

# PLAYBOY

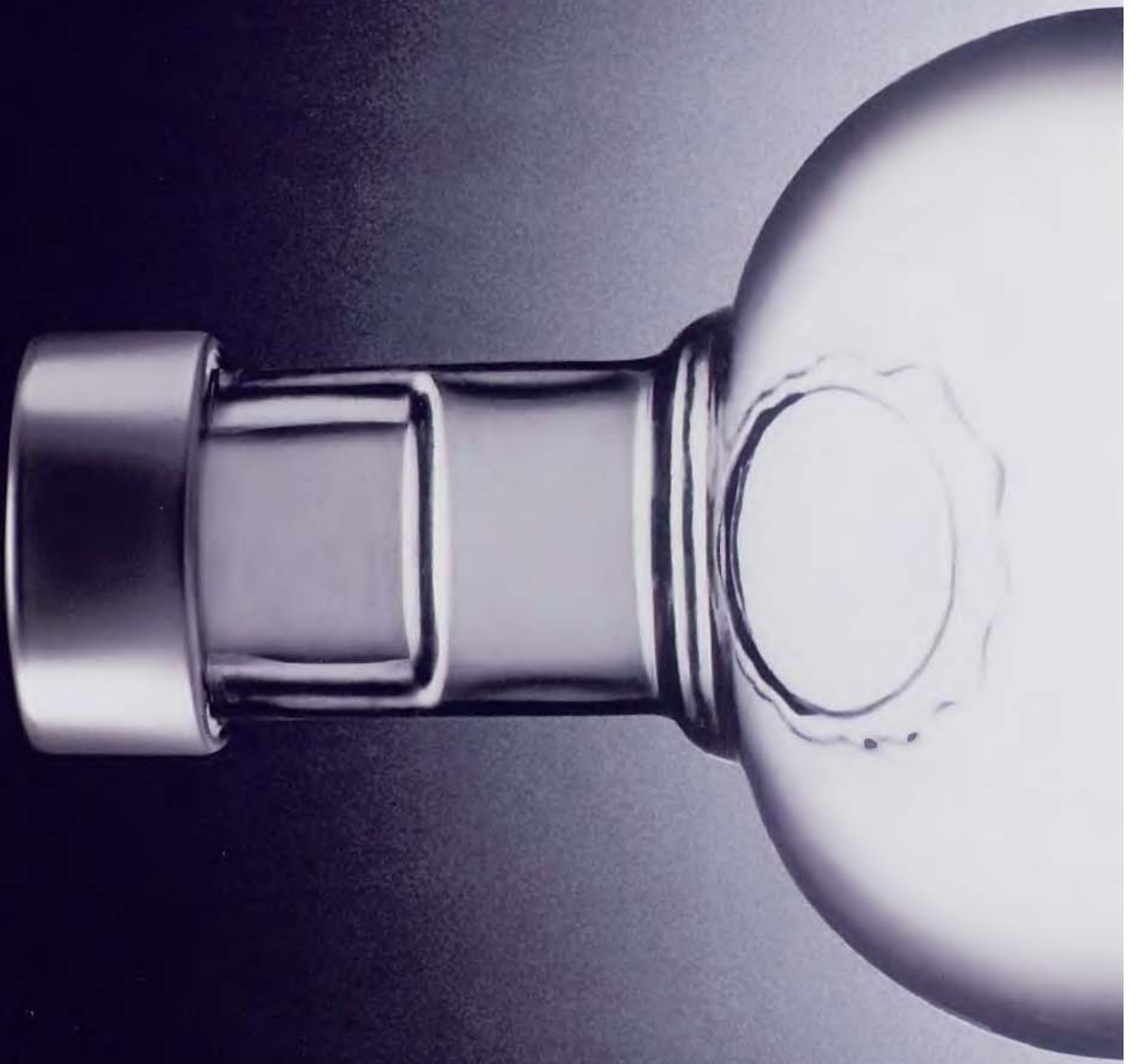
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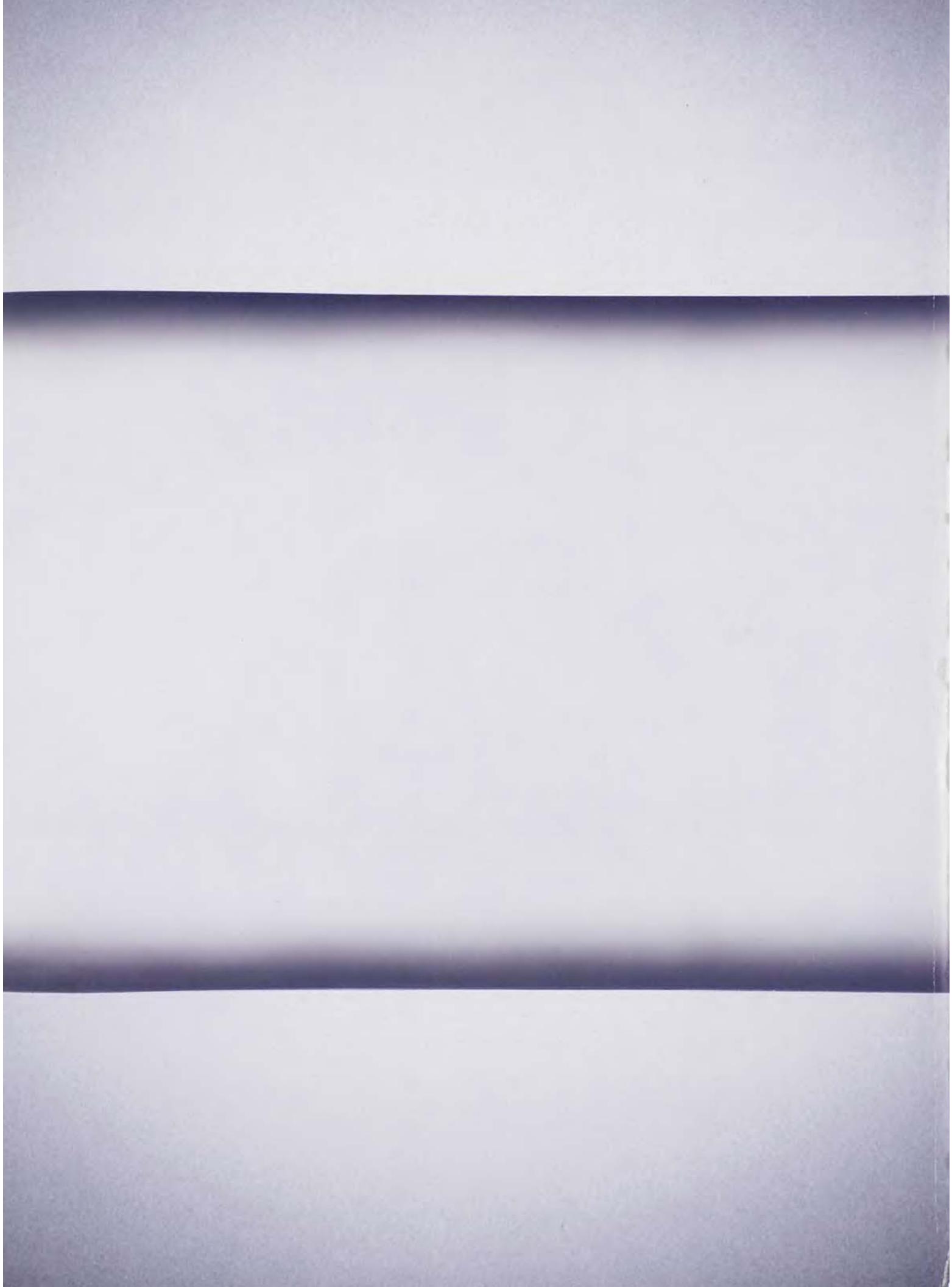
JANUARY 2004 • [www.playboy.com](http://www.playboy.com)



FIFTIETH  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE

FIVE DECADES OF THE GOOD LIFE  
JACK NICHOLSON IN HIS GREATEST  
ROLE: HIMSELF • FAMED ARCHITECT  
FRANK GEHRY DESIGNS THE BACHELOR  
PAD OF THE FUTURE • TOP HOLLYWOOD  
DIRECTORS SHOOT THEIR WILDEST  
FANTASIES • NORMAN MAILER SAVES  
AMERICA • HUNTER S. THOMPSON  
TEARS IT APART • 50 PRODUCTS THAT  
CHANGED THE WORLD • T.C. BOYLE  
ON DR. SEX • CHUCK PALAHNIUK ON THE  
ULTIMATE DEMOLITION DERBY • GEORGE  
PLIMPTON RUNS AMOK IN THE MANSION  
• LAUREN WEISBERGER COMES UNBUT-  
TONED AT THE OFFICE • JONATHAN  
SAFRAN FOER'S PAPER CHASE • DAVID  
MAMET'S GUIDE TO LIFE • AL FRANKEN  
ON WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RIGHT  
• POWERFUL NEW FICTION BY SCOTT  
TUROW AND THOM JONES • BILLY  
BOB THORNTON AND JERRY BRUCK-  
HEIMER GET DRESSED • 639 PLAYBOY  
GIRLS GET NAKED • PLUS: THE ONE AND  
ONLY 50TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE







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PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

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HEIGHT: 11" WEIGHT: 1 liter

BIRTH DATE: 1879 BIRTHPLACE: Åhus, Sweden

AMBITIONS: To appear in Playboy's 100th anniversary issue, having not changed a bit, each side as flat as it is today!

TURN ONS: Perfectly round olives, impeccable oral hygiene, and big tippers?

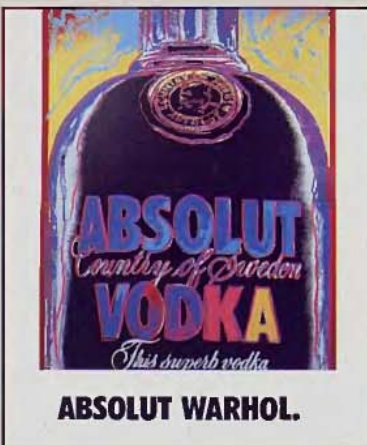
TURN OFFS: Immaturity. If you're not of age, I'm simply not for you.

FAVORITE THING TO HAVE ON: I like to mix it up. I'm into all kinds of juices, tonic, limes, and sometimes lemons. But all I really need is plain old ice. Crushed or cubed, I go both ways!

PRIOR PLAYBOY APPEARANCES: 1989. With the same measurements. Jealous?

HOW I GET ATTENTION: It's about having real substance. I've always been myself, and at clubs people still call my name. Although, looking great in pictures hasn't hurt either!

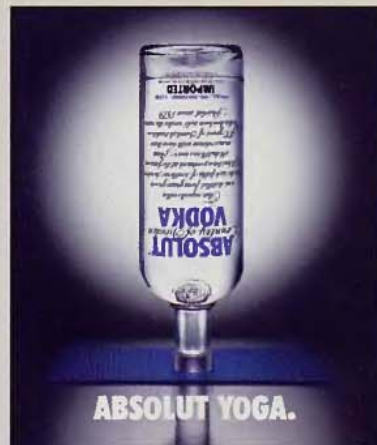
MY BEST FEATURE: I like my cap, but people seem to prefer when it's off. 😊



**ABSOLUT WARHOL.**



**ABSOLUT ENVY.**

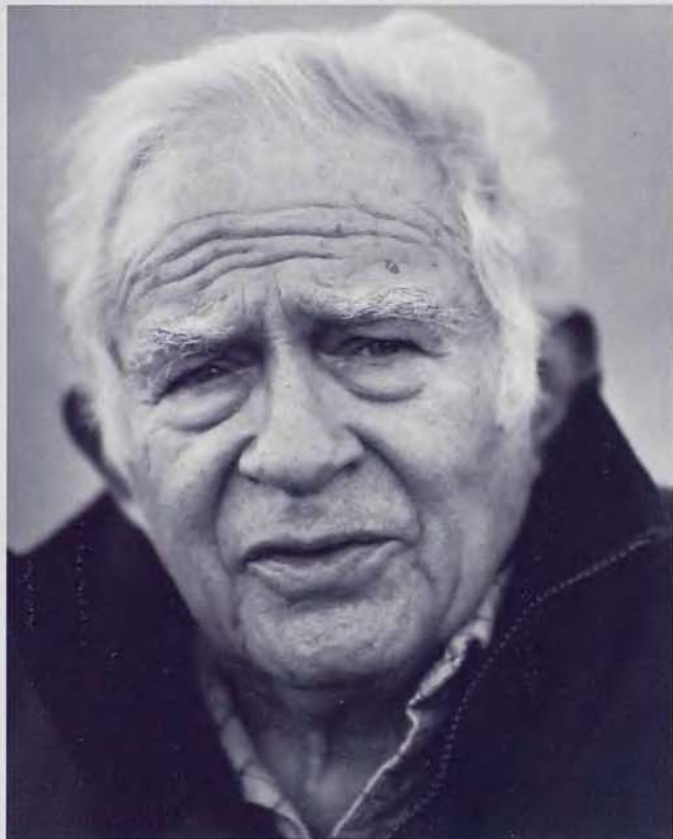


**ABSOLUT YOGA.**

Everyone should have a few portraits.

Tall is nice, but it's what's inside that counts.

Willing to try anything once!



America's leading literary light, **Norman Mailer**, weighs in this month with his prescription for what ails us in *Immodest Proposals*, a memo to national political bosses. "I think it's important for the Democrats to recognize that conservatives are vulnerable," he says. "There's a potential split there. There are a lot of conservatives who might be ready to vote for the Democrats as if they were a third party—provided the Democrats can get free of political correctness, which I think is a poison. At present the strongest single force the Democrats have is Bush himself. There's that much animosity toward him. But if Iraq improves and if things look up between Israel and Palestine—two huge ifs—and certainly if joblessness decreases, then the Democrats are going to have to show that they really have more to offer than the Republicans."



**Al Franken**, best-selling author and *SNL* alum, was sued by Fox News over his latest book, *Lies and the Lying Liars Who Tell Them*. "After I finished the book," he told Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker, who quizzed him for *20Q*, "I went to Italy for a vacation. Someone from the house walked in one morning and said, 'Al, you're being sued by Fox.' I just looked at him and said 'Good' and went back to sleep. I just knew that if they sued us it would be the best thing that could possibly happen."



**Hunter S. Thompson** has raised hackles for decades while pioneering gonzo journalism in books such as *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *The Great Shark Hunt*. This month he tees off on Nixon, the Harlem Globetrotters and the coming apocalypse in *Fear and Justice in the Kingdom of Sex*. "Some days I feel like going into the tank, and other days I feel like running for president," he says. "That is dangerous thinking. If politics is the art of controlling your environment, it is also the road to hell."



**George Plimpton**, a *Mansion* favorite and a longtime friend, died shortly after writing this issue's *My Life With Playboy*. He launched numerous literary careers in his publication *The Paris Review*, which, like *PLAYBOY*, is celebrating its 50th anniversary. An accomplished writer, he was a leader in participatory journalism, for which he took on such daunting roles as NFL quarterback and trapeze artist. Here he recalls a less onerous stunt: photographing *Playmates*.



**Lauren Weisberger** is the author of the publishing sensation *The Devil Wears Prada*, a novel detailing her trial by fire as an assistant at *Vogue*. As she reveals in *My Office or Yours?*, one thing she missed during that experience was good old-fashioned flirting between colleagues. "If it doesn't bother her," she says, "and it doesn't bother him, why not?" Why not indeed.



**Jeff Koons**, world-renowned conceptual artist, contributed the collage for our fiction feature *Loyalty*. "It was great to be invited to create an illustration for the 50th anniversary issue," he says. "It's wonderful to be among artists like Ed Paschke who have created illustrations for *PLAYBOY*. I enjoyed reading Scott Turow's story and would like to wish *PLAYBOY* a happy anniversary."

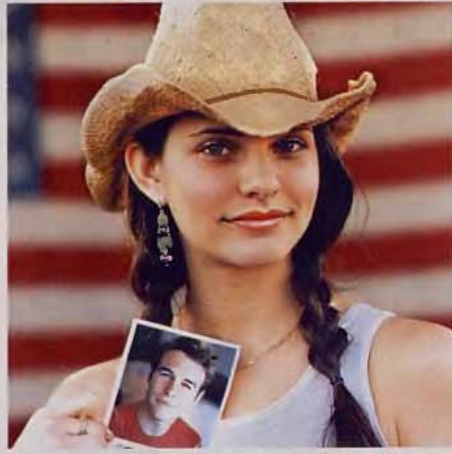


**Jonathan Safran Foer**, author of the acclaimed debut novel *Everything Is Illuminated*, sheds light on his collection of blank paper—assembled from famous writers as diverse as Updike and Freud—in *Emptiness*. "Not everyone who sends me paper writes back with anything," he says. "Sometimes that's even more satisfying. The assumption is that the thing speaks for itself."





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pro stretch



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In my experience nothing broadens the mind like travel. Especially travel involving lots of contact with the locals. Describing my 2004 Rockster on first sight, one new foreign friend called it "Fast, athletic and very good looking." At least I think she was talking about my bike. To learn more about this incredible machine and how to say other useful phrases such as "Does an attractive woman like you ride?" and "Were you ever a Playmate?" visit [bmwmotorradusa.com](http://bmwmotorradusa.com)

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**David Mamet** is famed for capturing the cadences of male speech in works such as *Glengarry Glen Ross*, *American Buffalo* and *Wag the Dog*. In *To My Son* he dissects the aphorisms of manhood. "If the advice herein contained seems wise," he says, "you are probably and unfortunately too old to have taken advantage of it."



**Thom Jones** wrote the story collections *The Pugilist at Rest*, *Cold Snap* and *Sonny Liston Was a Friend of Mine*. *All Along the Watchtower*, in this issue, is about a drug-addled drawbridge tender in Chicago. "You'd think it would be fun," he says. "But most people who end up with that job get really squirrely—there's so much dead time."



**T.C. Boyle** returns to our pages with *Dr. Sex*, a look at Alfred C. Kinsey, founder of the eponymous institute in Bloomington, Indiana. "The house Kinsey built on First Street," he says of his visit there, "sits like an enchanted cottage in a glade of trees. I wanted to go inside. But I stood on the street and let my mind do the wandering for me."



If any man comes even close to Hef in upholding the PLAYBOY philosophy, it would have to be **Jack Nicholson**. And this month he's the subject of the 50th anniversary *Playboy Interview*. "There are other actors who have been around as long as he has," reports Contributing Editor David Sheff, who went head-to-head with the surprisingly revealing Hollywood icon, "but I don't know anybody else who has so consistently defined his time. And he is just so unafraid and unapologetic—and willing and eager to talk about fun stuff, like sex. He has some wild and interesting things to say about that, and he even makes jokes about his own reputation in that regard. The part you don't expect from him is the gentle, thoughtful, even sweet side. Of course, he'd probably be horrified to hear a word like *sweet* used to describe him. But it's true."



**Chuck Palahniuk**, the best-selling author of *Fight Club*, *Choke* and *Diary*, knows a thing or two about cacophony. In *Demolition* he reports on a 15-year-old combine crash-up contest in rural Washington state. "The town needed to raise money for its failing rodeo," he explains. "The local International Harvester dealer had a huge number of old, beat-up trade-in farm combines that he couldn't do anything with. So he gave them away to anyone who would fix them up and decorate them and drive them in a derby. He got the whole thing started."



**Frank Gehry**, America's most famous architect, designed *The New Playboy Bachelor Pad*. "There's more to life than functionality," he says. "I think we should try to make buildings fit into their time and place. There are technological changes, stylistic changes and political changes. Materials evolve, and building codes are rewritten. There's aesthetic growth. You have to keep your eyes open. You have to do visual research. And then you hope that if you do it well, it lasts."



**Scott Turow**, lawyer and writer of such novels as *Presumed Innocent* and *The Burden of Proof*, takes a rare foray into short fiction with this issue's *Loyalty*. The genesis of the story: "A friend had told me a secret about the family of someone I subsequently met, and I was impressed by the way it influenced my evolving relationship with this new acquaintance."



**Greg Gorman** is one of the world's most famous celebrity photographers. Our fashion feature *The A-List* spotlights his portraits of Hollywood's elite. "I think that most people you hear about in the entertainment business who are difficult people are not necessarily difficult," he reports. "They're just perfectionists. They haven't gotten where they are by being yes-men."



**Ralph Steadman's** iconic artwork has accompanied some of Hunter S. Thompson's most famous works, including *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, since 1970. "This project has taken more time than usual," he says of his illustrations for *Fear and Justice in the Kingdom of Sex*. "I had this strange feeling it would offend Hunter's naturally prudish character."



Happy  
Anniversary  
Playboy.



*Gadino*

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# PLAYBOY

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## cover story

Fifty years ago we invented a winning formula: top-notch journalism, hilarious cartoons and, of course, nude photos of beautiful women. This issue shows why we're still on top at our half-century mark. Art Director Tom Staebler created our celebratory cover. Senior Art Director Len Willis designed our anniversary logo. Our Rabbit doesn't look a day older.






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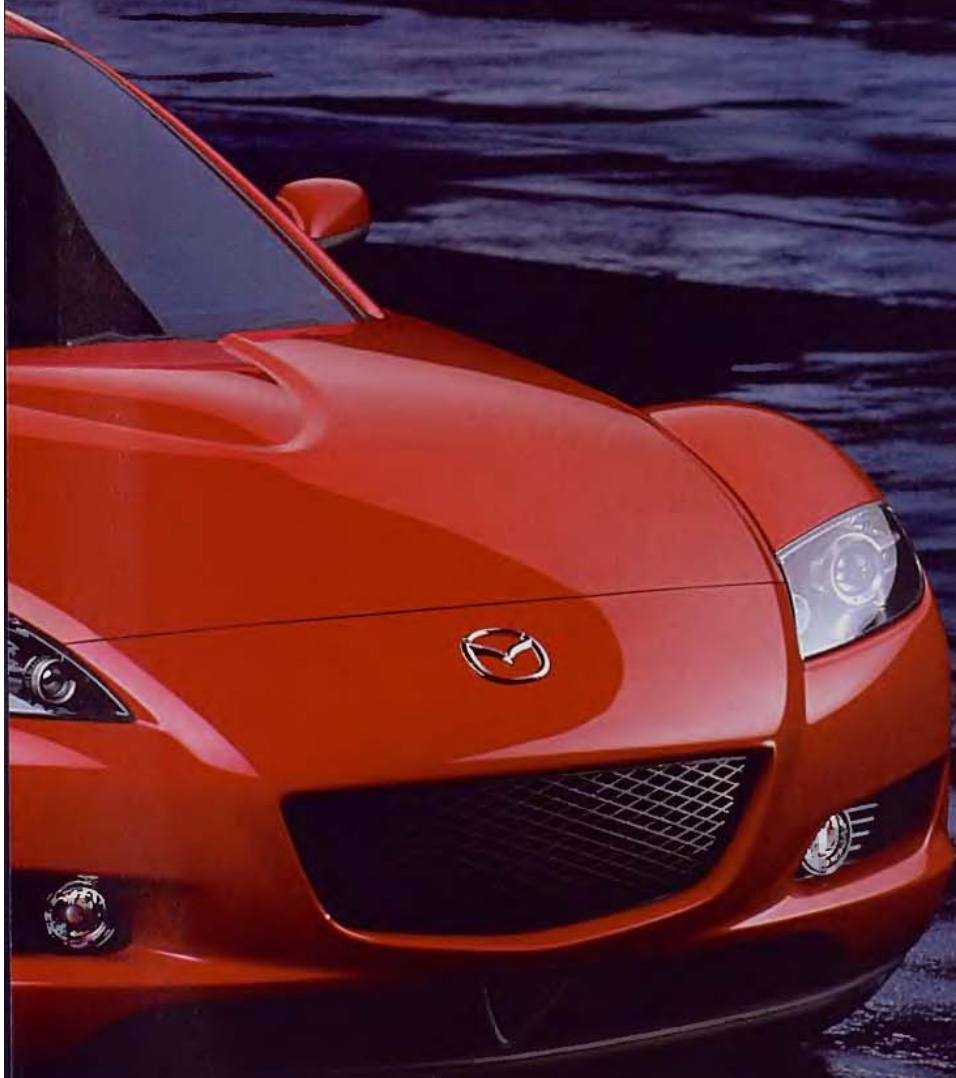
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# PLAYBOY®

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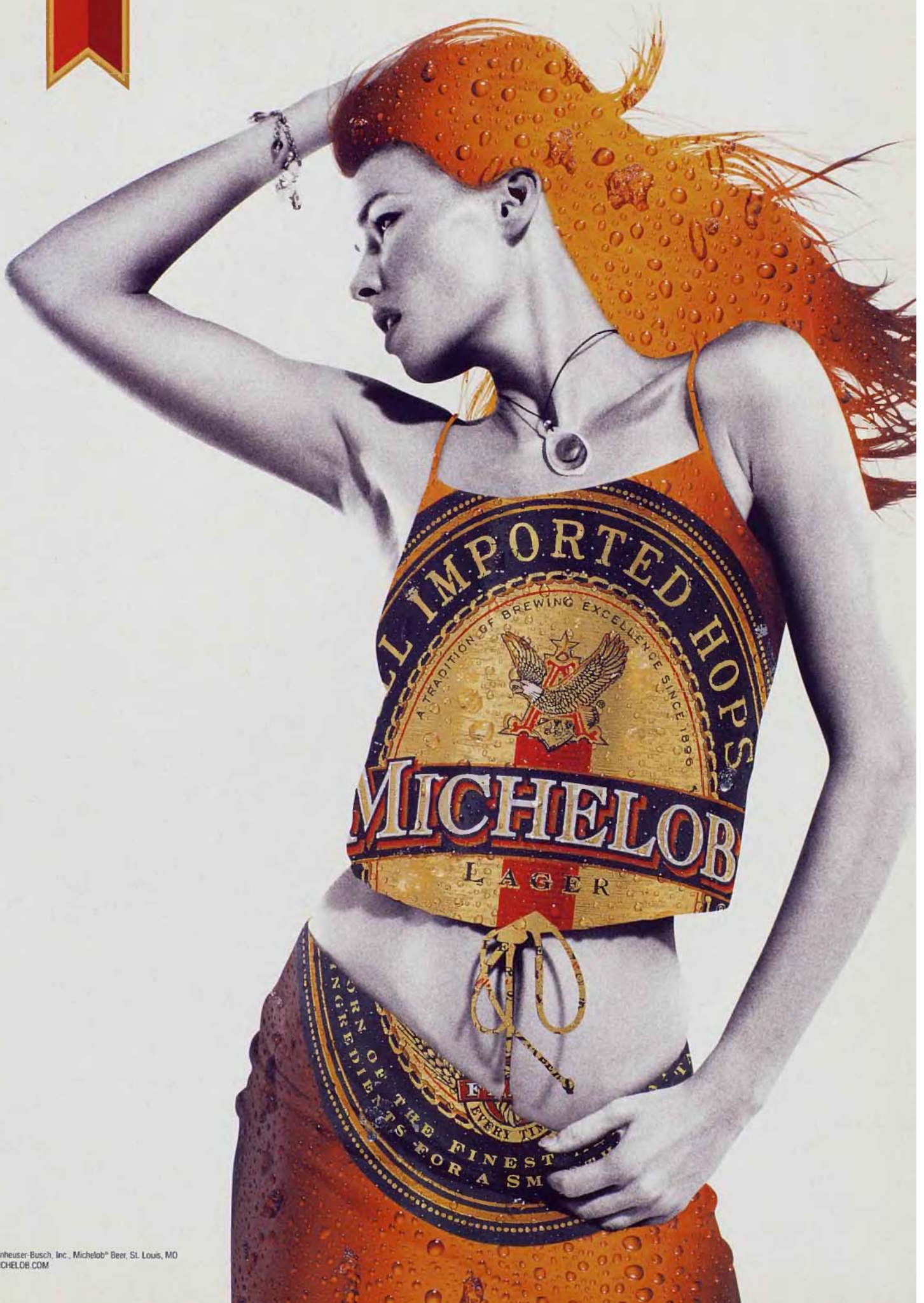
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- 54 BOOKS**  
*Dean Koontz's Odd Thomas is strange in the best way. Plus: fun with serial killers!*

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# PLAYBOY MANSION FROLICS



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Celebrities and Centerfolds make the Playboy Mansion the ultimate hangout as we celebrate the magazine's 50th Anniversary. (1) Hef and his girlfriends taping a music video with Nelly and Justin Timberlake in the Great Hall. (2) Kevin Spacey and you know who. (3) Christine Taylor and Ben Stiller. (4) Drew Carey and the guest of honor at Hef's Friars Club roast. (5) Eminem kissing up to Playmate Stacy Fuson. (6) Fred Durst with Colin Farrell and Colin's sister Claudine. (7) Leonardo DiCaprio and Seth Green. (8) Gwyneth Paltrow and Red Hot Chili Pepper Anthony Kiedis. (9) Tara Reid and Mr. Playboy. (10) Dennis Rodman and Howard Stern at a Mansion taping of the shock jock's radio show. (11) Matthew Perry with Hef and his girlfriends. (12) Jim Carrey and Jon Lovitz. (13) George Clooney with *Mulholland Drive*'s Laura Haring and Centerfold Deanna Brooks. (14) Salma Hayek, Edward Norton and Mark Wahlberg. (15) Britney Spears. (16) Jason Biggs with Genevieve Gowman and Lisa Arturo on Halloween. (17) Shannen Doherty and the host.



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# PLAYBOY MANSION FROLICS

Continued



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(1) Hef with nun other than Lucy Liu, Cameron Diaz and Drew Barrymore, in costume filming *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle* at PMW. (2) The Rock with the Man. (3) Ben Affleck and Stephen Dorff. (4) Bill Maher getting a licking. (5) Hef and super-welterweight champion "Sugar" Shane Mosley. (6) Bijou Phillips and Tobey Maguire in the Halloween spirit. (7) Pamela Anderson hugging the host. (8) Steve Martin and Jean-Claude Van Damme. (9) Dustin Hoffman and his son Jake hanging with Hef and Bunny Victoria Fuller. (10) Jack Nicholson and the Dahm triplets. (11) Thora Birch, Elizabeth Taylor and the host at a Sunday movie night. (12) Rockers Tommy Lee and Mark McGrath getting their ya-yas out. (13) Drew Barrymore wishing Hef a happy birthday. (14) Justin Timberlake chilling. (15) *American Idol* idols Ryan Seacrest, Randy Jackson and Simon Cowell. (16) Kevin Costner with Playmates Lisa Dergan and Deanna Brooks. (17) Third Eye Blind's Stephan Jenkins and Charlize Theron at a Valentine's bash.



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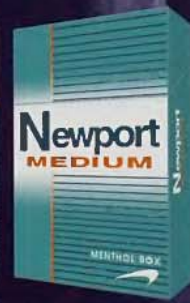


*Na zdrowie i a Pielich toast*

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## POT BUST GONE BAD

I couldn't stop crying after reading *Siege at Rainbow Farm* (October). Tom Crosslin and Rollie Rohm died defending their family, property and right to freedom. Because of the misguided war on drugs, a campground of love and peace was turned into a bloody battleground.

Sandy Cote  
Toledo, Ohio

Because the media paid so much attention to 9/11, a story bigger than Ruby Ridge just got swept under the rug.

Katherine Marzolo  
Los Angeles, California

Those of us who knew Tom and Rollie still have many unanswered questions about what really happened. Did Tom and Rollie point their guns at the police? The people who murdered them say yes, but it is their word against the dead. They were the two kindest souls I have ever met.

B.J. Mallen  
Colon, Michigan

## THE O.J. SIMPSON INTERVIEW

David Sheff does a great job keeping O.J. on a tight leash (*Playboy Interview*, October). I was a very close friend of



Guilty in the court of public opinion.

Nicole Brown's. I spent nearly nine months sitting in that courtroom, watching the wheels of justice come undone. O.J. usually answers a question with a question or with some made-up jargon that is meant to distract and confuse. That is his only talent. I can't believe that O.J. says we

(Nicole's closest friends) somehow know who the real killer is. Then again, I guess he's right. We *know* that it's O.J. Does he really believe that if I knew somebody else killed Nicole and Ron I would waste my time on his sorry ass? Thanks for your efforts to get to the bottom of this shallow man.

Ron Hardy  
San Diego, California

O.J. is an idiot and so is PLAYBOY for giving him a forum.

John Rozsa  
Sacramento, California

If O.J. really is innocent of his crimes, why did he feel the need to have his attorney with him during the interview?

Randal Jackson  
Rosepine, Louisiana

It's taboo to tell people that you think O.J. is innocent. But I do. The Rodney King trial and riots gave the LAPD a rather unsightly black eye. What better way to reassert control and divert attention from the bad policing than to frame a prominent black celebrity with a hazy past of domestic abuse? O.J., if you ever find your way to Vegas, a round of golf is on me.

Chris Greening  
Las Vegas, Nevada

O.J. says, "If you call anybody an asshole, you've got to be prepared to get bloody." I guess we now know the last thing Nicole said to him.

Tom Malabo  
Tucson, Arizona

## PURE PLAYMATE

Audra Lynn is gorgeous (*Farmer's Daughter*, October). I appreciate her lack of piercings. Like many of your other models, though, she wears fake nails. Have the cells stopped reproducing in ladies' fingernails?

Dave Parker  
Lackawanna, New York

*Just because Audra's nails are done up in a French manicure doesn't mean they're not, like the rest of her, 100 percent natural.*

## CHECKERED MISTRESS

I laughed my ass off that Deanna Merriam says her relationship with Nascar driver Jeff Gordon ended because he cheated on her (*The Racer's Edge*, October). Honey, he was never yours to begin with. He was cheating on his wife with you.

Julie Croft  
Kennesaw, Georgia

As they say, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Deanna, you got dumped. Get over it!

Melissa Kinnaman  
Sterling, Colorado

## A+ FOR NAKED COEDS

The *Girls of the Big 10* pictorial (October) is a perfect 10. These women are the best reason to go back to college.

Thomas Florey  
Washington, D.C.



Big 10 beauty Braake Everett.

The only thing hotter than seeing Kelsey Simpkins hold a cigar would be seeing her smoke it.

Jim Coughlin  
Tucson, Arizona

*That's the only thing? You're lucky you don't have our imagination.*

I attend the U.S. Coast Guard Academy, where we have neither parties nor the most gorgeous women. But at least I now know which colleges to visit on weekends.

Chris Greer  
New London, Connecticut

You are very lucky in the United States. I live in Spain, where all of the college girls have mustaches.

Pablo Nadal  
Madrid, Spain

*Are you sure those are girls? There are some strange bars near the Madrid Barber College.*

I was disappointed with the lack of representation from the University of

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Illinois. You chose only two women from my alma mater. We deserved better, especially since Hef graduated from the institution.

Duane Phillips  
Belleville, Illinois

Help! I need CPR after seeing Brooke Everett from Penn State. She has it all—beauty, brains and a perfect body.

Robert N. Wilderman  
Lansdale, Pennsylvania

*Readers, take note: If our pictorials ever cause your heart to fail, please dial 911 instead of writing us for help. It may take us a few weeks to open your letter.*

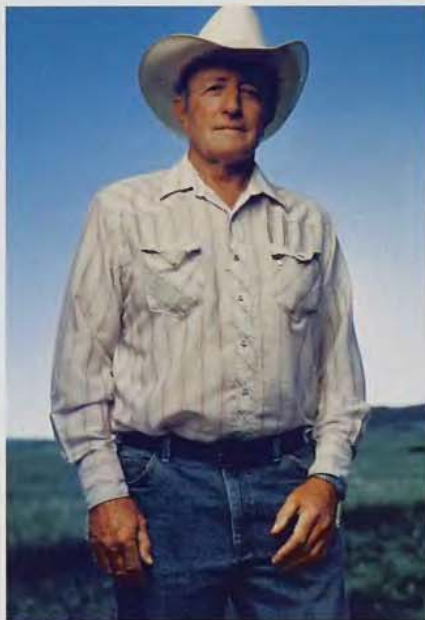
The University of Wisconsin photo looks like it was snapped outside my former fraternity house. Something's wrong with the picture, though: a sunny day, topless girls mingling with Badger frat boys and not a beer in sight! You're giving UW a bad reputation.

Douglas Lindquist  
Pasadena, California

*The photographer was standing on the keg to get a better angle.*

#### WHACKING BUSH

Every American needs to read—and then reread—*Ambushed!* (October) to



This cowboy hates Bush.

discover how George W. Bush's policies affect average citizens. Molly Ivins and Lou Dubose deserve a monthly spot reporting on the failings of our government.

Lawrence Lawson  
Monterey, California

I spent many years working in resource management. The examples in *Ambushed!* of how Bush is destroying the environment are only the tip of the iceberg. I hope you like the look of Mars.

Earth will look just like that one day.

Doug Troutman  
Lakeview, Oregon

The chances of Molly Ivins writing an impartial piece about Bush are as likely as Ann Coulter writing an article about the finer qualities of Senator Hillary Clinton. This was a political editorial masquerading as a general-interest article.

David Sikorsky  
Savannah, Georgia

I enjoy the magazine a great deal more when you concentrate on displaying bush rather than on campaigning against Bush.

Jim Cox  
Marietta, Georgia

*Thank you for your inventive turn of phrase. Imagine our restraint in not using your last name in a similar way.*

#### 20Q WITH THE MAN SHOW MAN

Joe Rogan (October) is a sour, pompous, misanthropic individual. *The Man Show* was highly enjoyable when Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla were hosting. But Rogan and Doug Stanhope are the worst replacements for a TV show since Coy and Vance replaced Bo and Luke on *The Dukes of Hazzard*.

Tony Bueno  
Sausalito, California

*You've been waiting 20 years for the right opportunity to put down those poor Hazzard cousins, haven't you?*

Finally someone has the guts to speak the truth. How could anyone really think David Spade is handsome? Without his fame and fortune, he's nothing. From one real man to another, thanks, Joe Rogan.

Paul Lopresti Jr.  
Sewell, New Jersey

#### LUSCIOUS LINDSEY

Lindsey Vuolo (*Employee of the Month*, October) is even hotter than when she appeared as a Centerfold.

Stephen Roldan  
Aiea, Hawaii

#### BOTTOMS UP

In October's *Raw Data* you list the five least popular Walt Disney World rides. I work there as a cast member and can definitely say that you've misread your source book, *The Unofficial Guide to Walt Disney World*. The Flying Unicorn and Pteranodon Flyers are rides at Universal's Islands of Adventure.

Thomas Galvin  
Orlando, Florida

*Thanks for setting us straight. Now put your furry head back on and let that squealing five-year-old yank your tail.*





you got home from work 5 minutes ago  
the game started a half hour ago

...and you didn't miss a single pitch



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# TOMMY HILFIGER



babe of the month

### Jennifer O'Dell

*The Lost World's* jungle lover cleans up quite nicely

If stranded in a prehistoric jungle, you could do worse than play tree house with the untamed beauty portrayed by Jennifer O'Dell in three seasons of the syndicated action series *The Lost World*. "We were shooting in a rain forest in Australia for eight months a year," she says. "I tried to perform many of my own stunts, and my costume would shrink when it got wet." That costume—a miracle of strategically torn buckskin—and season one of the dinosaur-and-cheesecake-packed series can now be freeze-

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"I crave it all—I want my home life and also to be a party animal."

---

framed with a deluxe DVD boxed set. Jennifer hopes a proposed fourth season will switch locales to Hawaii, where she grew up; long stretches far, far away from home wreak havoc on her love life. "Having a long-distance relationship is one of the most difficult things I've done, and it's not worth it," she says. "When you have chemistry with someone, it's hard to fight that. You just want to be with him." If you want to see Jennifer without vines in her hair, look for the romantic comedy *Window Theory*, in which she plays the former flame of an unrepentant playboy. "It's about 'What would have happened if...'" she says. "I always compare people to my first boyfriend. I crave it all—I want my home life and also to be a party animal."



## O'DELL YEAH

**GLASS ACT:** "I'm tough—that's just my personality," says Jennifer. "I'm a hardcore chick but also a klutz. I'm the first person to walk into a glass door."

**IT'S A LIVING:** Before being chased by raptors, Jennifer chased a buck. "I worked at a pizza place, which made me smell like dough. And I did telemarketing, which made me say 'Fuck this' and move to L.A. to live a new life."

**ANIMAL FARM:** Though Jennifer owns dogs named Bullat and Elvis, her ancestors preferred bigger pets. "My grandmother raised Clydesdales, and my grandfathers were cowboys," she says. "They did rodeos since before I was born."

**SPIN CYCLE:** Jennifer keeps pulses racing at her regular Spinning class. "I wanted to get in shape because I wasn't wearing very much on *The Lost World*. You feel sexier and more confident. And you think better."





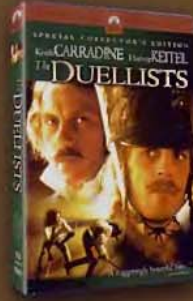
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## barometer

## IT'S JANUARY AND...



...you haven't received the coveted Pirelli 2004 calendar. Yet. The tire company distributes its Holy Grail (previous years have featured Heidi Klum and Kate Moss) to only 40,000 customers. So buy some Italian tires and succumb to the laws of a-traction.

...you just want to make it to February. Stats-wise, more people kick the bucket this month than any other. Stay alive and the month may otherwise be uneventful: January also sees the fewest divorces. It's when you're still paying for Christmas in July that pots start flying.



...you're going to take the icy plunge. There's a purity about Polar Bear clubs. You don't need certification, equipment or a hard body. Just belly flop into the frigid water with like-minded strangers—because it's there. Then towel off and lament the extreme shrinkage.

...all those hours you've spent mastering the rocket launcher, plasma grenade and needler may finally pay off. Top video gamers will start gathering in Los Angeles this month for the finals of the first international *Halo* world championship. Sponsors of the event have promised a \$30,000 purse. Geek on!



...you're celebrating the New Year twice. The first time involves bubbly and a midnight kiss from a hot "friend." The second, on January 22, involves dancing dragons, fireworks and moo shoo pork in the nearest Chinatown (or Chinese restaurant, if need be).

## fish tales



## CHICKS OF THE SEA

### FLORIDA'S CHERISHED FIN FATALES SAVE THEIR SWIMMING HOLE

They've filled more fantasies than can fit into their tank and have splashed around provocatively in more than a few movies (including *Analyze This*), yet the mouthwatering mermaids of Weeki Wachee are an endangered species. Since 1947 Florida's Weeki Wachee Springs Park has presented an aquatic show in which young women in Lycra tails and bikini tops perform choreographed routines. "A mermaid has to be pretty, athletic and a great swimmer," says 30-year-old Robyn Anderson, park manager and mayor of Weeki Wachee (population: nine). They can also last as long as two minutes between gulps of air. This summer, aside from battling fin rot and the Disneyfication of Florida, the attraction faced declining revenue and pressure from water agencies that threatened to leave the bathing beauties high and dry. But Anderson supplied a creative business plan (the city now owns the park) and a renovation schedule that resulted in a reprieve. "The water is amazing," says Anderson. "It's from a spring that feeds a river, and animals visit. A manatee came in recently, watched the show and then started sucking on my hip." The big lout was acting like a typical male: Anderson says her silent sirens have to resist many calls to go topless. "It would kill the family atmosphere," she says. Maybe, but we'd sure be hooked.

## crack reporting

## BELT BOTTOMS

### A CHEEKY SLING LENDS A PERKIER POSTERIOR

Just as the Wonderbra crafts cleavage where none existed before, so the Biniki, the latest in stealth underthings, promises to boost the flattest caboose to J. Lo-esque prominence. That's fine for playing dress-up, but when it comes off we'll still be there to lend a lifting hand. ([www.biniki-fashions.com](http://www.biniki-fashions.com))



just dough it



## EXTREME SPORTS, REGULAR PAY

WE SHOW YOU THE MONEY EARNED BY OFF-BRAND STARS

Big-league athletes rake in millions each year. But what about the guys you see on ESPN2 at three A.M.? We did some digging.

**SNOCROSS** (snowmobile motocross) **The favorite:** Blair Morgan, 10-time World Snowmobile Association champ. **Biggest payday:** \$14,000 at the Winter X Games. **Quit your day job?** What day job? Last year Morgan won 19 races, nabbing \$225,000 in prize dough.

**CURLING** (shuffleboard on ice) **The favorite:** Kevin Martin, who took two of the four Grand Slams in the 2002–2003 season. **Biggest payday:** \$60,000 Canadian (damn!) at the Flexi-Coil Classic. **Quit your day job?** Nope. Martin's total annual winnings split among four team members come to \$11,000 U.S. apiece.

**WAKEBOARDING** (waterskiing on a board) **The favorite:** Darin Shapiro, wakeboarding's Methuselah at 30 years old, holds six Pro Wakeboarding Tour titles. **Biggest payday:** \$20,000 at the Gravity Games. **Quit your day job?** A top-five boarder can make around \$65,000 a year in prize money. Outside the top 10? You're sunk.

**DARTS** (those sharp things) **The favorite:** Briton Phil "the Power" Taylor, perhaps the greatest darter ever. **Biggest payday:** £50,000 at the Ladbrokes.com World Darts Championship. **Quit your day job?** Sure, in the U.K. Taylor scores about \$292,000 in prizes each year. Of course, then the whole pub expects you to buy a round.

spot the bunny

## SPLITTING HARES

TIMBER! OUR RABBIT SPORTS WOOD

Like a lumberjack in a fuzzy fairy tale, a reader in Oklahoma (emphasis on oak) was cutting logs when a Rabbit jumped out at him. His bunnies aren't as cute as ours, but at least they'll keep him warm at night.



employee of the month



## DELI DELIGHT

SUPER SUB GIRL HEIDI RHODES IS AVAILABLE WITH OR WITHOUT TOPPINGS

**PLAYBOY:** How did you find yourself behind the counter, making sandwiches?

**HEIDI:** I'm just out of college, and I'm working my ass off at this sub shop to save money so I can get out of Ohio. I also teach ballet and gymnastics—I'm working so my dancing career can take off. I'd love to be one of the Pussycat Dolls. I'm double-jointed, which never hurts.

**PLAYBOY:** Describe your day.

**HEIDI:** I do everything—take orders, make subs, even do deliveries. We're near campus, so guys from the football team like to hang around, and we check out the hot girls. Don't get me wrong. I love women, but I like to stick with my boys.

They've been waiting a long time for this—I've never even flashed anyone—so I hope I don't disappoint.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your favorite sub?

**HEIDI:** I'm not a fan of meat, so I make a cheese sub.

**PLAYBOY:** Six-inch?

**HEIDI:** I stick with the foot-long.



Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to PLAYBOY Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1953



DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1830



Hef says drink responsibly

## cloud 10



## LEER JETS

## NEW PARTY PLANES INVITE YOU TO JOIN THE MILE-HIGH STRIP CLUB

The romance of flight will never be quite the same again. Hot on the wings of Hooters Air, Stripclubjets.com is vying to make air travel even saucier. The high-flying outfit not only charters luxury jets, it stocks the cabins with caviar, Cristal and dancers who take it all off after takeoff. Think of it as a one-stop-shopping experience for the bachelor-party-planning blues. Want to wing it to Sin City? The orgiastic outfit's fleet of small jets takes to the wild blue yonder with as many strippers, runway models and even porn stars as you—and the plane's weight limit—can handle. (The company also has two DC-10 party planes that are often available on popular routes, such as New York–Las Vegas, though you won't necessarily know everyone on board.) The high-altitude high jinks command stratospheric prices (starting around \$3,000 an hour for a girl and a jet) and attract a clientele made up mostly of rock stars, pro athletes and Vegas honchos. Split among five guys the rates come down to earth, but passengers never do, according to a spokesperson. "Some of our girls get down and dirty and naughty," he says. Our tip: If you find that you're having trouble sitting still during a bicoastal lap dance, just blame it on an unexpected bout of turbulence.

## look who's counting



## CLASS OF '54

## WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES TURNING 50 THIS YEAR! LIGHT CANDLES FOR...

...15 Playmates, Adam Ant, the Breathalyzer, *Brown v. Board of Education*, Burger King, color TV broadcasts, Elvis Costello, Godzilla, Marvelous Marvin Hagler, Patty Hearst, successful kidney transplants, *Lord of the Flies*, *The Lord of the Rings*, Michael Moore, nuclear submarines, *On the Waterfront*, peanut M&M's, Rowdy Roddy Piper, polio vaccinations, Dennis Quaid, Reddi-wip, Condoleezza Rice, "Rock Around the Clock," Jerry Seinfeld, Al Sharpton, Howard Stern, *The Tonight Show*, John Travolta, Trix, Kathleen Turner, Oprah Winfrey, Yanni and Pia Zadora.

## tip sheet

## WE'RE PUTTING WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH

NOW YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO SEARCH FOR SOMETHING TO SAY



**Meralgia paresthetica:** A burning or tingling sensation in the thighs experienced by some women when they wear low-rise jeans. Oddly enough, we get the same feeling when women wear low-rise jeans.

**Hillbilly Cadillacs:** Retired police cars that are popular among drivers in Appalachia. The Ford Crown Victorias can be bought at auction for as low as \$2,000 and will speed Cletus back to the holler in record time.

**Affordable weapon:**

What the Navy calls its latest tweak to cruise-missile technology. It's a reusable, unmanned aerial vehicle that gives more bang for the buck at \$50,000 a pop—a Tomahawk costs \$1 million.

**Reflectoporn:** The flouting of eBay's ban on "material that depicts human genitalia" by people selling reflective items—kettles, toasters, TV sets, etc. The seller photographs the item while nude, so prospective buyers can see the seller's image on its surface.

**Alpha Betty:** Term coined by marketing firm Trend House in reference to a high-income woman age 25 to 44 who is sufficiently skilled and talented to have no need for male support or expertise.

**Headsnapper:** An eye-watering case of BO based on a rating system used by Gillette's research lab, which employs odor judges who sniff armpits and grade them on a 10-point scale. A pit that merits a 10 is so strong it makes "your head snap back."



**The Beckham:** A pubic mohawk in Britain, where 79 percent of women trim their muffs; of those, 27 percent favor a stripe, à la soccer star David Beckham's occasional coif. Bonus: The all-bare look is known as the Hollywood.

Pictured: ColdGear™ Mock Turtleneck (0012). ©2003 UNDER ARMOUR® Performance Apparel.

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### It Takes All Kinds

- 6'2"** – Tallest Playmate (Cara Michelle, 12/00)
- 4'11"** – Shortest (Sue Williams, 4/65; Karla Conway, 4/66)
- 41"** – Largest bust (Rosemarie Hillcrest, 10/64)
- 32"** – Smallest bust (14 different Playmates)
- 28"** – Largest waist (Rebecca Scott, 8/99)
- 18"** – Smallest waist (Joni Mattis, 11/60; Mickey Winters, 9/62)
- 39"** – Largest hips (Unne Terjesen, 7/62)
- 27"** – Smallest hips (Carmella DeCesare, 4/03)
- 150 lbs.** – Heaviest (Christine Williams, 10/63)
- 85 lbs.** – Lightest (Joni Mattis, 11/60)

### Till Death Do Us Party

1,452 readers have lifetime PLAYBOY subscriptions.

#### Price Check

### The Slugger's Wife

**\$40,250** Record amount paid for a copy of PLAYBOY issue No. 1, which cost **50 cents** on the newsstand in December 1953.

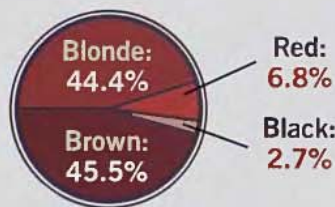
Approximately **5,000** still exist, typically valued at **\$4,000**. The record-holding issue had been autographed by Joe DiMaggio (who famously agonized over wife Marilyn Monroe's sex-symbol status) on the condition that it not be sold until after his death.

The record price for a non-DiMaggio PLAYBOY No. 1 is **\$18,800**, set in 1995.



### Winner by a Hair

Playmates by hair color:



### Informal Attire Required

Number of smoking jackets in Hef's closet: **16**  
 Number of silk pajamas: **112**



### "We're Number, uh..."

**4** schools, contrary to ubiquitous campus lore, have been named Top Party School by PLAYBOY. The winners: University of Wisconsin (1968), UCLA (1976), Cal State-Chico (1987) and Arizona State (2002).

### Not-So-Equal Opportunity

**8** men have appeared on the cover: Peter Sellers, Burt Reynolds, Steve Martin, Donald Trump, Dan Aykroyd, Jerry Seinfeld, Leslie Nielsen and Gene Simmons.



### Familiar Faces

Most appearances on the cover of PLAYBOY:



### Eye, the Jury

**7-5** Vote for acquittal in 1963

by Chicago jury deciding Hugh Hefner's fate on obscenity charges for the pictorial *The Nudest Jayne Mansfield*.

#### The Bottom Five

### Least Populous Playmate Birthplaces

- 426.** Bourbon, Missouri, pop. 1,328 – Ruthy Ross, June 1973
- 427.** Frederic, Wisconsin, pop. 1,262 – Rita Lee, November 1977
- 428.** Detroit, Texas, pop. 776 – Lisa Baker, November 1966
- 429.** Frankford, Missouri, pop. 351 – P.J. Lansing, February 1972
- 430.** Marietta, Mississippi, pop. 258 – Ellen Stratton, December 1959

(According to 2000 Census. Figures are for American-born Playmates with available data sheets, which were recorded only sporadically before 1969.)



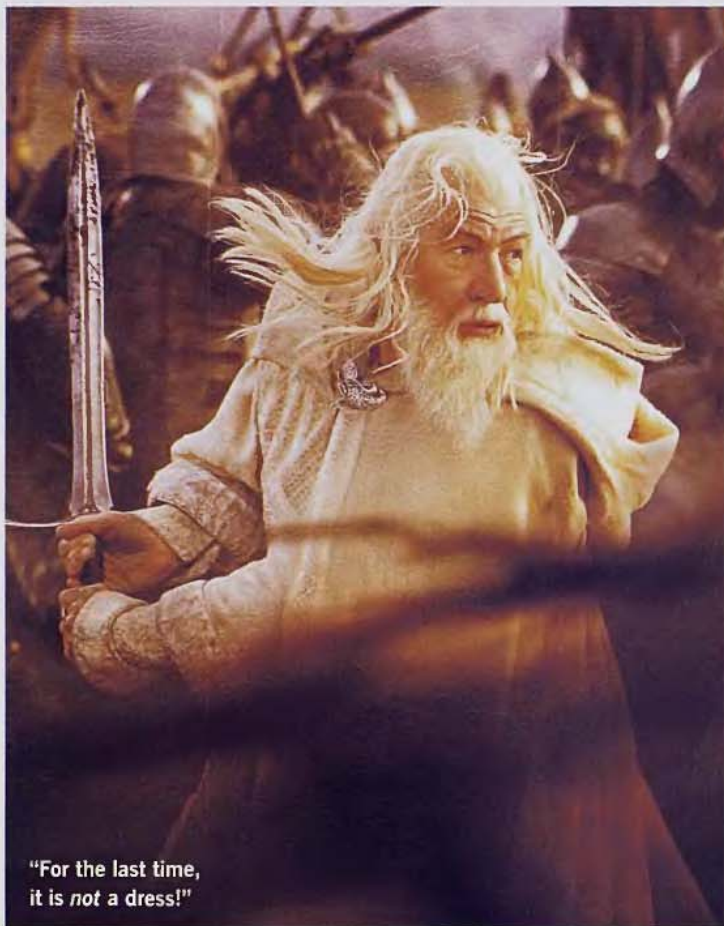
**ENEMIES MOVE IN  
PREDICTABLE PATTERNS.**



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"For the last time, it is *not* a dress!"

