

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

JUNE 2001 • www.playboy.com

**CHARLIE
SHEEN**
Interview

Playmate
OF THE
YEAR

VIRUSES
FEAR IS IN
THE AIR

NAKED NEWS
Dan Rather
Never Looked
This Good

10
GREAT
PORN
VIDEOS

SEX
LA STYLE

**MARILYN
MONROE**
By Scott
Turow

**HOLLYWOOD'S
HIT MAN**

**COOL
TRUCKS**

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A photograph featuring two men in cowboy hats, their forms rendered as dark silhouettes against a vibrant, orange-hued sunset sky. The man on the left is shown in profile, looking towards the right, with his hand resting on the brim of his hat. The man on the right is partially visible, also in profile, looking towards the left. The overall mood is nostalgic and evocative of the American West. The text 'Come to where the flavor is.' is superimposed over the image in a white, serif font, positioned in the lower right quadrant.

Come to where the flavor is.



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Find out what she labels in the July issue of PLAYBOY.

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Playbill

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Marilyn. Depending on how you slice the b-day cake, we're either three quarters through or halfway into the Marilyn Monroe century. Gentlemen prefer the latter, which marks not her birthday (she'd be 75 this month) but her baptism as Sweetheart of the Month in the first issue of PLAYBOY. "Her initial appearance embodied the first truly open communication in America about sexuality," says **Scott Turow**. Rosebud! In *Forever Marilyn* Turow reminds us—with the help of some luscious nudes—why MM matters. You can follow her lineage all the way to **Brande Roderick**, our heady Playmate of the Year. Thanks to a romance with Hef and a run on the beaches of *Baywatch Hawaii*, Brande's career is in great shape. And so is she—check out her tail-thumping PMOY pictorial, shot by **Stephen Wayda**. Woof-woof!

Charlie Sheen is pure Hollywood issue. Son of Martin Sheen and brother of Emilio Estevez, Sheen wasn't destined for greatness, he was driven to it. His quest to outdo his friends and neighbors reached an early climax with *Platoon*. Then he spent the next decade trying to repeat it—only with pounds of coke and Heidi Fleiss girls. In an interview by **David Rensin**, Sheen relives a nightmarish world of nonstop partying. Now he's the most charming guy on TV in *Spin City*. LA's dream-scape can seduce anyone. In the Eighties **Jerry Bruckheimer** was half of the most explosive partnership in movies. He and Don Simpson produced *Flashdance*, *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Top Gun*. Now Bruckheimer opens his latest, the \$135 million *Pearl Harbor*. Read *Bombs Away* by **Steve Pond** and decide if the title is about Admiral Yamamoto's cunning or Bruckheimer's machomania. (The illustration is by **Alan Magee**.)

People actually live in LA, people like Executive Editor **Stephen Randall**. He has parlayed his grasp of the abstruse sciences behind Koo Koo Roo, the Valley and Trader Vic's and turned it into a new novel, *The Other Side of Mulholland* (St. Martin's). We're happy to present an excerpt from the book, about a TV writer and his hard-charging girlfriend. **Joel Nakamura** did the art. Back in LA East (take that, you yapping Yorkies), **Edward Burns** became a hero among city cops and Hamptons busboys by jiggling his way through Sundance with his low-budget hit, *The Brothers McMullen*. Bigger directing jobs—and a string of beautiful girlfriends—followed. **Warren Kalbacker** caught up with Burns to talk about Irish power in a city-centric *20 Questions*.

Did someone say viral pandemic? In *The Deadly Air*, **Michael Parrish** puts viruses under the microscope and weighs the odds of another outbreak like the influenza epidemic of 1918. It doesn't look good. You'll walk around wearing a surgical mask after you read the piece, checking the sky conjured by artist **Jordin Isip**.

When it comes to replicating, no one does it better than **Anka Radakovich**. She assembled her pals for a new LA-style episode in our series *City Girls*. Oh, the places you'll go: There's Tina (once used Wisk as lube), Misty (can't stand to hear you say "I blew my nuts") and Christy (loves her fake boobs, even though she can't feel a thing). It's the verbal counterpart to **Richard Freeman's** *10 Great Porn DVDs*. They're scorchers all. Our fashion feature this month addresses the summer Friday dress code: How do you rush out of town for a casual beach weekend and still look sharp? Don't miss *Grand Central Getaway* by **Joseph De Acetis**. Then forget clothes and check out *The News Flashers*. It's a pictorial of the talking heads and rocking nude bodies of our favorite web babes outside of Playboy.com.



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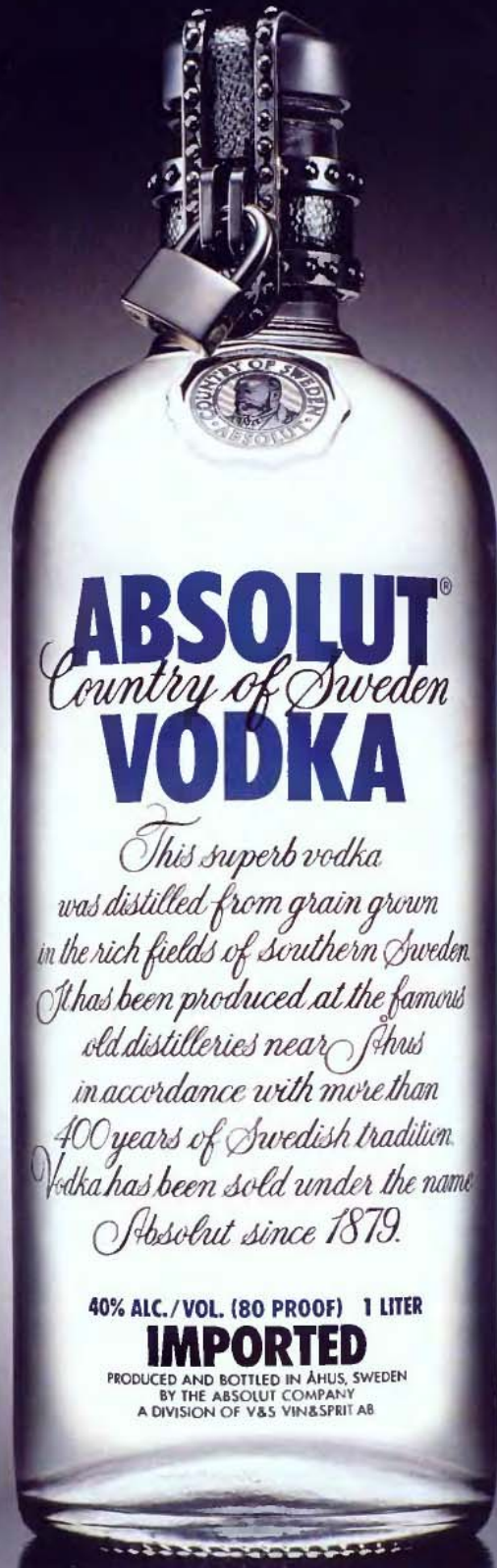
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PLAYBOY

contents

features

84 FOREVER MARILYN

She was born 75 years ago, the greatest and most elusive sex kitten to prowl our popular culture. She set the gold standard in platinum. She snagged our best slugger and preeminent playwright. What was her secret? **BY SCOTT TUROW**

98 THE DEADLY AIR

Foot-and-mouth disease devastates livestock—other viruses could do the same for humans. They're deadly weapons in the hands of terrorists. Nature is doing its own sinister work. A scary report on the tiniest of terrors. **BY MICHAEL PARRISH**

108 TEN GREAT PORN DVDS

These are the don't-miss treats, rated by one who knows, all currently available on video or DVD. Our report could save you hours of prowling the racks.

124 BOMBS AWAY

Jerry Bruckheimer, Hollywood's adrenaline master—Top Gun, Beverly Hills Cop, Armageddon—sets his sights on Pearl Harbor. Can he score another direct hit?

PROFILE BY STEVE POND

135 CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: JESSICA LEE

Jessica likes a guy to take his time down under. And she repays in kind.

136 20Q EDWARD BURNS

The producer, writer, director and star of the no-frills Brothers McMullen has since worked for Spielberg and opposite De Niro. This son of a New York City cop has an Irishman's gift of gab—and a new film. **BY WARREN KALBACKER**

139 CITY GIRLS: LA STYLE

Four young women got together to talk sex and compare notes. We paid for the drinks. Then we stood back. **BY ANKA RADAKOVICH**

fiction

92 THE OTHER SIDE OF MULHOLLAND

A Hollywood screenwriter gets his big break and Perry's pals celebrate. But the back end is a bitch—in more ways than one. **BY STEPHEN RANDALL**

interview

71 CHARLIE SHEEN

Nobody partied like the Machine—even Slash told Sheen he was nuts. Now the star of Platoon, Wall Street and the Heidi Fleiss trial has cleaned up in Spin City. The good news: He still has tales to tell. **BY DAVID RENSIN**



cover story

Four years ago she packed her Napa sack and headed for Hollywood. And what a trip it's been: a starring role on *Baywatch Hawaii*, one of Hef's Mansion favorites, and now PMOY—as announced on the TV hit *Just Shoot Me*. Stephen Wayda got a whole new perspective on Brande Roderick. Our Rabbit, as usual, makes himself the center of attention.



PLAYBOY

contents continued



pictorials

- 94 THE NEWS FLASHERS**
On this online network, stuffed shirts were replaced with no shirts. Dan Rather, eat your heart out.
- 110 PLAYMATE: HEATHER SPYTEK**
Heather loves award shows. She renewed our interest in Golden Globes.
- 142 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR**
Brande is better than VSOP—she's PMOY.

notes and news

- 12 HOWARD AND HEF**
Hef and Howard Stern rock out with Rod Stewart and Smash Mouth.
- 14 MANSION LOVEFEST**
Hef threw Kylie Bax a party on Valentine's Day.
- 61 THE PLAYBOY FORUM**
Women's magazines on sex.
- 187 PLAYMATE NEWS**
Julia Schultz in Rush Hour 2, Lisa Welch's winery.

departments

- 3 PLAYBILL**
- 19 DEAR PLAYBOY**
- 23 AFTER HOURS**
- 37 WIRED**
- 45 LIVING ONLINE**
- 50 MEN**
- 53 MANTRACK**

- 57 THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**
- 122 PARTY JOKES**
- 168 WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 191 ON THE SCENE**
- 192 GRAPEVINE**
- 194 POTPOURRI**

lifestyle

- 102 FASHION: GRAND CENTRAL GETAWAY**
Weekend jaunts test style and strategy. Here's what to throw in your shoulder bag.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
- 126 HAULIN' ASS**
The latest pickups can tame a mountain—and make a girl look twice. BY KEN GROSS
- 130 DADS AND GRADS**
B&O's portable stereo, an Apple laptop—toys for the boys.

reviews

- 34 MUSIC**
Low, Ani DiFranco, the Pharcyde.
- 38 MOVIES**
A Merchant-Ivory winner, a triumph for John Turturro.
- 44 VIDEO**
Ultimate MM, crime fiascos, Paul Verhoeven.
- 46 BOOKS**
James Ellroy, Bare Fists and Irvine Welsh.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



MOVIE STARS AND SUPERMODELS

The Valentine's Day party Hef threw for his seven sweethearts and Kylie Bax' March PLAYBOY cover attracted famous friends—Kevin Spacey, for one.



DRESSED TO THRILL

If you missed the March 2001 issue of *Vanity Fair*, you missed the wild pajama-and-lingerie pillow fight that illustrated the profile on Hef and his girlfriends. It's a look inside the Playboy Mansion, where these beauties live without the feathers.



ROCKING RABBIT

Our Rabbit shows up in all the right places. Vitamin C and Courtney Love make a fashion statement on awards shows and on the slopes.



GOLDEN GLOBES AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION

On a night of a thousand parties, Hef's Golden Globe revels included funnymen Jon Lovitz and Dan Aykroyd, welcomed here by Playmate Victoria Fuller. But it didn't end there. Later, Hef took his party posse out on the town.



MUST SEE TV

Playmate of the Year Brande Roderick and our main man star in an episode of the popular NBC comedy *Just Shoot Me*, with David Spade. Spade's impersonation of Hefner must be way off—it's killing Brande.

**HOWARD
&
HEF**



1



2



3



4



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6



7

When Howard Stern broadcast his show from the Mansion, A-listers came to party and the world tuned in. (1) The King of All Media hanging with Hef, Regina, Tiffany, Stephanie, Tina, Cathi and Buffy. (2) Smash Mouth rocks the house, but the girls in bikinis steal the show. (3) Rod Stewart takes the stage. (4) Howard and Robin Quivers bust on David Spade. (5) Kylie Bax gets friendly with Howard. (6) Magic Johnson with the Man. (7) Is Dennis Rodman telling Howard how to pick up chicks? (8) Rod Stewart with his daughter Kimberly. (9) Hef and the girls take Howard's raunchy questions in stride. (10) Heather Kozar with Smash Mouth singer Steve Harwell. (11) Steve, Robin and David agree: They love Hef's parties. (12) Rodman raps with Regina. (13) Tina Bockrath, Kylie, Carrie Stevens and Victoria Fuller. (14) Howard and Robin grill Magic and Dennis. (15) Bill Mather and Howard match quips. (16) Mary McCormack, who played Howard's wife in his 1997 movie, *Private Parts*.



8



9



10



11



12



13



14



15



16

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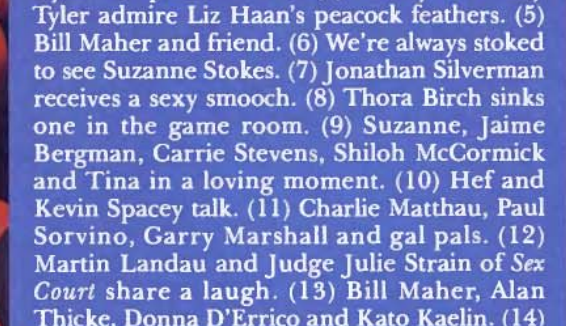


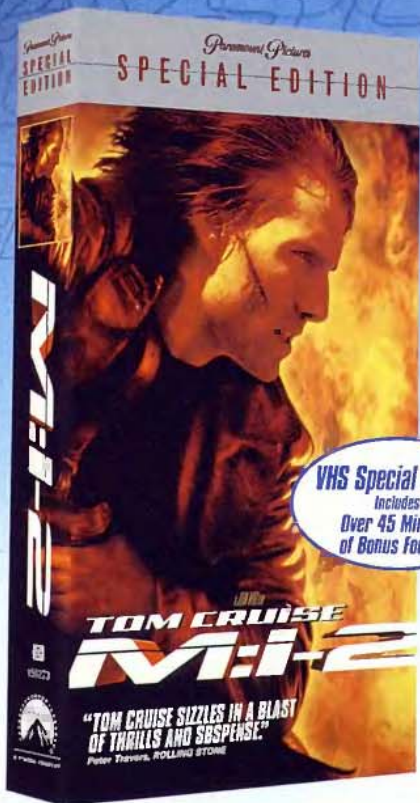
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MANSION LOVEFEST



O, l'amour! Love was in the air when Hef hosted a Valentine's Day party for supermodel Kylie Bax and his blonde babies. (1) Kim Stanfield, Tina Jordan, Tiffany Holliday and Stephanie Heinrich with you-know-who. (2) Bawdy broads Roseanne and Ruby Wax. (3) Cover girl Kylie with publisher Hef. (4) Tiffany and Buffy Tyler admire Liz Haan's peacock feathers. (5) Bill Maher and friend. (6) We're always stoked to see Suzanne Stokes. (7) Jonathan Silverman receives a sexy smooch. (8) Thora Birch sinks one in the game room. (9) Suzanne, Jaime Bergman, Carrie Stevens, Shiloh McCormick and Tina in a loving moment. (10) Hef and Kevin Spacey talk. (11) Charlie Matthau, Paul Sorvino, Garry Marshall and gal pals. (12) Martin Landau and Judge Julie Strain of *Sex Court* share a laugh. (13) Bill Maher, Alan Thicke, Donna D'Errico and Kato Kaelin. (14) Jaime Bergman and Angel Boris get friendly. (15) Jenny McCarthy parties with husband John Asher (far right), Andy Dick, Regina Lauren, Buffy and friends. (16) Revelers show their stuff. (17) Scott Caan is kissed by Shannon Stewart.





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¡HOLA! MIRIAM

PLAYBOY has hit the jackpot with Miriam Gonzalez (*Miriam on Cue*, March). Thanks for giving Latinas their due.

Ed Shanahan
Citrus Heights, California

On a scale of one to 10, Miriam Gonzalez is a 12.

Steven Rowe
Columbus, Ohio

I'm thrilled that you finally graduated one of your *Voluptuous Vixens* to Playmate status. Miriam looks better than ever.

Aslum Khan
Syracuse, New York



Banking on Miriam.

Miriam's radiant personality shines right through the pages of her Centerfold. She has a smile warm enough to melt ice.

Ed Barczak
Elgin, Illinois

Miriam is the sexiest Playmate since the legendary Marilyn Lange appeared in PLAYBOY more than 25 years ago.

Ed Niemiec
Cypress Point, California

FOREPLAY

Your *Topless Golf* feature (March) blew me away. I have played serious golf for many years, and all I've gotten is frustrated. I'm going to start playing fun golf, and I might not even keep score. Phoenix, here I come.

Ralph Guldahl
San Francisco, California

BEHIND BARS

I'm an inmate in Texas, and I want to compliment you on a well-researched, excellent article on life inside Texas prisons (*Hardcore Hate*, March). Recently, one of my white acquaintances refused housing with a black inmate, so another black inmate retaliated by beating up the white guy. Officers escorted the white inmate to prehearing detention. The result: Twenty-five blacks showed up in the dayroom ready to riot against three whites. I don't blame the inmates. The administration creates tension, and the inmates are left to deal with it.

Richard Wainscott
Brazoria, Texas

Thanks for a piece of work that is right on the money concerning the Texas Department of Criminal Justice. Since my arrival here in 1991, I've seen everything there is to see and then some. Like a repulsive bog, the deeper you dig, the more repugnant it gets. I came into this system a sheltered white boy, turned into a hate-filled animal and have finally

get a light



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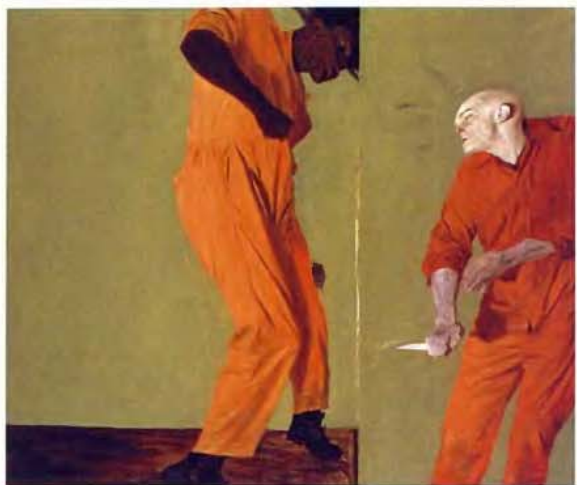
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become one of the more reflective people here. If the monkeys at the zoo were treated as we are, the outcry for protection would raise the roof. Thank you for being our protector, even for just a moment.

William Butler
Stevenson Unit
Cuero, Texas



Doing Texas time.

John Doe's article would have been more accurate had he mentioned that rape, extortion, assault and strong-arm robbery by blacks against whites happens every day, and correctional officers don't intervene. In the Eighties and

Nineties, white inmates inside the TDCJ weren't even allowed in the dayrooms. A walk to the chow hall in some cases meant peril. Doe's liberal use of second-hand and even thirdhand information only feeds into the muck the authorities dish out to the public and media in an attempt to suck dollars into a system that remains broken.

Mark Gaspard
Founder
National President
Aryan Circle
Lovelady, Texas

KNIGHT FIGHT

Thanks for the entertaining *Playboy Interview* with Bob Knight (March). It's too bad that Lawrence Grobel traveled the well-worn path that so many in the media have traversed. Everybody who cares already knows that Knight is a talented coach with a fiery temper. It was invigorating to see Grobel incur Knight's wrath, but it's unfortunate he didn't

use his time with Knight to learn more about the coach's convictions and share those insights with readers who turn to *PLAYBOY* for a fresh perspective.

Joseph Meyers
Groton, Connecticut

I think we all know one thing for certain now: Coach Knight is nuts. I hope the increased awareness generated by this interview will create a little pressure for him to get some help.

Jon Bauman
Phoenix, Arizona

At long last someone tried to do what I wanted to do all my life—throw my annoying, provocative brother out of a car. The press may not understand you, Bobby, but I do.


Roberta Grobel Intrater
Brooklyn, New York

Lawrence Grobel blew it. We already know Knight's a psycho. So what? He's also one of the greatest coaches ever—and all Grobel can do is talk about the chair-throwing incident and rehash the politics that led to Knight's dismissal. By far, the most interesting part of the interview is when Knight is given the opportunity to talk about basketball.

Callum Hutchins
San Francisco, California

I'm glad Grobel got out of his interview with Knight alive. I hope every university official around the country will read it and use it as a sanity check to deny this guy a coaching job.

Eric Samuelson
Huntington, New York

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Grobel had an agenda that was apparent from the first question: to expose Knight's legendary temper and show the world what a good interviewer he is. So now Grobel has a war story to share with his buddies over a drink, and PLAYBOY readers were given a sorry excuse for an interview.

Christian Ellison
La Grande, Oregon

Like him or not, Bobby Knight has been a significant figure on the basketball scene for decades. I was disappointed in Grobel's hatchet job. His reporting wasn't balanced. Frankly, I don't blame Knight for trying to throw Grobel out of the car.

Paul Gibson
Clearwater, Florida

TO THE MAX WITH KYLIE BAX

When God made supermodel Kylie Bax (March), he gave her beautiful blue eyes and blonde hair, creamy skin, pouty lips, long, sexy legs, and breasts that point all the way home to heaven.

Robert Jeffer
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Your Kylie Bax feature is a refreshing change from the wholesome pictorials that are the norm for PLAYBOY. Oh, I like the wholesome stuff all right, but it's nice to toss in a little spice in the magazine



Nice heels, Kylie.

here and there—especially the leather and dog collars.

John Morris
Chicago, Illinois

THE MINORITY REPORT

Most people laugh at the idea of men's rights until they hear the facts (*Men*, "The Male Minority," March). Here are

some examples of female privilege I'd like to add to Asa Baber's list: Women remain publicly anonymous when accusing a man of rape, while the accused has no parallel right. Women's criminal sentences are more lenient than those of men convicted of the same crime. Women have a reproductive right to choose, while men have no rights at all.

Marc Roemer
Washington, D.C.

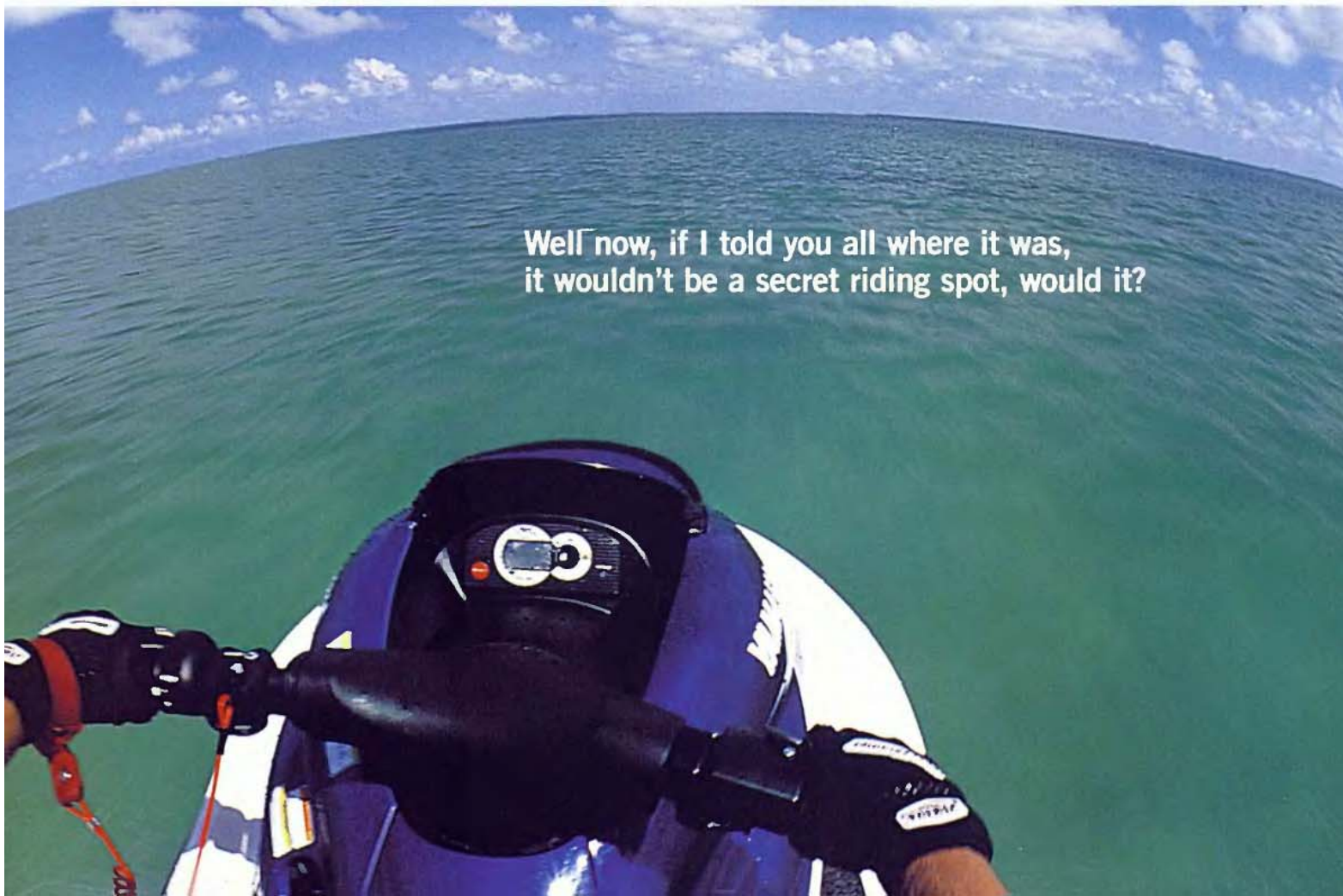
Naked women are nice but I have long enjoyed PLAYBOY's articles and columns even more, especially Asa Baber's monthly examination of life. His last piece listed several areas where men continue to lose rights. Missing, however, is the most compelling—the issue of abortion. We always hear about a woman's right to choose, but do men forfeit our rights because we don't have the apparatus to carry our children? It's time for us to regain our rights as men.

Jason Fredregill
West Des Moines, Iowa

Baber responds: Abortion is the toughest problem to discuss, and there is logic and truth on both sides of the issue. But, until children are carried in artificial wombs (and that time will come), neither the state nor any man can force a woman to give birth. Not in any society I'd want to live in.



Well now, if I told you all where it was,
it wouldn't be a secret riding spot, would it?



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PLAYBOY

after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

THE SIX LAWS OF INTERNET DATING SERVICES

Ever notice how easy it is to flirt on e-mail? That's the number one reason to consider Internet dating services to meet new women. Of the 50 million adults who hit the Net regularly, seven percent used online dating services—and that was last year. Just keep the following rules in mind:

Start with a free service: Free singles services guarantee a high volume of traffic (from hookers to female truckers and everyone in between). Choose a large free site that lets you post the location of your expansive personal profile.

Check out the terms of service: If there are rules against posting the address of your paid site, get creative. Look at other ads on the page to see how it's done. The best free sites: personals.yahoo.com and love.aol.com (love.com outside AOL).

Always use a photo in your ads: It doesn't matter if you're in full cyborg regalia—put it up. Profiles with photos get three to 10 times the hits than those without.

Be honest in your profile and replies: Women find online honesty refreshing. It will set you apart from the lying, thieving bastards you drink beers with every Friday. Don't settle for incomplete answers, either. Express yourself, Cyrano.

Respond quickly: The net offers a woman the same thing as her favorite vibrator: instant gratification. Try not to keep her waiting.



JOHN LESLIE'S BLUE PERIOD

John Leslie is full of surprises. In addition to his notable accomplishments as porn star and film director, he's also a talented painter. Given his day job, one might think that he'd take up the style of Jackson Pollock (heavy on gesso, heavy on the drip). Not so. The watercolor above is representative of Leslie's best work. We're always psyched by his videos (check out *Chameleons*, *Dogwalker* and the recent mind-bender, *Drop Sex*), and we're equally delighted by his muse's more demure expressions—particularly when she doesn't end up with anything on her face.

Try these sites first: Datingfaces.com is new and sophisticated, but you may find its young database a bit small (particularly outside major cities). Match.com, one of the first sites up, has a huge database. Matchmaker.com has membership in the

millions and it's cheap. And Udate.com has real-time chat features—so prepare to type with both hands.

HORSING AROUND

If you're not a fan of glam porn videos, you're probably unaware of the latest developments in sex toys. One place to turn to is the Toys in Babeland (babeland.com) catalog. The store is run by women, primarily for women, and has an earnest feminist underpinning. What caught our eye was the horsetail plug, which is described as "equal parts butt-plug, costume and sensation toy. It's so versatile that it can be used as a light whip." Or you can "turn yourself into a pony by inserting the plug." While it's easy to conclude that a young girl's

HOT MOMA!

When New York's Museum of Modern Art assembled an exhibit called "The Un-Private House," it included this spare and sophisticated condom holder. Now on sale at MOMA's design store, it holds up to a dozen condoms and a membership card from the art-chick appreciation society.





NO, BUTT SERIOUSLY

They say it's "the perfect gift solution for those compulsive types who need to loosen their grip." But what they sell is the Tidy Butt enema—a premixed concoction of sodium phosphates in a squeeze bottle. We noticed this item as we were wandering around the adult-film section of the Consumer Electronics Show and we have this queasy feeling it's not simply a gag.

HELLO, DOLLY

What will the women of the future look like? It pays to take note of what today's girls are thinking. Some signs may come from the sales of Smartees, a line of dolls identified by vocation. Vicky the Veterinarian reigns as the top-selling Smartee, followed by Amanda the Architect, Taylor the Teacher and Destiny the Doctor. By contrast, Ashley the Attorney and Emily the Entrepreneur have flopped. These sales figures are parent-influenced, say the makers of Smartees, which means that Inga the Intern never had a chance.

MOVABLE TYPE

Digital Industry, a journal that tracks the Internet, wonkishly rated the nation's newspapers. Its conclusions:

"*The Wall Street Journal* is read by people who run the country. *The New York Times* is read by people who think they run the country. *The Washington Post* is read by people who think they ought to run the country. *USA Today* is read by people who think they ought to run the

country, but don't understand *The Washington Post*. *The Los Angeles Times* is read by people who wouldn't mind running the country, if they could spare the time. *The Boston Globe* is read by people whose parents used to run the country. *The New York Daily News* is read by people who aren't sure who's running the country. *The New York Post* is read by people who don't care who's running the country as long as they do something scandalous. *The San Francisco Chronicle* is read by people

"I think *Citizenship* was very deep. I think it was deep in the way that it was very light. I think lightness has to come from a very deep place if it's true lightness."

—Alfred Silversides



who aren't sure there is a country or that anyone is running it. *The Miami Herald* is read by people who are running another country."

THE JAY LOWDOWN

This Father's Day, we'd like to make special mention of Screamin' Jay Hawkins, who, as the annals of profligacy will attest, has attained a stature few can match. Although best known as the pioneer of funereal stage antics—precursor to Alice Cooper and Marilyn Manson—and the Fifties masterpiece *I Put a Spell on You*, the Cleveland native apparently also possessed legendary potency.

SLIDE SHOW



"It felt totally normal, chatting the way we did about

Cassavetes, except you are a naked 19-year-old tied up in the bath being photographed by a 42-year-old photographer for money." That's how one of Richard Kern's models described her work. Check out her shots and the one above in *Model Release* (Taschen).

fascination with horses is not easy to buck, there's actually quite a tradition to this fetish. Yes, we're talking about the Greeks, particularly satirists who maintained that Aristotle liked to give his wife nude pony rides around the house. Ever since, the activity has been referred to as the Aristotelian Perversion.

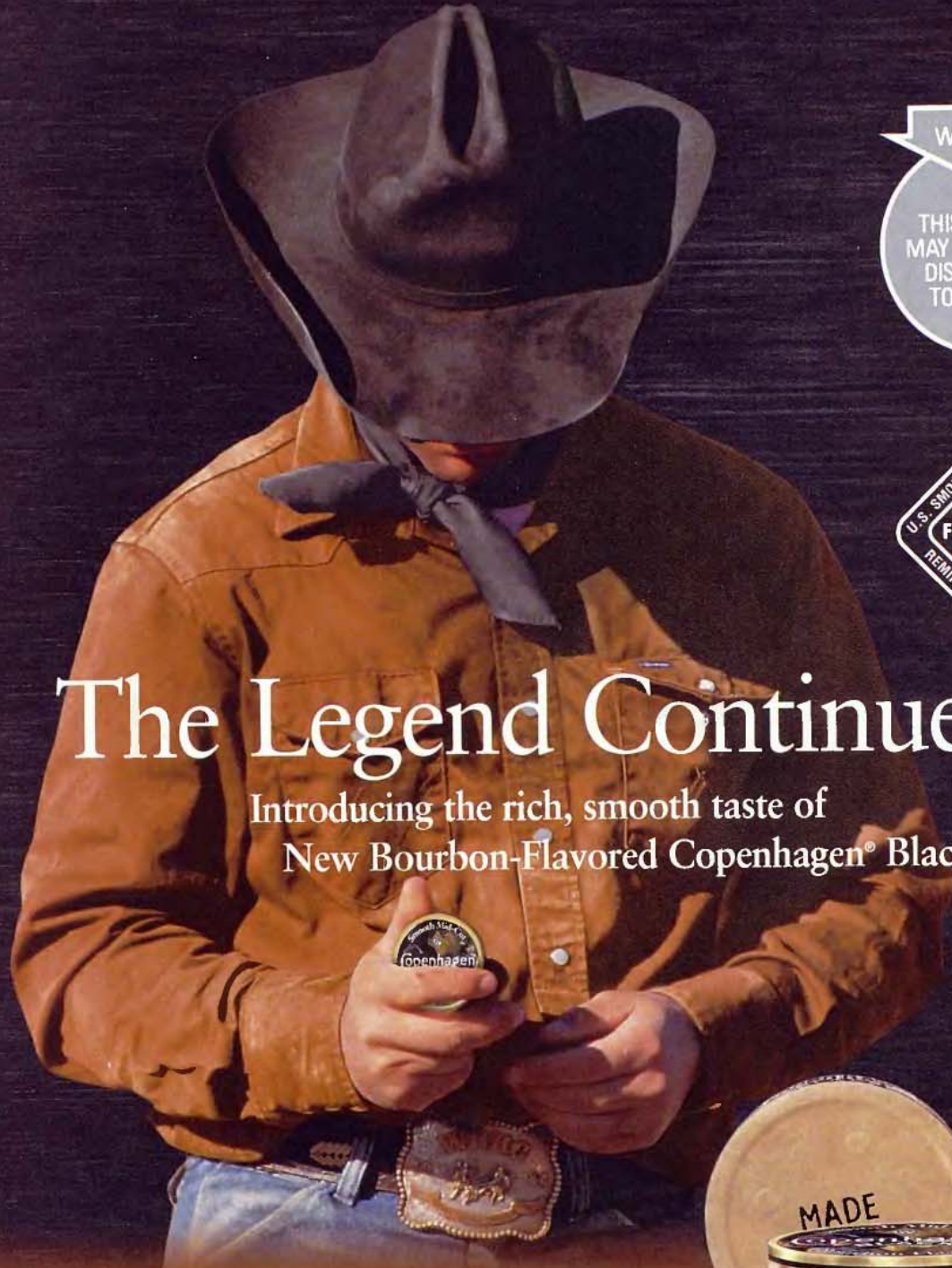
WHAT, ME WHINE?

William Gaines left a significant legacy when he died in 1992. As founder of *Mad* magazine, he established one of the most innovative satirical publications of modern times. Its spokesman, Alfred E. Neuman, became the paradigm for the happily disengaged dimwit. But Gaines was a man of considerable taste, which might be surprising for someone whose magazine prided itself on its lack of taste. We noticed that when Gaines' wine cellar went up for auction, it included a respectable number of Bordeaux in appropriately impressive vintages. The most notable wines were in the string of Domaine de la Romanée-Conti—La Tâche, Romanée-Conti, Grands-Échezeaux and Richebourg—which are the most prestigious and expensive of Burgundy's best wines. With these sorts of bottles in your cellar, it's easy to find the rest of the world hilarious.

DRINK OF THE MONTH



The government is often likened to a tentacled monster. It's fitting, then, that one of Washington's most popular cocktails features a cephalopod. Jeff Tunks, owner of TenPenh in D.C., created a martini-inspired drink for the town's most uninhibited interns. His saketini (left) is garnished with a baby octopus. It's slightly spicy and pink, thanks to a brining process that uses chili paste. The little guy rests elegantly in a blend of Vox vodka (2.5 ounces) and Ichinokura sake (2 ounces). "Young women like it," says beverage director Vinnie Nair. "They say they will try anything at least once. They order the saketini much more often than men." Perhaps that's because guys prefer to get their pink and briny treats elsewhere.



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Shortly before his death last year in Paris, Hawkins boasted that he'd "fathered at least 57 children." This was news to many of his kids, who finally met for the first time at a gathering of the Hawkins brood at LA's House of Blues earlier this year. Some, like daughter Melissa Ahuna, told us they "still love" their departed dad and harbor no resentment. Others, like eldest daughter Sookie Hawkins, find bones to pick with the skull-waving singer. "I was angry because I didn't want to share him. I'm his first daughter and I don't want to hear about no other kids." Hawkins Jr. could take some solace in the fact that not everybody has as bona fide a paternity claim as she. One website claims to have flushed out about half of Hawkins' children. On it, JJ of Orange, California admits, "I'm fully white and I know who my real father and mother are. But if there's money involved, I will be anybody's kid!"

DAVE'S WORLD

There's a lot to recommend in *Etiquette for Outlaws* by Rob Cohen and

David Wollock (HarperCollins). What caught our eye was how Dave Navarro, formerly of Jane's Addiction and the Red Hot Chili Peppers, handles groupies: He doesn't. "I would rather pay for an escort than hurt some young girl's feelings," Navarro says. "I've had women move to LA with their bags and they don't know anybody here, and they're like, 'I'm here, remember me? I'm Nancy from Virginia.' I'm like, 'Nancy from Virginia, you gotta go.' So I decided it was in my best interest and the interest of mankind to sleep with a woman who's made the conscious decision to sell her body for the evening, by the hour. The irony here is that because I would rather sleep with the escort than the groupie, I'm the one who gets looked upon by other musicians as the sick bastard."

OUT BUT NOT DOWN

If you're pursuing a career in the fight game, try to get Darrin Morris' PR man in your corner. Morris, a super-middleweight, was ranked seventh in the world by the World Boxing Organi-



I AM CURIOUS, CELLO

Artist Riccardo Hayes, who once described his work as "suggestive fantasies," likes the feminine properties of bowed instruments. This sculpture is part of a series that explores the sexual tension of the string section. It takes the ideas in Man Ray photographs one step further. The instrument is so appealing it cries out for some pizzicato.

zation in December. By February, the WBO had moved him up to fifth. Morris' reaction to this is unknown, since he had died in October.

OVERLY COCKY

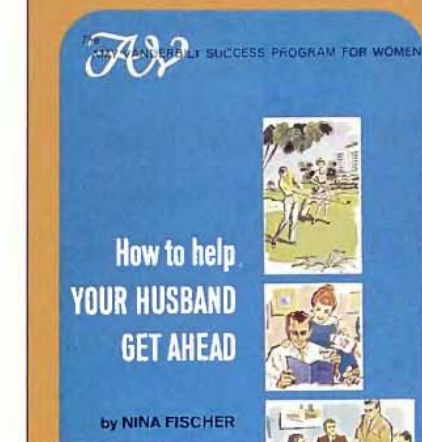
Our congratulations to you if you are among those men who have had reason to join the Large Penis Support Group on the web. But can anyone explain precisely why men with outsize organs are in need of aid and sympathy? The LPSG home page declares, "For all the advantages of having a large penis, it tends to make playing sports rather difficult. Rigorous physical activity involving running or other rapid movement of the lower extremities often involves the slapping, twisting, bending or wrapping of the penis about the groin and thigh area." Oh, just deal with it guys. We did. (It's called duct tape.)

THE TIP SHEET

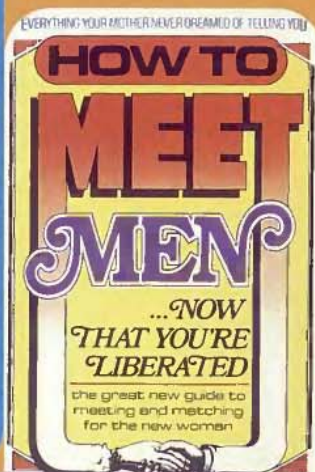
Mailbox baseball: A form of drive-by vandalism in which joyriders trash roadside mailboxes with Louisville Sluggers. It's so popular in Connecticut that the legislature may take action.

Counterfeit fin: According to *Secret Messages* by William Butler and L. Douglas

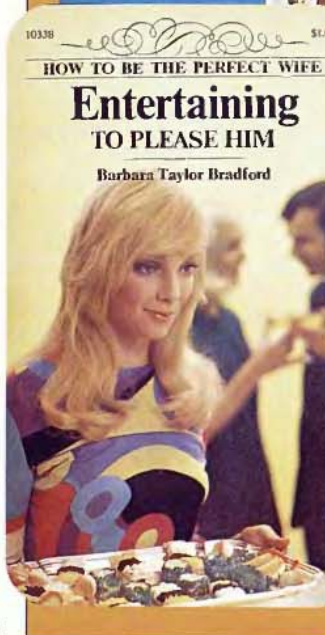
LOST CLASSICS



In memory of the time when men were men and women dressed funny, we present our first and last Lily Pulitzer Prizes:

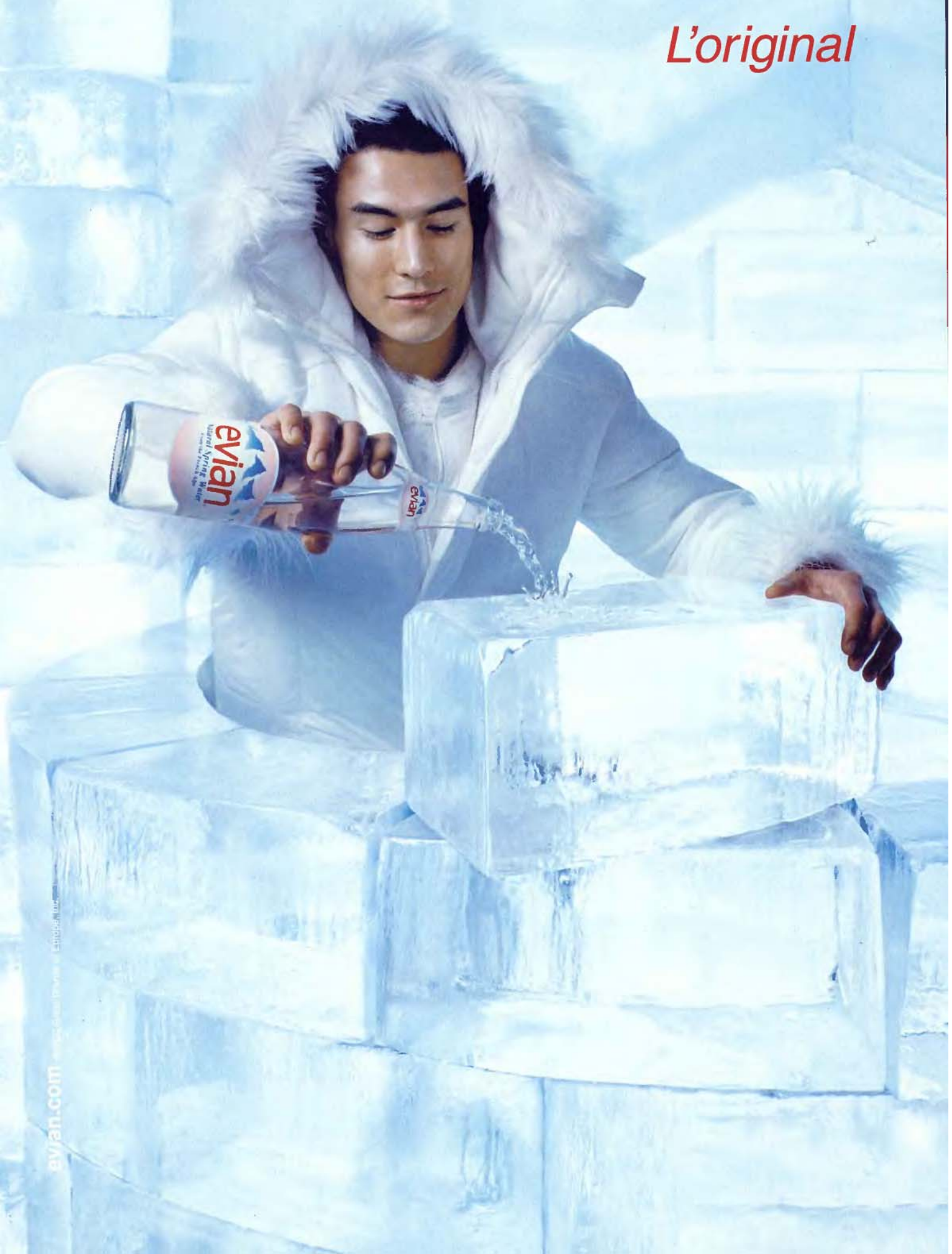


Popular romance novelist Barbara Taylor Bradford wrote *Entertaining to Please Him* in 1969 as part of the long-lamented "How to Be the Perfect Wife" series. *How to Put Your Husband Through College* (1970) includes the chapter "You Are Wacky—But Wonderful." The 1978



dating guide *How To Meet Men . . . Now That You're Liberated* offers such timeless counsel as, "What actually turns men on is energy." *How to Help Your Husband Get Ahead* (1964) asks "Working Wife: Help or Hindrance?" Hindrance? How about "Annuity or Revenue Sinkhole?"

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QUOTE

"Your body is not a temple, it's an amusement park. Enjoy the ride."
—ANTHONY BOURDAIN, CHEF AND AUTHOR OF *KITCHEN CONFIDENTIAL*

BLOWING YOUR OWN TRUMPET

The 1999 salary of James Levine, conductor for New York City's Metropolitan Opera, the highest salary received by a U.S. orchestra conductor: \$1.8 million. Other million-dollar baton twirlers include Kurt Masur, New York Philharmonic: \$1.5 million. Michael Tilson Thomas, San Francisco Symphony: \$1.3 million. Wolfgang Sawallisch, Philadelphia Orchestra: \$1.1 million. Leonard Slatkin, National Symphony Orchestra: \$1.1 million. Christoph Von Dohnányi, Cleveland Orchestra: \$1 million.

HIDDEN PROFITS

Estimated annual value of global sales of camouflaged products: \$2 billion. Percentage of camo pattern sales and licensing deals controlled by the two market leaders: 90. Number of copyrighted camo patterns that generate the bulk of revenues for these two market leaders: 3.

WORKOUT WOES

Of young men monitored in an Australian medical study to determine the effects of taking male hormones to aid weightlifting, percentage whose livers functioned abnormally during tests: 62. Percentage who experienced changes in sexual appetite: 61. Percentage who became moody: 48. Whose testicles shrank: 46. Who started developing breasts: 29.

TAKING IT ON THE CHIN

The percentage increase in the U.S. from 1998 to 1999 in nonsurgical, cosmetic laser surgery to remove hair: 340. To smooth wrinkles: 216. To stimulate collagen production: 29.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Stanford University researchers have discovered 37 new strains of bacteria in the human mouth, bringing the total number of organisms in the mouth to more than 500.

MASTER P-U

Due to incentive-based clauses in the contract that rapper Master P negotiated with the New Orleans Saints on behalf of Ricky Williams, amount that Williams was paid last season: \$350,000. Amount earned over the last two seasons by Indianapolis Colt Edgerrin James, who, like Williams, was a top-five draft pick two years ago: \$20 million.

QUIET RIOT

Average level of noise in the international space station, according to current tests: 70 decibels. Average level of noise experienced while sitting in a car in city traffic: 85 dB. Sustained level needed to cause hearing damage: 90 dB.

UN-EZ PASS

Most costly speeding ticket fine awarded thus far under Finland's sliding scale system, designed to adjust the fine to the income level of the driver: \$71,400.

TEENIE BOPPERS

According to a study by the Urban Institute of heterosexual boys aged 15 to 19, percentage who had engaged in anal sex: 11. Broken down by ethnicity, percentage of male black and Hispanic teens who had engaged in anal sex: 16. Percentage of young white males who had had anal sex: 9. Percentage of male teens (all ethnicities) who had performed oral sex: 39. Broken down by ethnicity, percentage of young black males who had performed oral sex: 20. Percentage of young white males who had given oral sex: 42.

ARMS ACROSS AMERICA

Amount spent in 2000 on U.S.-manufactured weaponry by Greece, America's top customer: \$2.4 billion. By second-place Egypt: \$1.6 billion. By third-place Israel: \$1.1 billion. Saudi Arabia: \$754 million.

Keeney (Simon & Schuster), the engravers at the U.S. Mint who worked on the redesigned \$5 bill grafted Lincoln's head onto the body of his secretary of war, Edwin Stanton. Thrifty recycling, or machinations of the Illuminati?

Center-of-the-World.com: Interactive site promoting the erotic Wayne Wang movie. Lets you get real close to porn star and *COTW* stripper Alicia Klass.

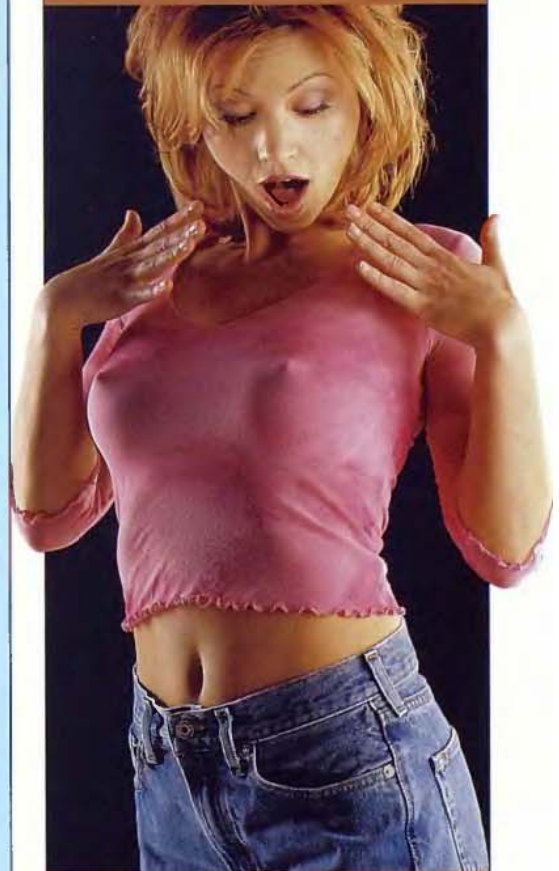
Dried plums: The growers of the fruit formerly known as prunes now have FDA permission to market a new name and take a step back from, according to a spokesman, "a strong association with laxation."

Zicam: A homeopathic zinc gel we squirted in our noses all winter to avoid colds; now it comes in an allergy-relief formula.

Tchan: Brazilian slang for desirable

NIPS AHOY!

The female founders of Bodyperks.com were partying in Vegas last year when they made a breakthrough discovery: Girls with erect nipples get attention. Lots of atten-



tion. Guys might call this common sense. Lori Barghini called it a business plan. Barghini and her partners decided to produce fake nipples so that other women could lavish in male attention, regardless of temperature or mood. The soft rubber tips run \$20 a pair.

THE ULTIMATE FANTASY CHESS SET

THE CLASH OF AGES

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BALLET RUSE

A ticket to the ballet costs as much as a night at the local Tits R Us. But most lap dancers can't leap 10 feet in the air, put their ankles behind their ears and stand on their toes—all at the same time.

Which is why we love the New York City Ballet Workout. Not only does the video implicitly acknowledge that ballerinas are worth ogling—it puts their sexy, taut bodies at center stage. And, thankfully, it ditches the frame story about a nymph and three dudes named Petr.

parts of the body. Used to be the ass; now, partly due to the success of busty Giselle Bundchen and a host of celebrity *siliconadas*, it has moved north.

Axis clothing: Designer Rick Solomon has published a useful primer called *A Man's Guide to Business Casual Clothing* (available at axisclothing.com).

Claire Keim: Gorgeous French actress starring in this month's *The Girl*. It's our favorite kind of chick flick—a romance between two women who can't keep their clothes on.

White Mexicans: According to British actress Amanda Donohue, it's what "Hollywood charmingly calls European actors—because they pay us less, and get away with it."



"If you translate the purpose of business into spiritual terms, the purpose is not to make money but the service of society."
—Deepak Chopra

The Torques: A Sixties-era garage band collective at Andover that included George W. Bush as a claqueur, primarily as a screamer, planted in the audience to incite the crowd, raise a din and rush the stage.

I Am Fearless Funky and Five: a new compilation from Tim "Love" Lee's Tummy Touch label. The CD of seductive, low-key house and trip-hop tracks comes with a strip-tease board game, *Nudo*, in its booklet. Nice.

WE READ IT FOR THE CENTERFOLD

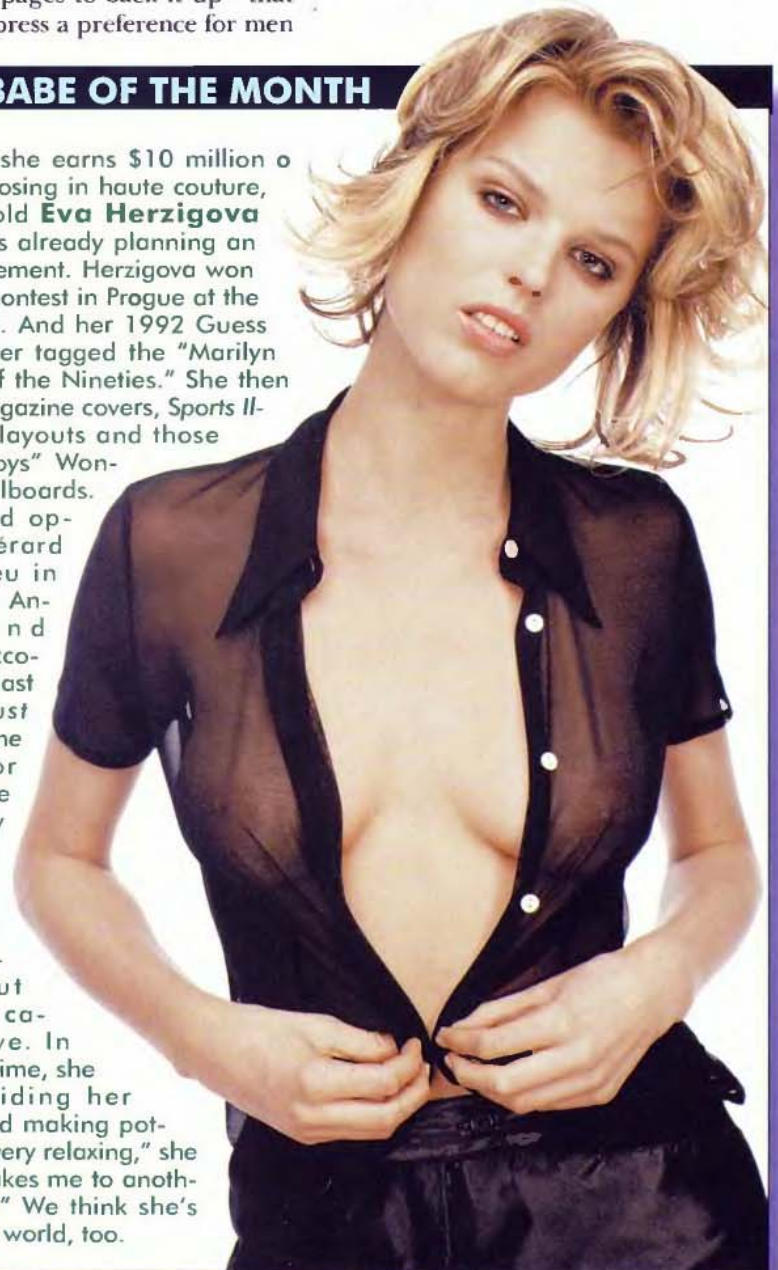
Hardworking academics James Began of the University of Louisville and Scott Allison of the University of Richmond have made some startling discoveries. In a paper titled *Playmate Preferences*, they argue that the text accompanying our Centerfolds offers a useful "social infrastructure to help men develop more broadly defined conceptualizations of masculinity." Presumably that means it makes us better people. Their conclusions follow from the finding that although women prefer men with both stereotypic masculine traits

(strength, assertiveness) and stereotypic feminine traits (desire to nurture, sensitivity), men are urged to adopt only the former. "This discrepancy produces gender-based role strain for men caught between the desires of women and the demands of social convention." Boy, you can say that again. The scholars then assert—and have a whole bunch of neatly typed pages to back it up—that Playmates express a preference for men

who possess "stereotypic feminine attributes." To attract "women such as PLAYBOY Playmates, the adoption of feminine attributes can readily be justified and help men experience less gender-based role strain." It's true. We can't tell you how often we adopt a lot more than just attributes to ease, however temporarily, our gender-based role strain. Especially on the weekend.

BABE OF THE MONTH

Although she earns \$10 million a year for posing in haute couture, 28-year-old **Eva Herzigova** says she is already planning an early retirement. Herzigova won a beauty contest in Prague at the age of 16. And her 1992 Guess ads got her tagged the "Marilyn Monroe of the Nineties." She then scored magazine covers, *Sports Illustrated* layouts and those "Hello, Boys" Wonderbra billboards. She acted opposite Gérard Depardieu in *Guardian Angels* and earned accolades for last year's *Just for the Time Being*. For now, the recently divorced Eva plans to stay in the U.S. while figuring out her next career move. In the meantime, she enjoys riding her Harley and making pottery. "It's very relaxing," she says. "It takes me to another planet." We think she's out of this world, too.



DISCOVER THE WOLF.



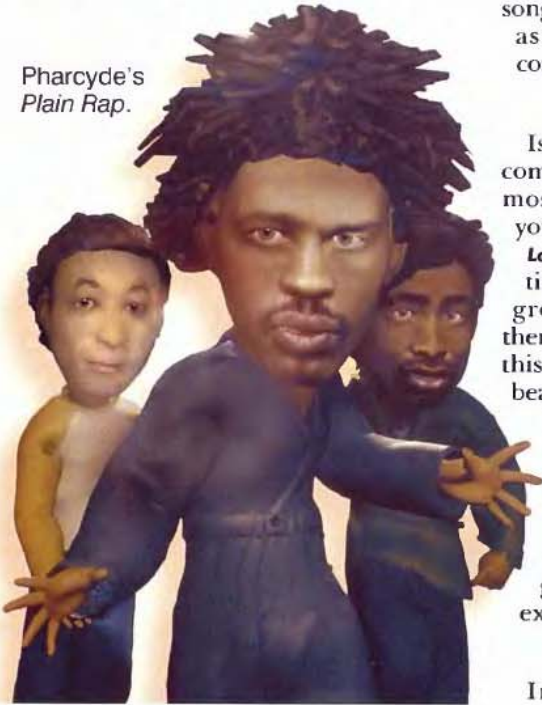
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DISEASE AND
TOOTH LOSS

IN THE EARLY Nineties, when Los Angeles hip-hop was associated with gats and ghetto tales, the Pharcyde represented a smart, playful alternative. Their campy, off-kilter delivery produced a couple of albums and some brilliant singles. After a lengthy hiatus and some personnel changes, they're back with *Plain Rap* (Delicious Vinyl), 11 sharply arranged and sharply produced tracks. They don't seem as innovative these days, but the sound of this disc is still state of the art. The producers have surrounded the MCs with a smooth, funky, pristine ambience. The Pharcyde uses some motifs of commercial hip-hop to support their mordant worldview, as on *Misery and World*, but they subvert the clichés even as they bend them to their own purposes. MCs Imani, Tre and Brown collaborate with Black Thought of the Roots on *Network*, while the two versions of *Trust* that open and close the CD display a cool versatility. Not as loopy as past Pharcyde releases, this album underscores the group's growth. —NELSON GEORGE

Pharcyde's *Plain Rap*.



