

CARSON KRESSLEY

THE BREAKOUT STAR OF QUEER EYE MAKES THE WORLD JUST A LITTLE LESS SCHLUBBY

IT'S LIKE A REAL FRENCH BISTRO in here!" says *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* star Carson Kressley, sipping red wine as his cigarette burns in a butterfly ash-tray on the coffee table of his perfectly appointed Manhattan apartment. What else would you expect from a man who gets paid to know what looks good? Kressley and the rest of the show's Fab Five have become unlikely TV stars since it debuted last spring, proving that even homophobia is powerless in the face of our American obsession with makeover shows. Next year, the cast of *Queer Eye* will tape forty new episodes, making the world a little bit less schlubby, one straight guy at a time.

got married right here? Are you kidding me?!"

What would you like to see change in your life next year?

I'd like to get a boyfriend and a cashmere hoodie and a puppy. I think I would get a boxer. Boxers are like a cute guy – kinda butch but kinda cute.

What do you hope will change in the world in 2004?

I'd like to see all ugly shoes removed from the face of this planet. I'm really over the square-toe, clunky orthopedic look. I'd like to see the mock turtleneck eradicated. Somewhere in Malaysia right now a mock turtleneck is being made for import to the U.S.

What did you hate about 2003?

I hated the war in Iraq. It was a lose-lose situation, just bad for everybody. I'm totally patriotic, and what's best for the country is

fine by me, but I just didn't get it.

Who do you think you'll vote for next year?

I really like Howard Dean. I don't like his look, but I do like him. Maybe he can be the *Queer Eye* for the Democratic Candidate Guy.

John Kerry has a good sense of style.

Mmm. He's hot! He could almost be a Kennedy. Something about that thick, wavy hair.

So you don't have a boyfriend?

No. Can you believe it? Aside from being stunningly

gorgeous and having a great personality – look at this, all clad in a leather shirt! I never thought I'd say this, but you start to wonder why people are interested in you: "Hi, I'm on a reality show. I'm not going to be the next Rob Lowe. But I could be, if that turns you on." JENNY ELISCU

Wall of Death

A 911 call. A spooky, gun-obsessed music producer. A B-movie starlet, shot dead in a hilltop mansion in Los Angeles. It seems like a Forties noir movie, but the murder of Lana Clarkson was disturbingly real: Her body was found in the foyer of Phil Spector's mansion. Spector, a legendary talent who created some of the biggest hits of the Sixties, was promptly arrested. In November, he was charged with homicide, pleaded innocent and awaits trial.



Spector (left). Inset: Lana Clarkson.

IN BRIEF

● Could it be? Yoko Ono, seventy years old? The time, she flies. Ono celebrated, bless her, by dancing the night away at New York's Mr. Chow with the likes of Lou Reed and the B-52's, and she received birthday greetings from Paul McCartney as well as flowers from Ringo Starr.

● None other than Bill Clinton introduced the Rolling Stones to the stage of their first free concert in thirty-three years, a benefit in Los Angeles for the Natural Resources Defense Council. The Stones preferred to rock rather than dwell on the cause, although at one point Keith Richards mumbled into the mike, "The Eskimos are feeling the pinch."

● *Da Ali G Show*, wildly popular in England, made its American debut on HBO. Otherwise known as Sacha Baron Cohen, Ali G, a bogus white "hip-hop journalist" who uses ghetto slang, somehow manages to interview major political figures, all of whom pretty much look like stunned mullets. To astronaut Buzz Aldrin: "What was it like to be da second man to walk on da sun?" To former U.N.