### movie of the month

## [ THE LORD OF THE RINGS: ] THE RETURN OF THE KING

Has the blockbuster trilogy saved the best for last?

The climactic battle of the second *LOTR* installment was a massive, sword-clanging melee to behold. But according to those involved in *The Return of the King*, this month's final chapter in the quest to destroy a troublesome ring and save Middle-earth from eternal darkness, fans haven't seen anything yet. "We're shooting a big scene at the top of this volcano, and I look out and see thousands of New Zealand army folk dressed in Orc armor," says Sean Astin, a.k.a. Samwise, Frodo's furry-footed Hobbit pal. "Making these movies, I'm used to saying, 'Wow, this is big' when seeing a vista of tents, people, five helicopters ferrying in the crew. But filming the Mount Doom sequence, I thought, Wow, this is even bigger." Then again, size isn't everything, especially if you're playing a character who's under four feet tall. "This movie has 10,000 guys charging on horses, but what was going to make it epic was the interaction between Frodo and Sam on the volcano," Astin says. "We had to go deeper emotionally than ever. That's scary, not the action." So now that it's over, did Astin bag any souvenirs? "I got my sword and Hobbit feet. But I can tell you I won't miss putting those things on. Whenever I wore them, I thought, I can't wait to get out of this stuff." (December 17) —*Stephen Rebello*

"We had to go deeper emotionally than ever. That's scary."

### now showing

### BUZZ

#### The Last Samurai

(Tom Cruise, Tony Goldwyn) Sounds like chop-socky, but it's actually a mesh of historical epics as Cruise plays a boozy Civil War vet hired to modernize the Japanese army and snuff the samurai. Captured by those noble warriors, he switches loyalties, and the blade-swinging action shifts into overdrive.

**Our call:** Jokesters whisper that Cruise signed on so he could be the tall guy for once, but realistic martial arts (no wires!) and the redemptive theme should deter any multiplex hara-kiris.



#### Stuck on You

(Matt Damon, Greg Kinnear, Eva Mendes, Cher) The Farrelly brothers' latest grossathon features Damon and Kinnear as conjoined twins who hit Hollywood so that one half can chase his showbiz dreams. The boys hit pay dirt on TV, start living large and hook up with the Olsen twins. Kidding...damn it.

**Our call:** The Farrellys are geniuses at stretching a joke—if it's funny to begin with. The difference separates *There's Something About Mary* from *Me, Myself & Irene*. We fear the latter.



#### The Alamo

(Dennis Quaid, Billy Bob Thornton) Sure, we remember the Alamo—Hollywood won't let us forget it. This hairy-chested 1800s epic takes the umpteenth cinematic shot at the stalwarts, led by Sam Houston (Quaid) and Davy Crockett (Thornton), who defended a Texas fort against the Mexican army.

**Our call:** Even John Wayne bombed with this heroic history lesson, but epics are big now. Think of this bloody patriotism primer as our homegrown *Braveheart*—minus the kilts.



#### Cold Mountain

(Jude Law, Nicole Kidman, Renée Zellweger, Natalie Portman) Haven't had enough of shell-shocked Civil War vets? In this adaptation of the best-selling book, a soldier (Law) braves hardships (and cameos by scads of Oscar-hungry thespians) to reunite with his woman (Kidman) back on the farm.

**Our call:** The last time director Anthony Minghella adapted a war-era novel, *The English Patient* won nine Oscars. Then again, we still call that film *The Date Movie That Would Not End*.



critical mass

[ THE RISE OF THE POSH-PLEX ]

Which vintage wine goes best with Vin Diesel?

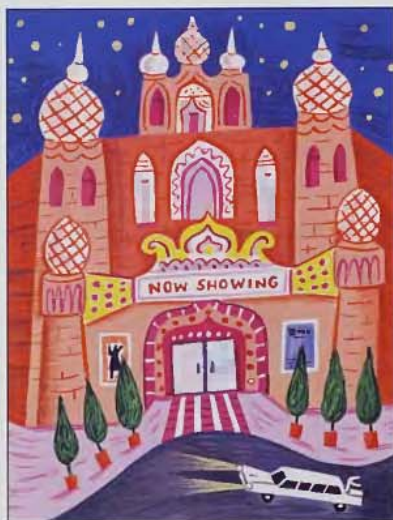
If you think stadium seating and concession stands that scoop Häagen-Dazs are swanky, brace yourself for the latest moviegoing upgrade—deluxe theaters so refined you almost expect a butler to tear your ticket. Of course, you also need to brace yourself for the cost of that ticket—around \$14. What do you get for the premium price? At Los Angeles theaters pushing the posh-plex trend, including ArcLight and the Bridge: Cinema de Lux, amenities include well-appointed lobbies with bookstores, cafes that pour specialty martinis and a concierge desk ready to book reservations for a restaurant, a cab, next week's blockbuster and, for all we know, a nonstop to Paris. At showtime, smartly uniformed ushers guide ticket holders to reserved seats in stadium-style theaters equipped with wall-to-wall curved screens and digital sound, where "greeters" provide a brief preshow introduction to the movie. But what sets them apart the most, perhaps, is a policy against showing commercials, limiting preview trailers to four and barring entry to latecomers.

"We're attracting people who want an enhanced moviegoing experience that's nothing like sitting home in your living room," says Christopher Forman, CEO of ArcLight Cinemas. "We want each guest to feel a special connection with our staff and theaters. Aside from an employee getting overenthusiastic about the celebrities who turn up, we've had great feedback."

Young moviegoers seem connected, at least to a point. Says Gary, a UCLA junior, "The seats are awesome, and

so is the picture. Last week on a date, though, I spent \$28 on tickets and \$50 in the cafe. But my date was impressed, so it was probably worth it."

Even jaded cinephiles are not immune. "Anything that encourages people not to go to the movies in tracksuits is fine by me," says Kenneth Turan, senior film critic for the *Los Angeles*



*Times*. "I'm not exactly sure what those concierges are for, but who's going to complain about a gorgeous lobby, comfortable seats and perfect presentation?" Damn few, which is why Forman hopes his company's initial "cautious experiment" will mark "the first of many such theaters." Sounds good—he'd just better hope that people don't feel too silly sitting in such luxury while watching *Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star III*. —Stephen Rebell

art house



21 Grams

It takes effort to grasp the nonlinear structure of this drama about an accident's effects on a chain-smoking heart patient (Sean Penn), a coke-snorting housewife (Naomi Watts) and a Bible-thumping ex-con (Benicio Del Toro)—but the payoff is worth it. *Amores Perros* director Alejandro González Iñárritu delivers a gritty parable about the real consequences of random actions. —Andrew Johnston

SCORE CARD

Capsule close-ups of recent films by Leonard Maltin

**IN THE CUT** Meg Ryan is a professor who starts having hot sex with homicide cop Mark Ruffalo while he's investigating grisly murders in her neighborhood. Jane Campion's film is disarming in its openness but lumpy in its storytelling. ★★★½

**INTOLERABLE CRUELTY** George Clooney and Catherine Zeta-Jones are the best-looking co-stars of the year, but the Coen brothers' comedy about a divorce lawyer and a gold digger isn't as satisfying as it ought to be, despite some funny moments. ★★★½

**KILL BILL VOL. 1** Uma Thurman is a bloody bride out for revenge in Quentin Tarantino's homage to samurai sagas, spaghetti Westerns and Hong Kong chop-socky. It's the ultimate genre remix. Lucy Liu and Daryl Hannah co-star. ★★★½

**MYSTIC RIVER** Sean Penn, Tim Robbins and Kevin Bacon are terrific as Boston boyhood pals whose lives intersect again when Penn's daughter is murdered. Director Clint Eastwood lets things drag on a bit, but it's still quite good. ★★★

**PIECES OF APRIL** Katie Holmes has her dysfunctional family over for Thanksgiving dinner in her tiny apartment. Director Peter Hedges fills his modest comedy with quirky characters, well played by Patricia Clarkson, Oliver Platt and Sean Hayes. ★★★½

**SHATTERED GLASS** Hayden Christensen plays the nerdy writer whose bogus reporting shook up *The New Republic*. Peter Sarsgaard is excellent as the editor who takes him down. With such subject matter, this film should be much more potent. ★★★½

**VERONICA GUERIN** Cate Blanchett is dynamic as the real-life fearless Irish reporter who took on a vicious crime lord. Still, it's hard to root for a character who insists on putting herself and her family in harm's way over and over again—especially in such a sanctimonious film. ★★

**WONDERLAND** Val Kilmer plays 1980s porn legend John Holmes, who finds himself embroiled in the investigation of a notorious multiple murder on Los Angeles's Wonderland Avenue. Lisa Kudrow and Kate Bosworth co-star in this grimy film, which sheds little light on the subject. ★

★★★★ Don't miss      ★★ Worth a look  
★★★ Good show      ★ Forget it

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dvd of the month

[ PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN ]

Depp swashbuckles in a see-worthy pirate adventure

After the debacle of *Cutthroat Island*, one might have predicted that this action-comedy pirate flick would sink like a cement galleon too. Instead, *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl* hoisted the second-biggest box office of any nonanimated movie last summer—and with good reason. It's hard to tell if Johnny Depp, who plays his "good" pirate like a rock star, is channeling Captain Morgan or chugging it, but his widely hailed hammery lifts a Disney brand extension to the level of gourmet cheese. Fellow scenery chewer Geoffrey Rush lords it over the titular cursed ship and morphs with his crew into the best scalawag skeletons your DVD dollar can buy. Orlando Bloom and Brit looker Keira Knightley provide romantic relief in this near-epic. **Extras:** Depp and director Gore Verbinski offer commentary, and a second disc has deleted scenes, bloopers and documentaries. **YYY½** —Gregory Fagan



**SEABISCUIT** (2003) Three Depression-era men hitch their fates to a feisty long-shot horse and edge out the New Deal in the race to uplift the masses. Writer and director Gary Ross strips Laura Hillenbrand's best-seller down to sentimental essentials, but solid turns from Tobey Maguire, Jeff Bridges and Chris Cooper—plus jaw-dropping race scenes—put meat on this Biscuit. **Extras:** a full feedbag, including A&E's *The True Story of Seabiscuit* and footage of the 1938 showdown with War Admiral. **YYY** —G.F.



**THE SECRET LIVES OF DENTISTS** (2003) Marital tensions run deeper than a root canal in this study of a family in turmoil by the always thoughtful Alan Rudolph. Is comely Hope Davis cheating on dentist husband Campbell Scott? Is Denis Leary's intrusive, deranged patient for real? It's hard to tell for sure, especially when you're distracted by the wince-inducing dental surgery scenes. **Extras:** director's commentary, cast interviews, deleted scenes and floss (just kidding). **YY½** —Buzz McClain



**OPEN RANGE** (2003) The last time Kevin Costner sat in the director's chair wearing a cowboy hat, he rode into the sunset with seven Oscars for *Dances With Wolves*. This time Costner is a reluctant gunfighter turned cattleman who has to defend all that makes America great against a ruthless rancher. Their showdown is a compelling symphony of testosterone and blood. **Extras:** a behind-the-scenes video diary—from casting to post-production—a documentary and deleted scenes. **YY** —B.M.



**BAD BOYS II** (2003) With Will Smith and Martin Lawrence reprising their turns as wisecrack-and-bullet-spraying narcotics cops and director Michael Bay blowing shit up real good, *Bad Boys II* is the buddy action-comedy squared. An evil Miami-Cuba ecstasy axis affords Smith and Lawrence license to lay waste to all sorts of things—from a KKK rally to a backwoods shantytown. If you don't expect coherence, it's a blast. **Extras:** inside the explosions; seven deleted scenes. **YY½** —G.F.



quick study

[ FILM SCHOOL ]

This month's lesson: gridiron glory on the big screen

**Punt, pass and kick back:** The only problem with the hype-athon between the NFL playoffs and the Super Bowl? There's no freaking football to watch. If you decide to supplement the extended pregame with a few pigskin flicks, here's our playbook: Hollywood's take on the sport tends to fall into one of two categories. **Inspirational** football movies offer heroes overcoming adversity on the gridiron and thus in the world at large. *Knut Rockne, All American* (1940) set up this play, which has been perfected by the likes of *Rudy* (1993), *Wildcats* (1986) and the only football movie that felt like a Hallmark card, *Remember the Titans* (2000). **Ironic foot-**



Burt goes for extra points.

ball movies bash helmets against these tearjerkers, often plumbing the sport's seamier side for shock and humor. *The Longest Yard* (1974), with convicts as football heroes, was one of the first to get down in the dirt, followed up the middle by *Semi-Tough* (1977), *North Dallas Forty* (1979) and Oliver Stone's hard-hitting *Any Given Sunday* (1999). Which genre will warm you up? Flip a coin, and for extra points check out *The Program* (1993), *The Waterboy* (1998) and *Varsity Blues* (1999). Hut, hut, hike! —B.M.

sleaze frame

Before she made *The Lord of the Rings'* Middle-earth a place worth warring over, Liv Tyler played a blossoming young woman who finds herself in Tuscany amid a bunch of Italian bohemians one summer, in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Stealing Beauty* (1996). In one ripe scene, she edges closer to her goal of shedding her virginity by letting an artist sketch her in a sun-dappled, semitopless state. More vino, luv?



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The Vault // Deeper Classic Rock	16
17 JamON // Jam Bands	17
The Trend // Adult Album Alternative	18
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Alt Nation // Alternative Rock	21
First Wave // Classic Alternative	22
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Big '80s

First date//

Starlite  
Soundscapes  
Heart & Soul

The Trend  
The Bridge  
Jazz Café

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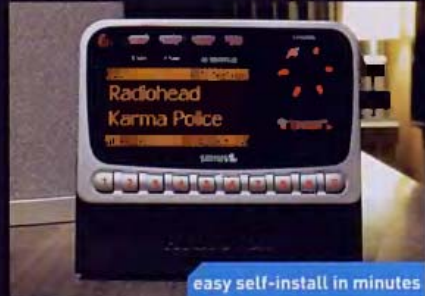
conformity\_OFF originality\_ON censorship\_OFF free speech\_ON stations\_OFF streams\_ON corporate agenda\_OFF passion\_ON cute\_OFF

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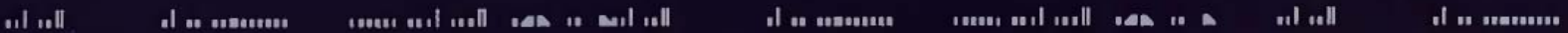
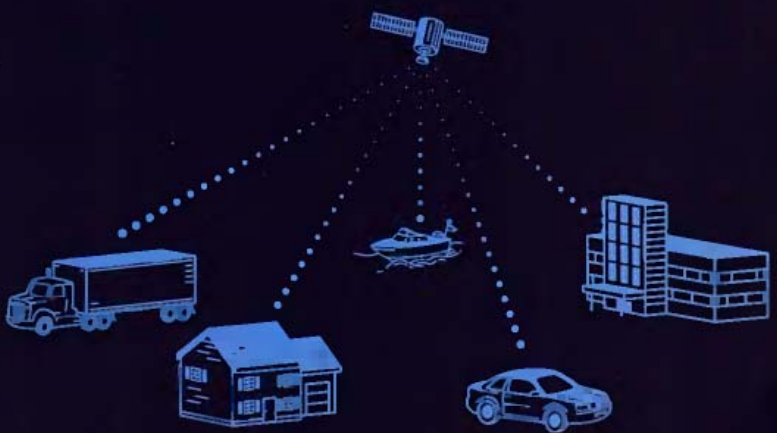


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by David Rockwell

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cd of the month

[ BLINK-182 \* BLINK-182 ]

Punk's class clowns finally graduate



What music needs even more than jokers is a place to junk them once they ask to be taken seriously. (What do you do with a Beastie Boy when he suddenly prefers fighting for Tibet rather than for your right to party?) Now Blink-182 is busy painting itself into the same corner, and it looks like a smart move. On their (can it be?) seventh album, the Blink boys are looking for respect—no more tighty-whities videos or sixth-grade-clever album titles such as *Enema of the State*. Tracks “Feeling This” and “Violence” show the trio at its heaviest and most experimental, blending electronic samples and hip-hop-influenced phrasing into buzzing guitars. The classic Blink sound still launches a few spitballs, however, especially on “Go,” a punk burner complete with furious drumming and sing-along chorus. They’re growing up and it’s good—awkward moments and all. (Geffen) ★★★ —Jason Buhmester

ALICIA KEYS • The Diary of Alicia Keys

After Keys won five Grammys for her 2001 debut—including the kiss-of-death Best New Artist—was there anywhere for the streetwise pianist-singer to go but down? If she harbors any self-doubt, it’s well masked. Her sultry alto voice and ivory tickling are more passionate than ever; on the standout track “Streets of New York,” with rappers Rakim and Nas, Keys belts it out like the soul sophisticate she has become. (J Records)

★★★ —Alison Prato



THE BEATLES • Let It Be...Naked

*Let It Be* was planned as a back-to-basics project. No wonder Paul McCartney has long raged against the final version, larded with the strings and bells of producer Phil Spector. *Naked*, assembled from studio tapes, captures the simplicity of the original vision. The iconic title track is haunting, not overwrought. Gems such as “One After 909” are stripped, fun and rollicking. Congratulations, Sir Paul. Drop by and we’ll buy you a burger. (EMI)

★★½ —Tim Mohr



GODSMACK • The Other Side

The alt-metalheads in Godsmack should have enrolled in Led Zep 101 before trying to create an acoustic album that still rocks. *The Other Side*, featuring unplugged versions of their hits plus some new tunes, is a dull mishmash. Sully Erna moans over stale riffs and subdued drums that never quite capture the band correctly. We’re not writing them off, but we hope they plug in the amps on their next record. (Universal) ★½

—Patty Lambert



AL GREEN • I Can't Stop

Reunions rarely work, but here’s an exception: The Memphis master rejoins producer Willie Mitchell in the same studio where they created the world’s greatest soul albums 25 years ago. It doesn’t hold up to *Full of Fire* or *Livin’ for You*, but it’s better than pretenders like R. Kelly. Green is in strong voice, and the Hodges brothers are the crack sidemen they’ve always been. All that’s missing are those great drums. (Blue Note) ★★★

—Leopold Froehlich



phoning it in

[ DMX GAMES ]

DMX, who wrote his first rhyme at the age of 13, swears his latest album, *Grand Champ*, is his hip-hop finale, but we’re skeptical. The X of all trades—whose rap sheet includes movies (next up is *Never Die Alone*) and a canine clothing line, Boomer 129—called in from a McDonald’s parking lot while on tour.

PLAYBOY: Are you swear-on-the-Bible retiring from rap?

DMX: Yep. I’m going out like I came in—banging ‘em. The rap game has nothing to do with talent anymore. Bullshit is getting wild play. I can’t get down like that. I’m going to the church. I want to become a pastor.

PLAYBOY: What inspired the man who recorded *It’s Dark and Hell Is Hot* to turn to God?

DMX: The only reason I’m here is because God has been watching over me.

There have been too many times when I was supposed to get killed. He wants me to save souls, to speak his word.

PLAYBOY: How did you impact the rap game?

DMX: I took that jiggy shit and brought it over to the streets. I changed the direction rap was going. That was the best feeling in the world.

PLAYBOY: You’ve done movies with Steven Seagal and Jet Li. Who’s the bigger badass?

DMX: Jet Li.

PLAYBOY: What’s superfame like?

DMX: I get a lot of love. If I want McDonald’s, I get it for free. But at the same time, I get the wrong order because bitches are running around like, “Oh my god! DMX!” They don’t know what the fuck to put in the bag. It’ll make you laugh, and it’ll make you cry.

PLAYBOY: What’s your favorite rap album of all time?

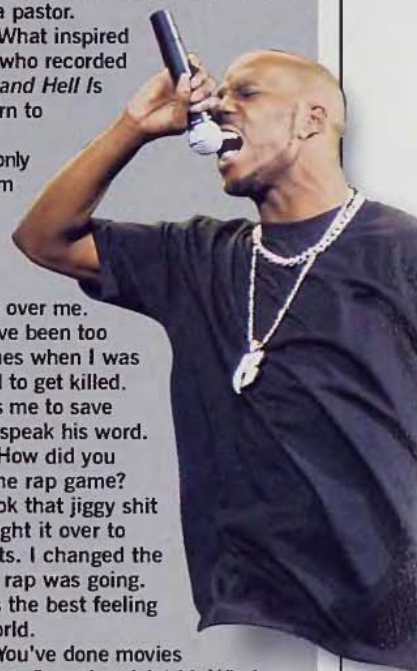
DMX: My third.

PLAYBOY: Who’s your favorite rapper of all time?

DMX: Me.

PLAYBOY: Would you mind if your kids grew up to be rap stars?

DMX: My children will be whatever the fuck they want to be, as long as it’s positive and beneficial. And profitable. —Dewey Hammond



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game of the month

[ MAX PAYNE 2: THE FALL OF MAX PAYNE ]

The trigger-happy hero becomes one of New York's Finest—and deadliest

Pumping people full of lead and tossing Molotov cocktails isn't a logical means of proving you're not guilty of murder—except in militia groups and video games. The approach certainly helped detective Max Payne clear his name and avenge the murder of his family in his noir-action debut. In *Max Payne 2: The Fall of Max Payne* (Rockstar, PS2, Xbox, PC), the grizzled hero has rejoined the NYPD and once again finds himself accused of murder. The sequel to the blockbuster is a darker, more complex tale of betrayal and deliverance, with one twist: Payne has a new love interest, Mona Sax, the first character in the series he doesn't summarily mow down with his double-fisted MAC-10s. But don't worry about the romance angle turning this shootout into *Gigli*. The nonstop action sequences remain intact, complete with the slow-motion mode that helped gamers put bullets between the eyes of enemies long before *The Matrix* even had a game. **★★★★½** —Peter Suci



**MAXIMO VS. ARMY OF ZIN** (Capcom, PS2) In your battle with mechanized beasts as the valiant knight Maximo, attacks strip pieces of cherished armor until you're left rescuing peasants in ye olde boxers. Luckily, when caught with your pants down you can switch characters to the Grim Reaper and free the tortured souls trapped inside your enemies. The game's tricky puzzles and gorgeous graphics will keep you in your underpants all day—in the game and on the couch. **★★★**



—Scott Steinberg

**SPYHUNTER 2** (Midway, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) It's still a solid concept: Drive that way, really fast, and if something gets in your way, blow it to bits. Enemy vehicles ensure you'll die early and often in *SH2*'s missions, and since there are no checkpoints, you'll waste hours revving your car, SUV, motorcycle or snowmobile over the same stretch of pavement. There's a lot to like—the action, the controls, the graphics—but at some point you may run out of gas. We did. **★★**



—Josh Robertson

**MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE—OPERATION SURMA** (Atari, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to thwart Simon Algo, a hacker armed with the ultimate computer virus. Unlike most hackers, however, Algo is no myopic teenager; to bring him down, you employ firepower and spy gadgets such as retinal scanners and digital binoculars. One fact that isn't top secret: The *Splinter Cell*-inspired action is more entertaining than the last *MI* movie. **★★★**



—John Gaudiosi

**ESPN COLLEGE HOOPS 2K4** (ESPN Videogames, PS2, Xbox) Now you can be just like college b-ballers and blow off class to practice hoops. This year's edition lets you create a school, recruit players, design plays and even choose a fight song. Tight controls are what make this game great, so get ready for fast breaks and slick moves such as pump fakes and double clutches. Or if your name is LeBron James, skip this game and head directly to *NBA 2004*. **★★★★**



—Jason Buhrmester

pixel profile

[ SHE SPIES ]

Video game Bond girl Mya discusses her double life

Mya's love may be "like wo," as she claims on her recent hit album *Moodring*, but her gaming skills? Not so hot. We talk to the R&B chanteuse about providing the voice for undercover agent Mya Starling in *James Bond 007: Everything or Nothing* (EA, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) and performing the game's title track.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a gamer?  
**MYA:** I own a PlayStation 2 and an Xbox, but my brothers always kick my ass at anything but *Tetris*.  
**PLAYBOY:** So why appear in a video game?  
**MYA:** Games are hot. Plus, Bond's been around for a minute. The man's a stud. It's about time he had a worthwhile supporting cast.  
**PLAYBOY:** What do you and your character have in common?  
**MYA:** She's many things in one package: sexy, strong and genuine but also tough. Like me, she's a strong woman.

**PLAYBOY:** What qualifies you for a role as a spy?

**MYA:** I go to the shooting range daily. How many women can say that?

**PLAYBOY:** Anything guys could learn from Bond about scoring?

**MYA:** Don't try so hard. Bond is chill, laid-back and confident. He likes to stroke the ladies. Every woman knows a little stroke never hurts.



wired

**Kenwood DT-7000S** (\$300) For a \$13 monthly fee, Sirius satellite radio beams 100 channels of tunes, entertainment and talk programming without commercials or inane DJ chatter. But until now, satellite radio has been for the most part confined to the car. Kenwood's DT-7000S is the first dedicated home stereo satellite radio receiver. It displays song information and allows you to check what's playing on another channel before flipping the dial.







They're back. And they're itching for action. With tons of planets to conquer in a whole new gigantic galaxy, you better believe Ratchet & Clank are gonna sink their teeth into some destruction. Ummm, destruction. With weapon upgrades, mods, armor and the ability for Ratchet to get stronger and smarter as the game goes on, this could get uglier than the Grandmas In Bikinis Calendar after-party. Speaking of parties, there's also hoverbike racing, space combat and gladiator arenas. As far as weapons and gadgets go, Ratchet & Clank are stacked with 50 new ones, along with unlockable upgrades, so by the end of the journey, you'll go through more weapons and gadgets than a hungry fat man will go through chicken wings at lunch. Lock and load, baby, lock and load.

**YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, AND HELL YEAH.**

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Mild Violence

PlayStation 2



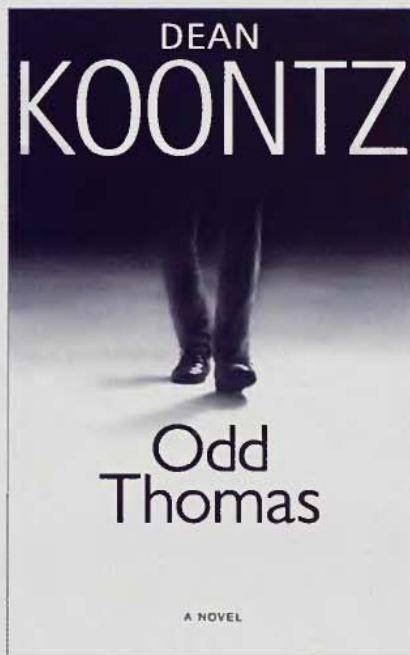
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book of the month

[ **ODD THOMAS \* DEAN KOONTZ** ]

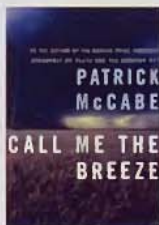
Another supernatural thriller from the author who makes horror fun

The titular protagonist in scare-meister Koontz's latest novel sees dead people, and that's about the only thing he has in common with Haley Joel Osment. Named Odd because of "an uncorrected birth certificate error," the self-deprecating 20-year-old is in a peculiar situation: His ability to interact with the restless spirits of the afterlife means he has no present life of his own. In the company of dead men, he finds, their drama takes precedence over everything else, including his wedding. "Every day brims with mystery, adventure and terror," Odd laments. "But too much mystery is an annoyance. Too much adventure is exhausting. And a little terror goes a long way." Still, Odd makes the best of his bizarre ability, whether he's confronting ghosts, fending off coyotes or trying to prevent the town's next murder. If Stephen King is the Rolling Stones of horror novels, Koontz is the Beatles: He puts the lightheartedness into guts and gore. (Bantam) **YYY** —Alison Prato



**CALL ME THE BREEZE \* Patrick McCabe**  
It's a testament to the skill of *Butcher Boy* author McCabe that we like his characters regardless of how misanthropic they can be. Take Joey Tallon, the drug-addled hero of *Call Me the Breeze*, which is set in Northern Ireland. Tallon's frantic musings, fueled by copious psychedelics, don't give us much of a plot: a true love named Jacy, an obsession with rock and roll and an apathy for just about everything else. Tallon is frustrating but ultimately endearing

enough to convince us that he is worth wading through his frenzied thoughts to know. Not until midbook does the ride mellow out enough to reveal the real depth of the story McCabe has created from his character's quest for identity. In this case the high is worth the initial shakiness. (Harper Collins) **YYY½** —Jason Buhrmester



**THE SERIAL KILLER FILES**

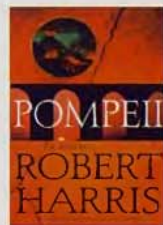
Harold Schechter

Homicidal maniacs have been terrorizing society at least since Roman emperor Nero used prisoners as human candles. Organized by categories such as era, location and age, this 368-page psychopedia provides bios on dozens of mass murderers from antiquity to the present. True-crime vet Schechter also delves into motives and provides a helpful list of childhood warning signs. A chapter devoted to serial killer culture even explains that you're not glorifying sickos by buying this book (or a clown painting by John Wayne Gacy) but simply "identifying with people who act out the dark, lawless impulses the rest of us repress"—which we think should probably be high on the list of warning signs. (Ballantine) **YYY** —Patty Lambert



**POMPEII \* Robert Harris**

Fans of apocalyptic novels are sure to appreciate one in which corpulent senators, brave gladiators and the meek masses all get buried under molten magma. As with *Titanic*, we know how this one ends, but that's not the point. The story takes place in 79 A.D. and centers on Marcus Attilius, an engineer sent to investigate the Italian city's malfunctioning aqueduct system—only to discover a wee bigger problem. Harris (*Enigma*, *Fatherland*) uses extensive research, the pacing of a thriller and a little artistic license to bring to life a culture long ago petrified in ash. (Random House) **YY½** —Jessica Riddle




library of lust



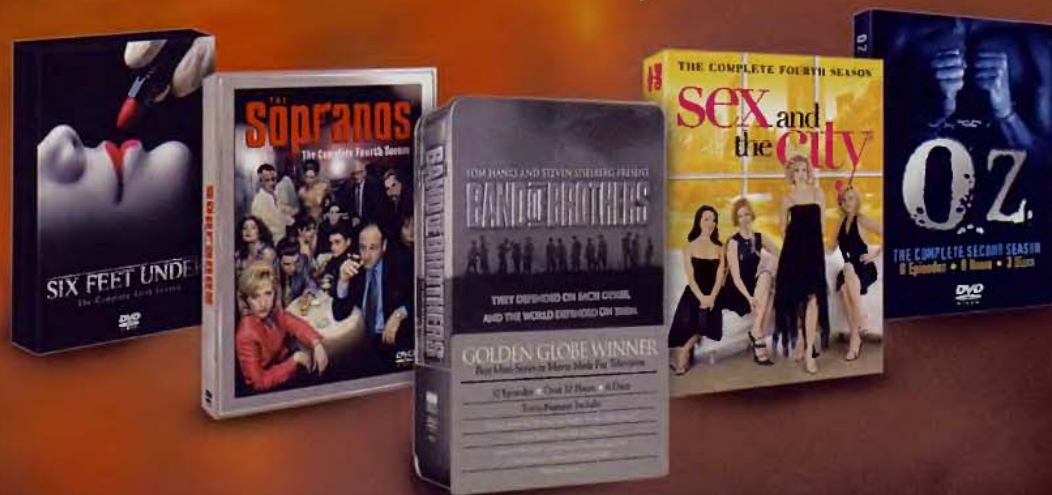
**INTIMATE \* Marc Baptiste**

Baptiste is world renowned for his cinematic photographs of Hollywood celebrities and high fashion. Here he eschews both, training his expert lens on dozens of unfamous female forms often modeling no more than a seductive pout and high heels. Whether reclining on a seedy motel couch or gambling in the frothy tropical surf, Baptiste's uninhibited beauties retain an air of seductive mystery. Which is a pretty mean feat, considering they're naked as jaybirds. (Universe) **YY½** —Russ Craig





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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal



## Life in the Fast Lane

Zero to 60 in under four seconds in a Ford? Will wonders never cease? Ford's street-legal 2005 GT (pictured) reprises the company's legendary GT40 midengine coupe, which won the grueling 24-hour Le Mans four years in a row in the 1960s. ("Ferrari's ass is mine" was the mantra of Ford racing team boss Carroll Shelby back then.) The new GT is powered by a 500 hp supercharged V8 that pumps out loads of torque. Those aluminum-and-carbon-fiber panels—as well as the 220 mph speedometer and the 8,000 rpm tach—resemble the ones on the original. (Good news, NBA stars: The GT is 15 inches longer and four inches taller than the GT40.) Forget about traction control and other pansy electronics; driver skill is essential for this baby. Your reward is a ride that replicates what you'd get on a race track. Think the GT's \$145,000 price tag is a bit steep? It's still a steal compared with the Ferrari 360 Modena (\$170,000) and the Lamborghini Murciélago (\$282,000). Ford will build only 1,500 GTs this year.



## HOW TO SHAVE WITH A STRAIGHT RAZOR

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- SHAVE AS THOUGH YOU ARE SCRAPING THE SHAVING CREAM OFF YOUR FACE—AS YOU MIGHT USE A SQUEEGEE. YOU MAY NEED TO SHAVE A SECOND TIME.**
- STROP THE RAZOR BEFORE AND AFTER EVERY SHAVE.**

**(90°) YES (BLADE)**  
**(PARALLEL) NO**

## Remote Patrol

Needless to say, TiVo found a prominent place in this month's 50 Products That Changed the World (page 220). Now Pioneer has taken the "watch what you want, when you want" genius of TiVo one step further with a machine that combines a TiVo and a DVD recorder. With the \$1,200 DVR-810H (below) you can: (1) schedule and record programs while playing a DVD; (2) play programs from the hard drive while recording from the hard drive onto a DVD; (3) transfer content at high speed from the hard drive to a DVD for storage; (4) transfer your dusty old videotapes and home movies to disc by plugging your VCR into the thing; and (5) devote more time than ever to sitting on your ass and watching TV. You can also record new videos right onto a disc by connecting your camcorder directly to the DVR-810H. Good luck figuring out how to navigate the sleek-looking remote.



# MANTRACK



## Holiday Cheers

Silver bells, silver bells.... You'll be hearing them long after Christmas in the wake of a few silver bell martinis (left). Shake two ounces of gin and a quarter ounce of dry vermouth with ice and strain into a chilled martini glass, then garnish with pearl onions and (get this) silver candy balls. Hey, why not? It's the holidays! Jessica Strand, author of *Holiday Cocktails* (\$16; Chronicle Books), is pouring, and she's brimming with ideas. Your liver will adore the New Year's Day bloody mary punch, a tangy vodka-and-Clamato concoction. Bottoms up.

## Clothesline: Mark-Paul Gosselaar

One of the stars of ABC's *NYPD Blue* and an avid motocross racer and pilot says, "I live in jeans and T-shirts. I own more than 70 tees, and every one has the name of some company or product on it. Motocross sparsars, *NYPD Blue*, various police squads and promotional events—I'm like a walking billboard. I get a lot of clothes from Fox and Oakley, which both make motocross gear. I also love getting dressed up to go to events because it makes me appreciate the finer things. I have suits by Prada, Armani and Dries Van Naten. If you feel good in a suit, it shows, and it gives you a certain confidence. My big accessories are shoes, especially ones by Prada and Gucci, and watches. I have a Breitling digital with three time zones and a stopwatch. I wear it when I'm flying a plane. I also have a Rolex. It has a classic look. Oakley also makes cool watches. Eventually I want to own a really high-end watch. Maybe something by IWC or Corum."



## Stick Handling

There are all sorts of things you can do on top of a pool table—you know, yoga, praying, surgery, that kind of stuff (not to mention tantric sex with a pair of Brazilian twins). The sophisticated Manhattan (above) from Brunswick Billiards will enhance your game, no matter what it is. "The pockets are concealed in the stainless-steel legs to eliminate visual distraction and reinforce the horizontal form," says Dennis Foley, the designer. An eight-footer goes for \$14,995; a nine-footer costs \$15,745. Thomas Newhouse created the Casmopolitan (below) for the same company, combining cherry rails with leather aprons. An eight-footer sells for \$9,995.



## The Perfect Time...

- To pay off your credit card bills: Right now. Used to be a little credit card debt was a good way to keep your other bills paid. But in the past few years, credit card companies have shortened the grace periods for payment and upped late fees. In the past you had a month to pay the bill; now you have as few as 21 days before you get whacked with a fee, and if you're late more than once a year the company can jack up the interest rate. (Yikes!)
- To buy a new car: Late in the Christmas shopping season and in early January. This is the slowest period for car dealers because buyers are either too busy with the holidays or financially tapped out. Meanwhile, car dealers are facing their year-end quotas. Late on Saturday, salespeople are eager to split for the weekend. That's when they have less stamina to jerk you around.



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# The Playboy Advisor

**H**ow many women masturbate, how often do they do it, and how open are most of them about it? I'm an 18-year-old female high school senior who will soon be living in a dorm room with three women I've never met. The problem is, I love to masturbate. One afternoon after sex ed class I came home and "found myself." That was two years ago. I haven't gotten into or out of bed since without masturbating. And I'm not shy about it with my close friends or family (I have 10 siblings and share a room with three sisters). My parents bought me my first vibrator after my mom had shown me where she keeps hers. I love toys, but some of my best orgasms have been with my fingers while pulling on my nipples. My dad says to do it only when I'm alone; my mom says to be open with my roommates about it. I'm not a screamer, but my sisters know I usually thrash around. What happens if one of my roommates freaks and tries to ruin me? Can you give me any stats to show that this is normal?—J.S., Los Angeles, California

*Throwing statistics around won't help. Rest assured that most women masturbate, although perhaps not as frequently or openly as you. You're ahead of your time. This isn't about masturbation as much as the compromise required for any sort of group living. To avoid friction you may need to make minor adjustments to your routine, such as holding your hands behind your back until you get to the shower. But don't be surprised if at least two of your roomies also routinely masturbate and have their own concerns about privacy. Why do we think we'll see you on *The Real World*?*

**T**he woman I'm dating says I have to choose between her and my subscription to PLAYBOY. What should I tell her?—J.R., Seattle, Washington

*You're asking us, and on our birthday? We'd say, "Buh-bye." The next thing you know she'll be setting the parental controls on your cable box.*

**I**d like to treat my husband to a blow job that leaves a lipstick mark on his cock. I have found, in practice, that most rouges don't adhere. Any suggestions?—D.B., Phoenix, Arizona

*A heavy layer of Red Coromandel Chanel once left a deep impression on us. How about a game of lipstick dipstick, in which you try repeatedly to extend your best mark? Everyone wins when you leave a ring that touches his belly and balls.*

**I**'ve heard that plasma TVs are vulnerable to "burn-in," whereby a ghostly image appears on the screen. Is that the case? I'd like to know before I shell out



major bucks.—T.J., St. Louis, Missouri

*Burn-in occurs on plasma TVs when an image stays on the screen for many hours at a time. Common culprits are channel logos or the black horizontal bars that appear on the top and bottom of the screen when you watch 4:3 aspect TV programming on a 16:9 aspect screen. But unless you're a CNN or Pong addict, it's doubtful you'll have a problem—in newer sets, any burn-in is usually temporary. As a precaution, keep your contrast control at 50 percent or less. It might also help to go outside once in a while.*

**Y**ou recently said that breast-enlargement pills don't work. Well, what does work?—T.H., New York, New York

*Implants, weight gain and pregnancy.*

**M**y wife and I are swingers. At one party I was finger-fucking this woman when I found her G spot and made her come four times. I have done the same "come hither" motion inside my wife. She says it feels good initially but then hurts and makes her feel like she has to pee. I have never been able to give my wife an orgasm during intercourse, and she has never had multiple orgasms. Can you help?—S.H., Houston, Texas

*Most women can't come through intercourse alone, so your wife's lack of vaginal orgasms is not unusual. It's also not unusual that she feels discomfort when her front vaginal wall is stimulated. Last year an Italian scientist conducted anatomical studies suggesting that some women either don't have a G spot or have one so small that it can't easily be located. Others have wondered if it exists at all: A psychologist who reviewed the medical literature concluded that, without more definitive studies, the G spot will*

*remain a "gynecologic UFO." The idea of a pleasure spot, he says, puts undue stress on women who can't find theirs. Now we read about the AFE zone, which is supposedly on the back wall of the vagina, and the U spot, a tiny area above the urethra and right below the clitoris. Lewis and Clark had it easier than this. There's only one way to find out what turns your wife on: Use the A spot, located just inside her ear. It's stimulated when you ask her what feels best. Find her individual spots and give them names.*

**I**'ve been surfing chat rooms, looking for a booty call. Is there a way to avoid all the small talk without sounding like a pervert?—T.W., New Orleans, Louisiana

*Once you accept your essential pervertedness, you'll be more comfortable being blunt. The FBI agents and guys pretending to be women will appreciate your candor.*

**I**s it okay to wear a black overcoat with a navy or brown suit, or should I get camel hair?—J.W., Boston, Massachusetts

*You'd be better off with a dark gray or vicuña coat that you can wear with blue, black, gray or some browns. Camel hair goes with anything, but it's dressy.*

**I**'ve been seeing this guy for a month. He and his girlfriend of 12 years broke up two months before we met. We have spent almost every night together. The sex is great and so is his personality, but he doesn't seem to believe in foreplay. I love giving oral, but it's not much fun when I know he won't reciprocate. Maybe he doesn't like my cookie. I have a large clit, and my lips aren't the cute tucked-away kind. Or maybe he doesn't like oral. I am a clean girl and have even tried bathing right before the action starts. Maybe his ex didn't like it and that ruined him. How can I turn this around? I told him I love to be eaten out and that I'm more likely to come that way, but no progress yet.—K.G., San Bernardino, California

*We hate to break this to you, but you've caught this guy on the rebound—two months after 12 years, the ball's still on the rim. Some guys are reluctant to lick for any number of lame reasons. But our guess—this will be hard to confirm since your boyfriend probably won't admit it, because to do so would threaten the low-obligation sex that's currently soothing his psychic pain—is that he finds going down on you too intimate.*

**W**hile at the beach my sister-in-law and I were talking after she had come out of the cold surf. I noticed that her nipple was exposed. She left to get a soda, then marched back and asked why I hadn't told her about her nipple. I hemmed

and hawed and finally said, "I hoped it would slip back on its own." Later, after a few drinks, we all had a good laugh about it. But what should I say next time it happens? With her breasts I'm sure it will.—D.T., Miami, Florida

*Do they call you Mr. Smooth? No need to be coy. If her nipple escapes again, tell her to watch her top.*

**S**hould you start cutting the foil on a wine bottle from the bottom or the top?—G.K., Oakland, California

*From the top.*

**M**y boss will let me blow and titty-fuck him but won't have intercourse with me. He says if he makes love to me he'll be cheating on his wife. What do you think?—B.T., Chicago, Illinois

*We think people can justify anything. We don't condone affairs, but if you're going to be involved, at least insist on getting laid. You have a lot of power in this situation—you realize that, right?*

**W**ould it be smart to ask your girlfriend to let you date her and another girl at the same time?—J.F., Redding, California

*Brave? Yes. Smart? No. If you can get them interested in each other, you may have something.*

**I** have a 1981 calendar. Several years ago the days and dates matched 1981 exactly. When will this happen again? Did I mention that it's a Bo Derek calendar?—J.W., Peoria, Arizona

*Bo's comet returns in 2009, 2015, 2026, 2037, 2043, 2054, 2065, 2071, 2082, 2093 and 2099, when you can write us again for the next century. This is why we don't put years on Centerfolds—Miss January looks great no matter which January you open the magazine.*

**L**et's say I collect my semen and freeze it. If my girlfriend inserts the frozen cube into her vagina, could she get pregnant?—J.H., Montgomery, Alabama

*Are you being deployed? It's more likely you'll forget about the thing and get a surprise in your next drink. To preserve sperm, banks freeze it in liquid nitrogen at 196 degrees below zero.*

**I** met a girl who's a friend of a friend. I know her name, so I looked up her number in the campus directory. Is it okay to call? It's one thing to know a girl's number and another for her to give it to you. I don't want to creep her out.—M.F., Potsdam, New York

*There's nothing wrong with getting her number from the phone book—it's only creepy if you dial random numbers.*

**W**hy is everything from horse races to Nascar events run counterclockwise?—R.W., Missoula, Montana

*The leading hypotheses seem to be that (1) early Americans wanted to distance them-*

*selves from Europe, where most races are run clockwise, or (2) it reflects an unconscious desire to turn back the clock. We often wish that could happen at the track.*

**A** woman from Chicago asked in October about strip clubs that have both male and female dancers. I can't believe you didn't suggest the Sugar Shack in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Perhaps you should do some research next time before sending people to Myrtle Beach or fucking Oregon.—S.S., Aurora, Illinois

*Research at strip clubs? Are you joking? We're especially chagrined about the oversight because the owner of the Sugar Shack, Dana Montana, was one of the first Bunnies at the Chicago Playboy Club. Dana, forgive us. Another reader suggested the Olympic Gardens in Las Vegas, which has the dancing men upstairs and the women downstairs.*

**A** reader asked in September, "Do women enjoy giving oral sex?" You replied, "Most women like the reaction they get." Personally, I love the way my husband's cock feels in my mouth. I love the silkiness of his skin, the smell of his body, his hair tickling my face. I like how his cock responds to what I'm doing. I like how his breathing quickens. I like looking up to watch him watching me. I like it when he grabs my hair to pull me away before he loses control. And I love the way he moans when I begin sucking deep and fast and he can't stop me in time and he comes and I smile and say, "Whoops." After writing this letter, I can't wait for him to get home.—S.O., Odessa, Texas

*As we were saying....*

**M**ost women may like the moans they get during blow jobs, but I enjoy the orgasms I have. That's why my boyfriend can't walk by naked without my mouth popping open like a baby bird. I also climax when I do sit-ups. My girlfriends can't understand how this is possible. My explanation is that I'm clenching the same muscles that throb during orgasm. If that's the case, can this anomaly be taught?—D.L., Portland, Oregon

*Unfortunately, no. You have a gift. But after reading your letter, many women who have never attempted a sit-up may be in for a pleasant surprise.*

**W**hy do the latex condoms I use with my girlfriend always break? I once went through four condoms in an hour. We've tried larger ones, but they haven't helped.—K.N., Longwood, Florida

*Once you've rolled the condom over your erection, gently squeeze some space at the tip. Pulling the condom too tight over the head is a common cause of breakage. Friction is another, which is why you should always have a supply of lube.*

**S**ome co-workers noticed that my arms are shaved. They asked if I shave other parts of my body. When I told them I

shave everything, they decided that I must be gay. I'm not gay, just hairy. I even tweeze my eyebrows. My girlfriend says she loves my hairless body. So why do my co-workers have such a problem with it?—C.B., Clarksville, Tennessee

*Because they're hairy and they aren't getting laid. You must be slippery in the shower.*

**A**fter breaking off my engagement of two years, I asked my ex-fiancée nicely, and then rudely, to return the ring. But maybe it's a small price to pay for my happiness. What do you think?—W.W., Jersey City, New Jersey

*Since you broke it off, the ring is hers to pawn. We're surprised you had to ask.*

**S**oon after I started seeing my most recent ex-girlfriend, she asked me to wear her panties when we went out. She made it worth my while: The sex that night was fantastic. She said that as long as I wore her panties on dates, I could expect more of the same. We broke up after six months, but now just the thought of wearing panties gets me hard. Before going out with my new girlfriend I wear a pair for a few hours to get revved up. My girlfriend says I'm the most energetic lover she's ever had. Should I reveal my secret?—J.T., Phoenix, Arizona

*Tell her what you've told us. You can predict better than we can how she'll react, but given the type of women you date, we wouldn't be surprised if she finds it amusing. She may also have some demands of her own. What's your bra size?*

**I** agree with all the grilling tips you offered in October, but a few others are worthy of mention: (1) If the grill doesn't have a temperature gauge, invest in one. A closed grill on high will quickly exceed 500 degrees. Nothing should be cooked at that temperature except pottery. (2) Get a digital thermometer. Most cost less than \$20. Beef, with the exception of ground beef, is medium rare at an internal temperature of 135 degrees and medium at 150. Poultry should always be cooked to an internal temperature of at least 180 degrees. A good cookbook or your butcher can provide a chart. (3) Get the best cut you can. Talk to the butcher; a few will still cut prime if you ask. It's more expensive but worth it.—J.S., Newport Beach, California

*Thanks for writing. Is it summer yet?*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting our website at [playboyadvisor.com](http://playboyadvisor.com).*



IT WAS GOING TO BE THE CENTERFOLD,  
BUT WE DIDN'T WANT STAPLES RUNNING THROUGH THE GOOD PARTS.



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## WE WON!

The sexual revolution is over. But other conflicts rage on

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

**T**his past summer the U.S. Supreme Court overturned a Texas law that banned gay sex. Activists hailed the ruling as a triumph for gay rights. We greeted it as the final victory of the sexual revolution. Besides the practical aspects of the decision, which overturned sodomy laws in 13 states (nine of which banned oral and anal sex for straights as well as gays), it validated a core belief of this magazine: that sex between two or more consenting adults is a basic human right and no business of the state.

It wasn't always so. At the time Hugh Hefner began writing the *Playboy Philosophy* in the early 1960s, 49 states criminalized oral and anal sex (the exception was Illinois, which had repealed its law in 1961). Ten states punished sodomy with a maximum sentence of 20 years. In Connecticut oral sex could get you 30 years. In North Carolina it was 60. In Nevada, life. In addition, 37 states outlawed sex outside marriage, 15 banned living together, 45 criminalized adultery, and two had laws against heavy petting. The U.S. Naval Academy felt it necessary to reject candidates who exhibited unspecified "signs of masturbation." Federal law prohibited the creation, distribution or viewing of pornographic or sometimes merely titillating movies. Every state banned explicit novels such as D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

To many people, those were the good old days.

The *Playboy Forum* found a way to personalize these abstract laws. In 1965 we published a letter under the heading "A 'Sex Offender' Speaks":

"I am an inmate in the West Virginia maximum security prison at Moundsville, serving a one- to 10-year sentence for submitting to a crime against nature (heterosexual fellatio—no force involved)."

The writer, Donn Caldwell, a popular radio and TV personality, had frolicked with a fan. The girl and her par-

ents declined to press charges, but the prosecutor threatened the teenager with reform school for juvenile delinquency and committing immoral acts. He jailed her for 37 days, until she signed a statement. A judge gave Caldwell the maximum, remarking that he considered oral sex to be as serious a crime as murder.

The reaction of our readers was astonishing—letters of support for Caldwell flowed in for months. In response to this and a similar case, Hefner created the Playboy Foundation—the action arm of the Philos-



ophy—and fought successfully for Caldwell's release.

Caldwell's case inspired readers to become our eyes and ears in the sexual revolution. We heard about couples arrested after sending explicit letters to postal inspectors posing as swingers, a Los Angeles bar owner harassed by police as a "fruit lover" because he served gay men, an FBI clerk fired for having a girlfriend in his apartment overnight and numerous other citizens prosecuted for victimless sex offenses.

In 1967 the foundation funded the legal defense of a reader and his girlfriend who had been accused by her parents of fornication. Her father summarized his tough-love stance with the remark, "I'd rather see her in jail than debauched."

The following year the foundation took the case of Charles Cotner, an

Indiana man serving a two- to 14-year sentence for having consensual anal sex with his wife, who'd reported him to authorities after a spat. She later asked to drop the charges, but the judge persisted on behalf of the outraged citizens of Indiana. Our legal team won the man's release.

In 1973 the magazine aided a woman who had been convicted of oral copulation for her role in a stag film.

Slowly, progress was made. By 1980 a map of states that still criminalized sodomy revealed the boundaries of a sexual civil war—with the Bible Belt and fundamentalist frontiers such as Idaho and Utah holding out.

The revolution could have ended in 1986, when the state of Georgia asked the Supreme Court to uphold its law against gay sex. The court obliged, ruling that the Constitution did not confer a "right of homosexual sodomy," that the fear and loathing of those abominable crimes against nature had ancient roots and that it was within the rights of the states to legislate morality, i.e. prejudice.

It took 17 years for the court to come to its senses. In a 6-3 vote last June, it overturned a Texas law that banned "deviate sexual intercourse" between people of the same gender. Writing for the majority, Justice Anthony Kennedy noted that "liberty presumes an autonomy of self that includes freedom of thought, belief, expression and certain intimate conduct." Of the two Houston men who had been engaged in anal sex in one man's apartment when interrupted by police officers, he was more specific: "The state cannot demean their existence or control their destiny by making their private sexual conduct a crime."

Huffing like an Old Testament prophet, Justice Antonin Scalia warned in his dissent that the court had unleashed "a massive disruption of the social order."

That disruption began 50 years ago, Justice Scalia. Haven't you been paying attention?

**MARIJUANA REFORM**

*When we began:* When the *Forum* first appeared in 1963, PLAYBOY lived in a world of jazz, late-night clubs and edgy comedians. We saw firsthand the effect of drugs—and of drug laws. The feds had regulated weed since 1937; in 1970 Congress declared it to be as dangerous as heroin. Readers wrote often with stories of outrageous sentences, such as a married couple in Ohio given 20- to 40-year sentences for sharing \$5 worth of pot with a neighbor, and the Dallas man who received life for selling 11 joints. The *Forum* proposed that all penalties for personal possession be eliminated or at least reduced to fines.

*Behind the scenes:* In 1970 the Playboy Foundation gave a seed grant of \$7,500 to attorney Keith Stroup to establish the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. We eventually provided the group with more than \$500,000.

*Where we stand:* Although the federal government disapproves, millions of Americans have voted to allow the medical use of marijuana in their states. Because of the efforts of Norml and other groups, we believe the personal use of marijuana for relaxation or medical purposes will be legal within a decade. In the meantime, more than 646,000 people are arrested each year in the U.S. for simple possession.