Call them alt-country, Americana or neofolk, the new singer-songwriters are waiting for someone to break out. With *Step Right Up* (Lucky Dog), Charlie Robison is meant to be that artist. *Step Right Up* has the Dixie Chicks' producer and a duet with the Chicks' Natalie Maines. It has party songs and mournful wise ones, and Robison sings them in a voice borrowed from John Prine and Steve Earle. It also has a load of clichés and ends with a lame sex joke. So fans will have to prospect in the indie wilderness a while longer, looking for gems. *Gretchen Peters* (Valley Entertainment) is the second album

by a veteran Nashville writer. Her yearning spirit, sweet voice, stinging pen and great characters animates *Eddie's First Wife, Waiting for Amelia and Souvenirs*. Nobody had ever heard of Kevin Deal until *Kiss on the Breeze* (Blind Nello). Deal splits the difference between honky-tonk and folk-rock on tracks such as *This Time, Smoke and A Thousand Words*.

Ani DiFranco could be the standard-bearer of the lyric-driven trend, but she's too busy blowing up the form, as on her new, two-disc *Reveling/Reckoning* (Righteous Babe). *Reveling* uses funk licks, world beats, bass grooves and the occasional horn line to construct quirky pop. *Reckoning* gives Ani's army what it wants—confessional songs at slow tempos, social criticism and rhythm used only to augment song structure. DiFranco is as ebullient, witty and committed as ever. —DAVE MARSH

Is it significant that Low comes from Duluth, where it's so cold most of the year that you can't move your fingers? Low's latest CD, *Things We Lost in the Fire* (Kranky), takes some getting used to, like the Velvet Underground did the first time you heard them. But when you get beyond "Dude, this is slow," you get to "Dude, this is beautiful." *Fire* has eerie melodies, sad harmonies, a guitar strummed once for every other band's eight times and an occasional lonely cello.

This is rock and roll for contemplating your place in the universe. It's also good for napping and existential despair. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

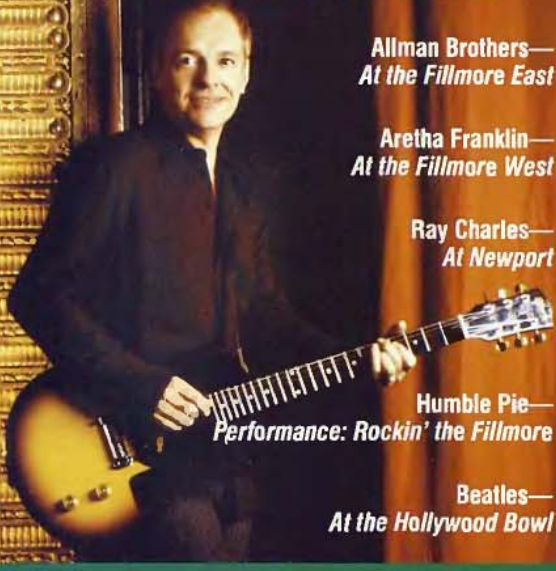
In 2000, alt-rock heroes Pavement quit while they were ahead, leaving their feckless leader to pursue his muse. *Stephen Malkmus* (Matador) is bolstered by backup musicians rather than stretched out of shape by a band. The lyrics are direct, too. My favorite is a three-verse autobiography of a pirate. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

A complete album from anyone is a rarity these days. Powderfinger has one in *Odyssey Number Five* (Universal). Eleven songs and not a boring melody or arrangement in the bunch. A hybrid of Crowded House and Guns n' Roses,

Powderfinger knows how to rock out and how to sing the right notes with the right inflections. —C.Y.

Grunge never died, it just went back to being alternative. Nebula is from LA, but it's no surprise that its second re-

SOUND BITES



**Allman Brothers—
At the Fillmore East**

**Aretha Franklin—
At the Fillmore West**

**Ray Charles—
At Newport**

**Humble Pie—
Performance: Rockin' the Fillmore**

**Beatles—
At the Hollywood Bowl**

PETER FRAMPTON'S FAVORITE LIVE CDS

lease, *Charged*, is on Sub Pop, the Seattle label that launched great grunge bands. With squalling guitars, power chords and wiseass attitude, *Charged* recalls the 13th Floor Elevators and the Stooges, and reminds you of what you loved about Seattle. And it still sounds unique and exhilarating. —VIC GARBARINI

The *Morells'* self-titled release (Slewfoot) is fresh and engaging. They dip into rockabilly and roadhouse blues with an affectionate nod toward songwriter Ronnie Self. The drinking shuffle *Hair of the Dog* sets the tone for originals such as *Mom's Got a Headache* and *Don't Let Your Baby Buy a Car*, the best honky-tonk advice since Johnny Cash's *Don't Take Your Guns to Town*. File this CD under fun. —DAVE HOEKSTRA



Guitarist Ken Rockwood and vocalist Danielle Braccaccio write intimate, sensual and wry songs. Danielle's idols are Billie Holiday and Joni Mitchell, and on *Professor and Maryann* (Bar/None) she channels both Billie's delicate highs and Joni's sensuous depths. Rockwood's spare acoustic guitar and rich harmonies frame Braccaccio's vocals so effectively that I never once gave a moment's thought to Gilligan or the Skipper. —V.G.

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Beer w/o Borders

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN DEPARTMENT: Puff Daddy's menswear line, Sean John, made \$100 million last year—that's more than his music did. We'll hum a few bars to that.

REELING AND ROCKING: Ice Cube will star in and produce *All About the Benjamins*. . . . Walter Latham, who produced *The Original Kings of Comedy*, is working on two rap comedies, including *Pimp Past*, about the rise, fall and redemption of a manipulated and untalented white rapper. . . . We've heard Courtney Love is already cam-



Dusty Hill, Frank Beard, Karen Hughes, Mark McKinnon, Billy Gibbons, Don Evans, Karl Rove.

paing for a starring role in a film about the life of Paula Yates. The two met before Yates' death, and Love has remarked on the uncanny things they had in common. . . . Reba McEntire has signed on to do a sitcom for the WB, playing an overwhelmed wife.

NEWSBREAKS: When we saw the Bush team throw ZZ Top up during inaugural week, we had to get to the bottom of it. So we sent Washington writer Josh Green to check out the Best Little Ball in D.C. His report: President Bush's inauguration was a long time coming for more than just devoted Republicans. "We were waiting in the wings to play a surprise concert in Austin on election night," said ZZ Top

guitarist Billy Gibbons. "So you could say we've been waiting two-and-a-half months for this gig." Gibbons estimates it was the smallest show the Texas rockers had played in two decades. But having grown up down the street from the Bush clan in Houston, Gibbons and his bandmates happily shook the chandeliers for 1000 of the most powerful sharp-dressed men (and women) in Washington. Those familiar with Bush's musical taste say they won't be surprised to hear ZZ Top blaring from the White House stereo. While governor, Bush declared May 15, 1997 ZZ Top Day and in return received one of the band's fabled key chains. This time, Fender Squire Telecasters were the gift of choice. Given the historic occasion, the boys felt it only right to honor the new commander-in-chief by updating the lyrics to one of the band's best-known hits.

"Bush rhymes with Tush," bassist Dusty Hill pointed out, "so that one was the obvious choice." It also brought back memories of the previous administration each time the band hit the reworked refrain, "Lord, take me downtown, I'm just lookin' for some Bush." . . . Rush is back in the studio recording together for the first time since 1996. . . . Roxy Music will tour this summer for the first time since 1983. No plans for a CD yet, though Bryan Ferry has a solo one in the works. . . . Taylor Dayne made her Broadway debut in Tim Rice and Elton John's *Aida*. . . . The two-CD INXS anthology is due this month and includes hits, rarities and B-sides. . . . Lastly, in time for summer, Isaac Hayes' sauces are in stores. Get ready to barbecue. —BARBARA NELLIS

"Life is unfair/Kill yourself or get over it," crooned precious-voiced Sarah Nixey on Black Box Recorder's 1998 debut, *England Made Me*. That challenge summed up the album's dark irony. But Nixey and composers Luke Haines and John Moore play a different game on *The Facts of Life* (Jetset, 67 Vestry St., New York, NY 10013). The first half of the album focuses on precoital sexual development, including first kisses and not going "too fast." The fulcrum is the title track, where Nixey plays a mother who watches her two sons undergo the agonies of teen experimentation—as much a classic as *Leader of the Pack* and *Jack and Diane*. That doesn't mean you'll hear it on the radio, but it proves that songwriting isn't dead. —R.C.



Fela was a musical giant whose blend of American funk and West African rhythms is legendary. Working out of Lagos, Fela brought together James Brown and John Coltrane to make long, sweaty jams that ridiculed corrupt Nigerian politicians and brought hope to his countrymen. *Expensive Shit/He Miss Road* (MCA) by Fela Ransome Kuti and Africa 70 combines two mid-Seventies albums into one incendiary CD. —N.G.

From 1965 to 1975, Muscle Shoals, Alabama was a mecca of soul music. Three recent releases recall the glory days. Eddie Hinton, a Bama songwriter and ace studio guitarist, never got the acclaim he deserved. The 19 Hinton demos on *Dear Y'All* (Zane) reveal a raw soulfulness. As author of *Dark End of the Street*, Dan Penn knows how to write (and sing) a great song. With *Blue Nite Lounge* (Dandy, danpenn.com), he returns with his first studio release in five years. Soulman Johnnie Taylor did some of his finest work in Muscle Shoals. *Lifetime* (Stax) is an impressive survey of a formidable talent. —LEOPOLD FROELICH

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Black Box Recorder <i>The Facts of Life</i>	9	6	8	6	6
Low <i>Things We Lost in the Fire</i>	4	4	6	5	8
Nebula <i>Charged</i>	6	8	8	7	7
Pharcyde <i>Plain Rap</i>	6	7	8	7	7
Charlie Robison <i>Step Right Up</i>	7	7	7	5	7



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NO STATIC AT ALL

The launch of the first satellite radio services will make cruising in your car a lot cooler this summer. Two competing companies—XM Satellite Radio and Sirius Satellite Radio—have a total of five satellites in orbit, ready to beam down 100 channels of CD-quality digital radio. For \$9.95 a month, listeners can tune in to familiar music formats and multiple variations of rock, blues, jazz, pop, country and other genres. Heavy-hitting media companies will operate about 50 channels (including CNBC, BBC World Service, Bloomberg and NPR), providing national news, sports and talk. Each service will also offer original programming not typically found on the AM-FM dial,



including live House of Blues broadcasts and content from such TV channels as A&E and Discovery. Although Sirius' service will be commercial free, XM Radio anticipates some of its channels will have about six minutes of national ads per hour (compared with an 18-minute average on the standard FM station). To tune in to satellite radio broadcasts you'll need a three-band radio (AM-FM-satellite), currently offered by Sony, Panasonic, Pioneer, Alpine and others for between \$250 and \$400. Most automakers have agreed to include three-bands as standard features in future models, and may even offer the first few months of satellite service bundled into the purchase price. Interfacing with digital portable components isn't far behind.—BUZZ MCCLAIN

WORKING THROUGH WALLS

Nothing makes a portable computer less portable than an Internet connection. Until recently, moving your laptop from desk to couch required an awfully long telephone cord. Now, however, two wireless home-

networking technologies, Home RF and Wi-Fi, enable computer users to connect to the Net anywhere via radio frequencies similar to those used by a cordless phone. Home RF lets users access the web up to 150 feet from a wall jack and is currently used in products from Compaq, Motorola, IBM and others. Intel offers Home RF connectivity in its AnyPoint product line. Users attach a small USB device (\$100) to a computer with a broadband connection. That computer then transmits the signal to other PCs with the same AnyPoint apparatus, as well as to laptops using Intel's PC-card adapter (\$130). Wi-Fi (wireless fidelity), or 802.11b, operates the same way but is faster (11 Mbps compared with Home RF's 1.6 Mbps), has a longer range (300 feet) and can connect to the Net anywhere with a Wi-Fi network. Some airports (such as San Jose and Houston) already have areas that let you open any laptop with a Wi-Fi card and access the Internet. The 3Com Home Wireless Gateway is one of the easier-to-use iterations of this standard. The company offers both the device that connects to the outside line and the cards that plug into desktop and laptop computers. Prices start around \$400, plus about \$120 per computer. One caution: Wi-Fi systems may conflict with 2.4 GHz cordless phone reception, a problem Home RF avoids by channel hopping.

—TED FISHMAN

GAME OF THE MONTH



Hiding behind walls won't help victims escape your rocket launcher in THQ's Red Faction. Unlike other 3D shooter games, Red Faction uses "real-time, arbitrary geometry modification." In plain English that means nearly everything can be demolished. With the right weapon, players can blast through walls, rupture pipes and collapse the ceiling onto the heads of unsuspecting victims. Why cause such mayhem? As a disgruntled miner on Mars, you're leading a revolt against the evil Ultor Corporation by opening fire with 15 unique weapons and a variety of armed vehicles. Available for PlayStation 2 now and PC later this year.

—MARC SALTZMAN

WILD THINGS

Before your next trip, slip a set of Si Technology's new portable speakers into your carry-on and enjoy home theater sound in your hotel room. The Si5 set (\$90) includes a battery-powered amplifier and two collapsible NXT flat-panel speakers. The CD jewel case-size speakers are less than one inch thick and are designed to clip together for portability. The entire system weighs less than a pound. Once unfolded and connected, the speakers use the amplifier's built-in chip to simulate full 3D surround sound. And because the speakers project from the front and the rear, the surround sound effect is discernible in a full 360 without dead spots. The Si5 connects to laptops as well as to virtually any DVD, CD or MP3 player or other portable device through a standard line-out jack and can use a DC power adapter to save battery life. Great for entertaining on the road or for just drowning out the guy in the next room.

—JASON BUHRMESTER



By LEONARD MALTIN

The Road Home (Sony Pictures Classics) is sweet but slight, a minor work by master filmmaker Zhang Yimou, who is celebrated for such earlier pictures as *Ju Dou* and *Raise the Red Lantern*. The joy here is watching his latest discovery, Zhang Ziyi (recently seen as Jen in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*), in an open yet beautifully controlled portrayal of a simple teenage girl deeply smitten by the handsome schoolteacher who comes to her village. The film celebrates Chinese tradition in flashback stories about a son who returns home from the city to arrange a respectful funeral for his father. Unfortunately, *The Road Home* is as easily forgotten as it is digested. ★★★½



Uma Thurman: Golden girl

In *The Center of the World* (Artisan), a nouveau riche computer nerd offers a woman \$10,000 to spend a weekend with him in Las Vegas. He likes her looks when he sees her putting up posters for her band; when he learns she is also a stripper, he finds her hard to resist. She accepts the offer, with several conditions: She needs

her own room, will have no sex with him and will perform only from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M. Things don't go as planned, however. He has a difficult time reconciling the fantasy woman of the night with the real-life woman he grows fond of in her off-hours. She finds herself getting

a sexual tug-of-war. These characters resonate in our fantasy-driven society, and their story is acted out with remarkable candor. ★★★

Director James Ivory, producer Ismail Merchant and screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala have been working together so long that one can take the team for granted. Their newest offering, Henry James' *The Golden Bowl* (Lions Gate), is an important reminder that their gift for illuminating period drama is rare indeed. Yes, the settings and costumes are exquisite, and they serve the story well, but it's the emotional content of the piece that matters most. An Italian prince (Jeremy Northam) and an impoverished young American (Uma Thurman) are deeply in love, but he must marry

to like him, which goes against her stripper's code of keeping men at a distance. Director Wayne Wang, using a blueprint script (co-written by Paul Auster), digital video and two bold leading actors (Peter Sarsgaard and Molly Parker), creates a compelling look at two people caught in

for money, and so is affianced to Thurman's lifelong friend, an American heiress (Kate Beckinsale) whose life has been devoted to her widowed father (Nick Nolte). Family friend Anjelica Huston thinks it best for the naive Beckinsale not to know that her future

Movie costumes and props used to be expendable, the disposable by-products of the filmmaking process. Only in recent years have museums, archives, auction houses and commercial enterprises like Planet Hollywood given value (in some cases,

and was told he could help himself. His assemblage of masks, costumes, props and life-size replicas of horror movie icons has shown up at Hugh Hefner's annual Halloween party at the Playboy Mansion. The treasures are about to go on tour again.

COLLECTING MOVIE MAGIC

bloated value) to these artifacts.

The current bidding frenzy for *Titanic* souvenirs and *Star Trek* costumes must cause longtime fans and collectors to shake their heads in wonder. Television director Rich Correll was a juvenile actor in the Fifties when he started his now world-famous collection of horror, science fiction and fantasy memorabilia. While wandering around the Universal Pictures lot, he recognized some props from familiar science fiction films

One man began in this pursuit even before Correll, however; now Bob Burns' legendary collection is celebrated in a new book, *It Came From Bob's Basement* (Chronicle) by Burns and John Michlig. The genial and enthusiastic Burns has worked on both sides of the camera in movies and television, and achieved minor fame for his work inside a gorilla suit. He lives in a modest Burbank, California house with a shed that houses his lifelong passion. Bob was 10 years old when he acquired his first piece, a hard-rubber ornament in the shape of

a wolf that, painted silver, was used by Claude Rains to destroy Lon Chaney Jr. in *The Wolf Man*. That was in the early Forties, when Burns was befriended by the first in a long line of prop makers and special-effects artists. Bob now proudly shows off a pair of clodhoppers that once belonged to Frankenstein's monster, the instantly recognizable tunic worn by Buster Crabbe as Flash Gordon, and the time machine used in the 1960 George Pal movie of the same name.

Burns has brought some of his goodies to fan conventions over the years, and has opened his door to television crews before, but this book is a widely accessible record of what he's accumulated over the years—not with an auction paddle or a fat checkbook, but with a reputation for giving these pieces the care and respect they deserve. —L.M.

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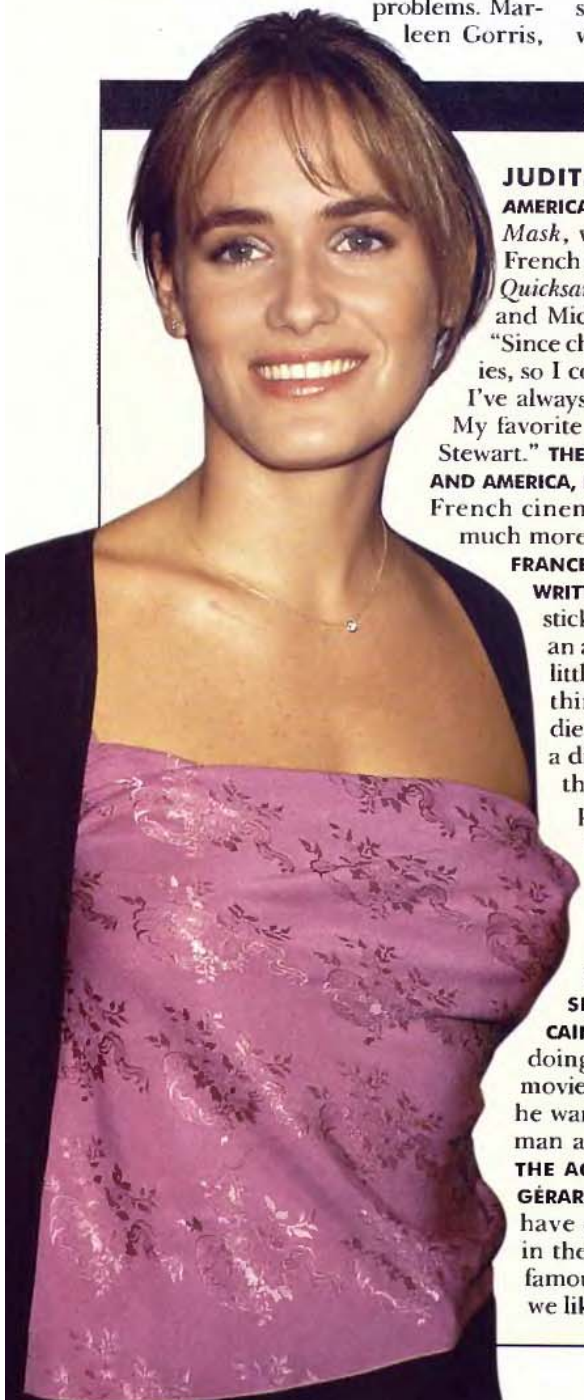


husband once had a liaison with her closest friend, and therein hangs the tale. The performances are uniformly fine in this roundelay of passion, deceit, retribution and, ultimately, forgiveness. *The Golden Bowl* is richly satisfying adult entertainment. **✓✓✓**

Two of the best actors working in movies—John Turturro and Emily Watson—co-star in *The Luzhin Defence* (Sony Pictures Classics). In this intriguing story based on the novel by Vladimir Nabokov, Turturro plays a Russian chess master who travels to Italy in the Twenties for a world championship. He's so consumed by the game that he barely notices anything going on around him—until he meets Watson, who's vacationing with her mother at the same resort. The attraction between the two unlikely partners is immediate but fraught with problems. Marleen Gorris,

the talented Dutch director of the Oscar-winning *Antonia's Line*, has brought a keen sensibility to this unusual story, but perhaps her most winning move was casting brilliant actors in the leading roles. **✓✓✓**

In 1995 four Danish directors issued the Dogme 95 manifesto, in which they rejected gimmickry and advocated a stripped-down approach to storytelling. They said nothing about entertaining an audience, and that problem plagues *The King Is Alive* (Good Machine), directed by Dogme co-founder Kristian Levring. Such fine actors as Janet McTeer, Bruce Davison and Jennifer Jason Leigh star in a saga of disparate people stranded in the African desert, forced to deal with each other's peccadilloes and problems. Inspired by *King Lear*, it plays more like a hybrid of a Greek tragedy and an episode of *Survivor*. If there is a point, it was lost on me. **✓½**



SCENE STEALER

JUDITH GODRÈCHE. FIRST NOTICED BY

AMERICAN MOVIEGOERS IN: *The Man in the Iron Mask*, with Leonardo DiCaprio, and the French import *Ridicule*. **SOON TO BE SEEN IN:** *Quicksand*, co-starring with Michael Caine and Michael Keaton. **HER EARLIEST AMBITION:**

"Since childhood my dream was to be in movies, so I could dance with and kiss Gene Kelly. I've always been in love with American actors. My favorite actors are all American, like James Stewart." **THE BIGGEST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRANCE AND AMERICA, FROM AN ACTRESS' POINT OF VIEW:**

"In French cinema there are a lot of women stars, much more than men." **THE BIGGEST PROBLEM IN FRANCE FOR A BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS WHO HAS WRITTEN A NOVEL:**

"In France, you have to stick to what you're doing. You can't be an actress and a singer. You're put into a little box and have to stay in that box. I think it's much easier in America. Jodie Foster is an actress, a producer and a director. That's rare in France. I have this pretty-girl model look and people might not think I could write a book." **WHO SHE HAS A PASSION FOR:**

"Directors. Even my boyfriend is jealous when I'm meeting a director." **WHO SHE'D LIKE TO WORK WITH:**

"Ridley Scott, Francis Coppola, Woody Allen, Spike Jonze." **WHY SHE ENJOYED WORKING WITH MICHAEL CAINE:**

"He's very funny. On the set he's doing jokes. It's so nice. Even after 100 movies, he's really amazed by things and he wants to create more. He's an amazing man and he has a wonderful wife." **WHAT THE ACTRESS AND HER TWO-TIME CO-STAR GÉRARD DEPARDIEU HAVE IN COMMON:**

"We have exactly the same way of thinking in the cinema. We're not stars, we're not famous, we're just doing something that we like."

—L.M.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Blow (Reviewed 5/01) Johnny Depp stars as the real-life guy who dominated the American cocaine market for years—but couldn't erase a self-destructive streak. A tangible sense of time and place, and good performances can't make the central character a compelling subject. **✓✓**

The Center of the World (See review) Wayne Wang directed this bold chamber piece about a computer nerd who hires a stripper to spend a weekend with him in Las Vegas—with unexpected results. A daring and introspective adult drama. **✓✓✓**

Enemy at the Gates (Listed only) Jude Law, Joseph Fiennes, Ed Harris and Rachel Weisz star in this fictional version of a true story of rival snipers during World War II. It starts out so well; too bad it lapses into silly Hollywoodisms by the end. **✓✓½**

15 Minutes (4/01) Director John Herzfeld takes aim at tabloid TV and loopholes in our criminal justice system in this aggressive and entertaining film starring Robert De Niro and Edward Burns. **✓✓✓**

Get Over It (Listed only) Kirsten Dunst and Ben Foster star in this teen comedy inspired by Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*—but the good-natured film sputters off in too many directions to score a bull's-eye. **✓✓**

The Golden Bowl (See review) Nick Nolte and Uma Thurman star in this excellent Merchant-Ivory piece, based on Henry James' story of love, fate, betrayal and forgiveness. **✓✓✓**

The King Is Alive (See review) Janet McTeer and Bruce Davison head a strong cast in this story of disparate people stranded in the desert—a dreary hybrid of Greek tragedy and an episode of *Survivor*, although its roots are in *King Lear*. **✓½**

The Luzhin Defence (See review) John Turturro is a self-absorbed chess master, Emily Watson a sheltered but independent-minded woman who falls in love with him. **✓✓✓**

One Night at McCool's (5/01) Three men (Matt Dillon, John Goodman and Paul Reiser) see beautiful Liv Tyler in their own way—but they're all done in by this wily femme fatale. **✓✓**

The Road Home (See review) Zhang Yimou brings earnestness and craft to a minor story about a man who returns to his rural village, where we learn how his mother and father met many years before. **✓✓½**

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✓✓✓ Good show ✓ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT



"I'm most fond of some of the older Hollywood films, like *On the Waterfront*," says Paul Verhoeven, director of such bombastic Hollywood fare as *Basic Instinct*, *Showgirls*, *Starship Troopers* and *Hollow Man*. "For some time, I studied Elia Kazan. I'm excited to get all my Hitchcock movies on DVD, because I'm always looking at them. I like the ones he did in England, like *The Lady Vanishes* and *The 39 Steps*. Now, I want to see *The Perfect Storm* DVD and to hear Wolfgang Petersen's commentary track." —LAURENCE LERMAN

STEAL THIS COLUMN

It's nice to see heist movies making a comeback. Guy Ritchie's *Snatch* (on video this month) and Steven Soderbergh's remake of the Rat Pack favorite *Ocean's Eleven*, due later this year, continue a fine tradition in which lovable antiheroes are driven to crime, only to learn too late that crime doesn't pay. Usually.

The Way of the Gun (2000): Bottom feeders Benicio Del Toro and Ryan Phillippe want to ransom an unborn baby, so they kidnap mother-to-be Juliette Lewis. Bad idea: It leads to bullets and a ghastly C-section birth in a Mexican outpost.

The Killing (1956): A gang of misfits is recruited by man's man Sterling Hayden to rob a racetrack of a cool \$2 mil. It would have gone perfectly except for the greedy dame. Snappily directed by Stanley Kubrick, with dialogue by Mr. Hard-Boiled himself, Jim Thompson.

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels (1998): Unlucky Nick Moran loses his father's bar in a poker game but can buy it back for \$800,000. Happily, the next-door neighbors are gangsters who have lots of cash—and weapons.

Reservoir Dogs (1992): After a diamond heist goes awry, the crooks repair to a warehouse to lick their wounds and figure out which of them tipped the cops. Quentin Tarantino's shockingly evil directing debut.

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round (1966): Smooth-talking ex-con James Coburn has an intricate plan to rob a bank at LAX during the arrival of the Russian premier. An excellent example of clockwork cinema. Harrison Ford appears briefly as a bellhop.

Killing Zoe (1994): Tarantino protégé Roger Avary's bullet-strewn tale of an American safecracker (Eric Stoltz) who goes to Paris to help drug-addled thugs rob a bank. A night with bank teller Julie Delpy inhibits the heist.

The Hot Rock (1972): Redford leads a gang of hapless cat burglars in a chase for a priceless gem. Very clever, very Seventies, with a cool Quincy Jones score.

Thief (1981): Career safecracker James Caan takes mentor Willie Nelson's advice to cash out and settle down with wife Tuesday Weld. But Robert Prosky has one last job for him. Michael Mann's brilliant film debut. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Cleopatra (Twentieth Century Fox), the costly 1963 historical epic that famously brought Fox to the brink of bankruptcy, is out in a three-disc set. It launched Elizabeth Taylor's post-MGM solo career with a million-dollar paycheck (Hollywood's first for an actress) while pushing the already notorious beauty into Richard Burton's arms and busting up her brief marriage to Eddie Fisher. One disc celebrates this history in a two-hour documentary, dubbed *Cleopatra: The Film That Changed Hollywood*. The documentary should be enjoyed before one consumes the four-hour Sphinx-fest that is *Cleopatra*. Doing so simultaneously lowers one's cinematic expectations while raising one's awareness of the production's troubled history. Mind you, *Cleopatra* remains an often gloriously extravagant film, with Oscar-winning costumes, sets, art direction and cinematography. The new high-definition transfer and THX mastering cast the film in its best light ever. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

IDOL PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

Everyone is celebrating Marilyn's 75th birthday. One of her best films, *Some Like It Hot* (MGM), is out in a special DVD edition. Then there's the Marilyn Monroe Diamond Collection from Fox, with *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *The Seven Year Itch*, *There's No Business Like Show Business*, *How to Marry a Millionaire* and *Bus Stop*. With this boxed set (VHS or DVD) is the excellent documentary *Marilyn Monroe: The Final Days*, which includes a 37-minute reconstruction of *Something's Got to Give*, the film left unfinished at her death. —JOHN REZEK



video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
THRILLER	<i>Thirteen Days</i> (inside the war room for the Cuban missile crisis; Costner leads solid ensemble in underseen drama), <i>Proof of Life</i> (when thugs kidnap Ryan's hubby, it's <i>Gladiator</i> to the rescue; whiff of imminent cuckoldry adds suspense).
PRODIGIES	<i>Finding Forrester</i> (reclusive English prof Sean Connery finds rough jewel on Harlem hard-court), <i>Billy Elliot</i> (gawky British kid is so desperate to dance that he eventually does; inspiring despite the formulaics).
ART HOUSE	<i>Shadow of the Vampire</i> (on the weird set of the classic <i>Nosferatu</i> , Dafoe sucks blood, Malkovich chews scenery), <i>O Brother, Where Art Thou?</i> (three cons run in the Depression-era South; Coen brothers soak <i>The Odyssey</i> in irony).
COMEDY	<i>Miss Congeniality</i> (schlumpy fed Sandra Bullock goes undercover as Miss New Jersey; sitcom-like, could have been sexier), <i>What Women Want</i> (ad exec Mel Gibson suddenly can read women's minds; mild fun, should have been darker).
ARTIST BIO	<i>Quills</i> (Geoffrey Rush is the Marquis de Sade, imprisoned for porn yet playfully impertinent; sharply pointed), <i>Before Night Falls</i> (director Julian Schnabel and actor Javier Bardem breathe life into Cuban writer Reinaldo Arenas; dusky).

Fahrenheit

Lift here
to discover
Fahrenheit



Dior

Burdines

Fahrenheit



Dior

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

WHAT'S IT WORTH?

My friend David wanted to replace his thrift-store dining room chairs with "real" furniture. He came across six French Victorian hardwood chairs at an antique store that were a match for his table. But he had no idea if the \$4500 asking price was anywhere near market value. When the dealer wasn't looking, he snapped a digital photo, and paid \$20 to have [eppraisals.com](#)—an online fine art, antiques and collectibles service—look at the chairs. In 48 hours, an "appraiser" sent a short report about the chairs, valuing them at \$1200 (fair market) with a \$2400 replacement value. Armed with the information from the appraisal, David returned to the dealer



and was able to get the price knocked down to \$2500. The last time that I checked, he was still mulling over the deal.



CRASH CALCULATOR

I'm flying to Denver next month, so I went to [amigoingdown.com](#) and filled out a form, entering the travel date, airline and type of plane I'll be taking. Seconds later, the site informed me that the chances of crashing on the trip are 1 in 3,258,904. I'll take those odds. [Amigoingdown.com](#) emphasizes that all passenger-jet travel is safe. "If you took a flight every day, you'd travel more than 1000 years on average before being involved in a fatal accident." A good thing to remember next time you hit turbulence.

STOP THE PIXEL TAG SNOOP

You may think that reading your e-mail is a private activity, but thanks to an ugly software trick called a pixel tag, senders can tell when you open certain messages. Sites like [itracey.com](#) let anyone send e-mail messages containing pixel bugs to anyone else. When the recipient opens the message, [itracey.com](#) e-mails a notice to the sender. Fortunately, there's an easy way to prevent pixel tags from invading your in-box: set your e-mail program's preferences to "text only." Most e-mail programs—Outlook Express, for example—are set by default to receive messages in HTML format. (HTML is the same language used to display a web page's graphics, colored backgrounds and formatted text.) But you can switch off the HTML option in the "preferences" or "options" section of the program. That way, you keep the snoops at bay, plus prevent your e-mail from getting clogged with graphics.

BOOB TUBE

The name, [boobscan.com](#), says it all. Anonymous women place their breasts on color scanners and upload the images to the site. Then users vote on their favorite pair. There are instructions provided on how to scan and submit images, and a separate "hairy boobs" contest page for men (which I didn't bother to check out—and neither should you).

EXPEDIA UPDATE

This past April, I wrote about my awful experience on United Airlines after using [Expedia.com](#) to book the flight tickets. About a month after I e-mailed my complaints to both of the companies, I received \$450 in travel vouchers from United and \$75 in American Express gift certificates from Expedia, along with their humble admissions of guilt. Apologies accepted.

BINARY BARRICADE

Having a DSL or cable modem service means you have high-speed access to the Internet, but there is a downside. Your computer becomes a tempting target for dark-side hackers who can more easily break in and steal your banking records, credit card numbers and



Name: [albat](#)
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Boob Size: [34B](#)
Age: [29](#)
Total Votes: [20](#)
[Vote for these!](#)

Name: [collette](#)
Submitted by: [mark](#)
Boob Size: [31B](#)
Age: [43](#)
Total Votes: [20](#)
[Vote for these!](#)

passwords. If you've graduated from a dial-up connection, you should get some kind of firewall protection. I have Norton Personal Firewall, which protects my computer from unauthorized access. It works in the background, warning me if an intruder is trying to crawl down my DSL line. The software also blocks potentially dangerous Java applets and ActiveX controls from wreaking havoc on my hard drive. Download a copy for Windows (\$50) or for Macintosh (\$70) at [symantecstore.com](#).

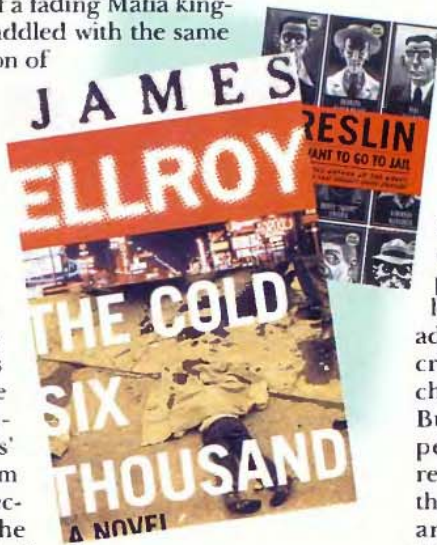
QUICK HITS

A gallery of Pulitzer Prize photography: [www.newseum.org/pulitzer](#). Fool your friends, impress strangers. Participate in the black market. Buy knockoff watches at [greatreplicas.com](#). Missed an episode of your favorite TV show? Read a snarky synopsis at [mightybigtv.com](#).

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at [livingonline@playboy.com](#).

MOBBED UP

America loves gangster fiction, a fact not lost in Jimmy Breslin's *I Don't Want to Go to Jail* (Little, Brown). The anecdotal novel follows the parallel fates of a fading Mafia kingpin and a law-abiding lad saddled with the same moniker as his uncle, the Don of Greenwich Village. *Jail* has some grit but seems as frothy as a fairy tale when compared with James Ellroy's mesmerizing nightmare of gangdom's power and glory, *The Cold Six Thousand* (Knopf). Focusing on a Las Vegas cop's decline through the tumultuous Sixties, it lays the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, Howard Hughes' buyout of Vegas, the Vietnam war drug trade and the election of Richard Nixon at the casino doorstep of a cabal of crime lords, CIA creeps and the ever-vigilant J. Edgar Hoover. With riveting style and substance, *The Cold Six Thousand* is Ellroy's biggest score.



—DICK LOCHTE

STRANGER IN PARADISE

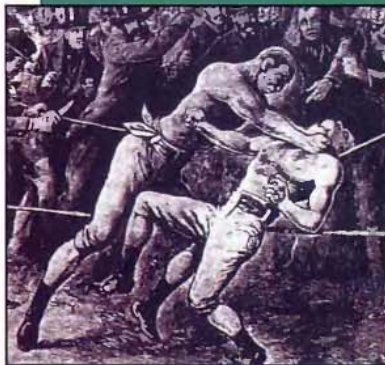
Paul Theroux's *Sir Vidia's Shadow* was a bitter memoir about his relationship with V.S. Naipaul, in which Theroux managed to present unflattering portraits of both his onetime mentor and himself. His latest book, *Hotel Honolulu* (Houghton Mifflin), is about a middle-aged author of some notoriety who tries to escape his past and start a new life. The nameless narrator seeks refuge in a job managing the last small, old hotel in Honolulu. The book is the former writer's episodic retelling of the many stories that the hotel's guests and staff have told him. Theroux is at the top of his game capturing the unrequited desires of the visitors who pass through the hotel's lobby and drink in the Paradise Lost Lounge. He also creates some memorable characters. Hotel owner Buddy Hamstra is "most people's nightmare, a reckless millionaire with the values of a delinquent and a barklike laugh." Then there's the narrator's wife, Sweetie, the product of a top-secret assignment arranged years earlier by Buddy between a prostitute and JFK. As his narrator discovers a route back home to the writing life, Theroux also makes a most welcome comeback.



—PAUL ENGLEMAN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

The first rule of fight club is that you never talk about fight club. But now the secrets are out. Bob Mee's *Bare Fists: The History of Bare Knuckle Prize Fighting* (Overlook) profiles the strongest, meanest and drunkest bare-knuckle boxers in the history of the sport, which began in early-1700s England. You think Mike Tyson is a badass? These boxers bit noses, gouged eyes and kicked their fallen opponents with spiked boots. Fights lasted an average of two and a half hours, ending only when a boxer dropped (many times, dropped dead). Crowds of up to 50,000 traveled miles to see these bouts, causing local residents to wonder if the French were invading. These pugilists did not live out their glory years like Rocky. Most either died young from organ damage, spent time in jail for the deaths of their opponents or took to drink. In the late 1800s, gloves and stricter rules were introduced, which led to today's fighters' mockery of the original art. A boxer and his mates are the focus of Irvine Welsh's latest novel, *Glue* (Norton). But, as with his best-known novel, *Trainspotting*, wading through Welsh's dialect can be a challenge. If you're not up to it, wait for the movie. —PATTY LAMBERTI

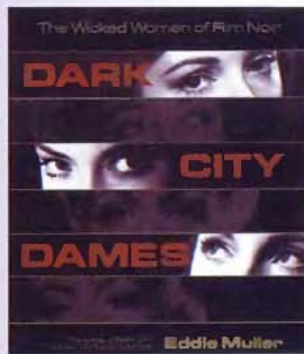


BARE FISTS

THE HISTORY OF BARE KNUCKLE PRIZE FIGHTING
BOB MEE

CAMERA READY:

Decades before Sharon Stone wielded an ice pick and uncrossed her legs in *Basic Instinct*, femmes fatales slinked across movie screens leaving cigarette smoke and baffled men in their wakes. Offscreen, life was even darker. The women chafed under a studio system that gave them little power. They bottled jealous peers and lost roles as they aged. Eddie Muller's *Dark City Dames: The Wicked Women of Film Noir* (Harper Collins) has more Hollywood scoop than a Liz Smith column. It's a sympathetic ode to six women (Evelyn Keyes, Coleen Gray, Ann Savage, Jane Greer, Audrey Totter and Morie Windsor) who made B-movie history and helped pave film noir's shadowy streets.



—ALISON LUNDGREN

MAN, OH MAN

Our own man about town sets the tone for *Man About Town* (Sterling). Hef makes a splashy appearance in Catherine Heywood and Bill Dunn's look at style, sports, music, art, film and boys' toys. In this orch universe, Hef keeps heady company with the likes of Rosputin, Freud, Clark Gable, Picasso, Elvis, the Beatles, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Bubba.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS





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PLEASURE
—To—
BURN

By ASA BABER

MARK CHMURA, former Green Bay Packers tight end, was found not guilty early this year on charges of child enticement and third-degree sexual assault of a young woman in Wisconsin. I watched the entire trial on Court TV and thought the jury acquitted itself honorably and well. When I read the sports columnists of my hometown Chicago newspapers, however, I learned that Chmura was still tainted with guilt despite the jury's decision. It appears that the sports pages—once the last bastion of unabashed manhood—are now advocating the politically correct approach to all things athletic.

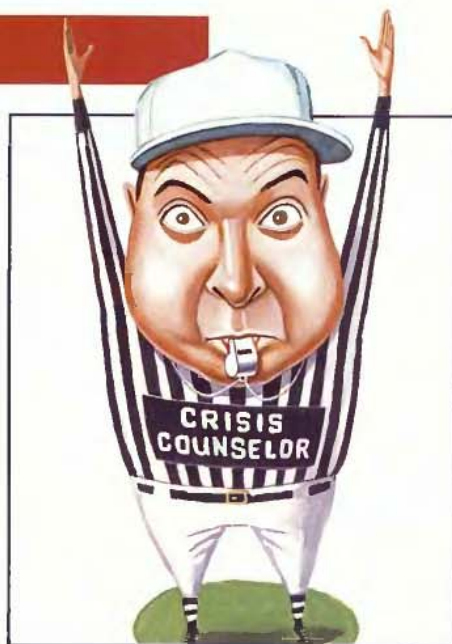
"Chmura may not be guilty, but he's a long way from innocent," wrote one female columnist. "The odds were stacked against his accuser. They are always stacked against the accuser. The accuser is always made out to be the bad person." A male sports columnist in the same paper weighed in with similar remarks: "In truth, his name is dirt forever. . . . A rat, some would call Chmura, if not worse."

OK, forget Chmura. Here are some other politically correct sports columnists on the XFL. Under the headline CHEERLEADERS CHEAPEN ENTIRE INDUSTRY, a female columnist in another Chicago newspaper writes of the XFL "exploiting women" and says, "One more risqué shot of the cheerleaders and it would have put *Baywatch* to shame." And a gentleman writing for *The New York Times* waxed indignant about the XFL in that paper's typical femspeak: "The level of female objectification in a sports venture that even pays lip service to being legitimate is a cultural setback to American women who have worked so hard to elevate their athletic standing."

Having been scolded by my moral superiors after I cheered the Chmura verdict and chuckled in appreciation of the XFL cheerleaders and their antics, it occurs to me that we need yet another football league in this country: the Politically Correct Football League. Here are some suggestions about rules and procedures that should help that noble venture get off the ground:

(1) Before all PCFL games, two players from each team will prepare their favorite recipes midfield (provincial French cuisine, of course) and share them with the crowd.

(2) All PCFL uniforms are to be designed by Donna Karan (Barbra Streisand's preferred designer). No garish colors or obscene names will be allowed on the backs of the players' jerseys. Furthermore, each game will have an original color scheme and will be orchestrated by a feng shui expert.



POLITICALLY CORRECT FOOTBALL

(3) PCFL locker rooms will be monitored by Martha Stewart and her minions over remote TV. Any player who is messy or unruly will be banned from the game. There will also be no belching, farting or horseplay, and towel snapping is out!

(4) Only male feminists may play in the PCFL. The status of each player will be determined by written exams administered by the National Organization for Women. Once a decision is made, there is no appeal.

(5) Before the national anthem is played, *I Am Woman* will be sung a capella by each team. At the end of the game, all participants will join hands and sing *Kumbaya*.

(6) No profanity will be permitted by any member of the PCFL. "Aw, shucks" or "Goodness gracious" will replace all previous epithets. This rule holds even for men who have broken a limb or been kicked in the nuts.

(7) All games will begin with a group hug and a check-in (over an open mike, the players talk about their lives and how they are feeling that day; those players who do not feel well or harbor undefined anxiety are excused).

(8) Tackling is by permission only. As a defender approaches the man with the ball, he must ask if it is all right to tackle him. If the offensive player says no and claims he is not ready for such a violent collision, the defender must simply run alongside him until such permission is granted.

(9) Permission is granted when the man carrying the ball yells, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but tackling never hurts me."

(10) Most PCFL games will be high-scoring because, contrary to popular belief, a lot of football players do not like being tackled and therefore will never grant permission.

(11) There is no blocking in the PCFL. Tight hand-holding is allowed, however, as are tripping, scratching, clawing and shrieking. In addition, the game can be stopped at any time if one player wishes to sue another for harassment or bad conduct. The game may not continue until the lawsuit has been settled. (True, some games will last for years, but that is the price of justice.)

(12) There are no female cheerleaders in the PCFL. Male cheerleaders are acceptable, as long as they look a lot like Ricky Martin and have all of the right moves.

(13) Whenever a player is tired or confused, he can call a time-out and talk it over with everybody on the field and in the stands. Consider a PCFL game to be a glorified *Oprah* show. (Did I tell you she owns this league and is its commissioner?)

(14) Every player will have his own psychiatrist and can call for a consultation at any time, even while running with the ball (all PCFL shrinks have to pass a rigorous physical exam and sign a personal liability waiver).

(15) Only male spectators have to pay for tickets, food and parking. Women, having been oppressed for so long (including time present), deserve a break here, for God's sake.

(16) All referees, male and female, are to be recruited from various university gender studies programs. They have the power to eject all rude or inconsiderate players from the game (this includes men who argue with any call or make obscene gestures with their butts).

(17) Dick Butkus and Mike Ditka will be permitted to broadcast PCFL games only if they agree to undergo chemical castration. (By the way, Dennis Miller prequalifies.)

(18) Team names will reflect the qualities that politically correct people always display. Teams already established include the Chicago Compromisers, the Cheyenne Conflict Resolvers, the Falstaff Feminists, the San Francisco Steinems and the Tampa Bay Treehuggers.

(19) No matter how vigorously some men may claim they are feminists to the core and will abide by PCFL rules, no long-haul truckers or former Marines will be permitted to play in this league. (If they want to date some of the male cheerleaders, that's another story. To each his own, as they say.)

Sorry, Vince. It's a new world now.



WHEN

YOUR COUNTRY IS FOUNDED BY
CONVICTS, FELONS AND THIEVES,
YOU LEARN NOT TO POUR A SUBSTANDARD BEER.



It was the 1800s and as frontiers go, none were rougher than Australia. The perfect spot, thought the British, to dump prisoners and ne'er-do-wells for which English society had no use. Thieves, murderers, rebels; they all found their place Down Under. And quite often, that place was the nearest pub.

Into such a climate arrived W.M. and E.M. Foster with the idea to brew a new kind of beer. Instead of traditional brewing methods, Foster's Lager would be bottom fermented for a beer that wasn't heavy or bitter, but remarkably light and crisp. And kept ice cold until the moment it came out of the tap.



Fortunately for the Foster brothers, Aussies took to this refreshing new style like sharks to water. And soon, Foster's Lager became a favorite not just in Australia, but a legendary beer the world over, winning awards and accolades along the way.



Of course, considering our past, you may want to forgo this chat, head down to your local pub and experience a pint of ice-cold Foster's Lager for yourself. Though, if there are any Aussies about, you may want to keep an eye on your change.



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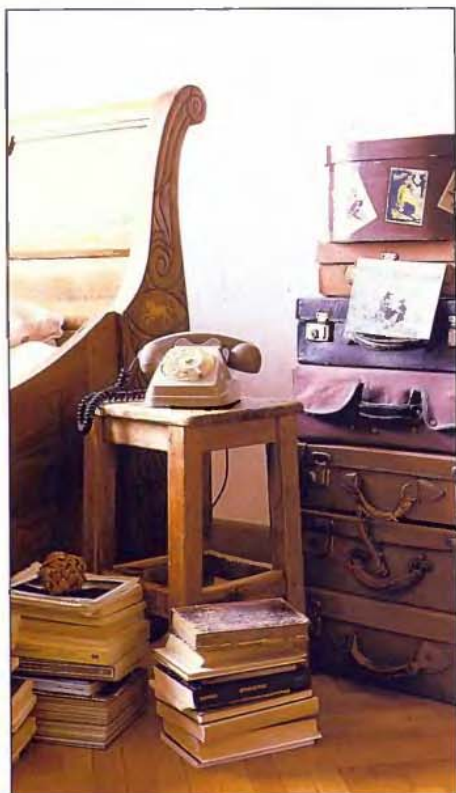
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Brave New Wines

Unless you've been asleep for the past 10 years, you know that winemakers in parts of the world other than France, Italy and Germany are making great strides. For example, Australia's Grange Hermitage is consistently ranked shoulder to shoulder with the finest wines of Bordeaux. And lately there have been some wonderful, if more modest, wines coming out of Chile. For an overview of all this activity, consult Julie Arkell's *New World Wines: The Complete Guide* (Seven Dials, distributed by Sterling). This lovably produced book is short on text and long on photographs. She tackles Australia, New Zealand, South America, North America and South Africa (above). While far from scholarship, Arkell's book provides a look at the alternatives when the idea of putting up with the French is too much to swallow.

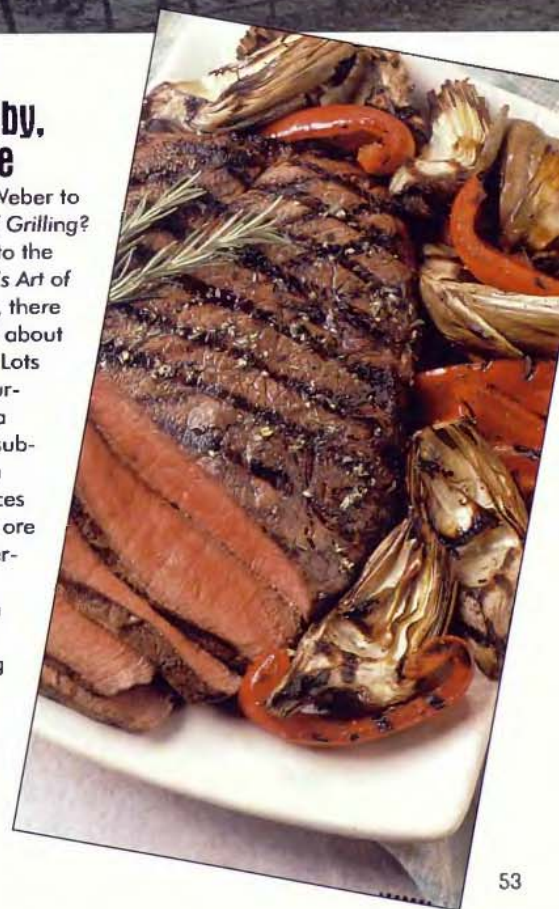


Real-Life Castles

Most guys live in apartments, not multilevel lofts or million-dollar townhouses. That's the premise of *Apartment*, by Alan Powers. It's a lavish, inspiring book for the city dweller in all of us, featuring pretty pictures, great ideas and practical tips on such intriguing subjects as storage and lighting. (Antique suitcases like the ones at left are great for storing out-of-season clothes, and also hint of foraway places.) Sources are in the appendix. Price: \$27.50.

Come On, Baby, Light the Fire

Who better than Weber to do the *Big Book of Grilling*? It's the follow-up to the impressive *Weber's Art of the Grill*, and, yes, there is more to be said about cooking over fire. Lots more, as Jamie Purviance and Sandra McRae reveal on subjects ranging from marinades to sauces to desserts. There are also tips on mastering the fire and what to drink with grilled food. Also helpful are the *Big Book's* many illustrations and photographs. Price: \$22.95, from Chronicle Books (800-722-6657) or in bookstores.



MANTRACK



It's the Ritz

The Ritz-Carlton Hotel chain has just opened its first Ritz-Carlton Club in Aspen, the town where breathing seems to cost money. The club, situated at the base of the Aspen Highlands ski area, consists of 73 furnished residences available to own on a one-twelfth-interest basis. You're guaranteed access to your two- or three-bedroom pad or your penthouse at least 28 days per year. Memberships cost \$160,000 to \$475,000 (plus an annual fee). The price includes such amenities as a concierge, maid and room service and a private lounge.

Clothesline: Mike Judge and Stephen Root

Mike Judge (right), the creator of Fox TV's *King of the Hill*, says he's having an identity crisis with clothes since turning 38 last fall. "It's an age when you don't want to look like you're trying to look young." His solution: jeans, either Levi's or Diesel, and surf shirts or T-shirts without a logo. "Most of my T-shirts are Fruit of the Loom, but I also buy Wilke-Rodriguez because they don't have logos." Judge admits to owning an Armani tux, which he says "cost more than what I made in any given year in college. I also have a Hugo Boss suit that I've worn on *Letterman*, to the *Beavis and Butt-head* premiere and to the Cannes Film Festival."



Stephen Root (left), the voice of Neighbor Bill and Mr. Strickland on *Hill* (he's also in *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*), says clothes are easy for him. "I like Italian but I don't like bright colors." An example: black Ralph Lauren or Armani suits teamed with shirts in various shades of gray and white. "Black jeans and a white T-shirt also work for me—a very Fifties look." His favorite item of clothing, however, is an old gray-and-burgundy smoking jacket that he loves.

HOW TO EXECUTE A HAND BRAKE TURN

1. APPROACH TURNING POINT AT MODERATE SPEED.

2. GRIP HAND BRAKE AND GET READY TO PULL IT.

3. AT TURNING POINT, SIMULTANEOUSLY:

* TURN HARD LEFT.

* PULL HAND BRAKE UP TO LOCK REAR WHEELS, KEEPING THUMB ON HAND BRAKE BUTTON.

* (FOR MANUAL SHIFT, PUSH IN CLUTCH.)



4. WITH FRONT WHEELS TURNED AND REAR WHEELS LOCKED (AND CLUTCH IN), VEHICLE SHOULD ROTATE AROUND PIVOT POINT OF ITS FRONT AXLE. (IF MANUAL, DOWNSHIFT TO DESIRED GEAR.)

5. BEFORE REACHING 180 DEGREES OF ROTATION:

* POINT VEHICLE IN DESIRED DIRECTION.

* RELEASE HAND BRAKE.

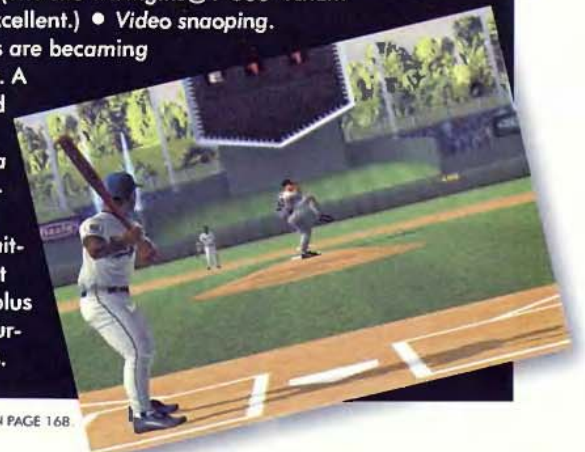
* (IF MANUAL SHIFT, GENTLY LET OUT CLUTCH.)

* HIT THE GAS.

Guys Are Talking About ...

Baseball video games. EA Sports' Triple Play Baseball (pictured below) is the best. The latest edition includes facial scans of major league stars, renderings of all 30 stadiums and game play so realistic you'll be ducking beanballs. Good luck going up against Mariano Rivera. • Sperm donation. Are you at the top of the pop charts? Common among young single female pals are secret lists of potential sperm donors, should the need arise, that may contain your name. Sure, she admires your wit, brains and pecs—but enough to carry your seed? You may find you're a last-ditch choice or haven't made the cut at all, alpha boy. • Champagne. The bubbly is enjoying a renaissance. No longer relegated to formal affairs, it's the current libation among supermodels and suits. The trend can be spotted in specialty bars such as NYC's Flute (40 E. 20th) and on websites offering information on the region and vintages that can be ordered online. (The site www.gifts@1-800-4champagne.com is excellent.) • Video snooping.

Hidden cameras are becoming harder to detect. A company named NCG has created Plus Guard, a personal protection device that sniffs out transmitters. Price: about \$45. Check theplusguard.com for further information.



A race-car driver tells us that this maneuver for evasive action used to be called a bootleg turn. If you're going to try it, pick an empty parking lot with a slippery surface (dry pavement will destroy your tires). Never attempt it on public roads.

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The Playboy Advisor

I still haven't met that special someone. Recently I contacted a dating service, but it charges \$1000 to set you up on three dates. What questions should I ask before I hand over my money?—B.T., Springfield, Illinois

Hiring a dating service should be your last move, not your first. Most people meet partners through friends, so let it be known that you're looking (one site, webwoo.com, attempts to formalize the process). Dating services charge premium rates because they spend time getting to know you, mostly through personality tests and interviews. The idea is that they'll put you together with numerous women who are compatible, and eventually one match will have chemistry. That's how personal ads work, as well, but you control the process, and it's not nearly so expensive. Print ads are notorious for attracting liars, but online you can see photos, search instantly by age, interests or geography and get to know someone by e-mail before you meet. The downside is that online chemistry doesn't always translate to real life. Experiment with Kiss.com, Match.com or Matchmaker.com, which in a recent Newsweek survey had the most members and one of the highest ratios of women to men. Most sites allow you to post a personal for free but charge a monthly fee to reply to others. You'll find more specific advice about using online dating services on page 23. The Newsweek report prompted one of its readers to offer this real-world strategy for meeting women: "Become a shoe salesman at one of the fancier department stores. You'll meet lots of nice ladies and be a provider of something for which they have a true passion."

How many sex positions are there? One online list has more than 500. My girlfriend and I would like to try one new position every day, and I figure that could keep us going until the summer of 2002. Then we could start over.—R.T., Hartford, Connecticut

The figure comes from the Indian scholar Yashodhara, who centuries ago wrote commentary on the Kama Sutra. He calculated that there are precisely 529 positions, but his technique employs some creative accounting. For example, here's his description of the dhenuka, which translates as congress of the cow: "In the same way can be carried out the congress of a dog, the congress of a goat, the congress of a deer, the forcible mounting of an ass, the congress of a cat, the jump of a tiger, the pressing of an elephant, the rubbing of a bear, the mounting of a horse. And in all these cases the characteristics of these different animals should be manifested by acting or producing sounds like them." So, if your partner barks one day and whinnies the next, you've completed two positions—or you need to move off the farm.



In March the Advisor answered a question about how to avoid getting a ticket once you've been pulled over. Your advice came too late for me. I received a ticket in North Carolina for driving 15 mph over the limit. What would have happened had I not mailed in the \$111 fine?—T.C., Royal Oak, Michigan

If you ignore a ticket for a moving violation, it's sent to a judge, who could revoke your license and issue a bench warrant for your arrest, making you a fugitive from traffic justice. If you pay the fine, you're pleading guilty. In either case, the Department of Motor Vehicles notifies your home state under a reciprocal agreement called the Driver License Compact. If your state also is a member of the Non-Resident Violator Compact, it's obligated to suspend your license until the fine is paid. Here's the wrinkle: Michigan (along with Georgia, Massachusetts, Tennessee and Wisconsin) isn't a member of the DLC. It also doesn't belong to the NRVC, joining Alaska, California, Montana, Oregon and Wisconsin. That doesn't mean these states ignore violations—they just may not suspend your license. The bad news is that an effort is under way to craft a new agreement that will reach every state.

