart. If the 49ers open the season with incumbent QB Tim Rattay as the starter, they will struggle. If they open with Smith, they'll struggle even more but may gain some footing for 2006.

PROJECTION: Where's Joe Montana? Suit him up.





Valerie Moore is a noted researcher, therapist, and columnist devoted to exploring men and women's health and sexuality issues.

Fact #1: Male Virility Can Decline With Age.

Fact #2: You DON'T Have to Accept It!

By Valerie Moore

Ask the Expert

Readers: As you know, I'm always excited to share success stories I hear from readers or news about great new products that come my way. For years, I have been saying *Sexual Fitness for men is all about maintaining healthy blood flow and proper urinary flow. This letter from Janet demonstrates just how "Feeling the Flow" has improved her husband's sexual fitness.*

Dear Valerie,

I know this subject is often difficult for men and women to talk about, but I have such good news that I thought I'd share it with your readers. After all, it was your advice that motivated me to help my husband take action with respect to his "dilemma".

A few months ago, my husband turned 42 and for the past couple of years, he'd been experiencing what we thought was an "age related" drop in his sexual performance. It just seemed like his sexual energy and stamina had really started to fade. Worst of all, when aroused, he wasn't as firm or full as I'd remembered. I wish I could tell you that it didn't affect his confidence, but it really did. In fact, I was worried that he just wasn't attracted to me anymore. After 15 years of marriage, it killed me to see him that way. I knew I had to do something to help him!

Then, a couple of months ago I stumbled on your article "Sexual Fitness for Men as They Age". Your article described some natural ways for improving libido, blood flow, and performance as men get older. You mentioned a product,



Vazomyne – Sexual Fitness Therapy for Men, which intrigued me. I showed it to my husband and he did a little research. Although he wanted his "edge" back, he didn't feel ready for a prescription so he asked his doctor a couple of questions about sexual fitness.

His doctor told him that what he was experiencing was normal but that in taking a proactive approach to his sexual fitness, he didn't have to accept it! He told my husband about the natural effect of ingredients such as the L-Arginine in **Vazomyne**, that can help to increase blood flow by expanding vessels and capillaries. Plus, the Saw Palmetto and Zinc found in **Vazomyne** have been shown to be excellent for conditioning the prostate to maintain healthy urinary flow. It's pretty widely known that poor prostate health can lead to a drop in sexual performance. Our research showed that **Vazomyne's** formula was specifically designed to work with a man's body chemistry and really boosts sexual performance for the long run.

Well, I'm happy to say that my husband tried it! He's been taking **Vazomyne** for about 2 and a half months and honestly...he's back! He feels like a new man and he's performing like when we were newlyweds! I've definitely noticed the improvement in firmness and fullness when he's aroused and he even has more stamina. But most of all, there's nothing better than seeing my husband get his sexual confidence back. Now he takes **Vazomyne** once a day and he's always ready to "go with the flow," whenever I am!

You were right, Valerie, getting older doesn't mean you can't be "sexually fit".

Thanks,

Janet H.
Portland, Maine

*Reader's Note:

Call 1-800-924-1540 today or visit www.vazomyne.com and receive an additional 30-Day Supply **FREE** with your order. Also, for a limited time, **FREE TRIALS** are available for just the cost of shipping.

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.



