

**A**S THE FOOTBALL SEASON CAME TO A CLOSE, I WAS KINDLY INVITED TO MANCHESTER UNITED'S FINAL HOME GAME AGAINST CHELSEA. Old Trafford is a fantastic place to watch football, not least because of its size. On this trip, one member of the party, on seeing the 67,000-plus crowd, made reference to the recent stories of a planned terrorist attack on the stadium, and was appalled by the thought of the carnage that might have been inflicted. Like many others, she had been startled by the sensational headlines about the arrest of 10 suspected terrorists with tickets to United's match against Liverpool; again, like many others, she had missed the coverage of their release. It emerged that all those detained were simply fans, but for many people in this country the story reinforced the belief that it is only a matter of time before we suffer a suicide-bombing attack or a coordinated strike similar to the Madrid atrocities.

The intelligence blunders that led to these arrests notwithstanding, Britain is known to be a recruiting ground for Islamic terrorist organisations. This month, *Esquire's* contributing editor Eamonn O'Neill investigates the young British Muslims who are willing to die for the "honour of martyrdom" (see "Living with the Enemy", page 98). In the course of researching the story, O'Neill met Sheik Omar Bakri Mohammed, the man who claims to be the "mouth, eyes and ears of Osama Bin Laden" and has been dubbed The Most Dangerous Man in Britain. Unlike the publicity-hungry Abu Hamza, Bakri is relatively shy of the media, and this is his first interview on the subject of British suicide bombers. "This is a very frightening world," says O'Neill. "Bakri described the suicide bombers as 'spirited young men'. I found his views repugnant: in his mind, terrorism works."

**Simon Tiffin**

**Contributors**



Across the street from the room where **Sofia Coppola** was photographing Kirsten Dunst for this month's cover story (page 106), a business conference was in full flow. "Kirsten was running around in her underwear and right out of the window they were stuck in a really boring staff meeting," says the Oscar-winning film-maker. "We never got their attention." The pair have been close since making *The Virgin Suicides* in 1999. "It's so intimate with Sofia, she doesn't have a crew or anything," says Dunst. "But we knew we were doing *British Esquire*, so we had to make it a little bit more... racy."



**Jonathan Meades** writes and broadcasts on architecture and culture, and for 15 years served as restaurant critic for *The Times*. In his first article for *Esquire* (page 92), he dissects the sacred relationship between men and meat. On his most recent TV series, *Meades Eats*, he courted controversy by calling the great British banger "abattoir slurry packed in a condom"; for *Esquire*, he amends his description to "an elephant's suppository of pinky grey sludge". We do not have a letters page.



New York photographer **Chris Buck** travelled to Berkeley, across the bay from San Francisco, to shoot all 26 members of The Polyphonic Spree (page 126). "It was hard to build a connection with two dozen people in a half hour," says Buck. In the end, he bought them all an ice cream. "The bill came to \$70," he adds. *Esquire* awaits an invoice. Buck has photographed stars from Al Pacino to Chloë Sevigny, and his work regularly appears in *Q*, *Vanity Fair* and *The New York Times Magazine*.



"These guys are totally suburban men, not sexual underground creatures," says **Timothy Archibald**, whose two-year project documenting homemade sex toys in the US appears on page 76. Archibald, who lives in San Francisco, stumbled across this subculture while browsing eBay, and spent months in internet chat rooms gaining the confidence of the men behind the contraptions. "I don't think any of these machines would ever be available over the counter," he adds. "There would be liability issues."



**Tim Adams** interviewed Greg Rusedski in the run-up to the annual anti-climax that is his assault on the Wimbledon Championships (page 116). "The odd thing about Rusedski," says Adams, "is that despite all that has happened and a decade of evidence to the contrary, he still believes he can win it." Adams, who dubs himself a "bad parks player", is the author of *On Being John McEnroe* (Yellow Jersey Press), a study of a man who had no problem winning at the All England Club.

PAUL JASMIN