I'm a bodybuilder, age 23, who makes ends meet as a personal trainer. My two favorite clients are a drop-dead gorgeous mother-and-daughter exotic dance duo. I train them together at their home. Both women are voluptuous and muscular. They act more like sisters. We had always flirted, but for professional reasons I never acted on it. One day I joked that it would be fun to shower together. To my amazement, they agreed.

I found myself pressed between mother and daughter as they soaped my body. They did things with their hands and mouths that were beyond belief. After the shower, they led me into the bedroom. The daughter rode my cock while her mother kissed my mouth, nipples and stomach. Then I fucked the mother doggy style, with the daughter hugging me from behind. While this wasn't the first time I'd been with two women, the fact that they were mother and daughter enhanced the eroticism. Now I'm dating both. How common are mother-daughter threesomes?—C.A., Houston, Texas

They're common—as fantasies. The "exotic dance duo" is a nice touch in yours.

Sometimes when I ejaculate, my semen comes out either yellow or partly clear. At other times it contains gelatinous lumps. Should I be concerned?—C.B., Falls Church, Virginia

No. Semen may appear white, gray, yellow or silver, and it can be watery or thick. It also will vary from guy to guy and ejaculation to ejaculation. If you haven't had sex in a while, it may appear more yellow than usual, and certain medications also might change its color. If it has brown or red streaks, that's blood. Typically it indicates that you broke a vessel or have a minor infection. In rare cases it points to something more serious, such as prostate cancer, but you don't need to be concerned unless you see blood in every ejaculation for weeks at a time, or if you feel pain. The gelatin-like lumps you mentioned may be globules of protein and enzymes that form naturally in the prostate gland. They could indicate a mild infection, or simply that you haven't ejaculated in a while.

Back in high school I was determined to be the perfect boyfriend, but then my heart was broken. I haven't cared about anyone since. I thought women wanted to be loved, but whenever I show interest they run in the other direction. Now I've met someone new, but I'm afraid I'll be stuck with a line like, "You're a great guy. I just don't know what I want." How can I make her want something more?—S.G., Hoboken, New Jersey

You can't, and the idea that you have to be a perfect boyfriend is foolish. You're flawed, and sometimes selfish. That doesn't mean you have to be an asshole. But too many men are nice guys to the point that they bend like saps. If a woman wanted that, she'd get a dog. Ask this girl out. If she says no, or wavers, or rejects you outright, move on. Every woman wants to be loved—they just don't all want to be loved by you. So what? The larger problem is that you sound desperate, and women smell that like too much cologne. A

relationship won't magically fix your life, nor make you happy or confident. You have to manage that on your own. When you don't need them so much, women find you.

A new bar in town is offering a black and tan made with Guinness and Bass. Isn't a black and tan made with Guinness and Harp? I can't imagine Guinness would want its incredibly Irish brew mixed up with an English ale. What's your take?—M.A., Tallahassee, Florida

Traditionally, a black and tan is a stout mixed with ale, but there are variations, depending on where you're drinking and what's available. In the States, a black and tan is typically made with Guinness and Bass, while Guinness and Harp is considered a half-and-half. (Guinness exports both Bass and Harp to North America, so it's all one happy family.) To create a black and tan in which the Guinness floats on top—a carnival trick popular only in America—place the glass at an angle and rapidly fill it half-way with ale. Hold a spoon (inquire at your pub about one made especially for the task) horizontally and facedown over the glass just above the surface of the ale. Slowly pour the stout over the cup of the spoon. That should keep the beers separated.

Recently a woman wrote to say that she felt it was cheating if her husband masturbated when she was "willing" to have sex with him. I'm sure there are many wives who are willing to have sex—but that's it. They don't initiate sex, and they don't show much imagination once it gets going. Being willing doesn't cut it—you have to want it, and participate.—M.L., Santa Clara, California

You're right. But because this lack of enthusiasm is occurring within a relationship, it's not just the wife's problem. If a woman approaches sex as a duty, her husband will be a happier guy if he finds out what's missing for her and attempts to correct it. Laura Corn's books 101 Nights of Great Sex and 52 Invitations to Great Sex are useful tools to change willing to wanton.

I like to perform cunnilingus on my girlfriend. There is one small problem. Every time I start to touch her or go down on her, she says, "Ooh, my ticklish clit!" and I have to stop. How common is ticklish clit and how can I work around it?—P.B., Oxford, Ohio

Do just that—work around it. Many women don't enjoy stimulation of the clitoris until they're thoroughly aroused, but you can play with it indirectly. Caress, spread and kiss her labia, finger her anus, massage her mons. The wetter she becomes, the less you'll hear about the tickle.

In March the Advisor responded to a reader who wanted to find the world's warmest thermal underwear. As a mountaineer and ice climber, I must disagree with the advice you gave. Any garment

containing cotton could be your burial suit. Cotton absorbs moisture, forcing your body to warm the water, which could lead to hypothermia. Lycra is only slightly better. Your base layer is only as good as your midlayer and shell. Most mountaineers choose products like Marmot's DriClima or Patagonia's Capilene, a polyester fabric with a wicking weave. Patagonia's Regulator series also is good, and the Mountain Hardwear Gore Transition base layer is supposed to be the warmest around (ultralight, too). Trust the men and women who have climbed the highest mountains in the world for opinions about warm clothes.—K.B., Grand Junction, Colorado

We trust them completely.

My husband of eight years is a great guy but a lousy lay. He's shy, awkward and embarrassed in bed. Six months ago I spent hours on my computer making him a coupon book of favors and fantasies for him to leave on my pillow. I thought it would spice up our sex life and take the edge off his shyness. But he hasn't used a single coupon. Is this normal? People say I'm pretty, and past boyfriends said I was exciting in bed. Yet this man has dust on his penis. I know he's not gay, but I need help. Would the average guy show no interest in 30 pages of sexual offers?—P.R., Dallas, Texas

The average guy would counterfeit those coupons so he'd always have extras. We can't explain your husband's lack of interest, and we don't know many men who are shy and embarrassed in bed with their wives after eight years of marriage. It makes us wonder how you know he's not gay. Ask him what's going on, and explain that the coupons—and the marriage—may have an expiration date unless he takes action.

I am a retired Marine Corps officer now on my second career. An attractive co-worker has made it clear that she would like to have an affair with me. If I were single, I'd take her out in a second. But I've never cheated on my wife, and I'm not about to start after 25 years of marriage. This woman and her husband have become friends of my wife's as well. The four of us socialize frequently. I want to keep her and her husband as friends. I told her this, but she acted like she hadn't heard me. She just said, "So, when are you going to fuck me? It's inevitable that we'll end up in bed, so why prolong the agony?" I asked my father for advice and he told me to treat her as a professional colleague and stop socializing. But I don't want to piss her off, either. Hell hath no fury. . . . What do you think?—J.C., Tampa, Florida

Father knows best. You've acknowledged to this woman that you find her attractive, giving her hope that she can talk you into a fling. She isn't showing much respect for you or your wife, who is allegedly her friend. It's

time to play hardball. Cut her off socially (her husband has to go, too). If you don't, she'll eventually become irritated with your resolve and may play dirty. Classic move: She informs your wife that you've slept together; your wife gets upset; she then tells you that since your wife now thinks you've slept together, you might as well go for it. After all, your wife will feel the same if it actually happens, or if she just believes it did. We think you have to tell your wife the truth. Sometimes it's a tough cross to bear, being so desirable to women.

I asked my girlfriend how many men she's slept with. Her answer was "fewer than 30." Am I wrong for wanting a precise number?—S.R., San Antonio, Texas

Is there a cutoff? Twenty-eight lovers and she's a Madonna; 29 and she's a whore? Get over it. The number of men in her past isn't as important as the number in her present—or future. If she indicates that either of those numbers is more than one, you're history, or you're about to be.

My wife stays at home with our three young children while I work 50 hours a week to pay the bills. I don't want to sound like a caveman, but I think stay-at-home wives have less trouble these days. Microwaves and dishwashers make it much easier to do housework, while VCRs keep the children occupied (two of our kids go to school part-time). My wife is tanned and in shape, and I am glad her lifestyle allows her to keep herself hot. I have trouble finding more than one or two days a week for a workout. She gets angry when I complain about not having clean laundry or the house not being picked up. My chores consist of lawn work and special projects. I feel I spend more time handling responsibilities than she does, and I usually take the two older kids when I get home. I don't want my wife to work, I just want her to run the house a little better. Am I the only one who feels this way? Do I have a legitimate gripe?—S.R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

If your wife looks that great after three kids, and she's not complaining, we wouldn't get too worked up about the laundry. Save that energy for the bedroom.

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 provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, is available in stores or by phoning 800-423-9494.



Meet Martell

Her face has been on billboards, in

magazine spreads and on national and international TV. She oozes sensuality and style and she radiates the beauty and allure that every woman aspires to and has a presence that turns men's heads. Who is she? She is Martell—the new face of that icon of French sophistication. Martell Cognac and *Playboy* magazine were lucky enough to catch up with her to uncover a few surprises.

When our photographer came back from this shoot, he'd completely lost his composure. What did you do to him?

I didn't do anything really, I was just being me. I love photoshoots and the camera loves me most of the time too. I just showed him what I could do and how I could pose when I really put my mind to it. I guess he wasn't used to a woman being as sensually confident as I am.

Wow, tell us about yourself then?

What do you want to know? I'm comfortable with myself and the way I look and I want to be known for my personal qualities rather than just the way I look. I hate men who can't see past my looks.

What else would turn you off a man then?

One-dimensional men with no inner depth or personality. Men that see me and think just one thing. To me, that's the worst type of man ever!

If you could read men's minds, what is the one thing you'd like to know?

I would like to know what they are thinking. I'd like to know their views on love and romance. How deep their feelings go and how deep they go.



Would you describe yourself as a deep person then?

It depends on my mood. Sometimes I can be very deep, other times all I am worried about is what I'm going to wear and who is going to be there.

What are your favorite types of clothes then?

I love all sorts of different types of clothes, especially sheer, but I also love to be naked.

Tell us more.

Being naked is such a sensual feeling, and there's no better way to be naked than under some clean white cotton sheets.

You prefer cotton to satin sheets then?

What a question. What do you think? I'm not planning to tell you all my secrets, you know.

Is there a secret that you would like to tell us?

Not really apart from I do lead a double life. The one part of me is what you see now modeling with high heels and lovely clothes and lingerie. The other is the adventurous and daring part of me, living life to the fullest and seeking new experiences.

What type of adventures and new experiences do you like the most?

Now that really would be telling, wouldn't it? If any of you meet me in person, all I can say is watch out!

Is there anything you wouldn't do?

I like challenges and new experiences so I'd probably have to say, never say never. You just don't know what's around the corner.

What do you do to give yourself a treat?

Indulge in the little pleasures of life that could be a game of chess with a friend or enjoying a Martell Cosmopolitan at a party—lots of things give me pleasure!

Martell Cognac, the oldest of the major Cognac houses, is part of the Seagram Spirits And Wine Group. The Martell Cognac range includes Martell VS, VSOP Medallion, Cordon Bleu, X. O. Supreme, Exta, Classique, L'Or and Creation de J & F Martell

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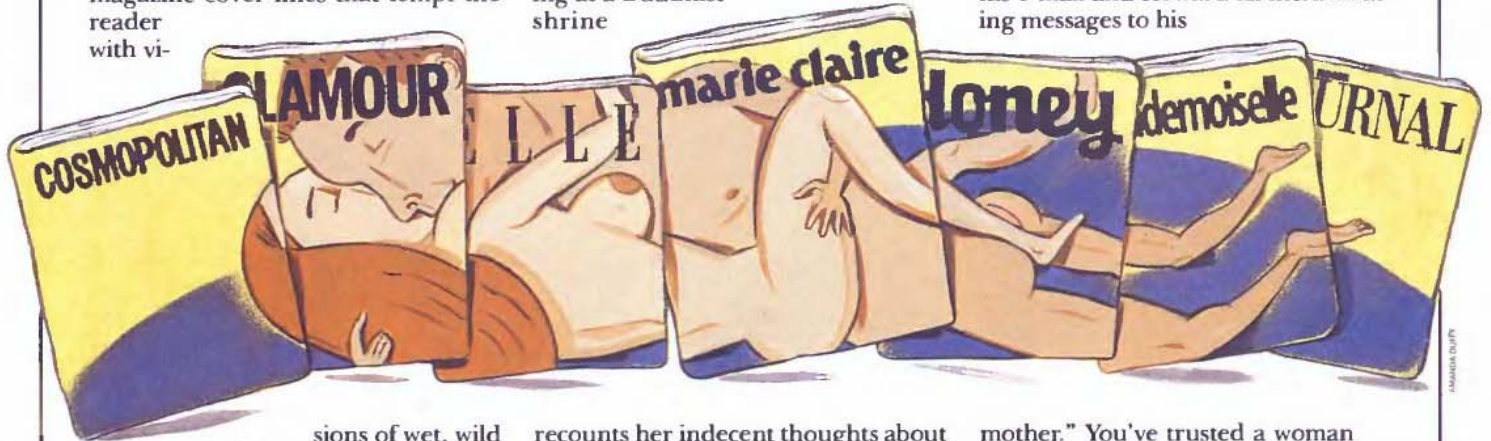
what women's magazines know about sex

In 1957 a fledgling PLAYBOY published an article called *The Pious Pornographers*. We had noticed an odd double standard when it came to sex. Women's magazines wrote incessantly, if obliquely, about sex without causing public outcry. But let a men's magazine tackle the subject, and critics would claim we were obsessed with sex. Over the years, the standard has relaxed. Walk past any newsstand in America and you'll find magazine cover lines that tempt the reader with vi-

'change channels.' When he stops, make announcements like, 'Welcome to C-Span!' or "provide running commentary in a startlingly realistic Howard Cosell voice. 'And he's touching her thigh, ladies and gentlemen. He's in the end zone!'"

The What Good Is This? Award: *Elle's* cover advised readers to "Never Say Never," then asked, "Could You Fall in Love With a Woman?" A straight middle-aged woman studying at a Buddhist shrine

Go shopping for sex toys. Go shopping for stiletto heels. "Have your bikini line waxed into a pretty heart shape, then wax it bald as a cue ball a week later." Then there are numbers 47 and 48: Break into an ex-lover's voice mail (no mere male is cunning enough to remember to change his password after you've broken up) and "listen to—and erase!—all the syrupy, sappy messages he's saved from his current girlfriend. Or break into his e-mail and forward all incriminating messages to his



sions of wet, wild ecstasy. Both men's and women's magazines treat sex advice as something to be hung on the refrigerator door. "Rock Star Sex" encourages one: "More Power! More Rhythm! More Squealing!" *Honey* promoted its "Crazy, Sexy, Single Issue." *Redbook* bannered "Sex: Five Steamy Moves to Try Tonight." This past January we sampled a month's worth of women's magazines to find out how the opposite sex got to be that way.

You've Got to Be Kidding: We're all for uninhibited, imaginative sex. We're longtime advocates of the power of talking dirty. *Mademoiselle* teased readers with the cover line "Funny Foreplay: How to Make Him Laugh His Pants Off." The article, titled "Silly Sex," read like a missing episode of *Monty Python*. Included were tips on bathtub mud wrestling, nude housecleaning, perverted puppet sex and using Teletubbies songs for mood music. Sample: To bring some comic relief into your bedroom, "suggest that he gently twist your nipples to

recounts her indecent thoughts about her instructor, who is conveniently bisexual. "I discovered that sex between women who love each other—even straight women—may be unfamiliar, but it's natural. As natural as first sex between young men and women." Can we at least watch? How about sex between two women who love each other and also the guy next door? We don't know the size of the Buddhist bisexual demographic, but *Elle* clearly has it nailed.

Let Me Get This Straight: You What? *Glamour* was as direct as the Old Testament: "60 Sins You and He Should Commit by Feb. 14: Nudge Nudge, Wink Wink." Nudge nudge, wink wink? Three of the 60 sins involve going without underwear, one involves wearing his underwear. Cheerleaders for decadence, the editors pulled out the stops: "Why not sleep with more than one guy in 24 hours if you really like them both?"

mother." You've trusted a woman enough to give her your mother's e-mail address, and look what thanks you get.

The Most Honest Guy Award: Who says men don't talk? Almost all of these magazines run features in which real guys rat on their brothers, divulge state secrets and generally provide good reasons why strong and silent works. We especially liked the men in *Honey* who prattled on about their fear of false nails and their yearning to borrow their girlfriend's facial scrubs. *Marie Claire* teased readers with "Men Confess: What Makes a Woman GREAT in Bed." Film producer Mike admitted: "Three years ago, I was in my apartment watching a porn film with my girlfriend when I said, 'If you can duplicate the way she's going down on him, with that enthusiasm and energy, I'll be a happy man,' and I was." Now we're talking.

Most Off-Target Sex Advice: *Cosmopolitan* promised readers new ways to "Boost Your Bedroom Bond" and "intensify the intimacy between you and your beau." Barbara Keesling,

By JOHN D. THOMAS

author of *Getting Close*, made this suggestion: "During foreplay or sex, place your hand or ear on his chest and have him do the same. When you hear his heart rate speed up, you'll know that what you're doing is turning him on." Want more direct feedback? Put your hand on his penis.

What Part of Weird Don't You Understand? *Woman's Own* plastered its cover with sexual come-ons, from the article "Perkier Breasts Today: A Must-Try Trick" to "Men Look at That? Eight Unsexy Things That Get Men Hot (Who Knew?)." The big tease was a piece called "Sex: What Men Expect NOW!" The mag called in a sex therapist to react to 15 possible sexual requests. The list covered mainstream expectations (oral sex and anal sex) to touching displays of curiosity ("he wants to watch me masturbate," rated "not unreasonable and actually quite smart"). Of the 15 requests, only the post-Madonna-on-Letterman fave rave ("he wants us to do the golden shower thing—pee on each other in the tub") got a rating of "mildly weird." Yanking a woman's tampon out with your teeth was dismissed as "plain unhygienic." What a relief. Why are these male requests? Surely, a lot of women have their own wish lists.

The magazines are a feast of useful information, yielding new erogenous zones: *Redbook* extolled the Anterior Fornix Erotic Zone, recently discovered by a sexologist in Kuala Lumpur. ("It's simply a larger mass of tissue across from the G spot, on the opposite wall of the vagina. Think of it as a sofa across from an overstuffed chair.") OK.

The One Feature You Will Never Find in a Men's Magazine: To a certain extent, all women's magazines are about self-improvement, about taking control of one's love life, empowering passion, etc. Perhaps it was because it was the new year, but we were surprised at the number of titles that ran love and sex horoscopes. *Cosmo* titled its piece the "Bedside Astrologer 2001." You can go without underwear or learn the secrets of the perfect blow job, and still your fate is in the hands of the planets? Next time you're in line to get your driver's license renewed, standing there with all the other Pisces or Leos, try to imagine that a single fact—the month of your birth—applies equally to all. No way. Can you imagine a men's magazine running a horoscope? It's May, and your Porsche is in the house of Capricorn.

I told them to ask me anything they wanted, anonymously, on little bits of paper. They folded their questions like secret ballots and passed them up to me at the podium. A hundred little sex queries, from a hundred undergraduates at Northwestern University near Chicago. I was their invited speaker for the evening, a sex expert who promised to answer all comers without flinching or pandering.

Unfolding the first question, written in a careful, girlish hand, I read it out loud:

"I do not want to masturbate before marriage because I want to be a virgin for my husband. Do you think masturbation is sex, too?"

This was not a question I expected from someone who probably had to get straight A's and upper-tier SAT scores to attend the equivalent of an Ivy League school in the Midwest.

Still, I was careful with my reply, addressing the crowd as if it could be any one of them who penned the query. I explained that masturbation is a normal and enlightening part of human sexuality—though not necessarily one that will break a woman's hymen. I found myself quickly drawing sketches of a clitoris and a penis on the chalkboard, to make some general comparisons between men's and women's sexual responses.

The room was as hushed as if I had opened a secret crypt. I'd bet any of these kids could ace a biology exam before I could lift my head off the desk, but they knew little about human sexual relations. I needed more than one night with them to answer questions like those that awaited me in my pile of chads:

Why is it so wrong to be a tease?

Is sex before marriage OK?

If I were your boyfriend, and you knew that I'd had a sexual thought about another woman recently, would you consider it cheating?

Is it possible for two people to each get off from a 69?

Can you hurt yourself from oral sex?

I've been lecturing university students for 15 years and have given my anonymous sex surveys to dozens of undergraduate audiences. Some things never change: the questions about erotic compatibility, technique and performance; the search to discover a part-

ner. Or, as one male Northwestern student put it, "How are we supposed to get laid around here?"

What's different on today's college scene is that a significant number of kids don't have the basic information that was well known to their predecessors. Fewer college-age students today know the physiology of sex, and they depend much more on religious superstition and urban legend. They may know all about Britney Spears' belly button, but they wouldn't know the mechanics of a female orgasm if it popped out of their TV screens.

As savvy as they are about pop culture titillation, few of these students appear to be knowledgeable about masturbation, their fantasy lives or relations with a partner. Subjects that used to be standard in high school health class—sexually transmitted diseases, safe birth control options—do not play a part in this generation's secondary education. Welcome to the first class of Abstinence Only graduates.

The conservative groups who successfully lobbied for abstinence-oriented sex education are delighted to hear that young people are delaying their first intercourse. But is anyone gleeful to hear that college juniors are no more prepared to understand their sexual bodies and appetites than the average seventh grader is?

Take a look at Sxetc.org, a website run by Rutgers University that fields teens' questions about sex. Many of the questions show a fearful preoccupation with the "bad" things that might happen to you if you are sexual, as well as a lack of familiarity with the simplest definitions:

Is it possible to get pregnant from oral sex?

What is masturbation, and how do you do it?

Can masturbation hurt a person in any way?

What is an orgasm?

Can you get sexually transmitted diseases from oral sex?

Can you get AIDS from a mosquito? Many adults find this innocence

WHY

"I think I masturbate too much," one 18-year-old told me. How much is too much?

JOHNNY CAN'T SCREW

college kids say the darndest things

surprising. In the mirror of the media, it seems as if young people are the ones with the filthiest mouths and the flimsiest clothes. It's a curious feature of contemporary American culture that to appear sexy is valued, while to actually be sexual is a cause for anxiety. Young people are sophisticated about erotic appearances and status yet squeamish about the workings of sex itself.

The consequences of this ignorance have been the lament of public health advocates, including those at the Alan Guttmacher Institute. Its report last year called "Oral Sex Among Adolescents: Is It Sex or Is It Abstinence?" suggests that kids believe oral sex is a way of not really "doing it," a safe way to have sex without the fear of STDs or pregnancy.

To a degree, the kids are right—oral sex is a time-honored way to avoid getting knocked up, and it is a less risky sex act as far as AIDS is concerned. The Guttmacher report is concerned that young people have such a threadbare idea of the science and practices involved in any kind of sexual risk that their embrace of oral sex as a safety net is a sad illusion.

The report downplays the fact that when teens talk about oral sex, it usually means girls giving boys blow jobs. It would be remarkable to think that young men were undergoing a surge of interest in cunnilingus. In fact, most of the oral sex reported in teenage affairs has to do with the old-fashioned notion of the girl "throwing her boyfriend a bone" so he won't hassle her for intercourse.

The young women on campus I talk to who dispense oral sex as a requirement for their girlfriend status do not seem erotically aroused by their effort. They see it as an obligation and a noble way to save their virginity. They may mention AIDS as one reason for avoiding intercourse, but the main reason is that they believe that oral sex saves their reputation and their cherry, for Mr. Right and a big fat wedding-day payoff.

"I am not a slut," a sophomore named Amber tells me as a preface to discussing her sex history with me. Her disclaimer is the number one concern I encounter among women her age. Am-

ber has a boyfriend she thinks is impressive, but he is bugging her to have sex with him and she is afraid of what he will say about her if she gives in. "I have to think about the rest of my years here," she says.

When I ask, "Do you have any sexual feeling for him when he touches you?" she looks at me funny—and then settles it with, "I don't know what you're talking about." Whatever she does or doesn't feel, Amber, like many of her peers, is more concerned with



her campus reputation than with any sexual self-interest.

I wanted to lash out at the blasé blow job queens: "When you start having orgasms, you might have a different view of your sexual desires." But I kept quiet. It's not their fault they don't know that sexual desire is something beyond boyfriend bait.

Young men, unlike many of their female peers, know a lot about their own orgasms and turn-ons, but they worry that their feelings are excessive. This isn't a new trend for young men, but is

it necessary? A little honesty would go a long way.

Young men ask if their penis size or shape is normal, if their fantasies are normal and if they need Viagra as insurance. They have a

daunting notion of sexual success.

"I think I masturbate too much," an 18-year-old named Hal told me after I concluded my formal discussion at Northwestern.

I stopped packing my satchel to ask, "How much is too much?" He hung his head so far down I had to lean over to hear his answer:

"Once a day."

"That's all?" I said, trying to make him smile. But his eyes darted so frantically, I realized that this was no laughing matter. "Hal, honestly, if you told me you were beating off five times a day, it would still be well within the range of sexual activity for someone your age."

He lifted his head. "Well, I've done that, too," he said, finally sounding more like a braggart than a victim.

I have a question for the college kids of today: What do their parents have to say? Mom and Dad must have come of age in the Seventies, when books about women's orgasms were on the *New York Times* best-seller list, when birth control was discussed in every high school health class and when sex before marriage was considered a damn good idea.

Why aren't these parents, who benefited from the sexual information available to them as teenagers, concerned about their offspring's sex education?

In the rush to protect our children from AIDS, we've neglected to realize that kittens become cats. There's a lot more to sexual health and maturity than fetishizing disease and virginity. You can "delay" having sex for years, but at some point you have to actually learn what it is. Can we agree that it should be done before grad school?

We can't keep them in a dark box, with no movement or light. Young people need age-appropriate and candid information about their sexual feelings and about why their bodies look and feel the way they do.

If we can teach kids to eat right, to exercise, to not put money in their mouths or beans up their noses, we can teach them how to nourish and protect their erotic selves as well. Let's stop hiding the tools and the directions.

By SUSIE BRIGHT

REAR

HANG 10

Here are my suggestions for living that could be posted in schools ("Hang 10," *The Playboy Forum*, March): (1) Learn about all religions and feel a human bond through their similarities. (2) You aren't better than anyone else, but don't be worse. (3) Understand the folly of human thought. Jesus was a rebel who even today would be crucified by the church that exploits him for an agenda that is too large to be changed. (4) Be strong in mind and spirit but patient in voice and action. (5) Money cannot be the goal of your endeavors. (6) Live passionately. (7) Share your passion. (8) Do not fear that which is foreign. Going with what you know will leave you knowing little and going nowhere. (9) Love every living thing. (10) Play God—create something.

Byron Dafoe
Tempe, Arizona

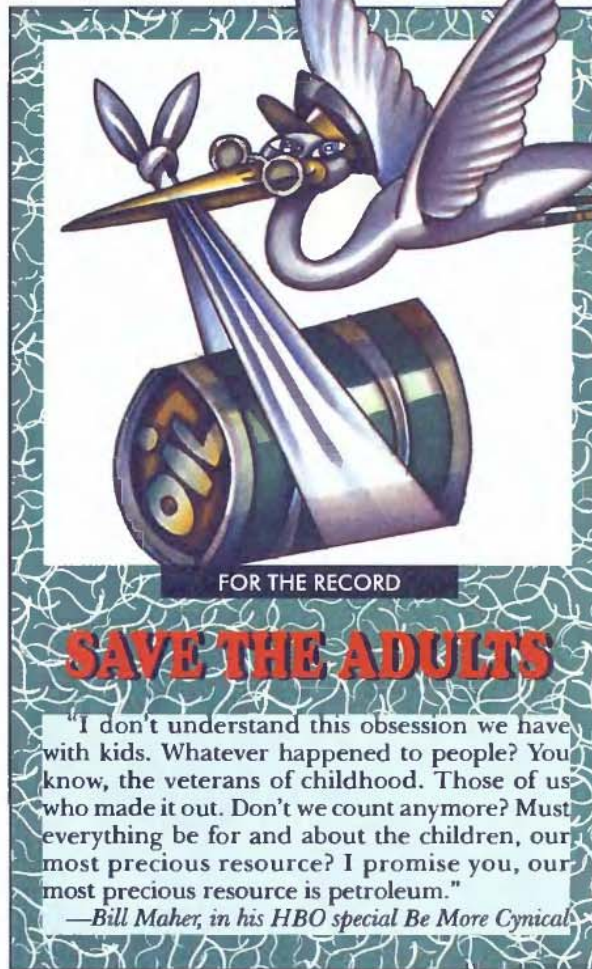
Here are my 10: (1) Whatever can go wrong, will (Murphy's Law). (2) Murphy was an optimist (O'Toole's Commentary). (3) Ninety percent of everything is crap, but the other 10 percent is worth dying for (Theodore Sturgeon). (4) He who has the gold makes the rules. (5) Rub her feet (Lazarus Long). (6) Never assume. (7) Learn the magic words. (8) Worse than a bad loser is a bad winner. (9) Moderation in all things, including moderation. (10) All generalities are false, including this one.

Charles Gray
Redding, California

You only need one, and it's easy to remember: Do to others the way you want them to do to you.

Richard Frank
Fort Smith, Arkansas

I would post the commandments suggested by Bertrand Russell in his autobiography: "(1) Do not feel absolutely certain of anything. (2) Do not think it worthwhile to produce belief by concealing evidence, for the evidence is sure to come to light. (3) Never try to discourage thinking, for you are sure to succeed. (4) When you meet



"I don't understand this obsession we have with kids. Whatever happened to people? You know, the veterans of childhood. Those of us who made it out. Don't we count anymore? Must everything be for and about the children, our most precious resource? I promise you, our most precious resource is petroleum."

—Bill Maher, in his HBO special *Be More Cynical*

with opposition, even if it is from your family, endeavor to overcome it by argument and not by authority, for a victory dependent upon authority is unreal and illusory. (5) Have no respect for the authority of others, for there are always contrary authorities to be found. (6) Do not use power to suppress opinions you think pernicious, for if you do, the opinions will suppress you. (7) Do not fear to be eccentric in opinion, for every opinion now accepted was once eccentric. (8) Find more pleasure in intelligent dissent than in passive agreement, for if you value intelligence as you should, the former implies a deeper agreement than the latter. (9) Be scrupulously truthful, even if the truth is inconvenient, for it is more inconvenient when you try to conceal it. (10) Do not feel envious of the happiness of those who live in a fool's paradise, for only a fool will think that it is happiness."

Saul Rosenthal
Terre Haute, Indiana

(1) Drugs do not get rid of your problems; they only defer them. (2) You haven't seen enough yet to want to give up on life. (3) Mingle with people who look different from you and may even have a different religion. (4) Educate yourself. Gone are the days when you could pay for a three-car garage and a house with a factory job. (5) Feel free to masturbate if that's the best thing you've got going. (6) If your parents are not abusive, don't blame them for not being rich. (7) Think about what any authority figure is telling you before questioning him or her. Thoughtless disrespect for the sake of rebellion is pointless. (8) If you can't afford your habits on the money you have, change the habits or get a better job.

Ed Munir
Eagan, Minnesota

(1) Think hard before having sex or using drugs. (2) When you have sex, know how to use a condom. (3) Never date someone a friend has had a relationship with, unless you're sure the relationship is over. (4) If a friend's partner makes a pass at you, tell the friend right away. (5) When you start driving a vehicle, follow the rules, not your parents' example.

Todd Bone
Calverton, New York

By all means, let's post the 10 Commandments. That way, teachers can explain to first graders what adultery means. They also could explain why kids must still do homework and clean their rooms on the Sabbath. And what about the people who deliver the Sunday paper, or who work on weekends at the gas company to keep us warm? It may make children wonder if God intended the 10 Commandments for everyone, or just those people who live in semitropical climates. It's obvious, in fact, that the 10 Commandments were not intended for everybody, but rather for affluent mature men with wives, servants and chattel.

Paul Alter
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Of course they should post the 10 Commandments in public schools. Students can read them while reloading.

Ralph Harding
Orange Park, Florida

LIAR, LIAR

Both "Snowjob" and "Wanted: Drug Czar," the *Forum* articles by James Boward in your March issue, demonstrate that former drug czar Barry McCaffrey pushed the mother of all snowjobs when claiming his office was winning the war against drugs. McCaffrey's face ought to be on a wanted poster for prevarication in the first degree. His most recent annual progress report outlined the "accomplishments" of federal drug policies. But the statistics tell a different story. The death rate attributed to drugs is now almost twice that of 1979. Hospital emergency room drug episodes have soared since 1988. The use of drugs by eighth graders has skyrocketed in the past decade. Past-month use of marijuana and cocaine increased by more than 250 percent from 1991 to 2000. The street prices of heroin and cocaine are near historic lows, which indicates that traffickers are finding it easier to get drugs to the street. At the same time, the purity of street heroin has increased 500 percent. The list goes on.

McCaffrey not only exaggerated his success, he offered America a fraudulent and dishonest strategy. His reign is finally over. Good riddance.

Eric Sterling, President
Criminal Justice Policy Foundation
Washington, D.C.

MORE ON BREAST CANCER

I was surprised the Playboy Foundation funded a video for men whose partners have breast cancer ("Forum FYI," *The Playboy Forum*, March). I fear men are getting shortchanged by the media, which rarely discuss male breast cancer. About 1400 men are diagnosed with breast cancer each year, and 400 of those will die.

Garry Klouzal
Lynnwood, Washington

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM F.Y.I.

BUFFER **DINOSAURS**
FIEND **TWEAKER**
Cabbage head
MOON GAS **SATCH**
SMURF **Toucher**

Amid the self-serving propaganda at the website of the Office of National Drug Control Policy, we stumbled across a document that has some educational value. *Street Terms: Drugs and the Drug Trade* is a lexicon of more than 2300 slang words and phrases designed to assist "law enforcement, public health and other criminal justice professionals who work with the public." You can download the list or browse it alphabetically or by drug type or topic by visiting <http://whitehousedrugpolicy.gov/streetterms>.

- Alice B. Toklas: Marijuana brownie.
- Balling:** Vaginally implanted cocaine.
- Beam me up, Scottie:** Crack dipped in PCP.
- Blow a shot:** Injection wasted in the skin.
- Buffer:** Woman who performs oral sex for crack.
- Bugged:** Covered with sores from repeated use of nonsterile needles.
- Cabbage head:** A person who will experiment with any drug.
- Chocolate ecstasy:** Crack made brown with chocolate milk.
- Closet baser:** Crack user who prefers anonymity.
- Dinosaurs:** Heroin users in their 40s or 50s.
- Explorers club:** Group of LSD users.
- Fiend:** Someone who smokes marijuana alone.
- Fry sticks:** Marijuana cigarettes dipped in embalming fluid.
- Honeymoon:** Early stages of use before dependency develops.
- Ice cream habit:** Occasional use.
- Interplanetary mission:** To travel from one crackhouse to another.
- Keester plant:** Drugs hidden in the rectum.
- Maserati:** A crack pipe made from a plastic rum bottle and a rubber spark plug cover.
- Moon gas:** Inhalants.
- Perp:** Fake crack made from candle wax and baking soda.
- Piggybacking:** Simultaneous injection of two drugs.
- Pimp your pipe:** Renting out your crack pipe.
- Ringer:** Good hit of crack; hear bells.
- Satch:** Papers, letters, cards, clothing, etc., saturated with solution; used to smuggle drugs into prisons or hospitals.
- Slab:** Crack the size of a piece of chewing gum.
- Smurf:** Cigar dipped in embalming fluid.
- Snotballs:** Rubber cement that is rolled into balls and burned so that the fumes can be inhaled.
- Strawberry:** Female who trades sex for crack.
- Toucher:** User of crack who wants affection.
- Tweaker:** Crack user looking for drugs on the floor after a police raid.
- Two-for-nine:** Two \$5 bags of crack for \$9.

WHO OWNS YOUR SPERM?

When Boris Becker dropped by a London restaurant in 1999, he had no idea his bill would be so enormous: £2 million, or nearly \$3 million. That's the sum the German tennis star paid to settle a paternity claim brought by a Russian Algerian waitress named Angela Ermakowa, who claimed she had a single sexual encounter that night with Becker.

The German newspaper *Bild* had a field day with the story. It reported that Becker insisted he and Ermakowa only had oral sex, and that his lawyers suggested the sometime model had inseminated herself. It even alleged that she had pilfered Becker's semen as part of a Russian mafia plot to blackmail him.

After DNA tests proved him to be the father, the unseeded tennis star acknowledged his paternity (the girl, now a toddler, bears a striking resemblance to her dad) and called for an end to the wild speculation about how the pregnancy occurred. Legally, the how, where and why of the child's conception are irrelevant. Both British and U.S. courts have made it clear that regardless of the circumstances behind a man's becoming a father, he has to support the child.

Roe vs. Wade protects a woman's right to choose whether she will bear a child. After insemination, a man has no similar protection of his right to decide whether to become a father. But at what moment does he lose that right? Is ejaculation the legal point of no return? Does the fact that a woman lies to him about her birth control, retrieves his semen from a discarded condom, sexually assaults him after he's fallen unconscious or rapes him before he's reached adulthood mitigate in any way his financial responsibility?

The answer, absurdly, is no. At present, no matter how a woman gets her hand on his semen (short of using a sperm bank, where the donors are anonymous), a man has no chance of avoiding the financial obligations of unexpected progeny. It's an inequity in the legal system that allows women not only to "steal" semen but also to demand money from unwilling fathers—a way of finding a sperm donor who also pays for the kid. Writing in the *Florida Law Review*, a legal scholar noted in 1995 that "a frequent fact pattern in sex fraud cases is where one partner

possession is ten tenths of the law

By SAM JEMIELITY

falsely claims to be infertile or to be using birth control. If a child is subsequently born, does the defrauded party have a cause of action? I have found no cases holding for plaintiffs in these circumstances."

Judges do not consider the actions of the parents when determining support. Instead, they place what they perceive to be the child's interests foremost. The benchmark case in this regard has been *L. Pamela P. vs. Frank S.*, a 1983 decision by the New York Court



A.J. GARCES

of Appeals. In that case, the father argued that his partner "misrepresented to me that she was using contraception." A lower court had determined that because of the mother's conduct, the father would be liable only in the amount by which her means were insufficient to meet the child's needs. But the appeals court struck down that decision, stating, "The mother's conduct in no way limited his right to use contraception." Further, the court stated: "However unfairly respondent may have been treated by petitioner's failure to allow him an equal voice in the decision to conceive a child, such a wrong does not rise to the level of a

constitutional violation."

We would challenge the court's decision about what's unfair and what's an injustice.

Lying to a man about using birth control is only the most common situation where men get roped into fatherhood. Consider the British telecom executive whose sad tale was detailed in London's *Daily Mail*. He met a woman at a nightclub, had a fling and expected the relationship to end when she left for an extended trip to Australia. Instead, she called to say she was pregnant with his child.

Having used protection throughout the relationship, the executive felt he had been a victim of bad luck. But the woman admitted, first during an emotional phone conversation and later in a confessional letter, that she had taken his semen from a discarded condom while he was in the shower. Despite this, a court ordered the new father to pay support. He now finds himself on the hook for what could amount to £67,000 (\$97,000) before the child turns 16, not to mention the £20,000 (\$29,000) he spent on legal fees.

After the court presented its decision, the executive protested that "This ruling gives a license to women to use men in any way they see fit."

Emile Frisard, who challenged a support ruling in the courts of Louisiana, claims to have had nearly the same experience as the British executive. He testified that the only sexual encounter he had with the woman who bore his child, Debra Rojas—a nurse at the hospital where Frisard's mother had been admitted—occurred when she offered to give him oral sex, provided he wore a condom. "As any male would, I did not refuse," Frisard said. "I wish I would have refused." A friend of Frisard's testified that he later saw a woman who resembled Rojas engaging in what looked like an attempt to inseminate herself in the bathroom of the hospital room where Frisard's mother was staying. In 1997 a Louisiana court upheld the support ruling.

Frisard made a conscious choice to have oral sex, and he paid for it. But the courts in Alabama don't even require that a man be conscious, as in the case of a man who was forced to pay support even though he was passed out

AMERICA'S FAVORITE ATHEIST

madalyn o'hair defined the word maverick

drunk at the time of sexual intercourse. The man collapsed in a bed at a woman's house. He said he awoke the following morning wearing only an unbuttoned shirt, with the woman standing in the bedroom doorway "towel[ing] off." A witness who had been at the party testified that two months later, the woman boasted that she had had sex with the man while he was passed out and that it had "saved her a trip to the sperm bank." Two other witnesses offered similar testimony. A doctor testified that a man can achieve an erection and ejaculate even when inebriated to the point of unconsciousness.

When this happens to a woman, it's considered rape. But in 1996 the Alabama Court of Civil Appeals upheld the ruling that the man should pay support. It cited the 1983 New York decision, as well as a case in which a 16-year-old father had contested support payments, claiming he had been the victim of statutory rape at the hands of the 21-year-old mother of his child. The court rejected his argument, stating: "The father's recourse under the law as to the mother of the child was to file criminal charges. To penalize this child for the mother's actions would run contrary to the fundamental purpose of this proceeding"—that is, to serve the best interests of the child (in this case, the toddler, not the teen).

Albuquerque real estate agent Peter Wallis attempted to make an end run around the law in 1998 by suing his former live-in girlfriend, Kellie Smith, for breach of contract, fraud and "conversion of property"—his semen. He claimed she had lied about being on the pill, and he asked for damages equal to his support payments. Smith insisted that she had been taking the pill but that it failed. Regardless, she argued in a legal filing, her ex had "surrendered any right of possession to his semen when he transferred it during voluntary sexual intercourse."

A judge threw the case out. No surprise. Until there is a law against misappropriating sperm, men who take reasonable precautions not to inseminate or who trust their partners to be honest about birth control, have no recourse should a pregnancy occur. Once you shoot, it's no longer your load. When Wallis sued, Kellie Smith's lawyers argued that a man's sperm should be considered a "gift." When in doubt about the intentions of a girlfriend or girl at a bar, a guy might want to stick with a dozen roses. Because, as any number of men can attest, semen can be the gift that keeps on taking.

Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the litigious and loudmouthed atheist, had every reason to think she might someday be murdered. She received mountains of hate mail, which she talked of compiling into a book: *Letters From Christians*. Thirty-five years after the lawsuit that made her famous, O'Hair was murdered. She died not for God but for mammon.

In our age of ho-hum blasphemy, it's hard to fathom just how gutsy a thing Madalyn Murray (as she was then known) did in 1960, amid D-I-a-l-a-Prayer, Norman Vincent Peale and legislation that added "under God" to the pledge of allegiance. A single mother in Baltimore, O'Hair challenged the prayers and Bible readings in her 14-year-old son's classroom. She bluntly told the courts, "Your petitioners are atheists." In a letter to *Life*, she elaborated on her views: "We find the Bible to be nauseating, historically inaccurate, replete with the ravings of madmen. . . . We find the Lord's Prayer to be that muttered by worms groveling for meager existence in a traumatic, paranoid world." The U.S. Supreme Court accepted her case, combined it with a similar one brought by a Pennsylvania Unitarian and ruled that school prayer violates the Constitution.

Victory brought death threats, vandalism, assaults—and celebrity. O'Hair chatted with Phil Donahue, David Frost, Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson. She relished her attention as the most hated woman in America. She founded organizations, wrote books, debated churchmen, filed more lawsuits and pondered a run for high office.

Self-assured, abrasive and profane, she was, to borrow the description of another famous American, like a shout personified. In a *Playboy Interview* in 1965, she held forth with typical pungency. Asked

about the Catholic belief that nuns must remain celibate because they "marry Jesus," she responded: "Sick, sick, sick! You think I've got wild ideas about sex? Think of those poor old dried-up women lying there on their solitary pallets yearning for Christ to come to them in a vision some night and take their maidenheads. By the time they realize he's not coming, it's no longer a maidenhead; it's a poor, sorry tent that *nobody* would be able to pierce—even Jesus with his wooden staff." Asked about her own relations with men, she mused, "I scare the hell out of them." No doubt.

One of her court filings kept Buzz Aldrin from taking televised Communion on the moon in 1969 (her "space suit," *Christian Century* called it), but she lost most other cases, including challenges to IN GOD WE TRUST on currency and to the tax-exempt status of church property. She never again reached the Supreme Court, and other of her ambitious plans—such as a proposed atheist university, radio station and home for aging unbelievers—came to naught.

In 1995, O'Hair vanished. Her daughter and younger son also disappeared, as did more than \$500,000 in atheist funds.

Federal investigators solved the disappearance early this year. On a ranch west of San Antonio they unearthed three skeletons and the head and hands of a fourth. David Waters, an ex-con who had worked for O'Hair, led agents to the site. He and two other men allegedly kidnapped O'Hair and her children after forcing them to turn over the money.

O'Hair dreamed of being able to walk down any street in the U.S. without seeing a cross or a steeple. That goal eluded her. But she did remain in the fray, indecorous, inimitable and indefatigable.



By Stephen Bates

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SPEAKING IN CODE

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO—The state Supreme Court reprimanded a municipal judge for allowing traffic cops to draw smiling or frowning faces on citations.



The doodles, which appeared only on the copy of the ticket given to the judge, were meant to inform the court of the driver's attitude during the stop. The justices ruled that the codes amounted to illegal communication between the officer and judge. Portales is not the first locality where the police have doodled. In 1999, an academic journal reported that officers in an unnamed West Coast town had been told to stop writing FAT (failed attitude test) on tickets. They instead began drawing circles with dots in the middle, indicating a driver who had been an asshole or, in police lingo, LBP (lower-body part).

DOUBLE DUTY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—A convicted cocaine dealer is crying foul after state officials hit him with a \$768,000 tax bill. Police arrested Vito Covelli in 1992 after finding a kilo of cocaine in a truck outside his motorcycle shop. He served 18 months in prison. Citing a state law that requires dealers to place tax stamps on their illegal drugs, state revenue officials demanded that Covelli pay \$200 tax on each of 1250 grams seized by police. They later added a 100 percent nonpayment penalty, plus \$268,000 in interest. Covelli argues that he has paid his debt to society and that the

bill violates his right not to be tried twice for the same crime. The state counters that the proceedings are a civil, not criminal, matter.

ILLEGAL PARENTING

BARABOO, WISCONSIN—When a mother found out her 12-year-old son was having sex, she did what she thought was best: She gave him two dozen condoms and told him to make sure they didn't break. (The boy stored the condoms in his pencil box.) Months later, after having intercourse with his teenage girlfriend, the boy confided to a police officer that he feared he might have an STD. He also told the officer that his mother knew he was sexually active. Under state law, children 12 or younger cannot consent to sex. That prompted the county prosecutor to charge the mother with failing to prevent the sexual assault of a child, a felony punishable by up to 15 years in prison. Ten days later, the county dropped the charges.

SEX, LIES AND VIDEO

YORK, ENGLAND—The owner of an adult-video store pleaded guilty to violating the Trading Standards Act when he mislabeled B movies as hardcore porn. Following complaints from his customers, a court fined Nicholas Griffin £5800, or about \$8600. He admitted he had sold videos such as *Confessions of a Sex Maniac* (a 1974 spoof about an architect who designs a building shaped like breasts) and *The Secrets of a Sensuous Nurse* (a 1976 Ursula Andress picture) for as much as \$75 each by labeling them as porn. "We responded to complaints from the public, both men and women," said the chief of local trading standards. "They were embarrassed and reluctant to come forward, but they also felt cheated."

CELL BLOCKED

SAN FRANCISCO—Although inmates don't have access to computers, should they be allowed to receive e-mail? One website thinks so. For a fee it allows prisoners to set up e-mail addresses, then prints out and sends by U.S. mail any messages they receive. Officials at Pelican Bay State Prison banned the printouts, saying they posed an unspecified security risk (an officer testified that printed e-mail somehow makes it easier to disguise your identity than print-

ed letters), and also that they might overwhelm its mailroom censors. An inmate sued, arguing that the restriction violated his right to free speech. An appeals court ruled against him.

MINNEAPOLIS—State prison officials have banned inmates from receiving sexually explicit material, including *PLAYBOY*. A spokesperson said the policy is designed to "reduce predatory behavior against other inmates and staff." One prisoner predicted the opposite effect. In Wisconsin, corrections officials reached a settlement with a group of inmates who sued over guidelines that banned all sexually explicit material. The regulations now prohibit only material that contains nudity. That hasn't satisfied the ACLU. It notes that the state has never provided evidence that nude images create a "hostile work environment" for female guards.

FACE GUARD

TAMPA—As 72,000 fans filed into Raymond James Stadium for Super Bowl XXXV, police recorded dozens of images of each of their faces. The patented FaceTrac system digitized the images and, measuring 128 characteristics such as nose width, cheekbone angles, distance between the eyes and thickness of lips, compared each image with the photos in a database of criminals.



Although they made no arrests, police said the faces of 19 people matched those of crooks already on file. They called the face-scanning exercise an "experiment." The technology already is used in about 70 casinos to identify known cheats.

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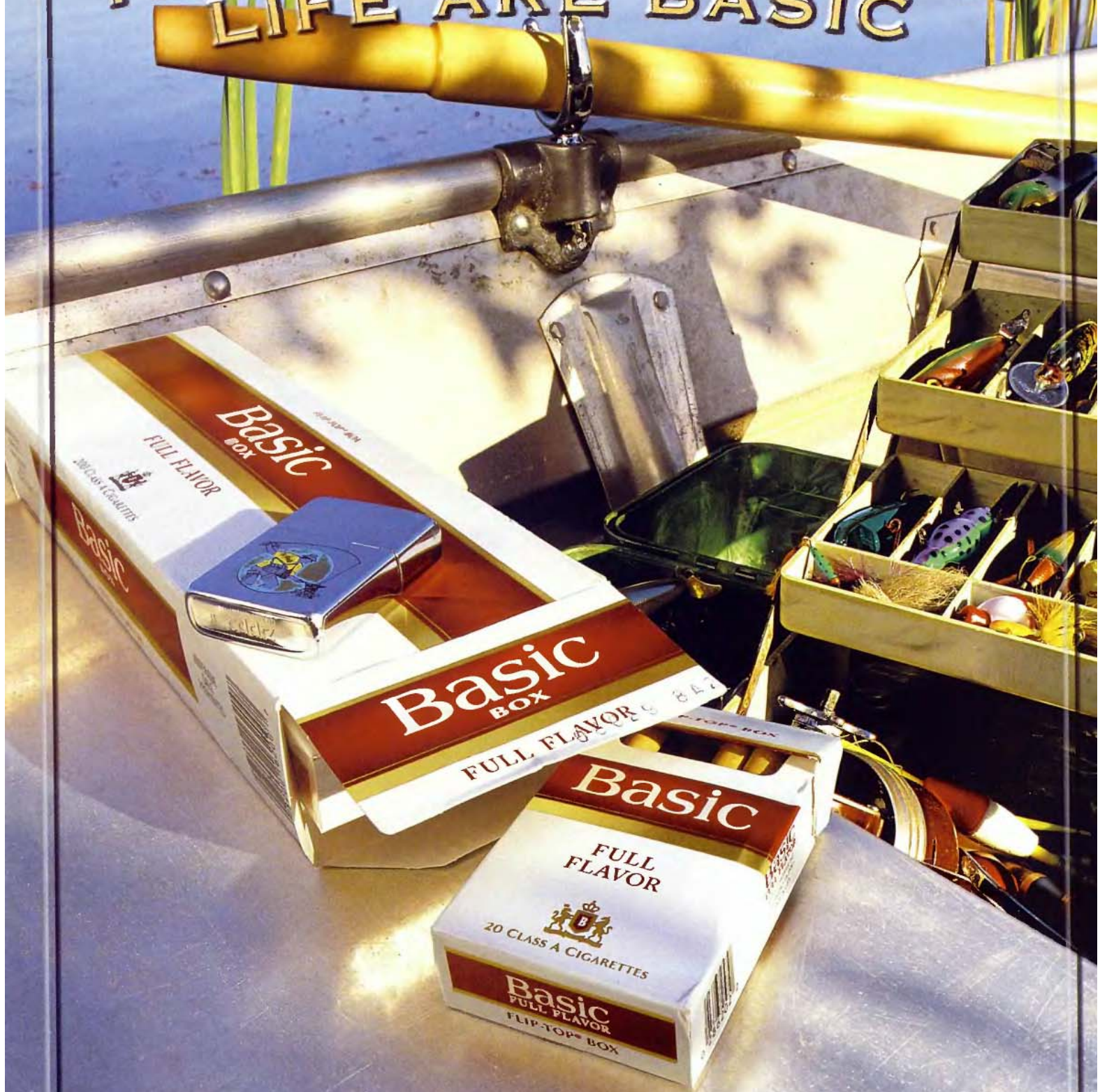
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

CHARLIE SHEEN

a candid conversation with hollywood's favorite reformed party animal about hookers, drugs and rehab and the real stories behind all those tabloid scandals

In May 1998 Charlie Sheen—whose party-filled lifestyle seemed to eclipse his work in films such as *Platoon*, *Wall Street*, *Major League* and *Hot Shots*—was home, alone and bored with snorting and smoking cocaine. No problem: He'd discovered an un-used rig a junkie friend had left behind, and had an idea. Sheen had never shot cocaine, so he loaded up the syringe, emptied the contents into his arm and waited. To his surprise, he felt nothing. So he did it again. All at once it hit him.

Sheen is still around to tell the harrowing story because this wasn't just another self-destructive day. For once, he couldn't shake off the night of excess and restart the cycle. He ended up in the hospital, then in the tabloids and finally in court-ordered rehab. That happened in part because his father, actor Martin Sheen, publicly asked Malibu municipal court judge Lawrence Mira (who also handled Robert Downey Jr.'s case) to arrest his son and get him help before he went off the deep end. Martin's ace: Charlie was already on probation after pleading no contest in 1997 to allegedly assaulting his ex-girlfriend, and since doing drugs was certainly not part of the deal, the judge agreed.

Sheen had finally flamed out after years of living the wild life, and all he had left was a largely unremarkable career and a reputa-

tion as the last man standing when the party was over. His appetites for drink, drugs and sex—free or paid for—were extreme. In the beginning (post-*Platoon*, 1986), the go-anywhere, try-anything lifestyle seemed like the natural endowment of a hot, young, good-looking leading man in Hollywood. Even when the hangovers got worse and the binges lasted for days, Sheen's stamina kept him upright. He could get back into a work mode, and his abuses weren't as serious as some of his peers'. In 1995, his career took a body blow when he testified at the trial of Hollywood madam Heidi Fleiss and admitted to dropping more than \$50,000 for her employees' services. Then he survived the near overdose.

Now, more than three years later, Sheen says he is clean, sober, healthy and looking ahead. Not only did he fulfill his part of Judge Mira's bargain, he even got off probation early.

That doesn't mean Sheen has lost his relish for living on the edge. It's just that the edge has changed. Instead of engaging in actual debauchery, Sheen made *Rated X*, a Showtime movie about adult-film entrepreneurs Jim and Artie Mitchell (*Behind the Green Door*). Sheen played Artie; brother Emilio Estevez directed and played Jim.

Then, after Michael J. Fox retired from

Spin City last year, Sheen joined the cast as Charlie Crawford, the new deputy mayor with a checkered past. Sheen's reviews have been good and the show has improved in the ratings, even though it airs Wednesday nights opposite Martin Sheen as the president on *The West Wing* and the Fox reality show of the moment.

Sheen was born Carlos Irwin Estevez on September 3, 1965, the third child of Martin and Janet Sheen. He has two older brothers, Emilio and Ramon, and a younger sister, Renee. Because his dad insisted on taking the family on location, Sheen grew up in places that his classmates could only point to on the map. The most memorable trip was almost eight months in the Philippines during the making of *Apocalypse Now*.

Stateside, Sheen attended Santa Monica High with neighbors Sean and Chris Penn and Rob and Chad Lowe. The group, fast friends, also made numerous Super-8 home movies, taking turns as writers, directors, cameramen, etc. Sheen says he was a normal kid, but he had some problems, including arrests for marijuana possession and credit card forgery. He also used his dad's charge card to pay a Las Vegas hooker for helping him lose his virginity when he was 15.

Though Sheen appeared as an extra in *Apocalypse Now* and hung out with older



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"Rehab is a dumping ground, a big landfill. It's a motherfucker, especially if you've had any kind of life where you've been the man. Suddenly you're in a place where there's no special treatment. You're equalized."

"It was me and five girls, and I said, 'I'm up for it if you are.' It was a little uncomfortable, actually. I wouldn't recommend five at once. There's just not enough guy to go around. Even with two, somebody's always jealous."

"Fame is empowering. My mistake was that I thought I would instinctively know how to handle it. Eventually, any plan I had about how I would deal with fame evaporated, because I took it a little far, I think. Just a tad."

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brother Emilio and his Brat Pack friends—wishing he could live their high lives—he became an actor because he admired his dad and “to get my parents off my back” about finishing high school. He found a job immediately in 1984’s *Grizzly II: The Predator*. He was also offered the lead role in the first *Karate Kid* but had to pass because of a scheduling conflict. Instead, he waited two years for box-office magic with *Platoon*, and his face ended up on the cover of *Time* magazine.

Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Sheen on the set of *Spin City* and at the actor’s LA condo. Rensin reports:

“In the past, a chance to interview Charlie Sheen was irresistible to the media. He has always been an outrageous and dependable quote. Charlie never minded dissing other actors or recounting a bacchanalian adventure. But he also believed in telling it like it is, or at least as he saw it. Since Sheen was often hopped-up during an interview, the results were invariably compelling.

“Today, Charlie is more wary when it comes to shooting off his mouth. That’s why, before I turned on the tape recorder, he wanted to get to know me. After an afternoon of *Spin City* read-throughs, we met for a light meal at a local Italian restaurant. He looked at me with eyes scrunched up intently, trying to see if I was someone he’d feel comfortable telling everything to.

“Before dinner was done, Charlie suggested I go to his house for the interview. We spent a long night at his West Los Angeles condo, where we shared a heavily sugared General Foods International Coffee moment, and then met in his studio lot dressing room to go over the intimate details of his rise and fall and rise.

“The first thing that Charlie did when I turned on the tape recorder was complain about another magazine interview in which he was quoted as saying he’d slept with 5000 women. ‘Not true,’ he insisted, with a smile.”

PLAYBOY: Did you really sleep with 5000 women?

SHEEN: [Smiles] Funny. Good start. OK, I want to set the record straight. That interviewer baited me, and I should have seen it coming. He said, “So, Wilt Chamberlain claims he slept with 20,000 women. Is that something close to what you would assume for yourself?” I said, “No, I’m not old enough. That’s impossible. Plus, I once broke it down for Wilt, and during the time span he claimed, there would have to have been a girl every 36 minutes.” The interviewer said, “Well, how many? Ten?” I said, “No.” He said, “Five?” I said, “I don’t know. I honestly have no idea. It’s speculative and borders on preposterous. Plus, I didn’t count.” He pushed, “Well, five?” Finally, I said, “Fine. Fine. Five.” And he ran with it.

PLAYBOY: We did the math, too. That amounts to one a day for almost 14 years.

SHEEN: It’s pretty far off for me [laughs]. Plus, I was in some long relationships that would have made it impossible.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, like many things in your career, the story seems bound for showbiz folklore—as attested to by this quote we read at *Inside.com*: “The only buzz the new *Spin City* is getting is for the rock-star tour bus Charlie Sheen has parked on the studio lot. And, given the recent publicity about Sheen’s love life”—meaning the 5000 women—“we don’t even want to think about what might be going on inside the bus.”

SHEEN: Two things: One, I got rid of the bus.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SHEEN: At first I tried to make it available as a *Spin City* clubhouse, but it didn’t work where it was parked. Then I asked myself, If Barry Bostwick or Heather Locklear had one, would I be hanging out in it? And I realized, No, that’s their private space. At the same time, I got tired of feeling like a separatist or an elitist. I wanted to be in a dressing room next to the other actors, in the mix right there on the stage. It was too much of a spectacle, so I just walked in one day and said, “This thing’s got to go.” I still own it. It’ll be out on the road, being rented by other people, to pay for itself.

PLAYBOY: That’s one, what’s two?