Also available at

GNC LiveWell

Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

Reality 2.0

Dancing cars. Crabs that play soccer. Are they real? No, they're the Embassy

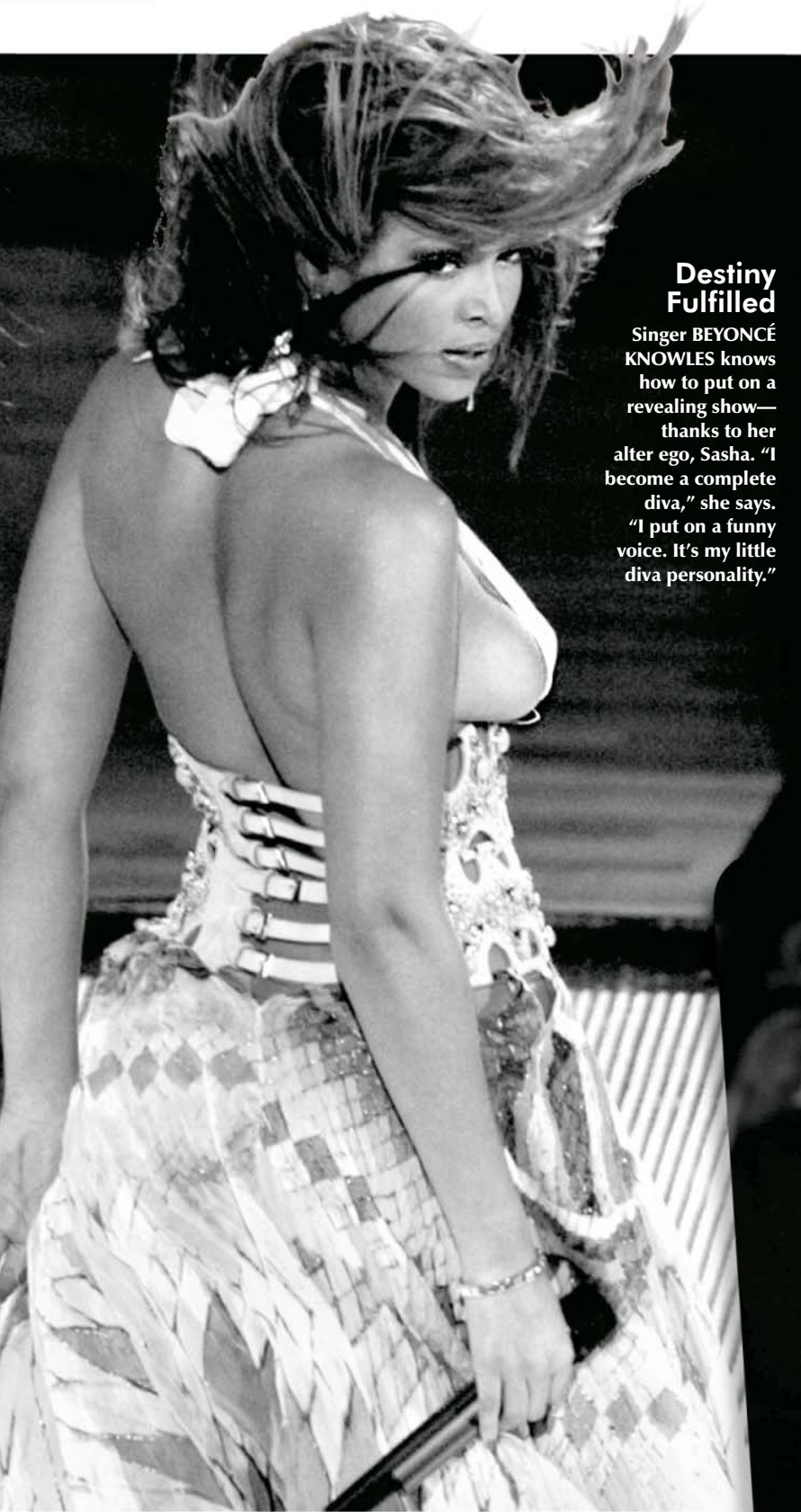
What do you get when you take 14 digital-effects wizards sick of slaving for other people, give them vast amounts of computing power and tell them to be interesting? You get the impossible. You get sneakers that shed skin like a snake and then burst before your eyes. You get dancing cars. You get urban-warrior robots stalking the streets of Somalia. In short, you get the Embassy Visual Effects Inc. The stock-in-trade of this boutique visual-effects house, which was founded two years ago in Vancouver, is television ads that make the impossible look eerily, indisputably real. (The image at right, a still from a Citroën commercial, is 100 percent digital fiction down to the cracks in the pavement.) "As a small firm, we can pick and choose the work we do," says 38-year-old CEO Winston Helgason, who's worked with the likes of MGM and Jerry Bruckheimer. Right now that work is to make image-defining spots for Toyota, Heinz and Nike (whose robot crab soccer game is hard to forget). And while the firm's images are fabricated, its success is real. In May the Embassy walked away with four awards at the Clios, the ad industry's Oscars. See more at theembassyvfx.com—or during a commercial break near you.