**EQUAL RIGHTS**

*When we began:* In 1962 Helen Gurley Brown published *Sex and the Single Girl*. In 1963 Betty Friedan published *The Feminine Mystique*. Both books would have a lasting influence on how women view themselves and their place in society. For our part, we thought we knew the enemy: Religion was responsible for women's second-class status. Ditto for the cult of virginity, the notion of purity and the idea that a woman's place is in the home. In 1970 we wrote, "We reject the Victorian double standard, which applauds sexual experience in men and condemns it in women." We supported the women's movement because we knew that if we wanted an equal partner in bed, she needed to be equal everywhere



**BATTLE ZONE**

When we began and where we stand

else as well. Our support for individual rights has never been biased by gender.

*Behind the scenes:* The Playboy Foundation formed an early alliance with mainstream feminists to fight for reproductive rights and the Equal Rights Amendment. In 1978 a benefit at the Playboy Mansion raised \$25,000 for the National Organization for Women's ERA Strike Force.

*Where we stand:* Our position has not changed. Sadly, the feminist movement was hijacked during the 1980s by a fringe element that felt pornography, not the pious, subjugated women. This led to a remarkable alliance between feminists and the Christian right that culminated in the Meese Commission report on obscenity.

**BIRTH CONTROL**

*When we began:* Seventeen states allowed the sale or distribution of contraceptives only through doctors or pharmacists; five states banned their sale outright. In 1965 the Supreme Court overturned a Connecticut law that made it illegal to provide birth control information, even to married couples. In 1967 we gave the first of numerous grants to William Baird, an activist who defied sex laws forbidding "crimes against chastity" by giving contraceptives to single women. His case went before the Supreme Court and resulted in a decision that extended the right of reproductive privacy to include married and single citizens alike.



William Baird.

In 1968 we shared details of a birth control pill that Yale researchers said could prevent pregnancy if taken for four or five days after unprotected sex.

*Behind the scenes:* Besides funding legal battles, the Foundation gave money for research on IUDs, helped establish the first vasectomy clinic in the U.S. and provided early backing to develop a male contraceptive pill.

*Where we stand:* Condoms are available in every drug-store and in many schools. Women can purchase prescription patches for the abdomen, butt or upper arm. In 1998 the FDA approved the

first of two morning-after pills, which may soon be available over the counter. Meanwhile the religious right spreads misinformation, insisting that "Just say

no" is the only message teens should get about sex. (One study of 85 students who had taken chastity vows found that 61 percent didn't keep them for even a year. Many of the teens who take vows say they do not keep condoms handy because they feel it would weaken their resolve.) We're still waiting for a male pill; at least 53 candidates have come and gone. There is hope that a male patch will arrive within a decade.



**GUN CONTROL**

*When we began:* PLAYBOY tried to distinguish itself from the men's magazines of the 1950s that showed hunters thrashing around in the bush. Instead we devoted the magazine to indoor sports. In 1963 few states had gun control laws. The Gun Control Act of 1968 prohibited felons, fugitives, drug addicts, minors, the mentally ill and undocumented aliens, among others, from owning guns. It also banned mail-order sales, mandated that all guns have serial numbers and required dealers to keep records of every sale for review by federal agents. At the time we wrote, "We don't think proposals for firearms control and registration are any more antigun than laws requiring automobile registration are anticar. To say that crime prevention efforts should be directed not at the weapon but at the criminal who wields it overlooks the fact that the gun is the most effective all-around tool ever devised for individual killing."

*Behind the scenes:* The Foundation gave a grant in 1976 to the National Council to Control Handguns (later Handgun Control, Inc.), the chief nemesis of the National Rifle Association. In 1981, following the murder of John Lennon and the attempted assassination of President Reagan, the magazine published a public service ad for the group that cited the number of homicides in various countries (the U.S. topped the list with 10,728, and the next closest country, Japan, had 48) above the slogan STOP HANDGUNS BEFORE THEY

STOP YOU. Outraged readers asked how we could defend the First Amendment so fervently yet "abandon" the Second.

**Where we stand:** We continue to support reasonable gun control. Unlike a bullet, words going in one ear and out the other have never killed anyone. In 1993 Congress began requiring that licensed dealers do background checks on potential customers. In 1994 it banned 19 types of assault weapons. Handgun Control, now the Brady Campaign to Prevent Gun Violence, is currently pushing a law that would limit handgun purchases to one per person per month.



## CIVIL RIGHTS/JUSTICE

**When we began:** While examining arcane sex laws we found that racial prejudice appeared to be a major factor in their enforcement—small-town police chiefs seemed to enjoy harassing interracial couples with charges of fornication, cohabitation and miscegenation. That led to a discussion of inequities in the prosecution of serious crimes. In 1968 we noted that in states that executed rapists, the application of the death penalty was determined almost exclusively by the race of the perpetrator (black) and the race of the victim (white). In Florida 45 of 84 black rapists had been sentenced to die, compared with six of 125 whites. The state at that point had executed one of the white rapists and 29 of the black ones.



Larry Hicks.

**Behind the scenes:** In the mid-1960s the Foundation gave the first of many grants to the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund to aid in the monitoring of capital punishment. In 1975 the *Forum* launched the *Playboy Casebook*, conceived as a court of last resort. *The Ordeal of Larry Hicks* described what happens when a black defendant who has no money, family or knowledge of the legal system is poorly represented. Two weeks before he was scheduled to die for his alleged role in a double murder, Hicks found a lawyer who would listen. With the financial support of the Foundation, he won a new trial. The second jury acquitted Hicks, and he was freed.

**Where we stand:** The system remains racist. One study found that, other factors being equal, the odds of a death sentence being handed down are four times higher if the accused is black. Prosecutors are reluctant to admit bias. That some of these convicts may be the victims of racism or inept counsel is not a huge concern for the state. In Illinois alone, 17 of 298 condemned men—12 of them black—have been exonerated but only through the efforts of college journalism students and groups such as the Innocence Project. That's a 5.7 percent error rate. How many more innocent people have died?

## SEX EDUCATION

**When we began:** We decided early on to fight superstition and ignorance with fact. The magazine fed lunatic sex manuals (including the homophobic and silly *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask*) to the shredder and mocked claims by such champions of morality as Charles Keating. We also demanded that every person, regardless of age, have access to accurate and timely information about his or her sexuality.

**Behind the scenes:** In 1967 the Foundation provided the first of many grants to the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States. Over the next few years we gave more than \$300,000 to help sex researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson train health care professionals. The Foundation made its first grant to sponsor AIDS education and research in 1982. We helped fund the Kinsey Institute and Planned Parenthood. More recently the magazine has played an active role in the legal battle to keep the Internet, an important source of sexual information, free of censorship, including making a grant of \$250,000 to the ACLU for First Amendment cases.

**Where we stand:** It's safe to say that most kids know more about sex than their parents did at the same age. But adults who confuse ignorance and innocence still have considerable clout. In 2003 Con-



gress sent \$117 million to public schools that agreed to forgo comprehensive sex ed for abstinence-only moralizing.

## ABORTION

**When we began:** In 1963 every state prohibited abortion. Readers deluged the *Forum* with stories of illegal operations gone awry. Depending on whom you asked, between 500 (the most probable figure) and 5,000 women died each year from botched abortions. Both sides weighed in. One reader noted the shame felt by many women who had undergone the procedure. In 1965 *PLAYBOY* became the first major national magazine to call for legalized abortion. We later took a radical step for the time: We published phone numbers that directed women to safe providers.



**Behind the scenes:** Beginning in 1966 the Playboy Foundation gave grants to groups such as the Association for the Study of Abortion, a clearinghouse for activists. In 1971 we helped defend Shirley Wheeler, convicted of manslaughter for having had an abortion. We gave money to Cyril Means, a law professor who wrote legal briefs for cases in Georgia and Texas. His arguments made their way to the Supreme Court, which

in 1973 ruled in *Roe v. Wade* that the right to privacy includes a woman's right to decide whether to bear a child.

**Where we stand:** Abortion is legal in every state, but it's still contested, often through harassment and violence. In a recent survey, 18 percent of abortion clinics reported being vandalized, and 15 percent had received bomb threats. Justice Antonin Scalia has said that the court's lack of respect for past decisions (as evidenced in *Lawrence v. Texas*, discussed on page 65) could work against preserving *Roe v. Wade*. Meanwhile the abortion rate has reached its lowest level since 1974, with much of the decline attributed to increased use of contraceptives. But lack of access may also play a role: One third of U.S. women live in counties, including 86 of the 276 largest urban areas, that have no abortion providers.



# THE 12-MINUTE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

Two hundred thousand words reduced to 1,600. It wasn't easy

*In December 1962 PLAYBOY published an editorial by its editor and publisher, Hugh Hefner, that answered critics of the magazine while explaining its fundamental beliefs. Buoyed by the response, Hefner wrote a second editorial and then a third. He quoted judges and Jefferson, ministers and Menck-en. He dissected a kooky 1879 sex guide written by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg of cereal fame, then praised the more contemporary insights of Dr. Alfred Kinsey. Eventually the series stretched to 25 installments, including four round-table discussions with members of the clergy. The letters from readers became so voluminous we created the Playboy Forum in July 1963 to print them all.*

*We thought our 50th would be a good time to revisit the principles under which the magazine was founded and continues to operate. We gleaned these pearls of wisdom from the originals. Want more? The first 18 editorials are posted at [playboy.com/philosophy](http://playboy.com/philosophy).*

## ON INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS

The *Playboy Philosophy* is predicated on our belief in the importance of the individual and his rights as a member of a free society. That's the starting point from which everything else evolves.

We hold that man's personal self-interest is natural and good and that it can be channeled, through reason, to the benefit of the individual and his society. We believe that morality should be based upon reason. We are convinced that society should exist as man's servant, not as his master.

We believe in a society based upon reason. A man should use his intellect to create an ever more perfect, productive, comfortable, fulfilling, happy, healthy and rational society.

Society benefits as much from the differences among men as from their similarities. We should create a culture that not only accepts these differences but respects and nurtures them.

Our American democracy is based not simply on the will of the majority

but on the protection of the will of the minority. And the smallest minority in society is the individual.

## ON OBSCENITY

If the human body—far and away the most remarkable, the most complicated, the most perfect and the most beautiful creation on this earth—can



become objectionable, obscene or abhorrent when purposely posed and photographed to capture that remarkable perfection and beauty, then the world is a far more cockeyed place than we are willing to admit.

The charge of obscenity is sometimes used as a cover for other things to which the censor objects: Political, philosophical, social, medical, religious and racial ideas have all been damned for being "obscene."

It has long seemed quite incredible—indeed, incomprehensible—to us that detailed descriptions of murder, which is a crime, are acceptable in our art and literature, while detailed de-

scriptions of sex, which is not a crime, are prohibited. It is as if our society puts hate above love and favors death over life.

The U.S. Supreme Court's definition of obscenity makes reference to "contemporary community standards." Thus, the obscenity of yesterday is not necessarily the obscenity of today, and the obscenity of today need not be the obscenity of tomorrow. Community standards never remain static but offer ever-changing criteria for judgment. It is the subjective nature of obscenity that disturbed great men like Justice Hugo Black, who felt that the freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution should be absolutes—a solid, unshakable foundation on which democracy is built.

## ON CENSORSHIP

The attitude that some ideas are best kept from the citizenry advances a concept of totalitarian paternalism that is contrary to the most basic ideals of our free society. It is akin to the colonialist concept that a new nation may not yet be ready to rule itself. The only way in which the people of a country can ever become mature enough for self-rule is by being free to practice self-rule. Similarly, the only way in which a society can mature sexually, socially and philosophically is by allowing it naturally free and unfettered sexual, social and philosophical growth. By treating our own citizens like so many overprotected children, we have produced our present social order, which is too often childlike, immature and hypocritical.

The irony of censorship is that if we were to permit a completely unrestricted, censor-free society, none of the oft-expressed forebodings of social doom and moral degradation and disintegration would be realized. A few people's sensitivities might be shaken, but that would be about the extent of it. A society freed of all social and sexual censorship and the more irrational forms of sexual suppression would surely be



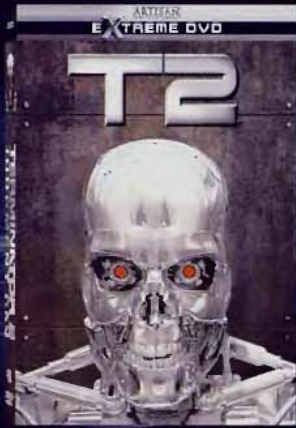


- A. Pick it up from the curb.
- B. Take it to the curb.



YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR GERMANY'S FUN-LOVING BEER. HERE'S TO MOVING ON.

# GET SOME TONIGHT...



**R**  
FOR STRONG SCI-FI ACTION AND  
VIOLENCE, AND FOR LANGUAGE



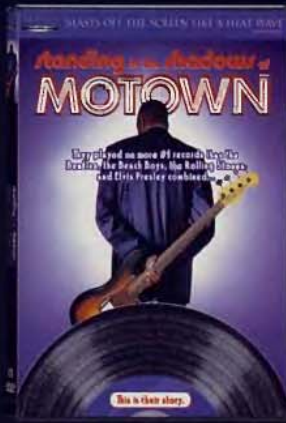
**R**



**R**  
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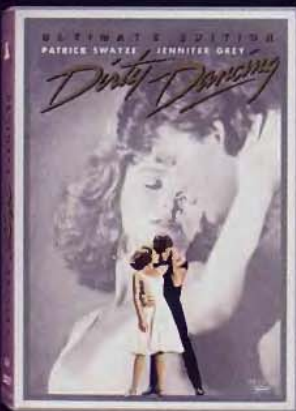
**R**



**PG**  
FOR LANGUAGE AND THEMATIC ELEMENTS



**R**



**PG-13**



**R**  
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a healthier and happier place—a world in which sex would find its natural position in the scheme of things and cease to be the source of guilt, shame and heartache.

Since the beginning of recorded history there have been individuals determined to force their own standards upon their fellow man. And time inevitably proves that the “dangerous” work of art or literature of one generation is the classic of the next—that any contemporary condemnation of the spoken or the written word appears ridiculous to succeeding generations.

### ON REPRESSION

The modern psychiatrist knows, and will gladly tell anyone who cares to listen, that books and pictures and pamphlets and papers that deal openly and honestly with sex have little or no effect upon human behavior and that whatever effect they do have is healthful, rather than injurious, to society.

Never mind that the science of psychiatry has revealed that it is the repression of the sex instinct and the association of sex with guilt and shame that cause the hurt to humankind—producing frigidity, impotence, masochism, sadism and all manner of sexual perversions, social and psychological ills, neuroses and psychoses.

Never mind that all of history documents the utter impossibility of curbing the sex drive, of keeping the male and female free from this sin of the flesh.

Never mind that modern research into sex behavior has revealed that America’s puritanical attempts at sexual suppression have failed to halt or seriously hinder the “immoral” conduct of the majority of our adult population.

Never mind that any effort to regulate or control the private sexual morality of the adult citizens of the United States is contrary to the principle of individual freedom that is the very foundation of our democracy and is in conflict with the most basic guarantees of the Constitution and Bill of Rights.

Never mind—for such arguments are based on reason. And there is nothing reasoned or rational about our society’s attitude toward sex. It is based instead on an irrational conglomeration of prejudice, superstition, fear, faith, mysticism and malarkey.

### ON CASUAL SEX

Since one of the things *PLAYBOY* is especially concerned about is the depersonalizing influence of our society, and since considerable editorial attention is given to the problem of establishing in-

dividual identity through sex and as many other avenues of expression as may be available in a more permissive society, it is wrong to suggest that we favor depersonalized sex.

If we recognize sex as not necessarily limited to procreation, then we should acknowledge that it is not necessarily limited to love, either. Sex exists with and without love, and in both forms it does far more good than harm. The attempts at its suppression, however, are almost universally harmful, both to the individual involved and to society.

We are opposed to wholly selfish sex, but we are opposed to any relationship that is entirely self-oriented—that takes all and gives nothing in return.

Only by remaining open and vulnerable can a person experience the full joy

the majority of those with whom they come in contact undoubtedly are. Analyst Ernest van den Haag was once told by a colleague, “All my homosexual patients, you know, are sick.” “Ah, yes,” replied Dr. Van den Haag, “but so are all my heterosexual patients.”

### ON RELIGIOUS TRUTH

We believe in the existence of absolute truth—not in the mystical or religious sense but in the certainty that the true nature of man and the universe is knowable, and the conviction that the acquisition of such truth should be one of the major goals of mankind. We think it is natural that man be awed by the marvel and magnitude of the universe, and if this awe leads to reverence, faith and worship, that too may enhance his spiritual awareness and sense of wonder.

We’re applying 16th century religion to a 20th century world; a more sophisticated time requires a more sophisticated faith. There’s no logic in the belief that man’s body, mind and soul are in conflict rather than in harmony with one another.

Religious leaders can attempt to persuade us of the correctness of their beliefs—they have this right, and indeed it is expected of them. They have no right, however, to attempt in any way to force their beliefs on others. And most especially, they have no right to use the power of the government to implement such coercion.

No conflict exists between the pleasure a modern American finds in material things and his struggle to discover a scientific truth, evolve a philosophy or create a work of art. The good life encompasses all of these—and all of them satisfy and spur a man on to do more, see more, know more, experience more, accomplish more.

If a man has a right to find God in his own way, he has a right to go to the devil in his own way also. It sometimes happens that the man most other men would agree is surely going to the devil has instead discovered a new truth that is leading him away from established thought and tradition to a better way. In time these other men will understand and follow.

The Bible singles out the meek and the poor in spirit for special blessings. We’d like to add one of our own: Blessed is the rebel, for without him there would be no progress.

“As much as religion has done for the development and growth of society, sex has done more.” —Hugh Hefner, July 1963

and satisfaction of human existence. That he must also, thereby, know some of the sorrow and pain of this world is without question, but that too is a part of the adventure of living.

### ON HOMOSEXUALITY

Far too many members of our adult population have engaged in some form of homosexual activity at some time in their lives to permit such activity to be scientifically defined as abnormal. We confess to a strong personal prejudice in favor of the boy-girl variety of sex, but our belief in a free, rational and humane society demands tolerance for those whose sexual inclinations are different from our own, so long as participation is limited to consenting adults in private and does not involve either minors or the use of any coercion.

Most analysts, psychiatrists and psychologists consider the confirmed homosexual emotionally disturbed, and

*What's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## STUDENT BOOIES

WINDSOR, ONTARIO—The owner of a chain of strip clubs has offered to reimburse college students \$1,500 to \$2,000 per year for tuition if they



agree to perform three or four seven-hour shifts each week. The students, who will earn \$10 an hour plus tips, must maintain a B average. Twenty college girls majoring in such fields as massage, nursing and engineering have hit the poles. "A girl who wants to better herself makes for a higher-level entertainer," the owner said. "They're happier young ladies."

## GET OUT OF MY BAG

BOSTON—A 17-year-old and his family were pulled off a flight to Hawaii after airport security found a note inside his checked luggage. It read: "Fuck you. Stay the fuck out of my bag, you cocksucker. Have you found a fucking bomb yet? No, just clothes. Am I right? Yeah, so fuck you." Prosecutors charged the teen with making a bomb threat, which is a felony. "In today's security environment, there's no room for joking," said an official.

## EXCUSE OF THE MONTH

MOBILE, ALABAMA—The city fired a water department employee for keeping porn images on his work computer. He claimed an intern had downloaded them. Authorities also found a

photo of the man's bare ass, helpfully labeled BUTTSHOT. The man said the image had been taken accidentally as he changed clothes in his office. He said he had noticed a digital camera sitting on his desk and was pushing it away when it went off. "I labeled the photo and put it into a folder because I wanted to talk to some of my friends about deleting it," he said. An appeals board upheld the termination.

## YOUNG ILLEGAL LOVE

OAK CREEK, WISCONSIN—When a woman caught her 14-year-old daughter nude in bed with a 14-year-old boy, the teens admitted they planned to have sex with a minor—each other. The mother called police, and the boy and girl each pleaded guilty to misdemeanor sexual assault. "Sex between kids is not legal," a prosecutor said. The boy's attorney argued that teenagers have a right to privacy that includes deciding if and when to have sex.

## AAA GETS AN F

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS—In 1999 an elementary school teacher found that her car would not start. She called her stepfather, who notified AAA. Ninety minutes later a tow truck arrived, but the driver said he was too busy to take her to a garage. The woman accepted a ride from a bystander, who then raped and murdered her. Her family sued AAA and the driver, alleging they had provided poor service. As evidence they cited brochures that stated: "One call to AAA and your worries are over. In today's world, relying on strangers has become a scary (and sometimes dangerous) thing to do." AAA said the woman could have taken a taxi or had a family member pick her up but eventually settled out of court.

## CHICKEN SHIT

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS—If you're a cop, you may want to avoid diners where the cook is an ex-con. Four police officers learned that lesson the hard way when the cook at a chicken joint spiced their food with mouse shit and loogies. After delivering the meals, he told the four, "Enjoy your food." Co-

workers alerted the manager, but the cops had already dug in. Several became ill. The cook pleaded guilty to aggravated battery. Even the prosecutor said he was surprised by the sentence: four years.

## ANTI-CHOICE MAJORITY

NEW YORK—Most women are not pro-choice, according to a survey by the Center for the Advancement of Women. It polled 1,000 women and found that 51 percent would like to ban abortion outright or limit it to cases of rape, incest or danger to the mother's life. Another 17 percent said that abortion laws should be tougher. Faye Wattleton, the former president of Planned Parenthood who heads the research center, called the findings alarming.

## A DIME OF DNA

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT—A scientist at the state forensics lab has created a database of DNA samples from marijuana plants. By applying the same DNA fingerprinting used on criminal suspects, prosecutors hope to re-create the supply line, including distant growers who share cuttings from



potent plants. "It links everybody together—the user, the distributor, the grower," said the scientist. "That's the real intent of it, to show that it's not just one guy with a little bag of marijuana but a group of people."



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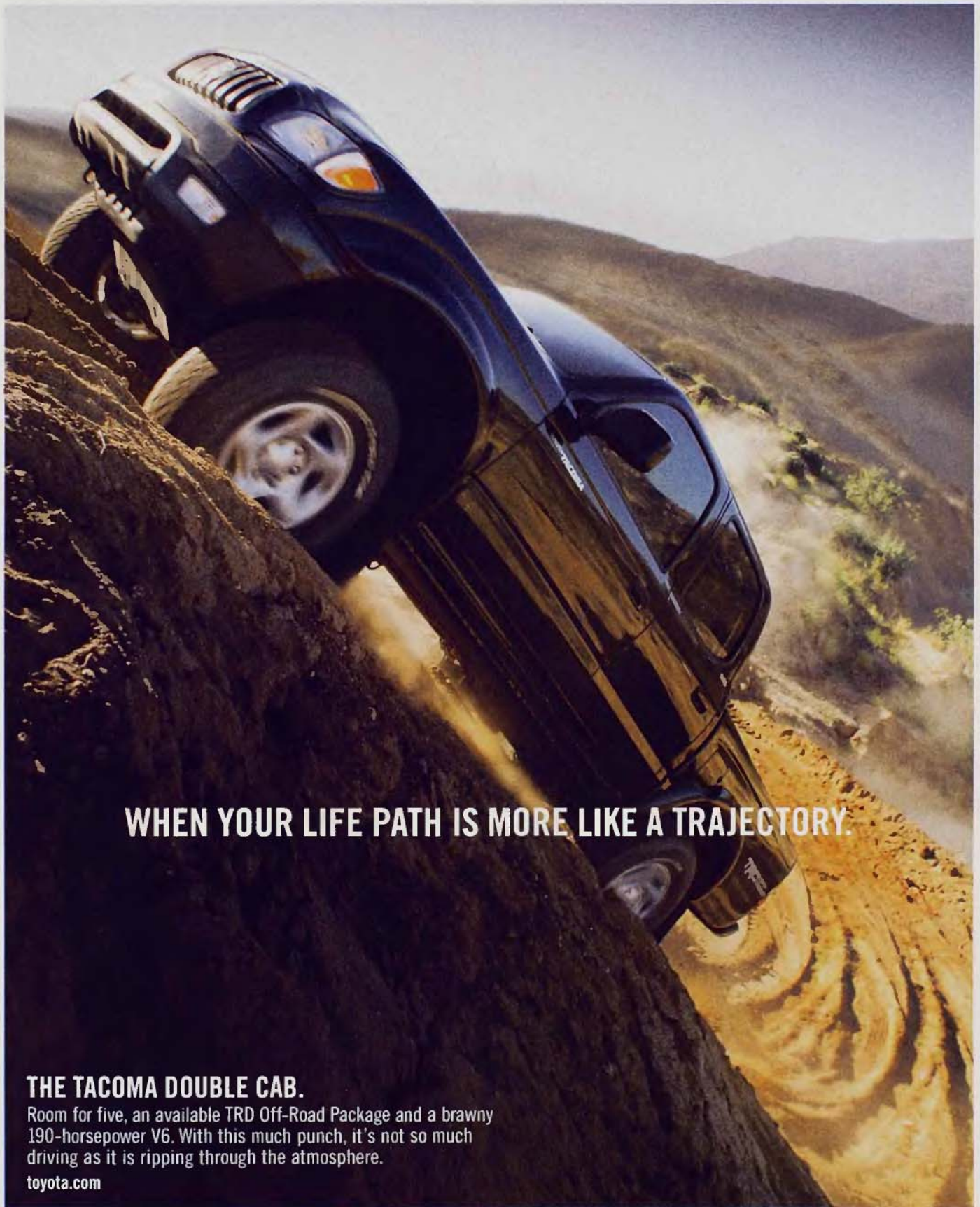
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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACK NICHOLSON

*A candid conversation with the epitome of cool about the secret benefits of Viagra, why libido never dies and how being a rogue is just good marketing*

In *Something's Gotta Give*, his 58th—yes, 58th—movie, Jack Nicholson falls wildly in love and has ecstatic, passionate sex—not with his luscious on-screen girlfriend, Amanda Peet, but with her mom. It's classic Nicholson, confounding expectations. It's also very sexy stuff, which says something extraordinary about Nicholson, given that the actor is just months away from his 67th birthday.

Few actors can match Nicholson's collection of awards, including 12 Oscar nominations and three statuettes; none can supplant his place as an American icon. Sure, there are other living legends—including peers Redford, Eastwood, Connery, Pacino and Hoffman—but not one has dominated movies or the culture the way Nicholson has. He is on the short list of the greatest film actors of all time. "He is a beloved American presence, a superb actor who even more crucially is a superb male sprite," says critic Roger Ebert. "The joke lurking beneath the surface of most of his performances is that he gets away with things because he knows how to, wants to and has the nerve to. His characters stand for freedom, anarchy, self-gratification and bucking the system, and often they also stand for generous friendship and a kind of careworn nobility."

Nicholson made his breakthrough movie, *Easy Rider*, in 1969. Since then he has worked with America's best actors and directors, star-

ring in some of the defining films of his era. Even a partial list is mind-boggling: *Five Easy Pieces*, *The Last Detail*, *Carnal Knowledge*, *Chinatown*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *The Shining*, *Reds*, *Batman*, *A Few Good Men*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Prizzi's Honor*, *Terms of Endearment*, *The Witches of Eastwick*. Last year he earned a Golden Globe for best actor for *About Schmidt* and also starred with Adam Sandler in *Anger Management*.

Nicholson's childhood was unusual. Born and raised in Manasquan, New Jersey, he was abandoned by his father and didn't learn until he was in his late 30s that the woman he had thought was his sister was actually his mother. After high school Nicholson moved to Los Angeles, where he got a job as an office boy at MGM. It led to his first acting jobs, in low-budget movies directed by Roger Corman. He wrote Corman's *The Trip* and co-wrote *Head*, a bizarre feature starring the Monkees. Nicholson would go on to direct three movies: *Goin' South*, now a cult classic; *Drive, He Said*; and the ill-fated *Chinatown* sequel, *The Two Jakes*.

Nicholson has always seemed larger than life offscreen as well as on, serving as the epitome of cool in a way few actors can manage. He's openly admitted to experimenting with psychedelic drugs, and he's pushed the limits of the sexual revolution. His longest

relationship was with Anjelica Huston, and he's dated Michelle Phillips, Rebecca Broussard and, most recently, Lara Flynn Boyle. His only marriage, to horror-film actress Sandra Knight, lasted six years. He has four children, 11 to 40 years old.

Contributing Editor David Sheff met Nicholson at his compound high above Beverly Hills. In the actor's living room—surrounded by Picassos, Magrittes and a Dalí—Nicholson, with the trademark glint in his eye, the wide Joker smile and those infinitely arched eyebrows, was remarkably candid, possibly revealing more of himself than in any previously published interview.

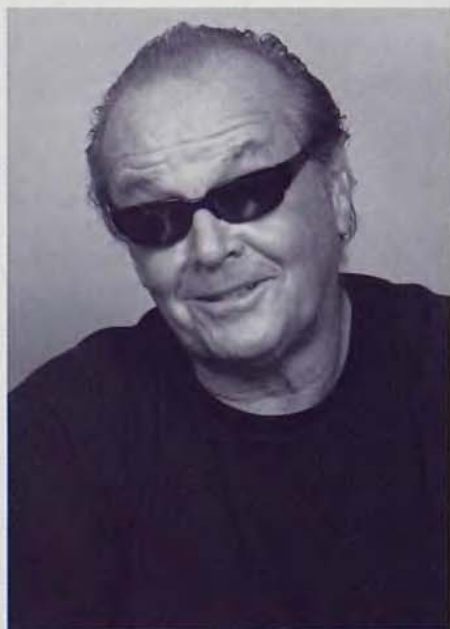
**PLAYBOY:** You once said, "The older I get, the younger the women who are interested in me." How do you explain that phenomenon?

**NICHOLSON:** Apparently women are less sensible when they're young. But I don't know if it's true anymore. I don't know much in this area right now, to tell you the honest truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that mean you're between relationships?

**NICHOLSON:** "Between" implies that another one is on the horizon. I would hope so, but I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you actively looking? Would you like a new girlfriend?



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"I once decided I would get over being self-conscious about nudity, so I did an experiment. I lived in my house as a nudist. Once I decide to do something, I don't do it partially, so I was nude no matter who came by."

"Did I like being thought of as a rogue? Did I encourage it? It's better than being thought of as a shit. There's another answer. It was good for business. For a while I settled down, and it was less good for my career."

"These have been troubled times in the area of sexual expression. I rank AIDS right up there with the atomic bomb as events that impacted our culture for the worse. We were moving to a freer society before AIDS."

**NICHOLSON:** That would depend on who she is, and at this point I can't imagine who.

**PLAYBOY:** In your new movie, *Something's Gotta Give*, your girlfriend is played by Amanda Peet, but then you fall for her mother, who is played by Diane Keaton. We presume that in real life you would choose the far younger Peet.

**NICHOLSON:** This may disappoint, but the reality is I would be much more likely to wind up with Miss Keaton than Miss Peet. It's a clear call.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that suggest that these days, contrary to your image, you are more interested in women your own age?

**NICHOLSON:** It depends on the woman, of course. I prefer to have a conversation. It's nice to understand the references. In this case, I happen to think Keaton is fantastic—one of the most idiosyncratic, interesting people I know. But I have had a kind of open affection for Diane anyway, ever since I was with her in *Reds*.

**PLAYBOY:** The two of you have a very steamy sex scene. Is it different doing sex scenes now than when you were younger? Are you more self-conscious when you're asked to take off your clothes?

**NICHOLSON:** If you want to give life to any situation, you just have to give life to the situation. It's never exactly comfortable.

**PLAYBOY:** Keaton is fully nude in this movie, but the audience sees only a peek of your backside through a hospital gown. Would you do a full nude scene?

**NICHOLSON:** In a less romantic film I would have no problem letting my tits and my gut and everything else spill all over the neighborhood. But that's it, and in this genre—romantic comedy—I wouldn't even do that. You never see male frontal nudity, at least almost never, whereas it's common for women. It's not just in movies. Men are far more self-conscious. At least I am. I'm just not going to do it. Way back, I may have. I once decided I would get over being self-conscious about nudity, so I did an experiment. I decided to wear nothing. I lived here in my house as a nudist. It was summertime, so warmth wasn't a problem. I did it for three or so months in the 1960s. Once I decide to do something, I don't do it partially, so when I did this, I was nude no matter who came by.

**PLAYBOY:** Who came by?

**NICHOLSON:** All kinds of people. Roger Corman came by and didn't like it much. I wasn't throwing my wang around or anything, but it startled him nonethe-

less. My daughter understandably didn't like it. If I had an interview with you, I would have done it nude. I found it very comfortable.

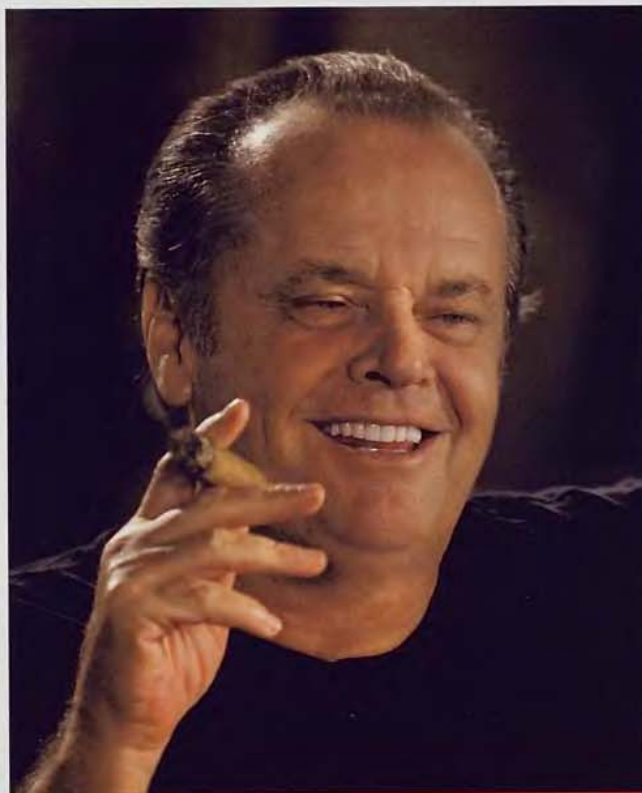
**PLAYBOY:** Did some visitors embrace it? Did some join you?

**NICHOLSON:** Harry Dean Stanton loved it. He couldn't wait to come over and be nude.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the experiment a success? That is, did you become less self-conscious about your body?

**NICHOLSON:** It worked at the time, but it didn't last. I think it's just a male thing, but maybe it's just me.

**PLAYBOY:** Apparently you still often prefer the buff, at least when you're by yourself in the middle of the night. A



"Let's just say that my libido will always exceed my possibilities. Believe me, the nerve is not dead."

newspaper in Omaha, where you lived while filming *About Schmidt*, reported that you were spotted walking around nude in your rented house.

**NICHOLSON:** How did I know they were outside looking in? This was Omaha! At two in the morning! I'm walking down to get my pie, and somebody's out there.

**PLAYBOY:** To get your pie?

**NICHOLSON:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that a typical routine—pie at two in the morning?

**NICHOLSON:** Sure. Or it could be sherbet.

**PLAYBOY:** You said that male frontal nudity is a rarity, but you included some in *Drive, He Said*, your directorial debut.

**NICHOLSON:** For which they gave me an X rating, which we successfully fought. I

didn't want to do a *Romper Room* movie with people's things behind magazines; that seemed to me to be more prurient.

**PLAYBOY:** The rating infuriated you. You remarked, "If you suck a tit, it's X. If you cut it off, it's PG."

**NICHOLSON:** Which is true. The censors were even crazier then. A couple couldn't sleep in a single bed. It was like shooting pool—one person had to have a foot on the floor. We got in trouble because you weren't supposed to hear the sound of an orgasm. In England they wanted me to cut one line from the movie: "I'm coming." I refused, and the movie was never shown in England. No one cared that a character in the picture was nude all the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Why was she nude?

**NICHOLSON:** For no purpose. I was sick of the convention. They would always ask about nudity, and you would say, "It's tasteful, integral to the story, not prurient." I was so fed up with this that I just put a nude woman in for no reason. She's just there without clothes on. For that movie I also wanted to do a symphony of dicks—satirical, long-lensed, out-of-focus shots of all these guys in the shower. I thought it might have been a good title sequence, but the cameraman wouldn't shoot it. Cameramen will shoot anything, so this shocked me.

**PLAYBOY:** Are women generally less self-conscious about disrobing for the camera?

**NICHOLSON:** Not only for the camera. Go to a group of adolescents and say, "Let's all go over here and get naked." All the girls toss off their clothes, delighted. At least 90 percent. But the same percentage of men are appalled. Whether it's the competitive penis thing or castration fear or some other phenomenon, it's there. I've observed the difference over the course of my life, and it has nothing to do with age.

**PLAYBOY:** Has your sex drive diminished with age?

**NICHOLSON:** Let's just say that my libido will always exceed my possibilities. As a friend says, "One day I'll come over and ask you how things are going and you'll say, 'The nerve is dead.'" Believe me, the nerve is not dead.

**PLAYBOY:** But diminished?

**NICHOLSON:** I'm not sure if it's that the libido is diminished or that the criteria behind your choices become narrower.

**PLAYBOY:** The criteria behind your choices?

**NICHOLSON:** I used to be able to do everything. I could work all the time, never stop, and have plenty of energy left over for other things. That's no longer the case. Getting older, I don't go out as



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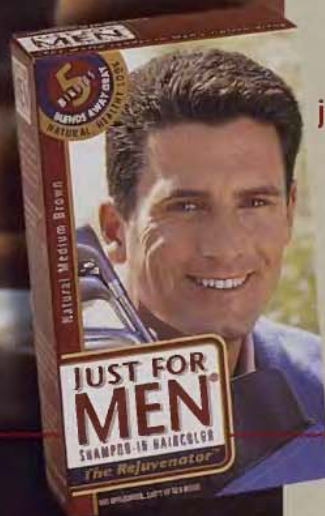
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much as I used to. It's not that I like the music any more or any less. What got me out there ain't getting me out there now. I still like jazz, but I ain't going out to listen to it now.

**PLAYBOY:** Over the years, did you encourage your reputation as a—

**NICHOLSON:** Rogue?

**PLAYBOY:** Was it deserved?

**NICHOLSON:** I wasn't the king of it, but I was in the running. Did I encourage it? Did I like being thought of as a rogue? Sometimes, but there's another answer. It was good for business.

**PLAYBOY:** Why was it good for business?

**NICHOLSON:** It's better than being thought of as a shit. On the other hand, I settled down for a while when I was 25, and that was less good for my career.

**PLAYBOY:** Kim Basinger, your *Batman* co-star, said, "Jack's the most highly sexed individual I've ever met." Guilty as charged?

**NICHOLSON:** She's right, of course. [smiles widely] I always thought I had a certain charge going on in that department. I never felt it was attractive to flaunt it, though.

**PLAYBOY:** Meryl Streep once lambasted you for flaunting it. Apparently you said that you preferred dating women in what you described as the "sweet spot" between 25 and 38, explaining that it's "glandular and has to do with mindlessly continuing the species."

**NICHOLSON:** Yeah, Meryl made fun of me. She loved ragging me about it. All I was saying is that part of these external attractions comes from something very basic. Nature doesn't leave it to chance. It's the most important thing we do. We have these drives for a reason.

**PLAYBOY:** But what's the reason when you're no longer impelled to procreate?

**NICHOLSON:** I think you're impelled until you stop breathing, even though you have less energy for it and won't go through the same machinations. I'm not, by some increment, as sexually active as I was, and it doesn't have to do with a decrease in my libido. It has to do with the criteria to fulfill it. I can't go through a lot of bullshit. Before, you could hurl the kitchen sink at me and I'd keep on smiling until I got where I thought I wanted to get.

**PLAYBOY:** In the new movie, before having sex with Diane Keaton, you ask her, "What about birth control?" She says, "Menopause." Your reaction is unexpected.

**NICHOLSON:** "Look who's the lucky guy." [smiles] I like to try and bring the sexuality of middle life into movies, to have it realistically portrayed.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you suggesting that menopause, presumably along with Viagra, opens up new possibilities for sex as we age?

**NICHOLSON:** I'm not sure if I am an expert on that, but I can tell you that I've noticed another phenomenon related to Viagra. These have been troubled times

## SIX CRAZY PIECES

Crazy, crazier, craziest—a clinical look at Jack's most disturbed roles



### 6. Melvin Udall—*As Good as It Gets* (1997)

As the planet's most deranged romance novelist, Nicholson dodges cracks in the sidewalk, never uses the same bar of soap twice and shoves his gay neighbor's dog down the garbage chute.

**Psycho-bite:** "People who talk in metaphors oughta shampoo my crotch."

**Diagnosis:** Obsessive-compulsive disorder with a side of antisocial acerbic wit.



### 5. Randle Patrick McMurphy—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975)

This guy had to have a screw loose to start a war with a psych nurse who could zap him with electroshock therapy—or worse.

**Psycho-bite:** "The next woman who takes me on is gonna light up like a pinball machine and pay off in silver dollars!"

**Diagnosis:** Anti-authoritarianism and a fixation with televised baseball.



### 4. Colonel Nathan R. Jessep—*A Few Good Men* (1992)

You want the truth? The truth is that this spit-and-polish military man looks like a power-mad loon from the moment we first see him.

**Psycho-bite:** "What I want is for you to stand there in your faggoty white uniform and extend me some fucking courtesy."

**Diagnosis:** Narcissism with—drop and give me 20!—delusions of grandeur.



**3. The Joker—*Batman* (1989)** It's hard to overact when playing a disfigured supervillain...but Jack does it. His Joker is so extreme, we want him to win, saving us from Bat sequels with Val Kilmer.

**Psycho-bite:** "I've been dead once already; it's very liberating. You might think of it as...therapy."

**Diagnosis:** Homicidal psychosis and the fashion sense of a pimp.



### 2. Jack Torrance—*The Shining* (1980)

Who wouldn't get a bit squirrely if cooped up with his string-bean wife and oddball kid in a deserted hotel all winter? Still, when Jack starts knocking on doors with an ax, it's time for a Xanax.

**Psycho-bite:** "I'm not gonna hurt ya. I'm just gonna bash your brains in. Ha-ha!"

**Diagnosis:** All work and no play makes Jack a paranoid schizophrenic.



### 1. Daryl Van Horne—*The Witches of Eastwick* (1987)

As film's horniest little devil, Jack spews gallons of cherry vomit, then morphs into a huge representation of evil incarnate. But not before he impregnates Michelle Pfeiffer, Susan Sarandon and Cher. Maybe he's not so crazy.

**Psycho-bite:** "I always like a little pussy after lunch."

**Diagnosis:** Satan. —Stephen Rebello

in the area of sexual expression. I rank the publicizing of AIDS right up there with the atomic bomb as events that impacted our culture for the worse. We were moving toward a more feeling, freer society until AIDS, which came along and gave the right wing the chance to reinstate its idea that sex is negative. Anybody who owned a bar in the 1970s can tell you that was the end of the bar business, period. It was a sign of society reversing itself in terms of the enjoyment of freer sex, because sex was equated with death.

**PLAYBOY:** There was always safe sex.

**NICHOLSON:** But safe sex became the equivalent of "I won't kiss you" for a girl. It became just another obstruction. Most people who investigated this knew that if you were not shooting up or getting fucked in the heinie, you were as likely to get AIDS as you were to have a safe fall on your head while walking down Wilshire Boulevard. But you could not proselytize this view. The facts were almost useless. You couldn't give a woman the facts and have her respond, "Oh, all right." Viagra comes along, however, and it is fantastic in another regard, and not in the obvious way. Over the years I have heard many people, after ending a marriage or a relationship, say, "I would never have left her if I could have said, without fear of shattering her entire existence, 'I just don't want sex anymore.' The relationship could have continued if I had been able to say, 'Fuck someone else if you want.' Everything would have been fine between us." Instead, the disinterest in sex that can come along becomes so intense that it can dominate the relationship. Viagra solves that. Once, twice a month—and regardless of what people tell you, that's enough—stimulate yourself with this pharmacological solution, go out there and tear Mom up, baby, and everything is fine. It could save many relationships.

**PLAYBOY:** You once said that you were cynical about love. How about now?

**NICHOLSON:** I don't think I've ever been cynical about love, though we 1950s guys had a hard time making that transition into the 1960s "I love ya, man." We thought *love* was a more sacred word. What can I say about love? In my life I have had more of it than I expressed. There's no doubt about that. One of the best definitions of it comes from Bertrand Russell, who said, "There is love, and everything else is staring into the abyss." You feel better when you're expressing love. I have often heard people confess, "I'm hoping for one more really big romantic experience in my life." We want that feeling. You don't forget that exhilarated state. It's an exalted state, though I'm not the guy who should be saying this.

**PLAYBOY:** Why shouldn't you?

**NICHOLSON:** I don't really offer the full catastrophe to a woman.

**PLAYBOY:** The full catastrophe?

**NICHOLSON:** Yeah, you know, the package, children, whatever. I certainly haven't ceased looking for a mate in life, but at the same time I'm not looking for what many other people seem to be looking for in that regard. Therefore, the probabilities, knowing my criteria, probably aren't great. How do I meet her? I can't have fun in a club where everybody's 23. I can't do it anymore. When something is over for me, it's over. I can't hang around a school yard too long after I graduate. This is not a lament. It's just that I recognize the probabilities. I'm going to give the picture out there that I'm just sitting around. I'm not, but you revise what interests you throughout your life. Now a lot of interhuman communication is not about gender or sex. It was once.

**PLAYBOY:** One gets the sense that monogamy was always a problem for you. Is that accurate?

**NICHOLSON:** For a while I've felt that it wouldn't be as big a problem as it might have been 10, 15, 20 years ago. Divorce doesn't appeal to me, though I'm a divorced person.

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*"The censors were even crazier then. A couple couldn't even sleep in a single bed. We got in trouble because you weren't supposed to hear the sound of an orgasm."*

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**PLAYBOY:** Have you been able to stay friends with most of your ex-girlfriends and your ex-wife?

**NICHOLSON:** I have.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it take time after a breakup to be friends again?

**NICHOLSON:** I've been thinking about that a little bit lately. One thing I noticed is that some of the most ardent disapproval I've received has come from the people I love.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it because your behavior with women hasn't always been stellar?

**NICHOLSON:** I think it's been stellar. [smiles] They may not have agreed.

**PLAYBOY:** If you run into them, whether it's Anjelica Huston, Michelle Phillips, Lara Flynn Boyle—

**NICHOLSON:** I'm always delighted to see them and they me. I mean, the things that were attractive to you about someone remain attractive about them. That doesn't change.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet there are those lingering resentments from, say, when you were seeing one woman and announced that you were having a child with someone else, as you did with Anjelica Huston when you

got Rebecca Broussard pregnant. Huston probably didn't much appreciate that.

**NICHOLSON:** One of the covenants of my and Anjelica's separation is that I don't talk about her. It's all she ever asked, and it's a reasonable request.

**PLAYBOY:** How about some of the other women: Michelle Phillips, Lara Flynn Boyle?

**NICHOLSON:** I love all the women I've been with, and I'm friends with most, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you disinclined to work with women with whom you are, or were, in love?

**NICHOLSON:** No, and it was actually a plus to work with them when I did.

**PLAYBOY:** When your relationships ended, were you usually the one who left?

**NICHOLSON:** No. It was always a matter of discussion, though you might ask, "Were you forcing them into a position where they had to leave?" Maybe. "Were you determining it but pretending to be innocent?" That's an interesting thought. It all seems like divine madness.

**PLAYBOY:** The press said that you were devastated when your most recent long-term relationship, with Lara Flynn Boyle, ended.

**NICHOLSON:** I didn't read what was written about it, but I'll take your word for it. Like all my relationships, it was different and unique. I have ongoing connections with a lot of people I've been with, and she's certainly no exception.

**PLAYBOY:** How good are you at commitment?

**NICHOLSON:** The women would have a different answer than I would.

**PLAYBOY:** What would they say?

**NICHOLSON:** They would say that I wasn't committed. I would say I was always ready to be committed. The truth? I may always have had some trapdoors. Now? Who knows, since I'm content to stick around here for the most part.

**PLAYBOY:** Are young actors and directors intimidated when they show up to work with you?

**NICHOLSON:** It's like the elephant in the room that no one pays attention to. It exists, but I ignore it, or sometimes I use it. I try not to use it in any negative ways.

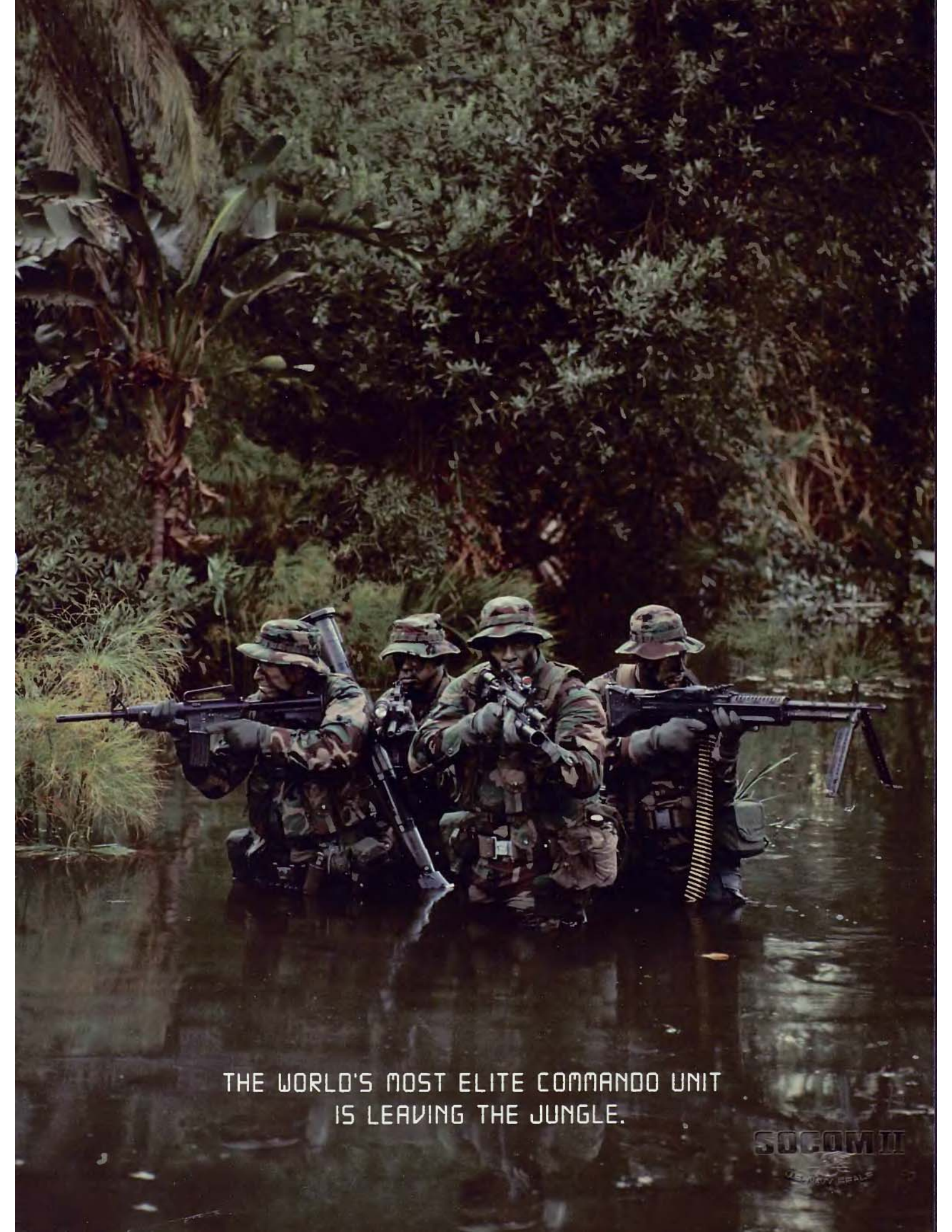
**PLAYBOY:** Do you generally get your way on movie sets?

**NICHOLSON:** I usually have my say, but that doesn't mean I get my way. I try hard not to argue too much. I usually don't, but if I do and then get home and realize I was wrong, it's one of the grimmest nights I have. It's not so bad if I'm wrong, but if I've been forcefully wrong, calling people morons or something—oh, god.

**PLAYBOY:** Your temper is somewhat notorious. Didn't you go after someone with a golf club and break his car window?

**NICHOLSON:** That was a lapse. Most of what has been published about me isn't true, but that was. I may have felt justified—you can bet I felt justified. Also, I didn't think I would do any harm. It was





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a graphite golf club. I thought it would shatter. And after all, he was trying to run me over.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**NICHOLSON:** I never knew what ticked the guy off, but I can tell you this: Within the past year I got a letter of apology from him. And I accept his apology. That case was fairly adjudicated, but there have been other times when I paid sums of money not to deal with something, one extortion or another, and not because the other person was in the right. Through these experiences I have learned something that is the opposite of what I would have thought. I came to realize that ill-gotten gains are never good for the person receiving them. The contrary is true. So when you're paying an extortionist, there's a bit of diabolical delight and contempt in handing over that check. It's like when you get robbed. You would think I'd be furious, but pretty soon I always feel bad for the person who has to lead that kind of life.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you better at controlling your temper now than you were when the golf club incident occurred?

**NICHOLSON:** I have an ongoing temper, which I have learned to modify, I'm proud to report.

**PLAYBOY:** Without consulting somebody like your character in *Anger Management*?

**NICHOLSON:** Yeah, not like that guy. I used to not be able to let it slide. Now I can. I was down at the ball game one night, and I got this tap on the shoulder. Most taps on the shoulder are—I'm happy to say—"Hi, Jack. How you doing?" Nice. But I turned around, and the guy was just looking at me. He said, "Why are you such an asshole?" I said, "What?" He said, "Why do you treat people like such shit?" I smiled at him, turned around and walked away. Then I heard him over my shoulder say, "Yeah, that's it, smile, you fucking asshole." As big as he was, I really wanted at least to say something, but I didn't. So that's learned behavior. As you can see, though, I'm still furious about it.

**PLAYBOY:** *Anger Management* with Adam Sandler seems an unlikely choice for you. Why did you do that movie?

**NICHOLSON:** He interested me. It's all a learning experience, as far as I'm concerned. I think you have to defy your own conventions.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like Sandler's humor?

**NICHOLSON:** Frankly, I'm not into farting and vomit jokes, but I felt we got some legitimate laughs, and it was a great collaboration. You learn every time. Like in the new picture, I worked with Keanu Reeves, who plays my doctor.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you think of Reeves in the *Matrix* movies?

**NICHOLSON:** I don't like movies in which special effects totally dominate, but those are the movies that get the kids and therefore get the big numbers. Even though I've had many successes, they aren't like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Other than *Batman*. Would you do another *Batman*-like movie?