SHEEN: I heard recently in Jay Leno’s monolog that I call myself the Machine. I’ve never called myself the Machine. It was a nickname my friends gave me in the old days because when they were all ready either to go home or to the ER, I was always the last guy standing, insisting that the party continue. Jay said that with the number of hookers I must have slept with, I should call myself the Automated Teller Machine. [Smiles] That’s kind of funny, and it’s nice to be talked about, but still.

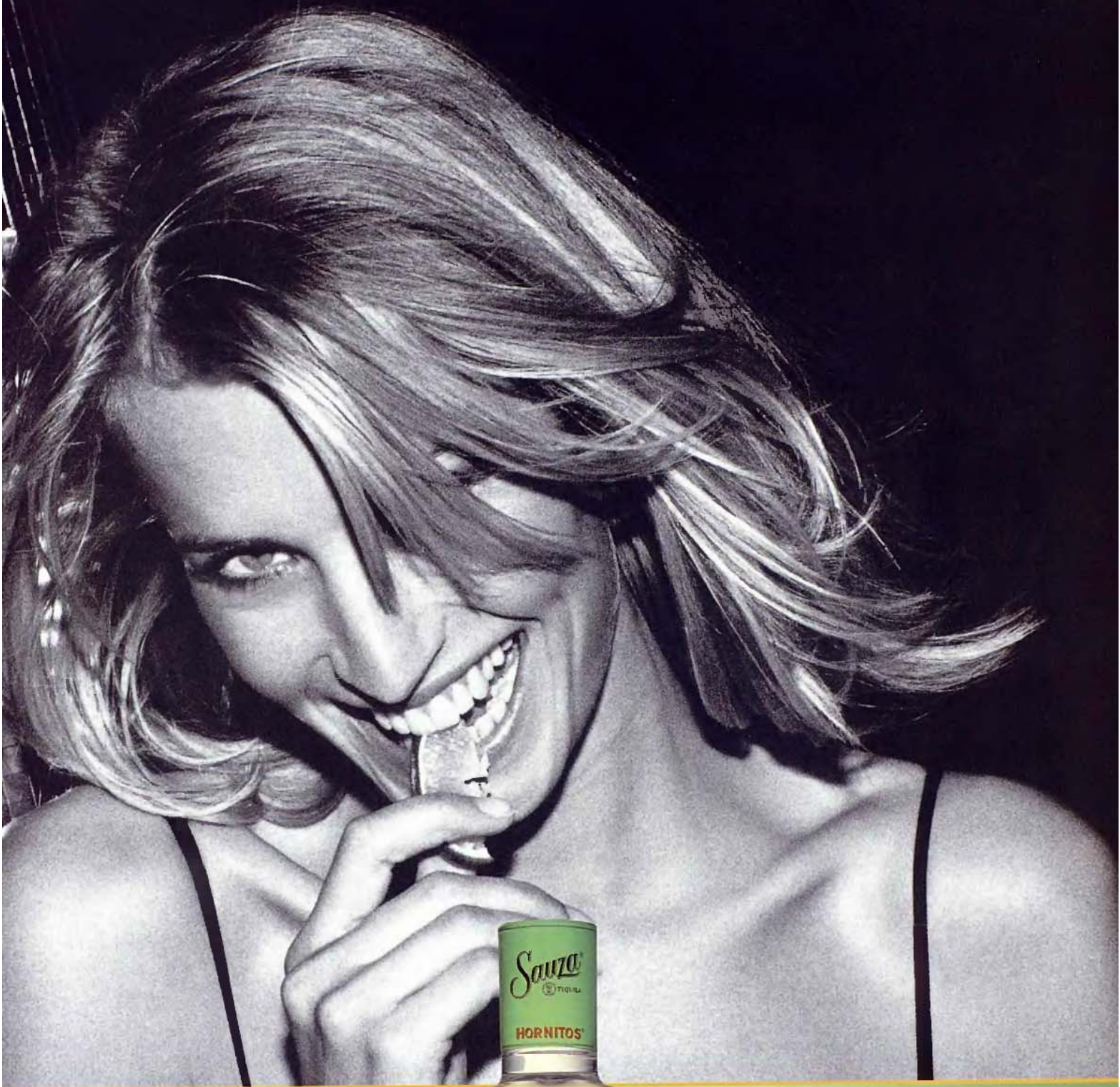
PLAYBOY: Do you want the media to drop your past and get on with it?

SHEEN: I guess there’s a part of me that still embraces or revels in generating some kind of media buzz or controversy. Why? Because it’s immediate attention and it fuels that part of the fire. I don’t want my life to be beige and boring and unquotable.

On the other hand, there have to be more important things going on in the world than my past. But I know that no matter what I do from this point forward—if the show’s a hit, if I make movies that are hits, if I do great social work—it’s always going to be “the former erstwhile embattled news fodder.” So I understand why, when I slip a little with something quotable, it’s latched on to. It’s because they can no longer write about my bad behavior. I’m not creating any wreckage or generating any headlines.

PLAYBOY: That wasn’t always the case. How bummed out were you to be the guy publicly fingered in the Heidi Fleiss trial, while so many other Hollywood notables remained nameless?

SHEEN: They went for the easiest target. But it’s OK. I was one of the few guys

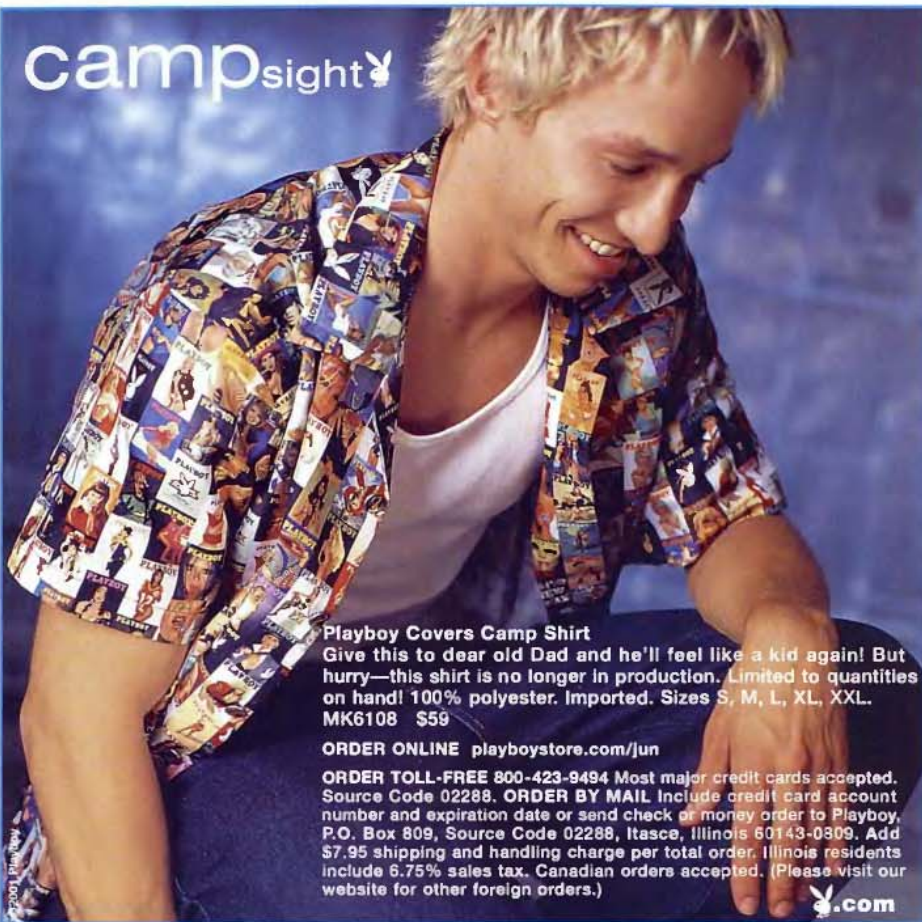


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who were single and young. If I took the bullet, it would soften the attack on the whole community.

PLAYBOY: Are you still paying for sex?

SHEEN: [Shakes his head] I shut that down. I did it a couple times after I got sober and it didn't feel like it was in keeping with the kind of progress I'm making. It felt like the old me. It felt cheap and stupid. They had more fun than I did.

PLAYBOY: Maybe they should have paid you.

SHEEN: I didn't want to mention that [smiles].

PLAYBOY: You once said that paying for sex was really paying for them to leave when you're done.

SHEEN: That's an old Cary Grant quote. I borrowed it.

PLAYBOY: But you believed it.

SHEEN: To a degree, but also it was about avoiding all that hassle I would encounter going out, hanging out, picking up, taking home, transporting, *blah blah blah*. All the lies, the deceit. Promising to call and not calling. That's old behavior.

PLAYBOY: What's the new behavior?

SHEEN: Believe it or not, I've always been pretty old-fashioned. I'm kind of a missionary guy, from way back. I don't need a leather diaper collection and a lot of fantasies to get sexual. I think the more props you need, the less you've got going on with your own sexuality.

PLAYBOY: What changed your attitude?

SHEEN: In sobriety they teach you to think the drink through. Don't just think about having the drink and how good it's going to feel. Think through to the next morning, how it's going to influence you, the shame, how it's going to trigger the domino effect. If I do that I end up with, OK, I'm not going to drink. It's the same thing with one-night stands. I appreciate my time in the mornings so much that I'd rather go to bed at night alone than deal with waking up, creeping around the bedroom, being quiet, worrying. Also, I'd like to be with somebody I care about. Something moderately substantial.

PLAYBOY: Can you care about somebody?

SHEEN: Absolutely. Now that I've finally gotten to know myself a little bit, I know who I'm bringing to the relationship. Until now I've never had the tools to apply in a meaningful relationship. But I'm not looking for it. Right now I'm kind of in love with my job. [Pauses] I just don't want to live like I used to. And at some point, probably after this interview, I'm going to put a gag order on myself in terms of talking about the past. Seriously. I've got to slam the door and deal with the present and the future.

PLAYBOY: As long as you do it after this interview.

SHEEN: I get it. If I were assigned to somebody who had been through what I've been through and it was my job to deliver a story, I'd probably want to know the interesting shit and not just how the

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read-through was on *Spin City*. But that said, I'm talking about it now because I think I have a duty as a recovering guy to help, to make my knowledge of what I went through accessible.

PLAYBOY: Great. This isn't the first time that you've said you're recovered. Why should we believe you're now, and why did you slip up before?

SHEEN: If I wanted to party now, I'd probably have to do it in the Himalayas, or on *Mir*. Can you imagine me going down to the corner bar and saying, "Hey, give me a shot of vodka. Put it in a coffee cup." First of all, I don't want to party now, and that's the difference. But if I said, all right, I'm going to do it, where would I go? Publicly talking about this stuff eliminates a lot of options. This is the only disease that wants to keep you looking good while you're killing yourself. All I can do today is lead by example and remember that I'm powerless over how people perceive me.

Back in those days, I hadn't gone far enough into it. I hadn't gotten on the pipe, shot dope, had legal hassles. I was still, in my mind, above the law, a functional, socially acceptable maniac. I've always needed lots of proof, and after the past few years I'm convinced of the insanity of my disease and of the insanity of second-guessing myself as an addict.

PLAYBOY: You didn't believe you were an addict?

SHEEN: I just didn't believe I was like everybody else. I thought I was unique. I didn't wake up in my neighbor's bed. I never crashed my car into some innocent person. I never fired my gun into a crowded shopping mall. I didn't get pulled over on the fucking highway with a gun and heroin. I didn't kick a cop and hop a fence. I didn't fucking take a gun on an airplane. I didn't kill anybody. I didn't molest any children. Heidi didn't send little boys to my ranch. Sure, I did a lot of things in excess. But if you look at the core, the foundation of what I pursued, who the fuck wouldn't? What red-blooded young American male in my position wouldn't? All the guys who criticize it would have done the same

thing but probably would have died because they don't have the constitution I was cursed with. The most damage I did was to myself and to the people who got caught in the maelstrom. The worst thing that happened was the overdose. But, then, I didn't go in with three other dudes who overdosed with me. No, you overdose alone.

PLAYBOY: What about the gun incident in which your then girlfriend, Kelly Preston, got shot?

SHEEN: That was a complete accident. I wasn't even in the room. She picked up a pair of my pants, to get them off the bathroom scale so she could weigh herself one morning. A little revolver fell

experience?

SHEEN: That, and just feeling my spirit dying.

PLAYBOY: On the ER table?

SHEEN: No, just day to day, not really wanting to be an active member of the human race.

PLAYBOY: Were you suicidal?

SHEEN: No. But when friends asked me what was going on, I'd use a line from *Star Wars*. They'd ask, "Can we help?" and I'd say, "Not unless you can alter time, speed up the harvest or teleport me off this rock."

I remember thinking and feeling and believing that I was not able to stop, that I genuinely was incapable of putting an

end to this. It wasn't even that I didn't know what to do with myself if I could stop. I didn't take the thought that far. It was, "My God, I can't stop. Now what?" Not, "OK, if I stop—"

That was a terribly sad reality.

PLAYBOY: So what did you do?

SHEEN: I thought, All right, if I can't stop, I'm going to take this thing as far as I can. I wasn't going to dabble and mope about. Let's get on a horse and drive this fucking circus completely out of town.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

SHEEN: I decided to turn up the volume. Let's stop sleeping, let's stop eating and just fucking party. I was smoking about a pound and a half of cocaine a month toward the end. That's a lot. It was hard-core—cleaner than crack because you cook



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out of my back pocket, hit the bathroom floor and went off. It shot a hole through the toilet and she got hit in the leg with shrapnel. I was downstairs, making coffee and she came to the top of the stairs, blood all over her, telling me to call 911. But she was fine. She got two stitches and I had to get a new toilet.

But let me get back to why things are different for me this time. There was just so much more despair and hopelessness for me at the end than there had been the other times I supposedly got clean and came out in public saying, "I'm fine," but wasn't. This last go-around was overwhelming.

PLAYBOY: Because of your near-death

it yourself—but so what?

PLAYBOY: That sounds suicidal to us.

SHEEN: Maybe subconsciously.

PLAYBOY: And it all ended up with you in the Los Robles Hospital. What happened?

SHEEN: I got bored with smoking and snorting. A buddy of mine who's kind of a speed junkie had left a rig behind. It was still in the package and unused, and I thought I would shoot some cocaine. I had never done it before and I was all alone—a good time to shoot, right? [Shakes head and laughs]

PLAYBOY: You loaded up the needle and put it in your arm.

SHEEN: Oh yeah. Fired it straight home. Just like I'd seen in *Pulp Fiction*, or in that

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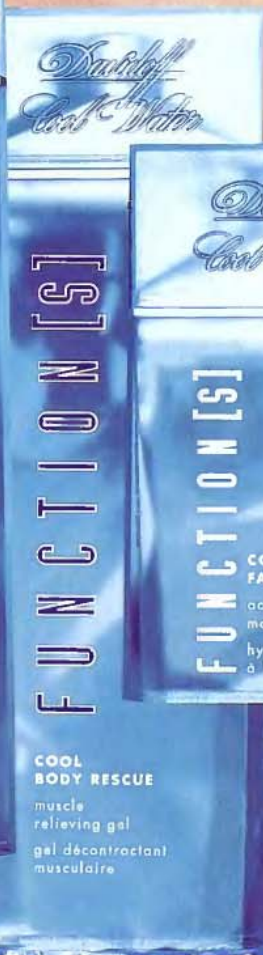
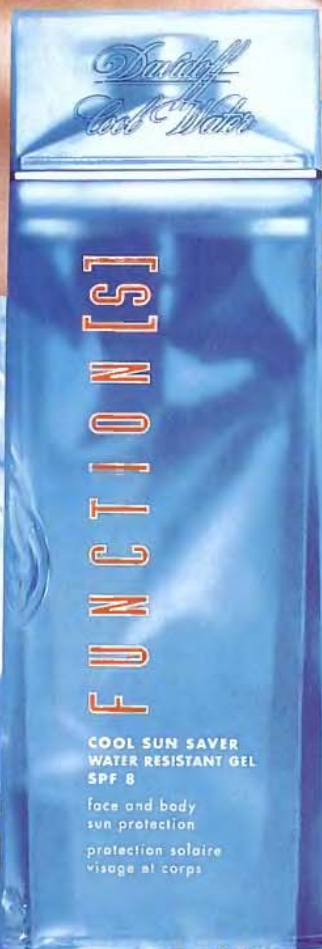
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movie with Gary Busey and Dustin Hoffman, *Straight Time*. And nothing happened. I thought, This sucks—so I did some more. Then it all hit me at once. My legs went out. They disappeared. I couldn't walk. I tried to get downstairs to get some vodka, to try to bring everything down, and I couldn't. I was fucking terrified. I thought, OK, I'm going. I checked my blood pressure and my heart rate. My vitals were up, but they weren't code. Finally, I managed to take little baby steps down the stairwell. It took 20 minutes; it felt like 20 days. Horrifying.

PLAYBOY: Your heart going boom-boom-boom?

SHEEN: From the panic. I thought something really wrong had happened. I didn't want to just tough it out. I called my bodyguard and said, "Dude, we've got to 911 it." So we did. In the ambulance they gave me a big shot of something to bring me down, and I fell asleep. That's when the paramedic called the press and sold me like a loaf of bread. This was news, and he wanted to be the one to report it.

PLAYBOY: The paramedic called the media right from the ambulance?

SHEEN: Must have, because there were too many people waiting when I got there. At the hospital I just wanted a shot of Ativan or something mellowing. Instead, I got a doctor who came right into the room and got way too close to my face and said, "You need AA and you need it now."

I'm thinking, Fuck you and your AA. Give me some Valium. Then I drifted into half-sleep, a dream state. I never had an official overdose, but I think that's where I was headed. Then Dad went on the news, and the judge heard that I had OD'd. I was on this watch for probation. It didn't involve testing, but I was supposed to obey all laws, so they hauled me in.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your dad ask the judge to arrest you?

SHEEN: Right. He went on the news and said, "My son has had a drug overdose." That triggered Judge Mira.

PLAYBOY: He seems to get all the young actors.

SHEEN: Yeah, we keep him busy. But I've got to tell you, I really came to respect

the guy I initially deeply resented and held so much animosity toward. He could see a little more progress in me each time I'd go in for updates and visits. He'd say, "I have to keep the probation on, but you're doing great, you look great and I hear great things. Keep up the good work." I think he was inspired because I was really the first guy who followed his code and held true to what he imposed. I accepted it and knew that it was because he wanted to save my life, not because he wanted to punish me. He saw past the textbook punitive avenues. He dug deeper into himself for something more humane, because he didn't see a criminal, he just saw a guy who had become a drug addict and needed therapy.

this part of the experience publicly?

SHEEN: It's nice to talk about it and know that I don't have to go through it ever again. That's terrifying shit. I would have given anything—any movie, any car, any woman, *anything*—to just be normal. I'm talking about it because some kid who's struggling with his own addictions might read an interview I've given, looking for something inspirational or truthful that might save or deter him.

PLAYBOY: We don't mean to be naysayers, but you've never listened to people who tried to help you.

SHEEN: You're right. When you're in the grips of it, everybody can basically fuck off. But that doesn't mean I shouldn't try.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the day you got off probation?

SHEEN: I drove up to Promises, my rehab alma mater, and I talked with my drug counselor, who had done time and was on probation, too. I wanted to talk to another addict about this blessing and about the progress that had taken place. I said, "I don't have any desire to get loaded right now. I'm really so grateful and so happy to have my freedom back." When I was in camp and had to wear the Lo-Jack ankle bracelet monitor, I vowed there and then that I would never again do anything to lose my freedom.

PLAYBOY: Do movies get rehab right?

SHEEN: No. It's bullshit. I saw *28 Days*. I don't remember rehab being like a day camp or being that funny. Rehab is a dumping ground. It's

a big landfill where you go to unload all your shit. You kind of pick through what's worth keeping and fixing, reassemble some of the pieces and hopefully move on. Of the 20-some people in my original group, only one other person I know for sure is sober.

PLAYBOY: So what does that say about rehab?

SHEEN: It says more about the disease, how insidious it is. It's the only disease that tells you that you don't have it. Rehab is a motherfucker, especially if you've had any kind of life where you've been the man. Suddenly you're in a place where there's no special treatment. You're equalized.

PLAYBOY: So now drugs are out, drink is



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But believe me, I knew if I got loaded I was going away for a while. In fact, people would say, "Oh, you're just sober because you're on probation." I'd say, "Well, maybe today. But maybe tomorrow that won't be the case." What you come to discover is, it isn't how you get there, it's that you get there. If that's what it took to get me where I'm at today, so be it.

PLAYBOY: Any temptations afterward?

SHEEN: Sure. I had plans early on, the day I got off probation, to go to Amsterdam and go on a whole run. I wanted to control the disease again, so I could take back the power. Going would have been giving away the power.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you ever discussed



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out. How about sex?

SHEEN: [*Laughs*] Of course not. I got sober, I didn't get stupid.

PLAYBOY: Just curious: How well were you able to function sexually on cocaine?

SHEEN: I was never shut down by the drugs; that was my problem. Cocaine was an aphrodisiac, it wasn't a cancellation element. I think that was a bit of a curse. Anybody else would say, "What do you mean? You did an eight-ball and had sex all night?" I'd be like, Yeah, didn't you?

PLAYBOY: And the women were easy to come by?

SHEEN: Yeah. But for every perk, there's a pitfall. For every free meal, there's a tabloid story. For every girl who sleeps with you, there are two who don't—and not until the end of the night, when they're alone with you and back at your place, do you realize they had it planned from the get-go.

PLAYBOY: You didn't expect to get lucky every time, did you?

SHEEN: No. But they could have told us that at the bar, before we left with them, instead of at three A.M., when everybody else is gone and the options are done.

PLAYBOY: Can we clear up a few Charlie Sheen rumors?

SHEEN: Shoot.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you hired hookers and had them dress up as cheerleaders?

SHEEN: Total bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Five women in one bed at a time?

SHEEN: True, but it happened only once. It wasn't a habitual thing.

PLAYBOY: Did you have them laid out in a pentagon?

SHEEN: [*Smiles*] No, it was just the end of the night and everybody had split. It was me and five girls, and I said, "Well, I'm up for it if you girls are." They're like, "Yeah, right." That was a challenge, so I went for it. I was with one at a time with the other four watching. It was a little uncomfortable, actually. I think I said, "Can you guys just look the other way until it's your turn?" I wouldn't recommend five at once. There's just not enough guy to go around.

PLAYBOY: Where do you normally draw the line?

SHEEN: At two. Even with two, somebody's always jealous. Even if it's their idea, someone comes away pissed off. Something happens and you spend the rest of the night apologizing for something they initiated. A lot of times you'll be with your steady and she'll invite a girlfriend; they'll get a couple drinks in them and say, "Hey, whaddya think?" Before you know it, you're into it. Then you pay more attention to one or the other and there are problems. Two women is a big guy fantasy that looks better on paper.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're a good-looking guy?

SHEEN: From some angles, in certain

lighting. I wasn't dealt a terrible hand. I don't think I'm a romantic sex symbol, but I think I'm ruggedly handsome.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you and a friend took a World Sex Tour?

SHEEN: [*Laughs*] Which one?

PLAYBOY: Amsterdam. You and he did separate sides of a red-light-district street.

SHEEN: Yeah. Me and Jo-Jo [*chuckles*]. We set a goal for the one night, and we hit it. Ten each. He took one side of the canal, I took the other. Little single rooms, with women sitting in the windows. You walk up, look through the window, go inside, they pull the curtain and, you know. We left there very tired.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to maintain your stamina?

SHEEN: I was doing a lot of amyl at the time, and that tends to get the sex thing going. Amyl and Heineken: the Amsterdam combination. Jesus, what a nightmare. You can stay hard, but you're shooting blanks after a while. Then it becomes about approaching the number. We said 10 each and you're on eight, and you're going, I need some fucking pasta or steak or something. Fuck it: Heineken, amyl—that's my dinner. Then you get to nine. We didn't want to leave there saying, "We got 17 but we aimed for 20." It was ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: What was it like Stateside, being young and hot in Hollywood?

SHEEN: It was radical. It was perfect. It was anything you wanted it to be.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

SHEEN: You can go to the best restaurant in town with no reservation, at peak mealtime with seven friends, and say, "We're hungry." Then you could leave that meal, call a guy on the way to the airport to fire up a jet to take you to Vegas, go to a casino with nothing—no wallet, nothing—and talk a casino manager into giving you a \$50,000 line of credit.

PLAYBOY: Did you do that often?

SHEEN: Not too often, but it was never dull.

PLAYBOY: Where did you hang out in Los Angeles?

SHEEN: Mostly on Sunset, either the Rainbow or On the Rox. I always made friends with the guy who ran the club, because then you could stay after hours and drink. Then there was always a party that went to somebody's house in town afterward, or you'd wind up in a hotel somewhere near the point of origin—with your select group of friends. You'd tell all the other knuckleheads, "I got to get some sleep, I got to do something in the morning" or some lie, just to get them off your trail. Then you'd settle into phase two or phase three or phase four, however deep you were going. The point was just to seek entertainment on all levels—women, drugs, rock stars. I always wanted to hang out with rock stars because they brought a different element.

PLAYBOY: Were they more or less de-

bauched than you?

SHEEN: At first, more; later on, less. One of my fondest memories is when Slash, from Guns n' Roses, sat me down at his house and said, "You've got to clean up your act." You know you've gone too far when Slash is saying, "Look, you've got to get into rehab, you have to shut it down. You're going to die." He's a terrific guy and I love him—he's a buddy of mine—but I had to step back from that situation and go, "Yeah, but you're *Slash*. Whaddya mean?"

PLAYBOY: How far gone were you when he said that?

SHEEN: We'd been up for about four days. But I still heard him because a part of me was saying, "This isn't as much fun as I thought it was going to be. Something's missing."

PLAYBOY: Where did your appetite for self-destruction come from?

SHEEN: A good question. It came from a long time of wanting things I couldn't have, like women and money and access. From when I was 10 to about 16 I saw other people satisfy those appetites, and I wanted to be not just along for their ride but driving the car.

PLAYBOY: What others?

SHEEN: The group I ran with, the Brat Pack. Emilio's friends. The *St. Elmo's Fire* and *Breakfast Club* crowd. They had all pretty much hit when I was still auditioning and struggling and wasn't really getting anywhere.

I got tired of girls coming to me to get to them. We'd be at a table at the Hard Rock and they'd get all the attention; all I got was the waiter telling me what the specials were. I so desperately wanted to be Mr. Somebody: "Thanks for coming back, Mr. Sheen. It's good to see you again." Instead, I was the little brother, included to a point, but there was always a time for the youngsters to vacate.

PLAYBOY: Makes sense if you're 10.

SHEEN: Or 11, 12, 13. "Go to your room," or, "We're going to drop you off now. You'll hear the great story tomorrow." I got tired of waiting. I wanted to be telling the great story. I just didn't know one day I'd have so many to tell [*smiles*]. Seriously, I guess I just wanted to be accepted, liked, loved. I wanted respect.

PLAYBOY: Did not being the center of attention make you angry?

SHEEN: Yeah. I wanted to eclipse them all, invite them to *my* parties, take them on *my* private jet, introduce them to *my* women and give them *my* drugs. And when I hit, there was no montage-like transition into it. It was overnight. Suddenly, I did a movie, *Platoon*, that everybody went bananas for and it won Best Picture. Everything I thought I wanted became available.

PLAYBOY: Is everything you got what you really wanted?

SHEEN: Sure. Fame is empowering. My mistake was that I thought I would instinctively know how to handle it. But

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suddenly when it's you, you realize there's no manual, no training course. As much experience as you might have had hanging out with the people who are "in," until it's you, you can't know. It's like trying to explain to somebody what it's like to have sex the first time. Or asking Hank Aaron what it feels like to hit a home run in front of 50,000 people. Eventually, any plan or illusion I had about how I would deal with fame evaporated rapidly, because I took it a little far, I think. Just a tad [smiles].

PLAYBOY: And how did that affect you professionally?

SHEEN: Fame is a fickle mistress. It's very deceiving. It looks really bitchin' from the outside, and then you get it and it's very confusing professionally, socially, emotionally. It's confusing because you're so worried about how you're perceived. A lot of my exploits were guilt-driven, shame-driven. I would hang out with the lower-class individual and try to give away as much as possible, because on some level I felt like I hadn't really earned all I had, and when was everyone going to find out? When would the curtain be yanked back? And all this because one day I was a working actor, just trying to pursue something I enjoyed and trying to make a living, and the next day I was a commodity.

PLAYBOY: Surely that can't have been a complete surprise.

SHEEN: No. But it was terrifying. Suddenly they're telling you, "OK, you've proved yourself to a point, and now, with this next picture, we're banking on you to validate our investment." You go to the set with a different view of your responsibilities, and sometimes it gets overwhelming.

PLAYBOY: And you handled it by—

SHEEN: Just drinking it away.

PLAYBOY: What kind of advice did you get from family and friends?

SHEEN: I got advice, but there's a big jealousy factor, so you don't know what advice to listen to. You don't know if people are trying to sabotage you or if they genuinely want you to consider your options. Is he telling me to do that because if I fuck up, he'll look better?

PLAYBOY: Which was it?

SHEEN: Abuse-fueled paranoia. As kids we're not taught how to deal with success; we're taught how to deal with failure. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. If at first you succeed, then what? We grow up with our fathers talking about walking to school in the snow, uphill both ways, and of wearing the same socks for 10 years while delivering the newspaper for half a penny a month, eating chicken bones and cat hair. We're raised to believe that you've got to work hard for what you achieve. Then you work hard for a while and suddenly you're not working as hard and you're achieving more. You start to wonder. It's no longer so much about the work as it is

about the box office and the reviews and the premieres and the premiere parties and the nonsense. It's confusing.

PLAYBOY: What confused you most?

SHEEN: [Pauses] In the end it was how I went from making multimillion-dollar deals on movies and fucking Playmates to being unemployable and fucking a, um, five-months-pregnant Mexican whore with cesarean scars, in a bar in Nogales. [Pauses] Forget it. I'm not going to tell you that story, but when you go from one end to the other, you have to pause and wonder what went down between those two points.

PLAYBOY: Any answers?

SHEEN: I still don't have all the answers. To tell you the truth, I'm more interested in what I can do next than what I did last. We've talked about a lot of psychological stuff, and, frankly, I'm not all that certain about any of it. Uncertainty is a sign of humility, and humility is just the ability or the willingness to learn.

PLAYBOY: You grew up with Sean and Chris Penn and Rob and Chad Lowe as friends. Were you neighbors?

SHEEN: The Lowes lived about six houses away and the Penns about three miles away. We all went to the same school and lived in the same neighborhood. I met Robert Downey Jr. in high school; we had biology together in the tenth grade. I met Chris Penn in the third grade. Sean is the best actor of our generation, hands down. And he's only getting better—and it pisses me off [laughs].

PLAYBOY: What's his secret?

SHEEN: He brings a reality to his work that's beyond what is required, and I think it takes the audience to another place. He tortures himself doing it, but God bless him, because that work exists forever. It's educational, watching his stuff. He teaches us about taking risks and about letting go of self, of celebrity, of ego and all that crap we hang on to in front of the camera. Sean just says, "That's not what I'm here for."

PLAYBOY: You all made amateur films together, as kids. Super-8s. Anything still stand out?

SHEEN: A film Sean directed, *Rooftop Killer*. It was about an assassin. We were short on actors, so I played the assassin. It was basically a reason to get to a very violent ending, and to use blood bags and blanks.

PLAYBOY: Did it seem weird growing up with a dad who made movies?

SHEEN: For a while I didn't think there was anything unique about it. But then I'd see how people reacted to him in public, and as I got older it seemed a little strange. His time was always strained or in demand. My mom has been the anchor of the whole group. She's really the brains behind the operation. A very smart, strong, sincere, compassionate lady as we traveled the world, living in hotel rooms and watching Dad make movies.

Whenever Dad would talk about a job,

the first thing we would say is, "Where does it shoot? Where are we going?" I credit him with keeping his marriage and the family intact by always saying, "I've got to have plane tickets for the whole family." Yeah, he kept us out of school, but school comes and goes. Family is forever.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever want a normal childhood?

SHEEN: What is a normal childhood? We weren't rich, we were pretty middle-class. My dad survived from job to job; with him taking care of so many relatives, he couldn't save any money, really. Sometimes we'd move into a new house, for six or eight months, with no furniture, just sleeping bags. Even that didn't seem abnormal. My parents went through a vegetarian phase, a nudist phase—things that didn't seem strange until you got to school and everybody else's lunch boxes were filled with brand names, not health-food shit. There were always interesting people at the house: guru types hanging out, people of advanced intellect in some religion or form of yoga or political sphere. My parents always sought new teachers to better their intellect and awareness.

PLAYBOY: How much did your family talk about acting?

SHEEN: Actually, it's the last thing we talk about when we're together. But now we all have to own TiVos so we can watch my show and Dad's. My sister Renee is on *West Wing*, too. She's Miss Landingham's assistant. They don't give her enough to do, but she's really good. I get her an audition here and there, but I won't get her a job. I just don't believe in that.

PLAYBOY: Like your father, who didn't help out with you and Emilio, either.

SHEEN: Right. And we never asked. I knew early on that it wouldn't be real, that it wouldn't be earned, which is the one thing he's always stressed: earning things so you own them. I think what drove me insane for a long time is feeling like I hadn't earned most of what I achieved because it came so fast.

PLAYBOY: What kind of example did your dad set for handling career and success?

SHEEN: I saw him handle it, I saw him mishandle it. I saw him shy away from it, I saw him embrace it; want it more than anything in the world, hate it more than anything in the world. That's not much of an example from which to take any kind of feasible approach. And then it almost killed him. He almost died of a heart attack in the middle of making *Apocalypse Now*, at the time the biggest movie of his life. As an example, it doesn't make you want to jump into that business.

PLAYBOY: Were you there when the attack happened?

SHEEN: I was Stateside when he had it, but we flew back to help him rehabilitate, all the kids.

(continued on page 159)

A male model's torso is shown from the neck down to the waist. He is wearing an open, reddish-brown silk robe with a repeating pattern of the Playboy bunny logo. The robe is draped over his shoulders, leaving his chest and abdomen exposed. The background is a plain, light blue-grey color.

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FOREVER

Marilyn

By Scott Turow



Marilyn Monroe smiles at me every day. She is there on my living room wall, in one of the zillions of silk-screened portraits of her that Andy Warhol began producing in the early Sixties, shortly after Marilyn's substance-induced death. Rendered in pastel hues of optic intensity, MM looks down heavy-lidded, with the wrinkle of a grin, wised-up and happily alluring.

Marilyn no doubt commands a shrine in thousands, perhaps millions, of homes around the world. As we approach what would have been her 75th birthday, she has emerged as the aboriginal pop culture heroine. But what's odd in my case is that, while she was around, I did not think Marilyn Monroe was much—conventional firepower, when some other women were thermonuclear.

With her pudgy nose, Marilyn really set no standard for classic female winsomeness. And her form, fully revealed to the nation in December 1953 when Marilyn was this magazine's first Sweetheart of the Month, was no better than fetching. For sheer flag-raising pulchritude, I always preferred MM's nearest competitor in the swelling ranks of blonde boobshells, Jayne Mansfield. Even PLAYBOY conceded in the text that ran with the now-renowned photo of Marilyn lounging against red plush, "Her curves really aren't that spectacular."

I'd grown up in one of those urban, ethnic



Marilyn (opposite) poses in *How to Marry a Millionaire*. In real life, she snagged our top slugger and playwright. Hef put her on the first cover of his new magazine in 1953, buying the rights to a "red velvet" calendar photo by Tom Kelley. Posing nude came naturally to the voluptuous Marilyn—as did sleeping nude.

She gave Graucha's eyebrows a workout in her first big film, *Love Happy*, a screwball comedy about missing diamonds. Pretty in pink, she flaunted the coyest cleavage in Hollywood. The cowgirl is 19-year-old Norma Jean, part of extensive studies shot by Earl Moran for his cheesecake calendar portraits. Maran shot Marilyn in his studio over the course of four years, beginning in 1946. "Emotionally," said Moran, "she did everything right. Her movements, her hands, her body were just perfect." Breakfast in bed: Marilyn shot by Hollywood glamour photographer André de Dienes. MM in green: from *Millionaire*. Marilyn was described by Laurence Olivier as "happy as a child when being photographed."

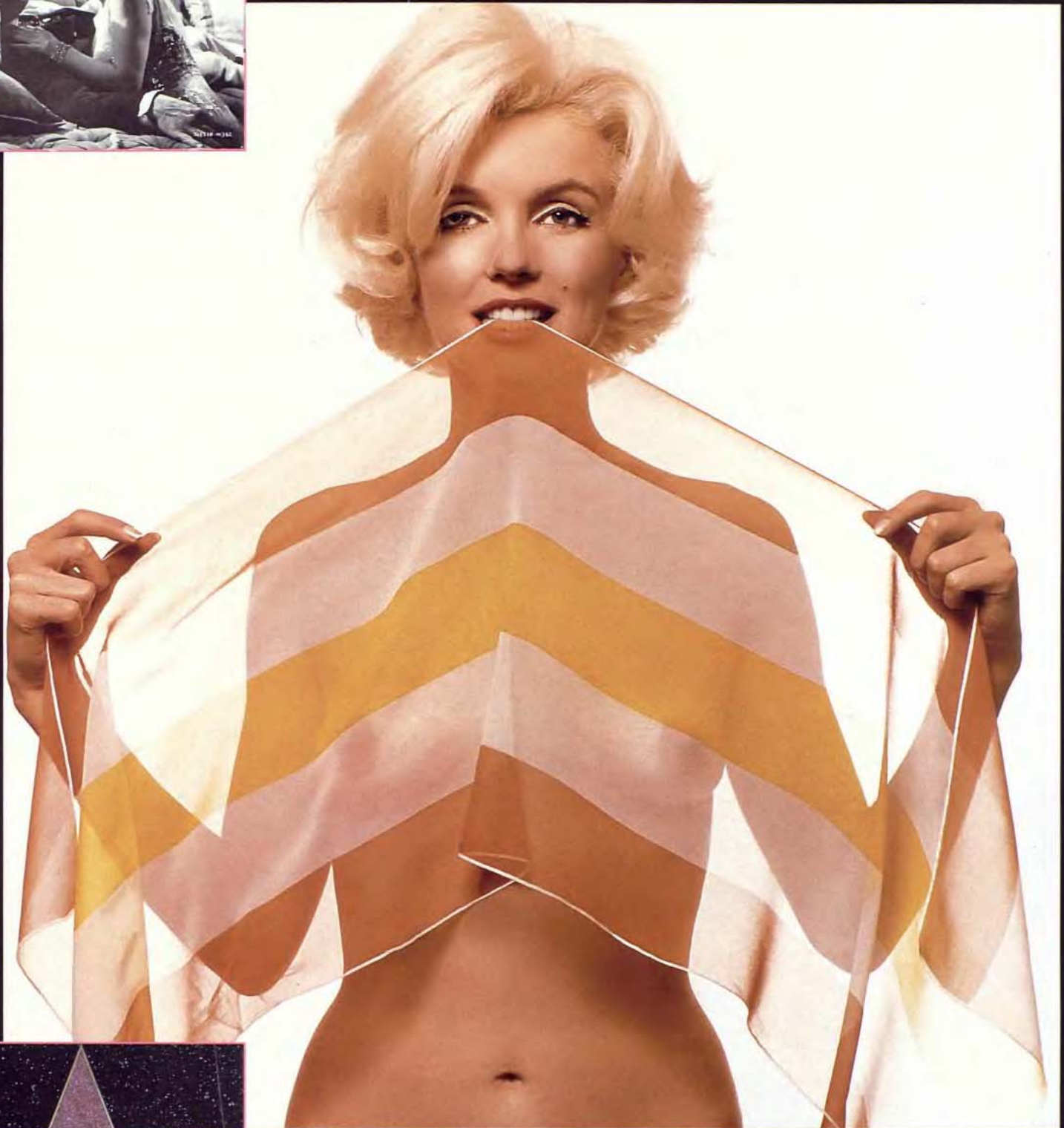




Marilyn and Tam Ewell (above) in the famous subway grate shot from Billy Wilder's 1955 comedy, *The Seven Year Itch*. In her breakout film, the 1953 classic *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Marilyn set the gold standard for platinum. "The truth about Marilyn Monroe," said writer Ben Hecht, "is that she was saved by Hollywood. The spotlight beating on her 24 hours a day made the world seem livable to her." Right: This Earl Moran shot captured her allure: seeming innocence coupled with an almost accidental eroticism.



The actress set the screen ablaze (left) in 1959's *Some Like It Hot*. Director Billy Wilder coined the term "flesh impact" to explain her screen magnetism. "There will never be another like her," said Wilder. "When she is on the screen, the audience cannot keep their eyes off her." Below: Her Hollywood Boulevard star and a picture from Marilyn's final photo session, a shoot for *Vogue* by Bert Stern, shortly before her death. Right: Kelley's red-velvet session.



enclaves where the beauties I knew—and for whom I had my first yens—were dark. Sophia Loren, sensual and passionate, was ideal. More to the point, Marilyn's blondeness came straight from the bottle. Whether she was Norma Jean Baker or Norma Jeane Mortenson at birth, a fact still disputed, she was, in the photos I've seen, nigh on to a brunette when she first married at 16. Thus, there was an element of the fake about her, a trait that persisted in the girl-off-the-farm routine for which she was best known. The ingenue who cooed as the subway draft fluttered her skirt to her waist in *The Seven Year Itch* was a sexual creature who men could have found fully bewitching only in a



patriarchal and puritan era, a woman too naive and too slow on the uptake to recognize—and thus to control—the phenomenal power she exerted.

The real Marilyn, the one who seemed to be there behind the burlesque posturing, was too neurotic to command more than sympathy and too insubstantial to require much respect. Jayne Mansfield, at least, went to SMU and supposedly had an IQ over 160. Marilyn was famously temperamental. “I’ve been on a calendar,” she admitted, “but never on time.” Drunk and druggie, she had no apparent gratitude for what luck and good PR men had created for her. Billy Wilder, who directed my favorite of her films, *Some Like It Hot*, called Marilyn “the meanest woman I have ever known in this town.” What could you say about somebody who married both Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller, except that she did not have a clue what she wanted?

Yet in the nearly 40 years since her death, one of us has changed. These days, the image I see in the print on my living room wall is of a unique figure who encompassed many of the dominating—and contradictory—impulses of the second half of the American century just concluded.

With Marilyn, sex seemed to be the heart of the matter. Her initial appearance on these pages embodied, in all senses, the first truly open communication in America about sexuality. Hef bought the photo rights from a calendar company, which had engaged in only limited distribution of the photo for fear that McCarthy-era morality would have led to prosecution for mailing obscene material. Hef, with little to lose, put Marilyn in the post, and with her image, essentially said to America, “Gather round.”

The fact that she did not quail in that role was part of Marilyn’s power. In 1933, Hedy Lamarr had appeared in her fabled nude swimming scene in *Ecstasy* and the resulting uproar initiated an era of censorship. The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America’s Hays Code, effective in 1934, was so brainlessly restrictive that even characters who were supposed to be husband and wife could not be depicted in the same bed. Marilyn’s appearance here was an announcement that at least one starlet was not about to succumb to shame—or modesty. She had it and flaunted it. She never pretended to have been caught unaware or exploited by the photos PLAYBOY presented. Indeed, she was back on these pages again, naked as God had made her, near the time of her death, when she was at the apex of her career. She was nude because she wanted to be.

The inherent feminine power wield-

ed by the tease always underlaid Marilyn’s on-screen persona. What I was too young to understand when I watched her playing the archetype disparaged in blonde jokes was that it was essential for her to be unconvincing. She-knew-that-we-knew-it was all a little too much. Marilyn was perhaps our first postmodern figure who addressed us in subtexts. Always traveling beneath the surface, as she lamely feigned innocence, was that canny frankness about the dominating nature of sexuality. We look back at her slithery rendition of *Happy Birthday to You* for JFK, wearing a dress for the ages, and feel ready to blush or to laugh out loud at an era so restrained by proprieties that it was decades before Americans could openly acknowledge the forthrightness of her come-ons.

Unlike any of her peers or predecessors, Marilyn added one further element: an undertone of regret. Yes, she was willing; but there was a tenderness about it, a sadness that she could not be that farm girl and thus relieved of the burden of the reactions she inspired. Because she made that bow toward the acceptable, Marilyn blurred the former

Her celebrated allure was inherently democratic. She belonged to everybody.

distinctions between high art and low, between good taste and bad, between whore and Madonna. Her PLAYBOY pose seemed to be pasted to the wall in the dingy recesses of the backroom of every hardware store I visited in childhood, a lurid testimonial to the baseness of men. Yet Marilyn, somehow, was never confined to the shadows; her apparent vulnerability saved her. She also was welcomed—and probably schtupped—at the White House.

Looking backward, we now see the America that emerged from the Second World War as one where imagery and commerce were increasingly intertwined, where our national identity was rooted more and more in certain images marketed coast-to-coast. The endlessly photographed Monroe was probably the most famous face on earth—and as a self-conscious sex symbol, she made herself a virtual commodity. It is no accident that Warhol began turning out his serial portraits of her around the same time he was painting pictures of Brillo boxes and soup cans.

It was the eagerness with which she gave herself to that role that really dis-

tinguished Marilyn. She somehow suggested the degree to which *we* created her. She succumbed to us more powerfully, more willingly than any woman before, beaming back our callow, but widely shared, fantasies. Her celebrated allure was inherently democratic. She belonged to everybody—indeed, in retrospect, that is one of the clear messages of the fact she could attract both our best ballplayer and our pre-eminent playwright.

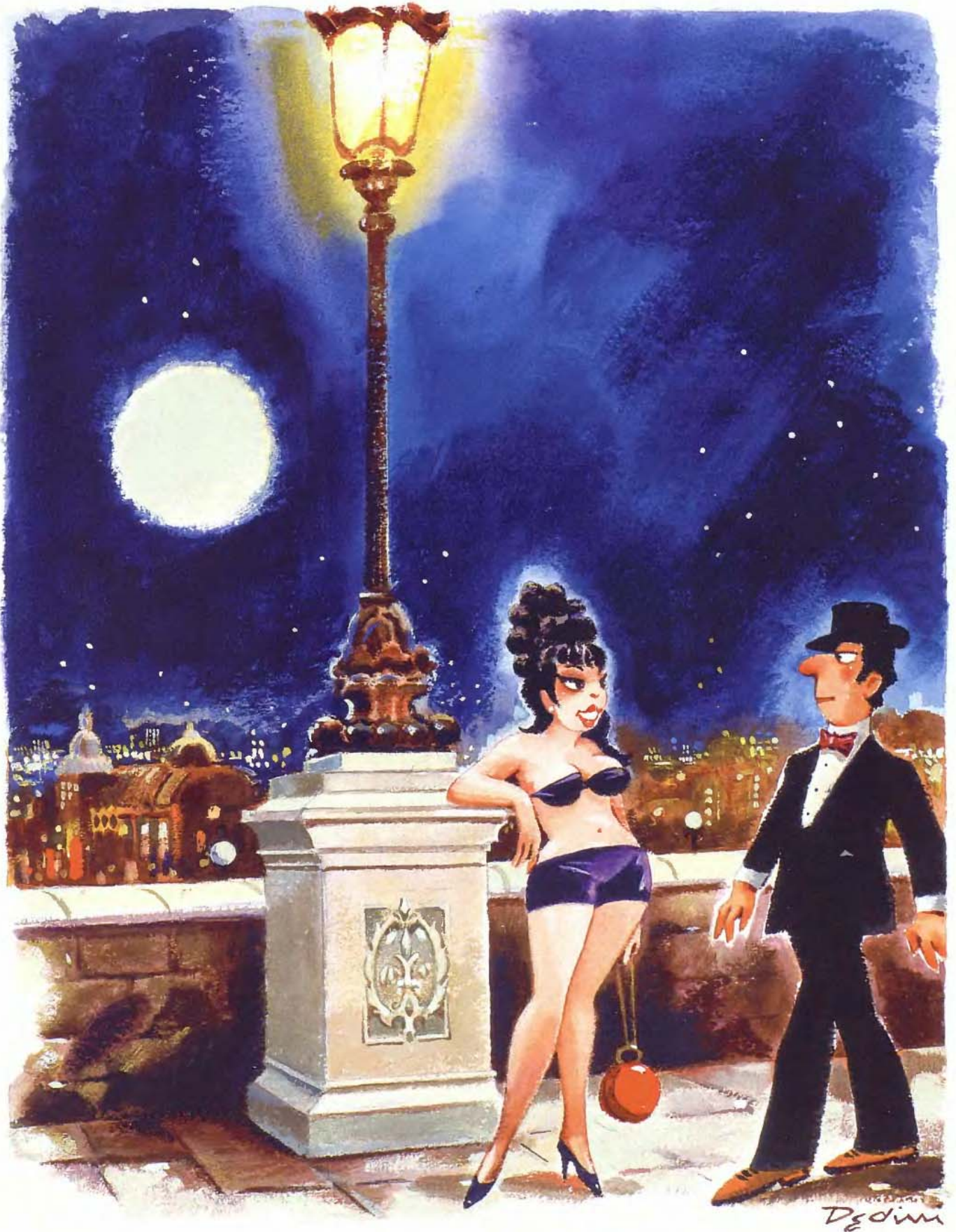
Nevertheless, it was death that ultimately made Marilyn Monroe larger than life—and spared her the excess that has overwhelmed the likes of Elizabeth Taylor. It is hard to imagine who Marilyn would be, approaching her dotage. Dietrich’s legs still gathered raves when she was well into her 60s, but by 75, even Marilyn’s sexual candlepower was bound to have dimmed. Instead, she remains in memory fully possessed of all her carnal appeal, like athletes who retire at the height of their powers.

The poignancy of her story lies in the fact that her end taught us to distrust so much of what she seemingly stood for. She may not have been the first celebrity destroyed by celebrity—that honor may belong to Socrates—but she was certainly the first one who was essentially photographed as she danced over the brink. Hollywood is a place that teaches over and over again the Greek gods’ lessons about hubris. Marilyn stands—with Elvis and dozens of others—as the object lesson that fame is worth little in the end. That the most glamorous woman on earth died in desperation cements the message that “real life” is the only place to find a life.

As important, Marilyn was raised from the dead a feminist icon. It turned out that being craved by most of the men in America capable of an erection did not make a woman happy. Quite the opposite. Like her third husband’s most famous hero, Willy Loman, Marilyn seemingly died because she had the wrong dreams. Her destruction inspired women to resist being similarly reduced to symbol or package.

It is far too romantic to believe Marilyn understood all of this. In fact, it is the essence of her legend that she fully surrendered herself to what everyone else wanted to make of her. But at 75, she seems certain to be remembered as the first emblem of the omnivorous nature of our developing pop culture, and of the ability of certain figures to become a River Ganges of national passions, into which all of them poured in—until they washed her away.

For our online tribute to Marilyn, join the Playboy Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.



"Hi, I'm Nicole. Here are the specials for tonight."

THE OTHER SIDE OF MULHOLLAND

Fiction By Stephen Randall

finally perry had it all—the tv pilot, the malibu party, even an ambitious girlfriend. maybe those brush fires were a sign

For all the money thrown around in Hollywood, surprisingly little of it is spent on interior design. Most offices look like they were designed by Kmart. Homogeneous and functional and sometimes funky. The reason is simple. No one ever stays in an office long enough to do more than put up a poster of their last project and a picture of the family. If the job goes well, you get bumped up to a bigger, better office. If it doesn't, you move on to another characterless office at another studio. It drives the mail room guys crazy.

Jonathan Scott's office was fitting for one of the 247 vice presidents who worked on the Sony lot. The title vice president of comedy development for the Columbia TriStar Television Group was pretty much as low as you wanted to be in the studio system—senior vice president was, of course, better, and executive vice president better still. But to be a president was even cooler—after all, Sony, Columbia's parent company, had only 26 of those, one for each division, plus a few extras. The United States of America, by comparison, has one, but the world of

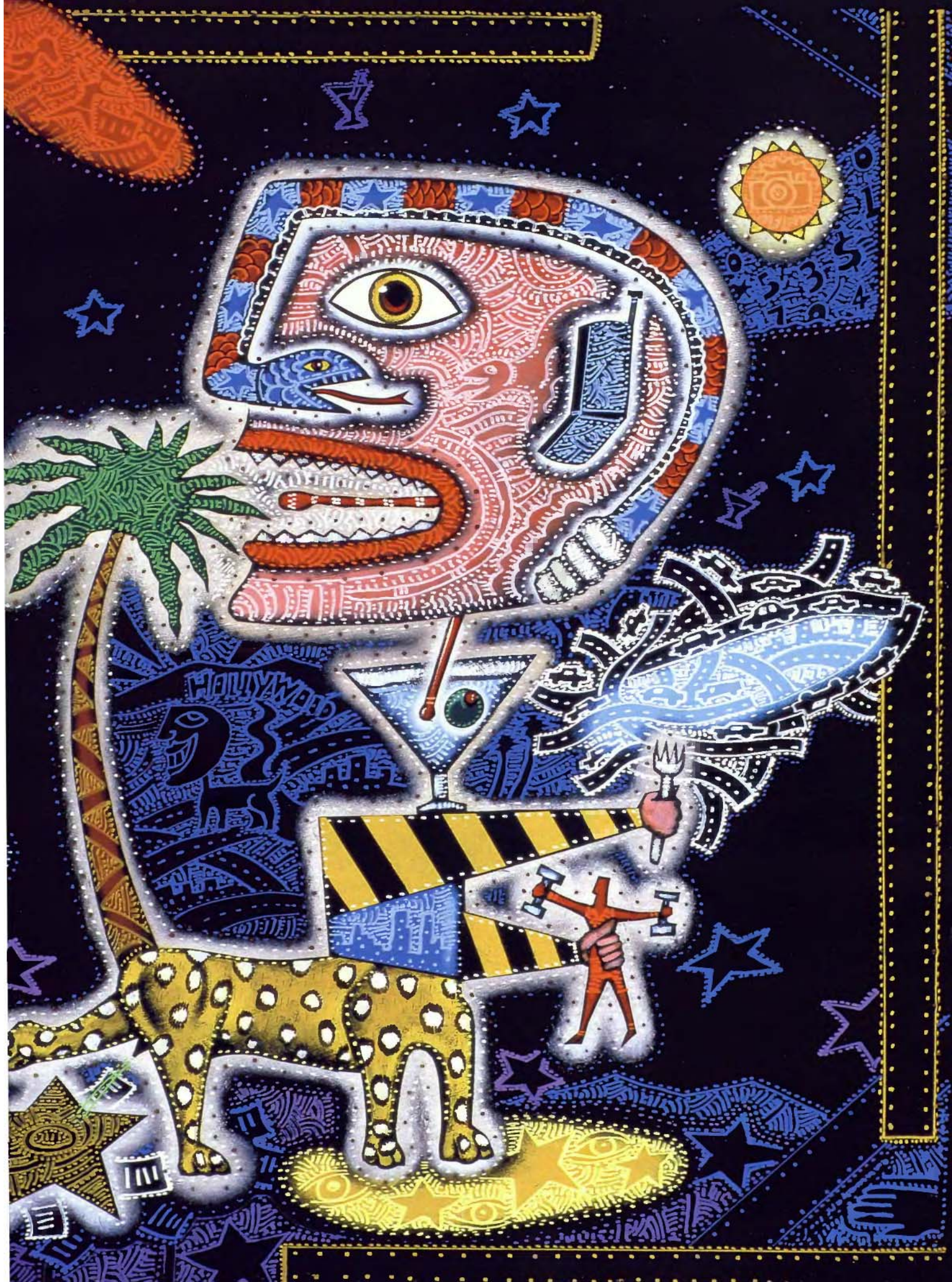
fantasy is so much more complicated than the real one.

That Nancy and Perry's meeting was taking place in Jonathan's office was good—for Jonathan. It meant executives from higher up in the food chain would be coming to his turf, a clear sign that *Dire Straights*, the pilot script, was his project.

As writers, Nancy and Perry were the first to arrive. Nancy and Perry were more than partners, they were also a couple. Like so many relationships in LA, theirs began romantically and soon developed professional overtones. In a show of commitment unique to the city, they had formed Comstock Productions, their own production company. A male assistant with a headset ushered them into Jonathan's office. The first thing Jonathan did, after pleasantries, was leave—having no intention of sitting in his own office with two writers. He skulked in the hall until his bosses arrived, running late as always.

"I think we can pretty much cut to the chase here," said Jonathan, leaning against his desk as Nancy and Perry sat on the couch and the two senior executives took the two chairs. "We've read what (continued on page 100)







THE NEWS

these girls are not part of a media cover-up



Our faith in Canada has been restored now that “the only network worth watching” has put the broad back into broadcasting. Of course, we’re talking about the four nude women who deliver the news live each afternoon at nakednews.com. Armed with only microphones and eight smoking guns, these hard-hitting Toronto journalists report on international news, business, sports and the weather, which often includes references to nippy—er, nippy—tempera-

Naked News’ lead anchor, Victoria Sinclair (at top), offers two bits of professional advice and one caveat: (1) It takes four minutes to disrobe gracefully. (2) When delivering bad news, don’t dwell on grisly details. (3) Don’t forget the superglue: Fake nails easily break off when you’re unbuttoning your clothes. Sinclair (above) prepares for a sound check.



FLASHERS



tures. We are taken by their bright smiles and uninhibited performance, and, apparently, we're not alone. With 6 million viewers a month logging on, Naked News is one of the few dotcoms that's in no danger of failing. The Naked News team takes journalism seriously. According to lead anchor Victoria Sinclair, visitors may log on for the nudity, but they stay tuned because "the content and delivery are superb." Naked News is looking to add even more luster to its team. We hope Maria Bartiromo is available.

Business reporter Carmen Russo (at top) has a wonderful effect on all our major indexes. Russo and a crew member (above) go over the fine points of bare-bones broodcasting. Members of the Naked News team (left to right)—Victoria Sinclair, Holly Weston, Diane Foster and Carmen Russo—have great smiles and not one journalism degree between them.



naked NEWS





Sinclair (opposite, top) shows us the evolution of breaking news, and does her best Vonna White imitation (opposite, center). Sinclair (opposite, bottom) discusses her performance with a colleague. Sportscaster Holly Weston (near left, top) is dressed appropriately for a locker room filled with naked guys. She will have her own news soon: By the time you read this, she'll have given birth to her first baby. Weatherwoman Dione Foster (near left) wears a little fur to keep warm. Cormen Russo prepares for showtime: She gets a lost-minute microphone adjustment (top left), robes (top center) and disrobes (top right). Russo's on-air delivery (above) is as flawless as her backstage presence (right). One word always leaves her tongue-tied: Newfoundland.