Girl on Film

A first-time actress shows she's not afraid to portray real life—and real sex

One Brit, eight rock bands, 69 minutes of digital video and one nubile American actress are obliterating a century of cinematic sexual conventions. *9 Songs*, an unrated film directed by Michael Winterbottom (*Welcome to Sarajevo*, *24 Hour Party People*), chronicles an affair between an English glaciologist and an American exchange student in London. The film features scenes of real sex, bookended by footage of such bands as Franz Ferdinand and Primal Scream from concerts the couple attends. To make a mainstream film with genuine fellatio, cunnilingus and penetration, you need a female lead who can walk the line between porn and melodrama. Enter Margo Stilley, 22, of South Carolina, where the "rudest film ever," as the British press has dubbed it, is sure to go over big. "It isn't shocking," Stilley told the *Guardian*. "If you know you're going to watch a film like this, it's not abrasive. It's normal sex that everyone has." Just not on-screen. The untried actress was hoping to be cast as an extra when Winterbottom chose her for the lead. Check her out this month at an art-house theater near you and you'll know why. 159



Destiny Fulfilled

Singer BEYONCÉ KNOWLES knows how to put on a revealing show—thanks to her alter ego, Sasha. “I become a complete diva,” she says. “I put on a funny voice. It’s my little diva personality.”



CONTAGRAPIE/WMG GEESE

Reality-TV Stars and Stripes

Though her 15 minutes of fame is relentlessly ticking down, *Apprentice* castoff KATRINA CAMPINS is milking it. After this Tommy Hilfiger fashion show, do you think she told her wardrobe assistant, “You’re fired”?