**NICHOLSON:** There's nothing wrong with mixing it in there. I wouldn't want to do nothing but. But why not?

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a correlation between your movies that were successful and the ones in which you think you did your best work?

**NICHOLSON:** *Ironweed* to me is one of the best movies I've done, but was it a commercial success? Some movies are jazz, some are rock and roll. You look for crossovers, though. Sometimes you know when you read the script. *Cuckoo's Nest* was like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever watch your old movies?

**NICHOLSON:** Sometimes I like them, sometimes I don't. I might hate one and then see it again in a month and think it's pretty good. Before I directed *Two Jakes*, I thought I should watch the other ones I'd directed, so I got *Drive, He Said* and then *Goin' South*. I saw them, and that was fine. It was good seeing *Goin' South*. Danny DeVito showed it again and had everyone over for the movie's 20th reunion. It was a particularly good group of people. The movie wasn't very successful, but I love it. And I love the people who love it.

**PLAYBOY:** You have had more than your share of hits, including some of the best movies ever made.

**NICHOLSON:** [Smiles] My true admirers consider me underrated.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you tell in advance when a line will be remembered and repeated and become bigger than the movie itself, such as "Here's Johnny" from *The Shining* or when you tell Tom Cruise in *A Few Good Men*, "You can't handle the truth"?

**NICHOLSON:** With "Here's Johnny" I was so antitelevision at that point I didn't even know where the line came from. Stanley Kubrick had to explain that it was a line from a TV show. Sometimes, though, when you read a script, you can tell when you reach the writer's favorite line. They are my least favorite lines, because of the expectations. "You can't handle the truth" was one. You knew when you read the script.

**PLAYBOY:** Since becoming successful, have you had to resist directors who want you to do what have become your trademarks—the eyebrows, the smirk?

**NICHOLSON:** Yeah, and much of my job, in order to suspend belief, is to un-Jack the parts. When I read a script, I look for when they want me to be Jack-be-wild or Jack-be-nimble or Jack-be-whatever.

**PLAYBOY:** How important are the accolades, whether from critics or from your peers? Robin Williams has said, "There's Jack, and then there's the rest of us."

**NICHOLSON:** He's freaking accurate, isn't he? [smiles] I don't want to seem too full of myself, and so I have a funny relationship with this subject. In some superstitious way I'm hesitant to take

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responsibility for the successes. I'm tempted to say that I've been lucky. It's harder for me to say, "Well, I went to classes for a long time, I worked hard, I've always tried to be as selective as I can, to try and relate to the best principles of my profession and so on." I know it's statistically unusual to be in this position, and there is no shortage of good actors or actresses. In the spirit of how I'm thinking today, *not* to say that I did in some way plan this huge, extensive career that I've managed would be poor-mouthing myself. People sometimes say what we do is easy: "I can do that." I'm usually less likely to disagree—"Yeah, it's easy"—but the truth is, it isn't, and just anybody *can't* do it. Sometimes I have to say to myself, "Wait a minute, Jack, don't be so mealy-mouthed." Sometimes I think it's easy and the work doesn't matter, but sometimes I think I'm carrying the whole thing on my back: "It's up to you, Jack." I know the poles of the delirium. I also know that if I don't think that what I'm doing is worth a shit, it won't be worth a shit. That's all there is to it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do awards, including Academy Awards, retain their meaning when you have won so many of them?

**NICHOLSON:** They are important, to varying degrees, and I generally enjoy the parties.

**PLAYBOY:** This past year an old friend of yours, Roman Polanski, won an Oscar for *The Pianist*. Was it gratifying to see him win?

**NICHOLSON:** Oh, yes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel his conviction for statutory rape, which has kept him from returning to the U.S., was justified?

**NICHOLSON:** The remarkable thing is that he changed his mind about it.

**PLAYBOY:** How did he change his mind?

**NICHOLSON:** You have to remember that the crime for which he was convicted isn't even a crime in his own country.

**PLAYBOY:** Having sex with a minor?

**NICHOLSON:** Whatever the age was, it's not underage where he comes from. He always maintained that he didn't feel he did anything wrong. The girl has also said that she doesn't feel he did anything particularly wrong. But the minute he had children, Roman changed his mind. He decided he did in fact do something wrong. As an honest man, he admitted that, though he didn't have to.

**PLAYBOY:** It happened in this very house.

**NICHOLSON:** I wasn't here, thank heavens for that. He was staying here, and I was up in Colorado. Roman, god love him. It's really our loss. He's a wonderful guy and a great artist. There aren't that many world-class movie directors, and he's one of them. Having children apparently changed him, though. It does change things. It did for me.

**PLAYBOY:** How did it change you?

**NICHOLSON:** At the time of my daughter Jennifer's birth, I thought there were a

few things that I had wired. Then a sudden avalanche of new vulnerabilities—ones that let me know my life had changed forever—came; they came at the moment of her birth. As they say, you are a hostage to your children your whole life. My children are predominantly responsible for the joy and focus that I feel in life. Everything else comes and goes—your health, other relationships, your work. But not your children. When people are worried about having kids, I always say, "Don't worry about it, because this is nature's only guaranteed, bona fide upside surprise." I know that there's a lot of responsibility and all that, but they are a boon in life. My kids were here this morning before they went to school. Part of me doesn't want to wake up at six-thirty. I won't do it for a million dollars, or even 20 million, but I do it for them. Seeing them is simply one of the highlights in my life. Earlier you asked about love. When you have children, you learn about a different variety of love. It's a life-altering experience—the most altering I've had. I may be a soft

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*"I don't think I've ever been cynical about love. What can I say about love? In my life I've had more of it than I expressed. There's no doubt about that."*

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person in terms of being a disciplinarian, but we're always delighted to be together. It's a purely joyful experience.

**PLAYBOY:** After having a father who abandoned you and your family, did you struggle to learn how to be a father?

**NICHOLSON:** I think it is instinctual, at least for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it accurate that you learned at 30 that the woman who raised you, whom you thought was your mother, was your grandmother, and the woman you thought was your sister was your mother?

**NICHOLSON:** Yes, 30-something.

**PLAYBOY:** It seems a bizarre coincidence if the scene in *Chinatown* when you slap Faye Dunaway—who is uttering the famous line "She's my daughter, she's my sister"—wasn't based on your experience. Your mother *was* your sister.

**NICHOLSON:** I know. I'm trying to think if I knew about it when I did that movie. No. I found out about it while I was doing *The Fortune*. I don't know the year. I gave up remembering dates a while ago. [*The Fortune* was released in 1975, a year after *Chinatown*.]

**PLAYBOY:** How did you find out the truth?

**NICHOLSON:** *Time* magazine did a cover

story on me. Investigating it, they stirred up the information. They didn't put it in the article. A friend of a friend was an editor there, and he said, "We don't need it." But they told me, and I investigated on my own. I asked the people who were still living and learned the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you angry about it?

**NICHOLSON:** I can't remember exactly what I felt when I found out, but I came to feel only gratitude. The ensuing time has led me to the following thought: I'd like to meet two broads today who know how to keep a secret to that degree.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the reason for the deception that your mother was young?

**NICHOLSON:** Yes, she was way too young.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it to protect you, or were they worried what people would think?

**NICHOLSON:** I can't know their motivations, but whatever it was, I have no resentment. As I say, only gratitude.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't it disturbing to think that moments you shared with your sister were actually with your mother?

**NICHOLSON:** No, though there were certain things about my relationship with my actual mother, whom I thought was my sister, that were clarified when I learned the truth. Just small things, body English. Your mother relates to you differently than your sister does. I felt a new empathy for my mother. I remember thinking, when my sister doted on me, What are you worried about? But of course a mother would worry. Another thing I thought about is that others must have kept the secret too. I grew up in a very small town. I don't know why I never heard an inkling about this. Too many people had to have known, and yet I never heard anything. Either that or I had the most outstanding selective hearing imaginable. It doesn't matter. I had a great family situation there. It worked great for me.

**PLAYBOY:** It's such a cinematic story. Have you thought about doing a movie based on your mother and sister?

**NICHOLSON:** I have, and I have thought that I would like to write it myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Was this a major subject in your ongoing psychotherapy?

**NICHOLSON:** I've done a lot of psychology at different times and mulled it over. When I learned about it, both people—my mother and grandmother—were deceased. I didn't have a ton of reshuffling to do. By now I'm well beyond it. I have been in therapy many times in my life, though I'm not now.

**PLAYBOY:** What has been the result of the therapy?

**NICHOLSON:** It certainly gave me a surer sense of what my reality was. It probably, in a number of ways, clarified things about which I was equivocating and therefore focused me. It certainly supported whatever sense of self-esteem I have. Certain things worried me before I got there, and they don't worry me now.

(continued on page 284)

# STOLICHNAYA



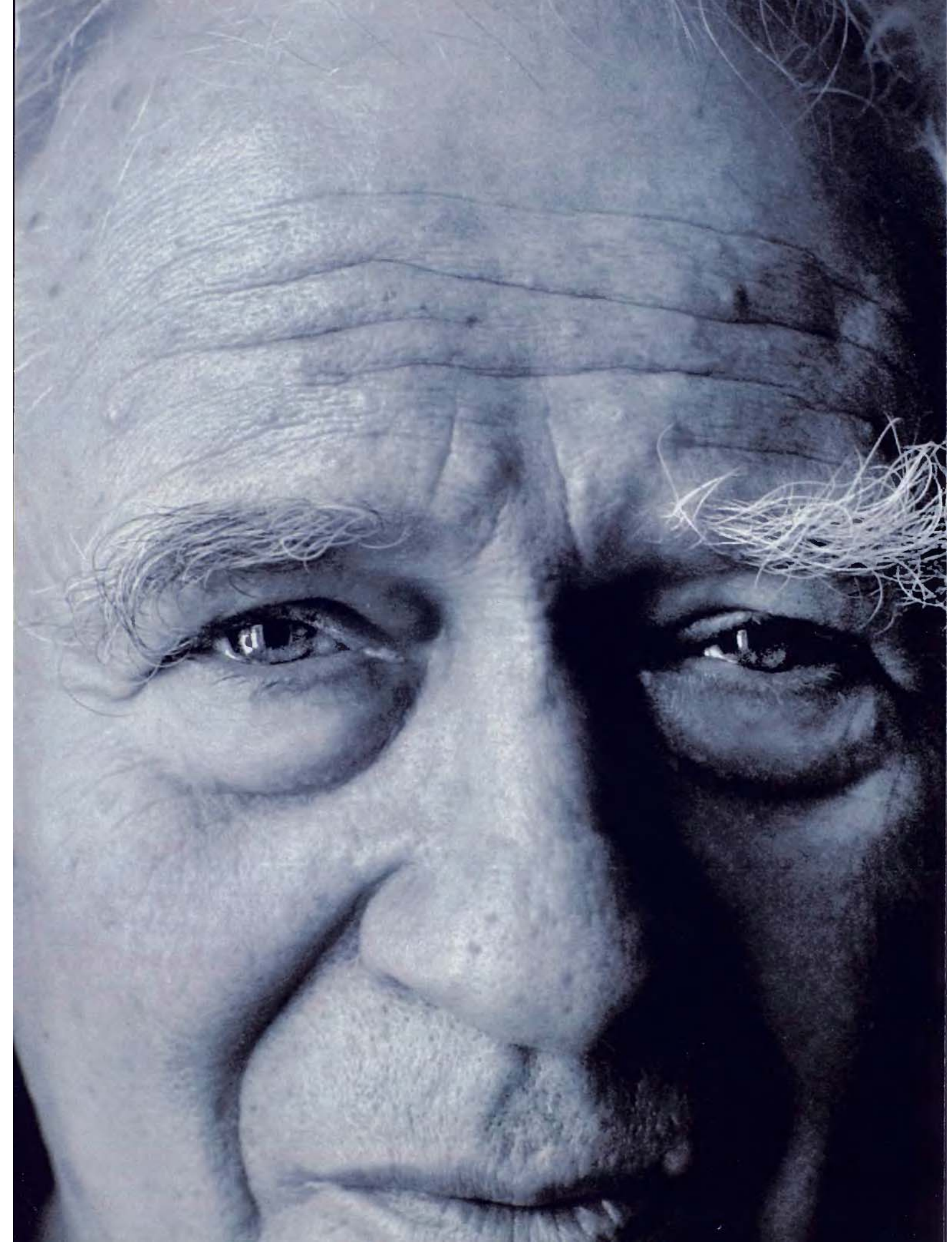
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# RUSSIAN VODKA





## IMMODEST PROPOSALS

by norman mailer

Calling all voters! A soulful memo from one man to many

In December 2000 George W. Bush became president by dint of a Supreme Court decision warped shamelessly in his direction. He may have lost the popular vote, but he won the game. In compensation for a limited intellectual spirit, he now placed his reliance on big-money advisers who were used to playing with high stakes.

Tax cuts for the rich characterized the first eight months of his administration. In that period he also took more vacations than any U.S. president before him. Chalk it up to the callow distress of encountering his massive ignorance of the new job. In the wake of 9/11, however, came an unmitigated run of White House mendacity calculated to carry us into war. If our Democratic candidate could ever be fortunate enough to run exclusively against George W.'s misdeeds, there is small chance he would fail to win. In the last century no Republican president, not George W.'s father, nor Reagan, Nixon, Hoover, Coolidge—we can go all the way back to Taft, Teddy Roosevelt and McKinley—had put together such an enrich-the-rich set of political actions. Nonetheless, we Democrats face a near to insurmountable irony. George W. is a popular, even a populist, president. All too many of the public love him, love him still. We have to overtake a war president with an immense campaign chest who manages to keep ahead of the skunk trail of an abominable record.

We have, for example, suffered the highest number of private bankruptcies in any 12-month period of our history, in company with the highest number of home foreclosures in the past 30 years. Even as 2 million Americans were losing their jobs, unemployment benefits were not extended. We have the largest budget deficit in U.S. history, a projected half a trillion dollars coming up. Half of the nation is outraged over the lies that embedded us in Iraq.

For those whose pride in America runs deep, this sense of alienation from our country is full of woe, sharp as a divorce. The U.S. now feels like two nations, and Iraq is there to remind us daily of our surrealistic hubris. Boorish arrogance carried the day. Confident we could bring American-style

democracy to the Middle East, we proceeded to ignore an entrenched establishment of mullahs who see American democracy as the literal embodiment of Satan.

It is possible that George W. has never grown up, and the same may be true for half of us in America. This, indeed, is the greatest obstacle to the Democrats winning the election in 2004. We have to recognize the possibility of two entirely different kinds of presidential campaigns. At the time of this writing, George W. Bush's popularity has begun to decline. If that continues, the Democrats can win by running against the economy.

If, however, unemployment diminishes and the stock market shows signs of new life, if our situation in Iraq looks less like a quagmire and the road map to peace between Israel and the Palestinians has not fallen apart, then Bush's personal popularity can rise again. At that time it will behoove the Democrats to try to win every serious voter. No longer can we address ourselves to our own side only; no, we will be obliged to look for open-minded Republicans as well. There are a number of serious conservatives who have been appalled by a leader who speaks like an android and plays Russian roulette with our economy and foreign affairs. In a close election the Democrats have to pick up a significant number of conservative and independent voters, and that is possible provided—and this proviso is the crux of the matter—we are able to demonstrate that the spiritual values in our politics go deeper than the Republicans'.

Given the size of the endless and complex debates between and within the two parties concerning the multitudinous problems of labor, farming and foreign trade, this memo will restrict itself to the following subjects: Bush's Virtual Reality, the Corporate Economy, advertising and education—the last two closely affect each other—then the trinity of oil, plastics and the ecosystem, followed by such social issues as prison, abortion and gay liberation, welfare and the safety net, after which we can take a look at foreign policy, homeland security and terrorism.

These topics, given their complexity, can hardly be satisfied by a memo, but one or two suggestions may prove of future interest provided we win the election in 2004.

## A new American belief system: Virtual Reality

So why did Bush and company go to war? The probable answer is that an escape was needed from our problems at home. Joblessness gave no sign of going away, and corporate greed had been caught mooning its corrupt buttocks onto every front page. The CIA had become much too recognizable as an immense intelligence apparatus whose case officers did not speak Arabic, and the stock market was offering signs that it might gurgle down to the bottom of the bowl. An easy war looked then to be George W. Bush's best solution. What he needed and what he got was a media jamboree that provided our sweet dose of patriotic ecstasy. Bush would give us *The Twin Towers, Part Two—America's Revenge*. We had all seen Part One—the audacity of the terrorists, the monumental viciousness of the attempt and its exceptional filmic success—who will ever forget the collapse of those monoliths? The TV viewer had been overpowered by the kind of horror that belongs to dreams. One was witnessing what seemed a video game on a cosmic scale. Worse! The exploitation film had finally come alive! Two gleaming corporate castles disintegrated before our eyes. Two airplanes did it. David had struck Goliath, and David was on the wrong side. The event had gone right into the nervous system of America, but Bush now had his mighty mission, and he knew the game that would handle it—Virtual Reality.

Virtual Reality is built on whatever parameters have been laid into it. The predesigned situations, plus the responses permitted within the limits of the game—steering a car on a video screen, for example—measure your success or failure. Virtual Reality is then a closed system, a facsimile of life. You have fewer choices, and the choices have been laid out for you in advance.

In life we encounter not only parameters but chaos. Closed systems forbid unexpected patterns, confusion and all that seems meaningless. They declare what the nature of reality can be. In that sense Communism was Virtual Reality and religious fundamentalism is still another spiritual settlement within a totally structured system. Obviously, if you live in such a matrix, it helps if you believe the parameters were established by a higher authority.

Ergo, Bush's decision to invade Iraq came from the Lord. Virtual Reality decided which conclusions we would obtain before we went in. We had all the scenarios in hand. We were prepared for everything but chaos.

Given our human distaste for chaos, Virtual Reality is the choice of every ethical system that looks for no difficult questions, especially if they lead to even livelier and more difficult questions. The emphasis is always to go back to the answer you had before you started.

So Bush laid out the parameters. There was a hideous country out there led by an evil madman. This monster possessed huge weapons of mass destruction. But we Americans, a brave and militant band of angels, were ready to battle our way up to the heavens. That was our duty. Safeguard our land and all other deserving lands from such evil.

Stocked with new heroes and new dragons, Bush was quick to sense that his presentation would be lapped up by half the nation—all those good Americans who were longing for the pleasure of being able to cheer for America again. He turned churchgoing into high drama. September 11 had transmogrified him from a yahoo out of Yale to an awesome angel. We were in a war against evil. A spiritual adventure, full of slam-bang.

Truth, it may have been Bush's political genius to recognize that the U.S. public would rather live with Virtual Reality than reality. For the latter, out there on the sweaty hoof, bristled with questions, and there were no quick answers. Whereas Virtual Reality gave you American Good versus Satanic Evil—boss entertainment!—evil was now easy to recognize. Everything from Islamic terrorists to hincty Frenchmen. Freedom Fries! Be it said that TV advertising, with its investiture into the nerves and sinews of our American senses, had long been delivering Virtual Reality into our lives—all those decades of sensuous promises in the commercials.







## The welfare of the rich

A Swedish multimillionaire, talking to his American guest, could not keep from complaining how steep were his taxes. Yet, by the end of the evening, warmed, perhaps, by his own good liquor, he reversed course and said, "Do you know, there is one good thing about all these taxes. I am able, at least, to go to bed and know that nobody in Sweden is tossing all night on an empty stomach. I can say that much for our safety net. I do sleep better."

Perhaps the time has come for Americans to stop worrying about the welfare of the rich. For the last two decades, the assumption has grown more powerful each year that unless the very well-to-do are encouraged to become wealthier, our economy will falter. Well, we have allowed them to get wealthier and wealthier and then even wealthier, and the economy is faltering. Apparently, the economic lust of the 1990s has unbalanced the springs. Might it not be unnatural, even a little peculiar, to concern ourselves so much about the needs of the rich? The rich, as Scott Fitzgerald tried to suggest to Ernest Hemingway, are not like you and me. They are not. They know how to make money. They do not need incentives. Making money is not only their gift but their vital need. That is their vision of a spiritual reward. Not only is their measure of self attached directly to the volume of their gains, but the majority of them know how to stay rich. They are highly qualified to take care of themselves in any society, be it socialist, fascist, banana republic or chaotic. Whether they live in a corporate economy relatively free of government, or with a larger government presence, they will prosper. They can withstand an American safety net. And they may even sleep better.

In the half century since World War II, Americans have seen the Corporation become more and more powerful, usually with the aid of the government. Under Clinton—to name one Democratic sin—there were unconscionable periods of Corporate Welfare. They took place even as we were stripping welfare from the poor. It was outrageous. By the end of the 1990s, it was out of control. An all-out competition began among top executives to see who could become the Champion of the Golden Parachute. The 1990s became a study in edema-of-the-ego among once-responsible CEOs. We have yet to measure the size of that damage to our economy.

Capitalism works best when there is true competitive pride in the quality of one's product. But marketing has now stepped in. The impulse to put your acumen, your daring, your prudence and your energy into making something better than it was before has given way to a lower desire. It has become more rewarding to market successfully a sleazy piece of goods. More skill is required at manipulating the public.

A basic choice has to be made. Are we Democrats ready to attack the Corporate Economy we all helped to create? It is open to attack for its marketing practices and its egregious profit taking. There is, by now, no real alternative to taxing the rich and ending the tax cuts. If we do not call on new imposts, we will not be able to create a health system for all, plus a safety net. So we have to reinvigorate the argument that a well-funded active government is not creeping socialism. Rather, the return of government as a major partner in our economic existence could bring some quietus to the greed, overmarketing and slovenliness of the Corporate Economy. Through emphasizing



Children can hardly feel as ready to learn when everyone around them, including their teacher, is a hint ghastly in skin tone.



taxation of the vices and indulgences of corporate business, we will also be able to claim that we are improving its capacity to make a profit. Indeed, this claim might have the added advantage of being true. Something in most of us, including the profiteers, is violated when the gap between rich and poor yawns before us. There is no way to justify the right of any executive to make 500 times more than his lowest-paid worker. That kind of inequity belonged to the Pharaohs. It could be debated whether a decent ratio is 10 to one, or 50 to one, but a disproportion of 500 to one pokes rudely into a spiritual core most of us still possess. It is time to say again: Let's tax the rich. Let's tax their incomes, their dividends, their offshore investments, their perks, their concealed expenses, their padded accounts, their promotional squanderings, their limousines, their boats, their airplanes, their entertainments, their death tax, yes, even their advertising.

Maybe it is time to recognize that there is a sculptor's art to taxation. The body of national production can be worked into better shape by judicious choices once the government becomes again a serious partner in the economy. Once again, let us not be paralyzed by the fear of being called socialist. We are not. Historically, we Democrats have been for small business, the family farm, the honest labor union, whereas capitalism, if allowed to become too free of the restraints of government, becomes Corporate Capitalism, plus agribusiness, plus corrupt unions, plus—not least—a manic stock market. Capitalism is unhealthy when most of the money is made from other money.

To restore the promise of American democracy, we would do well to search for the viability of small business, the return of the family farm, and the cleaner labor union. During the presidential campaign, we can do no more than hint at such claims. But is it too much to hope that we Democrats will come up with a candidate who will have the personal integrity to convince both liberals and some conservatives that, while they will not find support for each and every one of their favorite political desires, they will still have the satisfaction of working toward a less lunatic America? If even one tenth of the Republican vote were to move over to the Democrats, victory could be assured. The question opens: What could such a candidate offer to both sides that might excite them enough to pass over their parochial demands?

The devil has to be in the details. Tax write-offs, tax rebates, tax moratoria have been used repeatedly to enrich corporations, but our real need is to restrict tax relief to those enterprises that benefit the whole economy rather than a privileged corner of it. In a time of worrisome joblessness, why not reduce taxes for all businesses in direct proportion to the number of new jobs they create? Indeed, the obverse can also be effective. Any business that chooses to pare its working force to take in immediate profit could give up a proportion of the new and extra income in added taxes. If it will be argued that such an emphasis on sophisticated taxation will be steering the federal government's nose into every business, the answer is that American Capitalism brought this upon itself. As a system, it works considerably better than Communism, but it has its own built-in vices. The Free Market is not an economic miracle. If Communism failed ultimately because the degree of selflessness demanded of human beings was not enough to counteract the self-enriching urges of the human ego, so capitalism in its turn has demonstrated that greed is no magic elixir, but, to the contrary, greed is greed, and can drive its acolytes into economic hysteria. There is a human balance between self-interest and selflessness. It is not only possible, but likely, that a powerful desire is developing in America to become more honest about ourselves and less overheated in our patriotism. For what is excessive patriotism but unadmitted dread that all too much is wrong?

### Education reform: Kill the noise, cut the glare

While it is sometimes remarked that the poor performance of children in public schools is linked to watching TV for several hours a day, another factor, more invidious, is not mentioned: the constant insertion of commercials into TV programs. There used to be a time in childhood when one could develop one's power of concentration (which may be the most vital element in the ability to learn) by following a sustained narrative, by reading, for example. Now a commercial interrupts nearly all TV presentations every seven to 12 minutes. The majority of our children have lost any expectation that concentration will not be broken into.

Our plank on education will, of course, parade forth the predictable nostrums—new schools, smaller classes, higher salaries for teachers. We can attack George W. Bush's program, No Child Left Behind, which shows no signs of working. Whatever programs we offer are bound to do less harm than No Child Left Behind, but the basic problem—TV commercials—will remain. It would probably do more good if a portion of the proposed funds for public school education could replace fluorescent lighting in just about every classroom with old-fashioned lightbulbs. The  
*(continued on page 198)*



*"Merciful heavens! Can you believe it, Marilyn? It's 50 years since the dawn of civilization as we know it!"*

# LIGHTS, CAMERA, FANTASY!

WE GAVE EIGHT TOP MOVIE DIRECTORS FREE REIN TO SHOOT THEIR INNERMOST DESIRES. EAT YOUR HEART OUT, HOLLYWOOD



**M**ovie directors are accustomed to having two hours to create a mood and explore plots. When we challenged eight of our favorite film helmsmen to do the same thing—with their erotic fantasies—on a single page of our anniversary issue, none shrank from the task. Of course it didn't hurt that we also gave them big budgets and complete casting approval. Considering the results, we're already hoping for a sequel.

**SPIKE LEE** (*Do the Right Thing*, *Malcolm X*, *25th Hour*) "The inspiration for this photo comes from an image from the film *She's Gotta Have It*, with influence and help from the famous photographer David LaChapelle and his giant Poloroid. A picture says a thousand words, so let's leave it at that."



**McG** (*Charlie's Angels*) "My fantasy started in high school. When I graduated I was five-foot-two, with an orange Afro, and had gone on a total of one date. I had friends who got girls, but I had to settle for a Walter Mitty dream life. Pam Anderson is the embodiment of every boy's dreams, and since I know her now she was gracious enough to make this dream come true. It's like a John Hughes movie in which these guys hear about this incredible woman and gather all their nickels and dimes. When they get to her cowboy-kinky playground, the good-looking ringleader misbehaves, and she ties him up. Then it's a question of who will be the lucky man to benefit from her feminine wiles. Since I'm pulling the strings here, and Adam Brody is on *The O.C.*, the TV show I'm producing, he gets selected. Lucky guy."





**KEVIN SMITH** (*Chasing Amy, Dogma*) "My two greatest passions are my wife, Jen, and comic books. Hence this take on the classic superhero-mortal paramour relationship taken to the next, rarely seen level. After a day of thwarting supervillains' attempts at world domination, our hero pays a rooftop visit to his favorite metropolitan-newspaper reporter to give her the scoop. After years of flirtation, suddenly their longing gets the better of them. Let's just hope for her sake that he's not always faster than a speeding bullet. That Jen plays the reporter has a sentimental significance, because we met when she did a story on me for *USA Today*. She was beautiful, brainy and Lois Lane-y. Small wonder that, given my predilection for comics, this visual actually ran through my head during our interview. Considering my level of geekiness, it's a wonder I landed a wife at all."



**GEORGE TILLMAN JR.** (*Soul Food, Men of Honor*) "Growing up in Chicago, I used to ride the El trains and the CTA buses. On the city's predominantly black South Side I would notice women going to and from work. Some wore suits; some were dressed casually. All were beautiful in their own way. As I looked at these beautiful black women, I felt that their facial expressions were as much a part of their uniforms as their clothes were. They projected what they had to be to the world: businesswoman, waitress, wife, college student. I always wondered what they were like in their true, private selves. So in a sense, when I'm undressing these women with my eyes, I'm not only looking at the beauty of their bodies but also the beauty of their souls."





**BRETT RATNER** (*Rush Hour*, *The Family Man*, *Red Dragon*) "On a Tuesday afternoon in the fall of 1982 I played hooky and snuck onto the set of Brian De Palma's *Scarface*. It was the most important day of my young life. My eyes were mesmerized by what they were seeing. To watch Michelle Pfeiffer come down that elevator was magical, and De Palma coaxed the grace of that electric moment. His molding of a simple entrance was the hook that showed me that a director's vision is the core of what film is all about. Without it you have mediocrity, and with it you touch the meteoric. I realized then that visions could become fantasies. That afternoon, as a 13-year-old boy, I knew that there was only one yellow brick road to toke. I didn't want to be the new Al Pacino; I wanted to be the man who creates the vision—the director."





**MIKE FIGGIS** (*Leaving Las Vegas, Cold Creek Manor*) "I was flattered to make a contribution to PLAYBOY's 50th anniversary issue but also nervous. It's like being asked to write a book review for *The New Yorker*. I looked at many photos in back issues—because in the past, of course, I read only the articles. But this was work, goddamn it. After an exhaustive search I found my muses (musi?), Marketa and Natalia. We went shopping for lingerie. 'I look better naked,' sighed Marketa as she squeezed into a corset. 'It's a close call,' I said diplomatically. After the shoot I took them to dinner, anxious to be spotted. But the strange thing is, you go to dinner with Marketa and Natalia and no one notices you. I could bullshit about the photo itself, but the truth is...it's two beautiful women in lingerie lying on a bed. Dream on, Figgis. Thanks, Hef!"



KODAK TRX 6062



PAUL HENNING FOR PLAYBOY



**MICHAEL BAY** (*Armageddon, Bad Boys, Pearl Harbor*) "I've held a camera since the age of 13. I love to take artful, exotic, voyeuristic photos. Here I tried to explore the graphic lines and curves of these women's bodies. I think the simplicity gives them an erotic feel. I just wish I had told my 13-year-old friends I would one day shoot for PLAYBOY."



**NEIL LABUTE** (*Your Friends & Neighbors*, *The Shape of Things*) "I wanted to do something that was a throwback to the different era in which *PLAYBOY* started. I loved the notion of taking the classic image of Marilyn Monroe shot a couple of years before she even became who we remember her as and doing a direct homage. To take another woman who is vividly her own person but can capture the essence of what Marilyn was. What I'm saying in a nutshell is that, as much as the world has changed in an era of supersonic travel and instant information, our fantasies haven't changed all that much. In today's permissive society it's still really erotic when they don't give us everything. There's still art, and artifice, to it. That's why I think this magazine has been able to continue and flourish."

SEE THE CLASSIC 1978 FILM DIRECTORS' EROTIC FANTASIES PICTORIAL, FEATURING FELLINI AND ANTONIONI, AT [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).



# LOYALTY

MEN CAN KEEP SECRETS—EVEN ABOUT MURDER—EXCEPT WHEN A WOMAN'S INVOLVED

Fiction by SCOTT TUROW

**T**his happened, the first part, four or five years before everything else. In those days I was still sweeping a lot of stuff under the rug with Clarissa, and we didn't see the Elstners often, because my wife, given the history, was never really at ease around Paul and Ann. Instead, every few months, Paul Elstner and I would take in a game on our own—basketball in the winter, baseball in the summer—meeting first for an early dinner, usually at Gil's, near the University Field House, formerly Gil's Men's Bar and still a bastion of a lost world, with its walls wainscoted in sleek oak.

And so we were there, feeling timeless, telling tales about our cases and our kids, when this character came to a halt near our table. I could feel Elstner start at the sight of him. The man had a generation on us, putting him near 70 at this point. He was in a longhair cashmere topcoat, with a heavy cuff link winking on his sleeve and his sparse hair puffed up in a \$50 do. But he was the kind you couldn't really dress up. He was working a toothpick in his mouth, and on his meaty face there was a harsh look of ingrained self-importance. He was a tough mug, you could see it, the kind whose father had come over on the boat and who had grown up hard himself.

"Christ," Elstner whispered. He'd raised his menu to surround his face. "Christ, don't look at him. Oh, Christ." Elstner has always run a little over the margins. Never mind the dumb stuff 20 years before when we were law school roommates. But even now, a married grown-up with two daughters, Paul would ride around in the dead of winter with his car windows open so he wouldn't kill himself with his own cigar smoke, a pair of yellow headphones mounted over his earmuffs so he could rock with the Rolling Stones despite the onrushing wind. Looking at him with the two sides of the menu pushed against his ears, even though he was twice the size of the guy he was hiding from, I figured, it's Elstner.

"Maurie Moleva," Paul said when the old guy at last had

moved on. "I just didn't want him remembering I'm still alive." Elstner swallowed hard on the hunk of schnitzel he'd stopped chewing when Moleva appeared.

I asked what it was Paul had done to Maurie.

"Me? Nothin'. Nada. This isn't about what anybody did to Maurie. It's about what Maurie did to somebody else." Elstner looked into his Diet Coke while the racket of the restaurant swelled around us. "This is obviously a story I shouldn't be telling anybody," he said.

"Okay," I answered, meaning I was not asking for more. Elstner rattled the cubes in his drink, chasing a necklace of tiny brown bubbles to the sides of the glass, plainly reconsidering it all, the secret and its consequences.

"This was a long time ago," he finally said. "Before the earth had cooled. No more than a year after you and I finished law school. I was still working for Jack Barrish. You remember Jack. Wacky stuff was always going on around that office. He's defending hookers and taking it out in trade, or trying to give me something hot—a camera, a suit—instead of half my salary. You remember."

"I remember," I said.

"Anyway, Jack, you know, his business clients are all Kehwahnee hustlers just like him, and this guy Maurie Moleva is one of them. Dr. Moleva, PhD. Research chemist who went into business. A few years back now, he sold off his company to some New York Stock Exchange outfit, Tinker and Something, one of those conglomerates, I read about it in the *Journal*. 40 million bucks, 50 million, you know, pocket money to them but a piece of change. Back then, the time I'm talking about, the company was still Maurie's.

"Moleva started out making household products, bleach and spot remover, off-brand stuff that they'd sell at the independent grocers, but by then he's really ringing the gong selling to the military. One of his biggest contracts is for windshield washer fluid. For jeeps. Airplanes. Tanks. Helicopters. And of course, the kind of guy he is, whatever he's got, he wants more, so the government is like, We need



some chemical, HD-12 or whatever, in the washer fluid, in case we're in the desert, the sand won't stick. And Maurie, he's a smart guy, we've got several hundred thousand troops in the jungles of Nam, no sand there, and the HD-12, I don't know, it adds two bucks a gallon, so he tells them on the assembly line, 'Leave it out.'

"Now the guys on the line, they're all to a man Maurie's people from the old country. Including Maurie's cousin Dragon. When Cousin Dragon was about nine years old, he started in writing to Maurie, 'America's my dream, I need to come to America, I hate these commies over here, they're godless tyrants, they crush the spirit of every man,' and Maurie read these letters for about a decade. He'd never set eyes on Dragon, but like every tough SOB I ever met, he's sort of a softie on his own time, very sentimental. So Maurie pays Dragon's way, meets his plane, kisses Dragon's cheeks, gives him a diamond medallion with the American flag surrounded by some vines that are a big symbol in the homeland and puts Dragon to work on the line. Then Maurie goes off to tell everybody at the church men's club what a hero he is for rescuing his young cousin.

"Anyway, Dragon's here for a while and he begins to get the lowdown. Maurie's sons are driving shiny cars, they got lovely wives and big houses, and Cousin Dragon is bustin' his hump on the line, starting at six A.M. every day because Maurie doesn't like his employees stuck in traffic. And long story short, Dragon begins to remember what's so great about communism. He starts in asking, 'Where's a little more for the workin' stiff? He even, God save the poor son of a bitch, talks on the assembly line about a union. Not smart. Maurie gets his two sons and they throw Dragon's butt out. Literally. They toss him through the door in the middle of winter without his hat and gloves. 'I bought your fuckin' hat, I bought your gloves, I brought your ungrateful pink heinie here from the old country. Go.'

"Bad news for Dragon. And worse news it turns out for Maurie. Because within a few months, an Army helicopter gets caught in a desert storm and goes kerplunk in the Mojave. One survivor. Who says they went down because they couldn't get the sand off their frigging windshield.

"So we have a big federal grand jury investigation started up. Which is where my boss Jack comes in. The G, of course, has figured out that their windshield wiper fluid doesn't have any HD-12 in it and Maurie's answer is, 'Darn it, can you believe what knuckleballs I got on my line? I need better

help.' That's not so bad, right? As a defense? That could sell?"

It sounded okay to me, but I'd never practiced criminal law.

"It didn't," Elstner said. "Nope. The AUSA says, 'Nope, we're gonna put Maurie in the pokey, let the big boys call him Sweetie. We're gonna forfeit Maurie's great big business cause he's a racketeer.' 'How you gonna do that?' Jack says. 'This is a terrible accident.' 'Nope,' says the AUSA. 'Nope, I got a witness.'" "Dragon."

"You can move on to the Jeopardy round."

"So Maurie did some time?"

"Hardly. Negative on that one, flight commander. Maurie strolled. Here's where I come into the picture," Elstner said.

I made a sound to show I was getting interested.

**"HE'S IN A SEER-SUCKER SUIT. WITH MUD UP TO HIS KNEES. HE'S JIGGLING A CHAIN IN ONE PALM. THIS IS BAD VODOO. I'M DEFINITELY SCARED."**

"There was this night," Paul said. "I get a call. Past midnight. It's Maurie. Says he's been phoning Boss Jack everywhere and can't find him. When I tell Maurie that Jack went to take an emergency dep in Boston, you'd think from the sound that old Maurie was passing a stone. Finally he tells me to meet up with him instead. Now, I don't even own a car. I have to go wake up my sister across town. And I'm following Maurie's directions, which take me to East Bumblefuck. There are moons of Jupiter that are closer. I'm in cornfields. And here near one of these roadside telephone booths, here at 2:30 in the goddamn morning, here is Maurie Moleva. It's springtime. The earth is soft. Stuff is growing. The air smells of loam. There's a bright moon. He's in a rumpled seer-sucker suit. With mud up to his knees. He's got on a straw fedora and he's carrying a briefcase. He gets in the car and tells me to drive him home. That's all he says. Not hello. Not thanks. Just, 'Drive.' The Great Communicator. At his feet

he's got the briefcase, which won't quite close because the wooden handle of something is sticking out of it. He's got a ring of grime under his polished fingernails, and every so often he's jiggling a chain in one palm. In time I see the medallion—diamond, flag, vines. I didn't have a clue right then whose it was, but still and all, this is bad voodoo. I'm definitely scared, especially a few days later when it turns out that good old Cousin Dragon is AWOL."

"Isn't that big trouble for Maurie?" I asked. "Prosecutors aren't going to have to summon the oracle to figure out who'd want to disappear Dragon."

"Yeah, well, Maurie's not stupid. Nobody will ever hang that on him. In about a week, Dragon's beater car turns up at the airport. So the FBI searches all the flight manifests and, can you imagine, one of them shows Dragon boarded a plane home the same night Maurie was taking mud baths in the boonies. Had a reservation and all, paid his ticket in cash. Bureau questions the guys on Maurie's line and some are saying Dragon was talking about making some big-time money. Couple of them are even hearing from Aunt Tatiana who heard from Cousin Lugo how Dragon's back in the old country and acting real flush.

"Now the G, of course, they're up Maurie's hind end with a miner's light, because they just know he paid off dear old Dragon to boogie. Feebies tear up every bank account, they stick Maurie's bookkeeper in the grand jury, hoping to trace the money, but no luck. So they call Interpol to find Dragon, but he left no trail once he stepped off the plane.

"And of course, I'm young and dumb, and this is really killing me. Attorney-client, I can't talk about what I know, and I'm too petrified to do it anyway, but one Sunday I mosey back to where I picked Maurie up, just hoping to figure all this out for my own sake. Which I pretty much do. Maurie's in the chemical business, right? Ever hear of hazardous waste?"

"That's how Clarissa describes our marriage."

Elstner stopped to laugh. "Yeah, right. Well, this place, these days you'd call it a brownfield, a disposal site. My guess, it was owned by the outfit that hauled Maurie's stuff. Today, with the EPA, you probably have to have the Marines posted at the perimeter, but back then there's just a chain-link fence, and you can see somebody did a number on the padlock. Inside there are all these trenches, each longer than a football field, set about 20 yards apart and filled with rock and soil. The last one's open, maybe three, four feet deep with Styrofoam liner, and a couple

*(continued on page 292)*



*"Why don't you come to bed and bring that feather with you?"*

## 50 YEARS OF PLAYMATES

On the facing foldout are the first 25 years of Playmates, starting with Marilyn Monroe and ending with Candy Loving. To find your favorite, just locate the corresponding letter and number on the foldout. For the next 25 years, see page 244.

- 1953**  
A-1 Marilyn Monroe, December
- 1954**  
A-2 Margie Harrison, January  
A-3 Margaret Scott, February  
A-5 Dolores Del Monte, March  
A-6 Marilyn Waltz, April  
A-7 Joanne Arnold, May  
A-9 Margie Harrison, June  
A-10 Neva Gilbert, July  
A-11 Arline Hunter, August  
A-13 Jackie Rainbow, September  
A-14 Madeline Castle, October  
A-15 Diane Hunter, November  
A-17 Terry Ryan, December
- 1955**  
A-18 Bettie Page, January  
A-19 Jayne Mansfield, February  
A-21 Marilyn Waltz, April  
A-22 Marguerite Empey, May  
A-23 Eve Meyer, June  
A-25 Janet Pilgrim, July  
A-26 Pat Lawler, August  
A-27 Anne Fleming, September  
A-29 Jean Moorehead, October  
A-30 Barbara Cameron, November  
A-31 Janet Pilgrim, December
- 1956**  
A-33 Lynn Turner, January  
A-34 Marguerite Empey, February  
A-35 Marian Stafford, March  
A-37 Rusty Fisher, April  
A-39 Marion Scott, May  
B-1 Gloria Walker, June  
B-3 Alice Denham, July  
B-5 Jonnie Nicely, August  
B-7 Elsa Sorensen, September  
B-9 Janet Pilgrim, October  
B-11 Betty Blue, November  
B-13 Lisa Winters, December
- 1957**  
B-15 June Blair, January  
B-17 Sally Todd, February  
B-18 Sandra Edwards, March  
B-20 Gloria Windsor, April  
B-22 Dawn Richard, May  
B-24 Carrie Radison, June  
B-26 Jean Jani, July  
B-28 Dolores Donlon, August  
B-30 Jacquelyn Prescott, September  
B-32 Colleen Farrington, October  
B-34 Marlene Callahan, November  
B-35 Linda Vargas, December
- 1958**  
B-37 Elizabeth Ann Roberts, January  
B-39 Cheryl Kubert, February  
C-1 Zahra Norbo, March  
C-3 Felicia Atkins, April  
C-5 Lari Laine, May  
C-7 Judy Lee Tomerlin, June  
C-9 Linné Nanette Ahlstrand, July  
C-11 Myrna Weber, August  
C-12 Teri Hope, September  
C-14 Mara Gorday, October  
C-16 Pat Sheehan, October  
C-17 Joan Staley, November  
C-19 Joyce Nizzari, December
- 1959**  
C-21 Virginia Gordon, January  
C-23 Eleanor Bradley, February  
C-25 Audrey Daston, March  
C-26 Nancy Crawford, April  
C-28 Cindy Fuller, May  
C-30 Marilyn Hanold, June  
C-32 Yvette Vickers, July  
C-34 Clayre Peters, August  
C-36 Marianne Gaba, September  
C-37 Elaine Reynolds, October  
C-39 Donna Lynn, November  
D-1 Ellen Stratton, December

- 1960**  
D-3 Stella Stevens, January  
D-5 Susie Scott, February  
D-7 Sally Sarell, March  
D-9 Linda Gamble, April  
D-11 Ginger Young, May  
D-13 Delores Wells, June  
D-15 Teddi Smith, July  
D-17 Elaine Paul, August  
D-18 Ann Davis, September  
D-20 Kathy Douglas, October  
D-22 Joni Mattis, November  
D-24 Carol Eden, December
- 1961**  
D-26 Connie Cooper, January  
D-28 Barbara Ann Lawford, February  
D-30 Tonya Crews, March  
D-32 Nancy Nielsen, April  
D-34 Susan Kelly, May  
D-35 Heidi Becker, June  
D-37 Sheralee Conners, July  
D-39 Karen Thompson, August  
E-1 Christa Speck, September  
E-3 Jean Cannon, October  
E-5 Dianne Danford, November  
E-7 Lynn Karrol, December
- 1962**  
E-9 Merle Perùle, January  
E-11 Kari Knudsen, February  
E-13 Pamela Anne Gordon, March  
E-15 Roberta Lane, April  
E-17 Marya Carter, May  
E-18 Lorrine Mathes, June  
E-20 Unne Terjesen, July  
E-22 Jan Roberts, August  
E-24 Mickey Winters, September  
E-26 Laura Young, October  
E-28 Avis Kimble, November  
E-30 June Cochran, December
- 1963**  
E-32 Judi Monterey, January  
E-34 Toni Ann Thomas, February  
E-35 Adrienne Moreau, March  
E-37 Sandra Settani, April  
E-39 Sharon Cintron, May  
F-1 Connie Mason, June  
F-3 Carrie Enwright, July  
F-5 Phyllis Sherwood, August  
F-7 Victoria Valentino, September  
F-9 Christine Williams, October  
F-11 Terre Tucker, November  
F-13 Donna Michelle, December
- 1964**  
F-15 Sharon Rogers, January  
F-17 Nancy Jo Hooper, February  
F-18 Nancy Scott, March  
F-20 Ashlyn Martin, April  
F-22 Terri Kimball, May  
F-24 Lori Winston, June  
F-26 Melba Ogle, July  
F-28 China Lee, August  
F-30 Astrid Schulz, September  
F-32 Rosemarie Hillcrest, October  
F-34 Kai Brendlinger, November  
F-35 Jo Collins, December
- 1965**  
F-37 Sally Duberson, January  
F-39 Jessica St. George, February  
G-1 Jennifer Jackson, March  
G-3 Sue Williams, April  
G-5 Maria McBane, May  
G-7 Hedy Scott, June  
G-9 Gay Collier, July  
G-11 Lannie Balcom, August  
G-13 Patti Reynolds, September  
G-15 Allison Parks, October  
G-17 Pat Russo, November  
G-18 Dinah Willis, December

- 1966**  
G-20 Judy Tyler, January  
G-22 Melinda Windsor, February  
G-24 Priscilla Wright, March  
G-26 Karla Conway, April  
G-28 Dolly Read, May  
G-30 Kelly Burke, June  
G-32 Tish Howard, July  
G-34 Susan Denberg, August  
G-35 Dianne Chandler, September  
G-37 Linda Moon, October  
G-39 Lisa Baker, November  
H-1 Susan Bernard, December
- 1967**  
H-3 Surrey Marshe, January  
H-5 Kim Farber, February  
H-7 Fran Gerard, March  
H-9 Gwen Wong, April  
H-11 Anne Randall, May  
H-13 Joey Gibson, June  
H-15 Heather Ryan, July  
H-17 DeDe Lind, August  
H-18 Angela Dorian, September  
H-20 Reagan Wilson, October  
H-22 Kaya Christian, November  
H-24 Lynn Winchell, December
- 1968**  
H-26 Connie Kreski, January  
H-28 Nancy Harwood, February  
H-30 Michelle Hamilton, March  
H-32 Gaye Rennie, April  
H-34 Elizabeth Jordan, May  
H-35 Britt Fredriksen, June  
H-37 Melodye Prentiss, July  
H-39 Gale Olson, August  
I-1 Dru Hart, September  
I-3 Majken Haugedal, October  
I-5 Paige Young, November  
I-7 Cynthia Myers, December
- 1969**  
I-9 Leslie Bianchini, January  
I-11 Lorrine Menconi, February  
I-13 Kathy MacDonald, March  
I-15 Lorna Hopper, April  
I-17 Sally Sheffield, May  
I-18 Helena Antonaccio, June  
I-20 Nancy McNeil, July  
I-22 Debbie Hooper, August  
I-24 Shay Knuth, September  
I-26 Jean Bell, October  
I-28 Claudia Jennings, November  
I-30 Gloria Root, December
- 1970**  
I-32 Jill Taylor, January  
I-34 Linda Forsythe, February  
I-35 Christine Koren, March  
I-37 Barbara Hillary, April  
I-39 Jennifer Liano, May  
J-1 Elaine Morton, June  
J-3 Carol Willis, July  
J-5 Sharon Clark, August  
J-7 Debbie Ellison, September  
J-9 Madeleine Collinson, October  
J-9 Mary Collinson, October  
J-11 Avis Miller, November  
J-13 Carol Imhof, December
- 1971**  
J-15 Liv Lindeland, January  
J-17 Willy Rey, February  
J-18 Cynthia Hall, March  
J-20 Chris Cranston, April  
J-22 Janice Pennington, May  
J-24 Lieko English, June  
J-26 Heather Van Every, July  
J-28 Cathy Rowland, August  
J-30 Crystal Smith, September  
J-32 Claire Rambeau, October  
J-34 Danielle de Vabre, November  
J-35 Karen Christy, December
- 1972**  
J-37 Marilyn Cole, January  
J-39 P.J. Lansing, February  
K-1 Ellen Michaels, March  
K-3 Vicki Peters, April  
K-5 Deanna Baker, May  
K-7 Debbie Davis, June  
K-9 Carol O'Neal, July

- K-11 Linda Summers, August  
K-13 Susan Miller, September  
K-15 Sharon Johansen, October  
K-17 Lenna Sjöobloom, November  
K-18 Mercy Rooney, December
- 1973**  
K-20 Miki Garcia, January  
K-22 Cyndi Wood, February  
K-24 Bonnie Large, March  
K-26 Julie Woodson, April  
K-28 Anuika Dziubinska, May  
K-30 Ruthy Ross, June  
K-32 Martha Smith, July  
K-34 Phyllis Coleman, August  
K-35 Geri Glass, September  
K-37 Valerie Lane, October  
K-39 Monica Tidwell, November  
L-1 Christine Maddox, December
- 1974**  
L-3-5 Nancy Cameron, January  
L-7 Francine Parks, February  
L-9 Pamela Zinszer, March  
L-11 Marlene Morrow, April  
L-13 Marilyn Lange, May  
L-15 Sandy Johnson, June  
L-17 Carol Vitale, July  
L-18 Jean Manson, August  
L-20 Kristine Hanson, September  
L-22 Ester Cordet, October  
L-24 Bebe Buell, November  
L-26 Janice Raymond, December
- 1975**  
L-28 Lynnda Kimball, January  
L-30 Laura Misch, February  
L-32 Ingeborg Sorensen, March  
L-34 Victoria Cunningham, April  
L-35 Bridgett Rollins, May  
L-37 Azizi Johari, June  
L-39 Lynn Schiller, July  
M-1 Lillian Muller, August  
M-3 Mesina Miller, September  
M-5 Jill De Vries, October  
M-7 Janet Lupo, November  
M-9 Nancie Li Brandi, December
- 1976**  
M-11 Daina House, January  
M-13 Laura Lyons, February  
M-15 Ann Pennington, March  
M-17 Denise Michele, April  
M-18 Patricia Margot McClain, May  
M-20 Debra Peterson, June  
M-22 Deborah Borkman, July  
M-24 Linda Beatty, August  
M-26 Whitney Kaine, September  
M-28 Hope Olson, October  
M-30 Patti McGuire, November  
M-32 Karen Hafter, December
- 1977**  
M-34 Susan Lynn Kiger, January  
M-35 Star Stowe, February  
M-37 Nicki Thomas, March  
M-39 Lisa Sohm, April  
N-1 Sheila Mullen, May  
N-3 Virve Reid, June  
N-5 Sondra Theodore, July  
N-7 Julia Lyndon, August  
N-9 Debra Jo Fondren, September  
N-11 Kristine Winder, October  
N-13 Rita Lee, November  
N-15 Ashley Cox, December
- 1978**  
N-17 Debra Jensen, January  
N-18 Janis Schmitt, February  
N-20 Christina Smith, March  
N-22 Pamela Jean Bryant, April  
N-24 Kathryn Morrison, May  
N-26 Gail Stanton, June  
N-28 Karen Morton, July  
N-30 Vicki Witt, August  
N-32 Rosanne Katon, September  
N-34 Marcy Hanson, October  
N-35 Monique St. Pierre, November
- 1979**  
N-37 Janet Quist, December  
N-39 Candy Loving, January







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# 50 YEARS

A Playboy Celebration

*W*hen you publish a lifestyle magazine for half a century, you create a tapestry of memories. When that magazine challenges a society's customs, you create an archive of history. Searching through 100,000 pages of PLAYBOY to assemble a comprehensive compendium of highlights was a daunting and delightful task. Here's to 50 unforgettable years.



# 1953–1963



Hefner changed the name of his magazine from *Stag Party* to *PLAYBOY* at the last minute. The sophisticated stag morphed into one of the most recognized symbols in the world.



At left, Hef holds the undated first issue of the magazine. In July 1955 Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim (above) appeared as the first girl-next-door Playmate. The shadowy figure in the background is Hef.



People who expected just another girlie magazine were in for a nude awakening. With thoughtful features on food and drink (left), *PLAYBOY* assumed its role as a sophisticated handbook for the urban male. In 1956 readers entered *Playboy's* Penthouse Apartment (above), a 12-page layout on the ultimate bachelor pad. It generated hundreds of letters inquiring about the furnishings.



During the 1950s *PLAYBOY* was instantly recognizable for its stylishly lighthearted covers—and the ever-present, popular Rabbit.