FOR MORE NAKED NEWS PHOTOS, JOIN THE PLAYBOY CYBER CLUB AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



THE DEADLY

AIR

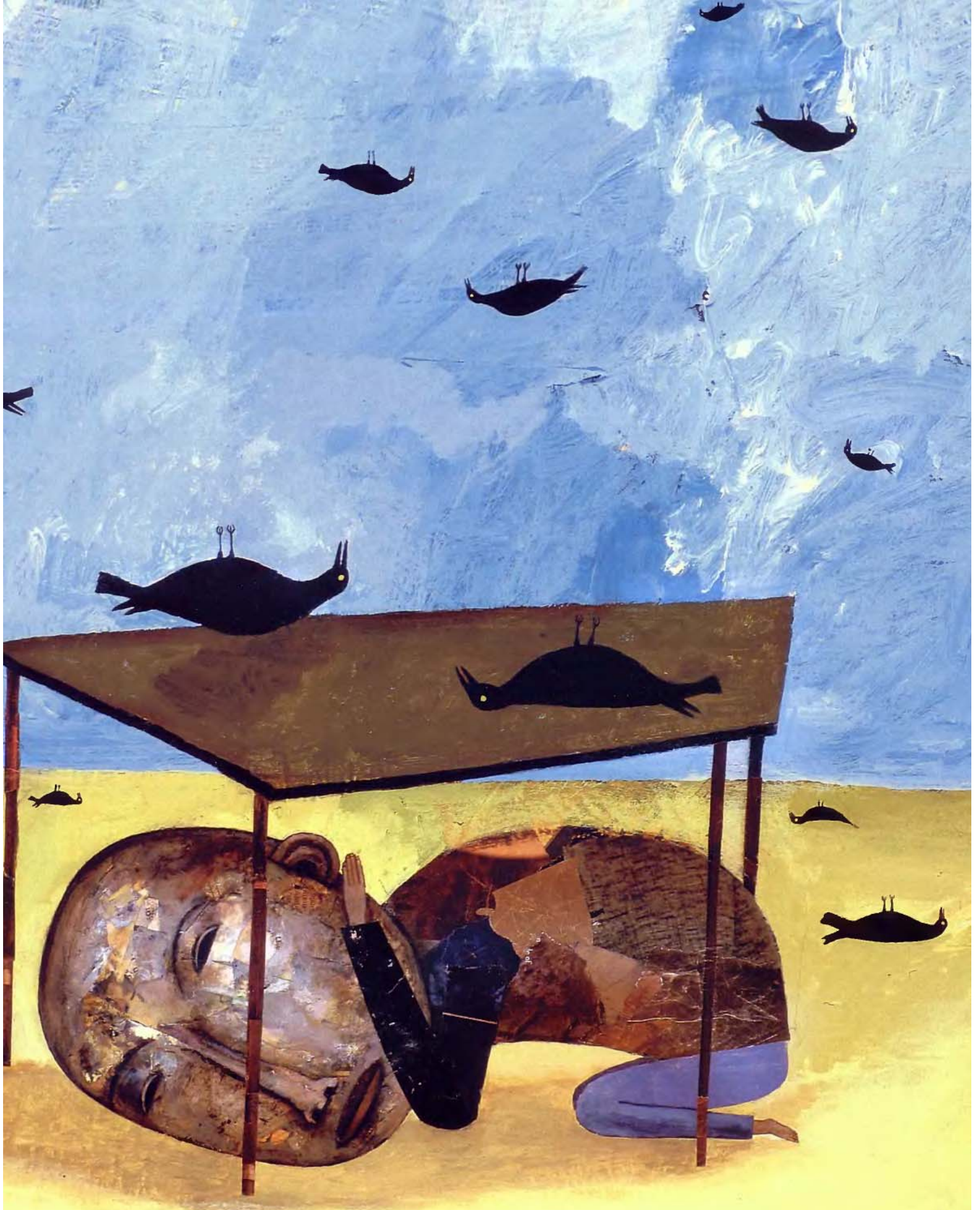
viruses are ancient and mysterious. now, thanks to globalization and terrorism, they pose an unthinkable threat

Article by Michael Parrish

IT'S A GOLDEN AGE for the viruses that live with us. More of these single-minded microscopic barbarians than ever are on intimate terms with humans. Yet they remain largely a mystery at the fringe of life, parasites, neither plant nor animal, what some believe to be the original living organisms. They're so small that only in the past hundred years have we isolated them for study. No one has any idea how many there are, whether their numbers are growing, or how many would kill us in a close encounter. Despite generations of research, we have no sweeping antiviral drug that works the way penicillin fights bacteria. But we are learning the size of the threat—that viruses have a much bigger impact on our lives than we thought. And that no virus has our best interests at heart.

Most viruses, like most sharks, don't harm humans. Some could be useful in gene therapy. But all too many cause sickness, pain and death. And it may be that we're only beginning to realize the range of diseases caused *(continued on page 172)*





MULHOLLAND

(continued from page 92)

you've done and we feel passionate about it."

The others nodded in agreement as they scanned Perry's treatment.

"I believe it's important to go only with projects you feel passionate about," said Jonathan.

"Passion is what this business is all about," added one of the other executives. "Without passion, what do we have?"

"This whole concept is exactly what TV needs right now," said the other. "It's very fresh and yet traditional."

"That's where the culture is right now," said Jonathan. "People want new things, but they want them to be familiar. That's why it's so easy to be passionate about this show."

"I consider myself a passion player," said Nancy firmly. "And I know this is the best work we've done. And there's no one I'd rather be in business with than Columbia. I wouldn't even take this project anywhere else."

Perry leaned forward to speak, but Nancy squeezed his knee in a none too subtle reminder that this was her turn. He was left to ponder how, exactly, he had managed to write something that was new and old at the same time.

Jonathan looked for a sign from the most senior executive. He received a slight nod.

"I think we're ready to put Comstock on the lot and tape this pilot. Our guys will do everything in their power to get this on a network for next season—and I think you both know that NBC owes us a big favor this year. I'd have no qualms about calling in this favor on your show."

"That's fantastic," said Nancy. "We want partners who feel as strongly about this as we do."

Perry felt a bit of a squirm factor. He was all for shmoozing Hollywood types—he'd done his share of it—but Nancy was pouring it on a bit heavy.

"We'll want protection, of course," she went on. "We have to be the show-runners or we'll take it elsewhere."

"That goes without saying," said Jonathan. "It's not just the script we're buying. It's you. It's your energy, your intensity, your. . . ." He paused, not wanting to use the P word yet again, but the thesaurus in his mind faltered. "And yes, your passion. Heather says such great things about you, and you know how important her word is to us."

"I'm very glad to hear that," said Nancy. "We're not interested in a one-show arrangement. I have a notebook with dozens of good ideas, and after we prove ourselves to you with *Dire Straights*, we fully intend to gear up to do more

shows and become a major force."

"That's the type of thinking we like to hear," said Jonathan. She was clearly pleasing the two executives. In fact, everyone was happy but Perry, who wondered what these wonderful ideas were and who had come up with them. He hadn't, and Nancy certainly hadn't bothered burdening him with any ideas she might have had. Besides, wasn't he the creative force behind Comstock?

As congratulations were exchanged and arrangements made to bring the agents into this, Perry sat on the couch stunned. I sold a script, he thought. To a big studio. His biggest credit so far had been for *Boing*, a low-rent cable game show, writing smartass questions. Now he was a real writer. And very soon, he'd be a real producer, and he was only 26 years old.

"It was almost anticlimactic, wasn't it?" he said as they walked down the hall after the meeting. "I expected more. Maybe champagne. Confetti. Party favors."

"Didn't you feel the energy level in the room?" asked Nancy incredulously. "That was the most intense vibe I've ever felt. It was like the room was vibrating. Did you see how well I played them? I told them everything they wanted to hear. It was like I could read their minds."

"Maybe it hasn't sunk in yet," mused Perry. "What do we do now? Do you want to go to Starbucks or something?"

"We'll celebrate tonight. I've got to get back. And I should call Heather on the cell as soon as I get in the car. She's waiting to hear from me."

Nancy had a day job. She was personal assistant to Heather Windward, one of the most talked-about young actresses in Hollywood, known for her numerous love affairs with famous Gen-X actors and her exquisite taste in tattoos. Heather and Nancy wandered the world together, particularly during brooding, post-love affair trips to Italy and France. They were close in age, so many people assumed employer and employee were friends. Nancy subtly fostered that delusion, not because she wanted to be a star's friend, but because it might help her get one of her projects off the ground and land the job of her dreams—producer. All those trips to the dry cleaner were finally paying off.

They kissed goodbye and Perry got in his Honda and drove off. When he got to the corner, he had an idea—perhaps they should do the Trader Vic's thing for dinner tonight, and invite some friends, maybe even his brother Tim. He waited at the corner for Nancy's car. After a few minutes, when he saw no sign of her, he figured she had gone out another exit, and he moved on.

Even before the van hit the impenetrable wall of traffic on Sunset Boulevard, everyone was in a snappish, surly mood. It wasn't just that it was day four of an unbearably hot, windy patch of weather. Barry was in a bad mood because he was the driver, the setting sun was hitting him square in the eyes and he was driving his wife's minivan. He hated minivans. He hated that he owned one, but he'd been persuaded by the rest of the guys at *Boing* to bring the van to work so they could all take one car to Perry's going-away bash at the beach. And if bringing the minivan wasn't bad enough, the fact that it was his car made him the de facto designated driver.

Lee, Jim, Tony and Dick were pissed off, too. It was frustrating enough to watch one of their own—Perry, hardly the most talented of the group—leave the humble world of basic cable for a pilot at a real studio, but they also had to honor the guy, take him out for the traditional round of drinks at someplace outside the neighborhood, something that would be special, more of an occasion. Jim had innocently suggested Gladstone's 4 Fish, a tourist trap with mediocre food but strong tropical drinks and a great location on the beach, where Sunset Boulevard hits Pacific Coast Highway. Since the beach is one of those mystical places that sound great—until you actually face the bother of getting there—everyone immediately agreed. Shortly before they climbed into the van, they all silently realized what a huge mistake it was.

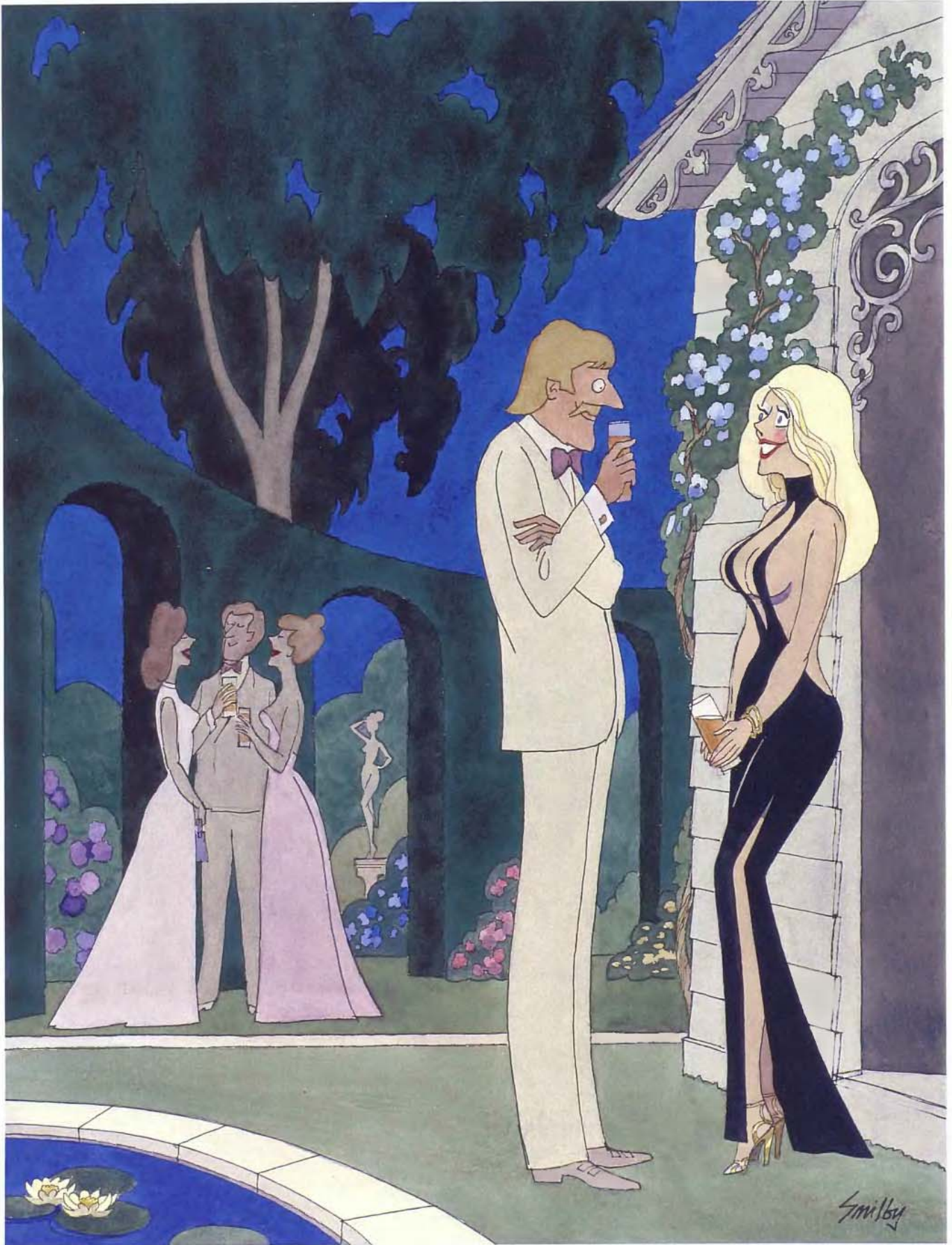
Perry kept checking his watch. He understood the tradition. It would have been an insult not to take him out for a farewell drink. He deserved that much, he figured. As the reality of his success sunk in, he was beginning to feel a bit proud. He even understood the jealousy and anger aimed his way from his former co-workers—that was probably the best part of the whole evening. The only thing he couldn't accept was the traffic gridlock.

"Turn on the radio," suggested Perry. "Let's see why we're not moving."

Barry pushed the first button on the minivan radio and got instant results. "And, of course, that raging brush fire in Malibu is making a mess out of traffic on Pacific Coast Highway," announced KFWB's newsreader. "The highway patrol has closed off traffic at Topanga, so be prepared for serious delays."

Usually, fires in Malibu are no inconvenience to the rest of Los Angeles. In fact, on the long list of multiple natural disasters that strike southern California

(continued on page 162)



"Gee, thanks. As a matter of fact, I was just voted top tits of the week on the Internet!"

grand central getaway

racing out of town?
nothing tests a man's style
sense like the summer week-
end. start light and smart



A man with short reddish-brown hair is walking in profile from left to right. He is wearing a light purple blazer over a white button-down shirt, white trousers, and a black belt. He is carrying a black shoulder bag. The background is a hallway with ornate, golden-brown wall panels.

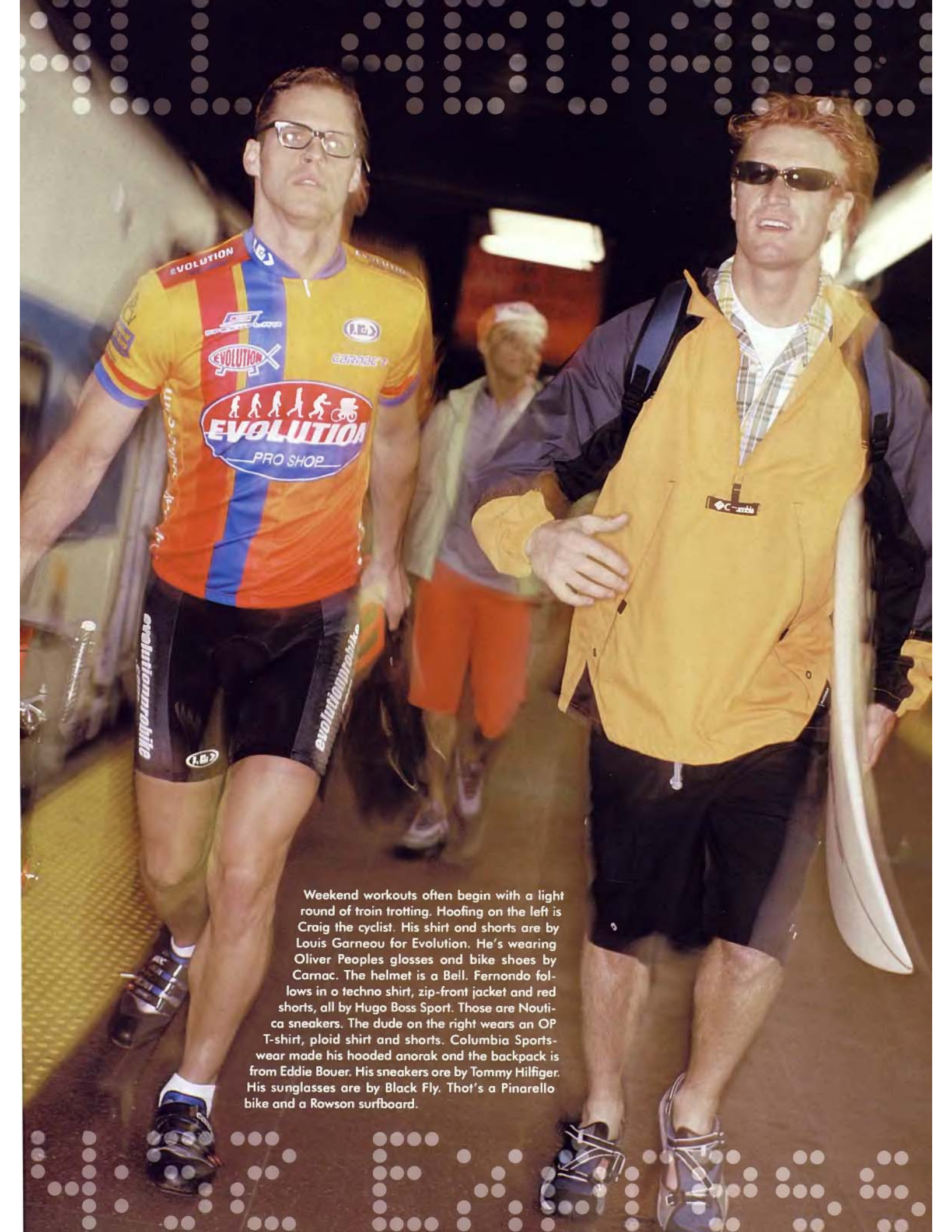
*fashion by Joseph
De Acetis
produced by Joe Dolce*

Summer is all about weekends. During those brief, blistering months we probably spend more time planning our two- and three-day breaks than we do working. Which means weekend activities like swimming and surfing, hiking and biking, and drinking and screwing put maximum stress on a guy's summer wardrobe and overnight bag. The best way to pack a sports coat (critical if you're in pursuit of the species *feminus fabulous*—Latin for the high-tailed Towny) is to not pack it at all. Wear it to the office, then head to the train station, airport or SUV at maximum speed. Get ready to light up the clubs with these iridescent jackets. From left, Croig wears a dress shirt, rep tie, linen jacket and light trousers, all by Brioni. His belt is by Kenneth Cole, his watch is by Pulsar, his glasses are by Oliver Peoples and his bag is by CK. Next guy: That's a DKNY Jeans T-shirt and a pair of Ted Boker pants on Anthony. He wears a Timex watch. His glasses are Giorgio Armani. Fernando de la cell phone gets great reception on his outfit by Paul Stuart (cotton T, pants and sports coat). He's in possession of a DKNY belt, a gold Seiko watch and a briefcase by Valextra. For the finale, we have Dylan in a Cornelioni combo of linen shirt, jacket and trousers. He has a bag by Valextra in his hand; the other is by Burberry.

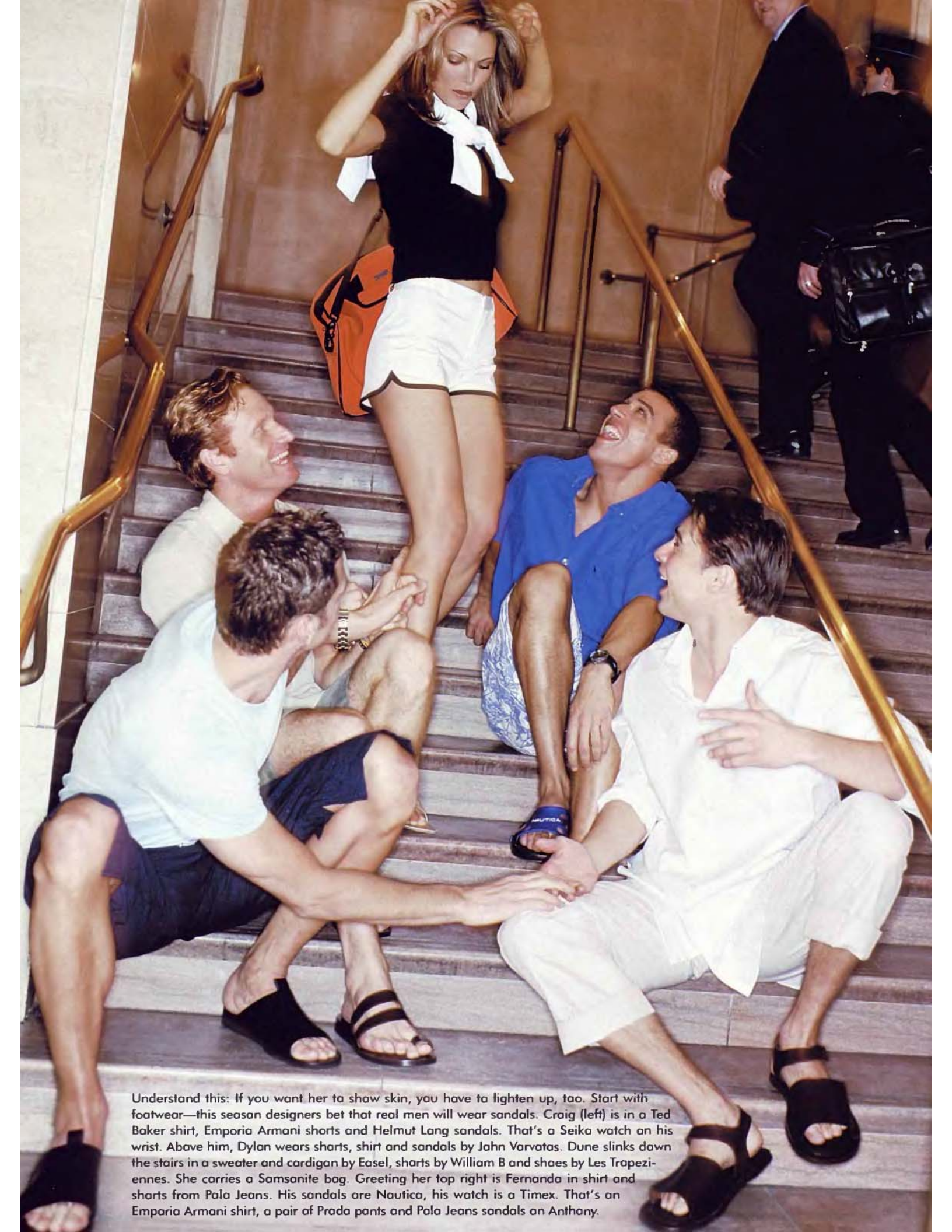
photography by Claus Wickrath



Some rules about traveling with women:
(1) Bring plenty of cash. (2) Never, ever allow her to get a sunburn (no nooky till it heals). (3) Don't bring pajamas. (4) She's going to pack about 70 pounds of bikinis and makeup, and won't carry an ounce of it. (5) Make out in the water. (6) She's not cooking squat. (7) You make the plans, she breaks them. (8) You're putting up with all this for a reason. (9) Dress well. Like Anthony here. He wears a shirt by Gianni Versace, pants by Prada and a Kenneth Cole watch. Dune is hotter than July in a cardigan and halter by Easel, shorts by Joop, shoes by Les Tropeziennes and sunglasses by Polo Jeans. The bags are by Louis Vuitton.



Weekend workouts often begin with a light round of troin trotting. Hoofing on the left is Craig the cyclist. His shirt ond shorts are by Louis Garneou for Evolution. He's wearing Oliver Peoples glosses ond bike shoes by Carnac. The helmet is a Bell. Fernondo follows in o techno shirt, zip-front jacket and red shorts, all by Hugo Boss Sport. Those are Noutica sneakers. The dude on the right wears an OP T-shirt, ploid shirt and shorts. Columbia Sportswear made his hooded anorak ond the backpack is from Eddie Bouer. His sneakers ore by Tommy Hilfiger. His sunglasses are by Black Fly. That's a Pinarello bike and a Rowson surfboard.



Understand this: If you want her to show skin, you have to lighten up, too. Start with footwear—this season designers bet that real men will wear sandals. Craig (left) is in a Ted Baker shirt, Emporio Armani shorts and Helmut Lang sandals. That's a Seika watch on his wrist. Above him, Dylan wears shorts, shirt and sandals by John Varvatos. Dune slinks down the stairs in a sweater and cardigan by Easel, shorts by William B and shoes by Les Trapeziennes. She carries a Samsonite bag. Greeting her top right is Fernando in shirt and shorts from Pala Jeans. His sandals are Nautica, his watch is a Timex. That's an Emporio Armani shirt, a pair of Prada pants and Pala Jeans sandals on Anthony.

Drain before you train, particularly if you've filled up at the Oyster Bar (to which we owe special thanks). Chances are you haven't been comparison shopping for jeans lately. Don't worry—you're in luck. Keeping things minty fresh, from left to right: Craig wears a pair of long-legged Diesels. The slim cut of the ankle on the pants shows off his Fila sneakers. His shirt is by Force and his backpack is by Eddie Bauer. The wide-leg bottoms on Fernando's jeans are the perfect trendy compromise for guys who were raised on baggy, hip-hugging hip-hoppers. Plus, all the ladies will know you're wearing Gucci. His sneakers are by Tommy Hilfiger, and his shirt is by Puma. He's wearing a Timex. Anthony is straight-edging it in Levi's, a shirt by Nautica Jeans and shoes by Dexter. All set for a memorable weekend, Dylan has jeans by D&G and a shirt by Force, and he's wearing Nautica sneakers. All the belts, by the way, are by CK Bradley.





As editor of *Batteries Not Included*, a monthly newsletter about the porn industry, I watch more than 600 adult videos each year, with no visible harm to my body or mind but with severe strain to my VCR's fast-forward gears. I move quickly because life is short and porn is long. I can't claim to have seen every triple-X movie (according to the industry magazine *Adult Video News*, more than 10,000 titles are released each year), but I have seen damn near every one of quality. Here are the 10 best currently available on video and DVD:

TEN GREAT PORN DVDS

BY RICHARD FREEMAN



The Awakening (1999)

The plot of this Paul Thomas film is strange, sort of *Blow Up* meets blow job. Following a near-death experience, Inari Vachs attempts to discover something that provides more for her than emotionally empty, random sex. Her photographer boyfriend ridicules this spiritual search, bangs her junkie sister (Kobe Tai) and becomes enraged when Inari tells him that things must change. Confused, Inari visits a New Age guru who claims he can walk through walls—and who has a thing for Kobe's feet. The filmmakers claim this is based on a true story.

Bobby Sox (1996)

Another Paul Thomas film, and perhaps his best. Jamie Gillis plays an alcoholic B-movie actor who has fallen to doing C movies. He's on the road to promote his latest horror film. Dressed as a space monster, he "kidnaps" Nikki Tyler. The film quickly turns into a parody of Rhonda Shear's old *Up All Night* movie marathons, but with sex scenes that would make Gilbert Gottfried hyperventilate.

Chameleons: Not the Sequel (1992)

John Leslie directed some of the most popular adult movies of the Nineties. This is his best. Rocco Siffredi and Deidre Holland play aliens who feast on the sex drives of humans and assume the identity of each person they fuck. One of their victims is Ashlyn Gere, who wants to become an alien herself so she can consume Rocco and experience sex as a man.
(list concluded on page 171)





"Instead of Miss America, would you settle for Miss Congeniality?"



miss june sent us out of the park

HOME RUN HEATHER

HEATHER SPYTEK is a resourceful woman with a knack for covert maneuvers. The 23-year-old booked a room at the Beverly Hilton and crashed last year's Golden Globe Awards so she could rub elbows with Hollywood's finest. "I was walking down the red carpet beside Warren Beatty," she laughs. "Security puts your room key in the same folder with the tickets for the event, so I just showed them the card and they thought I was a movie star! I met Courtney Love, Winona Ryder and Calista Flockhart." The ruse came to an abrupt end when the future *(text concluded on page 116)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA







Winning beauty contests didn't endear Heather to Florida females. "Since we're all competing, they can get catty," she says. "I usually hang out with my husband and my dog and cat—they're like my babies."







Heather takes her puppy, Bijou, everywhere she goes. "I smuggle him into movies, restaurants and stores," she says. "He's a well-trained three-pound Yorkie-and-Bichon mix—I even snuck him into the Bahamas in a little paper bag." Although she got him on a plane and flew him over an international border, Heather didn't risk taking the pooch to the Playboy Mansion. "I didn't know what to expect," she says. "There are so many animals at the Mansion, so I don't think they wanted any more dogs around. Maybe I'll take him the next time I'm out there!"





Miss June 2001 approached Hugh Hefner's party and was turned away by his girlfriends. At this year's Golden Globe Awards, however, Heather was one of Hefner's invited guests. "He laughed and told someone, 'Can you believe it? She was here last year trying to meet me, and the twins made her go away,'" she says. "It's a crazy story!"

Heather's own story began in New Jersey, where she was exposed to showbiz at an early age. "My father was the lead guitarist and singer for a Sixties group, the Magnatones. He's a great guy and really supportive of everything I do." Heather started dancing when she was three and studied ballet, tap and jazz before entering her first beauty pageant at the age of 11. "The pageants really helped me feel comfortable in front of the camera," she says. She attended a private high school in Florida and a liberal arts college in New



Jersey before taking time off to model for Hawaiian Tropic and such Playboy Special Editions as *Girls of Summer 2000*.

A back injury when she was 18 kept Heather away from her first love, dancing, for a few years. "I'm starting to get in shape again and get into the groove," she says. "I like the way Britney Spears and Jennifer Lopez dance—hip-hop moves." When she's not busy getting her groove back, Heather enjoys Jet Skiing and spending time at home in Hollywood, Florida with her husband, Marcelllo. She caught her hubby's eye at a bikini contest in South Beach. "He's the dream man I always envisioned—sweet and genuine," she says. "He asked me to marry him after two weeks of dating, and seven months later we got married on a Maui beach. He supports my posing for PLAYBOY. I feel like PLAYBOY swept me off my feet and took me to the Mansion to be a princess."

For video and other photos of Heather, join the Playboy Cyber Club at cyber.playbo.com.

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Heather Spytek

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 12/17/77 BIRTHPLACE: Woodbury, New Jersey

AMBITIONS: To be happy with whatever I do in my life and blanket the world with love and joy.

TURN-ONS: True love, honesty, sincerity, genuineness, intelligence, happiness and being adventurous.

TURNOFFS: Liars, fake and superficial people, jealousy, and people who take advantage of others.

MY FAVORITE ACTIVITIES: Ballet dancing, art.

THE MOST EXOTIC PLACE I'VE VISITED: The Hana rainforest in Maui. We hiked 2 1/2 hrs. up a mountain to see the beautiful twin falls.

IF I HAD MORE TIME I WOULD: Visit family and friends in New Jersey more often. I miss them dearly since I moved to Florida.

MAKE LOVE OR CHOCOLATE? Make love, then have chocolate!



Age 16, cute and innocent.



Golden Globe Awards 2000.



My puppy and me having fun in the sun!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Hillary Clinton visited her doctor for her annual physical exam. After conducting a battery of tests, the doctor told her she was pregnant. "I'm a busy senator," Hillary said. "This is the last thing I need."

Furious, she called Bill from her cell phone. "How could you get me pregnant? How could you? This is all your fault."

Bill didn't reply. There was nothing but silence on the other end.

"Bill, did you hear me?" Hillary yelled.

Finally, in a barely audible whisper, Bill asked, "Who is this?"



PLAYBOY CLASSIC: An escaped convict broke into a house and woke up a married couple. He tied the man to a chair and his wife to the bedposts. Then the convict leaned over the woman and whispered in her ear.

When the convict left the room, the husband said, "Honey, this guy hasn't had a woman in years. If he wants to have sex with you, just go along with it. Whatever you do, don't fight him. Our lives depend on it. Be strong and remember, I love you."

The wife nodded and said, "Dear, I'm so relieved you feel that way. You're right. He hasn't had a woman in years. He said he thinks you're cute and asked for petroleum jelly. Be strong and remember, I love you, too."

A mother was shopping for her daughter and asked the salesgirl the price of some Barbie dolls. "This Barbie is just \$16.99," the woman said. "If you want something a little nicer, Malibu Barbie is \$24.99. Or you can get the Divorce Barbie for \$169.99."

"Why is Divorce Barbie so much more expensive?" the mother asked.

"Well," the salesgirl said, "Divorce Barbie comes with Ken's house and car."

A lawyer by the name of Strange died. His friend asked the tombstone inscriber to write "Here lies Strange, an honest man and a lawyer" on the headstone.

The inscriber suggested this would confuse passersby, who would think that three men were buried there. He suggested, "Here lies a man who was both honest and a lawyer."

"Whenever anyone walks by," he explained, "they'll be certain to remark, 'That's Strange.'"

What's the only way to get a dotcom millionaire out of his penthouse?

Break down the door and turn off the gas.

A man walked into the produce section of his local supermarket and asked to buy half a head of lettuce. A young clerk told him they only sold whole heads of lettuce. The man was so insistent that the clerk agreed to ask his manager about the matter. He walked into the back room and said to his manager, "Some jerk out there wants to buy half a head of lettuce."

As he finished his sentence, he turned and saw the man standing right behind him, so he added, "and this gentleman wants to buy the other half."

The manager approved the deal and the man went on his way. Later, the manager said, "I was impressed with the way you got yourself out of that situation earlier. We like people who think on their feet here. Where are you from, son?"

"Minnesota, sir," the young clerk replied.

"Well, why did you leave Minnesota?" the manager asked.

The clerk said, "Sir, there's nothing but whores and hockey players up there."

"Really!" said the manager. "My wife is from Minnesota."

The clerk replied, "No kidding? What team did she play for?"

Two strangers were walking down the street next to each other. Both were limping. One asked the other, "What happened to you?"

"Gulf war, 1991," the man answered. "What about you?"

The other replied, "Dog shit, two blocks back."

BUMPER STICKER OF THE MONTH: To all you virgins—thanks for nothing.



A man told a co-worker that her hair smelled nice. The woman stormed into her supervisor's office, wanting to file a sexual harassment suit. The supervisor was puzzled and asked, "What's wrong with a co-worker telling you your hair smells nice?"

The woman replied, "He's a midget."

A little boy asked his father, "Daddy, how much does it cost to get married?"

The father replied, "I don't know, son. I'm still paying."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"You're the first man who ever asked me to spit and not swallow."

BOMBS AWAY

Why do I do this? Three reasons. The pay is good, the scenery changes and they let me use explosives."—Rockhound, from *Armageddon*

It hangs there on a brick wall at the end of the hallway. A framed poster. Four words. Big block letters. A simple message. If you're heading toward Jerry Bruckheimer's office, you can't miss it. GET READY TO ROCK, it says.

Makes sense, of course. This is Bruckheimer. He's had 20 years of producing brutal, brutally efficient testosterone-fests. He's the man who brought you the screaming jets and washboard abs of *Top Gun* and the action, exertion and demolition that made blockbusters out of *Days of Thunder*, *The Rock*, *Con Air* and *Armageddon*. If you add it all up, he's probably the most successful movie producer ever: His films, videos and soundtrack albums have brought in more than \$11 billion worldwide, give or take a few million. Lately, he's been producing *CSI*, the hard-boiled crime show on CBS and the most compelling new drama of the past television season.

"Whether or not you agree with all his movies, he makes movies that make people go to the theater," says actor William Petersen, who stars in *CSI*. "That's a real talent, and I don't know anybody who does it better."

So that's Bruckheimer. He rocks—at least, some of his movies do. (Not all of them: He'll thank you to remember that he also makes kinder, gentler pictures like *Dangerous Minds* and *Remember the Titans*.) As for Jerry himself, if you step past the eight-week-old golden retriever and walk into his office, you'll find the volume turned way down.

The place is slick: a 15-foot desk, lots of black leather and chrome furniture, buttons under his desk to control the door and the big TV and audio system, a sleek black laptop and a phone with dozens of extensions. In the corner is a book of Helmut Newton photographs so massive that it requires its own chrome stand. On the desk, in two decks of polished wooden trays, sit 40 Mont Blanc pens.

At the moment, Jerry is on the phone, speaking quietly. "We had a great meeting with lots of very good ideas," he is saying. "But you should be aware that the price is not acceptable to Disney." He

hangs up. "Just dealing with a crisis on *Pearl Harbor*," he says placidly. "There will be plenty more. Every day there's going to be one." Then he smiles.

That's vintage Jerry Bruckheimer. Even though Disney's famously penurious ways nearly derailed a major motion picture of his, Bruckheimer deals with the penny-pinching calmly. "He is certainly a measured man," says Peter Schneider, chairman of Walt Disney Studios. "You know perfectly well when he's upset with you, but he does not lose his temper. He's a classy guy who's smart and opinionated, but he also listens to people."

"It's the funniest thing I've ever seen: He never raises his voice," says Michael Bay, who has directed *Bad Boys*, *The Rock*, *Armageddon* and now *Pearl Harbor* for Bruckheimer. "Never, ever. I get very passionate, and I'll yell at him. Jerry, you're fucking out of your fucking mind, we can't fucking do this movie for the fucking money!" And there's dead silence on the phone, and then he says, very calmly, "Don't worry, we're going to get it done." He makes you want to kill him—but somehow, through his confidence, he instills confidence in you. And he's always got that smile. People see that smile, and they wonder, What is he so happy about?"

Bruckheimer's smile is as well known as his soft-spokenness. Ask him a question, and he'll answer it politely. Then he'll grin, just a little. Bay says he's beginning to figure out the smile, but even if you haven't been working with the guy for a decade—particularly if you're a member of the press, around whom he has reason to be wary—it's pretty easy to get the message. *I know lots more, it implies, but I'm not telling.*

"Jerry has always been quiet," says Kathy Nelson, president of film music for Universal Pictures and the Universal Music Group. She has worked on soundtracks with Bruckheimer for 17 years. "When Jerry gets really quiet, it scares me. He gets silent and deadly."

"The United States government just asked us to save the world. Anyone want to say no?"—Harry Stamper, from *Armageddon*

There's another imposing message just (continued on page 154)

jerry
bruckheimer—
the king of
guy films—
attacks pearl
harbor. will
the critics
finally
surrender?

PROFILE BY STEVE POND





MONICA
M

U.S.S. TENNESSEE
730CAM
7 DEC
1941

U.S.S. TENNESSEE
U.S. NAVY YACHT
PEARL HARBOR

JERRY BRUCKHEIMER



AIR MAIL

RECEIVED BY NAVAL CENSOR
EM

Haulin'

practice your pickup lines. today's trucks are hotter than ever

Ass



cars By Ken Gross Pickups, the official ride of cowboys, construction workers and Clint Eastwood in *The Bridges of Madison County*, have gone uptown. Lavishly appointed trucks are the transportation of choice to trendy clubs, beach picnics and five-star restaurants. It's no surprise then that the country's two best-selling American vehicles are Ford and Chevrolet pickups. Dodge, which sells more trucks than it does cars each year, runs third. So far, Detroit has monopolized the big-pickup market, but that's changing. Toyota is selling a V8-powered Tundra, and there's a futuristic-looking bruiser on the way from Nissan. (The Tundra's double-wishbone front suspension teamed with leaf-spring rear suspension provides a remarkably supple ride.

An optional off-road suspension package is available, too.) Ford remains the market leader, but Chevrolet's Silverado 2500HD packs the most powerful engine, a massive 6.6-liter turbodiesel with 520 pounds per foot of torque. For years, pickups were mostly unadorned workhorses, but now you can spec your new truck with endless accessories. (If the factory doesn't offer what you want, there are plenty of aftermarket firms that do.) Custom wheels, running boards and lights are popular add-ons, along with special paint, trick exhausts, bed liners and tonneau covers. Hot pickup trends for 2001 include radical styling, shorter pickup boxes with swing-out storage, four doors, bigger engines and sophisticated, electronic all-wheel drivetrains. There's also a new



class of vehicles known as sport utility trucks. Lincoln just launched the Blackwood, based on the Lincoln Navigator. The air suspension-equipped Blackwood rides on 18-inch alloy wheels. Luxury touches include a rear console, Alpine stereo and a wood-trimmed stainless steel cargo bed with a motorized tonneau cover. Watch for high-roller haulers to copy this feature. The base price is \$52,500. DaimlerChrysler has shown a Power Wagon concept truck that evokes its military-style postwar wagon. They say they have no plans to build it. But since all these big bruisers are styled to imitate over-the-road semis, and DaimlerChrysler owns Freightliner, why not go all the way? By mating a tractor-trailer cab with a Ram 3500 chassis and a souped-up Viper V10, DC

Cadillac Escalade EXT

A full-size combination of SUV and pickup, the EXT should be in showrooms in 2002. Its chiseled grille and fenders hide a 345 hp V8, four-speed HydraMatic all-wheel-drive, Caddy's StabiliTrok and road-sensing suspension. A midgate folds into the cabin to create an eight-foot cargo bed. Price: maybe \$55,000.





could build the ultimate bad boy Freightliner pickup. Chevrolet's SUT entry is the five-passenger Avalanche Ultimate Utility Vehicle. Based on the Suburban truck, the Mexican-built Chevy features driving lights, matte-black cladding and flying-buttress cab supports. Cadillac will join the fray in 2002 with its eye-catching Escalade EXT, another clever marriage of SUV and heavy hauler. Caddy's research has identified a growing crowd who already owns pickups, but who want their trucks with jazzy trim.

Accordingly, the all-wheel-drive EXT is equipped with a 345 hp V8. It also has StabiliTrak and a road-sensing suspension, which adjusts to changing road conditions for remarkable control in a vehicle of its size. Unlike the Blackwood, which is a luxury pickup with a separate bed, the EXT's rear seats fold, so the vehicle can be used as a full-size pickup. With rear seats in place, it's a five-passenger truck with a shortened bed. The EXT's high-roller touches include Bose audio, ultrasonic rear-parking assist and OnStar road assistance service. The price will be announced in August. (We're guessing close to \$55,000.) "The EXT was on the drawing board before Lincoln's Blackwood was announced," says Escalade brand manager Susan Docherty. "Lincoln hopes to sell about 7000 Blackwoods. EXT sales could double that." Also check out GMC's high-performance Sierra C³, a 325 hp all-wheel-drive hauler with sharp styling, impressive handling and a \$39,000 sticker. That's the biggest V8 engine you can get in a half-ton pickup. On the SUT side, Ford's new Explorer Sport Trac is a contender, offering comfort for five, with useful storage despite its abbreviated tail. Another fine Ford truck alternative is a special-edition 260 hp F-150 four-door SuperCrew designed in conjunction with Harley-Davidson. (Harley lover Jay Leno bought one of the first regular cab H-D special editions.) The black Harley hauler is loaded with special H-D trim, including eagle-embossed bucket seats and humongous 20-inch wheels. Harley accessories are also available for other Ford truck models. Start truckin'.

Toyota Tundra Toyota's short-bed Tundra has the same 245 hp, 4.7-liter V8 that's in a Land Cruiser. Its doors are hinged fore and aft for easy entry. Conservative and refined, the Tundra is a reliable alternative to brawnier competitors, yet its payload is a ton and its towing capability is 7200 pounds. Price: about \$29,000 loaded.

Dodge Ram 1500 Styled like a big rig, Dodge's newest Ram quad cab has a redesigned chassis and suspension, four-wheel disc brakes, optional 20-inch alloy wheels and a roomy cabin—plus such amenities as a shelf for your laptop. Buy the 245 hp, 5.9-liter Magnum V8. The sissy six-cylinder version is for secretaries. Price: \$30,000 loaded.

Nissan Alpha-T Arguably the wildest concept pickup at this year's Detroit Auto Show, the Nissan Alpha-T is a four-wheel harbinger of the dramatic trucks of tomorrow. Under the hood is a 300 hp, 4.5-liter V8. Nissan says a production version will be built in Mississippi for sale in 2003. Cross your fingers. No word on price.

Ford F-150 Lightning Rod Ford is teasing truck lovers with its radically chopped-and-lowered red 150 concept. A bold Maori art motif is repeated on the tonneau cover, headliner, bucket seats and even on the tires. The Lightning Rod's 380 hp supercharged V8 sets a new horsepower high for haulers. This baby screams fun. No price yet.

Chevrolet SSR If you're into nostalgia, check out this Fifties roadster-type concept truck. It's a novel blend of light pickup and sports car with power derived from a 300 hp, 6-liter V8. The transmission operates via buttons on the steering wheel. Chevy hints the SSR will go on sale sometime next year. Price? Maybe \$40,000.



"It doesn't have to end like this, Margaret!"

DADS & GRADS

DADS Now that your son has moved out, it's safe to keep some seriously cool stuff around. Left to right: Bang and Olufsen's first-ever portable stereo, the BeoSound 1, includes an FM tuner and top-loading CD player (\$1500). The retrofuturistic design of Rado's Ovation watch is forged from materials tested in space flight (\$1600). Polaroid's PhotoMax digital picture frame lets your family share pictures with you instantly via the Internet on its 5" x 7" LCD screen (\$250, plus a \$5 monthly service charge). Swiss Army's new Victorinox SwissChamp XLT houses a magnifying glass, scissors, electrician's blade and 47 other implements—the most of any of the company's knives (\$175). The rugged leather of Mulholland Brothers' handmade Longhorn travel bag gives it a well-worn appearance (from Bounty Hunter, \$675). Playboy's Switch-It dart set includes three steel-tip and seven soft-tip points (about \$40). Below that is Audiovox' CDM-9100 web-browsing cellular phone (about \$250), which fits securely in a Phone Port Organizer in black leather, by Filofax (\$150). Get online without all the wires by using Sony's e Villa Internet appliance. The buttons on the front of the unit's 15" vertical screen will instantly launch you to the web, your e-mail or the e Villa Net guide (\$500, plus a monthly charge of \$22 for unlimited Internet access).



from bang and olufsen's portable stereo to apple's lightest laptop, here are toys for the boys

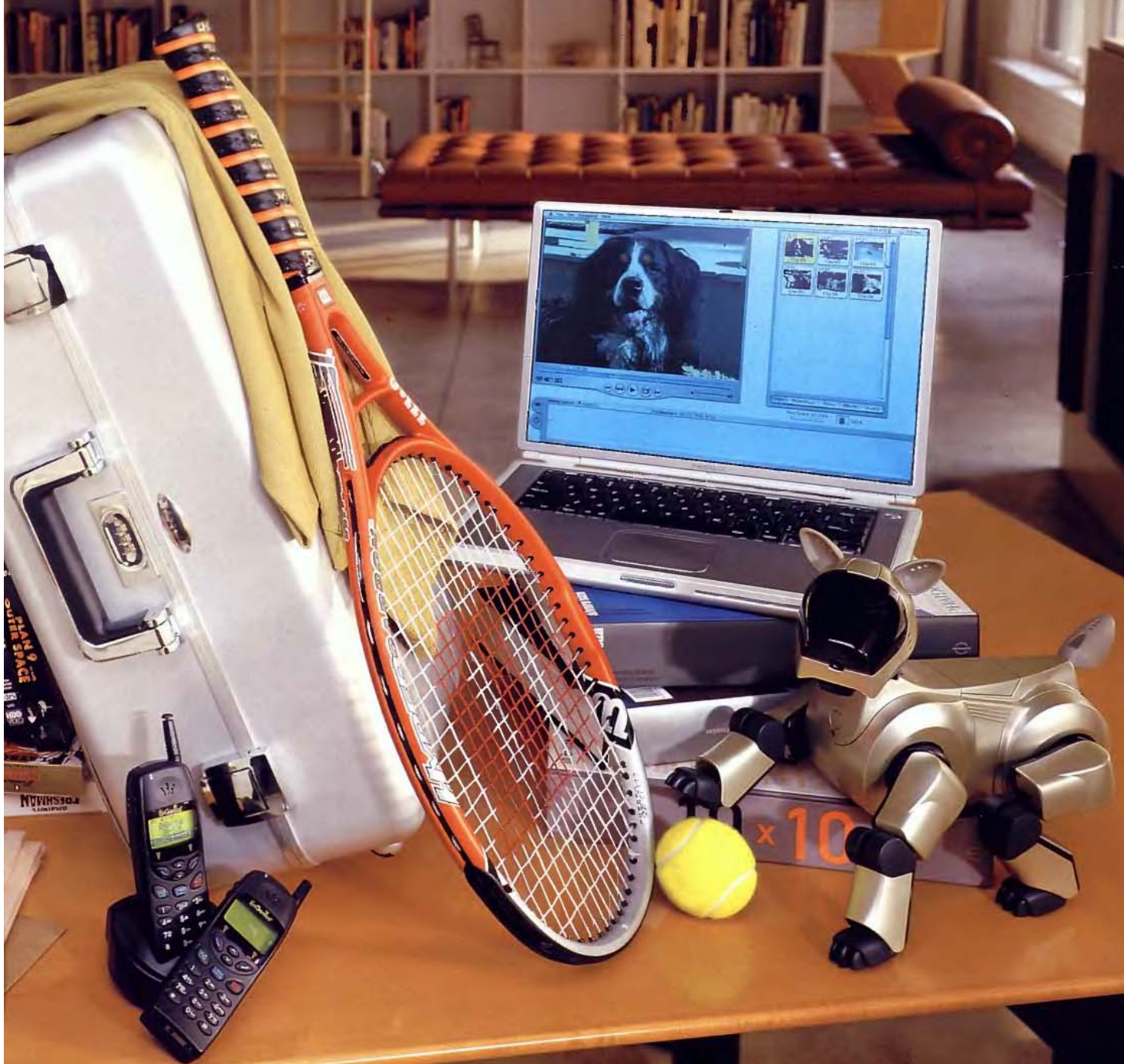


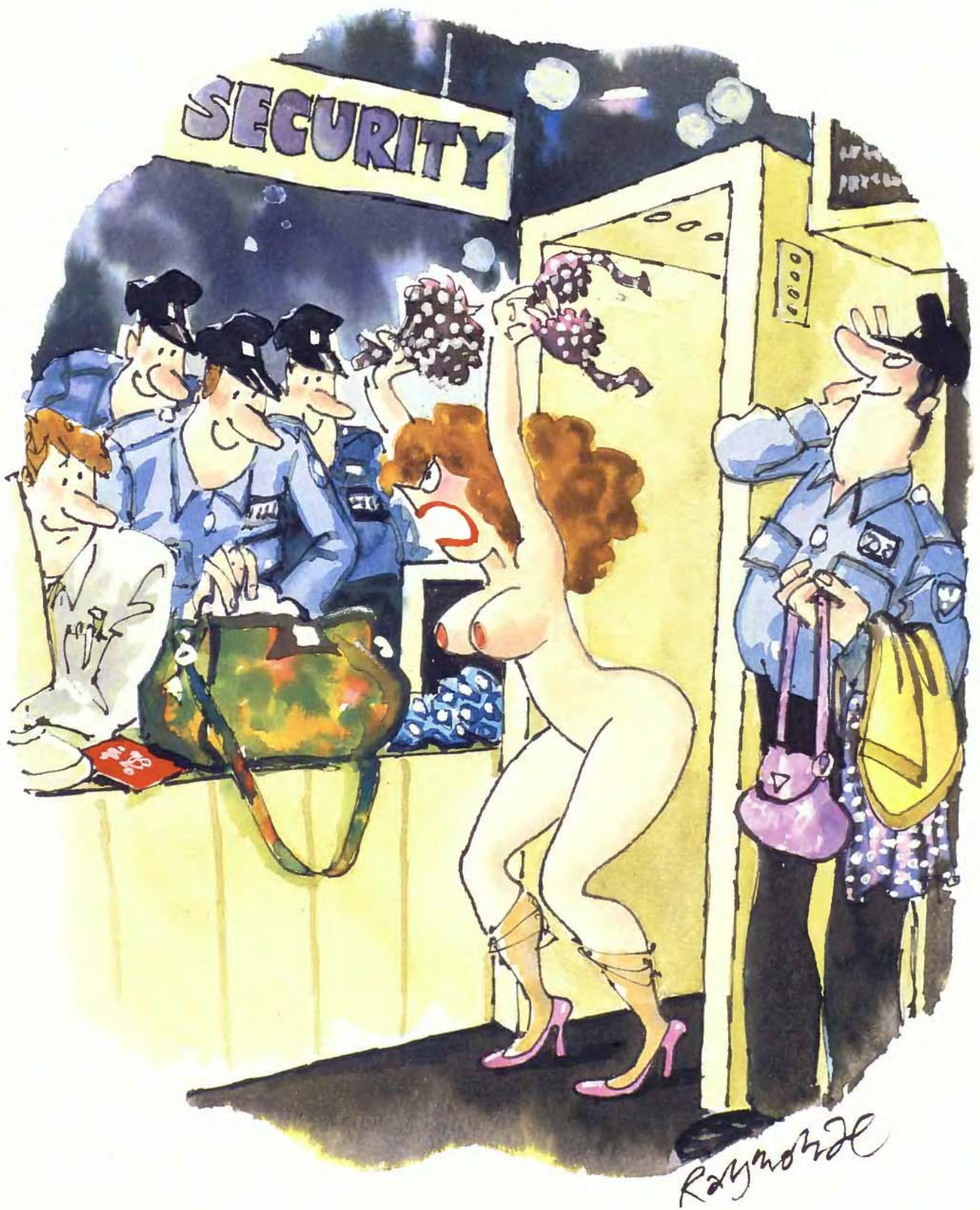
GRADS There isn't much time before those student-loan payments kick in, so splurge now. Left to right: Panasonic's 27" flat-screen TV with built-in DVD player and VCR will save shelf space in your new office (\$1300). If you're taking a summer road trip, wear Casio's GPS-2 (global positioning system) watch with plot navigation screens and autotrack memory (\$500). Also pack this sleek Porsche Design pocketknife, with seven practical tools (\$140), and Polaroid's PDC 2300Z digital camera with 2.3 megapixel resolution (\$400). Motorola's Accompli 009 is a combination cell phone, PDA and wireless messenger (about \$600). The ZR21, by Zero Halliburton, is one cool carry-on. It's assembled from high-strength aluminum and includes a combination lock (\$580). In your



home office, hook up the EnGenius SN-920 cordless phone system. It can penetrate 12 floors and works as a two-way radio with other EnGenius handsets. Plus, each base unit can support up to nine handsets (\$300, additional handsets \$160 each). The hyper carbon construction of Wilson's Hyper Hammer 5.2 tennis racket is stiffer, stronger and 65 percent lighter than titanium (\$180). The one-inch-thick Titanium PowerBook G4 by Apple weighs 5.3 pounds and houses a 500 MHz processor, 15.2-inch screen and DVD drive (\$3500). Sony's second-generation Aibo recognizes more than 50 words and uses infrared sensors to maneuver and play with a ball. The robotic pooch responds to sounds picked up through a microphone built into its head and can take pictures to be uploaded to your PC (\$1600).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.





"For the fifth and last time—satisfied?"

Centerfolds on Sex

What Turns Me On:
My most sensitive erogenous zones are my neck, breasts and vagina, but not my toes—they're too ticklish. Good oral sex takes me somewhere else. When a man goes down on me for a long time, that's good. Don't go down and come right back up—that's bad. He's got to be into it. As for giving oral sex, I can look at my partner and tell if he's enjoying it. I do give great head. I learned how from watching porn. **On Voyeurism:** It's fun to look at yourself and your partner getting it on in front of a mirror—though I don't have a mirror in my bedroom. **On Romance:** I'm a very romantic person. I like candles, wine and tender lovemaking. Nothing scary.

Jessica Lee



Jessica Lee

NHG1800 074

Jessica Lee reveals her erogenous zones and celebrates great oral sex

PLAYBOY: Do you dress up or dress down for sex?

JESSICA: I'm not big on getting all dressed up. I never dress in costume. If I find a cute lingerie set, I'll wear that on a special occasion. Other than that, I'll wear sweatpants. It's the sex, not the outfit.

PLAYBOY: What's great foreplay? **JESSICA:** The guy I'm with now is an amazing kisser, and that's what sets it off for me. He starts kissing me. He starts touching me. He kisses

me everywhere. **PLAYBOY:** What part of the male anatomy turns you on? **JESSICA:** I love all of the male body—the chest, back, butt, legs, penis, even feet. **PLAYBOY:** Have you ever made love someplace you could be caught? **JESSICA:** Ooh, yeah. My most memorable experience was in a parking garage stairway. It was late at night and I could hear people walking and parking their cars. But nobody walked into the stairwell, thank Ged. **PLAYBOY:** Do you have a recurring sexual fantasy? **JESSICA:** That would have to be a threesome—me, another girl and a guy.





Edward Burns

20Q

new york's indie movie mogul on being irish, growing up with cops and what to do with the hairy ass

His first film, *The Brothers McMullen* (1995), portrayed Irish American siblings—and their tangled relationships—on suburban Long Island. It caught the attention of Robert Redford and won the grand jury prize at the Sundance Film Festival, earning Edward Burns a place among the top independent filmmakers. It also did more than \$10 million at the box office, at a cost of \$18,000.

Burns followed up his McMullen success in the larger-budget film *She's the One*, with Jennifer Aniston and Cameron Diaz. His third film, *No Looking Back*, a dark study of working-class life, made it into video stores a bit too quickly for Burns' taste.

Burns is a control freak. He writes, produces, directs and stars in his own movies. He displayed no early inclination toward a career in film, though. Burns first set his sights on writing, but an undistinguished stint as an English major motivated him to enroll in easier film courses.

As the son of a New York City police officer, Burns is a pure New York guy's guy, good company whether sharing a foxhole or a pitcher of beer. His style impressed Steven Spielberg enough to cast him as Private Richard Reiben in *Saving Private Ryan*. No audition was required. This past spring he appeared as a New York City arson investigator opposite Robert De Niro's police detective in *Fifteen Minutes*. With his current film, *Sidewalks of New York*, Burns regains his usual three screen credits: writer, director and star, and returns to a favorite haunt.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker trailed Burns along the sidewalks of lower Manhattan. He reports: "We sat on a park bench and talked for a couple of hours. Burns loves to describe New Yorkers as blasé types who are unfazed by the celebrities in their midst. He may be right. Two women waited until we'd finished taping before they walked over and introduced themselves as his fans."

1

PLAYBOY: You made your bones with romantic comedies, *The Brothers McMullen* and *She's the One*. Isn't this genre a cruel hoax on those of us who get dumped or divorced or otherwise head

toward a rocky relationship after that passionate kiss on a street corner?

BURNS: There are two reasons I started with romantic comedies. Everyone can relate to them. We've all been in relationships, and for most of us they don't turn out well. They can be heartbreaking, but as time passes you tend to laugh about them, or at least laugh at yourself. Also, romantic comedy is the least expensive genre you can do. It's just people sitting around talking. There are no car chases, no explosions and no special effects. If you do a mystery or a crime drama, you're dealing with gunplay. You need to rent weapons. You need stuntpeople. And you need special permits to bring a gun onto the streets of New York. Making a film like *The Brothers McMullen*—and even one like *She's the One*, which cost only \$3 million—was related to the modest finances.

2

PLAYBOY: *The Brothers McMullen* has been described as dark and out of focus. Didn't you pay attention in film school?

BURNS: It better have been out of focus. It was made for \$18,000. We used recanned film stock. It's stock that maybe was bought for a music video and wasn't used but was loaded into a magazine. You then take it out of the magazine, put it back into the can. The stuff can be a couple years old. It's pretty crappy. Lots of times we'd do a day's shooting, and because we couldn't afford to process anything until the end, we had to keep it in the can. When we did have it developed, we would get stuff that was too dark or there would be no image. We couldn't afford to go back and reshoot, so those scenes just got cut. But I pride myself on *McMullen*, a 16-millimeter film—out of focus, dark, the camera doesn't move much—

that was shot in my mom's house. Yet it made \$10 million at the box office with actors no one had ever heard of. The only reason I became a filmmaker is because I was writing screenplays and didn't want to surrender control of what I had written to somebody else. The technical aspect was the second or third thing down the list. If you tell an engaging story, people will come.

3

PLAYBOY: You filmed scenes of *The Brothers McMullen* on New York City's number seven subway line and the Long Island Railroad without permits. Are you on more professional terms with the Metropolitan Transportation Authority these days?

BURNS: I'm sure if I tried to do it again, I could. The reason we did it without permits was that they were so expensive and we were such a little crew. We hid the camera under a jacket and snuck on board. We pride ourselves on going in stealth-bomber style, but we're probably too well known now, so we'll have to go for the permits and pay the fee. It could take a big chunk out of our budget—a couple of grand.

4

PLAYBOY: You're the son of a New York City policeman. For years you've promised to film a police story. Will we ever get to see an Ed Burns treatment of the NYPD?

BURNS: I have written the script and I'm trying to get it made. It's called *On the Job*, and it's a story of two generations of an Irish American family set against the police department, from 1966 to 1972. It's about that side of police life you never see in a film, which is growing up in a cop family. There's always that weird vibe, knowing that when your dad goes to work, he may not come back. I remember when I was a kid hearing on the radio about two

cops shot in Brooklyn. One was named Ed Burn. We found out he was a different guy, a rookie cop.