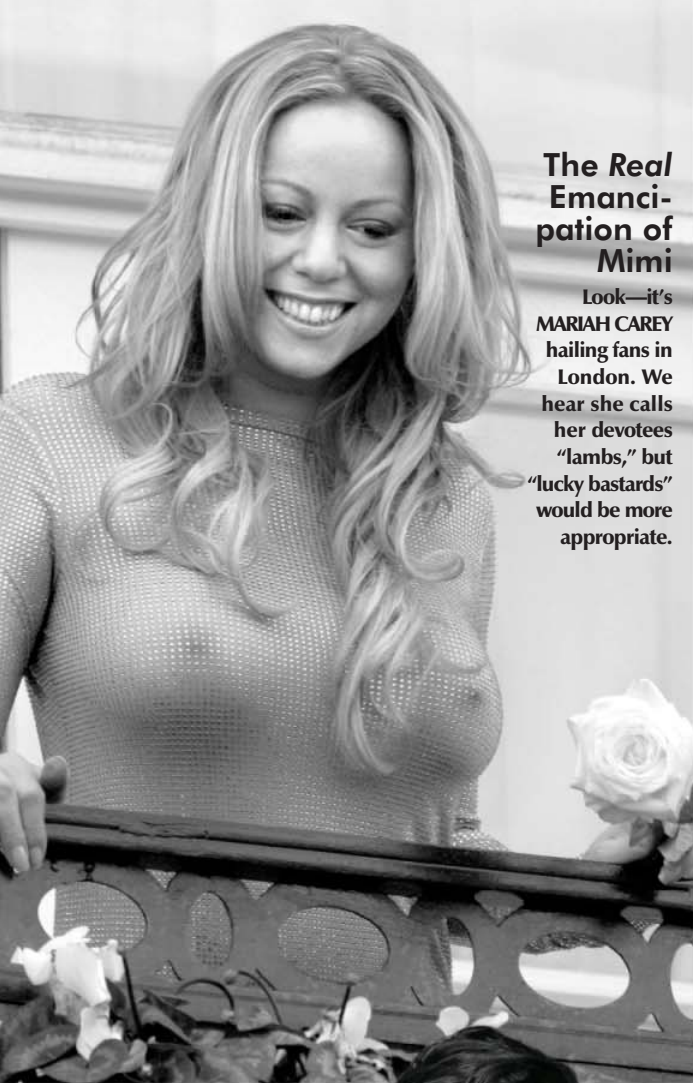
BORIS/REUTERS/LANDOV



DAVID FISHER/LONDON FEATURES

Spanish Fly

There’s no need for aphrodisiacs when you’ve got PENÉLOPE CRUZ—nicknamed the Spanish Enchantress—looking exotic at a London screening of *Don’t Move*. Says beau Matthew McConaughey, “Everyone has their own Webster’s dictionary, the way they see the world. I love her Webster’s.”



The Real Emancipation of Mimi

Look—it's **MARIAH CAREY** hailing fans in London. We hear she calls her devotees "lambs," but "lucky bastards" would be more appropriate.