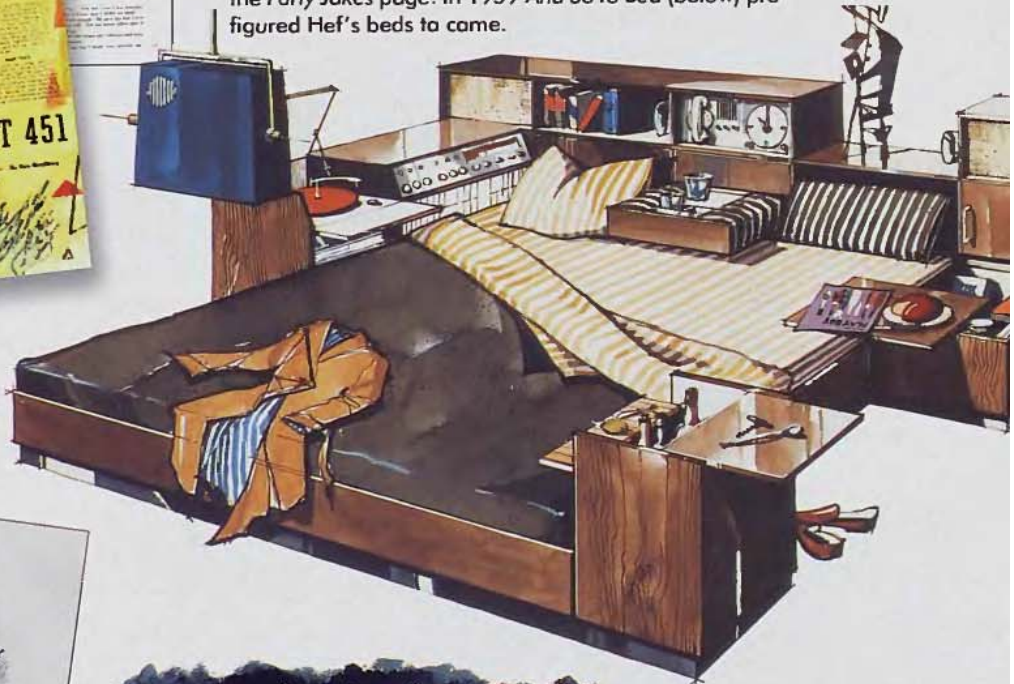
Fiction such as Walter Tevis's *The Hustler* and Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* established PLAYBOY's reputation for literary excellence.



THE HUSTLER



Globe-trotting Shel Silverstein sent cartoon dispatches (above) of his adventures from Tokyo, Paris and even Moscow, while LeRay Neiman's *Femlin* (right) enlivened the Party Jakes page. In 1959 *And So to Bed* (below) pre-figured Hef's beds to come.



PLAYBOY helped elevate illustration to fine art. Pablo Picasso shared space with LeRay Neiman (above). Alberto Vargas's pinups (left) were introduced in 1957 and appeared exclusively in PLAYBOY in nearly every issue from 1960 to 1978.



The Seduction  
by JULES FEIFFER



An aspiring cartoonist himself, Hefner showcased the talents of Jack Cole, Gahan Wilson and Jules Feiffer, who made the most of the artistic license they were offered.

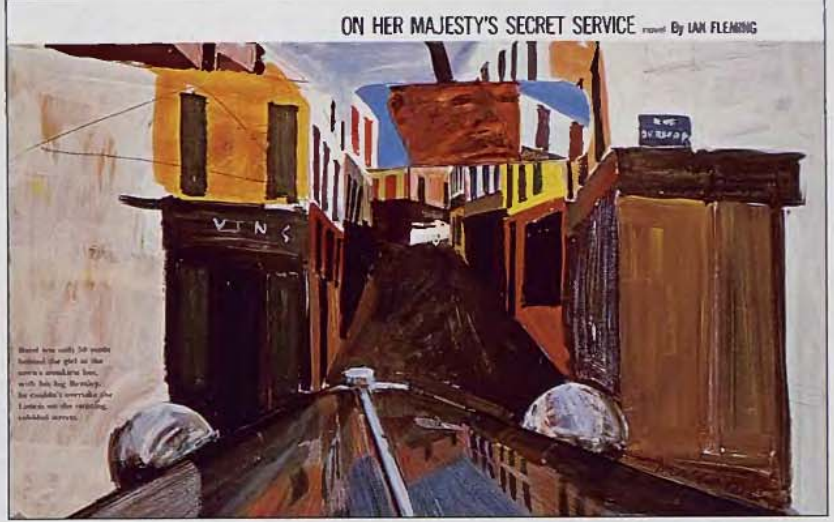
"I ain't got no bod-eee..."







PLAYBOY covers can have almost magical qualities. Conceal the top half of June 1962 (left) to see what we mean.

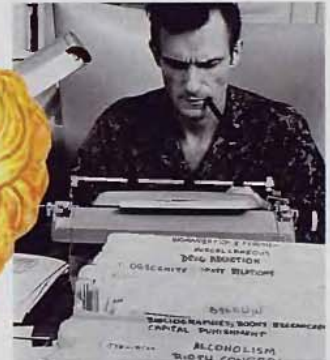


ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE novel by IAN FLEMING

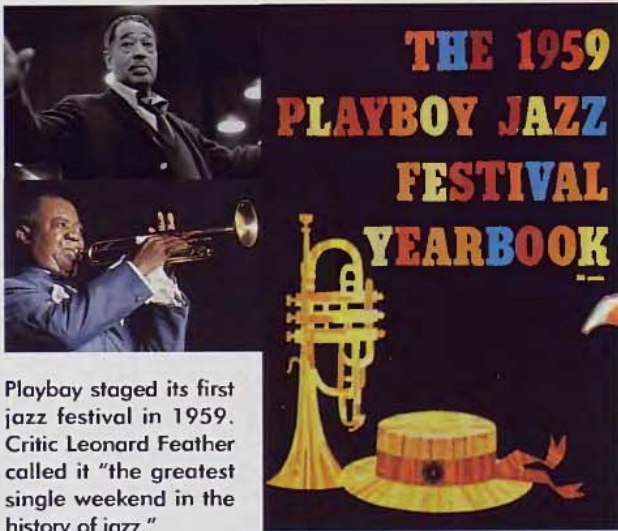
Based on only 30 words behind the grid as the cover's complete text, with his big, British, he couldn't overrule the Ladies on the caption, which was correct.



An Eldon Dedini cartoon (left) contemplated the reappearance of temperance crusader Carry Nation at a Playboy Club. Beginning in the 1960s readers could expect to get a first look at the newest of the increasingly popular James Band novels (above).



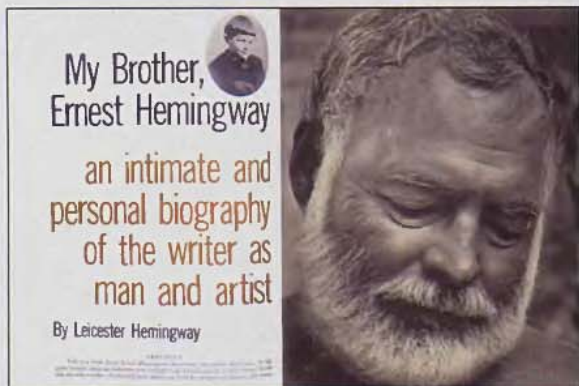
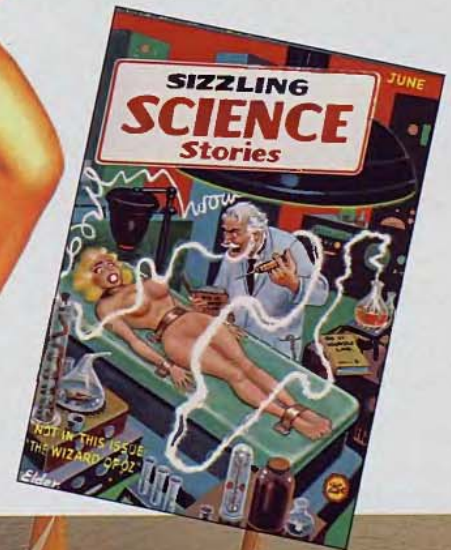
Here's Hefner (above) hard at work on an editorial series called *The Playboy Philosophy*, which began in December 1962 and ran for 25 installments, helping spark the sexual revolution.



Playboy staged its first jazz festival in 1959. Critic Leonard Feather called it "the greatest single weekend in the history of jazz."



The hugely popular Little Annie Fanny (above), created by Mad men Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder, debuted in 1962. Elder did other illustrations for us as well (right).



The range of PLAYBOY's interest in things literary and adventurous was revealed in a memoir (above) by Leicester Hemingway and in a feature on private planes (right) "for the harried exec who needs to get away from it all."



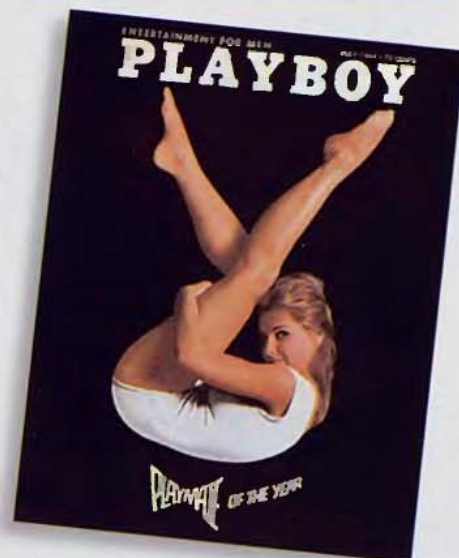
# 1963-1973



The History of Sex in Cinema (left) began an ongoing series in 1965. Conversations with the likes of Fidel Castro, Frank Sinatra, Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X established the *Playboy* Interview as the definitive print forum for the world's most influential figures.



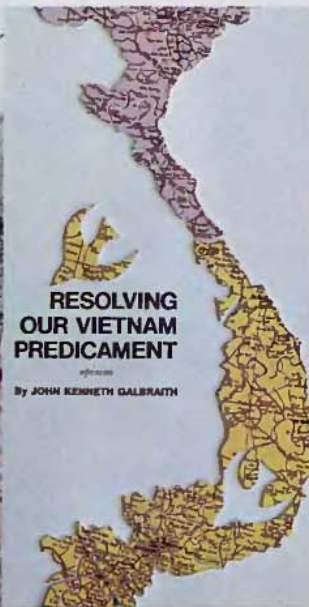
## THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW



Donna Michelle (above) was an artistically limber Playmate of the Year in 1964. Brush-On Fashions (below) pushed style buttons in 1968.



Herb Dovidson's illustration (above) accompanied an indictment of a right-wing militant threat to democracy.



As the war in Vietnam took its deadly toll, *PLAYBOY* and 1965 Playmate of the Year Jo Collins (above, left) provided support and comfort for American troops. The magazine also published noted authors such as John Kenneth Galbraith on how to end the war.



With drug experimentation taking off, *PLAYBOY* experimented with a psychedelic Rabbit (left), and R.E.L. Masters wrote about chemically enhanced sex (above). Pop artist Tom Wesselman explored *The Playmate as Fine Art* (right).





As the jet black DC-9 Big Bunny took flight (above) and the Bunny Beacon atop the Playboy Building swept the Chicago skyline (right), Jules Feiffer's Hostileman hovered in the magazine's pages (below).



Trompe l'oeil covers were so nice, we used them twice—in June 1963 with Jayne Mansfield and June 1964 with Mamie Van Doren.



Writer John Bowers and artist Herb Davidsan combined for a Janis Joplin profile (below), published weeks before her death in 1970.



When Hefner began hosting *Playboy After Dark* (above) in Los Angeles in 1968, he didn't anticipate meeting 18-year-old UCLA coed Barbi Benton. They were together for more than eight years.

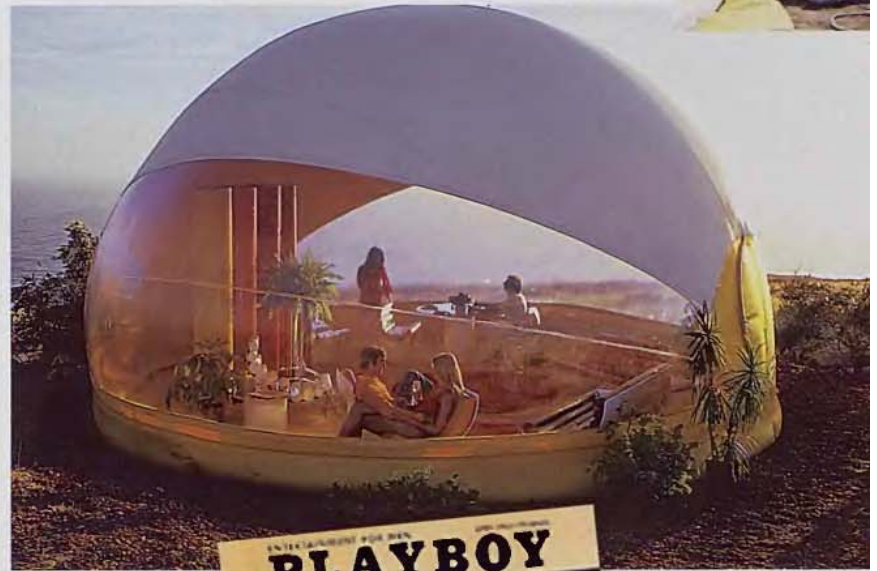


One of PLAYBOY's assets through the years has been its ability to tweak the establishment in words and images: from the erotic visions of gifted photographers (right) and the first appearance of pubic hair (below, right) to Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* (below, left) and the last published writing of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. (above).





The Nude Look became reality with the arrival of topless swimsuits and other see-through fashions of the mid-1960s (left). The *Playboy* Pad series presented a variety of options for fantastic living spaces. One of the most memorable was the Pneumadame (below), an inflatable dame that came in a box and had a diameter of 25 feet.



In January 1970 an essay by theologian Harvey Cox inspired a striking illustration—Jesus as a joyous revolutionary (left). In our second decade, the Rabbit appeared in many incarnations on our covers—such as a belt buckle and a chair (near and far right). That's Peter Sellers in the middle—making like the Sheik—the first man to appear on the cover.



James Baldwin (left) expressed his concerns about race in America. The illustration for *Drug Explosion* (below) was created from sculptures by Martin Wanserski. When things got too heavy, readers could always turn to a *PLAYBOY* cartoon, especially one that spoofed the Nude Look (right).





# 1973-1983

## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW JIMMY CARTER



The Playboy Interview made political history in November 1976 when presidential candidate Jimmy Carter confessed to having lust in his heart. In a historical footnote, that same issue's cover girl, Playmate Patti McGuire, was the heart of tennis ace Jimmy Connors.



Salvador Dalí found inspiration in our logo—and in a blonde quintet (left). In our July 1976 issue (above) we celebrated freedom of expression by previewing Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson in *The Sailer Who Fell From Grace With the Sea*.



Waadward and Bernstein probed the dark days of Watergate (right), while Arnald Roth took a lighter view with *A Barely Perceptible History of Sex* (above).

article By CARL BERNSTEIN and BOB WOODWARD

### ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

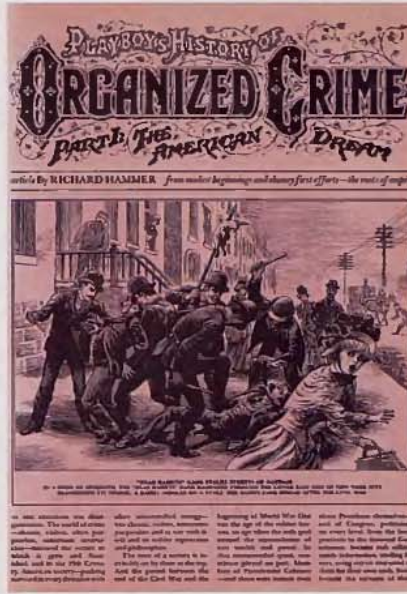
...they were men's palace guard—hard-working, loyal, self-righteous—and very nearly all-powerful...

*[The rest of the article text is partially obscured and difficult to read in detail.]*

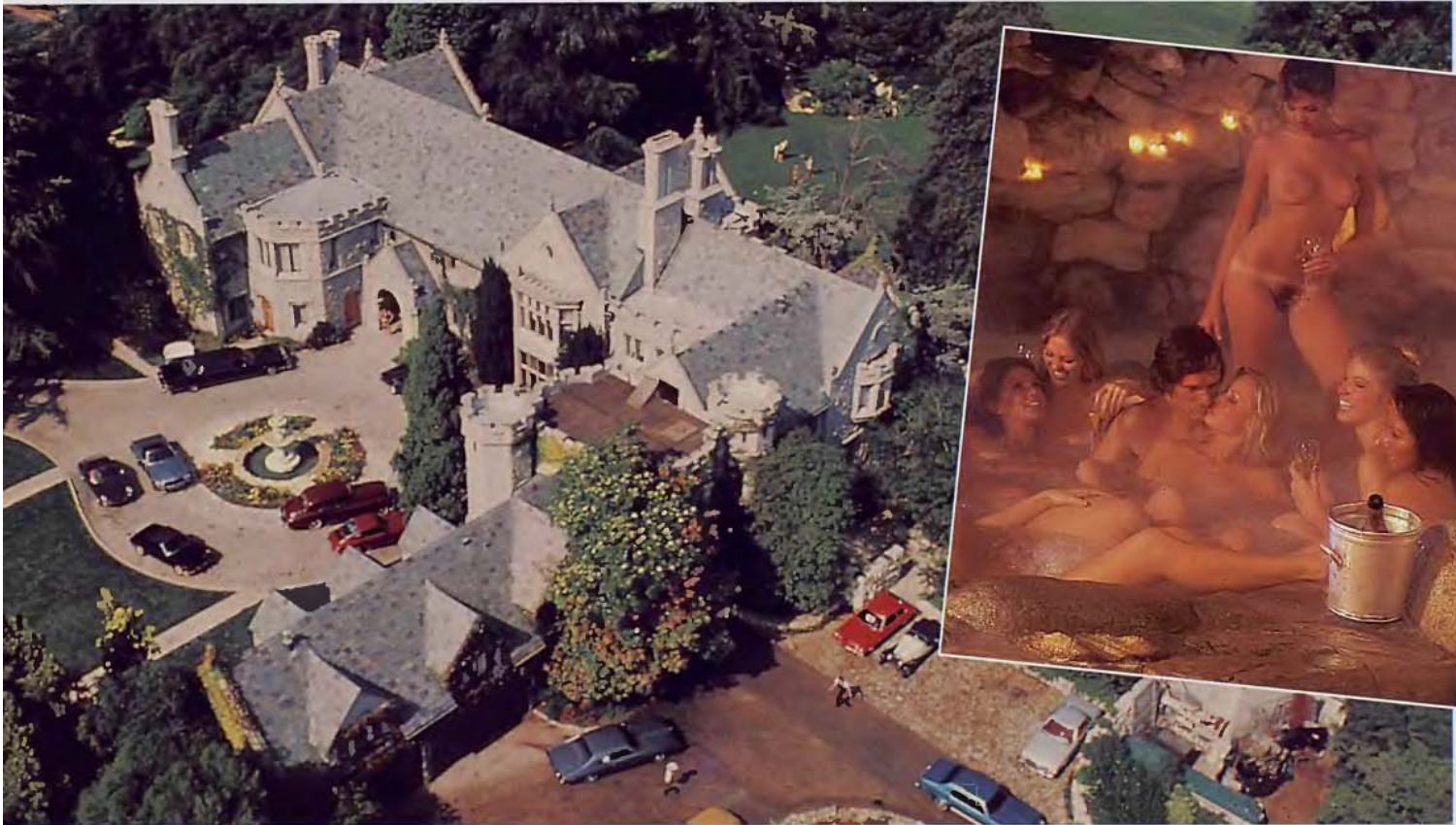


If you wanted to get an eyeful of the most popular and desirable female celebrities in the world, the first place you would look was the cover of PLAYBOY. Those who posed included (from left) Joan Collins, Dolly Parton, Raquel Welch, Bo Derek and Farrah Fawcett.





In *So It's a Bracelet. What's It to Ya?* (above), James Caan and Burt Reynolds donned "tough guy" jewelry. The 12-part *Playboy's History of Organized Crime* (right) delved into the world of real-life tough guys.



Once Hefner got settled into his new digs at Playboy Mansion West (above), readers were treated to a tour, including the grotto. For the photo that accompanied Dan Greenburg's *My First Orgy* (left), Richard Fegley assembled a few dozen naked people in a Los Vegas garage on a hot day. Clint Eastwood (right) put on clothes for a fashion feature—just one of those little things that helped make our decade.



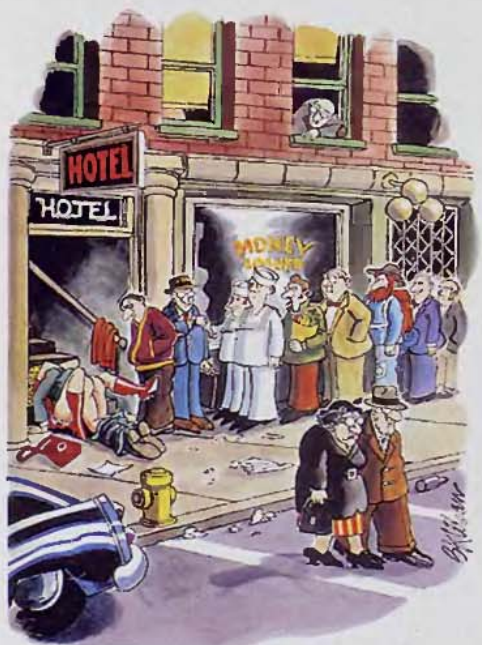






**THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** The world's most intriguing personalities and newsmakers—including (from left) John Lennon and Yoko Ono, Jimmy Hoffa, Muhammad Ali and Ted Turner—continued to reveal themselves in the *Playboy* Interview (the Lennon issue was on stands when he was shot). In October 1979 Burt Reynolds became the second man to appear on the cover (far right).

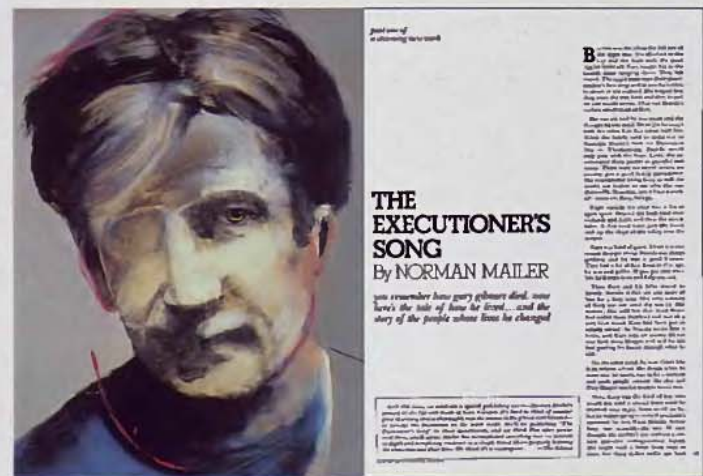
A short story by Paul Theroux (far right) enhanced *PLAYBOY*'s reputation as a purveyor of literary gems. A cartoon (below) and an illustration of a hot dog with everything under it (right) demonstrated the magazine's ongoing penchant for whimsy.



"In my day, nice girls didn't do that."



The sequel to Arthur C. Clarke's 2001: A Space Odyssey (above) blasted off in *PLAYBOY*. In 1979 the magazine ran an excerpt of Norman Mailer's *The Executioner's Song* (below). Lensman Holger Trulzsch and model Veruschka (left) explored the art of body pointing.



The January 1982 cover reversed *PLAYBOY*'s notion of cleavage (above). The photo originated in our French edition.

# 1983-1993

Novelist Robert Coover began his writing career in PLAYBOY's promotion department. For Coover's erotic spin on Casablanca, artist Jeff Gold created a different view of Bogart and Bergman (below).



## YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

By ROBERT COOVER



Fans of science fiction have viewed PLAYBOY as one of the finest sources in the galaxy. Robert Silverberg has contributed more than a dozen for-flung stories, including *Tourist Trade* (above), which was illustrated by Peter Sato.

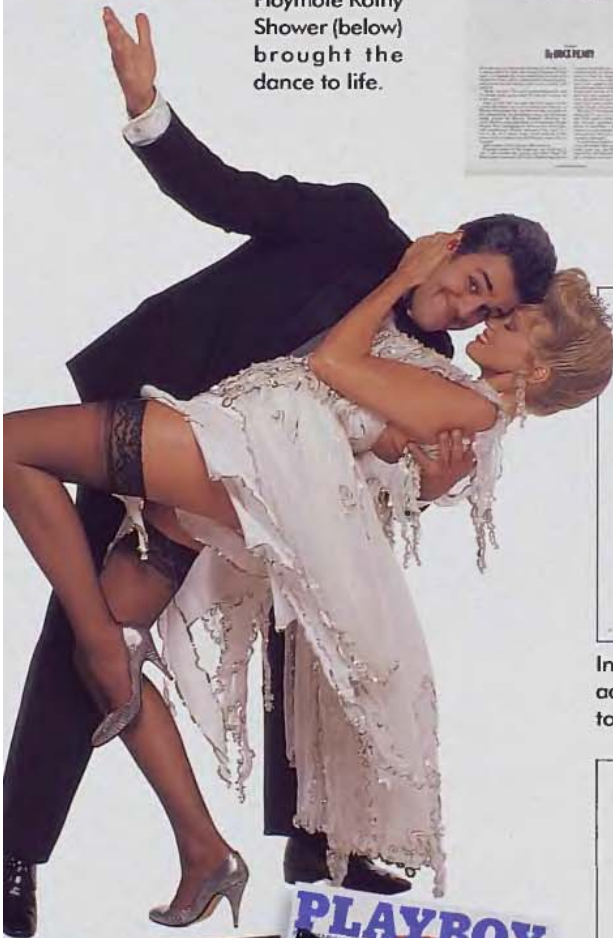
For the December 1986 issue, Jorge Luis Borges penned an ode to the tongo, while Jay Leno and Playmate Kathy Shower (below) brought the dance to life.

## FAREWELL TO THE STAPLE

By BUCK HENRY

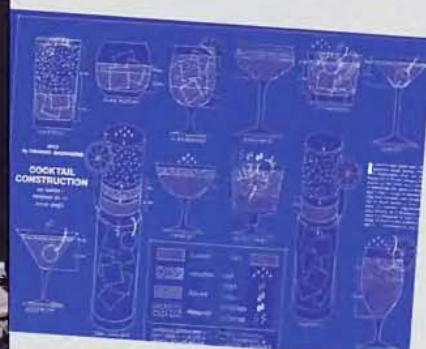


In October 1985, as PLAYBOY changed its method of binding, Buck Henry (above) shed a satirical tear for the staple that had pierced so many Playmates' navels.



## CIVILIZATION REVISITED

By JEREMY IRONS



In 1986 we looked to Jeremy Irons for a Brit of fashion advice (above) and Emanuel Greenberg for a blueprint to a dozen cocktails (above right).

## REMEMBERING TENNESSEE

By TRUMAN COPOTE



In 1984 Truman Copote and Andy Warhol memorialized Tennessee Williams (above), Brooke Shields and Laura Richmond animated our covers (left), and the man who would be Bond modeled raincoats (right).



**PLAYBOY**

**SALLY FIELD**  
AND OTHER MEN  
WHEN THE HEART  
HOW TO KISS A GIRL



**PLAYBOY**  
PLUS AN  
INTERVIEW WITH  
THE SINGER,  
MICHELLE  
PHILIPS  
AND A  
PICTORIAL  
BY  
MICHELLE  
PHILIPS  
LA TOYA  
JACKSON  
MICHELLE'S  
SISTER IN  
A THRILLER  
PICTORIAL

Actress Sally Field and singer LaToya Jackson (left) joined the celebrities who hopped onto PLAYBOY's cover in the 1980s. Poet Amiri Baraka profiled Jesse Jackson (below, left). An Erikson cartoon (below) posed a consequence of PLAYBOY's longevity.

**TYSON THE TERRIBLE**

**B**oxer Mike Tyson, the most feared and feared fighter in the world, is the subject of a new book by Pete Dexter. The book, "Tyson," is a biography of the boxer's life, from his childhood in a poor neighborhood in Pennsylvania to his rise to fame in the ring. Dexter's writing is a mix of fact and fiction, and he uses a lot of dialogue to bring Tyson's story to life. The book is a must-read for anyone who is interested in boxing or in the life of a controversial figure.



Pete Dexter and artist Brad Holland shed light on the demons inside boxer Mike Tyson (above).



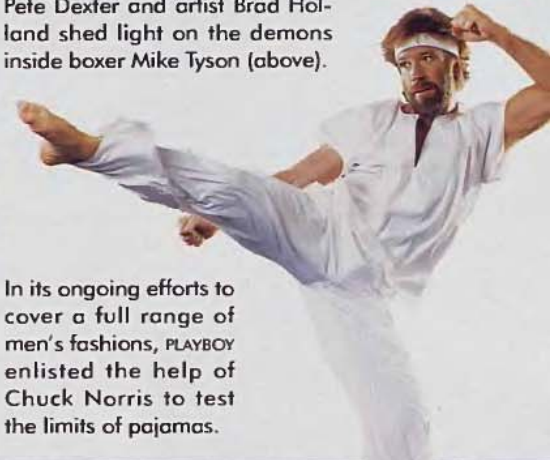
**WHAT MAKES JESSE RUN?**  
BY AMIRI BARAKA

**I**n the early 1980s, Jesse Jackson was a controversial figure. He was a leader of the Black Panther Party and a member of the Black Liberation Movement. He was known for his fiery speeches and his commitment to social justice. In this piece, Amiri Baraka explores the reasons behind Jackson's actions and the impact they had on the Black community.



"We can't make him take it down. She's his grandmother."

In its ongoing efforts to cover a full range of men's fashions, PLAYBOY enlisted the help of Chuck Norris to test the limits of pajamas.



A story on high-end automobiles (above) demonstrated that PLAYBOY takes a backseat to no one. Chrome and leather powered Annie Leibovitz's photo session with supermodel Jerry Hall (right).



Edith Vonnegut's illustration (left) supported a defense of free speech by her father, Kurt. Terry "Weekend at Bernie's" Kiser must have thought he'd died and gone to heaven in our feature Lucky Stiff (above). In 1992 Olivia De Berardinis created a fantasy portrait of Miss January 1955, Bettie Page (right).



Months before the start of Operation Desert Storm, Tony Horwitz reported on Saddam Hussein's tyrannical rule inside Iraq (below).

# THE MEN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT

article  
By Robert Scheer

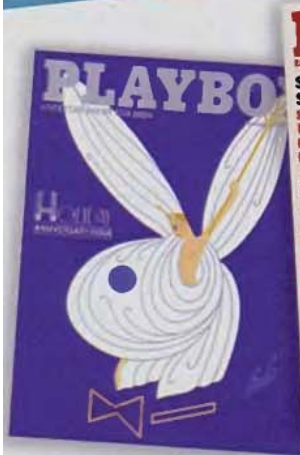
ROBERTS' BROTHER HAS GIVEN PLAYBOY READERS PRESIDENT POTENTIALS BY THE CANDIDATE. HERE IS HIS REPORT ON GEORGE BUSH AND MICHAEL DUKAKIS



Herb Dovidson's portrait of George Bush as perennial bridesmaid (above) accompanied an analysis of the 1988 presidential contenders. For its opening shot, Women of Washington (above, right) lobbied Beltway stiff.



In a decade marred by the repressive sexual politics of Attorney General Ed Meese (above, left), PLAYBOY stood for freedom: defending the Mapplethorpe trial (above), John Updike's power with words (above, right) and Helmut Newton's stark eroticism (right).





# HOLLYWOOD HOT SHOTS

The newest leading man in leading roles from top magazine

Feature by HOLLIS WATKINS

**T**he new leading man in leading roles from top magazine... (text continues vertically)



## WHATEVER YOU SAY, ARNOLD

AMERICA'S FAVORITE REDNECK DRIVING HAS SOME ADVICE ON HOW TO HANDLE SCHWARZENEGGER'S SURPRISSING NON-

**L**et's not get ahead of ourselves. Schwarzenegger's greatest feat... (text continues)

ARTICLE BY JOE BOB BRIGGS



PLAYBOY was keeping tabs on Arnold Schwarzenegger (above) long before he began flexing his political muscle. Readers will recall his no-holds-barred 1988 interview. In 1992's *Whatever You Say, Arnold*, drive-in movie critic Joe Bob Briggs made a case for liking the once and future Terminator.



For a 1991 fashion spread (above), lensman George Hurrell snapped Mario Van Peebles and David Duchovny.



On our covers, we had more fun with blondes: Anna Nicole Smith, the Swedish Bikini Team and the Borbi Twins.



PLAYBOY exposed Madonna's corporate side (above) and took a surrealist view of Frank Sinatra (left) for the series *Playboy's History of Jazz and Rock*.



In 1993 Warren Farrell, a former NOW officer, offered a critique of feminism (below, left). Novelist Donald E. Westlake twisted Shakespeare with *A Midsummer Daydream* (left). With the Clintons in the White House, Anita Kunz and writer Michael Leahy took aim at their strange bedfellows, Linda and Harry Thomson (below).



*Linda & Harry & Bill & Hillary*  
 article by MICHAEL LEAHY  
 the first friends are to angels and politicians... so why don't they get any respect?

**THE MYTH OF MALE POWER**  
 S... (text continues)



Four decades after PLAYBOY published his novel *Fahrenheit 451*, science fiction master Ray Bradbury offered *The Witch Daar* (below). *The Story of Our Sordid Love* (right) was a hilarious he-said-she-said in which Ben Stiller and Janeane Garofalo recalled 12 lausy weeks together.



To keep readers in great style and shape, PLAYBOY recruited Jeff Goldblum (top) to show off black as a summer color and Michael Jordan's personal trainer to demonstrate how to Wark Out Like Mike (above). In Rap at the Crossroads (below) Alec Faegge assessed the gangsta threat.

Recent celebrity coverage has included (from far left) Drew Barrymore and one-name wanders Jordan and Chyna. In the summer of 2000 *Future Olympians* (above) offered suggestions on how to improve the games. Below, we captured the enduring allure of spring break.



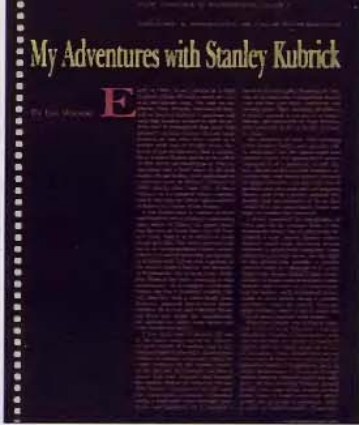
**RAP AT THE CROSSROADS**

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE, GANGSTERS CAN'T RUN THE MUSIC

BY ALEC FAEGGE

IT'S THE GREAT RHYTHM AND BLUES REVIVAL OF THE 1990s. The music is back, and it's better than ever. It's the sound of a new generation of artists who are taking the genre to new heights. It's the sound of a new generation of fans who are taking the genre to new heights. It's the sound of a new generation of artists who are taking the genre to new heights. It's the sound of a new generation of fans who are taking the genre to new heights.





Shortly before the long-awaited opening of *Eyes Wide Shut* in 1999, *My Adventures With Stanley Kubrick* (above) chronicled sci-fi writer Ian Watson's stint as the legendary director's "mind slave."



Olvio De Berardinis created the illustration for *One or Two Steps Behind* (above), a powerful short story by Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright David Mamet. The diminutive Verne Troyer took on the persona of Mini-Hef (below) for some memorable pictorial high jinks.



For a year-end audit in 2002 we offered proof that bankrupt WorldCom still had valuable assets (above). Tom Honks and Seon Combs (below) exemplified Men of Style.



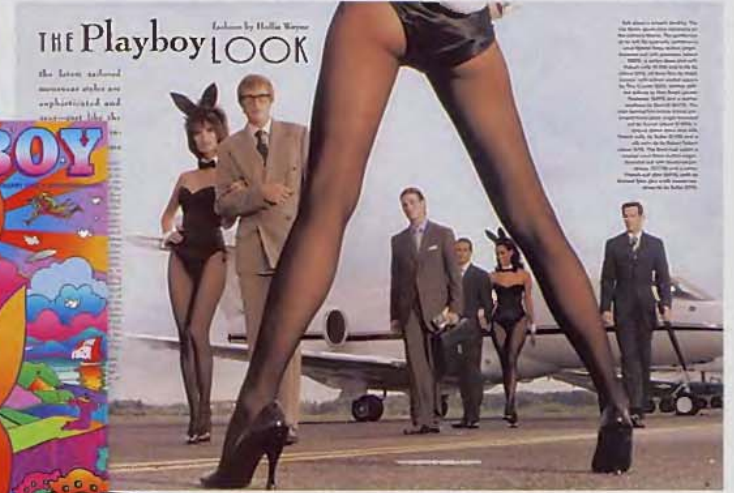
The *Lux Life* (left) shed light on new accessories that make the fashionable man. Over the past decade PLAYBOY's covers have featured (below, from left) cocottes Tia Carrere, Shannen Doherty and Kristy Swanson, the women of Enron, WWE's Torrie Wilson and the electrifying Carmen Electra.





In *2 Fast, 2 Furious, 2 Fine* (above) PLAYBOY chased down the adrenaline-addicted chicks portrayed in popular street-racing flicks, and photographer Kim Mizuno got their motors running. In the September 1999 issue (below) we looked forward to advances in 21st century grooming products.

In 1996 the Bunny helped usher in tailored menswear. To usher in the new century (below, left), Peter Max created our January 2000 cover.



In *The Birth of Cool* (above) Bill Zehme deftly presented the case that cool came into being with the original Ocean's Eleven and the Rat Pack. We dig.



The Playboy Bunny (left) was the first real sex symbol of the 1960s—among the many landmarks described in the 10-part *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* by James R. Petersen. For *Sex and Two Cities* (above) in the April 2003 issue, Amy Sohn and Anna David filed reports on their randy experiences in N.Y. and L.A. Sexually liberated women writing freely—just one of the things we envisioned when we helped launch the sexual revolution half a century ago. We've all come a long way, baby.

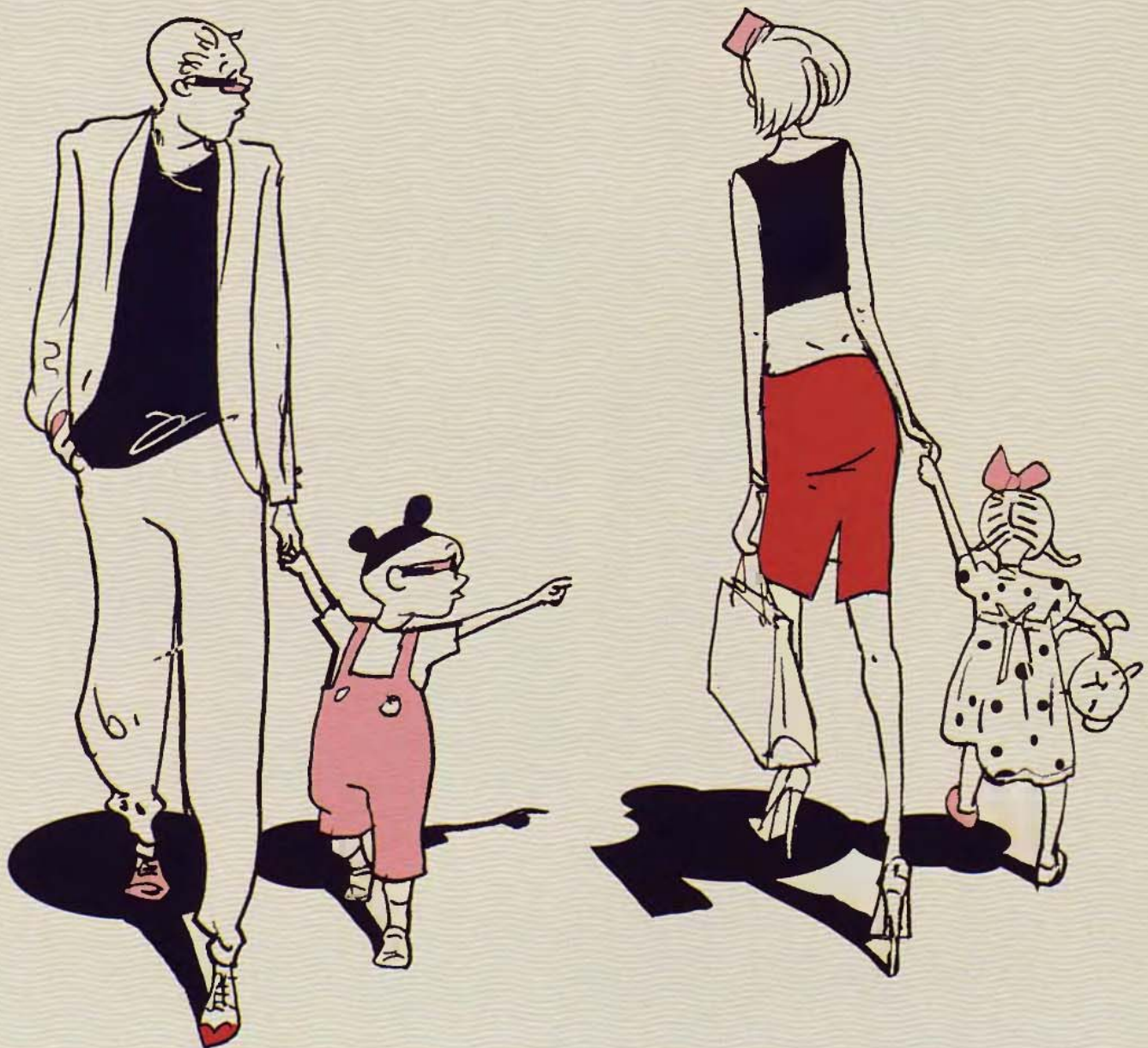
# TO MY SON

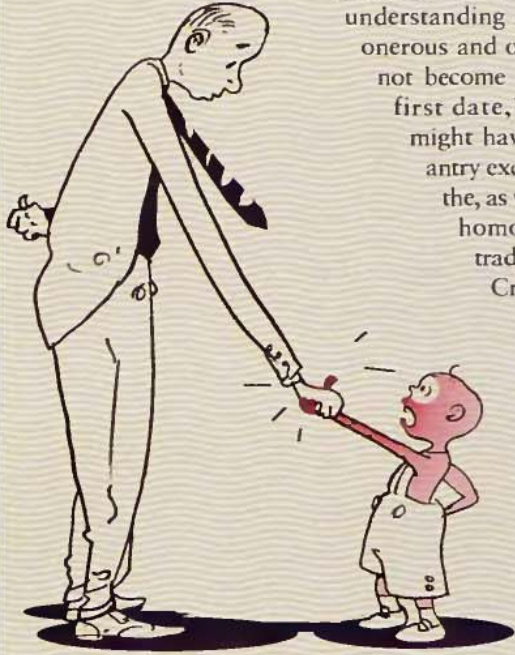
AMERICA'S MAN OF LETTERS OFFERS A FEW BITS OF WISDOM ABOUT MARRIAGE, SEX AND JUDGING A MAN BY HIS HANDSHAKE

BY DAVID MAMET

**RULES, IT IS SAID, EXIST TO BE BROKEN.** But this misses the point. Many rules are already broken, existing like vending machines, long and widely suspected of having been designed with a purposeful and demonic—though seemingly

arbitrary—inability to function as advertised. An example of a broken rule is “Money can’t buy happiness,” which, although theoretically supportable, is of use only to the happy, all others understanding it as “Not only are you poor, you’re miserable.”





And many rules are vastly misunderstood, a lack of historical understanding rendering them onerous and oppressive. "Do not become intimate on the first date," for example, might have been a pleasantry exchanged between the, as we know, mainly homoerotic produce traders of the Fertile Crescent.

By which we see that a little learning may not be a dangerous thing at all—and may in fact serve to transform one's reputation from that of a sexual adventurer to that of a docent.

**FEEL FREE TO JUDGE A MAN BY HIS HANDSHAKE.**

**DESIRE IS THE SHOAL UPON WHICH MANY A FINE CRAFT HAS COME TO GRIEF.** There is no proverb truer than that which states, "Rather than display appetite in the house of the wealthy, you should put a knife under your chin and cut your throat." But even this could benefit from some interpretation: One may, in the home of the wealthy, desire a bit more of the chicken, but verbiage on the order of "Oh god, what a drop-dead Fragonard—could I just hold it?" is apt to excite the displeasure of the leaseholder.

**HONESTY MAY NOT BE THE BEST POLICY. BUT IT IS THE ONLY POLICY THAT HAS ITS OWN PROVERB.**

**SIMILARLY, WHEN DEALING WITH THE YOUNG LADIES, DESIRE MUST BE MASTERED, CHANGNELED AND COATED IN WHAT THE ILLIBERAL MIGHT TERM HYPOCRISY.** Voltaire, of course, characterized this as the homage vice pays to virtue. The repute of the French is, at this moment, on the ebb in this land, but it will rebound as now one and now another considers, for example, the worth of the Canadian Impressionists or experiments with the phrase "Belgium, Mother of Irony." Belgium was renowned in the 20th century, but for orphans and waffles. Its orphans were employed to incite American fervor for World War I, its waffles to further stultify American fairgoers. Fame is the thing of a moment.

**THERE IS NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN DEMOCRACY. IT IS AN INSTITUTION TOO PRECIOUS TO BE TRUSTED TO THE ELECTORATE.**

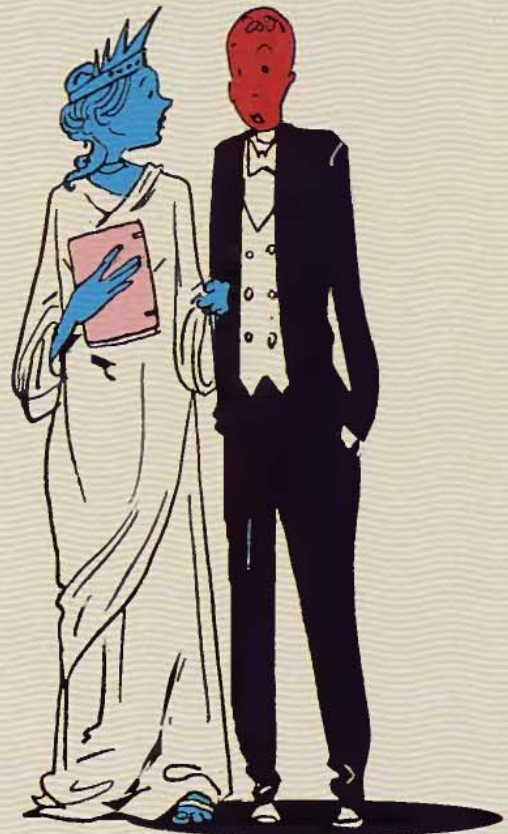
**GEORGE ORWELL WROTE IN 1984, "WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AT WAR WITH EURASIA."** He meant, I believe, that any government is a bunch of lying swine and that an upcoming film starring Edmond O'Brien would make the case visually for those unable or unwilling to avail themselves of the text. Those who do not read have no advantage over those who cannot read—save for the extra time and a clearer view of the political situation.

**SILENCE IS GOLDEN, AND LIKE GOLD IT MAY BE SHAPED INTO A MULTIPLICITY OF OBJECTS.**

We may perhaps grudgingly admire the Mafia chieftain who suffers prison rather than break his code of *omertá*. May we not also credit President Clinton with courage for his "I did not have sex with that woman"—a statement intended to save not only the country but, in an act worthy of the dadaists, his marriage?

**ANY CRIME CAN AND WILL BE COMMITTED IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM.**

Some, however, you will note, will undergo a name change. *Racial arrogance*, *murder* and *theft*, being words with an unfortunate negative connotation, are often called patriotism. Patriotism, turnabout being fair play, is often mislabeled as treachery. Any government is only as good as the people who have stolen it.





**WOMEN THINK OF SEX THE SAME WAY MEN THINK OF FLOWERS: "I DUNNO, I GAVE IT TO 'EM, AND THEY SEEMED TO LIKE IT...."**

E.M. FORSTER WROTE, "IF I HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN BETRAYING MY COUNTRY AND BETRAYING MY FRIEND, I HOPE I SHOULD HAVE THE GUTS TO BETRAY MY COUNTRY." But what a limited view. Are there not those—I believe there are—who might accomplish both? History has proved Forster's view both limited and provincial. Think big.

**AND WHAT IS MARRIAGE?** Tolstoy wrote that a wife is not unlike a sack of flour—one cannot trudge through life carrying it in the arms; it is bearable only when slung upon the back. I will say that marriage is like a French movie—delightful until it becomes clear that there will be no plot.

**NO ONE HAS EVER TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT SEX.** "I've never done anything like this before" and "The [fill in organization name] has no room for profligates" are both invitations to indulge oneself in a protective nicety.

**LINGUISTICALLY, THERE IS A TIME AND A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.** The two most beautiful utterances in the language are "Da-da" and "Oh god, I'm coming." But one does not want to hear them in the same sentence.

**SEX WITH THE DEAD IS THE LAST TABOO.** And it persists only because the dead cannot object, "Whom does it hurt?"

**SHOULD YOU, GOD FORBID, BE TORTURED, MAKE SURE THAT YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO CONFESS.**

**ASSUME THAT EVERY WORD YOU SPEAK ON THE TELEPHONE WILL BE RECORDED AND HELD AGAINST YOU.** Remember that, in practice, the presumption of innocence applies only to the guilty.

**DON'T BOTHER WITH SCHOOL—IT'S A WASTE OF TIME. AND NEVER READ THE NOVELS OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.**

**ALWAYS TIP THE TAILOR.**

**DON'T WORRY ABOUT DRESSING UP IN WOMEN'S CLOTHES—IF IT WAS OKAY FOR J. EDGAR HOOVER, IT'S OKAY FOR YOU.**

Love,  
Dad



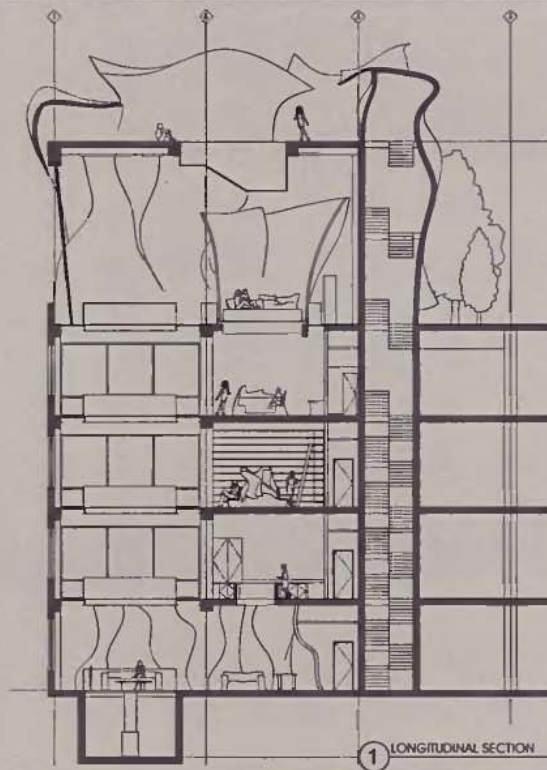




*"Well, your singing was off-key, but I really like the big finish."*

ARCHITECT **FRANK GEHRY** DESIGNS THE ULTIMATE 21ST CENTURY TOWN HOUSE

# THE NEW **P**LAYBOY BACHELOR PAD



**W**

e like our apartment," Hugh Hefner wrote in *PLAYBOY*'s inaugural issue. "We plan on spending most of our time inside." Half a century later we still find ourselves dedicated to the pursuit of indoor sport. Little wonder that *PLAYBOY* has always considered the proper bachelor pad to be a critical component in achieving the good life. In May 1962 we published plans for the original Playboy Town House, which Hef initially intended to build as his home in Chicago. (He canceled construction when he found the Playboy Mansion.) When we decided to update the concept for the new millennium, we knew only one man could do the job justice: Frank Gehry, the most accomplished and

best-known architect since Frank Lloyd Wright.

A native of Canada who moved to Los Angeles when he was 17, Gehry made his mark as an iconoclast who used chain link, plywood and corrugated metal to create what he called "cheapskate architecture" that defied modernist conventions of form and material. But it was the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao, Spain—a titanium monument to fluidity and grace—that announced Gehry's arrival as a master in 1997; he's been the world's most in-demand architect ever since. By all accounts Gehry

*Gehry's bachelor pad [right] is in a converted warehouse. Other than offering a view of the curved-glass rooftop bedroom, the street gives no indication of the sensuous interior.*





**GROUND-FLOOR LOUNGE** (above): What's a bachelor pad without special guests? This is what they see when they arrive. Both the elevator and the lounge interior are covered in murals by Alejandro Gehry. In the movable living room is Frank Gehry's trademark corrugated-cardboard furniture and a flat-screen TV. In the lounge are plush leather couches that lead to the bar, which is integrated into the curving walls. **BATHROOM** (below): The fourth-floor master bathroom is where a bachelor's life begins to heat up. Surrounded by mirrors, bright colors and artwork, the room is meant to double as a place of entertainment. The centerpiece is a sculptural tub clad in translucent glass. The bedroom floats above, providing visual connection from floor to floor.



is the perfect choice to build a hedonistic pleasure dome. "There are no gloomy Gehry buildings," wrote architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable. "Delight breaks through constantly."

Gehry accepted our challenge to design the ultimate abode for the single urban male. We told him to disregard traditional constraints of budget; our only request was that it be a truly livable space. Working from Gehry's drawings and sketches, members of his design team created the models on these pages. This is no pie-in-the-sky design; the pragmatic Gehry fully expects his Playboy bachelor pad to become a reality.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you hoping to accomplish here?

**GEHRY:** I thought about the tradition of the Playboy pad and the lifestyle embodied by the magazine, and we tried to work from that. The goal was to find a physical manifestation of those ideals. Now we hope to actually build it.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the idea behind these designs?

**GEHRY:** We started with a loft building. The pad is on several floors and also on the roof. Each floor is pretty large, and each one has been designed as a single room, so one floor is the library, one is the lounge, one is the bedroom. That's how it's organized.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think is the most interesting feature?

**GEHRY:** It has a big elevator, like a freight elevator, only it's a living room. When you come in and the elevator is on the ground floor, it connects with the lounge. You can hang out in the bar. If you go up to dine, you bring half the living room with you and it connects to the dining area. It also goes up to the third-floor library and the bathing space.

**PLAYBOY:** And what's upstairs?

**GEHRY:** The top floor is the bedroom. There's a pool on the roof. When you're in bed, you look at the glass on the bottom of the pool. My sons did sexy murals for the walls. The whole place is colorful and has a lot of soft forms. If I were a bachelor and bought one of those loft spaces, this could really work, because they make elevators that big, like the elevator at the Whitney Museum in New York, which holds 30 people. You'd have that big platform, and then it would be a room, and it would keep going up.

**PLAYBOY:** You'd have the elevator repairman in every week.

**GEHRY:** Oh, no, they're not that complicated—they work on a piston, like a lift in a garage. It would make for an interesting place. I think a big TV would go in the elevator so you'd have a big liquid-screen DVD thing on any floor. I'm excited about this town house. I think it would work for anyone, not just bachelors. It would be quite reasonable to do.