5

PLAYBOY: Were you well served and protected by having a father on the force?

BURNS: When we were kids, he would drive my brother—he's a year younger—and me into the city. He would dump us in Washington Square Park, tell a cop on duty to keep an eye on his kids. He'd give us two hours in the park by ourselves. He wanted us to get a vibe for what was going on in the real world. It was like, "Hey, the world is not just Long Island. Look at all these different people, all the different things going on." When he worked up in Harlem, he'd take us around and show us. "Hey, you want to be an asshole, do drugs? Look at these guys hanging out on the street. Is that what you want?" He'd take us into a cell, show us tough guys who were locked up. "Want to be a tough guy?" He'd say, "This is one of your options." We got a dose of reality very early on.

6

PLAYBOY: You played a fire department arson investigator opposite police detective Robert De Niro in *Fifteen Minutes*. Was this a stretch, considering you're a policeman's son and there's a rivalry between the police and fire departments in New York City?

BURNS: Yeah. My dad's a retired cop, my uncle's a retired cop. I have two cousins currently on the job and another cousin who's retired. They like to break my balls about it, that I went over to the other side. A lot of the police and fire guys grew up together. It's like rival high schools.

7

PLAYBOY: Just what does Edward Burns see through those Irish eyes?

BURNS: I was brought up in a neighborhood that was half Irish and half Italian. You always wore the fact that you were Irish like a badge of honor. I grew up with friends whose moms and dads were off the boat from Ireland. They spoke with brogues. They loved corned beef and cabbage and soda bread and the Clancy Brothers, and they forced their daughters to take Irish jig classes. But we were American kids. We loved the Mets and the Yankees and rock and roll. Then, as you got older, you started to identify with being Irish a little more. Paddy's Day is a huge deal. Rooting for Notre Dame is a really big part of being New York Irish. Who knows what that's about, but it's big. The majority of Irish immigrants came here

during the famine. They were the utter dregs of society. They couldn't get work: "Irish need not apply." A hundred years later, JFK is in the White House. There's that pride factor. There's the clannish thing, the cultural thing, and there's the Catholic thing as well. And there's that gift of the gab. That I'm a writer probably comes from the blood pumping through my veins.

8

PLAYBOY: How has *Entertainment Tonight* managed to stay on the air despite losing your services as a gofer?

BURNS: I figured after I left it would fold. Nobody could get coffee like I could. I was the low man on the totem pole, fetching coffee, lugging the lights from shoot to shoot, driving the company van through the city. Every block is a battle against cabs, and it was so much fun. We got into a couple of fender benders. They didn't want to deal with the insurance and we didn't either, so you'd have a minor collision and both look the other way and keep on going. I miss that part of the job.

9

PLAYBOY: You put in several years working odd jobs and living in a run-down New York apartment. Is paying dues vastly overrated?

BURNS: I am totally nostalgic about those lean years. You can't help romanticizing walking up four flights to a one-room apartment with no hot water, sitting at your old computer, banging away at that screenplay, keeping your fingers crossed. You've got so much hope and so much anger because nobody is giving you the break you deserve. My girlfriend at the time worked in a bakery, but at the end of the day there weren't chicken sandwiches or lasagna left over. The only things left were tiramisu and brownies. Those are the things she would bring home, and since we had no money, that's what we would eat. I put on a good 15, 20 pounds. I was a very bitter guy.

10

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, explain New York attitude to the rest of the country.

BURNS: When you walk down the street in New York, you're going to run into the whole world. Everyone is represented here, and whether you love them or hate them, I don't think anybody would have it any other way. Because of that we have a totally different perspective on things. You go to most cities and there are a lot of white people. New York has always been a big immigrant city. My grandparents came over from Ireland. You pride yourself on the fact that we—and when I say we,

I mean everybody, first generation, second or fourth—came over here with nothing, figured it out and now are kicking ass. There's a pride that comes with that. We are New Yorkers. We're tougher than the rest of you.

11

PLAYBOY: Sundance. Is it less pure than it used to be?

BURNS: People who concern themselves with that horseshit are focusing on the wrong thing. I know some people knock Sundance as just a showcase for filmmakers who want to break into Hollywood. But Redford and that festival give so many people an opportunity to show their work when all the other festivals turn them away. They can screen that film for all those chic Hollywood assholes everyone despises. But, hey, they're the ones who are going to give you your career and the opportunity to make another film. You need them, so stop bitching about them. I hope guys with no connections will continue to get in there. Audiences ought to be thankful they're getting to see these films. Do we really need any more TV commercial directors directing features? Granted, visually, they're beautiful. Storywise? You know.

12

PLAYBOY: Robert Redford served as a producer on two of your films. Do you stay in touch?

BURNS: Once a year we'll touch base, but that's about it. I don't know exactly how much Redford himself had to do with it, but *McMullen* was rejected by over 25 film festivals and accepted into Sundance. He came to see the film twice at the festival. When I got home to New York, there was a message on my machine from him congratulating us on winning the grand jury prize. He gave me his home number and said if I ever had any problems or questions on anything, I should feel free to give him a call and he'd see if he could guide me down the right path. At that time in my career I needed a mentor, and he filled that role. I'm sure he's now doing the same thing for someone who was at Sundance last year.

13

PLAYBOY: What's a decent interval between a film's theatrical run and its appearance at the video store? Are you aiming for a Burns shelf at the local Blockbuster?

BURNS: It's not so much how fast you go to video, it's how long you were in the theaters. We nicknamed *No Looking Back* "Nobody Saw It." It was in theaters for, I think, six hours. Two showings.

(concluded on page 182)

City Girls

do real girls talk about **SEX** the way they do on
sex and the city?

See for Yourself

EPISODE 4: getting off in LA

By ANKA RADAKOVICH

When my three girlfriends met at the Château Marmont's swimming pool in Hollywood, our plan was to talk about sex and drink margaritas. My friends, in their 20s and 30s, included a rising starlet, an indie filmmaker and a "D" girl (development producer girl with D cups). Because practically everyone changes their name in Hollywood, we changed ours to Stella (that's me), Tina, Christy and Misty. As soon as we got our new names, we couldn't seem to stop talking about sex.

Stella: Have you ever masturbated in front of a guy?

Christy: I'm a little self-conscious about it if I don't know the guy well. But for some reason I like watching him do it.

Tina: When you start working yourself up, they want to jump in and help. My last boyfriend liked watching me masturbate, then he would start masturbating, then we would watch each other masturbate and when we couldn't take it anymore, he would stick it in.

Stella: I'm a premature ejaculator. But I can have two or three orgasms per session. Sometimes I get so excited that as soon as the guy sticks it in, I start coming. It's like when you first put a Tic Tac in your mouth and it feels so fresh! After about a five-minute refractory period, I have another, deeper orgasm. Once I had a boyfriend whose sex drive wasn't as strong as mine, and I could have two or three orgasms to his one. If we're doing it for a while I can have another orgasm that's short but intense.

Tina: This sounds pathetic, but I had a boyfriend once who had one orgasm to my two or three. If I wasn't fully satisfied and he fell asleep and I was still excited, I would . . . well . . . I would look at him and have to cuddle my own self. The problems of being multiorgasmic.

Misty: Once I had a multiple orgasm in the Cineplex Odeon. He fingered me while watching *Henry and June*. I was trying not to make noise, because I'm a moaner.

Stella: I'm sort of loud in bed too. I can't help it. I make noises when I'm really into it. Moans, grunts, heavy breathing. I like when a guy makes noises too. I hate when the guy is quiet and doesn't make noises or say anything.

Tina: If he is really quiet, I'm not sure if he's even getting excited. Maybe he's losing his hard-on or something.

Stella: What about talking?

Tina: You know what I like? I know it's simple, but I love it when a guy says, "You are so hot it's unbelievable!" or "I want you" or "You are so sexy." That makes me feel comfortable.

Stella: I agree. The biggest turn-on is when you know that the other person really wants you and has to have you right then.

Tina: On the other hand, one guy said right as I was coming, "I want to give you a rim job."

Misty: When a guy starts saying stupid shit to me, it's like, shut up!

Tina: It was the first time we had sex, and he said it right as I came.

Christy: I like when a guy whispers, "You dirty little slut."

Tina: I really, really hate that. That makes me cringe.

Christy: I like when a guy says, "Who's your daddy?"

Stella and Tina: Eeeww!

Tina: That makes me cringe. I love my dad, but I don't want to be thinking about him while I'm getting laid!

Christy: I love it because I like to feel like daddy's naughty little girl.

Tina: I like talking dirty before orgasm. In the heat of the moment, it takes me over the top.

Stella: What's the best orgasm you've ever had?

Tina: Once my boyfriend and I went to the laundromat and halfway through the wash cycle, we started talking about what we would do to each other once we got home. It was late and nobody else was around, so we started making out. I yanked down his pants and put some liquid Tide on his shaft and started jerking him off.

Misty: You did not!

Tina: OK, it was Wisk. Anyway, the next thing I know he hiked up my dress, lifted me onto the vibrating washing machine and started eating me out, with my panties still on. Then he pulled me off the washing machine, pressed me against the drier and fucked me standing up!

Stella: That is hot. If a guy wants to completely turn me on, all he has to do is play with and/or kiss, lick or suck my nipples and I practically have an orgasm without doing anything else. My nipples are directly wired to my clitoris.

Misty: I like the guy to bite my nipples just as I'm coming.

Christy: Since I've had my breast implants, I can't feel a thing. No sensation whatsoever in my nipples anymore.

Tina: Really?

Christy: It's no big deal, because now that I have these big things, I get turned on just seeing the guy's face while he's sucking them. That's a huge turn-on.

Misty: One time I had a threesome with two guys in France and they were so preoccupied with sucking le boobies, one on each breast, that they couldn't speak. They didn't speak English anyway, but what gave me the hugest orgasm was the fact that they were both working on me at the same time. One was on top of me and the other one was playing with my breasts and fingering me. I had a gigantic orgasm.

Tina: You got to have the finger along with the dick. You have to have finger action to get the juices going. Foreplay is essential. They can't just stick it in. The combination does it best for me. I have a hard time having an orgasm with just one of them.

Stella: I had a boyfriend once who fingered me better than he fucked me. He hit my G spot every time. He was a guitarist. It was the best finger sex I ever had.

Tina: I get off when a guy takes his johnson and teases me by rubbing the head of it all over my pink. That really juices me up. It's as good as the finger.

Christy: Guys rarely think to do that. But it feels good.

Stella: That's because they're too eager to stick it in.

Misty: Duh.

Christy: If they'd just slow down. . . .

Tina: I don't think most men even think about the concept of foreplay. I told one boyfriend that I wasn't enjoying sex with him because it ended practically as soon as it started—in three minutes—and he had to do more foreplay. That's when he asked, "Foreplay? What do you mean?" He was clueless. But I think it's up to the woman sometimes to show men what we like. They don't mind.

Misty: I think being clueless is one reason for it, but I had a boyfriend who was just plain lazy. A total slacker.

Christy: I had one of those, too! It was pure laziness. He wanted to just lie there while I did all the work! He would hand me the lube and say, "Why don't you use your finger?" He thought if I lubed myself up I would be ready to go.

Tina: Men need to cater to the ladies more. We cater to them. My boyfriend is cool, though. He actually works at making me come. When he goes down on me, sometimes he uses a vibrator on me and I have a great orgasm. And he uses it on my clit, and sticks it inside me, then licks and sucks me all the way to an orgasm.

Stella: You know what turned me on the most about going to the sex club? It wasn't so much watching people, because even though this is LA, the people were out of shape and a lot of them were gross and hideous.

Tina: You mean the cast of *Baywatch* wasn't in attendance?

Stella: What turned me on were the orgasm sounds. At one point I shut my eyes and just listened. It was a turn-on to listen to people having orgasms. They went off every five minutes, like a snooze alarm. I heard small ones, medium ones, multiple ones.

Christy: That's what I like about porn videos. The sound of the money shot. I'd rather hear it than see it. I'll rewind to hear that again. But I hate the ridiculous sound effects of vibrators.

Tina: I never really considered vibrators until I told this guy I was dating I wanted one. He surprised me with one. I was shy and embarrassed at first, but then I was like, whoa! This is great!

It enhanced my orgasm. But then he wouldn't let me take it home! I'm happy with my vibrator. It's my friend. It has veins. It comes in handy when it's three o'clock in the morning and you don't want to wake anyone up.

Christy: I start giggling when somebody turns on a vibrator. It sounds so stupid, like an appliance or a Waterpik. They have those butterfly vibrators that you put in your underwear and walk around with all day. I want to try one of those. It would be interesting to have an orgasm in public.

Stella: But what if you're in an elevator and somebody tells you to turn down your vibrator?

Tina: Have you tried those silicone dildos? You can put them in hot water and they heat up to body temperature.

Misty: It's like a hot beef injection.

Stella: I don't need dildos. I don't use them. I'm so horny that all I have to do is see a cute guy on the street and touch myself for two seconds. Getting off for me is no problem. Plus, dildos smell weird.

Misty: I love the names for dildos, like Deep Stroker and the Satisfier. The Thruster.

Christy: Long Dong Silver. I saw one called the Vibrating Lunar Anal Probe. The box said, "Its sensual plastic ripples will take you to the moon."

Tina: Have you seen the Jeff Stryker? It has a rotating head.

Stella: Have you seen those ridiculous foreskin vibrators? I saw them at the Pleasure Chest—they look like a penis wearing saggy pantyhose.

Tina: I would love to strap on a dildo and fuck some guy up the ass. But I can't find anyone who will let me do it.

Stella: I know an Italian producer who would be perfect for you!

Christy: I'm not interested in the bung hole. I'm not interested in having my anus violated or violating anyone else's.

Tina: I have anal sex one out of 50 times. It's so dirty and naughty.

Stella: Have you ever given or received analingus?

Tina: One time I got a rim job.

Stella: Did you like it?

Tina: Yeah, but I never thought to ask for it. The next thing I knew, he was licking my buttock. Licking it like he was licking frosting!

Misty: That was nice of him.

Tina: He was a record producer. A real jerk. Speaking of assholes, I went out with this male model once. He was really an idiot.

Christy: If he was such an idiot, why did you sleep with him?

Tina: He was hot.

Stella: What happened?

Tina: We had an anal one-nighter. Anyway, while we were doing it on a

hotel rooftop standing up, he started poking my butt and kind of jammed his finger up there, but I was too drunk to notice. The next day I woke up with a hemorrhoid. A hemorrhoid! About six months later, I saw him in New York doing runway at Tommy Hilfiger.

Christy: Tommy Hilfiger.

Stella: But at the time did you like it?

Tina: I thought at the time, Hey, man, this feels all right. If he wants to do it, go ahead.

Stella: Did you know that you can improve your orgasms yourself?

Christy: I had no idea. How?

Stella: The best way to have control is to do Kegels. You can control your muscles down there. You need to do your Kegels. I swear to God I've had killer orgasms because of Kegels! Kegel your way to better orgasms! And it works for guys too. They can have better orgasms sucking in their sphincter muscles. I have been Kegeling every day for a year and I swear I've been having better orgasms during sex and when I masturbate. I'm sorry, but I want to have a fierce pussy!

Tina: Nothing wrong with that. One guy told me I had a voodoo vagina. But he meant it as a compliment. I had a snappin' 'gina!

Stella: Speaking of muscle, do you get off more on a huge dick, a moderately huge dick or a monster dick?

Misty: I'm not going to apologize, but I'm a size queen. When I see a big juicy hard dick I know it's going to feel good and fill me up! I am so excited when a guy has a hard-on and I can see it through his jeans. Then I can't keep my hands off it. Especially in public and under the table. I've had the best orgasms with guys with big dicks. I think it's psychological.

Tina: I like a nice medium-size dick. A huge one hurts! I'm small, I'm really tight. When I go to the gynecologist she has to use the smallest speculum because I'm so tight in there. And sometimes when I have an orgasm before the guy does, my pussy sort of clenches his penis and tightens up on him. He likes that.

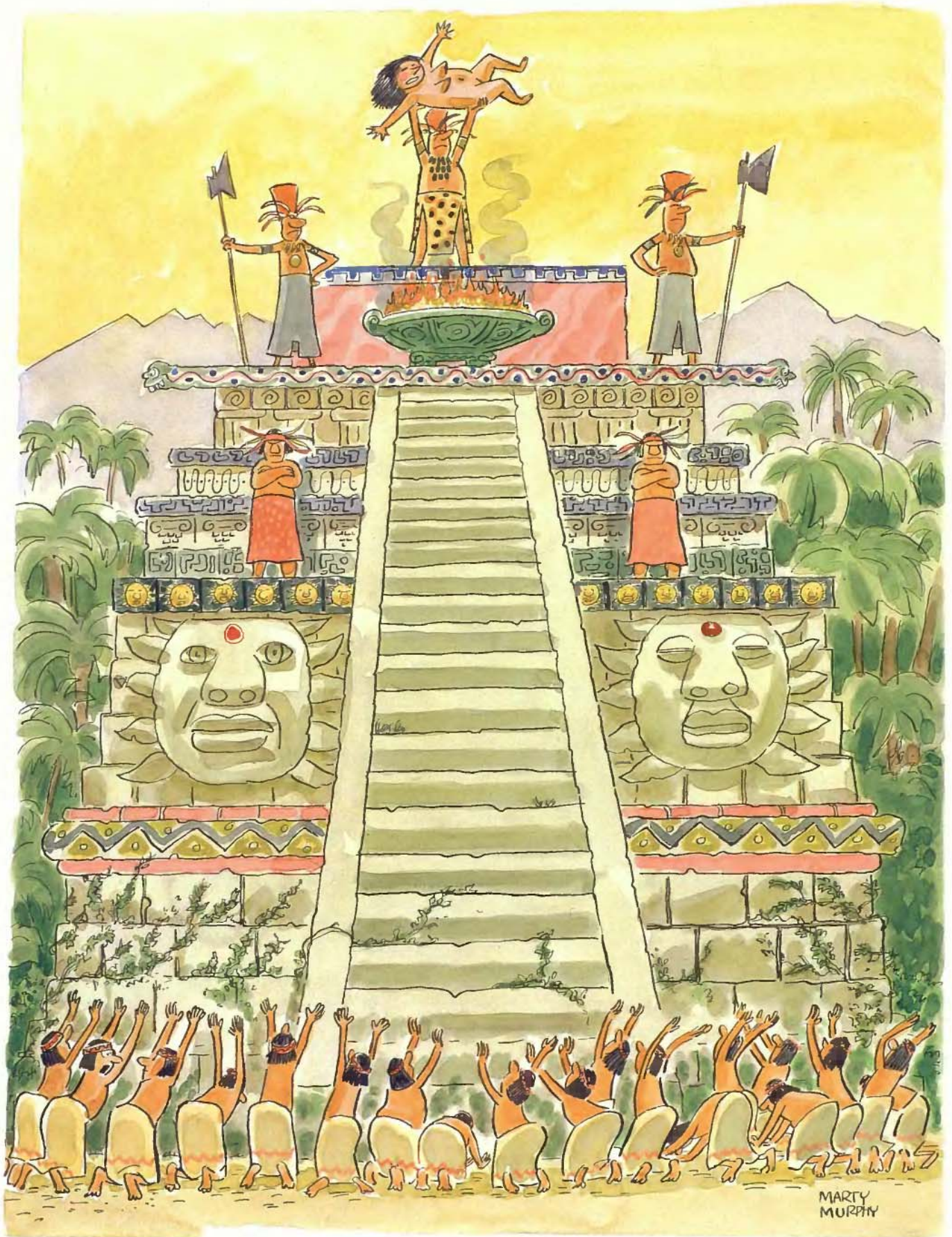
Stella: I go for the monster dicks. The bigger, the better. And I like the head to be big, too. I'm not going to apologize for liking big ones. Guys don't apologize for liking big breasts. You never hear guys saying, "I like a really flat chest and no ass."

Christy: I like a small one.

Misty: You like a small one? Why?

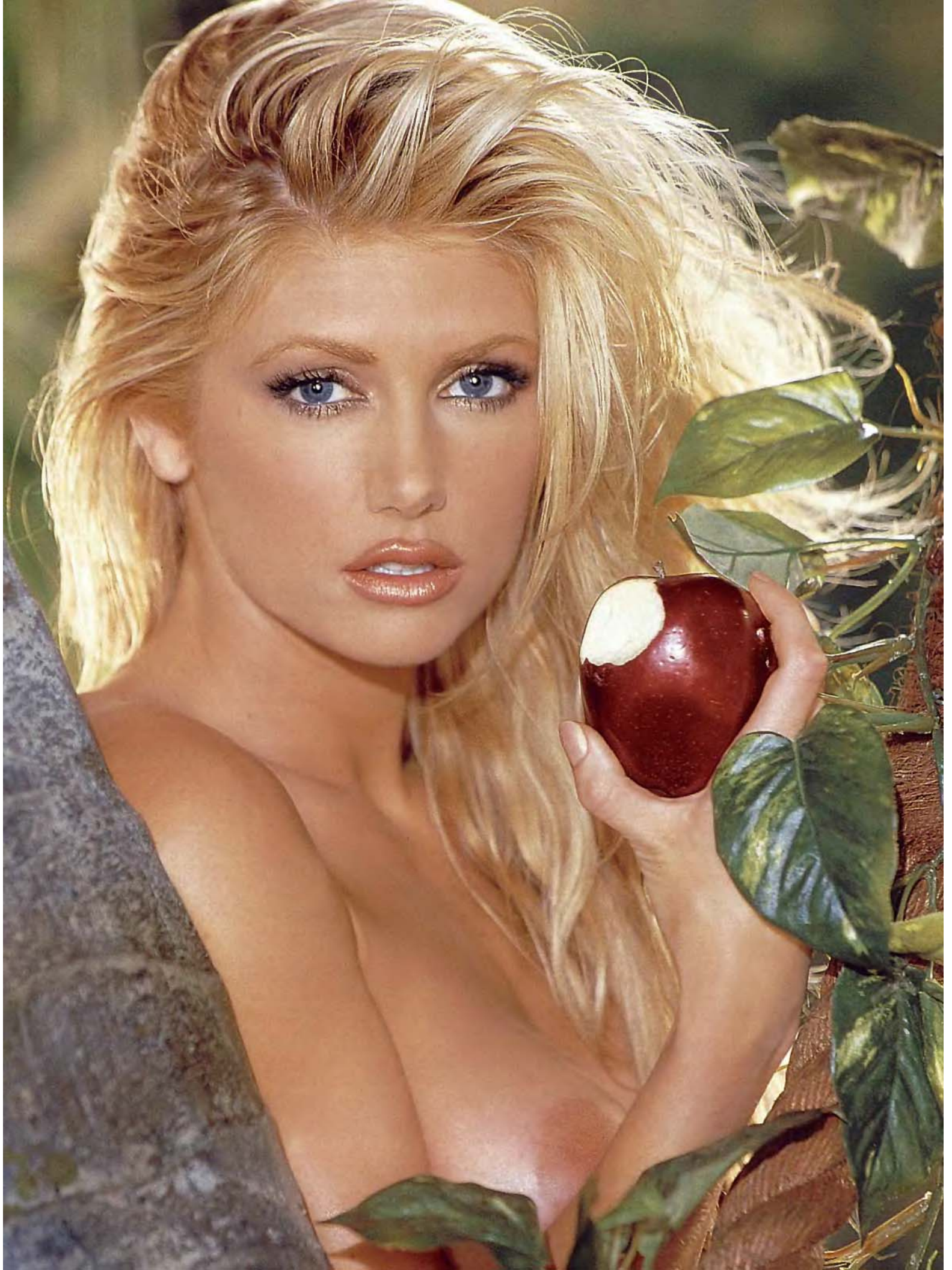
Christy: Just kidding. But penis size is not the most important thing. I have to say, guys with smaller dicks are nicer. They aren't so arrogant and cocky and they're into giving oral sex and making sure you have an orgasm. They have to

(continued on page 156)



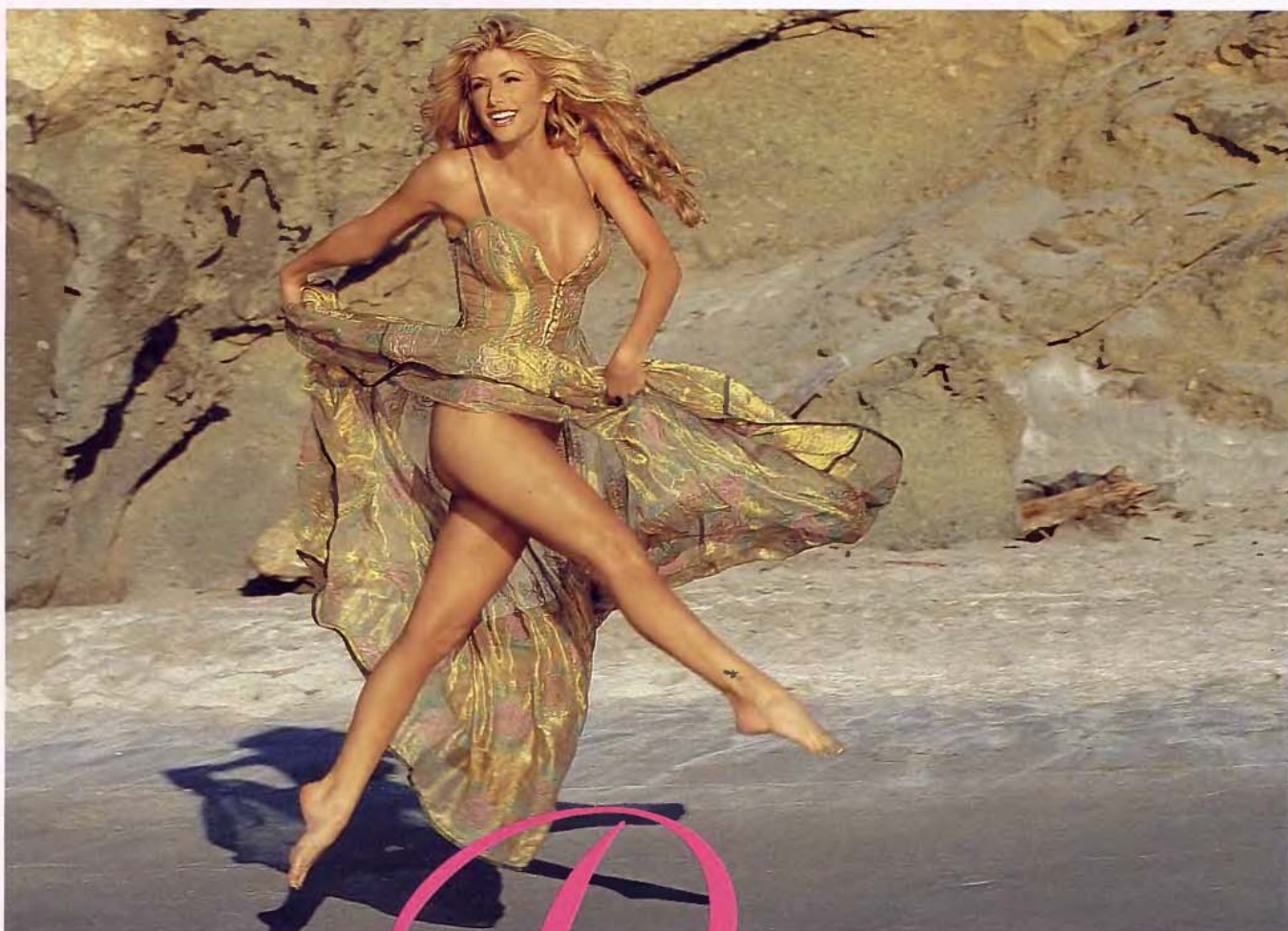
MARTY MURPHY

"I've been seriously thinking of converting to a religion with better-looking virgins."



IT WAS ONLY four years ago that Brande Roderick loaded her belongings into a rented Ryder truck, waved goodbye to her family, left the idyllic wine country of California and headed south—bound for Hollywood and, she hoped, for glory. Since then, she has slept on friends' couches, borrowed cars, taken acting classes, struggled to find work and

Brande is



watched her struggles pay off. There were acting jobs on shows such as *Beverly Hills 90210* and appearances in national commercials. There was the evening she went out dancing and was invited to join PLAYBOY Editor-in-Chief Hugh M. Hefner at his table. There were the months she spent living in the Playboy Mansion with Hef, Sandy and Mandy Bentley and Jessica Paisley. There was her Playmate of the Month pictorial in April 2000 and her season-long stint on

Playmate of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA



Brande's first car in Hollywood was a \$1200 wreck with bad brakes and a dented door. The Playmate of the Year deserves fancier wheels, and here they are: a Porsche Boxster, the company's stylish and powerful successor to its classic roadsters of yore—and for those California days when even a convertible seems too confining, a Buell Blost, the light, agile motorcycle designed as a fun introduction to cycling. When she hits the beach she'll definitely need the Rabbit Head surfboard. Well, what self-respecting Playmate and Baywatch star would be without one? "PLAYBOY and Baywatch," she says, "have brought me to where I am now."



Baywatch Hawaii.

And now, to cap it off, Brande Nicole Roderick is PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year for 2001. "I have to laugh about it," she says. "I didn't have a car, I didn't have a job, I was sleeping on people's couches. When I think about where I am now, I can't believe where I started."

These days, of course, the focus is on where Brande is going. Already, her Playmate of the Year reign is off to a splashy start: She and Hef were featured on the hit comedy *Just Shoot Me*, announcing Brande's title and playing themselves in a fantasy scenario at the fashion magazine where the likes of David Spade and Laura San Giacomo work. "The show had Hef and me taking over the company," she says with a smile. "Basically, it was Laura's worst nightmare."

It doesn't sound like a nightmare to us—but the show was certainly an appropriate way to kick things off for a young woman (Brande turns 27 this month) who's been showing up on TV a lot lately, from *Baywatch Hawaii* to the news programs that lavished attention on her when she became involved with PLAYBOY's founder just as Hef was reclaiming his title as the king of nightlife. "I learned a lot in that period of time," she says fondly.

"Now," she reports, "everything's falling into place." Brande has a new house that she and her cocker spaniel, Mercedes, share with fellow *Baywatch* alum Stacy Kamano. Her younger brother is about to make her an aunt for the first time, which thrills her. And she has great plans for her Playmate of the Year reign (lots of charity work for the City of Hope) and her career. "I want to have my own TV show," she says. "Probably another drama. I want to do a sitcom. Feature films. Radio. Theater. I have all these different ideas for logos and merchandise. I want to do it all."

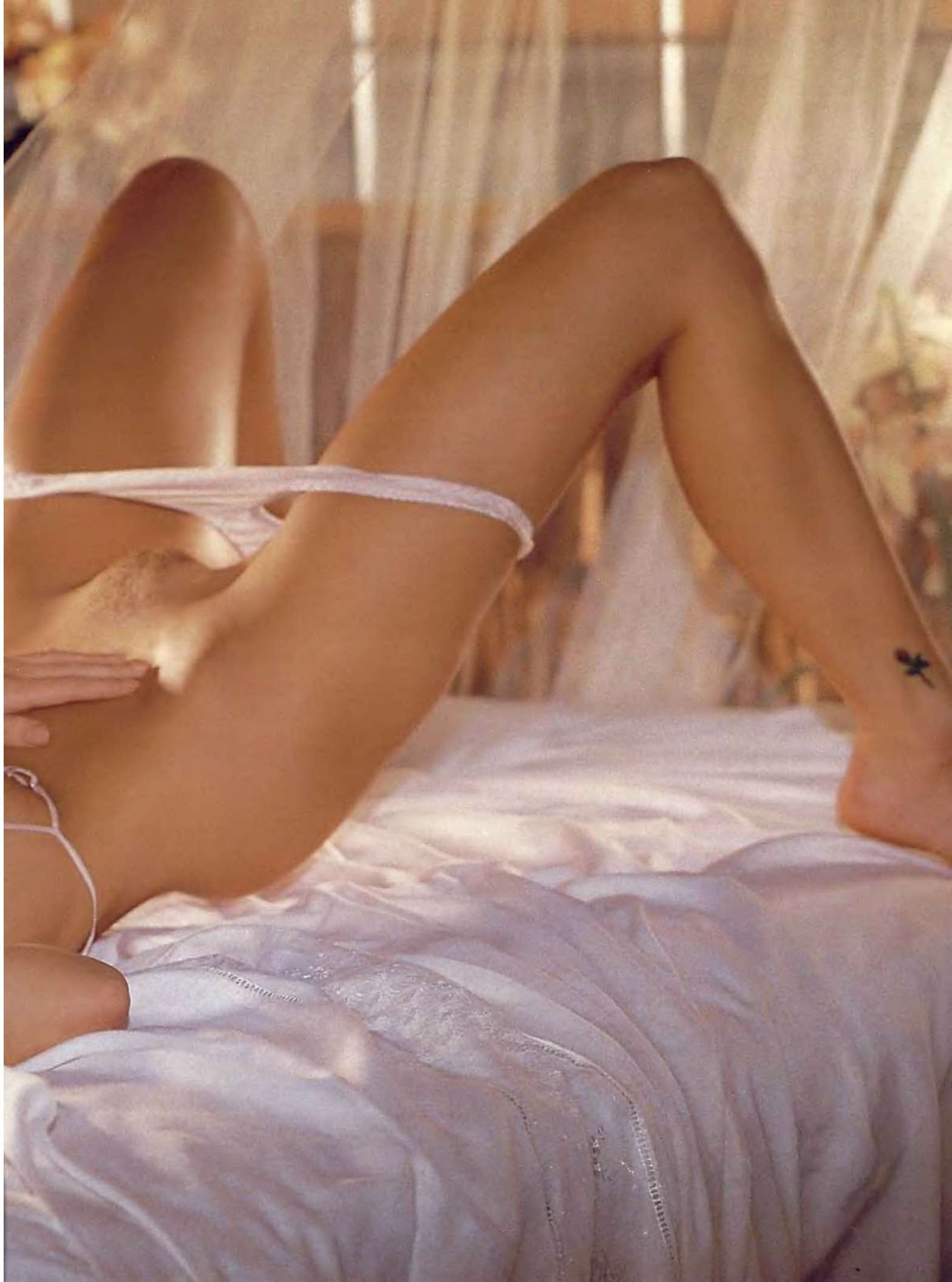
She laughs; only four years after packing that truck and taking one big risk, Brande Roderick is eager to take lots more. "It seems as if there's not even enough time in a lifetime to do all the things that I want to do," she says. "But I'm working on it."







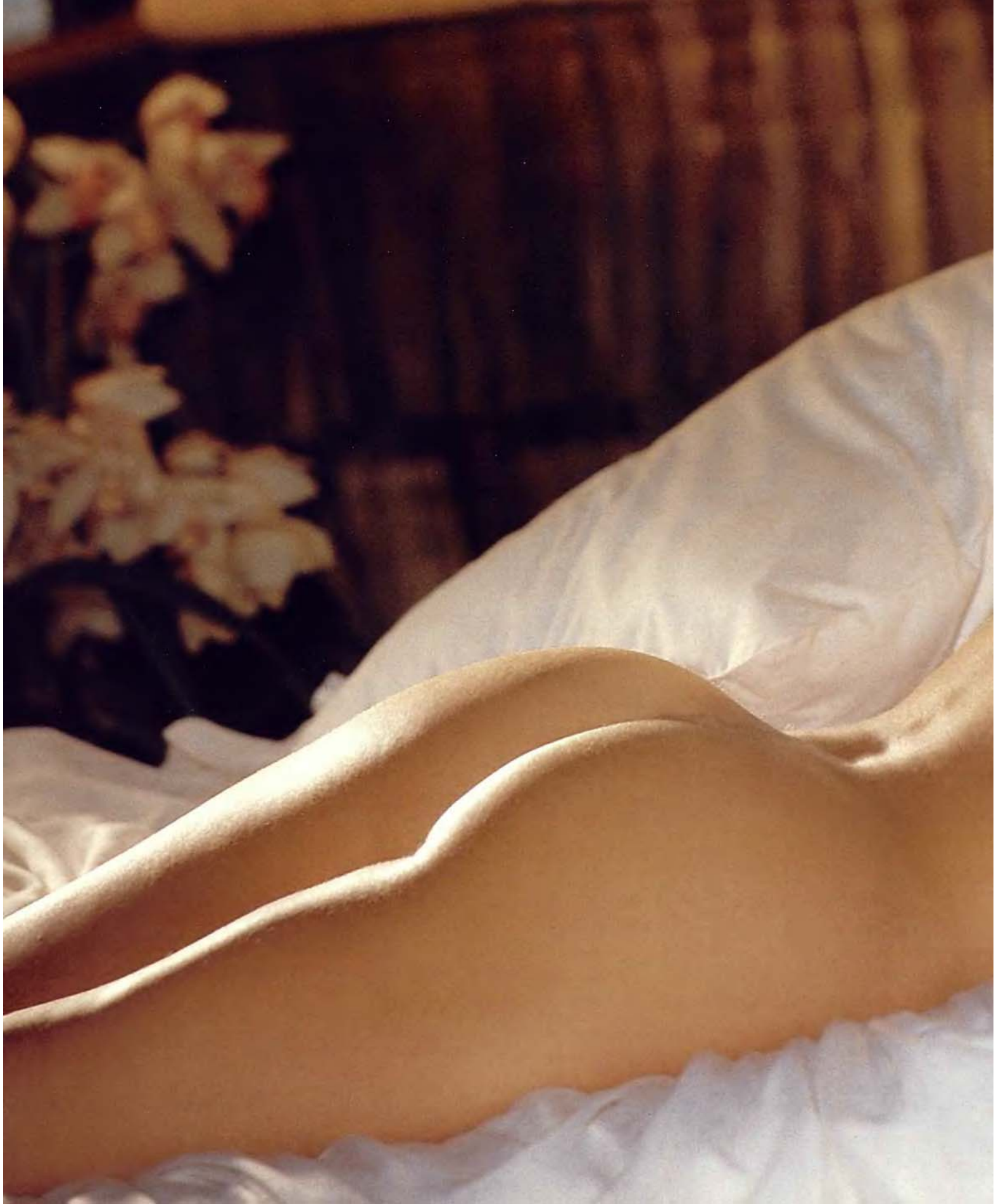








"It's extremely hard physically and mentally, but I'm definitely more relaxed than I used to be," says Brande of posing for our cameras. "And you can make it fun." Being chosen the 2001 Playmate of the Year, she adds, was also fun. "Of course, in the back of your head you're always hoping, but when I got the call I was completely shocked."





THERE'S MORE BRANDE AT PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT,
AND MUCH MORE FOR MEMBERS AT
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JERRY BRUCKHEIMER

(continued from page 124)

outside Bruckheimer's office, but this one isn't emblazoned across a promotional poster. Instead, it's hand-painted on the side of a five-and-a-half-foot bomb casing that dates back to World War II. TO: ADMIRAL ISOROKU YAMAMOTO, IMPERIAL JAPANESE NAVY, TOKYO. FROM: THE CREW OF BATTLESHIP ARIZONA, PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII. AIR MAIL 1942. SPECIAL DELIVERY. This particular message was never dispatched, although plenty of similar ones were. Instead, it sat in the Officers Club on the famed military base, and recently wound up in an auction, where it was bought as a gift by Bruckheimer's wife, the producer, editor and novelist Linda Bruckheimer.

There is, he knows, a lot riding on *Pearl Harbor*. Bruckheimer sees the movie as his first attempt at a David Lean-style epic: It has gunfire and romance, heroism and friendship and love and jealousy, turbulent emotions against a backdrop of momentous events. And its development was turbulent, too. The movie's original script budgeted out in excess of \$200 million—a figure that former Disney studio chairman Joe Roth might have approved. But others—most notably Roth's boss, Michael Eisner—were not so generous, so Bruckheimer and Bay whittled the budget to about \$145 million. They thought they had a green light at that figure, but then Roth left the studio. "When he left," says Schneider, "I had a mandate, which was, 'You can't spend that kind of money.' So Jerry, Michael and I sat down and came to a reasonable solution."

In the end, Bruckheimer and Bay accepted a \$135 million budget by dramatically cutting their fees, agreeing to surrender a share of the gross in exchange for a larger share if the box-office take reached a certain point, and personally guaranteeing any cost overruns. "Emotionally, I was the biggest wreck I'd ever been in my life," says Bay. "A movie like this can go \$10 million over in a heartbeat, and I was thinking, I'm going to be financing Disney. I can't do this. But Jerry kept me in the game. He's like a pit bull you cannot get rid of. After I quit four times, he was still saying, 'It's too good. You can't let this pass us by.'"

Before he committed to directing the movie, Bay insisted on a test: He shot footage of a real Japanese Zero fighter plane over the Pacific Ocean, gave it to the Industrial Light and Magic special effects firm, and asked it to add two fake Zeros behind the real fighter. "In fact," says Bruckheimer, "the real one looked phonier than the fake ones." In the end, the filmmakers used about a

dozen genuine World War II planes, while ILM supplied everything else.

Casting, meanwhile, caused problems of its own. Even though the film was a \$100-million-plus epic, Bruckheimer and Bay had to ask actors to cut their fees. "All the money that would have been paid to the actors," Bruckheimer says, "had to go on the screen." Ben Affleck agreed to take one of the lead roles for what the producer says was "virtually nothing, for him"; Josh Hartnett and actress Kate Beckinsale took the other two main roles. Gene Hackman, whose wife is of Japanese ancestry, declined the role of President Roosevelt; it went to Jon Voight instead. Kevin Costner offered to cut his fee to play General James Doolittle—but, in the end, he wasn't willing to cut it enough, so Alec Baldwin stepped in.

"I just believe in the idea. I believe in the script, I believe in the director," says Bruckheimer of his fights to get the movie made. "It's a historic movie about something that should be memorialized. We interviewed about 70 survivors, and they said, 'Make the film quick, because we're dropping like flies.'" He shakes his head. "There's an enormous amount of courage that went into Pearl Harbor, and an enormous amount of death and loss. Yamamoto sent two waves of fighters and was concerned our other carriers might be close by, and that he'd take some losses if he sent in another wave. But had they gone in for a third wave, they would have hit Chicago before we could put an army together. And we'd all be speaking Japanese now."

In the end, Bruckheimer says, filming went smoothly; all the delays wound up giving him and Bay more time to prep. "It was the hardest picture just to green-light," he says. "But once we got that, because we'd been preparing for so long, it was relatively easy to get started. Michael had already shot the movie, in his head." (Bay was, on occasion, forced to be creative: To shoot a graphic hospital scene but also make the PG-13 rating that Disney demanded, he reportedly invented a new type of camera lens that blurred everything around the edges of the frame.)

"As movies go, especially for one this size, it's been terrific," says Bruckheimer. "We had one accident where a plane went down, but fortunately the pilot only broke a finger. And that was pretty much the only tough thing that happened—knock on wood."

But the nearest wood is on his desk, across the room, so Bruckheimer knocks on shiny black plastic instead.

Stanley Goodspeed: "I'll do my best."

Mason: "Your best? Losers always whine

about their best. Winners go home and fuck the prom queen."—from *The Rock*

Through all these years and all those blockbusters, Bruckheimer is only certain about two movies he's made. The first time he saw them, he knew *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Armageddon* would be big hits. "Other than that," Bruckheimer says, "they're all shocks to me."

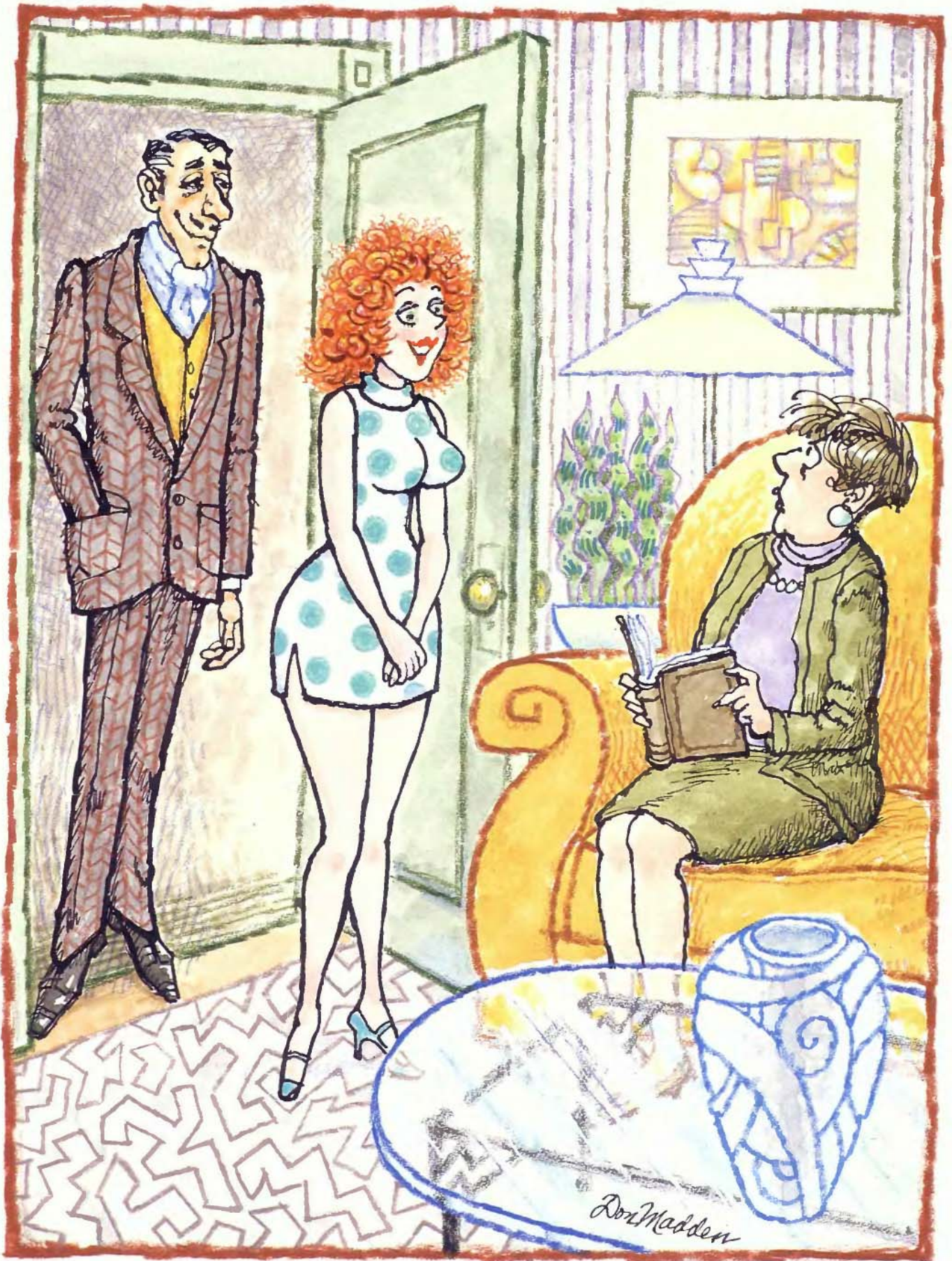
He does not, he insists, know what the people want. "I think it constantly changes," he says. "I mean, I'm a student of that. And I'm interested in the same movies they are. I'm kind of lost in a period when I was in my late teens and early 20s, and that's what I still gravitate toward. You can bet that a huge picture at the box office is also a picture I like a lot."

Growing up in a lower-middle-class family in Detroit, Bruckheimer knew by his early 20s that he'd like to head for Hollywood; director David Lean's epics *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago* influenced him powerfully. First Bruckheimer went into the advertising business, starting in the mailroom but soon producing eye-catching, award-winning spots. After just four years with the high-powered New York agency BBD&O, though, he turned his back on a lucrative Madison Avenue career when he got an offer to work as the associate producer on a small 1972 Western called *The Culpepper Cattle Company*. Bruckheimer walked away from a \$70,000-a-year job ("a lot of money at the time") to take a Hollywood gig that paid ten grand and offered no security. "I wanted to be able to tell stories for longer than 60 seconds," he says.

In Hollywood, he tried to gain notice by working harder than anybody else, and the pictures came steadily enough to keep him in business: He produced *Farewell My Lovely* in 1975, *March or Die* two years later. "I always had my eye on the ball," he says. "But I kept my reel of commercials, in case I needed it."

In 1980 he produced Paul Schrader's sleek *American Gigolo*, one of the first films to use pop music (in this case, the Blondie song *Call Me*) to sell a picture. Three years later, he made a deal with Don Simpson, a former Paramount production chief. The two men tackled what seemed to be a preposterous project about a woman who works as a Pittsburgh steel welder and does surprisingly elaborate pseudo-strip-teases in a weirdly high-tech working-class bar, but she really wants to be a ballet dancer. Lots of people in and outside Paramount hated *Flashdance*—but by the time Simpson, Bruckheimer and director Adrian Lyne were finished with it, the titillating fairy tale grossed over \$100 million and spawned

(continued on page 184)



"He followed me home, Mom. Can he keep me?"

City Girls

(continued from page 140)

compensate for having a small dick and they love to go down there. As far as size goes, it's really the whole package.

Tina: So big dick men should learn from small dick men.

Christy: I mean, if they want us to suck them off, they have to lick our pussies. That's the rule. I can't believe how many guys don't know how to lick effectively.

Misty: Maybe half of the guys don't offer to do it because they don't want to do anything that they're not good at. I also think that men get absorbed in their own pleasure. They get lost in the moment and forget about pleasing us.

Christy: Exactly.

Misty: Just because you have a big dick doesn't mean you always know how to use it. Guys of all sizes want you to blow them before they give you an orgasm, and then you're not satisfied.

Stella: Have you ever had an orgasm doggy-style? A lot of guys like to finish off with doggy-style.

Christy: Doggy-style hurts! It finishes off my bladder!

Stella: Really. It's like, Can you pump my bladder a little harder?

Christy: You're done. I'm in pain. And now I have to pee.

Tina: I have to disagree with you there. I love doggy-style. And if a guy reaches his fingers around, I can come that way.

Stella: Men like doggy because they not only get to look at your ass and spank it if they want, but they also like how their woodrow feels in that position. But I don't know if that's the most comfortable position for a lot of women.

Christy: I don't think there is one position that's best. Sometimes I like a 69 because I like hearing both of us making those sucking sounds!

Tina: Sixty-nine makes me lose my focus. I'm trying to be a good fellator and have an orgasm at the same time, and I'd rather focus on one thing.

Misty: I've had success in a number of positions. It depends on how much foreplay there is.

Tina: I don't like missionary because my

boyfriend is big and tall and I hate being crushed to death!

Christy: I love missionary! I like to look into the guy's eyes. There is something tantric about the eye contact.

Stella: Me too. I like to see him getting really turned on and looking at me. And I like to grab his butt cheeks in that position while he's thrusting away. Call me old-fashioned.

Tina: Sometimes I like heavy eye contact during sex because it's romantic; at other times I like it to be more porno, more anonymous.

Misty: The cowgirl position is interesting too because you can ride him while you sit on top and bend your legs. Another thing I love is when you lie on your stomach and he's on top of you. You can feel his balls as he's pumping away. I like getting slapped by his balls.

Tina: Sometimes when I'm lying on a flat surface, like the floor or the kitchen table, and I'm in the missionary position, I let out pussy farts! In the heat of the moment, I can hear my queefing. It sounds really squishy. But I had a boyfriend who was actually turned on by the sound of my pussy farts!

Stella: He liked them? What was his story?

Tina: He was Turkish.

Misty: I like the flat surface of a wall. I like doing it standing up. You can use the wall for support.

Tina: I had a guy lift up my legs on the couch, then sort of bend his knees in as he controlled the thrusting. That's a good position if you want to watch him go to town on you. Then if he gets tired, he can always flip you around. I like to do more than one position per session.

Misty: I also like sitting in the sink while he "cleans me up" with his tongue.

Stella: Once I had sex on the kitchen counter. It was sexy, but the problem was I kept banging my head on the toaster. Still I came.

Christy: Do you expect an orgasm every time you have sex?

Tina: Why shouldn't we? Guys do. But I think we have to be responsible for our own orgasms. You can't always expect the guy to "give" you an orgasm.

Misty: If we always waited for them to give us one, half the time we wouldn't have them. You have to figure out which positions hit the right spot. But it's different with each guy; that's what makes it confusing. With one boyfriend, for some reason, the old missionary position felt the best, but with the next guy, boring—it didn't work.

Tina: You know what's really hot? When you sit on top of a guy on a chair, facing him. Everybody gets a good view that way. I like that position because he gets a great view of my shaved baldy. And he can rub my nipples and look at me. And the chair gives him support.

Christy: Yeah, but what about the stains? Don't you get love juice all over the chair?





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NO-NAME MARGARITA,
I SAY, "NO WAY! JOSE!"



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Tina: I did, actually. I ruined a chair.
Stella: Remind me to never let you house-sit.
Tina: I like the woman-on-top position. That rules.
Christy: But doesn't the dick pop out in that position?
Stella: It can, but that's the fun of it—you get to keep shoving it back in.
Christy: Sometimes, when I have my period, I feel like giving my boyfriend a blow job and I love making him come. I like having control over his pleasure.
Stella: Do you like having sex during your period?
Misty: Yeah! It relieves my cramps. Orgasms can be medicinal. But it helps for only about an hour.
Tina: I had a boyfriend who was really uptight and got mad that I got period blood on his designer sheets. What a tightass. He made me sleep on the wet spot.
Misty: That is wrong.
Tina: If a guy's really trying, I don't get mad. That doesn't necessarily make for bad sex if you don't have an orgasm every time. But if every time I had sex with him and he was selfish, I'd get really cranky. If a guy is selfish, he's history.
Christy: The worst is when a guy doesn't even care if he gives you an orgasm. Sex is about giving each other pleasure. It's supposed to be fun for everyone.

Stella: I guess if there's one thing men know how to do, it's have an orgasm.
Christy: The problem is timing.
Stella: Exactly. I think our bodies are wired a bit differently. While women are trying to have an orgasm, men are trying not to.
Misty: I agree. I have the best orgasms when I have oral sex. I can come really fast that way, but I have to get warmed up. I like him to go down on me first, then I lick and suck his woody for a while, then after he's really excited, I make him come.
Tina: Practically every guy I've been with has come too fast. Sometimes I get sick of hearing, "Sorry I exploded in 30 seconds."
Stella: Maybe we ought to send out e-mails with slo-mo techniques.
Tina: Have you ever had sex on ecstasy?
Misty: Yeah, but I couldn't come because I was too high. I felt numb down there. I can't come until I come down.
Christy: I love ecstasy because it makes me hug all night. And I'm a hugger.
Stella: I had sex on mushrooms once and I was so high I couldn't even locate my vagina.
Tina: Have you ever faked an orgasm?
Stella: Never. I don't believe in it. If he thinks you're satisfied, he'll do even less work.
Christy: The best is when you come at

the same time he does.
Misty: But what about the semen?
Christy: I don't mind worshipping a guy, but I'm not going to worship his ejaculate. Why do guys think we love their semen so much?
Misty: I hate when guys want to come on my face. I think it's disrespectful.
Tina: Why do guys think we would even like that?
Christy: It's because guys watch too many face-squirting pornos! I saw one in a video store the other day that had 100 facial shots.
Stella: The female equivalent would be having an orgasm and squirting our discharge on a guy's face. Would he enjoy that? Let's get real. But we're supposed to enjoy his semen. I'm just not into it. Squirting it on my face and hair is not a treat. I love men and love sucking them and I love their dicks, but their semen is just OK. But I have to say I love watching a guy come, and I really love seeing it squirt out. Just not on my face.
Tina: Have you seen that *How to Female-Ejaculate* video?
Misty: What is that?
Tina: That's where a bunch of women, I think it's a lesbian thing, sit around and masturbate together with gigantic vibrators and take turns female-ejaculating as the "jet cam" moves in.
Christy: I've never heard of that.
Tina: Yeah, apparently only five to 10 percent of women can do it. Bisexual women and lesbians are into it.
Misty: Why would you want to do it?
Tina: Some women can't help it. It's the G spot that gets stimulated and some women expel fluid from there. My cousin can do it and she told me she accidentally squirted her husband in the eye once. That's how she discovered it.
Stella: The next time he went down on her he wore safety goggles.
Christy: The thing I have a hard time with is how guys act after they come.
Stella: That's when you can tell whether they really like you or not.
Misty: That's the time I want to hug and hear, "Run away with me forever, *cara mia!*" But instead, I usually hear something like, "Boy, did I ever lose a big load!" or in the words of a surfer dude, "I totally blew my nuts!"
Stella: Hey, want to hear something really gross?
Christy: I love anything that starts with that question.
Stella: One time I did it with this guy and it was great and he gave me three orgasms, but afterward, I got up to go to the bathroom and I stepped on the condom that he'd thrown on the carpet. Then the dog came into the room, smelled it and ate it.
Misty: That's disgusting.
Tina: That's hilarious.
Christy: Naughty doggy.



CHARLIE SHEEN

(continued from page 82)

PLAYBOY: How long did you spend in the Philippines?

SHEEN: On and off, eight months.

PLAYBOY: Laurence Fishburne, who was in the movie, was young at the time. Did you guys hang out?

SHEEN: Yeah. He borderline introduced me to pot. He and Emilio were going to the *dompas*, the Philippine whorehouses. In fact, Larry wore a T-shirt on the set that said DOMPA U. He was a graduate. But as usual, though they'd let me have a little grass, at some point they'd send me back to my hooch. I was 10 and turned 11.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose to go by the Sheen name instead of your real name, Estevez?

SHEEN: Emilio had already used Estevez, and I'd always been a Charlie as opposed to a Carlos, which is also my real name. I just thought Sheen had a better ring to it. A little more Anglo. And I thought I should keep the name going after Dad was gone or retired or both.

PLAYBOY: You've complained that after doing 50 movies people still only talk about *Platoon* and *Wall Street*.

SHEEN: It's like they're the same movie. That Oliver Stone film you did, *Platoon-WallStreet*. That's how it sounds.

PLAYBOY: At one point Oliver Stone offered you the role of Ron Kovic in *Born on the Fourth of July*. How did you feel when Tom Cruise got it?

SHEEN: Disappointed. Hurt. Oliver took me to dinner with Ron a few times, and we started talking. He said we were going to have a relationship like Scorsese and De Niro, and that this was the next movie. He said Al Pacino wanted to do the movie, De Niro wanted to—everybody wanted to—and "I'm going to give you this movie." I said, "Wow, this is exciting." There were some rewrites to be done and then he was going to Cuba and couldn't be reached, and, "I'll call you when I get back." I didn't hear from him long past his return date. Then Emilio called me and said, "Dude, I've got some bad news." I thought, Fuck, somebody died. He said, "Are you sitting down? Cruise is doing *Born on the Fourth*." I said, "Oh fuck, wow."

PLAYBOY: How pissed were you?

SHEEN: I wouldn't have cared if Oliver had called me personally, based on what we'd been through. We fought two wars, you know. But here was a crucial point for both of us, and he couldn't even call me and say, "I've changed my mind. I've made a mistake. I'm going with Tom." That I'd respect. I'm a firm believer in you can't lose something you never had, but I kind of had it for a while. So yeah, I was very disappointed. But at least it went to a capable actor who did a phenomenal job. Nothing is worse than not getting a job, and then it goes to some

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schmuck who pisses all over it.

PLAYBOY: How badly did it hurt your relationship with Stone?

SHEEN: That was kind of the end of it. I still think he's a brilliant filmmaker. I'd love to work with him again, and I think the timing is good for us to have a bit of a reunion at some point.

PLAYBOY: You're serious?

SHEEN: Of course! He's Oliver Stone [*chuckles*]. I might have been pissed, but I'm not stupid. He's still revered as a genius and I'm in the middle of a comeback. The two of us hooking up would be really interesting.

PLAYBOY: After you got sober, you made *Rated X*, a Showtime movie about the Mitchell brothers, the adult-film entrepreneurs who, among other things, made *Behind the Green Door*. Emilio directed and played Jim; you were Artie, the self-destructive brother, who eventually died. Why get sober and then do a movie that, in a sense, plunged you right back into that world?

SHEEN: I saw the opportunity as no coin-

cidence, again. There was a reason my first substantial role after rehab was to play a maniac whose personal story ended badly. I knew what it was like to go to those dark places and I got to go home every night after shooting with the reminder that I don't have to live like that anymore. I played a guy who died as a result of his abuse, so any time I even began to think, Good God, what am I missing, that thought was replaced with, I'm playing a dead man. That's a gift. It was like a big overcoat I put on when I got to work and then just took off afterward.