STEPHEN SHUGERMAN/GETTY IMAGES

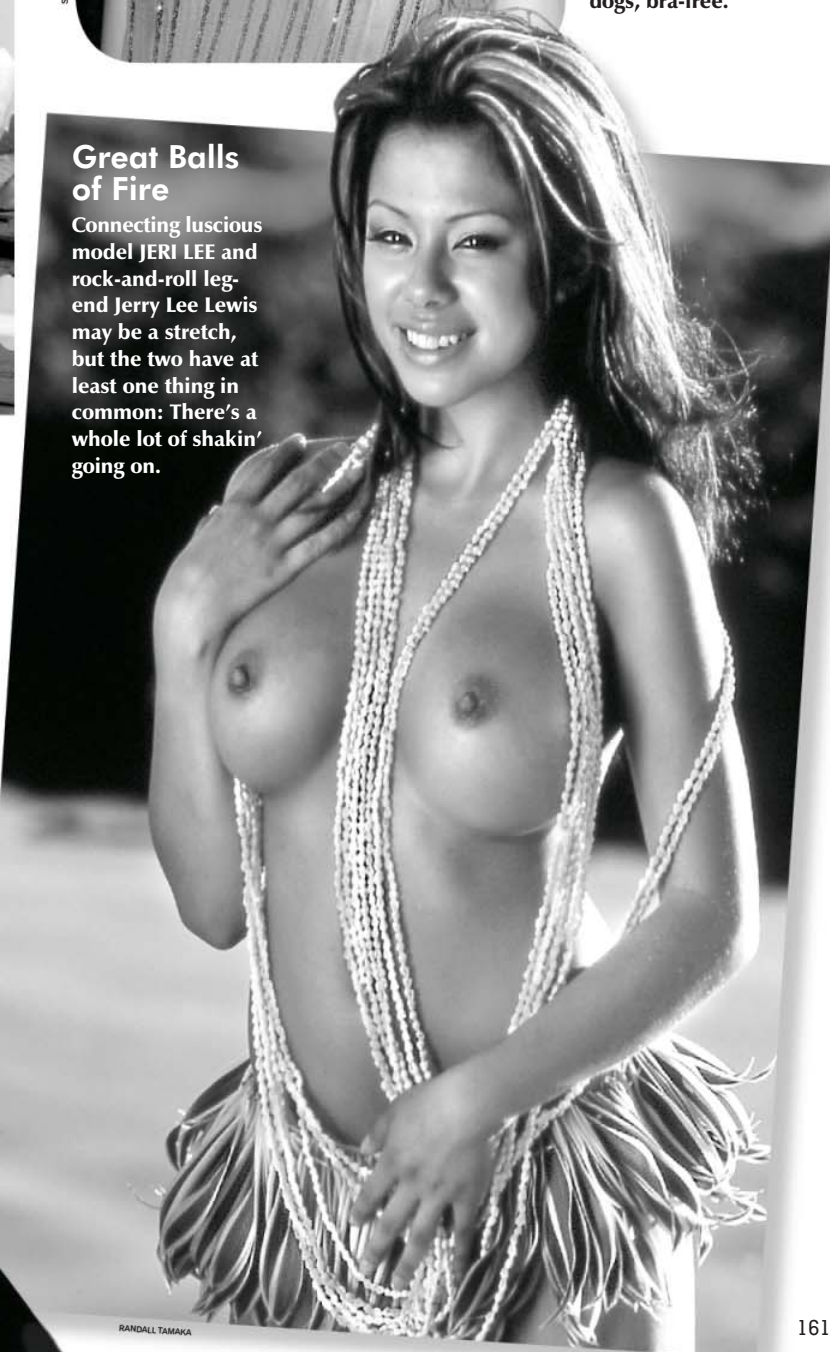


Alicia's Silverstones

Beauty Shop star and outspoken animal rights activist **ALICIA SILVERSTONE** showed up to support the Genesis Awards, which are sponsored by the Humane Society and pay tribute to entertainment media for raising awareness of animal rights issues. Alicia is cruelty-free, leather-free, fur-free—and, most important for us dogs, bra-free.

Great Balls of Fire

Connecting luscious model **JERI LEE** and rock-and-roll legend **Jerry Lee Lewis** may be a stretch, but the two have at least one thing in common: There's a whole lot of shakin' going on.



RANDALL TAMAKA

Hathaway to Heaven

We've never heard of the Mr. Abbott Awards, but if **ANNE HATHAWAY** shows up for the awards next year looking as she did this year, we're crashing the party.



RONALD AGADIRMAN/SPLOSH

ABSOLUTE POWER

Sex, money and power—it's said that if you have any two you can get the third. All the cash and tail in the world won't do you a bit of good, however, when your cell phone battery dies in a rush-hour traffic jam. Which is why you might want to carry the Socket Communications Mobile Power Pack (\$150, socketcom.com), an unassuming yet phenomenally useful item that can juice up your phone, PDA, MP3 player, digital camera, PSP and more on the go, automatically adjusting its voltage so it doesn't short out your electronic babies. With a full charge from any outlet, the pack will zap your gizmos several times over, and it comes with a port for powering up USB devices.



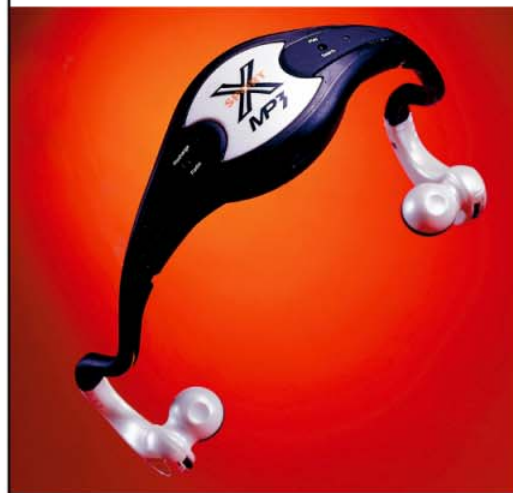
SHAVING GRACE

He calls it the Shave at the End of the Galaxy, but until you've sat in Aidan Gill's barbershop chair on Magazine Street in New Orleans, with a glass of Guinness in your hand and hot towels on your face, you'll never know how good it can be. The next best thing? A home shave with some of Gill's equipment, available at aidangillformen.com. Pictured: a thick-handled mock-ivory razor (\$95), badger brush (\$75) and stainless steel stand (\$90).