**PLAYBOY:** How is a bachelor pad different from other abodes?

**GEHRY:** Well, I really couldn't tell you. I haven't been a bachelor since the 1970s.



**KITCHEN:** On the second floor, this room, like all upper floors of the Playboy bachelor pad, has views through the glass living room floor. The kitchen table is a skylight covered with glass, which allows guests to see into the lounge below. The curving cabinets are made of Douglas fir plywood, one of Gehry's favorite materials.

**PLAYBOY:** What shaped your attitude toward urban design?

**GEHRY:** Modern architecture denies decoration. So how do you humanize a building without resorting to 19th century decoration? I looked for clues in the city. One clue was that buildings under construction look better—warmer, friendlier—than they do when they're closed up. Then, the sense of movement is part of the urban character. It's a kinetic thing. I started trying to use those ideas.

**PLAYBOY:** What's up with you and those fish?

**GEHRY:** I started using fish motifs because when everybody began making postmodern stuff, I was angry. The Greek temples are anthropomorphic. One day in a talk I said, "Damn it, if you're going back to be inspired



**GEHRY BUILDINGS** (from left): Los Angeles's Walt Disney Concert Hall (2003) is Gehry's most recent masterpiece; the Frederick Weisman Museum in Minneapolis (1993) was Gehry's first stainless steel structure; residents of Prague refer to the Nationale-Nederlanden Building (1996) as Fred and Ginger; Philip Johnson calls the titanium-clad Guggenheim Museum Bilbao (1997) "the greatest building of our time."

by man through the Greek temples, why not go back further? If you want to go back in time, go back to fish, 300 million years before man." I just blurted it out, but then I started drawing fish in my sketchbook. And it became an obsession. Every time I'd get a chance, I'd start doing these funny fish. You had a sense of movement from the tail.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your favorite city?

**GEHRY:** I guess Paris, because I lived there for a year. Lately I've been excited about Lisbon. It's an amazing place.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your favorite North American city?

**GEHRY:** Chicago. Architecturally, it's the most interesting city. I like the new Soldier Field. It's great.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you like to design that you haven't yet designed?

**GEHRY:** I haven't done a skyscraper, that big phallic thing. Everybody wants to have the world's biggest erection.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that you turn down nine out of 10 job offers?

**GEHRY:** No. We can only do so much, and I'm trying to keep the office at a certain size. After Bilbao we were asked to do a lot of Bilbaos. You know, "Come and save my city." That kind of stuff is so intellectually uninteresting. They don't know why they want it, they just want it. I don't want clients who bend over and say, "Here's all the money you want. Just do whatever you want." I want a tough client with a tough budget who's willing to explore with us and do something special.

**PLAYBOY:** How does it feel to go from being a rebel to being part of the establishment?

**GEHRY:** Gee, I don't think of myself that way. Luckily, my success came very late, when I was in my 60s and 70s, so I don't trust it all. I'm always insecure as I approach a new project. I think it's a healthy insecurity.

**PLAYBOY:** Fifty years ago architects had a utopian vision for urban life. Why have they moved away from that?

**GEHRY:** Because you can't do it. Our cities are a product of democracy, and they're chaotic because of that. We have to think incrementally. In other words, you have a sphere of influence that's only one or two blocks, and you try to make those blocks the best you can. To try to build a Rockefeller Center or an Albany Mall is antithetical to the time we're in. That kind of megalomania is from the 19th century.

**PLAYBOY:** Why is commercial architecture in the U.S. so boring today?

**GEHRY:** Because the people building it aren't sophisticated. They're just dull.

**PLAYBOY:** Which animal is the best architect?

**GEHRY:** The beaver.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the biggest cliché about you?

**GEHRY:** That I just crumple up a piece of paper or sketch something on a cocktail napkin and it becomes a building. I design my buildings from the inside out. They're not sculptures.

## PADS GONE WILD

A look at some of recent history's most famous—and infamous—bachelor domains



### VOULEZ-VOUS COUCHER AVEC MOI?

**BACHELOR:** Fashion designer Pierre Cardin. **PAD:** Palais Bulles (Bubble Palace), his villa near Cannes, France. The *Jetsons*-esque pad was built in the 1970s. Every room is round, resembling a bubble—even the windows are circular. Winding staircases and semispherical pools keep pushing the sensuous theme. **CLOSER:** The round (of course) bed, big enough for four people—or two people and a lot of toys.



### JFK AND MARILYN SLEPT HERE

**BACHELOR:** Rat Pack movie star Peter Lawford. **PAD:** 625 Palisades Beach Road in Santa Monica, California, where JFK and RFK were rumored to enjoy trysts with Marilyn Monroe and others. Boasting a martini bar, it became so synonymous with sex that "Peter Lawford's beach house" is a euphemism (as in "We're dating, but I still haven't been to Peter Lawford's beach house"). **CLOSER:** A swanky beachside pool that looks out on the Pacific.



### MOTION OF THE OCEAN

**BACHELOR:** P. Diddy. **PAD:** *Southern Cross III*, a \$25 million, 181-foot yacht anchored in France. It features seven cabins, several bars (Cristal for everyone!) and 13 staffers. Ladies who've made waves on board: Diddy's sometime girlfriend Kim Porter and dozens of Ibiza beach bunnies. Demi Moore and Ashton Kutcher have also yachted with Diddy. **CLOSER:** The hydraulically operated heliport for impromptu landings.



### PYRAMID SCAMMER

**BACHELOR:** Wilt Chamberlain, who boasted of scoring with more than 20,000 women. **PAD:** A 7,000-square-foot estate in Bel Air, California, where Chamberlain kicked it for nearly 30 years. Built in 1971, the house is almost entirely triangular—including the billiard room and the seven-foot-deep hot tub. A bedside button fills it up. **CLOSER:** The mirrored bedroom ceiling, which retracts to reveal the heavens.



### A HARD UDAY'S NIGHT

**BACHELOR:** Saddam Hussein's son Uday, who never let being a deranged tyrant interfere with his rep as a ladies' man. **PAD:** A mansion in Dad's palace compound, featuring a ladies' house, a gym and a zoo. Class-act extras included paintings of nude women, \$1 million worth of liquor, six bags of heroin, Cuban cigars and the charred \$100 bills used to light them. **CLOSER:** Mood-setting statues of couples engaged in foreplay.





**ROOF TERRACE** (above): With a clear-bottom swimming pool, a bar and tables outside, the terrace is the perfect place to savor life. The translucent glass walls extending from the bedroom below provide privacy. **BEDROOM** (below): As befits the nature of the room, this is the only interior space that peaks above the original warehouse structure. Because it floats atop the master bath, the intimate bedroom is surrounded by curving translucent glass. The bed takes up the whole floor of the floating room, which is covered in mirror-finish stainless steel and draped with paintings on the curving wall surfaces. Providing light from above is the clear-bottom pool hanging in the space. The elevator serves as a room that connects with all other rooms.



MODEL PHOTOGRAPHY BY WHIT PRESTON

# e m p t i n e s s



The joy and terror of the blank page, empty and infinite, source of anxiety and inspiration for all writers, including this one

by Jonathan Safran Foer

## The First Empty Page

I started collecting empty paper soon after I finished my first novel, about two years ago. A family friend had been helping to archive Isaac Bashevis Singer's belongings for the university where his papers and artifacts were to be kept. Among the many items to be disposed of was a stack of Singer's unused typewriter paper. (Understandably it had been deemed to have no archival value.) My friend sent the top page to me—the next sheet on which Singer would have written—suspecting that I might take some pleasure in the remnant of the great writer's life.

Once white, the paper had started to yellow, and, at the corners, to brown. There was a slight wrinkle across the bottom (or was it the top?), and scattered about were specks of dust that were resistant to my gentle brushes, apparently having been ground into the paper's fibers. (I've read that 90 percent of household dust is actually composed of human epidermal matter. So I like to think of the page as holding the face that once looked over it—the wrinkle corresponds to Singer's pinched forehead.) But to the casual glance, it's a clean, perfectly ordinary sheet of typing paper.

For weeks, I kept it in the envelope in which it was sent. Only occasionally did I take it out to look at or to show to a visiting friend when conversation slowed. I thought it was an interesting oddity and nothing more.

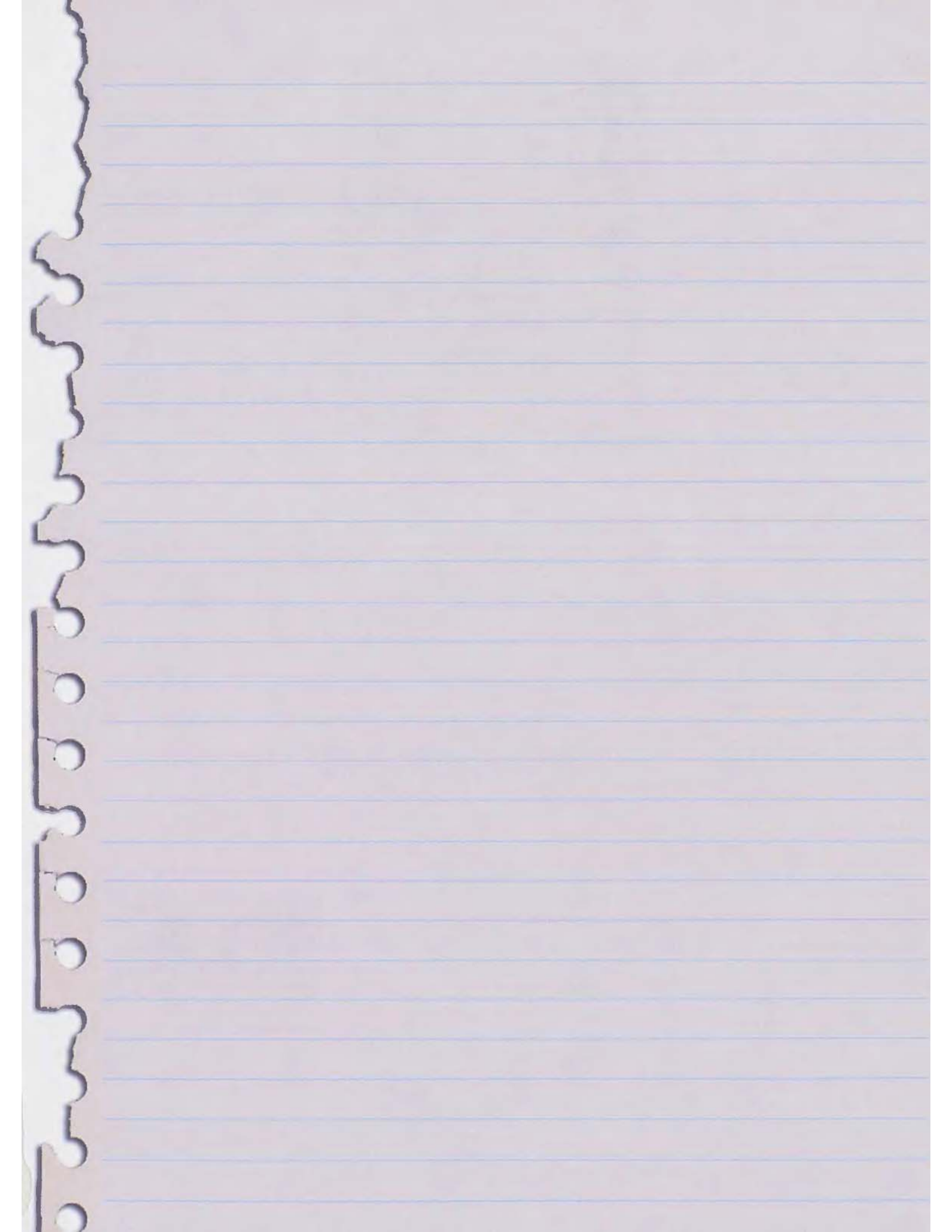
But I was wrong about the empty page. Or I was wrong about myself. A relationship developed. I found myself thinking about the piece of paper, being moved by it, taking it out of its envelope several times a day, wanting to see it. I had the page framed and put it on my living room wall. Many of the breaks I took from looking at my own empty paper were spent looking at Singer's.

Looking at what?

There were so many things to look at. There were the phantom words that Singer hadn't written and would never write, the arrangements of ink that would have turned the most common of all objects—the empty page—into the most valuable: a great work of art. The blank sheet of paper was at once empty and infinite. It contained no words and every word Singer hadn't yet written. The page was perhaps the best portrait of Singer—not only because it held his skin (or so I liked to think) but because it was free to echo and change. His books could be interpreted and reinterpreted, but they would never gain or lose words; his image was always bound to the moment of its creation. But the blank page contained everything Singer could have written and everyone he could have become.

And it was also a mirror. As a young writer—I was then contemplating how to move forward after my first effort—I felt so enthusiastically and agonizingly aware of the blank pages in front of me. How could I fill them? Did I even want





to fill them? Was I becoming a writer because I wanted to become a writer or because I was becoming a writer? I stared into empty pages day after day, looking, like Narcissus, for myself.

### More Emptiness

I decided to expand my collection. Singer's paper was not enough, just as Singer's books would not be enough in a library, even if they were your favorites. I wanted to see how other pieces of paper would speak to Singer's and to one another, how the physical differences among them would echo differences among the writers. I wanted to see if the accumulation of emptiness would be greater than the sum of its parts. So I began writing letters to authors—all of whom I admired, only one or two of whom I had ever corresponded with—asking for the next sheet of paper that he or she would have written on.

Richard Powers was the first to respond. "The favor is indeed strange," he wrote, "but wonderful. The more I think about it, the more resonance it gets: a museum of pure potential, the unfilled page!" He sent along the next sheet from the yellow legal pad on which he writes. When I held it to my face, I could see the indentations from the writing on the page that was once above it. Within a week the indentations had disappeared—the ghost words were gone—and the page was again perfectly flat.

I received a piece of paper from Susan Sontag. It was slightly smaller than the standard 8½"x11", and her name was printed across the top—for archival purposes, I imagined. John Barth sent me an empty page. It was classic three-hole style with light-blue horizontal lines and a red stripe up the margin. (How strange, I thought, that America's most famous metafictionist should compose on the most traditional, childlike paper.) His note: "Yours takes the prize for odd requests and quite intrigues me." A sheet of empty graph paper from Paul Auster, which evoked his style. An absolutely gorgeous mathematician's log from Helen DeWitt, accompanied by advice to the young writer about getting to know one's typesetter. A page ripped from David Grossman's notebook—small, worn even in its newness, somehow strong. He sent along a beautiful letter filled with observations, opinions, regrets, hopes and no mention of blank paper. A clean white page from Arthur Miller, no accompanying note. Paper from Zadie Smith, Victor Pelevin, David Foster Wallace ("You are a weird bird, JSF"), Peter Carey, John Updike.... Jonathan Franzen sent his page back in an envelope with no return address. Attached to the sheet was a note that read simply, "Guess whose?" (The postmark betrayed him.) A lengthwise-folded sheet of paper from Joyce Carol Oates. She explained that she likes to write on narrow pages so that she can view all of the text at once and complete pages twice as quickly. At the end of the three-page letter in which she carefully described her process of composition she wrote, "Truly, I believe... what we write is what we are."

I received an empty page from Don DeLillo. The paper itself was relatively ordinary: a uniform field of yellow, 8½"x11". The accompanying note was typed onto a thin white sheet of typing paper (or was it tracing paper?), fold-



Miller, Singer, DeLillo, Updike, Franzen, Wallace and the author at home.

ed three times and fit into a 9"x12" envelope:

Dear Jonathan,

A hundred years ago I used yellow paper every day in my job writing advertising copy, and when I quit the job to become a grown-up first and then a writer, I took (I guess) a fairly large quantity of this copy paper with me. The first draft of my first novel was typed on this paper, and through the years I have used it again, sparingly and then more sparingly, and now there are only five sheets left.

Back in those days I was the Kid, and the friends I made on the job are either older than I am or dead (two days ago I wrote and delivered a eulogy for one of them), and so this yellow paper carries a certain weight of friendship and memory. That's why I thought I'd entrust a sheet to your collection.

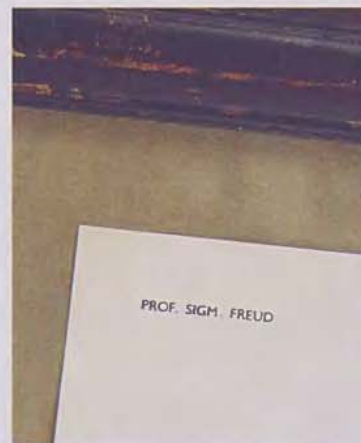
Best,  
Don DeLillo

### Empty Freud

My most recent addition to the Empty Page Project came this past fall when I was paying a visit to the Freud Museum in London. (For those who haven't been there, it's the house in which Freud spent the last year of his life after having fled Nazi-occupied Austria. The books are left as he left them. His figurines haven't been moved. The famous couch draped in Persian carpets seems to hold the indentation of his final patient.) It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and with the help of a friend I was able to arrange for a private tour. The director led a memorable walk through the house, filling my head as we went with touching, funny anecdotes. At the end as we were about to part ways, I explained my collection to her. "I'm sure you can't help," I said, "but I'd hate myself if I left without asking."

She gave it a thought, which in itself was more than I ever would have anticipated, and then smiled wryly. I don't remember us speaking any more words to each other. She led me back to Freud's office, a room filled well beyond its capacity with busts, vases, books, ashtrays, rugs, prints, ancient artifacts, magnifying glasses, pieces of glass...things—the things one can't help but think of as expressing the man who collected them. One at a time and slowly, she moved aside the velvet ropes that marked off the protected area.

(You know your heart is beating heavily when you become aware of the spaces between the beats.) She led me to Freud's desk, which hadn't been moved since his death, and opened the center drawer. It was filled with such beautiful... things: a velvet pouch, which held a lock of his wife's hair; appointment cards for his patients; the pieces of a broken statuette; and a



Freudian slip: from Herr Doktor's office in London.



This one came with advice.

stack of his blank paper. Across the top of each page read:

*Prof. Sigm. Freud  
20 Maresfield Gardens  
London, N.W.3.  
Tel: Hampstead 2002*

Carefully she slid off the top sheet and handed it to me.

### Ideal Emptiness

What would be the ideal sheet of empty paper? I know which ones I'd like. Kafka's would be wonderful. As would one of Beckett's. I'd love

an empty page of Bruno Schulz's. That would mean the world to me. Nietzsche. Rilke. Why not Shakespeare while we're at it? Or Newton? More realistically a sheet from W.G. Sebald would be great. (Would it have been as great, though, if he hadn't died, too young, in a car crash? And if not, what does that say about the collection?)

The ideal sheet would not necessarily be that of the greatest writer but that which held the most potential.

Through a lot of difficult research I was able to find out that Anne Frank's diary was not completely filled. (The family was betrayed and arrested; her writing ended abruptly.) There are empty pages, waiting there for the touch of a pen that will never come.

I read the diary as a child and have reread it several times since. But it wasn't until last year that I first visited the Anne Frank House. I was in Amsterdam to give a lecture for the release of my novel's Dutch translation. In one afternoon I saw the foreign edition of my book and the Anne Frank diary itself. Each experience moved me strongly, in what I now realize were opposite ways.

In the case of my book, I had become so accustomed to its familiar physical presence that to witness it as an idea—which it necessarily was for me, as I couldn't understand the Dutch—was jarring. I saw the ripples that emanated from the words I threw in the lake. The book—the ink that I had applied to the paper—had taken on a life in the world. It had grown in directions not under my control, or even in my view. It was becoming an abstraction.

And in the case of the diary, I was so accustomed to thinking of it as an idea, a sadness that resonated across languages and generations, that to see the physical referent, the actual book, was not only moving but shocking. I couldn't believe that the thing we had been thinking and talking about all of that time was actually a thing.

### Naked Pages

I'm writing this essay for a magazine that, for all of its other attributes, is distinguished by its unclothed women. What about an unclothed page? Is that the page's "natural" state? And is there something equally taboo about it? Equally erotic? Does it make it more exciting to know that the advertising space in this issue runs somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100,000 a page? And if so, why?

If I insert one blank page, when the magazine is printed it will become more than 3 million blank pages. Stacked, these blank pages would form an empty column the height of the Empire State Building. Laid end-to-end they could cover a path from Boston to Washington, D.C. And more than that, as *PLAYBOY* has a readership (as opposed to a circulation) of close to 10 million, the mental space that these empty pages

would occupy is breathtaking. One blank page, created with the ease of a single hard return, will contain the potential of each of the 10 million people who look at it. What might they draw on it? What might they write? What thoughts might it inspire in them? What image would they see in its depths? What image do you see?

Please cut the empty page from this article and mail it to: The Naked Page Project, % *PLAYBOY*, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.

### The Last Emptiness

My little brother is going to be a senior in college this year. He's already started to worry about what to do with his life. (My telling him that he can be anything he wants doesn't help him at all. It hurts him.) He has some interest in documentary filmmaking, although he's done nothing to prepare himself for such a path; architecture seems interesting, but he's afraid of designing suburban kitchens for the rest of his life; writing would be a consideration, except that both of his older brothers do it.

When he was a baby, I would carry him up and down the stairs even though my parents told me not to hold him unless they were watching. I knew even as a seven-year-old that I was putting him in danger. But I had to put him in danger so I could protect him from danger.

He's envious of me, and I'm envious of him. He wants direction in his life. He wants to have words to apply to his interests, recognizable ways to describe himself. (It isn't acceptable simply being someone who experiences the world deeply.) He wants an unchanging mailing address. He wants to accomplish things, to put empty paper behind him—whatever form that empty paper should take. I remember what it was like to be so uncertain, so scared. And I remember the joy of not knowing, of everything seeming possible and possibly wonderful. Or horrible. Or mediocre.

Every day I better know what to expect, and so the days grow shorter and fit tighter, and if it isn't like dying, it's like disappointment. But I can remember, as if it were yesterday, turning on my laptop, knowing that I was about to start my first novel—the moment before life wrote on me.

In his story "Gimpel the Fool," Singer writes of a "once-removed" world, a better world in which the foolish are re-

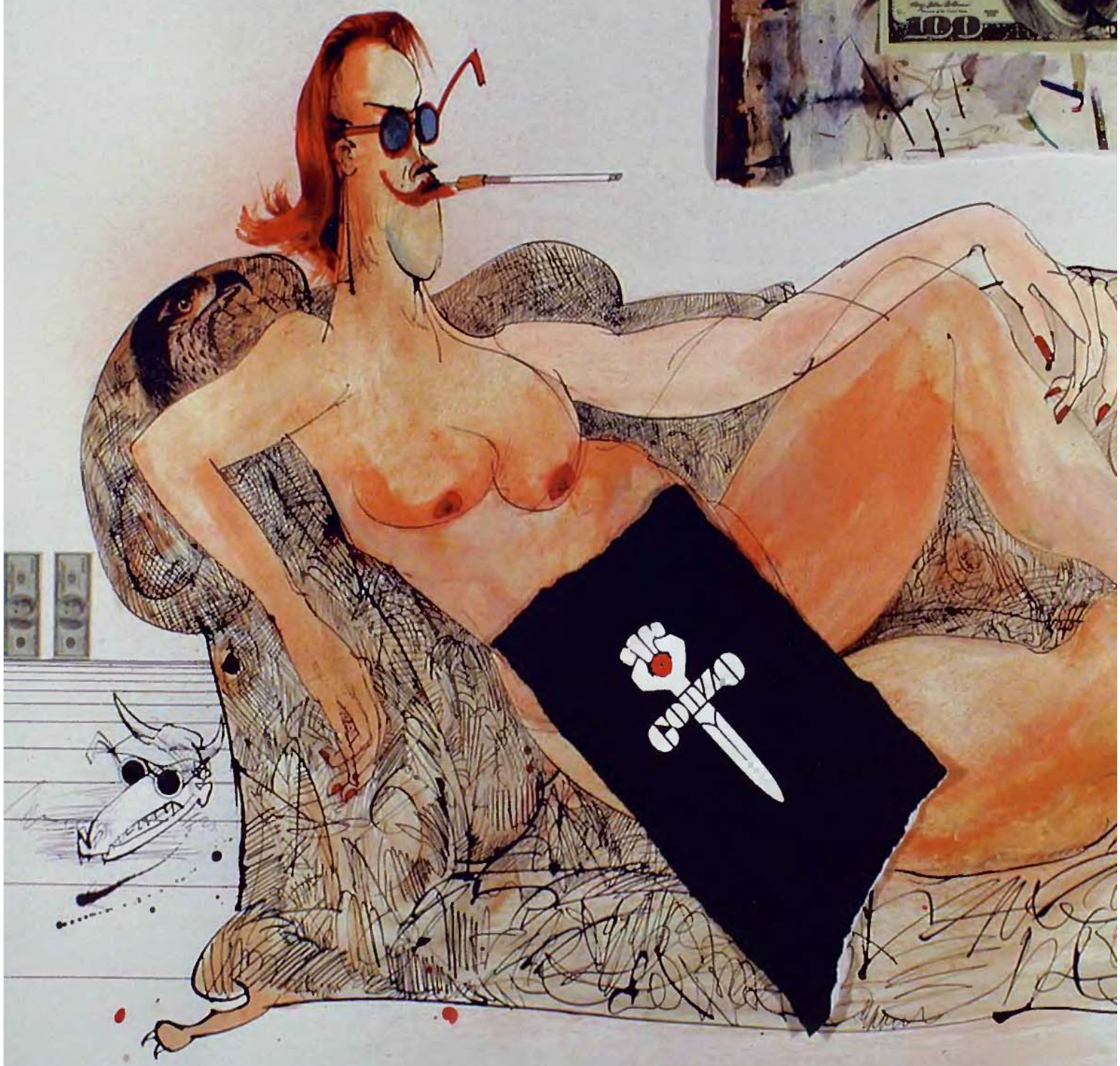


Paperless Brooklyn: the author filling in the blanks at a favorite cafe.

deemed and everyone gets what he deserves. In that world we never say all of the things we wish we hadn't said. And we say all of the things we wish we had. It's easy and impossible to imagine. We are graceful, in that world, and patient, the full expressions of what we know ourselves to be. It's nice to think about.



by Hunter S. Thompson





# FEAR & JUSTICE in the Kingdom of Sex

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## MEMORANDUM

FR: DR. HUNTER S. THOMPSON  
TO: HUGH M. HEFNER  
RE: ANNIVERSARY  
JANUARY 2004

Dear Hef,

Well, well, well. Fifty years on the road, eh? Hot damn! Fifty years in the fast lane is a truly incredible trick to pull off in these weird fascist times. I salute you.

The mere existence of PLAYBOY in 1953 was a Message, and the message said, Yes, it *can* be done. We *can* publish pictures of naked women (and even the Girl Next Door), and we *can* write strange and even perverse stories about real sex adventures with real naked girls.... Jesus, it was a monumental breakthrough to Freedom. PLAYBOY was a signal that we *were* on the right track, we *were* smart, and we *would* prevail. Yes. We could publish any goddamn thing we wanted to, and we would beat those vicious, half-bright bastards who wanted to and *still* want to stomp out our Art and our energy and our precious bodily fluids.

Right. They hated us from the start, and they hate us now.

Growing up in the 1950s was a hard dollar, and it was especially hard for people like you and me. But so what? I was committed to my Art. And I felt equally committed to my exploration of beautiful naked women, and I pursued that with equal vigor.

Like you, I wanted not only to mingle frequently with beautiful naked women. I wanted to get *paid* for it, too, and that was a *very* hard dollar. Which it still is, frankly—just not quite so hard as it used to be. And credit for that goes to you. You were a *pioneer* for all of us, a genuine American hero.

There was a time back there in the primitive 1950s when the Harlem Globetrotters were the hottest ticket in basketball. They were heroes too, for many



people. Not even the perennial college-champion University of Kentucky Wildcats could sell out a house faster than the Harlem Globetrotters.

The Globetrotters were an all-black team of hired clowns who could play what looked like world-beating basketball. They were in a league all their own, so absolutely unbeatable that they had no real competition. It would have been sad, if it weren't so ridiculous.

There was no doubt in my mind that they could easily beat Kentucky, then the number one team in college basketball. But it would never happen, of course, because black people didn't even go to U of K in those days, much less play on the basketball team. The Wildcats wouldn't even think about playing on the same floor with black people, so the question was never answered.

I was brooding on this last night, as I frequently do when I get baffled and frustrated by unanswerable and freakish political questions like Why is the U.S. Supreme Court like it is? or Did George Washington really throw a genuine U.S. silver dollar across the Rappahannock when he was 13 years old?

I tried that once, with one of those replica silver dollars that you can buy for \$35 or \$40 from the U.S. Mint in Philadelphia, and it went about 50 feet before it sank out of sight. The river is more than half a mile wide at that point, so I knew immediately that the silver-dollar story was bullsh\*t. That is the way I like to test these absurd political legends, just so they won't hang around and haunt me for the rest of my life, like that goddamn silver-dollar story did until I finally tried it and made a fool of myself.

The Globetrotters were so unbeatable, in fact, that they finally had to hire an all-white, all-Jewish team of professional stooges called the House of David to go on tour with them and get whipped on and humiliated every night. It was

like taking their own cannon fodder with them from city to city.

Just why the House of David popped into my mind at a time when I was deeply engaged in a semiprofessional political debate was not at all clear to me at first, until I saw the dismal similarity between the House of David and the Democratic Party in America today.

The House of David and the Democratic Party are one and the same. Their job, every game and every election, is to Lose. They were both born to Lose, and that is what they do for a living. The Democratic Party no more expects to

stripped this country of its assets, its pride, its success and its security.

The National Treasury is empty, the Stock Market will *never* recover, our troops in Iraq will never come home. You will *not* find a job, never again.... Your children will drink dirty water for the rest of their lives. You will *lose* your home and all your personal savings.... You will never be able to retire or even stop working, and you will be a serf, a terminally indentured servant to one of the vast anonymous and eternally warlike global Corporations that will rule the world for their own reasons and their own profit.

But not you and me, Hef. We have prevailed. We will never get caught up and chewed horribly in the hideous debris and evil craziness that will inevitably come along with the panic and collapse of a once powerful empire. Look at Germany, look at Rome, look at the dismal British government. Look at their once heroic prime minister, a conquered little whore who means *nothing* to History.

There is no way that we can talk about the fabulous PLAYBOY era without remembering what was vicious and wrong and ugly in those years. Remember Joe McCarthy, that maniac sot of a senator from Wisconsin who raved and bullied and literally destroyed the lives of so many thousands of good and innocent people who were no more card-carrying Communists than I am? Yes, sir, that stupid alcoholic bastard literally seized control of our Criminal

Justice System and filled our brains with Fear for half the decade. Even President Eisenhower was afraid of him, afraid of merely being *accused* of being involved in some evil Communist Conspiracy to destroy the whole U.S. government and even our "American way of life."

Does that sound vaguely familiar? Sort of like our current "War on Terrorism" or our hopelessly stupid and incompetent "National Security Emergency"? Yeah, without a doubt it does, and that worries me.



take over the White House in 2004 than a chicken expects to get rich by walking on water.

The USA is coming to pieces very rapidly. This once proud nation of hoodlums and whores and the American Way has finally run amok and is effectively Out of Control, and it will *not* recover. The infrastructure is too far gone. The looting, cheating, stealing and failure have

Another thing that worries me, Hef, is that ours will almost certainly be the first generation in the history of our country to turn America over to our sons and daughters in a far worse condition than when it was turned over to us. Horrible, eh? But it is true, and I spend a lot of time brooding on it, and sometimes even feeling ashamed.

How about you? Are you feeling responsible for our stark naked failure of a nation? I have already figured out my own answer to that question, and it is: No, we are not. Remember that the American Century ended on New Year's Eve of 1999, when most of the Population was half-mad with fear and widespread panic over the vaguest of rumors about a gigantic Power Failure that would black out at least 80 percent of the country at the exact moment of midnight, leaving us all completely blind and freezing with no water coming out of our pipes and no heat in the furnace.

Yes, sir, it was going to be the end of the world. Half of the people with all the guns, and the other half has all the money—but they can't get their hands on it because all the vaults are frozen shut because all the combination locks depend on electrical circuits, and they are short-circuited until further notice. Ho ho. I remember the senseless panic and fear and dread that was probably started by Enron and WorldCom and spread by the FBI and the Pentagon and the manufacturers of huge home electrical generators.

Many of my normally smart friends and neighbors were buying gasoline-powered electric power plants that were hideously expensive and profoundly dangerous to install and operate. Hell, I almost bought one myself, but I was too embarrassed to come out and admit in public that I was such a rube. In the end, however, I decided to take my chances and travel to Cuba for Xmas, where I stayed at the Hotel Nacional overlooking the sea and the Malecon and just ignored the goddamn thing—and I have never regretted it.

I had a long and honorable history with Richard Nixon. It was clearly antagonistic and occasionally savage on both sides of the ball—but it never, never got so brutal that it made me think about run-

ning for president of the USA. That was out of the question. It is a far, far better thing, I figured, just to run him out of the White House for reasons of his built-in anal-compulsive, genetically criminal personality traits. Why go to all the trouble and angst of actually running

## I AM PERSONALLY EMBARRASSED BY THE FASCIST SINK THESE SHIT-EATING GREEDHEADS FROM TEXAS HAVE PLUNGED US INTO. THOSE PIGS DESERVE TO BE BOILED IN THEIR OWN OIL.

against him, when it is a lot more functional and permanent simply to put him on trial in that most public of arenas, the court of public opinion, and let nature take its course?

That was 30 years ago, and things have changed since then. For one, it is no longer possible to formally run for president unless you have at least \$1 billion in "sinister political contributions" to grease the wheels of your "campaign." That is what it takes to get elected or—especially—reelected in this bright new century.

Think of it this way: There are a lot of people in this country who could lay their hands on a billion dollars today. Hell, Don Johnson drives around Europe with \$8 billion in the trunk, bubba. But not one of them will be inclined to vote for *you* or anyone like you, because you are not the corrupt little monster who currently lives in the White House. You are obviously not on their side, and you have nothing to offer them.

Remembering Nixon now is like remembering the Age of Aquarius—free love and tie-dyed T-shirts. Ho ho. No more of that bullshit. Things are different, things have changed. We live in a new millennium.

Yes, sir. Hot damn! It's about time we woke up and got rid of that crude, old-timey Corruption that has ruined our lives and caused our children's brains to rot.

This is the worst political nightmare to erupt in

this country that I have ever seen. If every Deadhead had voted for president in 2000, we would have a different country today. Maybe better, maybe worse, but definitely not the inconceivable disaster we have now. No money, no highways, no railroads, no

airlines, no schools, no bridges and no hope for anything better. That is the No-Fun Club.

Go down with the ship, sucker. You are now a dues-paying member of the No-Fun Club, and your life is getting worse every day. Hell, if I were 22 years old in this country today I'd be wearing earphones too. No news is good news.

But wait! Don't touch that dial. I have incredibly good news for You: This is your lucky day, numb-nuts, because there is a plan that will jerk You out of that horrible rut that you were plunged into by whores you can never know.



# LABOR PARTY

THOUGHT HUNTER THOMPSON WAS JUST A PIONEERING, SLIGHTLY DERANGED GONZO JOURNALIST? THINK AGAIN. SOME OF HIS ALTER EGOS:

## SPORTSWRITER

**EXPERIENCE:** Airman Second Class Thompson is sports editor of the Eglin Air Force Base newspaper in Florida and then takes a job at a Puerto Rican bowling weekly, *El Sportivo*, in 1960.

**HIGH POINT:** PLAYBOY assigns Thompson to profile an Olympic skier in 1969, and he returns with *The Temptations of Jean-Claude Killy*, the first-ever piece of gonzo journalism. (We don't print it.) Two years later *Sports Illustrated* rejects his feature on a desert motorcycle race, which becomes *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*.

**LOW POINT:** Later toils for Disney as a columnist for ESPN.com.



## CANDIDATE

**EXPERIENCE:** In 1970 Thompson runs for sheriff of Pitkin County, Colorado on the Freak Power ticket. His platform includes changing the name of Aspen—Pitkin's biggest town—to Fat City.

**HIGH POINT:** Thompson shaves his head and takes to calling the buzz-cut Republican he is running against his "long-haired opponent."

**LOW POINT:** He loses, 1,500 votes to 1,065.



## POLITICAL CONSULTANT

**DUKE★2000** **EXPERIENCE:** In the wake of his classic *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72*, the doctor organizes a political summit in Elko, Nevada in 1974 to attempt to create a liberal strategy to take advantage of Richard Nixon's fall.

**HIGH POINT:** When Jimmy Carter is planning his presidential bid in 1975, the born-again peanut farmer invites HST to stay at his home in Plains, Georgia.

**LOW POINT:** Rumors that Governor Carter offered to scuttle his candidacy in order to support an HST-for-president campaign prove bogus.



## PORN THEATER MANAGER

**EXPERIENCE:** In 1984 HST moves to San Francisco's Chinatown and becomes friends with the notorious Mitchell brothers, producers of the 1972 porn sensation *Behind the Green Door*. Doc lands a graveyard-shift position at their adults-only O'Farrell Theater.

**HIGH POINT:** Hunter is so impressed with the O'Farrell that he describes it as "the Carnegie Hall of public sex in America."

**LOW POINT:** Sticky seats.



## TV COP SHOW WRITER



**EXPERIENCE:** With neighbor Don Johnson, Doc co-creates the concept for a TV movie about an aging San Francisco cop. It becomes the weekly show *Nash Bridges*.

**HIGH POINT:** HST writes an episode called "Pump Action" about lawbreaking bodybuilders on powerful illegal steroids.

**LOW POINT:** Have you seen an episode of *Nash Bridges*?

The only way out of the No-Fun Club is to have some serious fun. Go wild on a binge of some kind. Kick out the jams like a crazy animal. Get those shit-eating cobwebs out of your brain. Kick the shit out of people who are getting in your way. Whoop it up.

From my own experience, I'd have to say that the most fun I ever had with my clothes on was kicking Nixon out of the White House. The point is that running a criminal swine like George W. Bush out of Washington would be an adult dose of Fun.

I am a famously Patriotic American writer, and I am personally embarrassed by the fascist behavioral sink that these shit-eating greedheads from Texas have deliberately plunged us into. Those pigs deserve to be boiled in their own oil.

Whoops! What am I saying? Sorry. That outburst came out of nowhere. It just sort of popped out of me. Let's get back to Richard Nixon and all the evil eggs he laid in the White House: Rumsfeld...Cheney...Kissinger...Schlesinger...Admiral Poindexter. They were all in Nixon's inner circle. And then Reagan's. And then Old Man Bush's. And ye gods!... Now they are the closest advisors to Bush Junior. How long, O Lord, how long?

The second half of the American Century was almost entirely about the USA at War—continuous War. We were at war with the Chinese in what is now North Korea, and now, 50 years later, this nation is at War with many countries/nations/empires/religions/cults/gangs all over the world except a handful of poodles in England who will soon be gone. That much is certain. Tony Blair's flagrant obedience to the White House and the Pentagon is an embarrassment to the human race. His party is now a cluster of buttboys and warmongers who long ago sold England out to its onetime colony.

Ah, but so what? I am wandering back into politics, which we want to stay away from for as long as possible, and that is not very long in this country. We are a warlike nation that is obsessed with naked female breasts, and for that we thank you.

I feel like a charter member of the far-flung playboy mafia that has literally grown up with the magazine, part of the

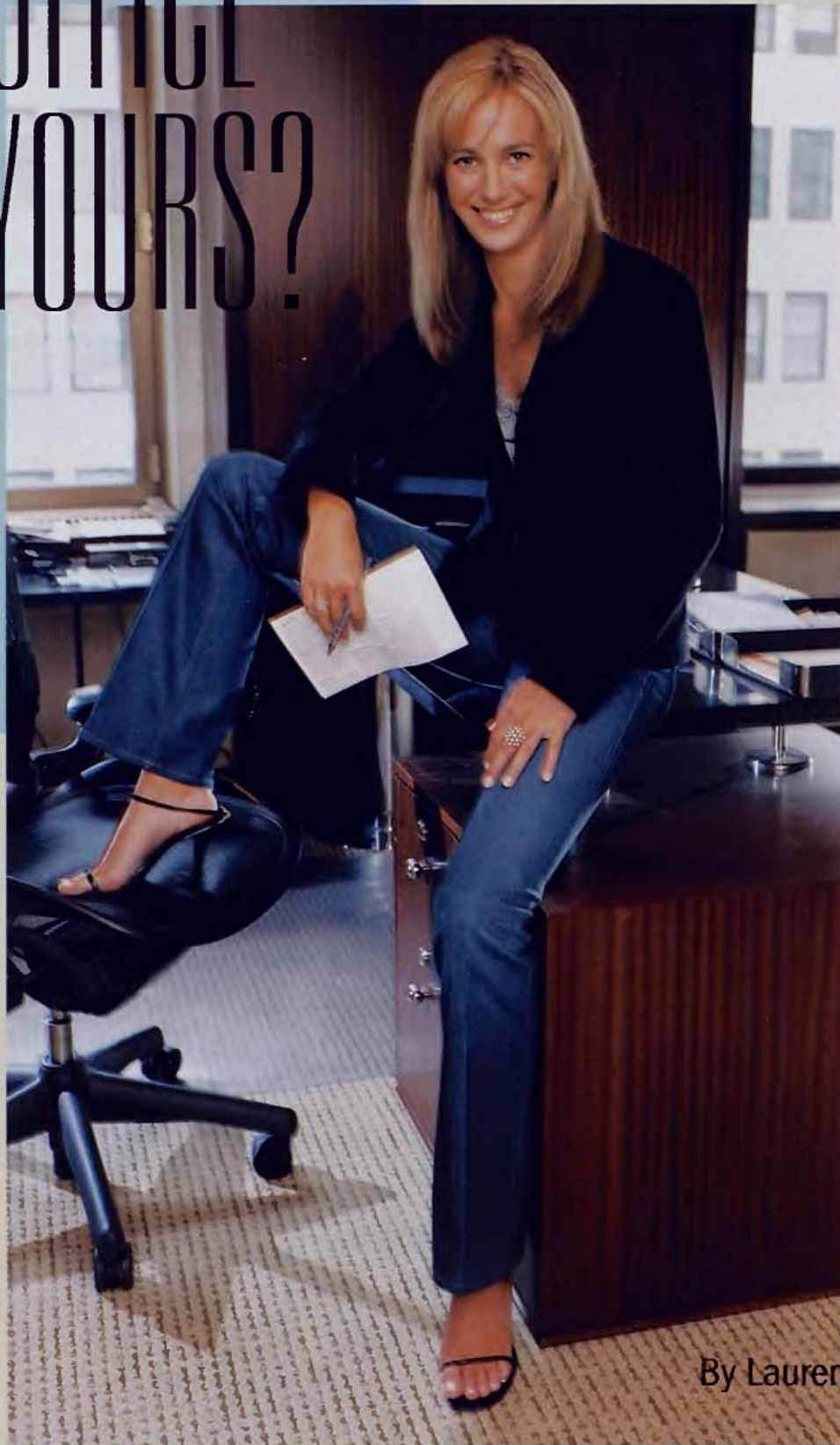
(concluded on page 291)





*"Actually, I think it's a cluster of SCUD missiles heading our way!"*

# MY OFFICE OR YOURS?



By Lauren Weisberger

**There's enough repressed sexual energy at work these days to light up a city. Tap into it and you're fried**

"Is Bill there, please?" asks a kindly voice on the phone.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I reply, making a supreme effort to fake the same kindness. "He's out of the office until Thursday. May I take a message?"

"Is this his secretary?" the voice inquires.

"No," I say tightly, tersely, tensely, so indignant you'd think he'd just called me a hooker. Or a fat hooker. Or a fat hooker with bad shoes. "This is his *assistant*. Who may I ask is calling? And may I have your number, please?"

"Ah, wonderful, dear, wonderful. This is Eric Vahter." He barks out a number. "Bill's lucky to have a secretary as detail-oriented as yourself. Thanks for everything." The bastard hangs up the phone before I can slam it down myself.

I've heard that at some point in the distant past it was acceptable to call the person who answers the phones and keeps the schedule and files the folders a "secretary." And that men and women—even in boss-subordinate situations—dated one another in the open without jeopardizing their jobs. I know all this because a former colleague, an elegant editor in his 60s, loved to tell me "how it used to be." He also swore that at one time women never talked openly at work about their Brazilian bikini waxes and that although some men were suspected of being "fruits," they went through the motions of pretending to be straight. How quaint. It sounds adorable. So *Little House on the Prairie*. His stories had that sort of we-walked-to-school-in-six-feet-of-snow-uphill-both-ways quality—minor, sexually charged refrains that seemed possible but not quite plausible. I couldn't get enough.

Let's face facts. Office romance is hurting big-time. Surely it's possible to live in a world without secretaries and gender inequality while also allowing for serious flirtation. Or is it? After a few years of waking up early and going home late, I was beginning to think something had gone seriously screwy on the way to the mandatory sexual-harassment seminar. So I decided to ask around. First stop, my old colleague's desk.

"So did anyone you know get fired for dating a co-worker? Any scandal, *E! True Hollywood Story*-style?" I asked.

He sighed. "There was no official company policy on dating. Just like there wasn't anything on sexual harassment or breast-feeding at your desk. There just weren't that many women, you know? Executives slept with their secretaries, and sometimes you grabbed someone's ass in the hallway and she'd just roll her eyes when you told her she had great knockers, but everything was rather discreet and all in good fun. Why? You dating someone here I should know about?"

"Of course not," I answered automatically. And I wasn't. Not by choice, of course. I just happened to be on staff at a magazine where the only men were quick to tell you whether they were "tops" or "bottoms." To use my friend's immortal word, I was surrounded by fruits.

I admit the workplace is not the ideal venue for meeting someone, but there simply aren't that many alternatives. How can people expect to meet one another these days? Is a woman prepared to be friendly to a perfect stranger in a bar? (Only in your fantasies.) Willing to take a stab at online dating? (Only in my nightmares.) How about taking your friend's word that he knows this superhot, amazing girl who's available? (Best of luck.) Now's the time to stop wondering why your friend with the fantastic taste in women has been dating a shrew for the past two years. Although it's sad and not a bit pathetic, such is life, and we all learn to suck it up and scour the break room for potential partners.

For some of us, of course, it's not so easy. When the mail guy dropped Brad Pitt on my desk, naked from the waist up and looking very buff (okay, it was the new issue of *Van-*

*ity Fair*), I squealed like the girl I am and hugged the magazine to my chest. Frantically I tore through the cubicles, looking for someone, anyone, who might share with me the glory that is cover-perfect Brad, but everyone was at lunch. Not until I'd begun the defeated walk back to my desk did I remember who would most appreciate it.

"Check. This. Out!" I screamed, waving the issue like a winning lottery ticket. Jake was taller than I and much too quick, and he snatched it from my hands without even touching me.

"Ohmigod. Ohmigod." He was swaying back and forth, eyes a bit glazed and twitching like an autistic savant. "I have never seen abs like this in my life. *Ohmigod*." Deep breath and then another. "He's delicious," Jake finally decreed. Then he flopped back into his chair, spent from excitement. I then finally accepted that I would never meet a guy at work for anything more than shopping or decorating tips.

My friend Rachel recently switched from magazines to banking. I was jealous, and not just because she'd soon be able to purchase movie tickets without doing a sit-down budgetary analysis: She was working with straight men.

"Overrated," she sighed. "All they do is undress you with



their eyes. I can actually *feel* them looking at my ass."

It didn't sound so horrific to me. I'd rather have a man staring lustfully at my body than looking disgustedly at my new shoes and commenting on my comprehensive lack of style. Admittedly, Rachel didn't have it so easy either. She did manage to meet a guy at work, someone from her firm's Atlanta office. He was in New York City for a companywide meeting, and Rachel and he weren't exactly reciting HR chapter and verse when they fell into bed together after sneaking away from an official happy hour. After returning to Atlanta, he sent her peonies and begged her to visit, while she floated around the office in a love fog and obsessively checked for flights. It was over within two months. Both had become almost cripplingly paranoid with the fear of being discovered. She couldn't Google his entire family or scribble out her first name with his last: The office gossips might see. He hated not being able to call her at work or e-mail her with the fascinating minutiae of his workday—the tech department knew everything. The forbidden loses its appeal rather quickly when everything fun is, well, forbidden.

Sometimes office romances work out—if you define romance as a brief, heated encounter that both parties regret tremendously within seconds of its finale. In fact, I know of quite a few success stories. Take my friend in advertising who swooned for months over her co-worker, dubbed Unproductive Crush for obvious reasons. As her girlfriends, we were privy to his every move, e-mailed to us hourly with painstaking detail: the day he drank tea (not coffee), the way he let her step off the elevator before him, the time he walked past her desk on the way to the bathroom *even though it was out of his way*. Then, just like that, he vanished.

"Whatever happened to UC?" I e-mailed when I realized a few days had passed without a mention.

She shot back swiftly over IM: "We did it in his office late at night last week. Nightmare."

"What? Why?"

"Kind of hard to talk memos and meetings with someone

who's seen my nipple piercing, you know?"

Well, no, actually I didn't, but I understood what she was saying. Over. Done. And for her, it resolved itself as quickly and painlessly as possible: Neither party was curious anymore, and both pretended the other wasn't alive. Not so bad compared with an older friend of mine, someone I'd gone to school with but who had graduated a few years earlier. Molly made the poor decision to actually commit to someone in her office. And not just someone—her employee.

"I was so young, so naive," she sighed when I asked her to refresh me on the details. (I didn't remind her that they'd broken up only eight months earlier.) "You cannot be in a relationship with someone whose pay raises you determine. I mean, it's not okay to reprimand your boyfriend for failing to meet a deadline—especially when you know the reason he's late is because you were the one keeping him up all night."

When she did finally break it off—for another co-worker—her entire office took sides, and most of them supported her jilted ex. Talk about awkward. Would it have been different if he had been the one in charge? Of course. Something about working for a woman still throws some men, although most are now smart enough to fake it. I once had a boyfriend who'd been interviewing for so long and for so many different positions he was ready to take anything that was offered.

"Hi, honey. How'd it go?"

"I got the job," he said listlessly.

"Congratulations! That's amazing." I threw my arms around his rigid body. "Why don't you look more excited?"

"I'll be working for a woman." He spoke in the same tone he had once used to tell me a friend had been in a car accident.

"Great. That should be fun!" I enthused, catching myself just as I was about to ask if his new boss was prettier than me.

"Fun?"

"Well, why not? I would think you'd be thrilled not to work with all men."

"Yeah, but she's a chick," he non-sequitured. "How can I be ordered around by a woman all day? It's emasculating."

Feigning sweetness and sympathy was getting tiresome, so I pointed out what I thought was obvious. "Honey, you spent the first 23 years of your life being ordered around by your mother, the next three by your ex-girlfriend—tramp that she was—and the two since then taking orders from me. By my calculations, you are the perfect emasculated man for this job."

"You have a point," he conceded.

He got over it, as I knew he would, and negotiated a friendly, strictly professional (to the best of my knowledge—and if you know different, please inform me ASAP) relationship with his female boss. The exact kind of

thing you'd expect to see with a male boss and his female assistant—or so I thought until I witnessed my friend Andrew's special way of communicating.

"Lindsay, send my girl in when you're done with her," he called to a female associate who appeared to be instructing a younger version of herself. I'd insisted on picking up Andrew for lunch at his office (an agency that represents writers, actors and artists) because I adored watching his weird and wonderful world of political incorrectness. It took "his girl" a few minutes to come around, but when she appeared I could see she was worth the wait.

Knockout. Crazy-long legs, tight skirt, great hair and absolutely enormous breasts, which she instinctively perched on Andrew's desk as she took his dictation. I stared at him staring at her cleavage until he finally caved.

"Tits off the desk, doll," he said in an exasperated, why-do-I-always-have-to-be-the-bad-guy tone.

"But Andrew...", she smiled coyly, lips parting to reveal perfectly whitened teeth.

"Don't Andrew me, darling. Tits off. Now. I can't concentrate," he mumbled, waving one hand in the direction of her chest and swiping the other across his forehead.

"Oh, Andrew!" she giggled and inched back just enough so they'd graze the edge of the mahogany rather than rest on top of it.

I just stared at him when she scooted out of earshot. "You're kidding, right? I did not just witness that."

He stopped typing and looked up at me with confusion. "What? Witness what?"

"Tits off?" I asked, dumbfounded.

"Relax. I'm not sleeping with her. I don't harass her. I never would. She loves when I talk to her like that."

And somehow I knew he was right.

Maybe things were less complicated years ago. And some things haven't changed—like the phenomenally useless meetings, the painfully annoying office kiss ass and the mind-numbing bureaucracy that defines big corporations. But with more of us working longer hours than ever, would it kill them to add a five o'clock cocktail cart? To let everyone under 40 get a few drinks in and take a shot at an hour's worth of flirtation each day? Hell, while you're at it, go ahead and enclose those cubicles so people can have some privacy. Everyone knows that if the boss actually encourages something, no one will do it anyway. The only alternative these days is to bag the whole work concept altogether and embrace unemployment's most wonderful euphemism: freelancing. Then you can stick to the useless, hopeless, joyless process of meeting people all by yourself. Best of luck with that.



## DIRTY WORK

*Maneuvering the minefield of sexual harassment laws in today's office is no easy job. Need a refresher course? Check off the most appropriate response to the following scenarios with Susan, your (incredibly attractive) fictitious assistant.*

### 1. You start off the day by saying:

- (a) "Good morning."
- (b) "Good morning, hot stuff."
- (c) "Hello, Susan. Hello, Susan's breasts."
- (d) "I haven't been laid in years. Years!"

### 2. To boost her morale, you say:

- (a) "You're doing a great job, Susan."
- (b) "You look nice today, Susan."
- (c) "Man, I wish my wife had an ass like yours."
- (d) "Cheer up, will ya? I'm losing my erection."

### 3. It is perfectly acceptable for you as her supervisor to:

- (a) request that she not take lengthy lunch breaks.
- (b) request that she lose those panty lines, pronto.
- (c) install a closed-circuit TV camera system in the ladies' bathroom stalls.
- (d) demand that she do Kegel exercises at her desk while you and your office buddies watch.

### 4. It's fine for you to send e-mail with the subject line:

- (a) "Please call the branch manager."
- (b) "Had a couple of thoughts about your hooters."
- (c) "See attached photo of Mr. Slippery."
- (d) "Re: pubic hair policy."

### 5. You've just given her a raise. Seal the deal by:

- (a) taking her to lunch and telling her she earned it.
- (b) taking her to an empty parking lot and telling her to earn it.
- (c) muttering the word *anal* every time you pass her in the hallway.
- (d) asking her to teach you how to do Kegel exercises.

### 6. She screwed up. You say:

- (a) "Please try to make your reports more detail-oriented."
- (b) "This report makes no sense. Bend over and prepare to be spanked."
- (c) "Your reports would be way better if you dressed sluttier."
- (d) "Ouch! Watch the teeth, Bucky."

