

## EDITOR'S LETTER

**P**eople always want to know what made me want to be a men's magazine editor. Well, I wish I could say it was a love of the English language or a divine respect for the female form, but to be perfectly honest with you...it had a lot to do with hanging out with gorgeous women, day in and day out. What I didn't realize was that most of my days would be spent holed up in an office, merely talking about gorgeous women on the phone, day in and day out. So my job is not as glamorous as many would make it out to be, but nonetheless it puts bread on the table and keeps me out of the house for about 50 hours a week.

There does come a point in every man's life however, when he starts to reflect upon what he is doing with his life. After college I, like many strapping young men, was sure that I would spend the next ten years of my life travelling the globe, making a difference in the world and getting laid in every port of call. Instead I found myself temping at agencies throughout New York City and one time a homeless old lady made eyes at me in the subway. So I fell a little short of my lofty goals those first few post-college years.

This leads us to the ever-popular male midlife crisis. Everyone experiences this at some point. For me it was when one of our interns mentioned that his senior dissertation for his history class was about the social ramifications of free love and the hippie movement in the sixties. The revelation that my college years were now considered fodder for the history pages sent me into a tailspin. F%#k me...I'm getting old. The fact that I find myself very concerned with how high the thermostat is set and that the 10 o'clock news is now my "late show" are both indicators of how close I am to turning into my father and using terms like, "dangnation" and "consarnit."

I have come to terms with aging, however. I have fired all the interns who were not alive before 1968 and have taken to surrounding myself with people at least five years older than myself. There was a rough period were I was even considering doing a special octogenarian issue of STUN! but I was very quickly convinced it wasn't in the best interests of the magazine. Instead I have put my fears of death, aging and incontinence behind me and am proud to present you with the latest edition of STUN!

This month, there is nothing more important than family...and we are really allowing our obsession with *The Sopranos* to show. Our gorgeous covergirl, Leslie Bega has been stirring up trouble for Tony and company on the HBO series, and we have been gripping our cannolis ever since she first appeared on the show. If you haven't been tuning into *The Sopranos* due to the fact that you live under a rock, don't worry. Check out "A Family Affair: *The Sopranos*" for a complete recap of the last three seasons. The "Mob Princess" Leslie Bega isn't our only STUN! girl of course. *Passions'* Kelli McCarty and *Playboy* video vixen Jennifer Walcott also smiled for our cameras as did the feisty Jillian Barberie. (We'd "jack" our way up a hill for her any day!)

We wouldn't want to become known for just putting hot babes in our magazines, okay...yes we do, but we did manage to find some other things to talk about this month. Life is about so much more than just sex. (Really...it is.) There is also booze, toys and automobiles. We sent a whole fleet of sports utility vehicles out on the road this month for our pleasure and yours. Check out what our reviewers had to say about them in "Roll 'Em Out!" Is the snow on the ground making your current automobile act like the engine is powered by hamsters running on a wheel? If that is the case check out "Hit The Trails" and salivate over the snowmobiles that we played with this month.

After getting your fill of our motorized machines it is time to relax. Pour yourself a glass of cabernet sauvignon, like one of the brands we featured in "Life Is A Cabernet!" and put your feet up. You deserve it after all. The one thing I have come to conclude this month is that you have to appreciate wherever your life has taken you. If you don't, you will just find yourself firing employees for thinking that the original Woodstock was that little bird in *Peanuts*. Oh wait a minute...I already did that. Consarnit!



Enjoy! *Brown*