GOING, GOING, GONE

Gadgets grow in reverse. Born huge, they get smaller and smaller each year until they ultimately disappear into other gadgets. The latest to accomplish this marvelous trick is the flash-based MP3 player, which has just been eaten by headphones. Smart design in the 128-megabyte GPX HW6805DT (\$100, gpx.com) puts the MP3 guts behind your neck (as opposed to inside bulky earpieces), letting you cruise your jogging loop wire-free.



BE A PEPPER

Thanks to cheap and easy Wi-Fi networking, web surfers everywhere have discovered the joy of clicking from the couch. Too bad we're stuck with big clunky laptops that are overpowered for most of our routine needs. The purpose-built Pepper Pad (\$850, pepper.com) is a handy tool that not only browses the Net but plays music and videos, hooks into instant-messaging networks, sends e-mail and acts as a remote for anything with an infrared port (your TV, stereo, etc.). Small and lightweight (2.3 pounds), it features intuitive touch-screen operation (a stylus is included), and its 8.4-inch screen is big enough to let you browse the latest on Playboy.com without feeling squished.



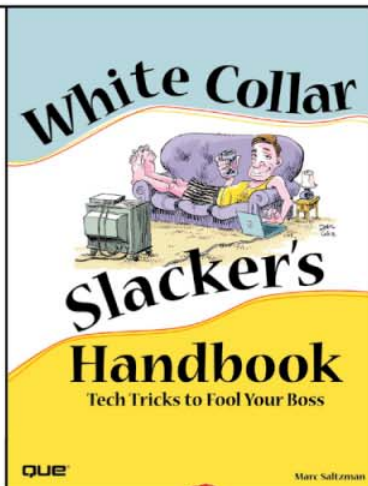


SEA CHANGE

Nothing shakes things up like new positions. Last year Sea-Doo reenvisioned the one-man watercraft with its 3D—a lean, powerful water skimmer (top speed: 55 miles an hour) that lets you ride while standing or seated motorcycle-style. This year's 3D (\$7,300, seadoo.com) ups the ante to five configurations, adding a low-centered chopper setting, a knee-board position and an even higher, more intense vertical style for true thrill seekers.

CUT YOURSELF SOME SLACK

Computers and cell phones may enslave you, but they also let you stick it to the man. PLAYBOY contributor Marc Saltzman's *White Collar Slacker's Handbook* (\$15, quepublishing.com) is an *Anarchist Cookbook* for the BlackBerry set, filled with tech tricks such as timers that send out "midnight oil" e-mails at two A.M., ways to hide your web-surfing history and voodoo-like tricks that make overdue reports look as though they were sent on time.



RIDE, SALLY, RIDE

In the fantasy world of model-car collecting, anyone can afford a dozen expensive rides, but those autos are missing something. As usual that something is hot women. For the true auto-show look, trick out your replicas with some Fast Women (\$10 each, fastwomen4u.com). They're made of plastic, but so is the average real-life car-show model.

STROKE OF GENIUS

You've seen Bushnell's PinSeeker golf scopes before. Gaze through one of these as you line up a shot and it will magnify the pin seven times and tell you how far away you are. The new 1500 model (\$645, bushnell.com) features a secret weapon: Slope +/-, an inclinometer that accounts for the degree of incline or decline to give you a more accurate distance reading. Stay tuned for future products that will actually swing your 9-iron for you so you won't ever have to leave the clubhouse bar.



THE ORGASMATRON

Though you may not have known what it was, at some point someone has probably put a Tingler on you—one of those odd but effective head massagers that look a bit like a robot octopus. Thanks to humanity's genetic inability to leave well enough alone, there's now a motorized version, the Sqwiggler (\$30, sqwiggler.com), which adds soothing, stimulating vibrations to the Tingler's invigorating mix. Yes, you'll look like an extraterrestrial. No, you won't care.





MEET MISS SEPTEMBER.



GENIE IN A BOTTLE: FANTASTIC FICTION.



THEY'RE THE BOMB: BAGHDAD'S BRAVEST MEN.



JOSE CANSECO'S EX, JESSICA, REACHES NEW HEIGHTS.