Answer key: If you're even reading this sentence, call your lawyer. Immediately.



*"Your husband should be home shortly, Mrs. Simpson.  
He's pulling out now."*

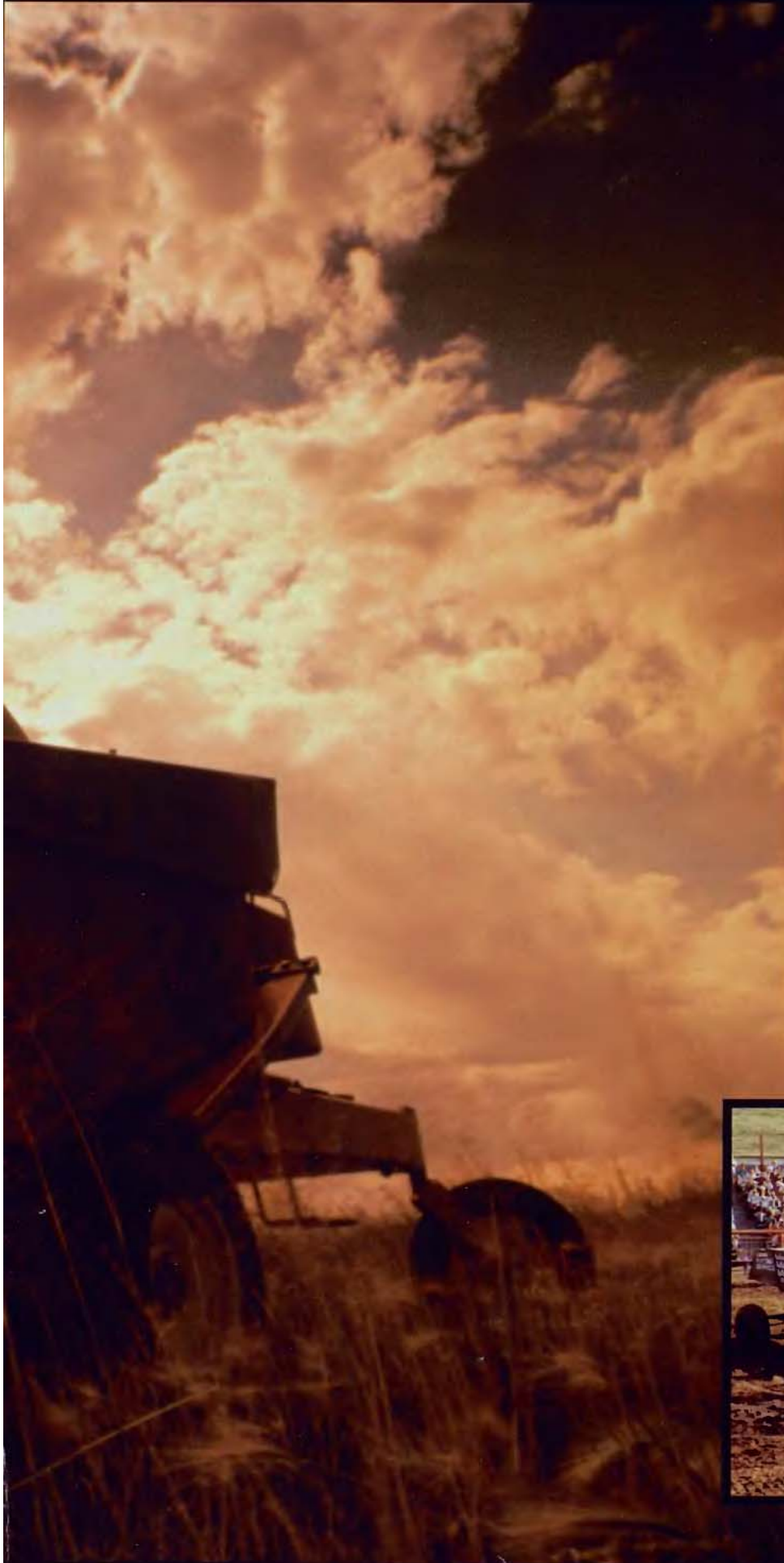
# DEMOLITION

NINETY TONS OF STEEL, 18 GIANT MACHINES,  
COUNTLESS COLLISIONS, ONE WINNER.  
THE FAMILY FARM DIES WITH A BANG AT THE  
COMBINE DERBY. WILL ANYONE SURVIVE?

*by Chuck Palahniuk*

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**T**hey come over the hills, sacrifices on their way here to die.

Today is Friday, the 13th of June. Tonight the moon is full.

They come here covered in decorations. Painted pink and wearing huge pig snouts, their floppy pink pig ears towering against the blue sky. They come, done up with huge yellow bows made of painted plywood. They come, painted bright blue and costumed to look like giant sharks with dorsal fins. Or painted green and crowded with little space aliens, standing around slant-eyed under a spinning silver radar dish and flashing colored strobe lights.

They come painted black with ambulance light bars. Or painted with brown desert camouflage and hand-drawn cartoons of missiles roaring toward Arabs riding camels. They come trailing clouds of special effects smoke. Shooting cannons made from pipe and blasting black-powder charges.

They come with names like Beaver Patrol and the Viking and Mean Gang-Green, from dryland wheat towns such as Mesa and Cheney and Sprague. Eighteen sacrifices total, they come here to die. To die and be reborn. To be destroyed and be saved and come back next year.

Tonight is about breaking things and then fixing them. About having the power of life and death.

They come for what's called the Lind Combine Demolition Derby.

The where is Lind, Washington. The town of Lind consists of 462 people in the dry hills of the eastern reaches of Washington state. The town centers around the Union Grain elevators, which run parallel to the Burlington Northern railroad tracks. The numbered streets—First, Second and Third—also run parallel to the tracks. The streets that intersect with the



**Interneccinal harvesters: Beaver Patrol and Mean Gang-Green prepare to knock headers.**



Top, from left: The population of Lind explodes nearly eightfold on demolition day; the crew of American Spirit dresses up its combine prior to the carnage. Bottom, from left: The Tank goes airborne after a hit from Jaws; the Turtle and Mean Gang-Green put the pinch on Beaver Patrol.

tracks begin with N Street as you enter town from the west end. Then comes E Street. Then I Street. All in all the streets spell out N-E-I-L-S-O-N, the family name of the brothers James and Dugal, who plotted the town in 1888.

The main intersection at Second and I is lined with two-story commercial buildings. The biggest building downtown is the faded pink art deco Phillips Building, home of the Empire movie theater, closed for decades. The nicest one is the Whitman Bank Building, brick with the bank's name painted in gold on the windows. Next door is the Hometown Hair salon.

The landscape for a hundred miles in any direction is sagebrush and tumbleweed, except where the rolling hills are plowed to raise wheat. There, dust devils spin. Train tracks connect the tall grain elevators of farm towns such as Lind and Odessa and Kahlotus and Ritzville and Wilbur. At the north end of Lind tower the concrete ruins of the Milwaukee Road train trestle, dramatic as a Roman aqueduct.

There's no record of where the name *Lind* came from.

At the south end of town are the rodeo grounds, where bleacher seats line three sides of a dirt arena and jackrabbits graze in a gravel parking lot, around the dented and rusting hulks of retired demolition derby contestants.

The what are combines, the big, slow machines used to harvest wheat. Each combine consists of four wheels: two huge chest-high wheels in front and two smaller, knee-high wheels in back. The front wheels drive the machine, pulling it along. The rear wheels steer. In a pinch—say, when somebody rips off your rear wheels—you can steer with your front ones. Those front-drive wheels each have brakes. To turn right you just stop your right wheel and let the left keep going. To turn left you do the opposite.

The front of each combine is a wide, low scoop called a header. It looks a little like the blade on the front of a bull-

dozer, only wider, lower and made of sheet metal. It scoops up the wheat. From the header the wheat is sieved and threshed and shot out into a truck. The driver sits up, six feet off the ground, near the engine. Size- and shapewise, it looks very much like a man riding a boxy steel elephant.

Here, your header is what you use to pop another guy's tires. Or rip off his header. Or mangle his drive belts. That's why, in years past, guys filled their header scoops with concrete or welded them with layers of battleship plating or cut them down so they were harder for other combines to hook.

But that's against the rules now. Lots of rules changed after Frank Bren ran over his own father in 1999, broke his leg and left one huge front wheel parked on top of him. Since then Mike Bren has walked with a limp.

This year Frank is driving number 16, a Gleaner CH painted bright yellow and flapping with American flags and a huge yellow-ribbon bow cut out of plywood. It's christened American Spirit, the Yellow Ribbon. "The adrenaline rush when you're out there, it's just great," Frank Bren says. "It's not quite as good as sex, but it's close. You just love that sound of crushing metal."

The rest of the year Bren drives a grain truck. Dryland wheat ranching means no irrigation and not a lot of money. In the 1980s town fathers were looking for a way to raise cash for Lind's 100th birthday. According to Mark Schoesler, the driver of number 11, a 1965 Massey Super 92 combine painted green and christened the Turtle, "Bill Loomis of Loomis Truck and Tractor was the instigator. He gave guys old combines. He sold them cheap. Traded them. Just whatever kind of deal it took, he helped them. They did so incredibly well that they couldn't quit."

Now, for the 15th year, some 3,000 people will show up and pay 10 bucks apiece to watch Schoesler ram his com-





bine into 17 others, again and again for four hours, until only one still runs.

The rules: Your header must be at least 16 inches above the ground. You can carry only five gallons of gas, and your gas tank must be sheltered in the bulk tank used for wheat at the center of each combine. You can use up to 10 pieces of angle iron to reinforce your rig. You must remove any glass from the cab. You can't fill your tires with calcium or cement for better traction. You must be at least 18 years old and wear a helmet and a seat belt. Your combine must be at least 25 years old. You must pay a \$50 entry fee.

The judges give each driver a red flag to fly while he's still in the derby. "You just pull your flag and you're done," says 18-year-old Jared Davis, driver of number 15, a McCormick 151. "If your combine breaks down and it's not running anymore and you just can't move, they give you a certain amount of time and you just pull your flag and you're done." On the back end of Davis's number 15 is a hand-drawn cartoon of a mouse flipping the bird. Number 15 is christened Mickie Mouse.

Davis says, "These are just normal people out there for the fun of it. Just everyday working people. You get frustrations out, and you get to crash shit."

Despite all the rules, you can still drink. Tipping back a can of Coors, Davis says, "If you can walk, you can drive."

In the grassy pit crew area behind the rodeo arena, Mike Hardung is here for his third year, driving Mean Gang-Green, a 1973 John Deere 7700. "My wife worries about me doing this, but I do a lot of crazy things," Hardung says. "Like race lawn mowers—riding lawn mowers. It's a pretty big deal. It's the North West Lawnmower Racing Association. We get up to 40 miles an hour on riding lawn mowers."

About combine demolition, sitting up that high and crashing a mountain of steel, Hardung says, "It's chaotic. You don't know where you're at. You've really got to watch the weak spots, like the rear end of the combine and the tires. Then just go for the gusto and nail 'em. I'm a hitter."

Pointing out the pulleys and belts that link the engine and the front axle, Hardung says, "You have to protect your drive system so somebody can't get in there. If I tear off a belt I'm done."

Some combines have hydrostatic drives, no gearshifts, he says. The harder you push the lever, the faster the rig goes. Other combines have manual transmissions. Those drivers swear by a clutch and gearshift. Some swear by not drinking before the event. Everyone has a different strategy.

"I go out there," Hardung says. "I scope it out. Attack the bad guys. Leave the littler guys alone—unless they attack me first."

He says, "You see tires pop out there. We hit so hard we tear the headers off the front of combines or the rear ends off. A couple years ago we tipped one over on its side."

To repair the damage between heats, Hardung and his pit crew for Mean Gang-Green have brought along extra parts and supplies. Combine rear ends. Axles. Tires. Wheels. Welders. Cranes. Grinders. And beer.

"If farming gets any worse," Hardung says, "I'm going to bring my new combines over."

When asked whom he's most worried about, Hardung points to a huge combine, painted blue with a dorsal fin rising out of the top. It has large white teeth and a stuffed dummy that's half eaten and hanging out of the mouth of the header. Painted on the front in big black letters is JOSH.

"I'll be watching out for Jaws," Hardung says. "He's big because he's a hillside combine, and he's got this extra iron inside. And cast wheels. He's tough."

Josh Knodel is a rookie driver, 18 years old. Since he was 14, he and his friend Matt Miller have been bringing and

## SMASH HITS

When ABC's *Wide World of Sports* aired its first demolition derby in 1963, it became a cult craze. And like other American classics, it has spawned some bizarre variations

### SCHOOL BUS CRASHING

**RULES:** Buses rattle around a figure-eight course at well over 60 mph, smashing grilles and rolling frequently. The driver who completes the most laps in a set time wins. It's like

the last day of school, the way you always dressed of it! **BIG EVENT:** Crash-O-Risms at the Orlando Speed World features up to 25 real bus drivers in souped-up beauties, battling for a meager purse. "Parents come up to me after a race," says perennial competitor Benjamin Crsft, "and tell me, 'I totally trust you with my son or daughter now.'"



### MOTORCYCLE SMASHING

**RULES:** This "dirt bath of crashing metal" sees one motorcycle demolition contestant once put it, pits riders against each other in a bull or rodeo ring. The goal: Knock the

other guy off his bike before he does the same to you. Last man on his bike wins. At some events, competitors carry Wiffle bats; brswls are frequent. According to one sports-writer's account of a recent Virginia event, it's "ridiculous, amazingly dumb, makes pro rasslin' look highbrow."

**BIG EVENT:** Motorcycle derbies are small, regional and violent. ("Just sign the waiver right here, mister.")



### FOOTBALL BASHING

**RULES:** Stock Car Football is just like the NFL, only with three cars on each side and a six-foot, 250-pound foam rubber ball. Each team tries to push the

ball over the other team's end-zone line. "Cars get turned over all the time," says W. Jay Milligen Sr., who heads JM Productions, the company that invented the sport in 1994. "It's all about brute-force driving skills."

**BIG EVENT:** Milligns puts on 68 tournaments a year across the Northeast, with 10 teams of locals battling at each.



### BRIT TRASHING

**RULES:** Bengel racing, the British equivalent of demolition derby, is a full-contact race around a track, the winner being the guy who tells the most lps. The catch:

"You remember the game 'kill the guy with the ball'? The leader is the guy with the ball," says Sam Dsrigo, president of the International Demolition Derby Association.

**BIG EVENT:** The Spedworth World Chsmionships is held in Wimbledon, U.K. every November on a dirt dog-racing track. Sadly, the grass courts are out-of-bounds.





Left: Within sight of a local farm, the Viking and Little Green Men struggle to survive in their new roles as mechanized agents of destruction. Right: Perhaps the grimmest reaper of them all is the heavy-duty tow truck—the remains of a defeated combine are hauled off the field of battle.

repairing Jaws, a John Deere 6602 combine, and their fathers have driven it for them. Their first and second years, they took home the top prize. Last year they stopped dead with a blown front tire and only three combines left to beat.

"There's not much you can do to protect the tire itself," Knodel says. "The main thing I need to be careful of is not to get pinned, not to get where a combine locks me in from behind so somebody can then just hammer at my tires. I've got to try to stay out and move or else I'll get held up."

He says, "First, I'm going to try to get everybody in the dirt. I'll hit them in the back tires, try to knock their wheels out. You get down in the dirt like that and you're not nearly as fast or agile. You lose a lot of control. You lose a tire altogether, and your whole rear end is just pushing in the dirt. Sometimes your rims even get ripped off and your whole ass end will be dragging in the dirt."

"I'm mainly excited," Knodel says. "I've been wanting to do this forever. Today's the day. But I've got butterflies. Last night it was tough to go to sleep." He says, "I can't remember missing a derby. It's derby time around our house. We've always come to town for the rodeo and the combine derby. This is a dream come true, definitely, being able to drive tonight. There's \$300 if you win your heat. If you get second place in your heat, \$200. Third place, you get \$100. But if you win the whole derby, it's \$1,000. There's definitely some prize money."

"There's no insurance," Knodel adds. "We don't sign anything, which is amazing. You'd think the Lions Club would have us sign something saying that if somebody gets hurt they're not liable, but I didn't sign anything. All of us out here, we're here to have fun. We realize we're at our own risk."

The grandstands are filling up. A long string of cars and trucks is pulling into the gravel parking lot. A water truck is wetting down the dirt in the rodeo arena.

At the beginning of the derby, the combines enter the arena and park in two long rows. As they wait, the crowd stands. The Lind rodeo queen for the third year running, Bethany Thompson, wearing red, white and blue sequins and holding an American flag, gallops on her horse faster and faster around the assembled combines. As Thompson gains speed, her flag snapping in the wind, the combine drivers stand with their right hands over their hearts, and the 3,000 onlookers recite the pledge of allegiance. People visiting here from the city get slapped or punched in the back and yelled at for not taking off their hats.

*"I get to go out there and beat the shit out of people for fun."*

The derby consists of four heats: The first is for drivers who have competed here before, the second is for rookies, the third is another for experienced drivers, and the fourth begins with a consolation round for all the losing combines that can still run. After the fight, the winners from the first three heats enter the arena, and everyone still moving—winners and losers—fights to the death.

After the pledge, a judge reads a tribute written by driver Casey Neilson and the crew of combine number nine, a 1972 McCormick International 503 with an ambulance light bar spinning red and blue lights on top. Neilson's good-luck charm is the Afro wig he always wears while driving. People call him Afro Man. He calls his combine Rambulance.

Over the loudspeaker you hear: "The crew of Odessa Trading Company would like to take a moment to thank the men and women of EMS and local volunteer fire departments for all their hard work and dedication. If it weren't for you, some of us would not be here."

All but six combines leave the arena, and the first heat begins.

Over the loudspeaker, a judge says, "Lord, help us have a good show and a safe show tonight."

Right off the bat, Mark Schoesler, in the Turtle, loses a rear tire. Mean Gang-Green and J&M Fabrication butt headers. The BC Machine, the Silver Bullet and Beaver Patrol throw dirt in the air, chasing one another in a circle. The engines roar, and you breathe in the exhaust. Mean Gang-Green's rear tire gets popped. J&M Fabrication's rear tire gets popped, and the driver, Justin Miller, looks to be in trouble, stuck in one place and ducking down, disappearing into the engine compartment of his combine. The Silver Bullet is stopped dead and declared out by a judge, and driver Mike Longmeier drops his red flag. Beaver Patrol has a rear wheel completely torn off, then its rear axle, but it keeps going, dragging itself through the dirt with just its front wheels. Then Red Lightnin' crushes Beaver Patrol's rear end. The engine housing pops open on Mean Gang-Green, and smoke pours out. Red Lightnin's engine catches fire. J&M Fabrication comes back to life, Miller reappearing in the driver's seat. Beaver Patrol drags along in the dirt. J&M rips the rear end off the Turtle. The beer keg falls off Mean Gang-Green. The rear axle rips off the Turtle. And Miller is stopped dead again. The judges wave the Turtle out, and Schoesler drops his red flag. J&M Fabrication is out, Beaver Patrol is out, and Mean Gang-Green is the winner.

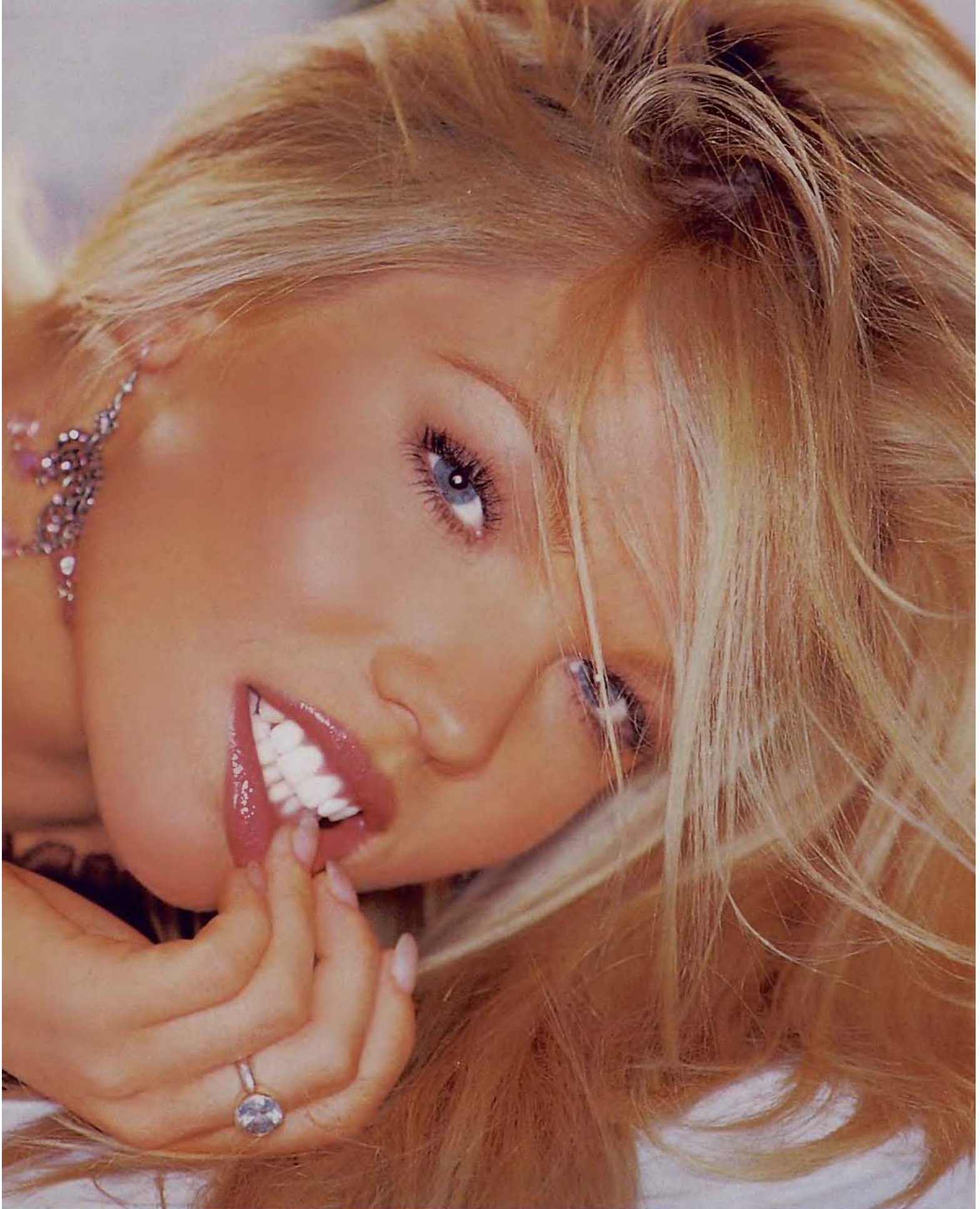
In the pit the crew swarms J&M Fabrication, hammering and grinding metal. Welding (continued on page 186)



*"Care to join in a reindeer game?"*



**PLAYBOY'S 50th ANNIVERS**



# ARY PLAYMATE

COLLEEN SHANNON TURNS  
THE BEAT-AND HEADS-AROUND



**T**he exhaustive search for our 50th Anniversary Playmate took us all over North America, as we feverishly collected test shots of nearly 10,000 hopefuls. This Miss January not only needed to shine alongside the classic beauties of PLAYBOY's past but also had to represent the ideal for the *next* half century of Centerfolds. Three lucky screeners picked the finalists, leaving 50 gorgeous ladies for Hef's perusal. When we finally tell 25-year-old Alaska native Colleen Shannon that she has won the title, she responds with gracious words: "I feel blessed, because I wanted to be a part of PLAYBOY for the longest time," she says. "I had a friend whose dad collected all the issues from the 1970s and 1980s. The girls in them were so beautiful, so classy. Now everything that I wished for has happened. It's so surreal."

Colleen moved to California 10 years ago after a childhood spent on one of Alaska's tiny Aleutian Islands. "I lived on a fishing boat while my dad built a beautiful house for us on Pelican Island, where about 300 people live," she says. "There were no cars, no fruit—we had to drink Tang and powdered milk. It was wild."

Though Miss January now resides in more cosmopolitan Los Angeles, she hasn't necessarily given up the wild life. You may recognize Colleen from music videos by Crazy Town, Blues Traveler and Smash Mouth. She also keeps the music pumping as a DJ spinning at L.A. clubs and as a guest DJ at events like MTV's spring break special in Cancún. "A few years ago my boyfriend at the time gave me a hundred records, and I

Our 50th Anniversary Playmate receives \$50,000 and a BMW R 1150 R Rockster motorcycle, which could take Colleen a long way on the open road. "I don't have many relatives in Alaska anymore, but I love to travel there," she says. "I want to go on a fishing trip near the Aleutian Islands, where I grew up."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA











borrowed my friend's turntable and started playing around," she says. "Music is the only thing that has ever given me chills through my body. I change my style every year, so I don't specialize in one type of music. I've done hip-hop, jungle, disco, reggae and techno. There are so many different ways you can blend music. If you feel it, the people on the dance floor are going to feel it."

Colleen is taking psychology classes, and in her spare time she likes to wakeboard and snowboard or comb vintage record stores to add to her formidable vinyl collection. She's got the beat, and she wants her men to pick it up, too. "If a guy doesn't like music, it kind of puts a damper on things," she says. "It's nice to sit in someone's room and play records for a guy who is going to like them. I'm looking for a man who is fun and spontaneous—someone who won't take me out on a date and make me think about where to go. I like a man with a plan, for sure."

As the 50th Anniversary Playmate, Colleen's plan is to keep dancing to her own rhythm. "Everyone is put here to do something," she says. "Your subconscious tells you the things that you love to do, but a lot of people put those things aside. I think if you stick to the things you love, nine times out of 10, circumstances are going to go your way and you will live a happy life."

Colleen pleases ears and eyes when she deejays. So do guys ever make a move while she's making graaves? "I have three minutes per song, so there really isn't a chance to talk," she says. "But I'm very friendly when I get recognized outside of work."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Colleen Shannon

BUST: 34C WAIST: 25 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 4/14/78 BIRTHPLACE: ALASKA

AMBITIONS: To challenge my creativity through art, film, music & photography.

TURN-ONS: Vinyl, positivity, supportiveness, artistic abilities, good sense of humor.

TURNOFFS: CDs, negativity, a bad kiss.

FIVE CDS I DON'T GO TO WORK WITHOUT: I make my own special mixes with music ranging from Tricky, punk rock, Led Zeppelin and Basement Jaxx to various hip-hop & reggae artists.

IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: lock myself in my room and spin records.

FAVORITE FOODS: SUSHI, PIZZA, CANDY.

THE MOST UNUSUAL PLACE I'VE HAD SEX: A lady never tells.....

A PERSON I'D LOVE TO MEET: Jennifer Lopez



FIRST GRADE



High school



Lizzie & I



# PLAYBOY'S CLASSIC PARTY JOKES

**B**LONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A postcard from a blonde friend on vacation read, "Having a wonderful time. Where am I?"

**W**hen the school bus stopped at a backwoods junction, a third grader jumped down the steps and ran toward his mom, yelling, "Mama, Mama, we went swimmin' today."

"That's nice, Jethro," the mother replied.

"And guess what," Jethro said. "I got me the biggest pecker in the whole third grade!"

She replied, "Well, I reckon it's 'cause yer 17, Jethro."



**A** woman was making last-minute preparations for a gala dinner she and her husband were throwing at their new Malibu beach house when she realized she had forgotten to purchase escargots. "Will you run down to the beach and get some snails?" she asked.

Her husband took a pail and started walking along the shore. Before long he noticed a beautiful bikini-clad woman strolling in his direction. Much to his surprise she stopped and began talking with him. Eventually their conversation took a personal turn, and she invited him back to her house. An intense mutual attraction drew them to her bedroom, where they made love so enthusiastically that afterward the man fell into a deep sleep. When he woke, he was horrified to see that it was seven o'clock in the morning. Throwing on his clothes and grabbing the pail, he sprinted down the beach to his house, where he took the steps two at a time. On the last one he tripped and went flying, spilling the pail's contents. His enraged wife yanked open the door. The man looked at the snails scattered all over the cedar deck, then at his wife and then back at the snails. "Come on, guys," he gasped, "we're almost there."

**W**hen Bill Clinton was still president, an aide placed a piece of paper on his desk. "What is that?" Clinton asked.

"It's an abortion bill, Mr. President," the aide said.

Clinton replied, "All right, just go ahead and pay it."

**A** female police officer arrested a guy for drunk driving. She said, "Anything you say can and will be held against you."

The inebriated man shouted out, "Tits!"

**W**hen a Las Vegas vacationer won \$500 at the tables, he visited the best hooker in town. "Two hundred and fifty dollars for a blow job," she told him.

"Two hundred and fifty?" he asked.

"Look," she said, pointing out the window. "Do you see that BMW in the parking lot? I paid cash for it because I give the best blow jobs in town."

So the man paid her the money. He was not disappointed. The next day the man won \$1,000 and sought out the same hooker. "I want to have anal sex," he said. "How much?"

"Five hundred," she said. "See that penthouse over there? I own it because I have the best ass in town."

The man paid and was not disappointed. The following evening he visited her again and said, "I just want some pussy today."

"See that shopping center over there?" she asked.

"Don't tell me you own that, too," he said.

"No," she replied. "But I would if I had a pussy."

**T**wo old men were talking on a park bench. After a while one said, "By the way, how's your wife?"

"I think she's dead."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the sex is the same, but the dishes are piling up."

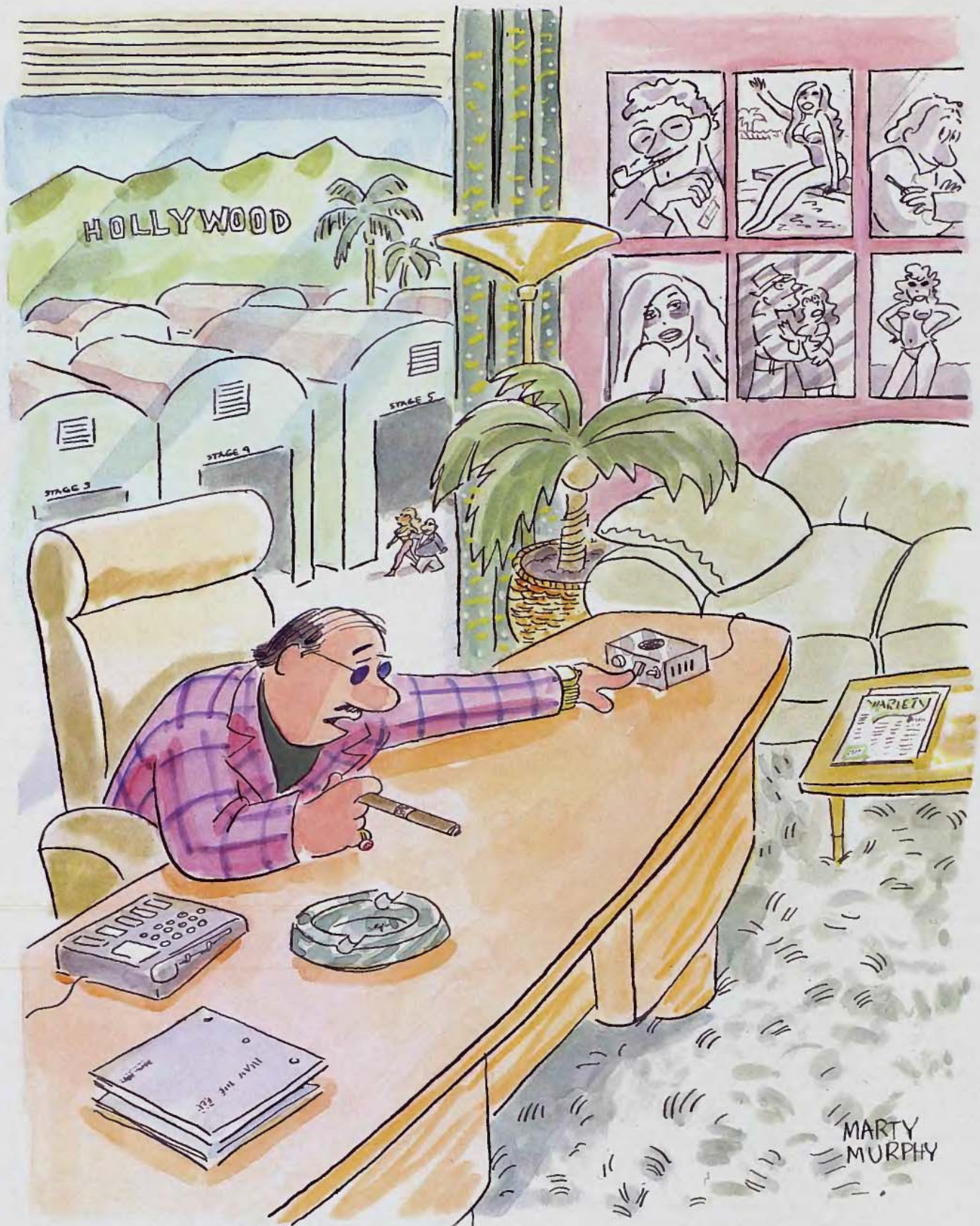


**S**triking out again at the town dance, a man began to walk back to his farmhouse. The guy passed a field of pumpkins that reminded him of shapely bare asses. Settling down next to one pumpkin, he cut a hole in it and began to enjoy himself. "Hey, pal," a voice said, "what the hell are you doing with that pumpkin?"

Thinking quickly, the man blurted, "Pumpkin? Shit, is it midnight already?"

**T**he soused spouse asked, "You want to know why I've come home half loaded? Because I ran out of money, that's why."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail to [jokes@playboy.com](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



*"Be a doll, sweetheart, and print me out a list of the things I should be thankful for this year."*

# DR. SEX

BY T.C. BOYLE

**ALFRED C. KINSEY STUDIED OUR KINKS AND PERVERSITIES, TOOK THEM PUBLIC AND ASTONISHED AMERICA. BUT AS IT TURNS OUT, HE KEPT THE BEST STUFF TO HIMSELF**

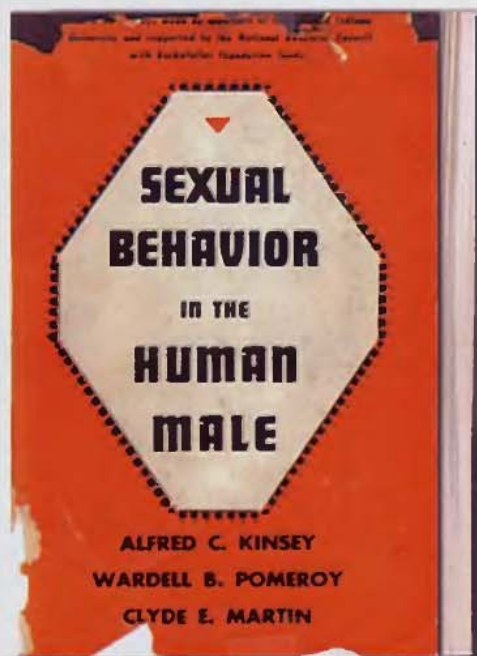
Dr. Sex. That was what they called Alfred C. Kinsey, professor of zoology, around the Indiana University campus in the 1940s and 1950s. As in, “There goes Dr. Sex in his secondhand Buick, with his wife beside him and his kids in the back,” or “Look, there’s Dr. Sex in his barely visible skin-colored shorts (and nothing else), roasting wienies over a fire in the park.”

Kinsey was an entomologist, and he’d made his reputation—and acquired his tenure—as the world’s foremost expert on the gall wasp, those tiny cynipids that produce galls or blisters on oaks and rosebushes, but in the late 1930s he discovered his true life’s calling: sex. His career as a sexologist began in 1938, when he was in his 40s and had accomplished about all he could with his gall wasps and was looking for some other outlet for his uncontainable energy. In those days, sex was little discussed or studied in the university, aside from the bland, euphemistic “Marriage and Family” courses that did more to obfuscate the subject than cast light on it. College students around the country, alarmed by the VD epidemic of the 1930s, had been clamoring for courses that were frank and informative, courses

that illuminated the mechanics of sex, disease and contraception, and at IU Kinsey took up the challenge.

Kinsey’s marriage course was open only to seniors, faculty and students who were married or engaged, and it comprised 11 lectures in all—five on the social, legal, psychological and religious facets of marriage, the remaining six on the physiology of sexual behavior in the “human animal,” as Kinsey liked to refer to us *Homo sapiens*. Kinsey electrified the assembled students by announcing at the outset that there were only three types of sexual abnormality—abstinence, celibacy and delayed marriage—and he absolutely stunned them by showing slides of sexual intercourse, the erect phallus and the moist and glistening vagina awaiting it, all while lecturing on about vasoconstriction and clitoral stimulation in the driest, unmodulated scientist’s voice. The course was a sensation. Hundreds of students, eager to hear about the sexual outlets available to them (such as petting to orgasm, which the good doctor described at length in his neutral tones), signed up, any number of them claiming to be engaged so as to pass muster.

And here’s where it got interesting. Inevitably, students from the course began to come to Kinsey for advice on sexual matters, and he became privy not only to their fears and concerns but to their sexual histories as well, and those histories, as might be expected, ran the gamut from militant virginity to the widest range of









FLUSHED SKIN, OPEN MOUTHS, DILATED PUPILS: KINSEY STRIKES AGAIN.



SHARPEN YOUR PENCILS! THE CREW EYEBALLS HARD DATA.

behavior possible. What amazed Kinsey the taxonomist was not only the variation in experience and behavior but the fact that we knew more about the sex lives of farm animals and the fruit fly (*Drosophila melanogaster*) than that of humans. As a result, he hit on the idea of doing a far-reaching survey of human sexuality in order to correct for this deficiency. The rest is history.

Before his death in 1956, Kinsey and his senior staff—Clyde Martin, Wardell Pomeroy and Paul Gebhard—conducted some 18,000 face-to-face interviews with people from all walks of life, accumulating data about their sexual behavior. The typical interview, during which Kinsey and his staff tried to put the subject at ease by providing cigarettes, soft drinks and, in the appropriate venues, liquor, consisted of 350 questions and took approximately two hours to complete. Kinsey was a master at drawing people out so that they revealed their deepest secrets, and he could invariably tell if someone was lying or holding something back. (On one occasion he easily exposed a fraud who'd been sent to undermine the credibility of the survey by reporting a false history.) Most subjects, however, were glad for the chance both to unburden themselves and to contribute to science, and Kinsey duly recorded their responses. The result of all this was two groundbreaking volumes, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, which appeared in 1948 and was the

biggest best-seller since *Gone With the Wind*, and its companion volume, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, published five years later and equally popular.

Certainly the books were controversial. Kinsey's critics attacked him on both moral and technical grounds—he was undermining the institution of marriage, advocating free love, normalizing homosexuality; his statistical analyses were flawed and his samples skewed—but the books had an enormous impact nonethe-



KINSEY'S TEAM: SEXUAL PROGRESSIVES ALL.

less. By demonstrating the variety of human sexual activity, Kinsey was able to assert that there is no "normal" behavior, and this did open society up to a less prejudicial view of certain sexual practices. To Kinsey, all sex acts between consenting parties were equal and equally valid, and though he presented himself as a disinterested scientist, he was in fact a reformer out of the Progressive Era and an advocate for sex. His studies helped give rise to

the sexual freedom of the 1960s, to the live observation of sexual activity by Masters and Johnson and others, to the rescinding of various laws restricting sexual behavior (witness the recent Supreme Court decision regarding sodomy laws) and to a freedom and frankness in the press hitherto unknown. Indeed, Hugh Hefner has cited Kinsey as one of his chief inspirations in launching *PLAYBOY*.

Kinsey's name and the shorthand title the press gave his two volumes, "The Kinsey Report," loom large in our recent history. According to his most recent biographers, James H. Jones and Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy, Kinsey was the single most recognizable figure in America in 1953 but for the president himself. Popular songs were written about him—"The Kinsey Boogie" and "Ooh, Dr. Kinsey," to name two—and he was the subject of endless editorials and cartoons. The institute he founded—originally the Institute for Sex Research and now simply the Kinsey Institute—is still going strong. Still, most Americans know little about him or his research. All of this happened a long time ago, and we've all moved on.

In fact, Kinsey was to me no more than a name floating in the ether until I came across David Halberstam's concise account of Kinsey's career in *The Fifties*, his 1993 social history of the period. My interest was piqued—here was a man who took a purely mechanistic and biological view of human sexuality, absent the emo-

tional factors or any such notional baggage as love and romance, once famously averring that the poets had 2,000 years to talk of love and that now it was the biologists' turn to examine its psychological basis—and I sought out the four extant biographies, after which I made a pilgrimage to Bloomington, Indiana to visit the institute and learn as much as I could. The result is my 10th novel, *The Inner Circle*, which makes use of Kinsey's studies—and the details of Kinsey's life—to create a fictional scenario exploring the sociology of love, marriage and sex.

But this all sounds a bit too abstract. Let me give you an idea of how rich the material is. Before getting us into the truly significant accomplishment of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, the sections on anatomy and physiology of sexual response and orgasm, Kinsey provides a 224-item alphabetized list of the various professions of his female subjects. A selection: acrobat, actress, art critic, cigarette girl, circus rider, claims adjuster, dice girl, Girl Scout executive, glass-blower, inventor, laundress, osteopath, packer, prostitute, taxi dancer, tutor, typist, WAVE, weaver, welder and window decorator. The man was thorough, no doubt about it, and he was obsessive about his work. He drove himself continually, dashing all over the country to lecture and record interviews, haunting bathhouses and patrolling the streets into the wee hours, working 16- and 18-hour days to the point of exhaustion (which contributed to the heart failure that killed him at the age of 62). As his wife, Clara, said: "Since he took up sex, I hardly see him at night anymore."

What is even more fascinating to a novelist—to this novelist—was Kinsey's secret life. Everything he accomplished was dependent upon his image as an unbiased scientist and happily married family man (and he insisted that his senior staff be happily married family men as well), and yet behind closed doors he was a sexual enthusiast of the first order. Inevitably, for a scientist, the mere recording of people's sexual histories would prove limiting—as opposed to direct observation, that is. And so, unbeknownst to the stirring and hypercritical world that would have brought him down in a heartbeat, he began to engage in the staging and filming of live sex, both heterosexual and homosexual. With the royalties from the male volume pouring into the institute's coffers, he was able not only to expand his erotica collection but to purchase the finest moviemaking equipment and take on a full-time photographer as well.

Secretly, in the attic of his house, he convened the members of his inner circle and their wives and encouraged them to perform in various combinations, as he and his wife performed themselves, even as he sought out male homosexuals, sadomasochists and a select group of highly sexed females to participate as "friends of the research." (He used the phrase *high raters* to describe such females, once dryly informing a scandalized woman who had used the term *nymphomaniac* that a nymphomaniac is simply someone who has more sex than you do.) Memorably, too, he filmed some 1,000 men in the act of masturbation in order to settle the debate over whether the majority spurted or dribbled, as the medical literature of the time insisted that men must spurt in order for reproduction to occur. His conclusion? Seventy-three percent were dribblers.

Kinsey is not without his critics today. Some claim that his enthusiasm for sexual activity of all kinds and with all partners blinded him to some of the potential abuses, specifically with regard to children. One of the most arresting—and highest-rating—contributors to Kinsey's survey was a man known only as Mr. X, whose detailed diaries record his sexual relations with 600 preadolescent males and 200 preadolescent females, including infants, as well as sex with hundreds of adults, various species of animals and 17 of his own family members, including his father and grandmother. Kinsey's response? He claimed repeatedly that his function was not to make moral judgments but to record behavior. And that was what he did, obsessively, always hot on the trail of one more history, one more sheet of data to add to his ever-accumulating files.

Certainly love and sex are more closely linked than Kinsey cared to admit, but is sex better if love is involved? Or is the notion of love purely hormonal, as is the urge to procreate and so engage in sex in the first place? Kinsey was a biologist, an empiricist, a Darwinian. For him, notions of love were extraneous to the physiology of arousal and the stimulation of the penis and clitoris and the various transformations that occur in our bodies as we engage in sexual activity (the swelling of our lips and nipples, for instance, the contraction of the levator ani muscles in the female and our indifference to environmental stimuli in the heat of the moment). As we map the human genome, it has become increasingly apparent that our behaviors—social as well as biological—are perhaps more predetermined than we may want to admit. Love? I don't know. But if it feels good, do it. That's what Dr. Sex would say.



## THE KINSEY FILES

EVER WONDERED WHAT PERCENTAGE OF AMERICAN MEN HAVE, SAY, MASTURBATED A GOAT? SO DID ALFRED KINSEY. SOME OF THE LESS-QUOTED STATISTICS FROM THE PRE-EMINENT RESEARCHER OF HIS TIME:

### 22.4

Percentage of men who admitted to having had "sexual contact with an animal" or to having "masturbated an animal."

Of those, percentage who had coitus with cattle: **60.9**

Who had coitus with swine: **80.4**

Who had "anal contact" with a horse or a mule: **4.5**

Who had masturbated a sheep or a goat: **10.5**

Who had masturbated a chicken or other fowl: **5.0**



### 48.5

Percentage of men who answered yes to the question "Does motion—such as being in a car or riding horseback—arouse you sexually?"

Percentage of women who answered yes to this question: **9.8**



### 14.9

Percentage of women who answered "61 to 90 seconds" when asked how long it took them "to come to climax during masturbation."

Percentage of men who answered "61 to 90 seconds": **21.9**

Percentage of men who answered "one to 30 seconds": **5.2**



### 67.1

Percentage of men who said their left testicle hung lower than their right.

Who said the right hung lower: **21.2**

Both equal: **11.6**

### 2.7

Percentage of men who claimed they were able to fellate themselves.

Percentage of men who said they had tried and failed to fellate themselves: **25.8**

Percentage of men who said they either had tried or frequently got off by "inserting something into the penis": **9.4**



RESULTS FROM 9,052 COLLEGE-EDUCATED WHITE ADULTS IN THE U.S. SURVEYED ANONYMOUSLY BETWEEN 1938 AND 1963.

# DEMOLITION (continued from page 166)

*"What are the groupies like? First of all, she's kind of a hick. Cowboy boots and shit like that."*

sparks fly. Flat tires get changed. J&M's Miller, headed to the consolation round, says, "I don't care who wins as long as we can hit as hard as we can for as long as we can."

Describing the best way to hit, he says, "I use the brakes. On these combines there's a brake for each side, so if you lock one of them up you can spin around and get that one end of the header going. It'll be going five, six times as fast as the combine, and when you hit somebody right on the corner, it does a lot of damage to their machine."

You swing your header, he says, like a windmill punch.

"It will blow that tire. It will break that wheel right off. That header can be traveling 20, 25 miles an hour. It makes a boom. It'll lift the ass end of the combine right off the ground. The ass end, it'll be one, two feet off the ground."

Between heats a forklift and a tow truck enter the arena and clear away the dead—the busted angle iron and crushed headers. Rodeo queen Thompson throws T-shirts into the audience. The beer flows.

Back in the pit area, rookie drivers like Davis and Knodel, all of them college age except Garry Bittick, driving the Tank, line up for their heat.

Within the first minute, Jeff Yerbich and his Devastating Deere are dead, the result of two popped rear tires. Little Green Men rams the Tank, tilting the combine so high it almost topples over backward. Jaws loses a rear wheel. Mickie Mouse has its header crushed and wadded up like tinfoil. The Tank stops dead and drops its red flag. Jaws chases Mickie Mouse in a circle. Knodel drives his header into the Mouse's front tires, popping them. With the Mouse stopped, Jaws keeps ramming it until the judges make the dead combine drop its flag. Jaws loses a rear tire but drags itself along. The Viking is dead. The Tank has its header ripped off. Time runs out, leaving Jaws and Little Green Men tied as the winners.

In the pit area Bittick is recovering from nearly toppling under the five tons of number five, the Tank. At 47 years old, he's getting into the rookie game a little late. His son Cody was supposed to be home from the Army to drive but had run out of leave time. Instead, Cody sent the flags—an Army

82nd Airborne flag, an MIA flag and a U.S. Army flag—that fly on the International Harvester combine, the one painted with desert camouflage and cartoons of camel-riding Arabs being chased by cruise missiles.

"It was just a lot of hard hits, everybody hitting at one time, head-on," Bittick says. "Of course, the tail end of my machine came up and tipped my header off, and we broke down. We could have flipped over." He says, "It gets your heart pumping. Without a seat belt it'll kick you right out of there."

For first-timers Davis and Knodel, it was a carnival fun ride. "It was great. It was funner than hell," says Davis, holding a beer can in one hand while his crew preps Mickie Mouse for the consolation round. "I got to go out there and beat the shit out of people for fun."

For Knodel and Jaws, tying for first was a little more work. "It was way more than I expected," Knodel says. "I didn't think I was going to have to concentrate as hard as I did. I was sweating very hard up there."

One of the few drivers not drinking beer or vodka, Knodel describes how it feels to be high up in the middle of the dust and the cheering: "Actually, you don't hear anything. I couldn't hear the crowd. The only thing I could hear was my engine. My engine actually powered out on me. I was going, and I couldn't hear that my engine had stopped. With the adrenaline pumping, I was still looking for somebody to come get me. The only way I knew I had the engine fired back up was that I could look over and see the fan blades, and finally I saw them spinning again. Then I was ready to go."

In the third heat the combines start out parked with their rear ends together, facing outward like the spokes in a wheel. Among another set of experienced drivers, Rambulance slices a rear tire of Good Ol' Boys. Porker Express rips the rear end off BC Machine. Good Ol' Boys crushes the rear end of American Spirit, shattering its rear axle. Porker Express loses its rear axle tie rods and steering. American Spirit digs itself too deep into the dirt and drops its flag, dead. Porker Express locks its header under the rear end of Rambulance. BC Machine is stopped with its engine cover open and smoking; a moment later Chet Bauermeister

gets it going again. Porker Express gets crushed between Good Ol' Boys and BC Machine. Good Ol' Boys loses both rear tires but keeps going on the rims. BC Machine is dead again. Good Ol' Boys rams Porker Express from behind, driving its pink rear end into the dirt. Good Ol' Boys gets to work, ramming BC Machine. Porker Express is dead. Rambulance is dead. Good Ol' Boys shoves BC Machine in circles until Bauermeister drops his flag. Good Ol' Boys driver Kyle Cordill is the winner.

In the pit area, winning and losing teams repair their combines for the final heat. The welding rods, cutting torches and grinders shower sparks into the dry grass, and people chase the little wildfires, putting them out with cans of beer. Barbecues grill hot dogs and hamburgers. Kids and dogs roam around on combines tilted and balanced on jacks.

Near number 17, Little Green Men, a group of girls drinks beer and eyes driver Kevin Cochrane.

Twenty years old, Cochrane says, "Yeah, there are combine demolition groupies. I don't think there are groupies from Lind, but they're from other towns. They kind of follow the little circuit, I think. There are only two derbies, so that's a little circuit."

Cochrane looks at the girls as one of them leaves her friends and heads over. "What are the groupies like? First of all," he says, "she's kind of a hick. Cowboy boots and shit like that. Kind of just the country way, but not like her." He nods as the girl walks up. Her name is Megan Wills. When asked why there are no women drivers, she says, "Because it's fucked! Josh got his ass kicked!"

"There used to be women drivers," Cochrane says.

"One! A long time ago!" shouts Wills, whose brother is on the pit crew for number 14, Beaver Patrol. "There's no women driving because that shit's fucked-up! I'm not going to take my ass in there. Fuck that! I'd rather get drunk and service all the hotties than fuckin' drive that shit! Hell, no!"

Cochrane tilts back his beer, then says, "I think if you don't drink any, you get too nervous. You get in there and you're all nerved up and shit. You got to get a little laid-back."

Before the consolation round, the judges walk through the pit area, telling people their 30 minutes of repair time is more than up. Only Mickie Mouse and J&M Fabrication are ready and waiting in the arena. The sun is below the horizon, and it's getting dark fast. Over the loudspeaker the judges announce, "We

*(continued on page 288)*

*"I may not  
be an angel...!"*





# THE A LIST


HOLLYWOOD'S TOP ACTORS, DIRECTORS AND POWER BROKERS  
SHARE A COMMON THREAD: EACH HAS A UNIQUE PERSONAL STYLE

Fashion by  
**JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

Photography by **Greg Gorman**  
Produced by Jennifer Ryan Jones  
Text by Michael Fleming

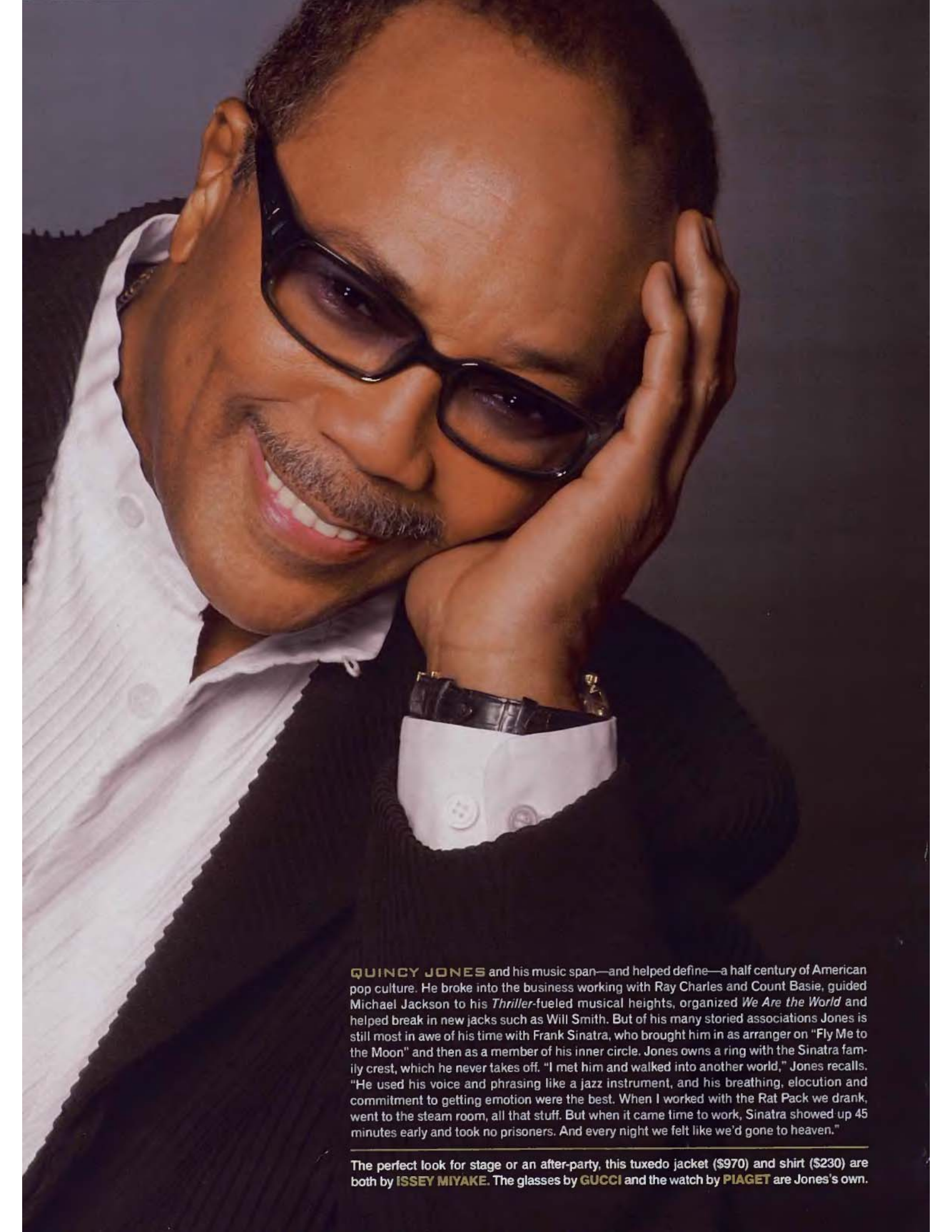
**BILLY BOB THORNTON** again demonstrates his trademark versatility this season, playing the title role in *Bad Santa* and putting a new spin on heroic Davy Crockett in *The Alamo*. Though this ultimate Hollywood eccentric is heralded as one of our most gifted actors, Thornton managed to pave his road to success through writing—most notably his Oscar-winning screenplay for *Sling Blade*. Turns out he followed a bit of advice from legendary director Billy Wilder. "He said to me early on that there's an actor on every street corner," says Thornton, "but that if I could create my own thing, I'd separate myself from the others. He was sure right. After *Sling Blade*, I wasn't standing in line anymore." Like his idol Robert Duvall, Thornton is equally adept at being a leading man and a character actor. "I think that's a good strategy for career longevity," he says. It's a lesson also well suited to fashion. Whether you're meeting a client or dining with a date, you want to stand out from the khaki crowd.