Secretary-

Respect! Ali G in the hizzle



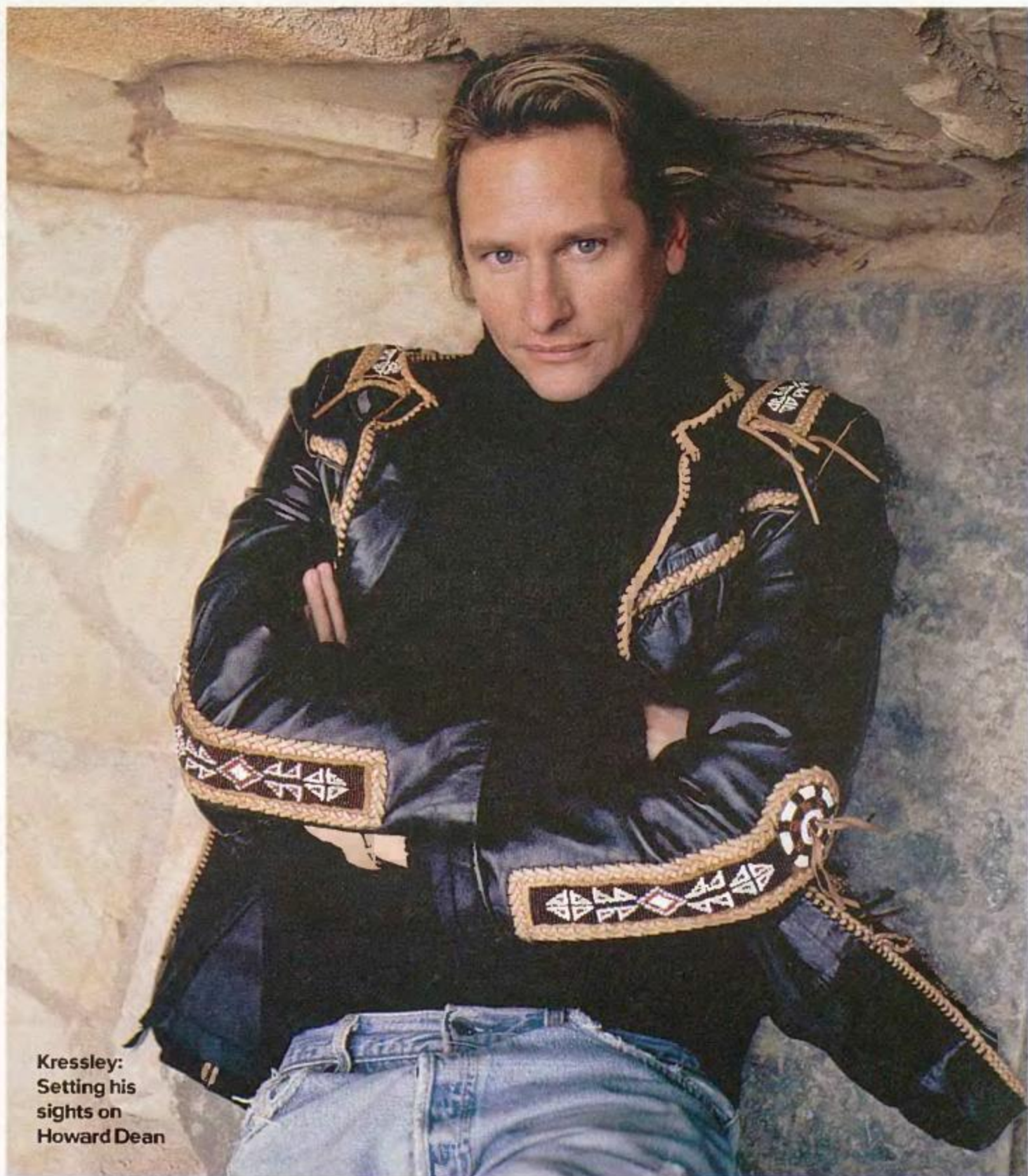
Howie Epstein, 1955-2003

General Boutros Boutros-Ghali: "Which is the funniest language? It's French, innit?" To former Attorney General Richard Thornburgh: "So when is it legal to murder someone?" Never, said a flustered Thornburgh. Pause. "What if they call your mom a ho?"

R.I.P.

Howie Epstein, the bassist for Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, died on February 23rd of a suspected heroin overdose at age forty-seven. Epstein, who joined the Heartbreakers in 1982, had struggled with drugs for years.

"You'd get angry," Petty wrote in *ROLLING STONE*, "you'd get sad, you'd get indifferent, you'd get passionately involved, but none of it was enough, and I don't know why."



Kressley: Setting his sights on Howard Dean