JESSICA CANSECO—YOU KNOW HER AS THE ESTRANGED WIFE OF BASH BROTHER AND ADMITTED STEROID ABUSER JOSE CANSECO. WE KNOW HER AS THE STATUESQUE GODDESS WHO DISHES ABOUT HER EX—AND HITS ONE OUT OF THE PARK—IN A HEADLINE-MAKING PICTORIAL. SHE'S GRAND SLAMMIN'!

INSIDE THE BOMB SQUAD—THE MOST DANGEROUS JOB IN BAGHDAD FALLS ON 16 HIGHLY SKILLED EXPLOSIVES EXPERTS WHO DEFUSE BOMBS. WRITER **MARK BOAL** PENETRATES THEIR NERVE-RACKING, UNFORGIVING WORLD.

THOMAS L. FRIEDMAN—AMERICA'S MOST INFLUENTIAL COLUMNIST SOUNDS OFF ON THE MIDDLE EAST AND THE RAPID GLOBALIZATION OF OUR LIVES. SAYS FRIEDMAN, "I TELL MY GIRLS, 'FINISH YOUR HOMEWORK. PEOPLE IN CHINA AND INDIA ARE STARVING FOR YOUR JOBS.'" A MUST-READ **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** BY **DAVID SHEFF**

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—THINKING ABOUT STOCKS OR RETIREMENT? FOR 50 YEARS **RAYMOND F. DEVOE JR.** HAS BATTLED IN THE MARKET'S TRENCHES; NOW HE'S HERE TO ADVISE YOU ON HOW TO MANAGE YOUR CASH. TRUST US: ANY MAN WHO HAS SURVIVED 18 BUBBLES CAN TELL YOU WHERE TO EMPTY THAT PIGGY BANK.

KURT BUSCH—THE NASCAR STAR ANSWERS 20 HIGH-SPEED QUESTIONS ABOUT HOW HE HANDLES HECKLERS, WHY HE'D NEVER WANT TO BE SPONSORED BY VIAGRA AND GETTING FLIPPED OFF BY DALE EARNHARDT. BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW 2005—LAST YEAR THE TROJANS WERE NATIONAL CHAMPS. WE TOLD YOU THAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. NOW, YOU COULD EVALUATE 200 TEAMS YOURSELF, OR YOU COULD JUST READ OUR PREVIEW. PLUS, OUR ALL AMERICA SQUAD AND USC'S PETE CARROLL. BY **GARY COLE**

THE FISHERMAN AND THE JINN—THE OLD FISHERMAN HAS HAD ANOTHER SHITTY DAY. WHAT HE REALLY NEEDS IS A JINN TO GRANT HIM THREE WISHES. ALAS, EVEN WHEN HE ENCOUNTERS AN ALL-POWERFUL GENIE, NO ONE WILL BELIEVE HIM. FICTION BY **ROBERT COOVER**

SPORT STARS—WHEN YOU READ ABOUT THE MOST COVETED VINTAGE ROADSTERS IN THE WORLD, THE LAST THING ON YOUR MIND WILL BE A CLIMATE-CONTROLLED GARAGE. ALL YOU'LL WANT ARE THE KEYS. AUTOMOTIVES BY **KEN GROSS**

PLUS: PHOTOGRAPHER **GUIDO ARGENTINI** GLORIFIES THE FEMALE FORM IN A SLEEK PICTORIAL, HOW TO LOOK LIKE THE NEW PLAYBOY, AND MISS SEPTEMBER, **VANESSA HOELSHER**.

A man with blonde hair and sunglasses is fishing on a boat. He is holding a fishing rod and has a large fish jumping out of the water. In the background, two other people are also fishing on the boat. The sky is blue with some clouds.

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big juicy flavor.***



NEW!



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SMOKELESS TOBACCO

Bold juicy flavor that lasts a long time. Go ahead, take a dip.

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DISEASE AND
TOOTH LOSS

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