PLAYBOY: Your dad urged you not to do the movie. How hard did you have to work to change his mind?

SHEEN: Not much, because while he yelled at Emilio about it on the phone, he talked rationally to me. He was like, "Are you sure? I mean..." He was picking my brain. Then he'd call Emilio and say, "You motherfucker, you're going to lead him back into the pit of insanity, and it's going to be your fault! We've all worked so hard and he's worked so

hard." I would only hear this second-hand, from Emilio. But at the end of the day, my dad had confidence. The day we filmed a party scene in the office, with girls and blow and drinks and all that weirdness, it was my actual sobriety date. My first anniversary.

PLAYBOY: You and Emilio were estranged for years because of your substance abuse. Is it poetic justice that his character kills your character in the movie and, symbolically, gets to kill the old Charlie?

SHEEN: Interesting. We thought about swapping roles for about 10 seconds and realized it would be a lie. I never thought about that last bit. That's pretty radical.

PLAYBOY: And now the new Charlie is on *Spin City*. How did that happen?

SHEEN: After I got out of rehab I hired a couple of managers—my first. They asked me what I wanted and I said one word: respect. Not a jet, not a big movie, respect. Next thing, they said Jeffrey Katzenberg from DreamWorks had called, and would I come in. I ended up doing *Sugar Hill*, a pilot for Gary David Goldberg, who also produces *Spin City*. It didn't get picked up, but I moved on. Then I was watching the Golden Globes with my friend Adam, and we were talking about Mike Fox being sick and leaving the show. As a joke I said, "They're probably going to call me to replace him." Adam said, "Yeah, right. If you get the job, get me a job." Two days later, I was driving back from a voice-over I did for CNBC.com, and they called for me to replace him.

PLAYBOY: Your reaction?

SHEEN: Be careful what you wish for. I asked for 24 hours. I called my parents, I called my brother, I called friends. I called my therapist and my drug counselor. Everybody was thumbs-up.

PLAYBOY: It seems that lately, from *Rated X* to *Spin City*, your career has given you opportunities to if not actually repudiate your former life, then at least confront it publicly. Is this your public penance?

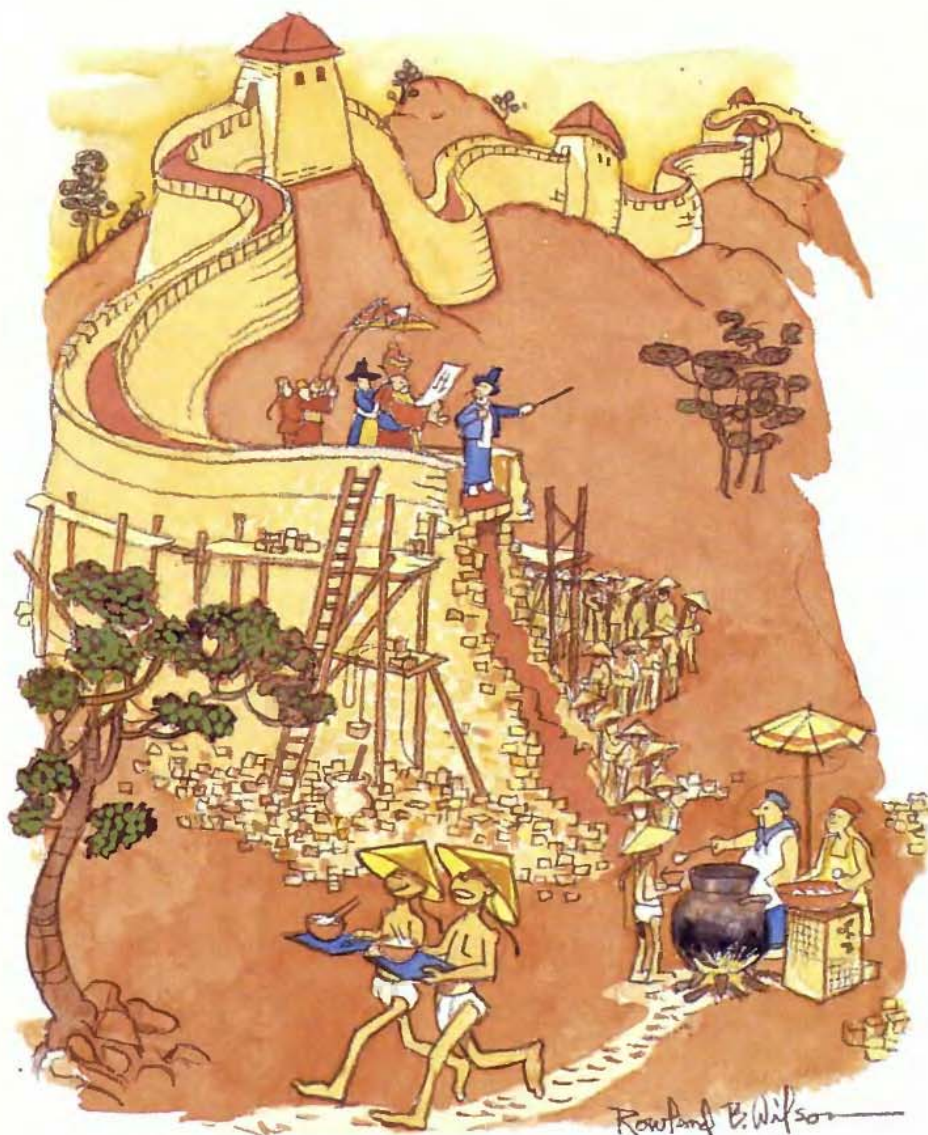
SHEEN: To a degree, sure. It's my public Antabuse. Being on *Spin City* is a win-win situation for me. If the show doesn't work, they can't say I didn't take a shot. I can say the show lost its primary component, America's favorite dude. I stepped in and it didn't work? Fuck off. If it does work, then I've come into an impossible situation.

PLAYBOY: If the show results in a big comeback, can you handle it?

SHEEN: I think so. I have the advantage now. I've got more knowledge and more experience. I've got volumes on how not to behave. I've got more information now than a guy should have at my age. My priorities are totally different.

PLAYBOY: This time, will you believe that you deserve success?

SHEEN: This time I'll know I've earned it.

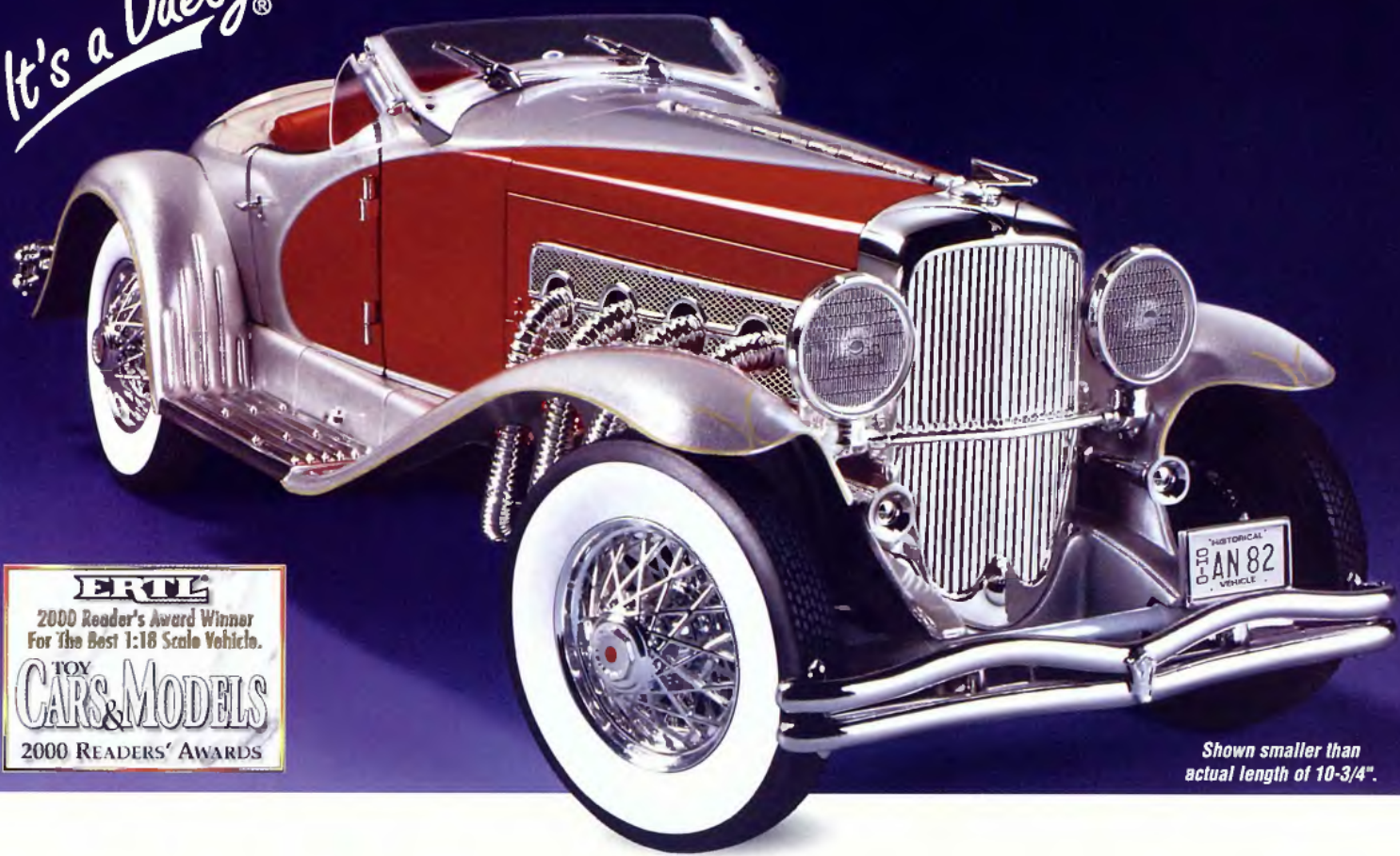


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MULHOLLAND

(continued from page 100)

regularly, they were among the most entertaining. They make for great TV, they always include an impressive celebrity quotient (what could be better than watching a panicked David Hasselhoff hosing down his mansion with a green garden hose—the only time he had touched any piece of his own yard equipment since moving to Malibu?) and, better yet, brush fires are a nicely localized problem. If you live in West LA, the fire might as well be in the Pacific Northwest. The only way you know LA is in the throes of peril is that regular TV programming is preempted and replaced with Team Coverage of brave firefighters and spunky celebrities fighting to save their multimillion-dollar estates. Fires make for much better TV than earthquakes, since earthquakes strike with no warning and are over before the average TV commercial. Fires rage on for days, they involve dramatic water-dropping aircraft and they're somewhat pretty, if you can forget the downside.

"Should we turn around?" asked Barry, being the practical one.

Lee, Jim, Tony and Dick were feeling more adventurous. The idea of sitting at a bar, pounding vodka martinis, listening to the sirens as neighboring fire departments raced to help, watching Team Coverage on the TV over the bar—it all sounded good to them. Perry voted to proceed, as well. He didn't want to be cheated out of his moment just because a few beach houses were burning to the

ground and the traffic was thick with fire trucks.

Johnny Carson, Barbra Streisand, Dick Clark, David Geffen, Martin Sheen—the news anchors sounded like they were hawking maps to the stars' homes. Those were the homes in danger, they said. Not "immediate danger," as it turned out. The fire was currently burning in a remote area of Decker Canyon, a bit north of Malibu's celebrity enclave and more where horses and cranky loners lived.

Even though the fire was in its infancy—threatening homes, not burning them to the ground—the Team Coverage had an odd effect on Perry and his friends. It made them jealous.

"I'd love to move Eloise and the kids out to Malibu," Barry sighed. "The schools are so good and the air is so clean."

"Don't property values drop after a fire like this?" wondered Lee. "Couldn't we all afford a nice beachfront condo? Aren't all these rich idiots fleeing for Beverly Hills right now?"

"People in Malibu never move," said Tony. "The house burns down and they rebuild it. A big wave demolishes their front deck and they replace it with a bigger deck. The rains fill their living rooms with mud and they buy new Oriental rugs. They're insanely loyal."

"And insanely rich," added Jim.

Perry didn't say anything, but it occurred to him that Malibu was at best a pipe dream, for everyone else from *Boing*. Now that he was a showrunner, he was the only one in a position to actually af-

ford the Malibu lifestyle and, fires or no, the idea suddenly had a certain appeal.

Perry had barely moved into his new office and suddenly everyone was behaving differently. His parents acted as if he was already rich, old friends hinted around for jobs while making sarcastic asides about his dumb luck, newer friends pretended they'd been friends for years and, in the most surreal moment, his agent called—*just to say hi*.

His brother Tim's reaction was easier to understand—what brothers aren't plagued by sibling rivalry? It wasn't as if things were going great for Tim. Sure, he had a job, but it was writing about entertainment for a website, not exactly a dream come true. The guys at work, the other writers who were busy trying to sell their screenplays, well, of course, they'd have mixed emotions. But the thinly disguised resentment from the world at large was bothersome.

Oddly enough Perry's gym—normally a source of vanity and insecurity—was now his only refuge. It didn't matter much what time you showed up at 24-Hour Fitness, Peter—the lord of the gym—was there, wandering from machine to machine, playing racquetball, drinking a Snapple at the snack bar. Mostly, though, Peter chatted. Stout, muscular and in his early 50s, he introduced himself as a TV producer. While he used the present tense and he did maintain a small office at one of the studios, his career seemed to exist well in the past, during the golden age of variety shows, back when Dinah Shore was a singer, not a dead lesbian icon. When Regis Philbin was lucky to be a sidekick. Back before Donny and Marie had emotional problems they happily shared on *Entertainment Tonight*. Back before Cher had tattoos and Sonny took ski lessons. Peter hadn't had a show on the air since the Eighties, but he'd apparently made good money while he could—he drove a Mercedes and had plenty of free time. In any given three-hour span, he might work out for 20 minutes. However, he knew everyone and picked up on every speck of gossip.

"I can't figure out why Nancy would hire the likes of you to work on her show," said Peter.

"She has no choice," said Perry. "I'm the brains of the operation. I wrote the script."

"Yes, and we all know how powerful a writer is in Hollywood," said Peter.

Perry laughed. "It's just a commitment to do a pilot. There are no guarantees," he said, mentally knocking on wood.

"That's a good way of looking at it," said Peter. "It's a great first step—not that many people get to do pilots. There are a lot of people involved in pilots who

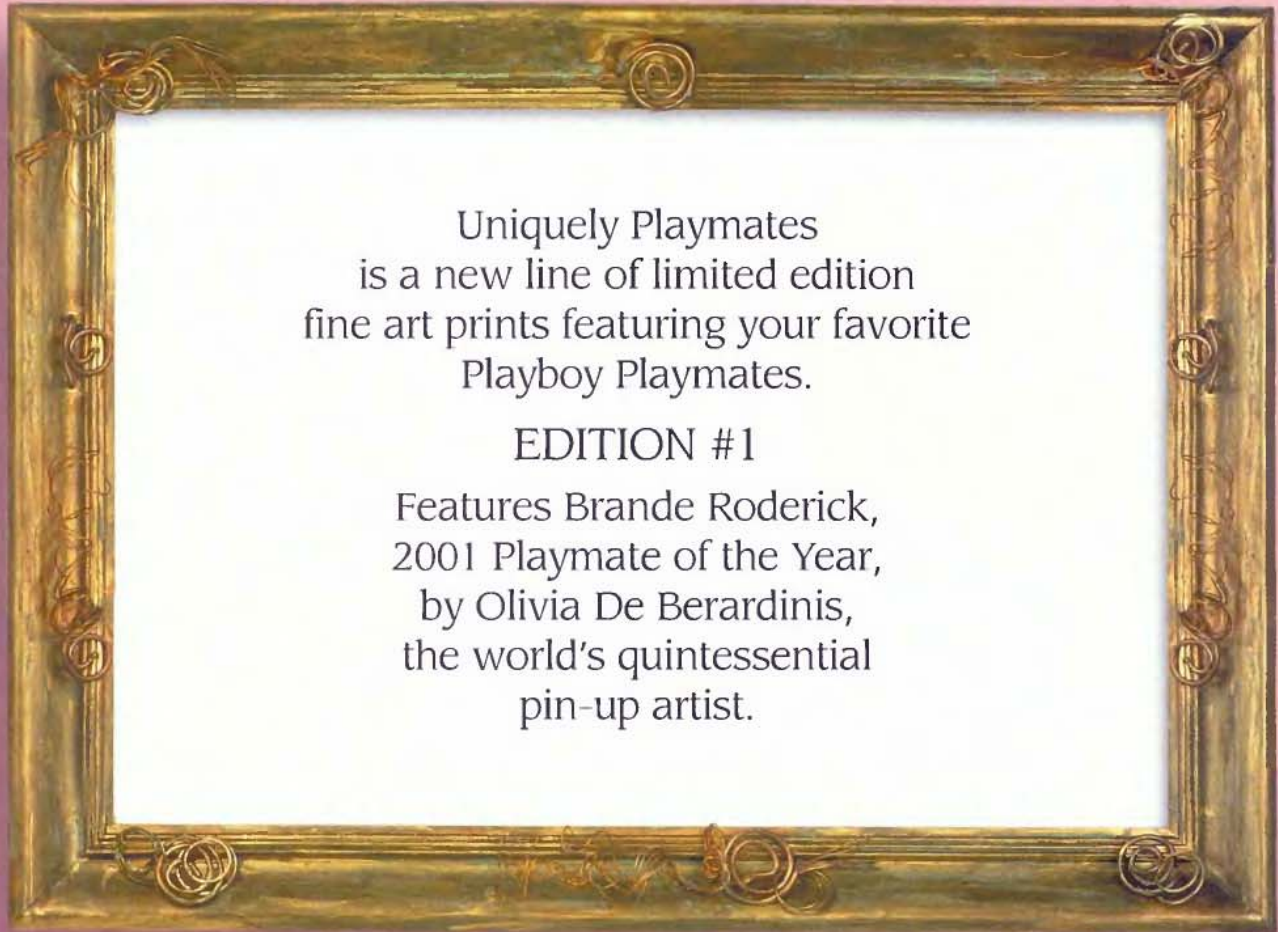
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find themselves back waiting tables when the pilot doesn't sell."

"Or writing game show questions," Perry said.

"What's your role now that the script is written?"

"Nancy and I will be the showrunners. We'll start casting in the next couple of weeks and shoot the pilot as is. If it goes, it goes—and then I'll have a TV show, I guess."

"Be careful," warned Peter. "Lots of things can go wrong. You're going to be dealing with a lot of people who will be looking out for themselves. You have to watch out for yourself, OK?"

And Nancy, thought Perry. I have to watch out for the two of us. Instead of bringing them closer, success seemed to be a big distraction. They'd had dinner only once since the fateful meeting—Nancy was constantly busy—and their phone conversations were hurried and unsatisfying. When he'd try to talk, she'd sound annoyed and impatient, always

eager to get back to Heather. She was rushed when they talked business and she had no time whatsoever for any of that mushy stuff that's part of a normal relationship. Perry sometimes feared that while he was looking for a girlfriend, Nancy wanted to be more of a business partner. The sad thing was that Perry often doubted whether she was all that suited for either role.

When he got back to his apartment, there were eight messages waiting for him. One was from Tim, who said he had convinced his boss to do a small feature on Perry's new show for the *Hollywood Today* website. There was a forced cheerfulness in Tim's voice, but Perry was impressed by the brotherly gesture.

Of course, there were two calls from Nancy—her voice racing, her tone urgent. "Heather has some more really good casting ideas," she said in her first message. "I really want you to hear them." "I can't make dinner tonight—sorry, hon," said the second message.

"Heather needs me to go with her to the Garden of Eden. She has to see her ex and it's freaking her out."

Mom called, announcing a special Sunday dinner ("Your dad is taking us all out to Casa Vega," she said excitedly), and Dad called in his typically car-centered way ("It occurred to me that you might be thinking of getting rid of the Civic and I wanted to remind you that I can get you a good deal on an Accord, or, if you wanted, an Acura").

The remaining three calls came from friends, who had heard it through the grapevine. It was male bonding at its best—not one of them could actually muster congratulations without sarcasm. Paul, his basketball buddy, had it down.

"Whoa, they've lowered the bar. A comedy? You're only funny when you play basketball, and you get your biggest laughs when you get hurt. You, sir, are the Steve Guttenberg of writers—a no-talent who succeeds where we hard-working, artistic types fail. So congratulations, and don't forget all those times you promised me a job. As luck would have it, I'm available."

"How's life among the rich and famous?" asked Tim.

Perry could answer that question in so many ways: He could say, "It sucks," which, given the odd turn his relationship with Nancy was taking, would be true. He could say, "It's great," which was also accurate enough. In a world in which every waiter, secretary and car mechanic is poised over an iMac, churning out enough screenplays to decimate a rain forest, Perry had done something neat—he had sold a half-hour sitcom to a big-time studio and no matter what happened, even if the show was never picked up by a network, he'd see his pilot episode produced, his lines spoken by real actors on a real set, and he'd have an office on the Sony lot with business cards that read: EXECUTIVE PRODUCER.

"It reads better than it lives," he told Tim, taking the writerly way out.

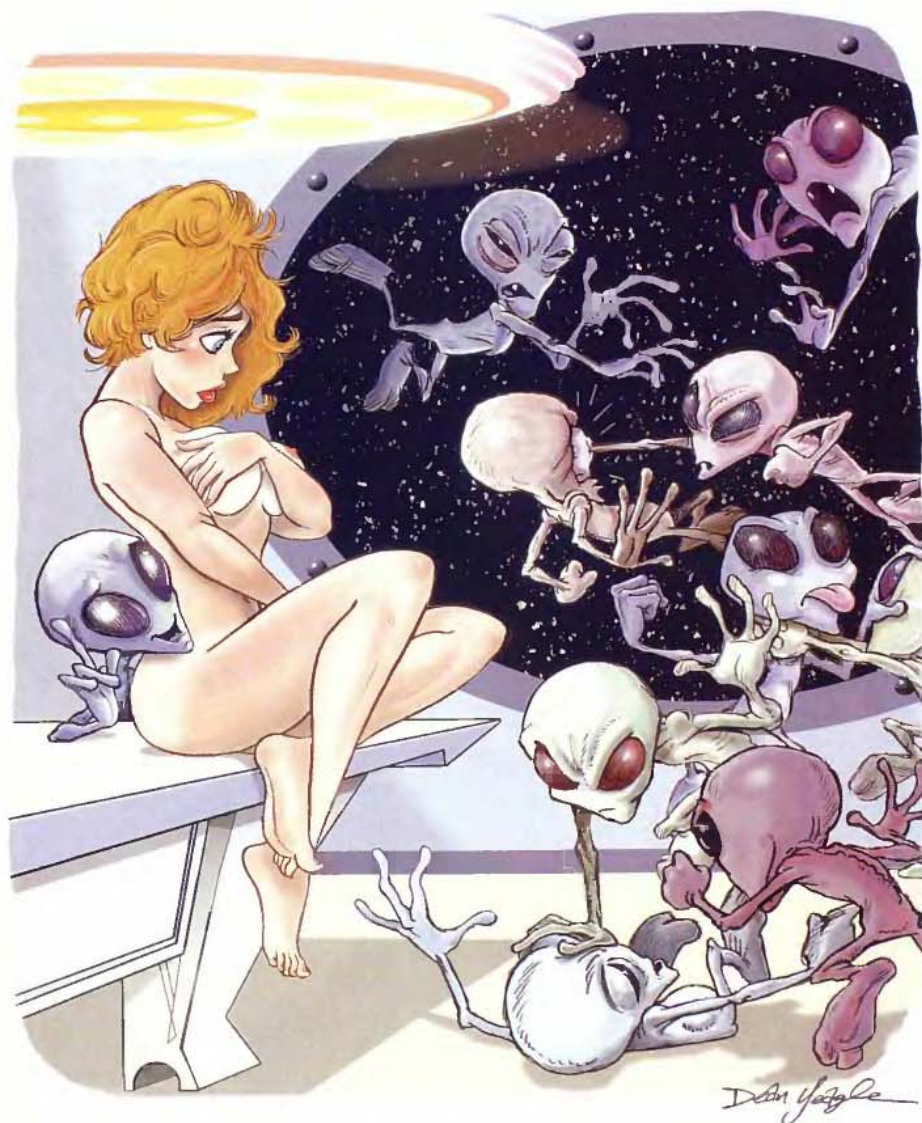
"Shouldn't you be deliriously happy?" asked Tim. "Shouldn't you and Nancy be hanging out at Morton's with David Kelley and Michelle Pfeiffer?"

"I probably should be deliriously happy, but I'm not. Things are weird with Nancy—I mean, I can't tell you how weird. Wait, I can. Here's how weird they are: I'm thinking of having lunch with Dad and asking him about women. That's how weird they are."

"Dad? Our dad?"

"Yes, Syd Newman, owner of the Valley's third-largest Honda dealership and husband of the bossiest woman in all of Studio City."

"What advice could Dad possibly give? 'Roll over and play dead—it's worked for me?' You could have come to me. I'm your age at least. I'm hurt," said Tim.



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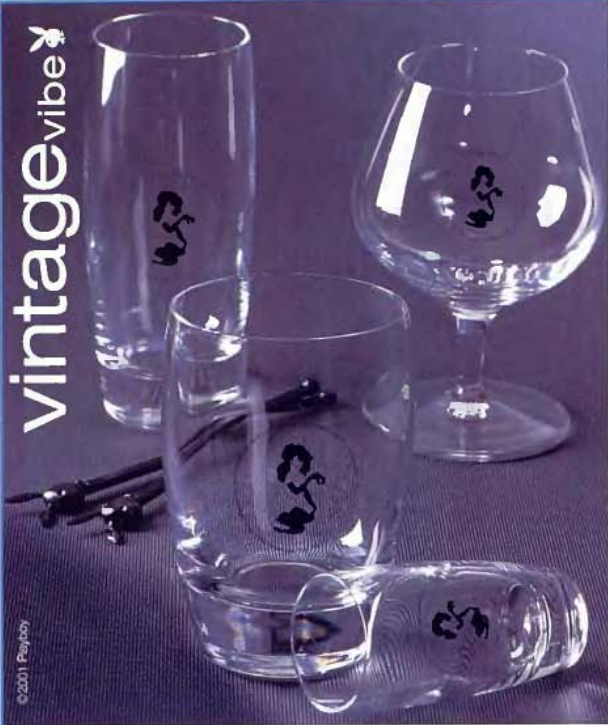
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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

"You're gay."

"We have feelings. You could argue we have more feelings, especially me. I have way too many feelings. Anyway, just because I'm gay shouldn't disqualify me. At least disqualify me for a good reason—like my total failure at any relationships whatsoever."

"Well, there was that."

"I still want to help. I know lots of stuff. I watch a lot of TV. I have all this relationship information from Lucy and Ricky to Will and Grace. It's all stored upstairs and available for you, as my brother."

"I write TV, remember?"

"Oh yes, that does cheapen it, doesn't it? Just think, my entire worldview has been formed by people like you. No wonder I'm fucked up."

"You're a paragon of normalcy compared with my girlfriend-slash-partner."

"So how bad is it? And what happens with the show if you two aren't getting along?"

"I haven't seen her and she's too busy to talk. A wall has gone up and I don't know why. Maybe she feels guilty because the show is my idea and all. She wants so much to be important and this is really my show. Maybe I'm making it out to be more than it is. I just don't know," said Perry.

"I would guess success would throw people for a loop, at least initially," offered Tim. "Not that I have any first-hand experience, but it seems to me they've done TV movies on that."

"Listen," continued Tim. "Why don't you just go and talk to her? Drive over there, to Heather's house or wherever she is, and just sit down and talk. What's the worst that can happen?"

While a dramatic entrance into Heather's guest house was not exactly Perry's style, Tim's advice made a certain amount of sense. Not the type of sense that would hold up to careful scrutiny, Perry knew, so if he was going to follow it, he'd better do so now, before he talked himself out of it. He drove to Laurel Canyon, took a left on Kirkwood and went to the strange cul-de-sac. There, perched on the impossibly steep hill, were four houses, each reachable by its own funicular. The house on the far right belonged to Heather. Perry got in the funicular and pressed the buzzer. Usually, a voice—often Nancy's—would come on the intercom and ask, "Who is it?" This time, the funicular simply started its ascent.

Perry went around the back to the guest house and knocked on the door. "Oh, hi, Perry," said Heather. "Nancy's not here. She's off at the studio. I don't expect her back until four or so. I'll tell her you were here."

"Oh, great—thanks," stammered Perry. "I'll see you later."

"I guess you will, now that we're going to be working together and all."

Perry felt himself go into blink mode—an involuntary spasm of eye twitches when he was forced to process too much information at once.

"Working together?"

"Yes, I know everyone's surprised that I'd even think about doing a sitcom at this point in my life, but something really feels right about it."

"My sitcom? *Dire Straights*?"

"I think it will be fun. Fun is a good thing. And I haven't had much fun lately."

On the ride down the funicular Perry thought briefly of jumping overboard. It wouldn't work well as a suicide attempt—he'd just roll down the hill and mess up his clothes—but it seemed so appropriate.

What is Heather doing in my TV show? he wondered angrily. *There's not one role that's even remotely appropriate for her. Not one. And why didn't Nancy tell me about this?*

His mind raced, computing all the possibilities. Had Nancy sold him out, and made some sort of side deal with Heather? Did Columbia and Jonathan Scott know about this? Or was Nancy humoring Heather? That was entirely possible—Nancy had built a career on placating Heather, making her believe she was getting her way only to manipulate her deftly in an entirely different direction. But if that were the case, why hadn't Nancy told him? It would have

been good for a laugh, if nothing else.

What was it that Tim had said? "Just sit down and talk. What's the worst that can happen?" Sometimes Tim can be such an idiot, thought Perry.



Perry called his agent. He was unavailable. He called Jonathan Scott. Unavailable. He called Nancy several times. Extremely unavailable. Finally, at 11 P.M., feeling too low to talk and too wired to sleep, he turned off the ringer on his phone and took two Dalmane—a potent dose for anyone—and sought refuge in sleep.

He awoke to the sound of his fax machine. Tim was faxing the front page of *The Hollywood Reporter*:

HEATHER WINDWARD IN DIRE STRAIGHTS

Gen-X poster girl Heather Windward has taken an interesting career switch by agreeing to exec-produce and star in a sitcom, *Dire Straights*, for Columbia TriStar's TV unit, with a guaranteed berth on NBC in the fall. The show's co-creator and co-executive producer is longtime Windward associate Nancy Marshall, under the Kirkwood Productions banner, a company the duo formed last month.

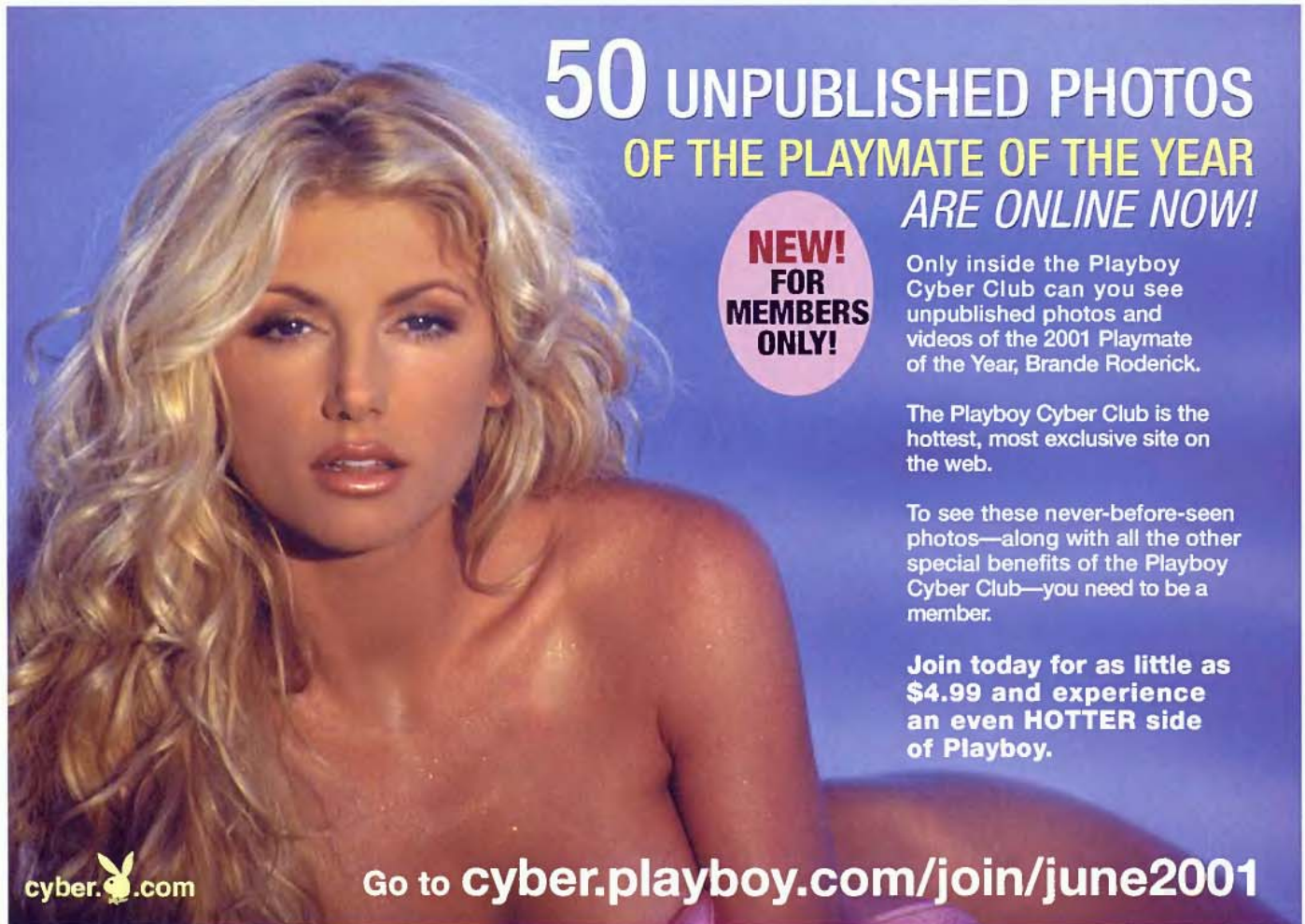
"I think it's time in my life to have some fun," said Windward. "And I think this show will be different enough to provide the creative challenge it's so hard to get in movies today."

Based loosely on an original script by Marshall and game-show scribe Perry Newman, the show is undergoing a complete revise, with veteran TV hand Babaloo Mandel working with Marshall on a new, hipper version.

"With Heather on board, we have a chance to push the sitcom envelope," said Jonathan Scott, VP of comedy development at Columbia TriStar. "The original pilot was in some ways too traditional. We all want to see something very young and cutting edge."

There was no point in calling Nancy. His rage at her was so intense, there was nothing she could do or say that wouldn't only make him even angrier. There are broken hearts, and there's being used and made to be the fool. It wasn't until this moment that Perry realized how much worse the latter could be.

Perry called his agent first. "I haven't been looking forward to this conversation," said the agent. "This is just one of



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ca, nautica.com. Watches: By Seiko, seikousa.com. By Timex, timex.com. **Shorts, shirt, sandals** by John Varvatos, johnvarvatos.com. **Sweater, cardigan** by Easel, 888-327-6020. **Shorts** by William B, williamb.com. **Shoes** by Les Tropeziennes, from Otto Tootsi Plohound, 212-925-8931. **Bag** by Samsonite, samsonite.com. **Shirt, shorts, sandals** by Polo Jeans, polo.com. **Shirt** by Emporio Armani, 212-317-0800. **Pants** by Prada, 888-977-1900. **Page 107: Jeans:** By Diesel, diesel.com. By Gucci, 212-826-2600. By Levi's, 800-USA-LEVIS. By DeG, 212-965-8000. **Sneakers:** By Fila, fila.com. By Tommy Hilfinger, 800-TOMMY-CARES. **Backpack** by Eddie Bauer, eddiebauer.com. **Shirts:** By Force, from Gerry's Menswear, 212-243-9141. By Puma, puma.com. **Shirt, sneakers** by Nautica, nautica.com. **Watch** by Timex, timex.com. **Shoes** by Dexter, dextershoe.com. **Belts** by CK Bradley, 888-422-6005.

MANTRACK

Page 54: **Hotel**, 877-600-9011. **Flute bar**, 212-529-7870. **Protection device**, 800-962-2611.

FASHION

Pages 102-103: **Shirt, tie, jacket, trousers**, by Brioni, 212-376-5778. **Belts:** By Kenneth Cole, 800-KEN-COLE. By DKNY, 800-231-0884. **Watches:** By Pulsar, pulsarwatches.com. By Timex, timex.com. By Seiko, seiko.com. **Glasses:** By Oliver Peoples, 212-925-5400. By Giorgio Armani, giorgioarmani.com. **T-shirt** by DKNY Jeans, 800-231-0884. **Pants** by Ted Baker, 212-343-8989. **T-shirt, pants, sports coat** by Paul Stuart, paulstuart.com. **Briefcase, bag** by Valextra, 212-246-6724. **Shirt, jacket, trousers** by Corneliani, 800-222-9477. **Bags:** By CK, 800-294-7978. By Burberry, 800-284-8480. **Page 104: Shirt** by Gianni Versace, 888-3-VERSACE. **Pants** by Prada, 888-977-1900. **Watch** by Kenneth Cole, 800-KEN-COLE. **Cardigan, halter** by Easel, 888-327-6020. **Shorts** by Joop, 305-674-7874. **Shoes** by Les Tropeziennes, from Otto Tootsi Plohound, 212-925-8931. **Sunglasses** by Polo Jeans, polo.com. **Bags** by Louis Vuitton, 800-847-2956. **Page 105: Shirt, shorts** by Louis Garneau, 215-794-9600. **Glasses** by Oliver Peoples, 212-925-5400. **Shoes** by Carnac, 215-794-9600. **Helmet** by Bell, bellbikeshelmets.com. **Shirt, jacket, shorts** by Hugo Boss Sport, 800-HUGO-BOSS. **Sneakers:** By Nautica, nautica.com. By Tommy Hilfinger, 800-TOMMY-CARES. **T-shirt, shirt, shorts** by OP, www.opmag.com. **Anorak** by Columbia Sportswear, columbia.com. **Backpack** by Eddie Bauer, eddiebauer.com. **Sunglasses** by Black Fly, flies.com. **Bike** by Pinarello, pinarello.com. **Page 106: Shirt** by Ted Baker, 212-343-8989. **Shorts** by Emporio Armani, 212-317-0800. **Sandals:** By Helmut Lang, helmutlang.com. By Nauti-

HAULIN' ASS

Pages 126-128: **Cadillac**, cadillac.com. **Toyota**, toyota.com. **Dodge**, 4adodge.com. **Nissan**, nissandriven.com. **Ford**, fordvehicles.com. **Chevrolet**, chevrolet.com.

DADS AND GRADS

Pages 130-131: **Stereo**, 847-299-9380. **Watch**, 800-283-7236. **Picture frame**, 800-343-5000. **Knife**, 800-442-2706. **Bag**, 800-943-9463. **Dart set**, playboystore.com. **Cell phone**, 800-229-1235. **Organizer**, 877-234-2426. **Internet**, 800-222-7669. **Pages 132-133: TV**, 800-211-7262. **Watch**, 800-962-2746. **Knife**, 800-521-5152. **Camera**, 800-343-5000. **Messenger**, 800-668-6765. **Carry-on**, 888-909-9376. **Phone**, 888-735-7888. **Tennis**, 800-946-6060. **Computer**, 800-538-9696. **Robot**, 888-917-7669.

ON THE SCENE

Page 191: **Wine safe**, 800-943-9463. **Book**, at bookstores. **DVD**, 800-746-6337. **Headphones**, 860-434-9190. **Case**, cdprojects.com. **Grill**, 800-364-5442. **Footwear**, gravisfootwear.com. **Books**, fodors.com. **Camera**, www.sealife-cameras.com. **Telephone**, 800-344-4444. **GPS system**, garmin.com. **PS one**, 800-345-7669. **Monitor**, 407-333-1392.

those ugly things that happen. It happens to everyone sometime or other. Just be thankful you hadn't devoted your life to this before the ax fell. Besides, if the show goes, you'll have some back-end participation. It'll be found money. Mailbox money. The best kind."

Jonathan Scott was next. "I have to tell you, I've been dreading this phone call," said Jonathan. "This has been a very awkward situation for all of us. We all loved your script, but once Nancy brought us Heather and we saw the synergistic possibilities of that relationship, we had to make some changes."

"But why were those changes made without me? I was the goddamn showrunner! I wrote the goddamn script!"

Jonathan took a deep breath. "I was led to believe that Nancy was the real creative force behind the concept," he said. "Frankly, Perry, you were so quiet in the meeting that we assumed you lacked real passion for the project. Nancy, on the other hand, was virtually on fire. That's what it takes to get things done."

"Why wasn't I told?" Perry demanded. "I had a right to be kept in the loop."

"Nancy said she was taking care of it," said Jonathan. "I had no reason to doubt her."

"She didn't take care of it. I read it in *The Hollywood Reporter* this morning."

"That must have hurt," consoled Jonathan. "But listen, you have friends here. We'd love to be in business with you. You'll have other ideas and we'll talk. I know this must be painful, but it could all work out for the best. Why don't you sit down at your computer and give me a few treatments? We'll do lunch at Le Dôme."

They hung up and Jonathan shouted out to his assistant, "Put Perry Newman on the DNA list, please." DNA was club jargon for Do Not Admit. For Perry, Jonathan Scott would be forever unavailable.

Perry called Tim and told him the story. Tim had barely gotten used to his brother's success; now he had to deal with his brother's unemployment. This would throw the family into turmoil—Ann and Syd were used to Tim being unemployed and alone, but for Perry these were uncharted waters. If Dad threw a couple of \$100 bills Perry's way, it would barely cover his shampoo fetish. Sunday night's dinner was shaping up to be a maudlin affair. Having to praise Perry while pitying Tim might be standard procedure for Ann and Syd, but the Newmans had just entered bizarre world.

"Mom and Dad are going to go crazy, you know," said Tim.

"Here's the worst part," said Perry. "Mom will miss Nancy. She really will."

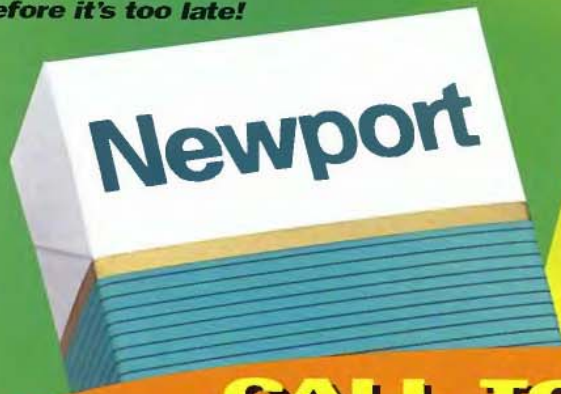
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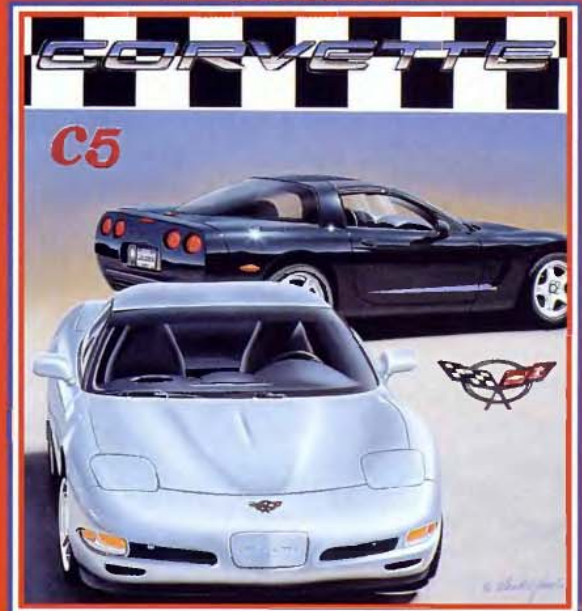


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PORN DVDs

(continued from page 108)

THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES (1972)

After directing *Deep Throat*, Gerard Damiano released his Catholic inner child with this film. Georgina Spelvin plays a virgin who commits suicide and finds herself on her way to hell. The devil offers her a short reprieve if she agrees to return to earth and be "consumed by lust." She succeeds admirably.

FACE DANCE I AND II (1993)

John Stagliano is best known for his gonzo "Buttman" series. *Face Dance* is his attempt at plot. This festival of debauchery includes group scenes, oddball sexual roughhousing, nasty stripteases and the severe depletion of Rocco Siffredi by actresses fresh enough to look surprised.

HOUSE OF SLEEPING BEAUTIES 3 (2000)

The most recent chapter in this Paul Thomas series opens at a mysterious Victorian bordello in which elderly men retreat to dream of their sexually active youths. One old soldier fondly recalls a lost love (Taylor Hayes) who had a heart of gold, a healing touch and great tits.

LATEX (1995)

In this classic from Michael Ninn, Jon Dough can see other people's sexual histories by touching them. The Big Sister state decides he must be cured. Is he a lunatic or a visionary? Only a mysterious blonde, played by Sunset Thomas, can protect him from kinky shrink Tyffany Million, but he wins either way.

NEW WAVE HOOKERS (1985)

Created in wonderfully bad taste by the Dark Brothers, the surreal *NWH* features Jamie Gillis and Jack Baker as pimps who can turn women into whores by having them listen to New Wave music. They even shared the beat with an underage Traci Lords, though that scene has long since been excised.

NOTHING TO HIDE 2: JUSTINE (1993)

Paul Thomas again. Roxanne Blaze falls for an older guy she meets when he's shopping for cock rings. "You don't need a cock ring," she tells him. "You just need a good fuck." He gets one. As it turns out, the guy is her boyfriend's father and she must decide between the two. I won't spoil the ending.

THE OPENING OF MISTY BEETHOVEN (1976)

Directed by Radley Metzger, this is the closest thing you'll find to a hard-core Woody Allen film. A therapist played by Jamie Gillis bets he can turn Misty (Constance Money) into the world's greatest sex star by teaching her to give better head. The result qualifies as porn chic.



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DEADLY AIR

(continued from page 98)

or encouraged by viruses—not just violent fevers, such as Ebola, but cancer, heart disease, schizophrenia, arthritis and multiple sclerosis. Worse, some scientists believe our attempts to control viruses are backfiring, and that the most cunning mutations are now getting the upper hand.

Some have been hiding in reservoir hosts, biding their time. Others are mutations of viruses once benign. Every so often, monster versions of influenza appear—the worst occurring in 1918, killing more people worldwide than any plague or war in history. The bad news: “We’re long overdue for another one,” says Dr. David Pegues, epidemiologist at the UCLA Medical Center in Los Angeles. “Serious worldwide flu pandemics typically occur every eight to 10 years. It’s been more than 20 years since we’ve had one.” Others agree we could be just a roll of the evolutionary dice from another 1918 flu.

Meanwhile, other new viruses keep arriving at our front door. Adventurous travelers, scientists and road-construction crews now routinely encounter unfamiliar viruses as they prowl jungles and rain forests unexplored decades ago. Then they carry their new companions back to urban populations more dense than ever. West Nile virus has arrived in the western hemisphere. Rift Valley fever, a particularly potent virus, is on the move. The hoof-and-mouth virus, a threat to livestock, broke loose again this spring.

Viruses groomed as military hardware are yet another menace. Once thought too complex for small extremist groups to deploy, modern bioweapons are now one of the most plausible terrorist threats.

JUST OFF THE BOAT

Our latest unwelcome newcomer is the West Nile virus, which made its U.S. debut two years ago. It may have traveled here in smuggled birds. The first evidence of its arrival was an unusual die-off of crows and other birds at the Bronx Zoo. Mosquitoes contract the virus when they feed on infected birds. Then they pass it along to us.

In its first summer in New York, in 1999, West Nile caused 62 severe cases of encephalitis, killing seven people. Health authorities launched a pesticide-spraying effort to kill the mosquitoes, even closing Central Park one night and postponing a concert of the New York Philharmonic in the summer of 2000. Last year, far fewer humans got sick. Only one died and another remains in medical limbo—a “persistent vegetative state.” But West Nile is not going away. It’s spreading throughout North America. Researchers expect West Nile to reach California by 2003.

To track West Nile’s spread, public health workers first monitored hundreds of live chickens in East Coast states. These feathered members of the Sentinel Chicken Surveillance team were luckier than the canaries whose demise in 19th century mines warned miners that deadly gas was beginning to accumulate. Chickens aren’t adversely affected—they test positive but don’t die. Even so, their

infection rates were low. The death of flocks of wild birds is a better sign of West Nile’s geographic presence. Now the Centers for Disease Control encourages local health workers to call when they see, as CDC spokesperson Barbara Reynolds puts it, “birds falling out of the sky.”

As killer viruses go, West Nile and other mosquito-borne encephalitis viruses aren’t as infectious or lethal as smallpox. Still, a 1986 outbreak of St. Louis encephalitis in Harris County, Texas sickened 28 people and killed five.

“There are lots of reasons to believe West Nile is going to remain a more significant problem than St. Louis encephalitis,” says Dr. Lyle Petersen, a West Nile expert with the CDC. “West Nile has much higher levels of virus circulating in infected birds. The potential is greater for the virus to spread faster.”

And dying from encephalitis wouldn’t be the way to go. Encephalitis causes the brain to swell. If you have a terminal case, you descend through headaches, high fevers and bone-deep weariness to convulsions, madness, coma and death.

Viruses are notoriously unpredictable. Friendlies can turn quickly hostile, and vice versa. The 1918 influenza virus is a horrifying example. It first appeared in Kansas that March as a mild headache-and-fever illness—a three-day flu. But it returned that fall in a deadly new form, striking both in Boston and in the trenches of the Western Front. It became pandemic—a worldwide epidemic—scorching its way swiftly around the globe, killing by some estimates more than 20 million people. In just a few months, it slaughtered the same number of victims that AIDS killed in two decades.

The 1918 virus attacked the lungs, and it wasn’t a pretty death. Victims basically suffocated. “Your face turns a dark brownish purple,” writes *New York Times* reporter Gina Kolata in *Flu: The Story of the Great Influenza Pandemic of 1918 and the Search for the Virus That Caused It*. “You start to cough up blood. Your feet turn black. Finally, as the end nears, you frantically gasp for breath. A blood-tinged saliva bubbles out of your mouth. You die—by drowning, actually—as your lungs fill with a reddish fluid.”

Because it was wartime, rumors among the Allies held that the deadly bugs were in aspirin made by Bayer, a German company. Or that the crew of a German U-boat had crept into Boston Harbor and released the disease. In fact, it was a strain of the annual flu that had mutated in a new and hideous way. The strain disappeared as abruptly as it arrived. And despite elaborate attempts to get a good sample of the virus (from frozen corpses of its victims and other means), what made it so deadly remains an enigma.

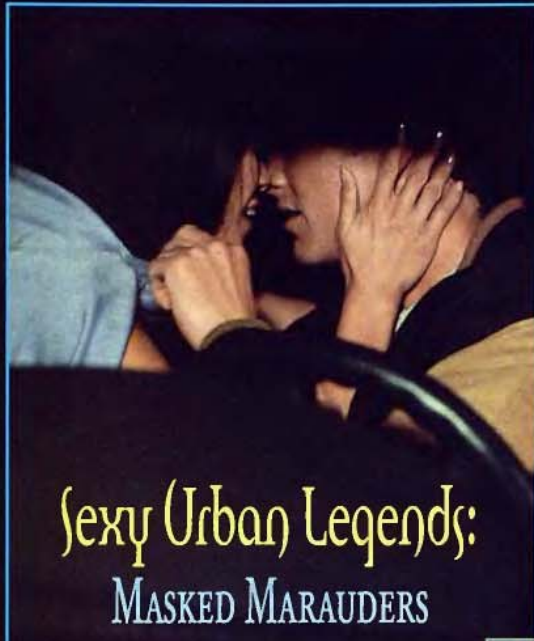
WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

The word virus derives from the Latin for “venom,” which fits its character—if



“Mr. Potts, I’m afraid your 11:30 and your nooner will both have to reschedule.”

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a tiny, faceless, inexorably reproducing zombie can be said to have character. Viruses are remarkably different from other disease-causing agents.

They are highly infectious through airborne contact—the most dangerous threat to public health. Many viral infections are still untreatable. For one thing, it's difficult to kill a virus without killing the cell in which it's hiding. Vaccines rally the troops of your immune system before a virus gains a beachhead in your body—but only if they are matched to a known virus. New viruses can usually have their way with you. And the thing about viruses is that they change—and become new—very quickly.

What significantly increases the danger today is that old viruses are joined by so many new comrades. Greatly expanded air travel and other advances have made it easier for viruses to hitch a quick ride from continent to continent in the body of an unwitting host.

The Lassa virus, a lethal hemorrhagic-fever virus, first appeared in 1969 in areas of Nigeria and Liberia that had been opened to tin and diamond mining. Machupo, or the Bolivian hemorrhagic-fever virus, first showed up during 1965

in an isolated area where agriculture expanded after land reform in the Fifties. Junin, the Argentinian hemorrhagic-fever virus, broke out after corn-growing practices changed in the pampas around 1950. The Oropouche virus got its first big exposure to human hosts in 1960 after Brazil cut a road through the jungle, connecting the coast with the new capital, Brasilia. Within a year, 11,000 people were infected.

Korean hemorrhagic fever, caused by a hantavirus, a virus family that is carried by rodents, was first identified as a new disease among United Nations soldiers fighting in rural areas during the Korean War. Related hantaviruses were then found in Russia, Scandinavia, Europe and, in 1993, in the southwestern United States.

Many of our worst viruses are the new arrivals. HIV apparently leaped species from monkey to man only recently. As far as we know, the first two strains of Ebola—Zaire and Sudan—started killing in 1976. Ebola Reston first showed up in 1989 among lab monkeys near Washington, D.C. Another version of Ebola nearly killed a Swiss researcher working with chimpanzees on the Ivory Coast in 1994.

The latest viruses to jump from animals to man include the Hendra virus, carried by fruit bats. It infected 20 horses and three humans in 1994, killing two men in Australia. In 1998 and 1999, a close relative of Hendra, the Nipah virus, jumped from pigs to humans in Malaysia and Singapore, killing 111 people.

WHAT MAKES SOME VIRUSES SO DAMNED MEAN?

Virulence is the measure of how good a virus is at making you sick. Life's meaning for a virus, as for us, is to eat and reproduce. "Its program is simply to embed into another organism and to make that organism make copies of it," notes David Ropeik, director of risk communication at the Harvard Center for Risk Analysis. "That's what it does. It doesn't eat, doesn't crap, doesn't have sex." But viruses can live only briefly outside a host's body or in a similar environment. Some might lie in wait in mouse feces, like the hantaviruses, or be carried for a while in mosquitoes. But they can't hang out by themselves on a toilet seat.

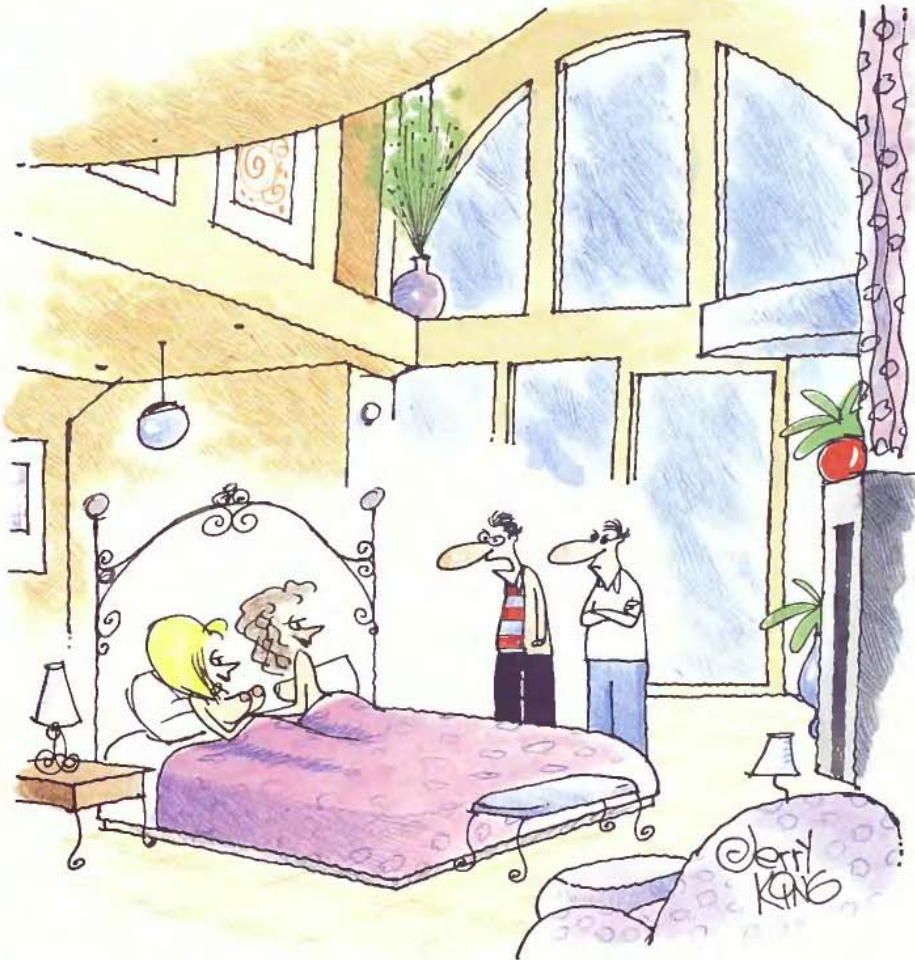
If you become the host for an ordinary flu virus, for instance, you sneeze—spreading the virus to friends and colleagues. If you host Ebola, the blood that eventually wells out of your mouth, nose, eyes and other orifices—what's known as black vomit—is a river of virus. A sick person surrounded by other potential hosts helps viruses procreate and move on. That's why many viruses do well in big cities.

"Humans are at unparalleled densities," says Edward Allen Herre, a staff scientist at the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute in Panama. "And if any one living thing becomes too common, it becomes an increasingly easy target for devastating diseases. If you have one host lined up side by side with another—genetically and physiologically very similar, if not identical—it's extremely easy for a disease to make the jump from one host to the next. From the viral view of the world, this is a lush carpet of food."

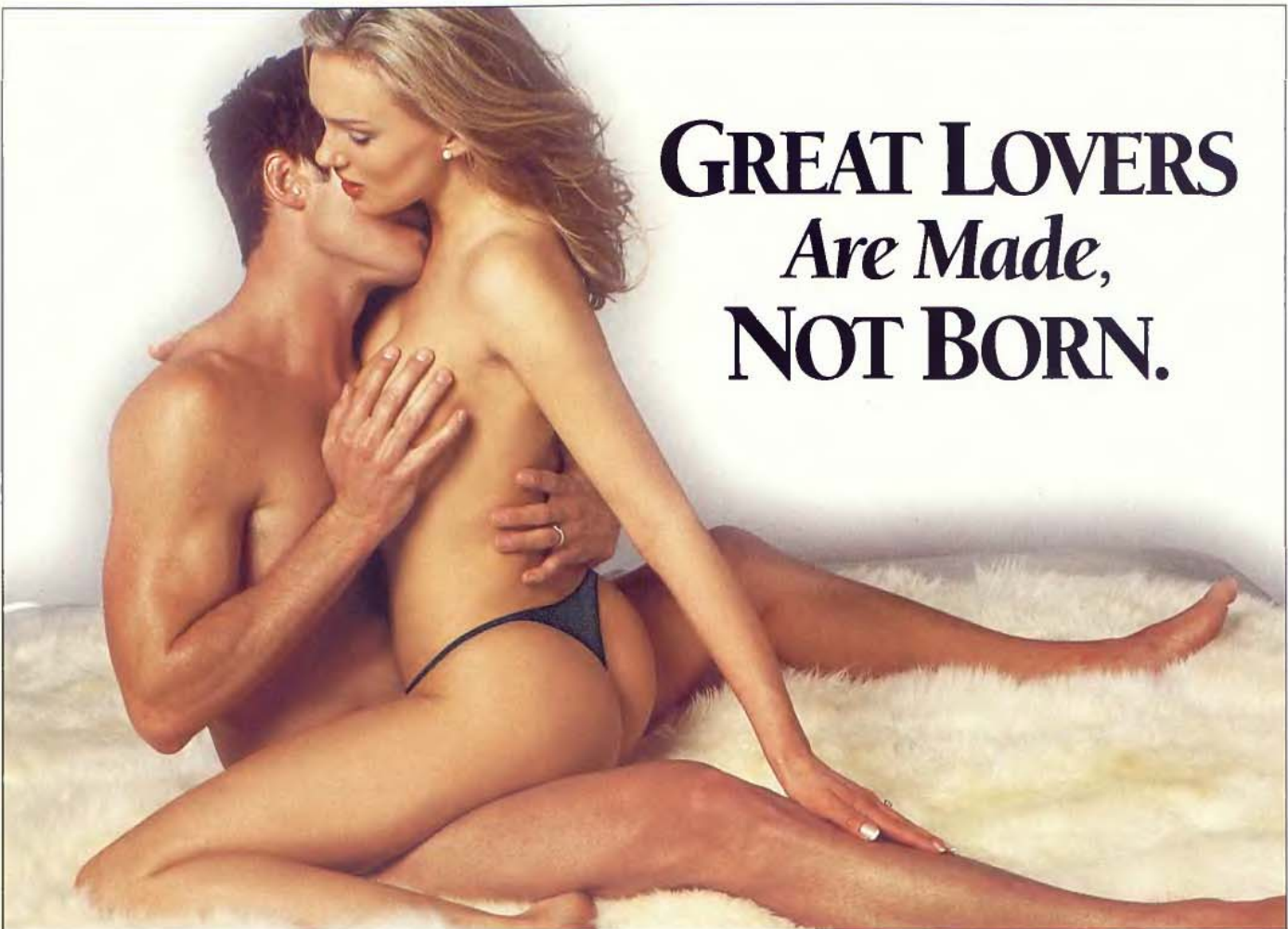
Herre spends most of his workdays on Barro Colorado Island, a nature reserve and research site in Gatun Lake, in the Panama Canal. An evolutionary biologist, he studies what makes diseases deadly.

When living entities (humans or viruses) reproduce, we don't make exact copies of ourselves. The next generation is always different. These mutations typically occur in a gradual drift and, even among viruses, usually don't cause problems. If a host's immune system has seen pretty much the same virus before and has built up antibodies—the in-house disease fighters—the host can handle small variations.

But viruses can be especially sloppy at reproduction. And they replicate quickly. Sometimes viruses undergo a bigger change, a revolutionary moment called



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an antigenic shift, that spawns a different version of the beast. An antigenic shift can blindside the host's immune system, leaving it completely vulnerable. Many believe that's what happened with the 1918 flu virus.

As a parasite, a virus takes its nutrition from the host's cells. The more nutrients it takes, the more virulent it is—eventually destroying cells and causing disease. In an extreme case, the virus does so much damage that it kills the host.

A virus must strike a balance to survive. If it reproduces so fast that it quickly destroys its host, there had better be another host nearby—or that version of the virus won't be transmitted and the disease outbreak stops. Ebola Zaire, the most deadly of its group, is an example of that process. Highly infectious and with a fatality rate as high as 90 percent, this Ebola can devastate densely populated sites, such as hospitals. But then it often burns out when there are no more potential hosts.

When attractive new hosts are few and far between, less virulent copies of the virus survive to reproduce—because they keep their present hosts alive until they get the chance to move on.

If you're the host, your life can depend on this. Hosts bunched too closely together allow the most aggressive strain, the one that makes you most sick,

to survive and move on. That virus multiplies like crazy, bursting host cells, destroying tissue, filling the host and all its bodily fluids with copies of itself. Mean viruses love crowds.

THE TERROR OF WEAPONS-GRADE VIRUSES

In 1346, Tatar troops conquered Caffa, in present-day Ukraine, by catapulting the infectious corpses of plague victims over the city walls. American and Soviet scientists carried out the most recent large-scale bioweapons-research efforts. Particularly popular among both sides after World War II was the virus responsible for Venezuelan equine encephalitis. "It's exquisitely infectious by aerosol," notes Peter Jahrling, a senior research scientist and advisor to the U.S. Army at Fort Detrick, Maryland. "In fact it was probably the premiere bug developed by most offensive bioweaponers." Fort Detrick is home to the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases. Until U.S. biowarfare research was officially ended in 1969, Fort Detrick was the U.S. Army's biowarfare center.

The Soviets kept quiet and kept going. Ken Alibek, formerly Kanatjan Alibekov, was first deputy chief of research and production for Biopreparat, the Soviet bioweapons program. Alibek, as head scientist, managed a research effort that spent as much as \$1 billion a year and

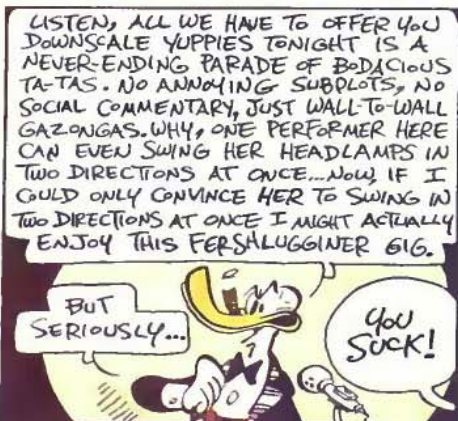
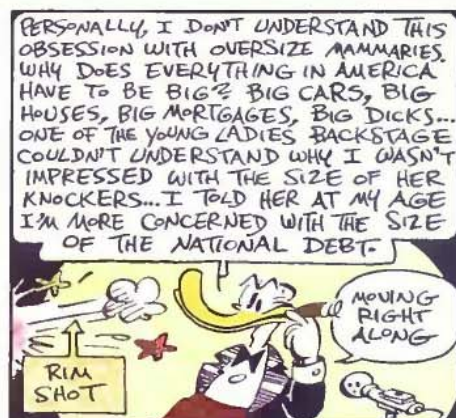
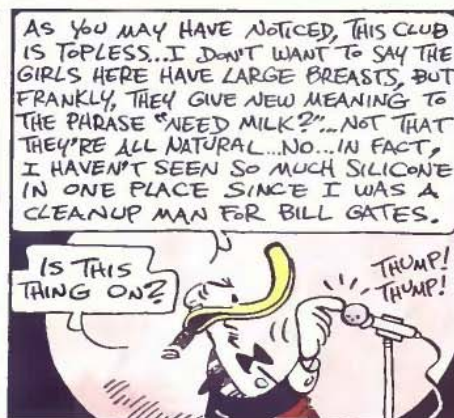
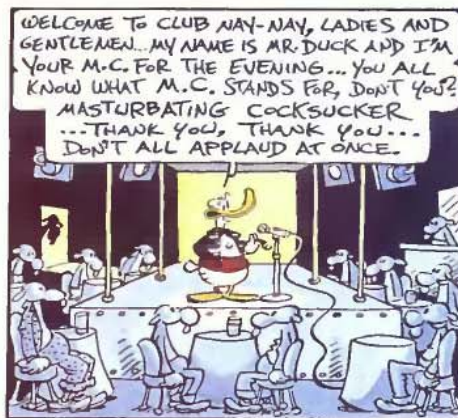
employed more than 30,000 scientists and technicians at its high point in the late Eighties.

Biopreparat made weapons from anthrax and other bacterial diseases. But the better weapon candidates in many cases were the familiar crew of viruses—smallpox, Marburg, Ebola, Lassa fever, dengue fever, Russian spring-summer encephalitis, Machupo and Junin. After the fall of the Soviet Union in 1991, when U.S. scientists saw the Russians' abandoned biowarfare manufacturing facilities, they were surprised. "It really was a factory—which was quite sobering," recalls James LeDuc, an Army officer who directed disease assessment at Fort Detrick and who now heads the CDC's effort to control viruses.

Alibek defected to the U.S. in 1992 and promptly disclosed that the Soviets had secretly brewed tons of weapons-grade smallpox virus. This revelation alarmed international health authorities and made the U.S. think twice about destroying its last specimens of stored virus.

Natural outbreaks of smallpox had been eliminated globally in a vaccination effort, and in 1979, the Global Commission for the Certification of Smallpox Eradication declared that the disease was no longer a threat. A generation of children had gone without vaccinations.

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Supposedly, only two small samples of smallpox were being held under close guard—in Russia and at the CDC in Atlanta—and they were about to be ceremoniously destroyed. "This was for us an excellent reason to weaponize it," Alibek noted in *Biohazard*, his book about Soviet bioweapons. The Soviet Union's enemies wouldn't know what hit them and would have no immunity.

Today, Alibek is president of Advanced Biosystems, a subsidiary of a Virginia-based company that develops medical defenses against biological weapons. "Unfortunately, a majority of viruses could be used in biological weapons," Alibek says. For instance, the Soviets were working on an Ebola weapon when he left the country, and in 1990 they had tested one based on Marburg hemorrhagic fever. "If it were wielded," says Alibek, "Marburg would be one of the most horrifying biological weapons ever developed."

Bioweapons this sophisticated can't be made in a bathtub. But genetic engineering has brought the complexities and costs within the reach of terrorist-group budgets. Meanwhile, benign gene-manipulation research could inadvertently add to the threat. In January, for instance, it was reported that two Australian scientists genetically modified a virus in an effort to control mouse and rat populations. Instead of a mouse contraceptive, they created a superlethal virus related to smallpox. The new virus is harmless to humans. But the technique developed could make smallpox more virulent than it already is.

In the early Nineties in Russia, it took only "a few million dollars" to make a weapon in which Venezuelan equine encephalitis genes were inserted into smallpox viruses, says Alibek. It could be equally inexpensive to produce a smallpox weapon today—particularly with the guidance of experienced scientists and technicians.

Which is why Jahrling and others from Fort Detrick have been traveling to Russia as part of an intense U.S. effort to find useful work for former Biopreparat scientists. They hope to prevent a dangerous brain drain—to keep these scientists from taking bioweapons jobs in, say, Iraq or North Korea, or with Osama bin Laden, or from simply selling an ampule of smallpox. No one seems to know what happened to those tons of Soviet smallpox viruses, for example. "A determined insider can always get a virus out of a facility," says Jahrling, who visited the Soviet smallpox facility. "The only apparent security was one pimply-faced kid who looked about 14 and had a Kalashnikov rifle."

But the U.S. can't begin to employ all the former bioweapons scientists. "So the strategy has been to go in and select the best and the brightest," says Jahrling. "We tell them, 'You're the ones

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who can help us with our problems—and, by the way, you're the ones who we're most worried about migrating to Iraq and showing Saddam how to make a bigger and better bug."

ATTACK

A bioweapons assault would be difficult to spot at first. The microbes would be secretly released in an urban subway, or in the cabin of a commercial airliner, or from a private plane miles upwind of a packed sports stadium.

As long as 10 days after the terrorists had escaped, local clinics would fill with patients bringing familiar complaints—upper respiratory infections and muscle pain, coughing, fever. Particularly in winter, most health care workers would say it was the start of a bad flu season. No one would order sophisticated tests. Most physicians and lab technicians have never seen the viruses that would be used, except perhaps in textbook examples. In any case, tests to detect viruses are harder to perform successfully than those for bacteria.

Last year, a Pennsylvania doctor assessed how likely his colleagues would be to diagnose smallpox if they saw it. He described the symptoms and showed photos of the distinctive smallpox blisters. Only one doctor out of 17 recognized the disease. The others guessed lupus, toxic shock syndrome or other ailments.

But in a bioweapons attack, many patients wouldn't recover from their flu. Emergency rooms and intensive care units would soon be overflowing, as many victims slipped into shock and died. Meanwhile, more new patients would show up. The biowarfare siege would be under way.

Bioweapons—particularly virus-based concoctions—worry many emergency planners more than terrorist explosions or chemical attacks do. Casualties from

the latter can overpower a local health care system. Bioweapons like anthrax, spread through inhalation of bacteria spores, can be fatal. But they're basically bombs, onetime events. Emergency measures can catch up.

Viral weapons—contagious from human to human—could create more victims week after week in a diabolical process called sustained transmission. That's why, in some scenarios, biowarriors would prefer to use a virus like smallpox to one like Ebola. Smallpox kills about 30 percent of the humans it infects, leaving 70 percent to spread the disease. Ebola, with a 90 percent fatality rate, is less likely to leave enough victims alive to keep an epidemic going.

"If your objective is to quickly inflict the maximum number of casualties, Ebola is probably the weapon to use," says Jahrling. "And, unlike smallpox, which might turn around and bite you in the ass, Ebola would probably burn itself out." That is, smallpox released in the U.S. could easily spread back to the releaser. "I've never quite understood," Jahrling muses, "why the Russians invest in things against which they can't protect their own people."

COUNTERMEASURES

Bioweapons in the hands of terrorist groups became real when the Japanese cult Aum Shinrikyo released poison gas in a Tokyo subway in 1995, killing 12 commuters and injuring more than 5500. In the criminal trials that followed, cult members said they'd also made nine attempts to spread anthrax and botulinum, releasing their genetically engineered bugs from the back of a van and off a building roof. Neither weapon was virulent enough to cause harm. They had also traveled to Zaire, but failed to bring Ebola back to their lab to make a weapon.

Russia, Cuba, China, Libya, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Bulgaria, India, Vietnam and Laos are among nations now thought to have stocks of bioweapons. Alibek believes that most nations that support terrorism either have them or are trying to get them.

"The CDC is obviously interested more and more in bioterrorism," says LeDuc. And the U.S. is preparing to fight smallpox again. The CDC has a \$343 million contract with Acambis Inc., a Massachusetts-based biotech company, to build a national stockpile of 40 million doses of a new smallpox vaccine. Acambis hopes its vaccine will be approved in about four years.

Other U.S. preparations are in the works. Operation Topoff was a four-day simulated bioweapons attack on Denver last year. Bureaucrats and the staffs of three Denver hospitals were told that terrorists had secretly released a highly infectious airborne version of the plague in a Denver performing arts center. By the end of the third day, authorities had counted 3700 plague cases in seven states—and 950 "deaths."

The attack "quickly overwhelmed the available resources," reported Richard Hoffman and Jane Norton, two Colorado Department of Public Health staffers, in the CDC publication *Emerging Infectious Diseases*.

Similar results were found by two researchers at the Henry L. Simson Center, a Washington D.C.-based think tank. The center surveyed local emergency and public health officials around the country and released a report last October called *Ataxia: The Chemical and Biological Terrorism Threat and the U.S. Response*. The word ataxia gives you a hint of what they found. It's Greek for "confusion."

The report urged politicians to "grit their teeth and fund disaster preparedness over the long term." It also found that emergency personnel often had better ideas than their national counterparts. One suggestion: To limit person-to-person contact in an infectious-disease attack, health workers could distribute drugs and vaccines from the drive-by windows of fast-food restaurants.

VIRAL HOT SPOTS

New viruses emerge all over the earth. But virus watchers keep their eyes trained on China, Southeast Asia and the midsection of Africa. One prominent region on the map begins with the Rift Valley in Kenya, moves west to Uganda and Sudan, and then to Zaire. Viruses that include Ebola Zaire, Ebola Sudan, Marburg, Rift Valley fever, HIV, O'nyong-nyong and West Nile all are believed to have originated here. Lassa and Ivory Coast Ebola popped up in West Africa.

"If you look at the origination sites for the filoviruses, for instance—Marburg and the Ebolas—they're all within seven degrees of the equator," says Jahrling,



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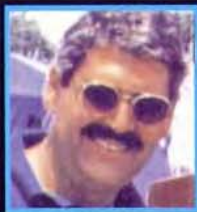
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who himself discovered Ebola Reston in 1989 after it arrived at his Fort Detrick office in a styrofoam picnic basket, leaking big red blotches of blood from monkeys at a nearby test site onto his carpet. The monkeys it had infected and killed had originated in Africa.

New influenzas have different origins. Virologists believe that recent influenza pandemics have come from southern China, where farmers, birds and pigs live in unusually close proximity. Bird viruses can be particularly damaging to humans, but they don't normally jump species directly to us. Bird viruses often infect pigs, however. And pigs can host both bird and human influenza viruses. Many believe the pigs act as mixing vessels for each year's new human influenza strains. And by fall the annual flu season is in progress worldwide.

"If you had a flu epidemic now in a vulnerable population as dense as New York City, Los Angeles, Seattle, Chicago, Moscow, London—it would be horrible," predicts Herre, the Smithsonian ecologist. "In two or three years we could have something as bad as the 1918 flu—probably worse."

So each year, a vast international network tracks new flu virus strains. In the U.S., a committee of the Food and Drug Administration picks the three it expects to do the most damage in this country. Vaccines against them constitute your annual flu shot. In spite of this, about 20,000 Americans die each year from complications of influenza.

Meanwhile, other viruses are on the move. "My job is to investigate exotic hemorrhagic fevers and to quickly shoot them down by whatever mechanism possible," says Ali Khan, an epidemiologist who has spent the past decade traveling to areas of disease outbreaks around the world as a member of the CDC's Epidemic Intelligence Service.

Earlier this year, Khan went to Uganda to help shut down the latest outbreak of Ebola. Last fall, he spent almost 12 weeks in Saudi Arabia and Yemen on what he considers a far more unsettling case—the first epidemic of Rift Valley fever to jump the Red Sea.

"It's a real big deal that Rift has moved to Saudi Arabia," says Khan. "It's the first evidence of Rift off the African continent." This has the attention of both health care and livestock experts. Rift is highly contagious through mosquitoes. But people who handle or slaughter infected animals can also be infected directly. Rift is a rancher's nightmare, killing almost every young sheep, cow, goat, buffalo and camel it infects, and causing pregnant animals to abort. Most humans don't know they've picked up Rift. Some will have severe flulike symptoms. And about one percent of infected people will die of hemorrhagic fever, encephalitis or acute hepatitis.

Khan predicts that Rift Valley fever, if it makes it to the U.S., will be disastrous, particularly to our monoculture livestock—all those identical hosts chewing their cud in the field together. Hosts packed together can increase virulence.

"West Nile's arrival in the U.S. was not a good thing," Khan says. "But it's only led to a bunch of dead crows and a handful of sick or dead people. Rift would be very different if it were introduced here. It would have a major economic impact on us, obviously. And it would infect a lot more people—we're talking millions."

IS DISASTER INEVITABLE?

We're only now learning how much harm familiar, as well as new, viruses can cause. For instance, many of us don't realize that some viruses cause cancer. Yet researchers agree that human papillomavirus is the leading cause of cervical cancer in women and anal cancer in men. And as Paul Ewald, an evolutionary biologist at Amherst College, the National Cancer Institute and others point out, that is only the beginning. Over the past quarter century, medical researchers have found that viruses also produce specific varieties of leukemia, liver cancer, nasopharyngeal cancer, Kaposi's sarcoma, lung cancer and brain cancer. In *Plague Time: How Stealth Infections Cause Cancers, Heart Disease and Other Deadly Ailments*, Ewald also describes tentative links between viruses and other chronic diseases, including Alzheimer's, autism, schizophrenia, bipolar disorder, Lou Gehrig's disease, multiple sclerosis, breast cancer, some type-II diabetes, some arthritises, stroke, colon cancer and cancer of the penis.

Does this mean we could someday take vaccines against cancer, heart disease, Alzheimer's? Not likely, says Ewald. Vaccines, he contends, have almost all been unsuccessful in the long run—with smallpox the one big exception. The smallpox virus was contained in part because it is transmitted only human to human. By vaccinating everyone in the world, all hosts were eliminated.

"If you can eradicate an organism, do it," Ewald agrees. He believes that vaccines could still wipe out measles and polio. But for most viruses, he contends, vaccines aren't the answer. Viruses mutate too successfully, making end runs around the vaccines, leaving only the "wily" viruses that now pose such a big threat. We need "evolutionary literacy," Ewald says—a focus on smart vaccines and other measures that lower, not raise, virulence.

"Immunologically, you are a very different creature than you were two years ago," says Herre. "We're a moving target, too. And so you have this extraordinary dance through time, between ever-changing hosts and ever-changing viruses."



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Edward Burns

(continued from page 138)

That hurt. Sometimes they're turning films around quickly—even big movies that are successful. We held on to one screen in New York with *McMullen* for almost six months. It would be pretty cool to get a shelf one day. I just hope that 25 years from now there will be somebody saying that this guy had a point of view, that he told stories and had he not been here, we would not have heard about or seen these people.

14

PLAYBOY: As a former Hamptons landscaper, do you give Spielberg advice on which plants and shrubs flourish in eastern Long Island's salt air?

BURNS: I was a landscaper for three summers, and all I did was mow lawns. Unfortunately, Spielberg never asked me to mow his. I didn't meet him until the day before we were shooting *Private Ryan*. My agent called and said, "Eddie wants to play Reiben." I had been getting pretty consistent acting offers since *McMullen*, but I had no interest in being an actor. We'd had such a tough time raising money for *No Looking Back*, everybody was telling me I should take some acting gigs, because then my star would rise, my name would mean more, especially overseas, and it would be easier to raise money for the next smaller, more personal film I wanted to direct. I told Spielberg I had this dream to make something of the Irish American *Godfather* set against the police department. He pushed me to write that cop mov-

ie script, telling me that's the film I had to make. He's another guy who has been great to me. He gave me a deal at DreamWorks.

15

PLAYBOY: The Hamptons have always been a favorite haunt of the wealthy, and summer residents such as Steven Spielberg and Alec Baldwin—plus those occasional visits from Bill and Hillary—have raised the area's profile even more. Isn't the traffic murder out on eastern Long Island these days?

BURNS: I've never complained about that crowd. If you know the back roads and you're not into the chichi crowd, you'll never run into those people. I spent every summer of my life out there. We did two weeks in Montauk every summer, whether it was the State Park or Shepherd's Neck or the Briney Breezes on Old Montauk Highway, a big cop vacation hotel. In college you'd rent a place with four of your buddies. You'd all live in one room and sleep on the floor, get a job busing tables or landscaping. I bused tables for two summers in a restaurant up on Three Mile Harbor Road. There are no beaches as beautiful as those in the Hamptons. It's got great fishing. So go to the beach, go fishing and stop complaining.

16

PLAYBOY: Compare the fishing in Jamaica Bay off Kennedy Airport with the deep blue Atlantic off Montauk, Long Island.

BURNS: No difference if you go for flounder. A couple summers ago I started go-

ing out of Montauk for stripers and bluefish. The last weekend in August, we'd go out for midnight blues on big party boats. Now me and my dad and my brother go out with a smaller charter. We get a little sun, take a couple cases of beer, catch a couple of fish, bring them home and throw them on the barbecue. We're not serious anglers. We're serious drinkers. I can clean fish, but I'd rather have the mate do it. I'm a little sloppy.

17

PLAYBOY: What's with Ed Burns and Detroit iron?

BURNS: I'm into American muscle cars. I've got a 1968 Cutlass with a 454-cubic-inch engine. I garage it in Jersey. In the summer, the roof never goes up. In my neighborhood, when I was in grammar school, all the cool older guys had cool cars, so that's what you wanted. In high school I bought a Skylark convertible with a 350 for \$750. But it was a total piece of crap. I love those old cars, but I'm not a gearhead at all. I can change the spark plugs, but I put in a carburetor once and that was a disaster.

18

PLAYBOY: We understand Edd "Kookie" Byrnes made a complaint to the Screen Actors' Guild about your using the name Ed Burns. Did he really feel he'd be mistaken for the writer and director of *The Brothers McMullen*?

BURNS: Yeah. He made the complaint. There's some question of residuals, so even though we spell our names differently, I officially have to be Edward. Which makes my mother very happy. I met Edd last year for the first time. He looks good. He still needs a comb.

19

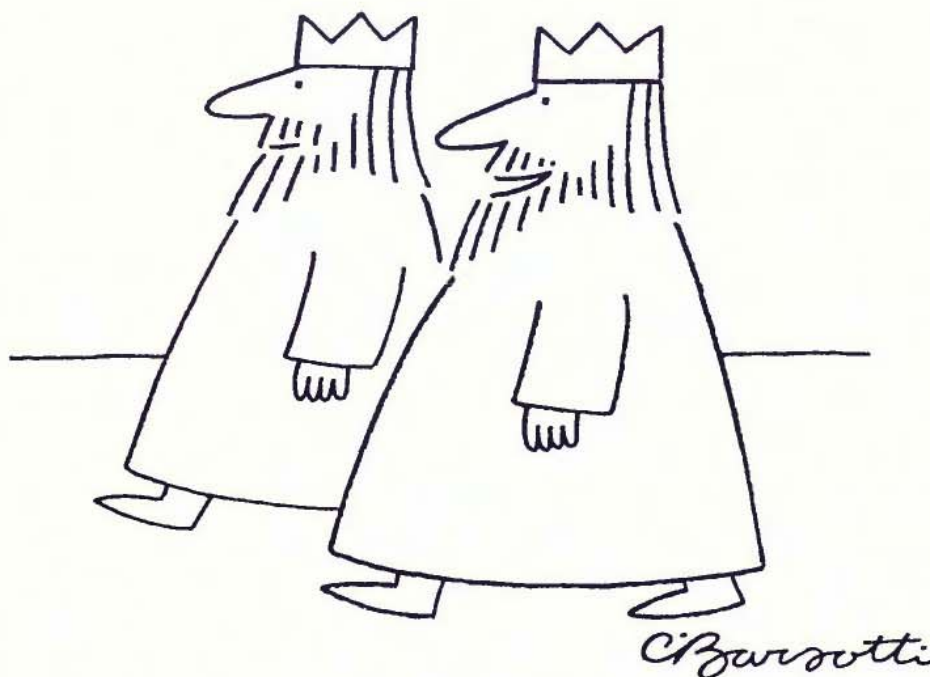
PLAYBOY: Commitment has been a major theme in your films, yet you've dodged the bullet so far. Are you a beacon of independence?

BURNS: There's a great quote from Dawn Powell: "The greatest regret in life is to reach old age and never have found a love great enough to command fidelity." So that is what I strive for.

20

PLAYBOY: Discovering the "hairy ass"—as you've put it—of another guy in the sack with one's wife or girlfriend is sure to be disconcerting. Can you offer advice on how to behave should any of us be so brazenly cuckolded?

BURNS: That would be a tough one. Fortunately, I have never in my life come across the hairy ass. Depending upon whether I'd come from a bar or not, you could have two outcomes. One, I leave. The other, he's out the window.



"It seemed the least I could do, so I promised my people a wonderful afterlife."



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*Man, if only I had a bone
for every time he takes out
the Creek.*



JERRY BRUCKHEIMER

(continued from page 154)

a couple of hit singles in the process.

It also made powerhouses of its two producers, who followed it with another enormous hit, *Beverly Hills Cop*, then the juggernaut *Top Gun*, a film that many see as the ultimate expression of the Simpson-Bruckheimer aesthetic: "men bonding loudly," as one critic put it. The movies were hits, and they were relentlessly promoted by hit songs, using the then-nascent MTV to help establish the product and market the films. "Before Don and Jerry, most of the big soundtracks came from movies about music," says Kathy Nelson, who negotiated a clause in her Universal Pictures deal that allows

her to continue working with Bruckheimer. "But Jerry always wanted music to be important in his movies, even if the movies weren't about music. They were huge in making soundtracks the amazing marketing tools that they are now."

Simpson and Bruckheimer had become the power producers of the decade, and they were not shy about flaunting their power. The two men sat at a large U-shaped desk in their office on the Paramount lot, bought identical black Ferraris and black Mustang convertibles and hired a pair of twins as their assistants.

Despite their matching cars and identical twin secretaries, though, the two men were in some ways polar opposites. Simpson threw out ideas and dictated

perceptive 40-page script memos during drug-fueled binges; Bruckheimer handled the details his partner couldn't be bothered with. Simpson was the creative whirlwind who caused problems, Bruckheimer the diplomatic organizer who smoothed them over. Simpson was famous for his 4 P.M. scotch, his 5 P.M. cocaine, his S&M dalliances with hookers. Bruckheimer was known to have a lively bachelor pad in Laurel Canyon between the end of his first marriage and the time he began a relationship with his current wife, Linda. But for the most part, he was considered the sane member of the team, the one who held the fort when Simpson's excesses made the producer unreliable or unreachable.

"Don was a hysterical guy, and also very smart, but he was constantly stirring the pot," says Michael Bay, whom Simpson and Bruckheimer hired to direct a music video and later *Bad Boys*. "Jerry would watch over Don to make sure the pot wouldn't get too stirred."

In 1990 Paramount Pictures signed the pair to an unprecedented and overhyped production deal that gave them \$300 million to make five movies over five years—and that's when things went sour. *Days of Thunder* barely made back its production costs, badly damaging both the Simpson-Bruckheimer aura of invincibility and their relationship with the studio. The five-picture deal that had been heralded as a "visionary alliance" ended four years and four movies prematurely, as Simpson and Bruckheimer left Paramount and signed a smaller, nonexclusive deal with Disney.

But Disney was shying away from big-budget films, and for three years Simpson and Bruckheimer didn't get a single movie into production. "We were hampered by a writers' strike that went on for a long time," Bruckheimer says, referring to the five-month strike in 1988. "So we couldn't get our material going. And we were also negotiating out of Paramount, and we didn't want to put things in development because we knew they would be stuck there." He shrugs. "And the truth is, Don didn't want to work. After we had been at Disney for about a year and a half, I went to him and said, 'Look, I'm going to make movies. You want to be part of it?'"

Simpson said he did, and what followed was an unexpected winning streak: The Michelle Pfeiffer drama *Dangerous Minds* and Tony Scott's sub adventure, *Crimson Tide*, were both hits for Disney in 1995, while *Bad Boys*, with Will Smith and Martin Lawrence, became Columbia Pictures' biggest hit of the year.

Even though Simpson and Bruckheimer had regained their commercial clout, Simpson kept spinning out of control. Falling in and out of rehab and dealing with his physical decline through frequent trips to the plastic surgeon, he left more and more of the business to his



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partner. By the time *The Rock* went into production in late 1995, Bruckheimer was reportedly doing all the work. In December of that year, the partnership was officially dissolved—a breakup, says Bruckheimer, largely intended to send a message to Simpson.

"You're dealing with a partner you've had since 1983, somebody who's your best friend, somebody you care about a lot," he says. "But it's somebody who also has a lot of problems. So after talking to a number of doctors—not his doctors, but doctors who deal in the area where he had a problem—they said, 'The only thing you can do to wake him up is take away what he likes the most.' I was hoping that if I dissolved the partnership, he would look in the mirror and say, 'Wait a second, I'm doing the wrong thing.'" He sighs. "It didn't quite work out that way."

In January 1996, a month after the official announcement of the split, Don Simpson died of heart failure brought on by what the Los Angeles county coroner would later call the "combined effects of multiple drug intake." "I don't think anybody could have stopped him," says Bruckheimer. "He certainly had the money and the wherewithal to deal with his problems, and he did it at certain points in his life. But he had gone too far, and he couldn't come back."

Bruckheimer got the news as he was about to leave for a Friday afternoon meeting at Disney. "You think for years you'll be getting that phone call," he says, "but when it happens it's still a big shock. He had survived so many close calls, and we felt he was trying to come back at that point. But his body was too deteriorated. He abused it too much."

"I feel the need, the need for speed."—*Maverick and Goose, from Top Gun*

One of the reasons Bruckheimer has a trademark name in Hollywood is that all of his movies tend to look alike—regardless of whom the actual director is. In fact, a visit to the set of *Gone in 60 Seconds* makes the pecking order abundantly clear. The director's chair reads: A JERRY BRUCKHEIMER PRODUCTION. Beneath that: GONE IN 60 SECONDS. And finally: A DOMINIC SENA FILM.

Sena, a commercial director working on only his second feature (his first having been the unsuccessful *Kalifornia*), was in many ways a typical Bruckheimer director: *Coyote Ugly*'s David McNally was a first-timer, while *Remember the Titans*' helmer, Boaz Yakin, had two little-seen features to his credit. On the set, Sena had a hard time sitting still until the first take ended and Bruckheimer began to make quiet suggestions. Then Sena leaned forward as the producer kept talking. "Yeah," Sena said. "Yeah... right... yeah... That would be good, that's a pretty cool way to handle it... Yeah... yeah... that's good..."

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Then again, at least Sena had Bruckheimer on hand. One crew member who worked on *Coyote Ugly* remembers that experience as "the most frustrating set I've ever been on. Every time we finished a take, the director got on the phone to see what Bruckheimer wanted to do next. Usually, you either move on or you do it again—but on that set, we sat around and waited for Jerry to come to the phone."

Critics have been suggesting as much for years. *The Village Voice* has said, "Jerry Bruckheimer . . . lords over what is now the most emblematic of Hollywood summer styles: the demolition-derby impressionism associated with blockbuster-as-bazookas like *The Rock* and *Armageddon*." A *Los Angeles Times* review of *Remember the Titans* cited Bruckheimer in the headline and devoted the first three paragraphs to him before its sole parenthetical mention of director Boaz Yakin. The implications are clear: Sena and McNally and Yakin (or even bigger-name Bruckheimer directors like Michael Bay and Tony Scott) may be calling "action" and "cut," but Jerry is calling the shots.

"That's not really true, and it's kind of unfair," says Bruckheimer. "I choose the directors based on a combined vision. It's not my vision over theirs. The reason the pictures have a similar look and feel is the choices we make in putting them together. It's not that we force the director to go a certain way. He's already there. That's the reason we chose him."

Surprisingly, *Titans* wound up as the biggest of Bruckheimer's three movies last year; *Gone in 60 Seconds* and *Coyote Ugly* were viewed in many quarters as box-office disappointments, though Bruckheimer refuses to concede that point. *Titans*, he says, "is a \$100 million movie, did a fortune overseas and is a big success," while the others "were small movies that did over \$60 million each—quite an accomplishment for pictures with nobody you'd ever heard of."

He's been known to phone critics who he feels have misread his intentions or impugned his motives. But mostly, he tries to stay above the fray. Sure, he's read the scathing reviews of his work over the years. He knows his films have been called "happy horseshit," "asteroidal asininity," "profound inanity," "generic tough-guy twaddle," "colossal and brain-dead."

"One reviewer called *Flashdance* a toxic waste dump, then about five or six years later rereviewed the picture and said, 'I missed it,'" Bruckheimer says. "At the time, *Beverly Hills Cop* didn't get good reviews, *Top Gun* didn't get good reviews, but when they're referred to later on, they're called 'well reviewed.' It's bizarre. But had I gotten great reviews and nobody showed up, we wouldn't be sitting in this big office. What's important to the people who put up the money for these pictures is, do they perform? So far they've performed. And that allows me to keep making movies."

Which is what he's doing. These days, Bruckheimer Films is rushing to beat possible actors' and writers' strikes by simultaneously shooting three films. The low-budget comedy *Down and Under* is filming in Australia, director Ridley Scott's true-life military drama *Black Hawk Down* in Morocco and the Anthony Hopkins–Chris Rock comedy *Black Sheep* in Prague. "With *Pearl Harbor* finishing here, we'll be on three continents," he says. "I'll be running around a lot."

Meanwhile, Bruckheimer's television department prepares to launch an around-the-world reality show over the summer, while *CSI* continues production on the outskirts of Los Angeles County. On that series, which deals with forensic investigators in Las Vegas, star William Petersen insists that Bruckheimer expects good work but doesn't dictate the style or substance of the show.

"Jerry is a reserved, introspective, efficient producer," Petersen says, "and he's staunch in what he believes in. But he loves artists. If a designer or a composer or an actor or a writer comes to him, he doesn't say, 'This is what I want.' He says, 'What can you show me that will make me happy?'"

In his office Bruckheimer reminisces about another recent trip, a USO tour he took over the Christmas holiday to Bosnia, Kosovo, a carrier off the coast of Naples and an Air Force base in Germany. He accompanied John Glenn, Terry Bradshaw, Ernie Banks, Jewel and former U.S. Secretary of Defense William Cohen. During the trip he showed the troops the *Pearl Harbor* trailer and gave a short speech—and, he says with a larger-than-usual smile, met his public.

"That's where I get my gratification," he says, "from the kids who want you to autograph *Top Gun* video boxes, or tell you that they watch *Armageddon* once a month. The people I make movies for love what we do. The critics might not like it, but the public loves it."

And, in the end, Bruckheimer insists with calm certainty that he's still an insecure guy hoping that people like his movies. "That's what drives me to succeed," he says. "Otherwise, I'd be in Hawaii, sipping mai tais. I don't do it for the money anymore. It's the fun of doing it. I love films, I love the process, I love the people I work with, I love the creativity of it. I get real joy and pleasure out of creating these things and watching people being entertained by them. That's my greatest thrill: standing in the back of the theater and watching people being moved by what you've created—by what you've forced through the system."

"Well, I'm one of those fortunate people who like my job, sir. Got my first chemistry set when I was seven, blew my eyebrows off, we never saw the cat again, been into it ever since."—Stanley Goodspeed, from *The Rock*



GAME SHOWS FOR I.R.S. AGENTS





CENTERFOLD COLLECTIBLES

Would you like to own a T-shirt worn by Jodi Ann Paterson? A *Flaxen* comic book starring Susie Owens?



Above: Janet Pilgrim's personal page. Left: Jodi Ann

is hawking everything from a Rabbit Head T-shirt she's worn to a limited edition PMOY car. It's all autographed, of course.

Recent nude photos of Helena Antonaccio? On Playboy.com, each Playmate's personal page includes a marketplace where all you superfans can purchase unique, autographed items. "Jodi Ann has the widest range of products in her marketplace," says Kelly Berryman, Playmate Relations

LOOSE LIPS

"My vibrator and I have become very close. I like clitoral stimulation. I use pocket rockets. They're so little that I lose them. I have a collection of five now."
—Nichole Van Croft

"I've been married twice and never had kids. To be honest, I became addicted to diet pills and lost a large part of my life. Now I'm 60. I'm a clown. I'm always pulling pranks on people."
—Nancy Crawford

Supervisor, who produces 24 personal pages a year. "She offers her October 1999 and PMOY issues, foreign editions, videos, posters and the Zebrahead CD cover on which she appears." Janet Pilgrim's marketplace,

titled *Fanfare*, includes autographed shots from her three Playmate appearances as well as rare promotional photos. Fans are also flocking to Lisa Dergan's marketplace, which includes Rabbit Head golf balls.

LISA'S COOL RANCH

Contrary to popular belief, not every Playmate goes Hollywood. We spoke to Miss September 1980 Lisa (Welch) Semler, who lives in Malibu but prefers country sunsets to the Sunset Strip. "I live on a ranch and sell hand-painted images to greeting card companies," Lisa says. "Over the past three years, we have planted 35 acres of cabernet and merlot grapes. Last year, we made our first wine. It will age for two years in oak barrels. We're also bottling a chardonnay that we hope to put on the market soon. It's labeled Saddlerock, after the name of our ranch. The ranch also features horse boarding and avocado farming. It's used for weddings and movie shoots. The tele-



40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Miss June 1961 Heidi Becker was so popular that she made editors' and readers' lists of the top 10 Playmates from our first decade. Understandably, Heidi is still reveling in the Centerfold experience. "Once in a while I look at the pictures," Heidi says. "I feel good about them. I wouldn't do anything differently." But that's not to say she doesn't have a sense of humor about getting older. "It's nice to be remembered," she says. "I still get fan mail. One fan asked me to do a Playmate video. I wrote the guy back and asked him if he knew of a good plastic surgeon!"



Heidi Becker.

vision show *Falcon Crest* used to be filmed here. These things, plus my six kids, keep me busy. I love it."

ANNA NICOLE'S RUNWAY ROMP



Anna Nicole Smith showed off plus-size skivvies in Lane Bryant's New York fashion show. The event, which took place at Studio 54, was emceed by Stephen Baldwin and ended with a performance by Aretha Franklin. "I love Aretha, but I don't think she likes me," Anna Nicole told the *New York Daily News*. "She gave me a dirty look." Anna Nicole managed to get plenty of respect from bosom buddy Roseanne (pictured) and from cheering onlookers while she soshayed down the catwalk.

My Favorite Playmate By Vance DeGeneres



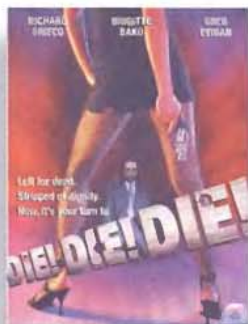
Laura Misch, Miss February 1975, is a friend, so if I say any-one other than her she'll kill me. I met her when I was 19 or 20 in New Orleans when we worked in the same restaurant—I was a DJ, she was a waitress. She'd become a Playmate the year before. Then we drifted apart. She saw me on *The Daily Show* and called me.



PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- June 14: Miss February 1989
Simone Eden
- June 15: Miss November 1977
Rita Lee
- June 15: Miss February 1998
Julia Schultz
- June 20: Miss January 1997
Jami Ferrell
- June 30: Miss May 1981
Gina Goldberg

SHE'S GOT LEGS



The movie *Die! Die! Die!*, starring Richard Grieco and Greg Evigan, is probably not on your must-see list, but can you guess which Playmate's legs are featured on the box art (left) for the film? How about Elke Jeinsen's? Although she's not in the movie, Elke lent her gams to the cause.

OH, BABY

Shauna Sand and her hubby, Lorenzo Lamas, are building a family faster than you can say *Renegade*: They welcomed their third daughter, Isabella (the other girls are Alexandra and Victoria). "My kids are a priority. I do the mommy thing and



PLAYMATE NEWS

act, although not full-time," Shauna says. Will we ever see the Lamas daughters in *PLAYBOY*? "I wouldn't mind if they posed," Shauna says. "Lorenzo would die. I mentioned it to him and he was like, 'Over my dead body! I'm locking them up and sending them to boarding school.'"

GIRL TALK

Anna-Marie Goddard, our 40th Anniversary Playmate, hosted a bash at the Mansion. We called her for some behind-the-scenes dirt.

Q: What was your favorite part of the evening?

A: I'm always being interviewed, so it was great reversing roles. I loved getting to talk to Hef more. I can usually only get in a "Hi, how are you?" because he gets bombarded at parties.

Q: Who were you dying to meet?

A: Larry Elder. I'm a fan of his radio show. I love his wit and brains. He was incredibly cool.



Q: We hear that you have a great singing voice.

A: I've always enjoyed singing, and people have said I'm good at it. I'm working on getting into the music business. We'll see how it turns out.

Q: What's the most recent place you modeled?

A: All over the Yucatan peninsula—in the jungle, on the beaches and in the ruins. I'm an expert at getting away with public nudity. I do it without permits. In Cobá a group of tourists stumbled upon me when I was naked. I tried to cover up, but they said, "No, don't. We like it!" I guess it gave them something to talk about over their margaritas.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Pamela Anderson and Marcus Schenkenberg have ended their romance, but their Iceberg clothing ads (pictured)



are still running. "I don't want to take care of any-



Pam and her ex.

one other than my kids," Pam told London's Capital Radio. . . . Martha Smith, who played the cute sorority girl who ran around in her panties in *Animal House*, is ready to act again. "It's a good time for my age range," she says. . . . Look for Julia Schultz as a gambler alongside Chris Tucker and Jackie Chan in *Rush Hour 2*. . . .

Men around the world are mourning the demise of *Baywatch Hawaii*, which stars PMOY Brande Roderick (shown here baking cookies). The final episode airs the week of May 21. . . . Carrie Stevens and Suzanne Stokes (pictured) had a g'day promoting *Girls Down Under* at a trade show in Las Vegas. . . . Irina Voronina, Jessica Lee, Angel Boris, Deanna Brooks, Tishara Cousino, Kristi Cline and Corinna Harney joined Hef at Playmate's Music Awards party at the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino in Vegas. Sin City is still hungover.



Brande pulls a Martha Stewart.

Carrie and Suzanne Dawn Under.



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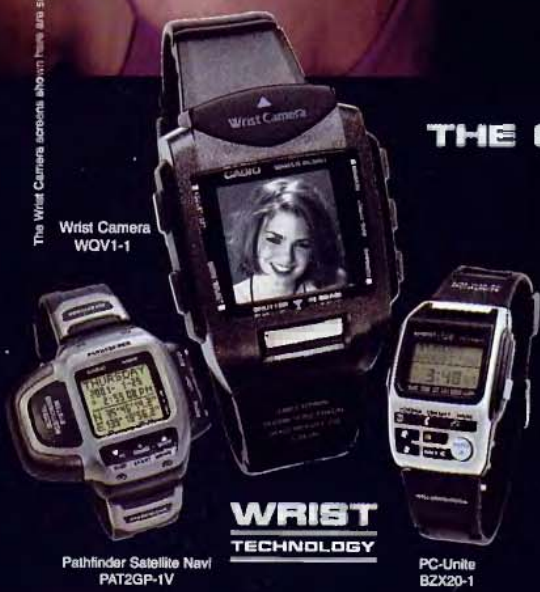
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PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

LAND, SEA AND AIR

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JAMES IMBROGNO

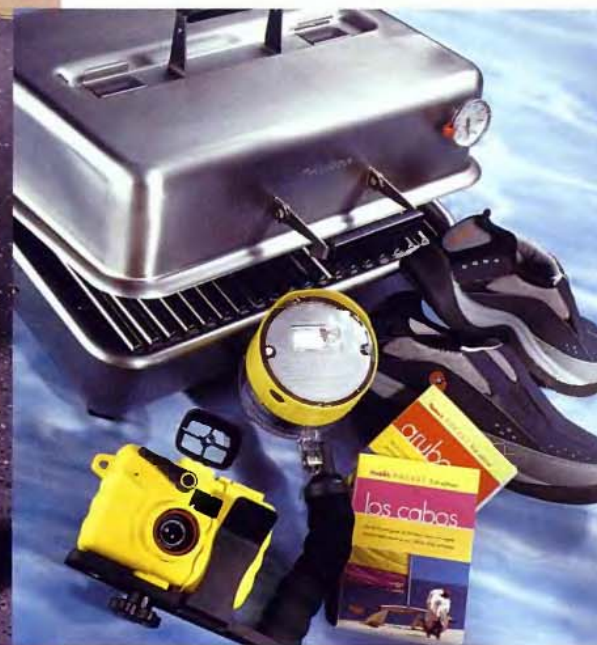
Master RC, an automatic 35mm camera that's waterproof to a depth of 160 feet. It's dark down there, so don't forget SeaLife's rubber-armored external flash. Tote or ship six bottles of your best



Left, clockwise from top: Bounty Hunter's triple-insulated six-bottle wine safe (\$200). For airplane reading there's *America From Space*, an astronaut's view in 128 aerial shots (\$30). Pioneer's PDV-LC20 is the lightest portable DVD player available (\$1550). Use it with Sennheiser's HDC 451 noise-reducing headphones (\$200) and the DVD40 Portfolio DVD carrying case by Targus (\$30). Below: Kristline Corp.'s Grill4All portable grill for use on land and sea (\$250). Gravis Footwear's Code slip-on shoes are ventilated for hot days (\$80). Smart sons of beaches take along Fodor's *Pocket Aruba* and *Pocket Los Cabos* (\$10 each) when heading south. SeaLife's Professional Dive Camera Set (\$400) includes an external flash to help prove your big-fish stories.



Above, left to right: The Car Cell Phone System by Sharper Image turns a cell phone into a speakerphone so you can keep your hands on the wheel (about \$130). Garmin's StreetPilot III GPS system and its built-in voice prompt will ensure that you don't overshoot your exit (\$1300). InterAct's Mobile Monitor (\$150) attaches to Sony's PS one (\$100). Fodor's Flashmaps (\$10 each) are quickie guides to important locations, such as the best bars in town.



wine anywhere in the Ultimate Wine Safe from Bounty Hunter. It's made of aircraft aluminum and is triple insulated with rubber and foam to keep your vino cool and secure. The removable lid includes lockable latches so baggage handlers can't help themselves. Other sizes are available for as few as two bottles. —JASON BUHRMESTER 191

Grapevine

Gathering Moss

Supermodel KATE MOSS had a new look on the runway during Milan Fashion Week. Wearing Gucci and a new blonde do, the controversial Ms. Moss definitely got our attention.



© CAMERON/MP4/RETHA/UP

Tami Holds Up

TAMI GOYA has kicked up the sand on *Baywatch Hawaii* and posed for the South Sea Island Girls 2002 calendar.



© STEVE KUMMER



© ROGER KARMBAD/CELEBRITY PHOTOS

This Is Not Boris' Natasha

This is the beautiful and sexy NATASHA RICHARDSON—decked out in basic black. After the made-for-TV movie *Haven*, she joined director Ethan Hawke's ensemble cast for *Last Word on Paradise*.

© PAUL NATAVIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Getting to the Roots

Grammy winners the ROOTS collaborated with Spike Lee on the *Bamboozled* soundtrack but have spent much of the past year working on solo projects. Look for the group's new CD this fall.



Hilary Does See-Through

Academy Award winner **HILARY SWANK** hasn't looked like a boy in ages, and this terrific outfit is exhibit A. In her upcoming movie *Affair of the Necklace*, she plays a destitute aristocrat in pre-Revolutionary France, with co-stars **Adrien Brody** and **Joely Richardson** (as *Marie Antoinette*). **Vive la Swank.**



© HILL OMIKATA/RETNA LTD USA



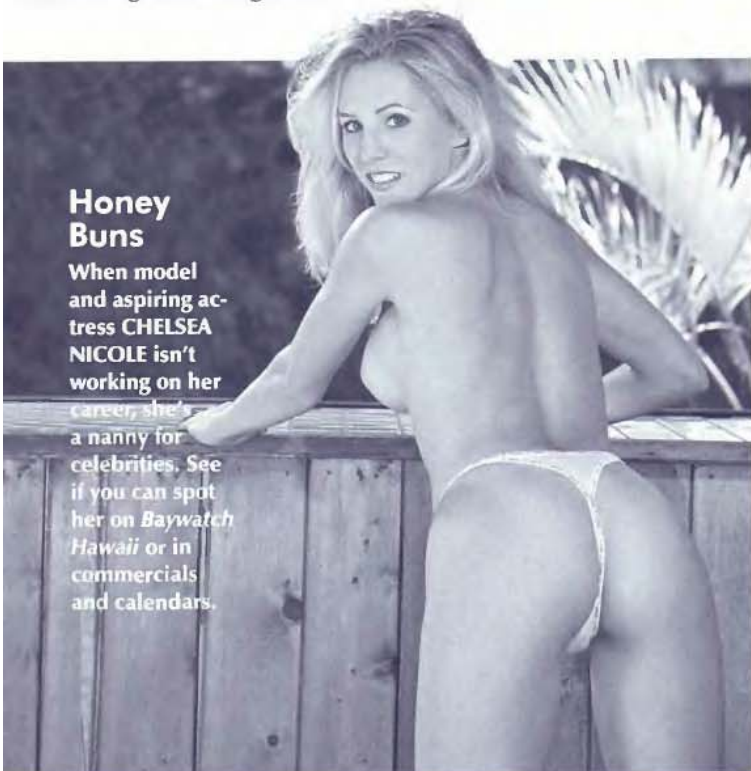
© DOUGLAS STRULLER

Boxers or Briefs?

Glittery **SHANTELE LOURDES** has appeared on TV's *V.I.P.*, as a spokesmodel for the 2000 Summer X-Games on ESPN and in *Rangefinder* magazine.

Honey Buns

When model and aspiring actress **CHELSEA NICOLE** isn't working on her career, she's a nanny for celebrities. See if you can spot her on *Baywatch Hawaii* or in commercials and calendars.



© STEVE TORRES

Potpourri



WRAP SESSION

From Deviant, the company that developed Liquid Latex (the sexy second skin featured in *Potpourri* in September 1999), comes body-friendly Fashion Wrap. "Create shiny, skintight vinyl clothing" is how Deviant advertises its new product. We bet your fertile imaginations can come up with kinkier ways to have fun with the reusable PVC tape that sticks only to itself, not to skin or hair. A 70-foot roll two inches wide costs \$10.95; three-and-a-half-inch-wide rolls go for \$15.95. Colors available are opaque black and red and translucent blue (others by special order). Call Deviant at 888-338-4268 and let the good times roll.

GIN COMES CLEAN

Back in the Roaring Twenties, Manhattan boasted 30,000 speakeasies. No wonder bootleg gin was made in bathtubs. Now Caswell-Massey offers New York Bath Tub Gin, a juniper-scented bath and shower gel that's almost as refreshing as a martini. A 32 oz. bottle costs \$25, from www.caswellmassey.com. Bottoms up!



HAT TO GO

Topless touring will be more fun this summer if you're wearing Moal's paintable ABS plastic Hot Rod Hat, with a leather neck shield and chin strap (it's a novelty, not a safety helmet). The hat is a reproduction of the helmet European and American race car drivers wore 50 years ago. Price: \$95.95. It looks great with Moal's aviator goggles (\$100), which come with clear and tinted lenses. Call 510-834-0171 to order.



AFRICA CALLS

It's dinnertime at Mombo Camp (above) in Botswana's Okavango Delta, and if you're going on safari this is the way to rough it. Mombo is just one of 26 African lodges featured in Abbeville Press' *Simply Safari*, a 192-page hardcover with text and 200 color photos by wildlife photographers Daryl and Sharna Balfour. Some of the establishments pictured are tree-house camps, others are thatched bungalows and luxury lodges. Addresses for the lodges are included in the book, along with a source list of American stores that sell tribal art, rustic furniture and other African stuff. Price: \$45 in bookstores.





ZAP UP YOUR SUMMER

In-line skating and skateboarding are better when you're being propelled by ZAP's new Powerski, a rechargeable gizmo that will tow you along at speeds up to 15 miles per hour. Each battery charge is good for about seven miles, and the Powerski also acts as a brake on downhill runs. Price: \$699. Call 800-251-4555 or go to zapworld.com for more information.

DAN COVINE

NEW LAND FOR ART

Art historian James Danziger has teamed with digital printmaker David Adamson to create artland.com, a website that offers framed and unframed digital prints of fine art paintings and photographs, at prices ranging from \$95 to \$750. (Danziger estimates about half the images he offers have never been available as prints to the public.) Leading museums, artists and photographers (or the estates representing them) have signed on. That's Frank Powlony's image of MM below. Go to artland.com for a look at the full inventory of available choices.



TURNED ON TO NEON

Neon is a great underappreciated art form, especially the over-the-top signs in which bowling pins crash, cowboys twirl lariats and naked ladies languish in martini glasses. It's all celebrated in *Vintage Neon*, a \$59.95 Schiffer hardcover by Len Davidson. He collects and restores the best of what has survived wrecking balls and the ravages of time. Call 610-593-1777 to order.



HOW FRENCH!

The website lfrance.com celebrates everything French—except the rudeness. It's especially helpful if you're planning a trip to France. The site provides an exclusive online English version of the *Petit Futé* guides to Paris, Brittany, Burgundy, Bordeaux, Normandy and Provence. (*Petites Futés* are highly regarded by locals for their canny insights.) Gallic restaurants, hotels, shops, night-spots and more are featured on the site, along with Francophile celebrities such as author Peter Mayle.

ROBERT FALSMARINO



AHOY, MATE!

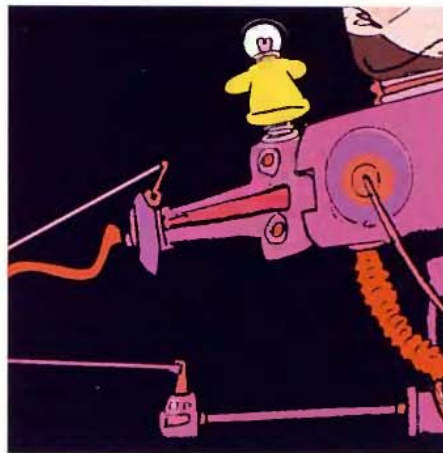
The golden age of pin-ups lives on in *Seaside Sweethearts* and *Pirate and Gypsy Girls*. These two new softcovers from Collectors Press are devoted to sexy illustrations from years ago of babes by the shore, pirate maidens and fortune-telling femmes. (There are 14 images in each book.) Detective writer Max Allan Collins wrote the text. Price: \$11.95 each. Call 800-423-1848 to order.



Next Month



ALL NEW PAM



FUTURE FICTION



ROID RAGE



MISS JULY

PAMELA ANDERSON—WITH *V.I.P.*, MTV AND PAMTV.COM, SHE'S THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAYMATE IN HOLLYWOOD. BUT SHE ALWAYS REMEMBERS HER PLAYBOY ROOTS. BRAND-NEW NUDES—HER GREATEST YET—FOR YOUR EVER-GROWING PAMELA SHRINE

ROID RAGE—ONCE THE FAVORITE OF BODYBUILDERS, STEROIDS HAVE GONE MAINSTREAM. IS SOCIETY SUFFERING FROM "BIG-O-REXIA"? WHY ARE SO MANY GUYS SOLD ON STEROIDS? JUST WHAT ARE THE RISKS? A REALITY CHECK BY **SCOTT DICKENSHEETS**

GET IT STRAIGHT ONCE AND FOR ALL—YOU DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SEMEN AND SPERM? ORGASM AND ORIGAMI? HEY, EVEN THE PRESIDENT CAN GET TRIPPED UP OCCASIONALLY. HERE'S AN ARTICLE THAT COULD CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

PLAY CAN BE SO DEADLY AND WHAT FUN TO BE REBORN—THE SCREENWRITER OF SPIELBERG'S *A.I.* PRESENTS THESE STORIES OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE, IN WHICH ROBOTS HAVE FEELINGS AND BRINGING A BOY BACK TO LIFE MEANS RECHARGING HIS BATTERY. FICTION BY **BRIAN ALDISS**

CHRIS MATTHEWS—THE HOST OF CNBC'S *HARDBALL* TAKES A SWING AT ALL THE TOUGH ISSUES. ON DECK: SCHOOL SHOOTINGS, BUSH IN OFFICE, CLINTON'S PARDONS, THE PERILS OF 24-7 CABLE AND THE CRITICS WHO CALL HIS SHOW "SCREAM TV." PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID RENSHIN**

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BASEBALL—MOST FANS WAX NOSTALGIC ABOUT THE DAYS OF BABE RUTH, HANK AARON AND JOE DIMAGGIO. **ALLEN BARRA** SAYS BASEBALL'S GREATEST ERA IS THE PRESENT

SEX 2001—WANT TO GET BUSY? PLAYBOY ADVISOR **CHIP ROWE** SAYS SEX IN THIS CENTURY IS KINKIER THAN EVER. AN INVENTION CALLED LICK-A-LOT-O-PUSS MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT. READ THE ARTICLE WITH YOUR GIRL

JOHNNY KNOXVILLE—HE'S AN MTV JACKASS ON THE BRINK OF MOVIE STARDOM. **WARREN KALBACKER** QUESTIONS THE PRANKSTER ABOUT PAIN THRESHOLDS, PENIS ENHANCEMENTS, POO COCKTAILS, BOVINE LOVE AND WHY HE'S IN BIG TROUBLE WITH HIS WIFE. HEY—WE NEVER SAID HE WAS CLASSY. A FUN-FILLED 200

SURFING'S NEW WAVE—TODAY'S AGGRESSIVE SURFING WOULD MAKE THE BEACH BOYS WIPE OUT. **CHRIS COTE** HAS THE LOWDOWN ON TRICKS, VIDEO GAMES, BOARDS, HOT SPOTS AND GEAR. JUST DON'T SAY "HANG LOOSE"

TRAVEL NO-NO'S—NEVER TIP IN JAPAN. DON'T CROSS YOUR CHOPSTICKS IN CHINA. HEADING OFF TO ITALY? TO GREECE? LONDON? CHECK THIS OUT FIRST

PLUS: THE RISE AND FALL OF A BOY-BAND SINGER, **KERISSA FARE** GOES DEEP ON SEX, TWO-WAY PAGERS, A GUY'S GUIDE TO MARTIAL ARTS, AND A BIG CITY POLICEWOMAN WHO STOPS TRAFFIC—AND WE'VE GOT HER NUDE