The navy suit with gray pinstripes is by **DOLCE & GABBANA** (\$1,750), as is the pin-tucked tuxedo shirt with multicolor diagonal stripes (\$675).



**MARC GURVITZ** has been behind more laughs than any big-screen funnyman. As a partner at powerhouse management firm Brillstein-Grey, where he's held sway for 18 years, Gurvitz discovered and nurtured such comic talents as Mike Myers, Bill Maher, David Spade and Chris Farley. As if that weren't enough, for the past five years he's also prepped Jennifer Aniston for a post-*Friends* movie career. "It's wrong for a rep to take credit for client accomplishments," Gurvitz insists. "Mine is a job I liken to a quarterback's, because I coordinate the blur of activity that takes place among the publicist, the agent, the attorney—all to make the client's career run smoothly." That includes being there when things are not running smoothly, which happened when Maher's comment about bravery and 9/11 cost the comic his ABC show *Politically Incorrect*. "He got caught up in this lynch mob mentality that momentarily took him down," says Gurvitz, who then took Maher to HBO.

He's in **HARRY'S SHOES** (\$415), a sweater by **BERETTA** (\$195), a shirt by **JAMES PERSE** (\$99) and jeans by **BORRELLI** (\$275). The **TIFFANY** watch is his own.



**QUINCY JONES** and his music span—and helped define—a half century of American pop culture. He broke into the business working with Ray Charles and Count Basie, guided Michael Jackson to his *Thriller*-fueled musical heights, organized *We Are the World* and helped break in new jacks such as Will Smith. But of his many storied associations Jones is still most in awe of his time with Frank Sinatra, who brought him in as arranger on "Fly Me to the Moon" and then as a member of his inner circle. Jones owns a ring with the Sinatra family crest, which he never takes off. "I met him and walked into another world," Jones recalls. "He used his voice and phrasing like a jazz instrument, and his breathing, elocution and commitment to getting emotion were the best. When I worked with the Rat Pack we drank, went to the steam room, all that stuff. But when it came time to work, Sinatra showed up 45 minutes early and took no prisoners. And every night we felt like we'd gone to heaven."


The perfect look for stage or an after-party, this tuxedo jacket (\$970) and shirt (\$230) are both by **ISSEY MIYAKE**. The glasses by **GUCCI** and the watch by **PIAGET** are Jones's own.






**JASON PATRIC** has already been through more careers than one can easily count—teen idol after *Lost Boys*, Hollywood pariah after *Speed 2* and, most recently, actor's actor after incendiary roles in *Your Friends & Neighbors* and *Narc*. Now he's back on Broadway in a revival of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and in cinemas as Jim Bowie in *The Alamo*. "I find it humorous that people consider me a comeback kid," Patric says. "I stay so far out of the light that it leaves an opening for people to write what they will. The thing is, I choose my momentum, and any success is a testament to my taste, my gut. I refuse to bow down and compromise." Born in Queens, Patric's not afraid to speak his mind: "I think it is pathetic the way people in our industry are respected for a relentless need to generate publicity and be liked. They continually change their hair color and facades to appear to be living on some cutting edge. It's silly because then it's not about the work. It doesn't interest me."

**SALVATORE FERRAGAMO** makes the python motorcycle jacket (\$4,380) and cotton shirt with blue-and-rust stripes (\$240).




**ED ZWICK** began his career as co-creator of such brutally honest TV series as *Thirtysomething* and *My So-Called Life* and later became known as a director of smart epics like *Legends of the Fall*, *Glory* and *Courage Under Fire*. He recently stepped into elite status with *The Last Samurai*, a period epic starring Tom Cruise as a cavalry officer sent to Japan with orders to eliminate the samurai warriors who uphold law for feudal lords. Zwick counts Denzel Washington's Oscar-winning performance in *Glory* as a career highlight, particularly the haunting scene in which his character, a runaway slave turned soldier, is whipped for desertion. Washington's tearful look haunts Zwick to this day. "Those moments are like rapture, when you feel the movie gods have aligned for a moment that is much bigger than you or that actor," he says. "I remember a moment when Claire Danes looked at Jared Leto in *My So-Called Life*, and I saw in it everything I loved and hated about adolescence."

The striped shirt is by **GIORGIO ARMANI** (\$395), the T-shirt is by **AXIS** (\$65), and the cotton-and-hemp jeans are by **ARMANI JEANS** (\$450).



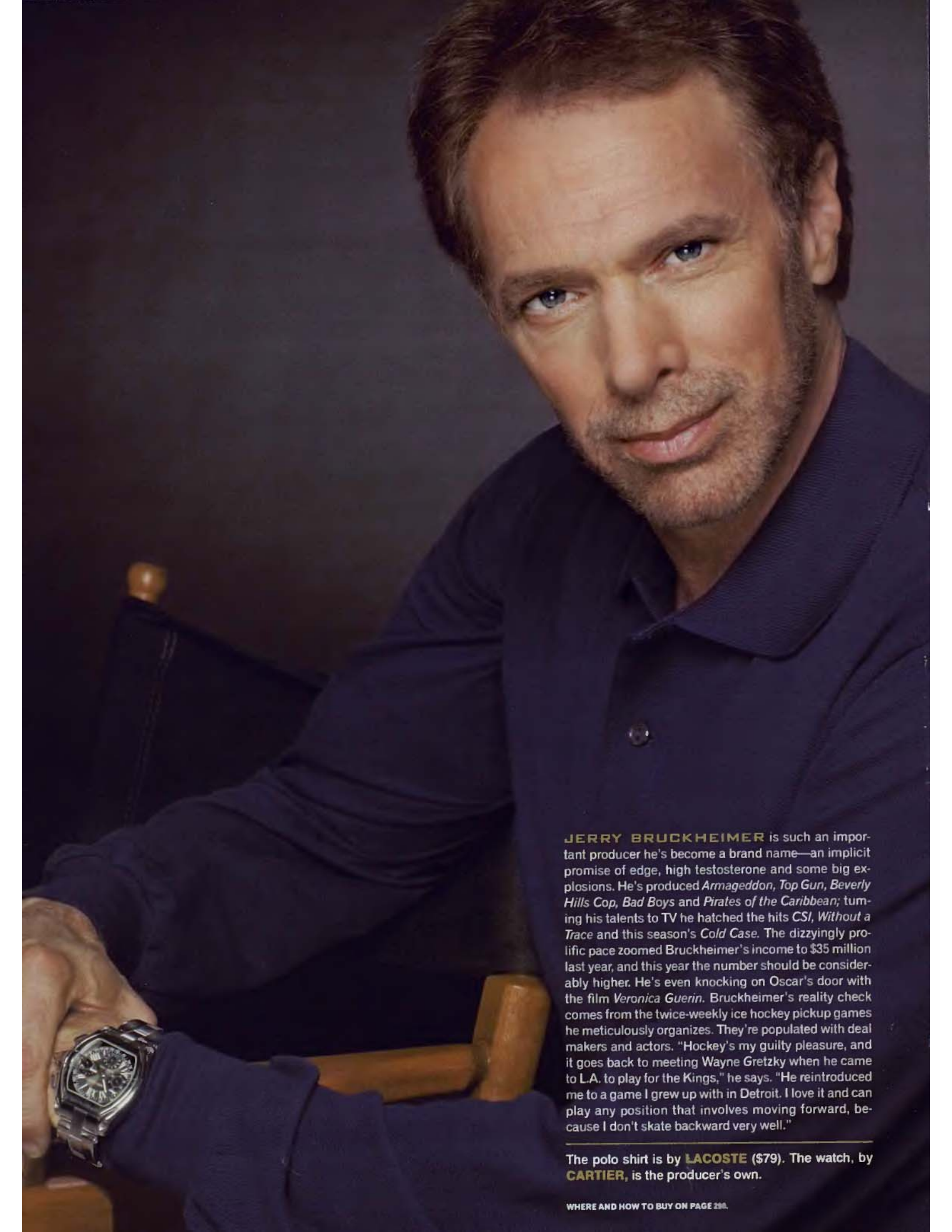
**JOHN LEE HANCOCK** wrote the screenplays for the Clint Eastwood-directed films *A Perfect World* and *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* before making his studio directing debut with the surprise baseball hit *The Rookie*. "I learned so much from Clint," he reports. "He was kind enough to let me hang around the set of both movies. I got to see how he would take what I wrote and make it happen." When Disney scrapped a pricey R-rated version of *The Alamo*, the Texas-born Hancock was challenged to redraft it. He rewrote the script and put his *Rookie* star Dennis Quaid in the role of Sam Houston, who avenges the Alamo massacre by Mexican troops. "It was my favorite story as a kid, and every Texan boy wore a coonskin cap before he could walk," Hancock says. "It's a complex political story, but at its core is what happens when those men stand on that wall. These are bankers, lawyers and farmers. Do they stay? Are they willing to die for an ideal?"

**MARC JACOBS** produces the leather bomber jacket (\$2,355), print shirt (\$410) and corduroy jeans (\$270). The **CARTIER** watch is Hancock's own.



**GREG KINNEAR** first made waves cracking wise as the host of E!'s *Talk Soup* and had to work harder than most to be taken seriously. He quickly turned around the skeptics, first as Harrison Ford's superficial brother in *Sabrina*, then in films like *As Good As It Gets* and *Nurse Betty*. He was a revelation in *Auto Focus*, playing *Hogan's Heroes* star Bob Crane, a voyeur whose obsession with pornography gets him killed. That role gave him the confidence to share a costume with Matt Damon—they're conjoined twins—in the new Farrelly brothers comedy, *Stuck on You*. How does Kinnear keep himself grounded? By going up in the air (sometimes). "One day I went out to Van Nuys Airport, signed up for lessons and started flying the Cessna 172, which is the Honda Accord of the skies," Kinnear says. "I stopped right before 9/11 and haven't gotten back. I've been playing a lot of golf, and I think you have to pick one or you become wildly dangerous at both. But I do want to fly again."

His blue button-front shirt (\$145) and striped trousers (\$195) are by **JACK VICTOR**. The black leather jacket is by **ARNOLD BRANT** (\$1,250).



**JERRY BRUCKHEIMER** is such an important producer he's become a brand name—an implicit promise of edge, high testosterone and some big explosions. He's produced *Armageddon*, *Top Gun*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, *Bad Boys* and *Pirates of the Caribbean*; turning his talents to TV he hatched the hits *CSI*, *Without a Trace* and this season's *Cold Case*. The dizzyingly prolific pace zoomed Bruckheimer's income to \$35 million last year, and this year the number should be considerably higher. He's even knocking on Oscar's door with the film *Veronica Guerin*. Bruckheimer's reality check comes from the twice-weekly ice hockey pickup games he meticulously organizes. They're populated with deal makers and actors. "Hockey's my guilty pleasure, and it goes back to meeting Wayne Gretzky when he came to L.A. to play for the Kings," he says. "He reintroduced me to a game I grew up with in Detroit. I love it and can play any position that involves moving forward, because I don't skate backward very well."

The polo shirt is by **LACOSTE** (\$79). The watch, by **CARTIER**, is the producer's own.

# THE GOLD STANDARD

PERSONAL HARDWARE THAT LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT.  
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO CELEBRATE TURNING 50

Fashion by JOSEPH DE ACETIS

photography by chuck baker / produced by jennifer ryan jones



PLAYBOY  
FASHION



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: The horse-head belt buckle is by BARRY KIESELSTEIN-CORD (\$485). Never mind rose-colored glasses—life looks golden in these shades by CALVIN KLEIN EYEWEAR (\$120). The money clip is by CHARVET (\$475). The watch is by OMEGA (\$11,995). For some liquid gold, try body oil by L'OCCITANE (\$25). The silk pocket square is by SALVATORE FERRAGAMO (\$70). The Zippo is available at PLAYBOYSTORE.COM (\$29). For a classier version of a gold necklace, BERETTA offers a gold tie (\$85). Or try the dotted tie by CHARVET (\$140). On it you'll find the ultimate cuff links: more than eight carats of diamonds set in 18-karat gold by GRAFF (\$139,000). For luxury puffing, DUNHILL makes a gold cigar ring (\$805). That's no nutcracker—it's a champagne opener by G. LORENZI (\$175). The pen is by DUNHILL (\$195). SEIKO makes the watch (\$300). Open a bottle of wine with the gold-and-wood corkscrew by G. LORENZI (\$195). For the perfect finish, crown your look with the stud set by BERETTA (\$2,750).



# mailer (continued from page 94)

## *Is it possible to agree that abortion is indeed one form of murder and yet is still a woman's right?*

unadmitted truth is that every human alive loses personal appeal under the flat illumination of a fluorescent tube. Children can hardly feel as ready to learn when everyone around them, including their teacher, is a hint ghastly in skin tone.

We are, of course, not ready to tell the electorate that TV advertising has become an albatross upon the American spirit with its instruments of persuasion—noise, disjunction, mendacity and manipulation. Is it possible, given the federal government's soon ravenous need for new kinds of funds, to consider a special tax on advertising? Since the radical right will, at once, be screaming that this is an attack on free speech, we could term it removal of a business deduction, a penalty for those advertising expenses that go beyond standard industry practice. However phrased, there is no reason for a healthy economy to need to encourage hyped-up marketing for shoddy products. One example we do not dare suggest, not as yet, is to take a good look at the heavy competition in marketeering among the fast-food chains. Very much alike are all of them, and they serve the same social purpose—inexpensive meals quickly available. If they could be encouraged to cease advertising against one another, our children might be spared untold hours of inroads on their attention (plus the accompanying inclination to grab a snack and get a little more obese). Besides, the money saved by the chains, given restrained merchandising, could go into the real risk of competition. Let it depend on the improved quality of their wares!

### TO WAR ON ALL GARBAGE THAT DOES NOT ROT

If we are to appeal to conservatives and environmentalists alike, we could suggest that we are in need of an enlarged Food and Drug Administration to explore the long-term effects of non-biodegradables on public health. Plastic, after all, derives from what was once the waste products of oil. It might even be fair to say that plastic is the excrement of oil, but that would be an abuse of language. Organic excrement can nourish the earth, whereas plastics do not decompose for thousands of years if at all and never revitalize one acre of soil. Meanwhile, our children are raised from infancy with toys composed of synthetic materials in constant

contact with their fingertips and their lips. What does that do to them? Such research is, of course, a long way down the road, but our plank could address the ecological problems that plastic refuse presents to the environment. Why not suggest higher rates of taxation on throwaway items that inundate our town and city dumps, there never to decompose?

Of course, the depredations that oil brings to the environment may be the leading problem our civilization faces in the century ahead and therefore is larger than our present readiness to recognize problems that do not have ready solutions. If all too many Americans don't like any question that takes longer than 10 seconds to answer, it can be replied that we now have the President we deserve.

### LET'S PAY FOR OUR VICES—BUT DON'T PUT ALL OF THEM IN CELLS

Prisons! The problem owes half its weight to drug laws of the early 1970s that criminalized marijuana possession. The fear then was that America would become a nation of young druggies. We didn't. We became instead a land of air, soil and river pollution. (The anal emissions of warehoused pigs took over our prairie.) Meanwhile, our prisons were overstuffed with young convicts. Since America is hardly ready to legalize drugs (and empty those prisons by half), there are some unhappy figures to deal with.

In 2003 our inmate population set a record—2,166,260. We have the ratio of incarceration you would expect from third world tyrannies. Our penitentiaries are loaded with drug offenders serving long sentences for minor infractions.

Can we dare propose that the nation, given the financial relief it would afford, begin to release a good number of minor offenders? A pilot program to explore the question is feasible, even for a convention plank. Some inmates might be released for drug treatment. Marijuana smokers, and petty dealers, could, for example, be given parole on the premise that they would pay a fine if caught continuing their habit or their trade; if they did not have the funds to meet the penalty, they would be required to perform community service for modest pay until the debt is satisfied. To counter the objection that government moneys were being disbursed

to excuse a vice, it could be pointed out that we invariably pay for such easy vices as cigarettes and whiskey. Do they or do they not kill more people than marijuana?

### ABORTION: WHAT ARE A WOMAN'S RIGHTS?

*Roe v. Wade* probably repels more good conservatives than any other item in the liberal canon. Yet a serious and intimate recognition of the question could serve a new Democratic administration. Indeed, it is imperative. The present state of the argument strips all humanity from the equation. Those for the Right to Life see every pregnancy as God's will, God's intention: Ergo, the abortionist and his patient are both evil. Defenders of *Roe v. Wade* view abortion as a woman's right yet sully their position by postulating that abortion is not killing a future human being if it takes place within the first three months, or in the first six months, or whenever. It is a stand to weaken one's intellectual self-respect.

Is it possible to agree that abortion is indeed one more form of murder and yet is still a woman's right? If God's will is flouted, it is the woman, not the society, who will pay the price. That would be a huge and indigestible political move if it were ever stated just so. Yet as a species, we humans commit murder all the time, not only in war but by way of the meat and fish and fowl we send daily to our machines of extermination. Every piece of flesh at our tables was slain.

Such an argument is obviously not suited for travel in public. Lambs and cattle are not to be compared to humans, and war protects our endangered land, etc. Since the Right to Life will continue to insist that pregnancy is the direct expression of God's will, let us approach that as the true field of battle for this debate. Sex, given its appeal, its mystery, its extravagances, its explorations, its commitments, its adventures—be they sordid or illuminating—sex by its unique entrance into our most private thoughts, compulsions, pleasures and, yes, terrors, is for most humans an arena where we are aware of a presence that seems divine, but we are also sensitive often to another presence. Some fornications feel diabolically inspired. The question is begged in its entirety when we say "God's will." A pregnancy can seem a blessing to one woman and a nightmare to another. Most women are haunted by the fear of losing a child in their womb, but there will always be a minority who find themselves drawn to abortion. They are haunted by an opposite terror, the fear that they have conceived a monster.

*(continued on page 266)*





*"This is probably our last night together.... My wife is starting to understand me."*

# Golden Memories

Fifty years of Centerfolds and celebrity pictorials—the stuff that dreams are made of

RAQUEL WELCH



JANET PILGRIM



CANDY LOVING



MARILYN MONROE



ANNA NICOLE SMITH



SOPHIA LOREN

PATTI McGUIRE



ANITA EKBERG





VICTORIA SILVSTEDT



JAYNE MANSFIELD

URSULA ANDRESS





**KIM NOVAK**



**LINDA EVANS**

**TIA CARRERE**



**JOAN COLLINS**





**JOANIE LAURER**

**CLAUDIA JENNINGS**



**DONNA MICHELLE**







**BRIGITTE NIELSEN**



**JUNE WILKINSON**

**BETTIE PAGE**



ELLE MACPHERSON



LILLIAN MÜLLER

MARILYN COLE



DEBRA JO FONDREN



BO DEREK



JOAN SEVERANCE



KRISTY SWANSON





**BARBARA CARRERA**



**TORRIE WILSON**

**SABLE**



JENNY McCARTHY





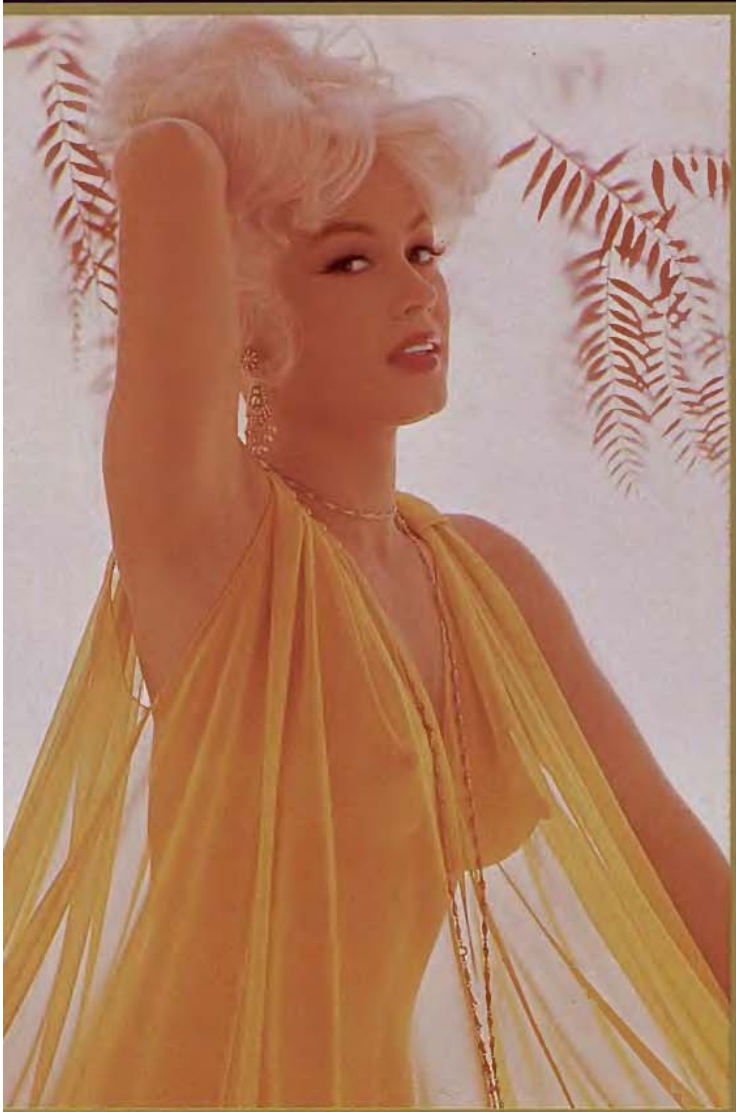
**CARMEN ELECTRA**

**MADONNA**



**LATOYA JACKSON**





MAMIE VAN DOREN



DOROTHY STRATTEN

BRIGITTE BARDOT



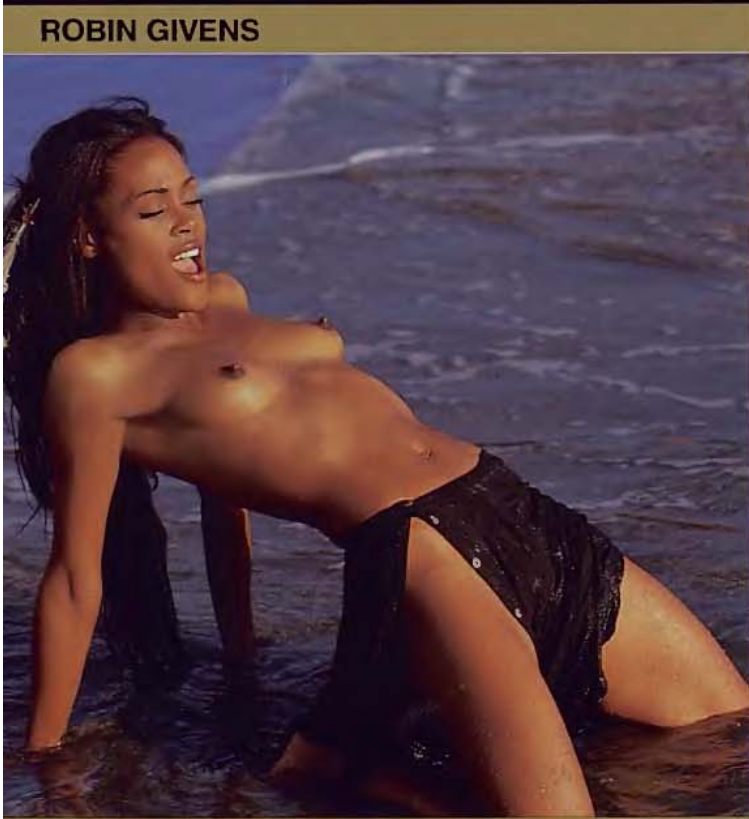


PAMELA ANDERSON





KATARINA WITT



ROBIN GIVENS

BROOKE BURKE





**SUZANNE SOMERS**



**CATHERINE DENEUVE**

**CARROLL BAKER**



**FARRAH FAWCETT**





**BARBI BENTON**



**VANNA WHITE**

**KIM BASINGER**



CINDY CRAWFORD



# 50 PRODUCTS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

ATTENTION, SHOPPERS,  
THE SPECIAL TODAY:  
A COUNTDOWN OF THE  
MOST INNOVATIVE  
CONSUMER PRODUCTS  
OF THE PAST HALF  
CENTURY. JIGGLING  
ORGASM ENHANCERS,  
USER-FRIENDLY  
KILLING MACHINES,  
THE MOST ADDICTIVE  
DRUGS THE WORLD  
HAS EVER KNOWN  
AND PLENTY MORE



BY BOB SLOAN AND A.J. BAIME

**50 Pontiac GTO (1964)** The memo from Pontiac's top brass to the engineers was clear—no new cars built for speed. In the early 1960s big, slow, "responsible" automobiles were the future. But chief engineer John De Lorean saw a loophole. Instead of designing a new car, he retooled an old one—the Tempest LeMans—fitting it with a 389-cubic-inch Tri-Power engine, bucket seats and a race-car-style floor shifter. The new ride ran low 13s—a quarter mile in 13 seconds. It was the first factory-made muscle car, soon widely known as the Legend or the Great One. De Lorean stole the name from the Ferrari GTO, which had come out in Italy two years earlier, but most folks believed the name stood for "gas, tires and oil," all of which this street bitch burned with considerable ease. Driving wasn't just about style or picking up girls anymore. It was about who had the biggest dick.

**49 Puma Clyde (1972)** In the 1970s Walt "Clyde" Frazier of the New York Knicks was a superstar, a slam-dunking Stagger Lee clad in a full-length mink and a pimp hat. When some genius from Puma hit on the idea of having Frazier endorse the company's new basketball shoes, it spawned a multimillion-dollar phenomenon—and redefined men's footwear forever. Some of the original Puma Clydes had blue suede uppers with a white swirl around the heel, and new colors came out seemingly every minute. They were more than just shoes. They were shoes worth stealing, even if they weren't your size.



**48 Buffalo wings (1964)** Yes, they were just little pieces of chicken. But Teresa Bellissimo's signature fare at



the Anchor Bar in Buffalo, New York was the first bar food ever that someone might actually want to eat. (Pickled eggs? Stale nuts?) Tavern regulars are forever indebted, not just for the wings but for yet another reason to stick around for one more.

**47 Swisher Sweets cigar (1998)** Question: "If Monica Lewinsky says that you used a cigar as a sexual aid with her in the Oval Office area, would she be lying?" Bill Clinton, the camera cropped tight, lost his composure for a millisecond, then pulled himself together to give the following answer, broadcast to billions around the world: "I will revert to my former statement." The Swisher Sweets has been around forever, but in 1998 the American-made 45-cent cigar became a smoking gun in the political scandal of the century. The phrase "blowing smoke up our asses" would never be the same.



**46 Post-it note (1980)** Inventor Arthur Fry created "a bookmark that would stick—but not too much," never imagining that the 3M Post-it would become the most ubiquitous stationery product in the world, plain white paper aside. It's now available in 25 shapes and 62 colors in more than 100 countries. So how exactly did it change the world? Hmm. We wrote it down on a Post-it, and it's here somewhere....

**45 Nonstick pan (1954)** Polytetrafluoroethylene (a.k.a. Teflon), one of the slipperiest substances known to man, was discovered accidentally in 1938 by a DuPont scientist. Long before it became a nickname for a mob boss (Teflon Don) and President Reagan (Teflon Ron), French inventor Marc Gregoire applied it to cooking pans. Since helping out in the kitchen no longer took any effort, men began whipping up omelets that were fluffier

and more evenly folded than ever before. Two days later: One quick wipe and just look at that shine!

#### 44 G-string (1970s)

To rid the earth of evil party lines, underwear boldly went where no fabric had gone before—straight up the butt. Other fashion-forward trends eventually followed: coiffed pubic regions to accommodate the minimal cover, low-rise jeans to show off those alluring back straps. No one knows for sure who invented the G-string. Sumo wrestlers? Fashionistas? Who the hell cares? In Rio they're making these things out of dental floss.



#### 43 Igloo plastic ice chest (1963)

Warm beer became a thing of the past. You left the house in the morning with a cooler full of cold ones and returned at night with a cooler full of dead fish. Or crushed cans. Or animal flesh still twitching from a buckshot blast. What more do you want from life?

#### 42 Regency TR-1 transistor radio (1954)

It was the first-ever portable electronic radio, a \$50 12-ounce pocket-size number that came in four different colors. Setting a trend that continues to this day, the Regency was marketed to teenagers who were desperate for some kind of distraction. It's no coincidence that simultaneously a new kind of radio-friendly music called rock and roll was emerging, led by a guy named Elvis.



#### 41 Western Electric Model 1500 Touch-Tone phone (1964)

Dialing a number took about 12 seconds with a rotary phone, and if you messed up you had to start from scratch. It takes two seconds with a touch-tone phone. If you make 10 calls a day, a touch-tone phone will save you 10 hours a year. The average sex session, including foreplay, lasts 25 minutes. Do the math.

#### 40 Metal halide grow light (early 1980s)

Years ago, when the NFL decided to schedule night games, the league needed a way to re-create midday conditions in stadiums for the cameras. Huge systems of giant lights resulted, with bulbs that mimicked the spectrum of the sun. "Somebody figured out that with one of those huge lights they could grow 20 pot plants indoors," says *High Times* editor in chief Steve Hager. "Around the same time,



the feds were putting the kibosh on cultivation, patrolling rural areas with helicopters. The new lighting technology allowed people to produce good-quality marijuana indoors." Instead of brown Mexican schwag, you had brain-scrambling hothouse flowers growing in your hometown, worth more by the ounce than gold.

**39 Mr. Coffee (1972)** If you're old enough, you'll remember what a pain in the ass the old percolators were. No wonder the first automatic drip coffeemaker became the best-selling java brewer in the nation the very year it was introduced. Having Joe DiMaggio as its TV pitchman didn't hurt sales. But the real coup came in 1979, when Mr. Coffee added a timer. You woke up in the morning and the shit was already made.

#### 38 Specialized Stumpjumper mountain bike (1981)

It could tackle curbs, stairs, mud and gravel. Suddenly a bike became a viable bank-heist getaway vehicle. Legendary trail rider Joe Breeze invented the mountain bike after a decade of modifications. His testing ground: the Cascade Canyon fire road, a steep two-mile suicide run in Marin County, California. He finally came up with the Breezer, the granddaddy of all moun-



tain bikes. Specialized came out with the first mass-produced model soon after. For \$800 you got two fat, knobby wheels, a steel frame, 18 gears and an ass-numbing saddle. Replacement skull not included.

#### 37 Xerox Magnafax Telecopier fax machine (1966)

Before this gizmo, there was no way to get a document immediately from one location to another. Think about it. How did businesses function? The 47-pound machine also provided a new frontier for the skilled crank

caller: "Yeah, Mr. Shvlitzenkoffer? I'm faxing over the diagrams of me fucking your wife right now. Enjoy."

#### 36 Jacuzzi (1968)

You're Roy Jacuzzi, third-generation member of the Italian American Jacuzzi family that made great advancements in the agricultural pump industry. You're sitting around with all the family patents for water pumps, thinking of a way to use them that, unlike irrigating farmland to grow food, would truly benefit society. You're thinking moonlight, champagne, nudity. Then it hits you....



#### 35 Frank Motor Home (1961)

Ah, the open road. Grandpa's goiter quivers as he motors down the highway, with wife, pets and five-ton house following every step of the way. What could be more American?



Michigan engineer Ray Frank teamed up with Dodge to market the first mass-produced RV—a wood-and-aluminum home perched on a truck chassis, in your choice of 20- (\$6,500), 23- (\$6,900) and 26-foot (\$7,300) models. As if a new religion had been founded, the RV spawned parks, entire towns and a whole new subculture.

**34 Evian (late 1980s)** The capitalist feud over the world's most basic and precious resource had begun. Evian marketed its water as a pristine refreshment that Mother Nature poured in France, perfect for everyday drinking. Translation: In a world driven by paranoia and ruled by corporations, you could no longer trust your own faucet. Barely in existence before the early 1980s (except for bubbly stuff like Perrier), bottled water has become America's second favorite beverage, outselling beer, coffee and milk, respectively. Now that's a mouthful.

**33 Ford Explorer (1991)** The Explorer wasn't the first SUV (the Jeep Cherokee had been around for ages), but this runaway best-seller started a chain reaction. Suddenly every putz was trading in his Civic for a car-truck he could use for "utilities"—namely, colliding with other vehicles without rattling Junior's car seat—while boasting about "off-road capabilities" despite never leaving the pavement. And the gas mileage? So much for the environment.

**32 Cosmopolitan (1965)** You say you want a revolution? How's this: a whole magazine based on the philosophy that women should use flattery, sex, diet, lipstick and exercise to keep their men happy. And they should go out and make some money, too! Piggy-



backing on the success of her book *Sex and the Single Girl*, radical editor Helen Gurley Brown forever proved that self-empowerment and sluttiness could coexist. "All the suggestions about pleasing men are as viable as ever," Brown, now 81, has said. "Whatever age you are, [a woman] should be flattering to a man about the way he looks... and you should be very flattering to his penis. You should tell him how beautiful it is, how attractive, how irresistible..."

**31 Advil (1984)** Warning: This product may cause a distinct lack of pain of any kind. Side effects include the absence of hangovers, back pain, headaches and fever, not to mention the liver problems sometimes associated with acetaminophen. And it tastes like candy! Advil, the most common brand of ibuprofen, which was first tested clinically in 1966, is the most noteworthy over-the-counter drug to hit shelves in the past half century. That old headache routine doesn't cut it anymore in the sack, eh, sweetheart?

**30 Haloid Xerox Model 914 copier (1959)** By the end of your life, the hours the copier machine will have saved you will be exactly equivalent to the time you spent standing in front of the thing, scratching your head and wondering why it never fucking works. Still, it's better than messing with carbon paper. Patent attorney Chester Carlson invented xerography (Greek for "dry writing") in 1938. When he tried to peddle his invention, more than 20 companies, including IBM and GE, passed on it. Two decades later the Haloid Xerox made its debut in offices across the country. Ass copies made their debut six months later.

**29 Big Mac (1968)** Jim Delligatti, the Big Mac's daddy, whipped up the first one at his Uniontown, Pennsylvania McDonald's franchise, calling it the Big Mac Super Sandwich. The following year, company founder Ray Kroc introduced

it systemwide. The modern fast food branding phenomenon had begun. Suddenly every joint was hawking a sandwich you had to try immediately. The lesson was clear: If they see them on TV, people will line up to eat thumbtacks.



**28 The Centerfold (1956)** PLAYBOY debuted its first triple-page Centerfold in the March 1956 issue with Playmate Marian Stafford. The iconic gatefold took off both figuratively and literally (one

ventured into space aboard *Apollo XVII*). The ritual experience has since become a rite of passage (though some use their left) for men worldwide: (1) the unfolding, (2) the 90-degree turn and (3) the look of shock and awe. For practice, turn to page 175.

**27 Modern Home Products' Perfect Host gas barbecue grill (1960)** A man could now control the flame beneath a grill with the simple turn of a knob. High. Low. Front. Back. Standing before his grill, he is Prometheus. The bottled gas makes him beholden to no noxious fluids, the lack of charcoal makes for little cleanup, and he suffers no performance anxiety when the coals don't light or go out prematurely. Who wants another burger?

**26 Zenith Space Command remote control TV (1956)** The TV was nice, but the real innovation was Zenith's Space Command wireless remote. Soon the zapper was de rigueur, prompting America to become lazier, fatter and more gluttonous than ever before. Dad used to brag about walking to school uphill both ways without shoes. Now he was too lazy to get up to change the channel. Inventor Robert Adler's handheld remote didn't require batteries. By pressing a button, you struck one of four lightweight aluminum rods, each emitting a different pitch. A receptor in the TV interpreted these tones—channel up, channel down, sound on/off or power on/off. Now if someone could just invent a remote for women.



**25 Miniskirt (1966)** When English designer Mary Quant popularized the miniskirt, the world suddenly seemed to go from black and white to color. A world of possibilities now existed with every cross of legs in a restaurant or sashay down a crowded street. With the birth of what is now a fashion staple, women were encouraged to be proud of their sex appeal—manipulative even.



**24 Casio Phone-Mate Model 400 answering machine (1971)** The first answering machine was a three-foot-tall, 300-pound monstrosity in-

vented in 1935 for Orthodox Jews, who are forbidden to answer the phone on the Sabbath. Casio took the invention mainstream with the reel-to-reel Phone-Mate Model 400, which weighed as much as a Thanksgiving turkey (10 pounds). Before long the telephone became the tool you always wanted it to be: an *anti*-communication device. You could conduct business and tend to your personal life without ever actually talking to anyone (as in, "I don't think we should see each other anymore...").

**23 Pop-Tarts (1964)** It was more than the first toaster-ready pastry; it was the first toaster-ready anything, besides bread. As the Vietnam war raged and the Cold War simmered, domestic scientists helped the U.S. maintain its leadership in the snack-food wars—making the world safe for stoned college students and slumming housewives everywhere. The original flavors were strawberry, blueberry, cinnamon and apple currant—soon to be replaced by chocolate. The Stay-Shur Sprinkles, which didn't move or melt during toasting, were introduced a few years later. The treat suffered a setback in the 1990s when people realized that Pop-Tarts produce 18-inch flames when ignited. Now that's some serious cooking.



**22 DVD porn (1997)** Has there ever been a greater marriage between medium and technology? Suddenly, watching adult films on VHS seemed akin to getting off on cave drawings. No more endless fast-forwarding or badly timed tape breakages. From your couch you could jump-cut from scene to scene, choose from a library of depraved sex acts and toy with slow-mo and digital freeze-frame that actually worked. Can you say "instant access"? Stay tuned for hologram technology that'll blast the action from a DVD into three-dimensional space in your living room.

**21 DVD player (1997)** In 1997 the world was eager for a new and improved video format, and electronics suppliers were eager to avoid a replay of the bruising VHS-Beta battle. So in an unprecedented display of détente, five manufacturers simultaneously ushered in the DVD player, with its high-resolution images and digital stereo sound; since its introduction, 51 million units have been sold, one of the fastest rollouts ever. If the VCR created a generation of film renters, the DVD ushered in the age of the schmo cinephile. The new discs were priced to be bought, not rented, and they came with widescreen images, commentary, deleted scenes and making-of documentaries. Suddenly your postman was babbling about the mise-en-scène in *Happy Gilmore*. Progress is a funny thing.



**20 Pampers (1961)** Procter & Gamble inventor Victor Mills perfected Ivory soap, kept the oil from separating in Jif peanut butter and dreamed up



Pringles. And because he didn't want to deal with his granddaughter's fetid diapers (shit happens), we have Mills to thank for the disposable kind—roughly 20 billion of which hit landfills in this country annually. Their ease of use became a double-edged sword: Now every guy is expected to get his hands funky, even if the game is on, it's the fourth quarter, you're in the middle of a fine cigar and your team has the ball.



**17 Apple QuickTake 100 digital camera (1994)** The digital revolution gave average couples who shouldn't be seen having sex the ability to photograph themselves fucking. You could enjoy the filthy fruits of your labor without having to endure the snicker of the Fotomat guy. Apple developed the first digital camera with Kodak (the company that brought you the first snapshot camera, back in 1898), and unlike the digital camcorder—primarily a tool for parents to record images of their newborns pooping themselves—this new camera format is now ubiquitous. How far has the medium come? Canon's new EOS Digital Rebel (above, \$899) combines all the benefits of digital with all the SLR options. Shoot 6.3 megapixel photos with detachable SLR wide-angle or zoom lenses. Shoot manually or fully automatically. And there's a continuous shooting mode for hot action shots.

**16 Hitachi Magic Wand (1970s)** Hitachi marketed the \$45 Wand as a body massager. Any lady could wander into a major chain store and pick one up. But these legendary 12 inches, with enough vibrating power "to shake the enamel off your teeth," as one fan puts it, have done more for female sexual dysfunction since the 1970s than all men combined. "Thousands of women have used this tool to learn how to orgasm," says Kim Airs, proprietor of the Boston and West Hollywood sex shop Grand Opening and one of any number of sex pros who have used the Wand to teach frigid women how to orgasm in sex workshops. "The thing could replace the penis permanently if men aren't careful."



**15 Sony CDP-101 CD player (1982)** The 101 in the product name refers to both the binary code (digital music is encoded in a pattern of ones and zeros) and 10/1—October 1, 1982—the day the first CD was introduced to the world. The place: Tokyo. The CD: Billy Joel's *52nd Street*. Sony and Philips developed the new format together. "We knew that everyone who experienced the sound of the CD for the first time would understand the impact it would have on music and lifestyle," says Marc Finer, who led the marketing team for the launch. "But we had no idea how quickly it would dominate the market." Nearly 35 percent of households had a CD player within five years, the fastest penetration rate of any new format until the DVD showed up in 1997.

**19 TiVo digital video recorder (1999)** It finally fulfilled the original promise of the VCR: Watch what you want when you want. Recording onto a massive hard drive, TiVo took the guesswork out of the process—even if you needed a PhD in physics to understand how to set up the thing in the first place. You could rewind live broadcasts, skip commercials, automatically record anything with Angelina Jolie in it. Instead of the networks calling the shots, you did. The latest model, the Series2 80-hour (above, \$299), lets you program your home machine online from anywhere.

**18 Barbie (1959)** She's the most popular doll ever, but Barbie has always had to deal with her share of would-be spoilsports. Some complain that her devotion to accessories promotes wanton materialism; others say her job choices are too stereotypical (nurse, flight attendant—hey, at least she has a job). Still others carp about how her 39-21-33 measurements promote unrealistic ideas of body image in young girls. Now the Saudi religious police are attacking her: "Jewish Barbie dolls, with their revealing clothes and shameful postures, accessories and tools, are a symbol of decadence to the perverted West." Eh, fellas, *I'chaim*. Bottom line: Barbie's hot. Leave her alone! Don't worry, baby—we got your back.

#### 50 years of...

##### Women who changed the world:

- Marilyn Monroe
- Rosa Parks
- Roe
- Jenna Jameson
- Julia Child
- Elton John

##### People who are inexplicably still alive:

- Keith Richards
- Osama bin Laden
- Hunter S. Thompson
- Elvis
- 50 Cent
- Strom Thurmond

##### Scandals that changed the world:

- Dylan goes electric
- Watergate
- Enron
- sexual-predator Catholic priests
- Gore vs. Florida
- kid catches Jeter's home run
- Monicagate
- Iraq: WMD?

##### Services that changed the world:

- ATMs
- FedEx
- Internet
- cable TV
- lap dances
- bikini waxing
- drive-through anything
- happy endings



**14 Fender Stratocaster electric guitar (1954)**

The sculptured body, like the hourglass shape of a woman. The signals from the pickups mixing, the sound amplifying like a ragged snarl, a searing wail. Fender released the first Strat around the time the first issue of PLAYBOY hit newsstands. Fifty years later no ax can compare to its iconic status in the rock-history pantheon. John and George played identical ones. Townshend smashed any number of 'em. Hendrix set his on fire. Music would never be the same. Turn it down, Son! No way, Dad. No fuckin' way.

**13 Amana**

**Radarrange microwave oven (1967)**

While fiddling around with invisible microwaves—originally used in WWII radar systems—scientist Percy LeBaron Spencer discovered that the candy bar in his pocket had melted and his testicles had fallen off. Eureka! The first microwave (1954) was five and a half feet tall and weighed more than 750 pounds. (It now plays guard for the Redskins.) Amana, a division of Raytheon, introduced the conveniently poodle-size countertop range in 1967 to much fanfare. Suddenly anyone could “cook” a meal, during a commercial break, no less.

**12 Apple iPod MP3 player (2001)**

Don't you miss those massive piles of plastic CD cases, all of them busted, none of them containing the right disc? Don't you miss carrying a single CD around at a time, then realizing how sick to death you are of every tune? MP3 players hit stores in 1998, but the iPod was the first iconic model, a slick-looking gadget the size of a urinal puck that could hold your entire music library. Finally, the new format had gone main-



stream. The latest iPod, with 40 gigabytes of memory (\$499), can hold, oh, 10,000 songs. Instead of a disc or a cassette, music is now just a sequence of ones and zeros written in the ether. No wonder the record industry is in a tizzy over file sharing. Soon enough the CD will go the way of the piano tie.

**11 Swanson TV Dinner (1954)** It was a complete dinner for one—Salisbury steak, meat loaf



or fried chicken—served with potatoes and freakishly green peas or something even stranger. Each food group was impeccably divided on a space-age aluminum tray, just as our lives were supposed to be. Ten million dinners were sold in the first year alone. We sat not at the table but facing the tube, like zombies. Where did this food come from? Mom had nothing to do with it. Nature had nothing to do with it. God had nothing to do with it. Is it any wonder the 1960s happened?

**10 Crack cocaine (early 1980s)**

Crack babies, crackheads, crack dens, crack hos. The high came on



like a freight train speeding through your veins, your heart beating out a Keith Moon drum solo in your ears. Then 15 minutes later you'd kill for more. For the record, crack is cocaine processed with ammonia or baking soda into a cheap, smokable, rocklike form. According to some conspiracy theorists, the craze is believed to have taken hold in South Central Los Angeles, the work of a single ambitious dealer. Ricky Donnell Ross, a.k.a. Freeway Rick, was getting the stuff from Central America. It was called crack because when heated it crackled like Rice Krispies in milk.



**9 Sony Walkman (1979)**

When you were immersed in your own music, blasting so loud it eclipsed all other sound, reality became a movie, complete with soundtrack. And you were the star. Jogging, riding public transit, having a tooth filled, getting hit by a car because you



couldn't hear the screeching horn—what experience couldn't be enhanced by Wagner or "Baba O'Riley"?

**8 Viagra (1998)**

A man's best friend is no longer a dog but sildenafil citrate—Viagra. It's hard to believe the world first heard the word *Viagra* just six years ago. Two British scientists—Peter Dunn and Albert Wood (now known as Peter "Not" Dunn and A. Woody)—concocted the stuff.

Overnight, things were looking up for a lot of men. The "little blue pill" is now an indelible part of millions of lives. Its impact can be felt in many places, though hopefully not on a crowded bus. This despite reports of shocking Viagra-related fatalities. Apparently a man took seven pills one night. His wife died.

**7 Magnavox Odyssey game console (1972)**

It cost a whopping \$100 and enabled you to maneuver a white dot on a black TV screen. By using different overlays that fit right onto the tube, you turned the maneuvering of this white dot into Ping-Pong. Or tennis. Or hockey. Why communicate with others? Why sleep? Why go outside? Americans bought 80,000 Odysseys the year they went on sale, sparking a video game craze that has yet to die down. The first generation of emasculated computer geeks had been born.

**6 Silicone breast implants (1962)**

Timmie Jean Lindsey of Houston was the first. Thirty years old, divorced, with six kids and a dead-end job, she was at the charity hospital getting some tattoos removed when Drs. Frank Gerow and Thomas Cronin made her an offer. She left the hospital a few days later with firm, round, glorious C cups. By the end of the year she was married and happy, and damn it, so was her husband. She admits that her new tits had much to do with it.

**5 Motorola DynaTAC 8000X cell phone (1985)**

The "brick phone," the world's first commercial hand-held celly, weighed in at roughly two pounds and cost consumers a measly \$3,995. Seemingly overnight the world became exponentially more annoying. Your mother, your boss, your stalker—anybody could reach you at any time. The downside: Try living without it.



**4 AK-47 (1960s)**

Russian soldier Mikhail Kalashnikov invented this 600-rounds-a-minute killing machine in 1947; it worked so well that the Avtomat Kalashnikova 1947 quickly became the Soviet army's standard issue. But not until Vietnam did this gun become recognized as the weapon of choice for terrorists and guerrillas

around the world. Cheap, mass-produced, tough to break and readily available, it became, as the *Los Angeles Times* recently put it, "history's most widely distributed piece of killing machinery."



According to a July 1999 State Department report, the AK-47 can be purchased from arms dealers in Africa for \$6 a pop. In some countries "it is easier and cheaper to buy an AK-47 than to attend a movie or provide a decent meal," the report says. When asked a few years ago how he felt about the many lives his creation had taken, a decrepit Kalashnikov responded, "I built it to protect my country."

**3 Sony Betamax SL-7200 VCR (1976)**

Although Beta would soon make way for VHS, Sony's VCR was the first (and, many believe, the superior technology). When the machine hit stores, film studio execs whined that it would destroy the movie industry, that folks wouldn't show up at the theater. Fact is, the VCR brought Hollywood, not to mention Porn Valley, into America's living rooms.



The multibillion-dollar rental industry was born. And an entire generation grew up not realizing that you're supposed to be fucking quiet while watching a movie in theaters.

**2 The pill (1960)**

This one little pharmaceutical innovation—a tiny pill that manipulates hormone levels in women to prevent unwanted pregnancy—changed a system of sexual politics that had been in place since the Stone Age. (Curiously, it took five more years for the Supreme Court to strike down the Comstock laws that banned contraception.) For women, the pill was a public acknowledgment of female libido. Not only did it prevent pregnancy, it created a generation gap the size of the Grand Canyon overnight. Women were now liberated to make the choice to have sex whenever (how about now?) and wherever (right here would be fine), just for the joy of it. For us, it was one more reason for a woman to say yes.



# 1

**Apple Macintosh desktop computer (1984)**

According to anyone who knew anything about computers in the early 1980s, Apple was doomed; the company seemed destined for history's dustbin. Apple had marketed one of the first personal computers back in 1977 and had run the first-ever full-page color ad for one (in *PLAYBOY*) a year later. But by 1983 Big Blue IBM was taking the reins of the exploding market and pulling away. Apple needed a late-inning home run. "Think really, really big" was the mantra of new CEO John Sculley.

A year later millions of Americans caught their first glimpse of the Apple Macintosh in a commercial that aired during Super Bowl XVIII (Raiders 38, Redskins 9). The Ridley Scott-directed spot, which evoked images from George Orwell's *1984*, cost \$1.5 million to produce and air, a record at the time. It was never broadcast again, but the Mac had made its mark.

Unlike the Apple II, the new \$2,500 Mac was the first WIMP computer for consumers—win-

dows, icons, mouse and pointer, the modern desktop as we know it today. It was the first truly usable personal computer, so easy to handle you didn't even need to read the manual. With a 128-kilobyte hard drive, it had one 312,500th of the memory that Apple's latest MP3 player now pos-

sesses. But for most folks at the time, it had power to spare. Six years later Bill Gates brought WIMP technology to the masses with his knockoff Windows 3.0 system, and there was no turning back. The meek had inherited the earth, the ultimate revenge of the nerds.



50 years of...

**Enthusiasms that now seem inexplicable:**

- glam bands
- boy bands
- marching bands
- shag (carpets, vests, haircuts, -adelic)
- IUDs
- MTV
- plots in pornographic films
- arming Saddam Hussein to fight the Iranians
- arming the Afghans to fight the Soviets
- body piercing (except the clitoris)

**Things that changed the world for the worse:**

- AIDS
- helmets on hockey players
- *Rosie* magazine
- political correctness
- the whole throwing-the-newborn-into-a-Dumpster fad
- Geraldo
- telemarketing
- *Star Wars* prequels
- Michael Jackson surgeries numbers three to 22

**Cool things that had no impact whatsoever:**

- the yellow line that marks the first down
- cryogenic freezing
- moon landing
- BlackBerry
- golf carts
- wet T-shirt contests
- the De Lorean
- Twinkles
- plasma TVs
- Hot Wheels
- Department of Homeland Security

**Innovations yet to come:**

- sexicatessens
- designer babies
- air connoisseurs
- cats that fuck dogs
- kidney piercing
- diet marijuana
- Reason to Get Out of Bed brand vodka
- cure for genital warts and general ugliness
- kosher pork
- wearable airbags
- eternal life for those who can afford it



*"It's been such a perfect evening...the sleigh bells, the softly falling snow, the blow job...."*

# ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

GRIMES HAD FINALLY COPPED THE PERFECT JOB. BUT HE BLEW IT

**C**lifford Homer Grimes Jr. got the interview thanks to an uncle on his mother's side of the family. Harry was a bottom-feeder in the Daley machine who had just enough bite to foist his wayward nephew on the city's Department of Transportation. He did this reluctantly, only after his sister Martha got down on her knees and begged. But Uncle Harry came through. After announcing the good news, Harry sat in her living room fingering his pencil-thin mustache as he awaited a token gesture of thanks. Clifford being Clifford, none was forthcoming. Harry moved to the bay window and saw a cop stick a parking ticket under the wipers of his Oldsmobile. He was out the door like a shot. It was all a blur to his groggy nephew, who was recovering from a stupendous hangover. Moments later Harry was back, holding an orange ticket. "Too late, goddamn it, but I know people in Traffic. I'll have it squashed. The sons of bitches."

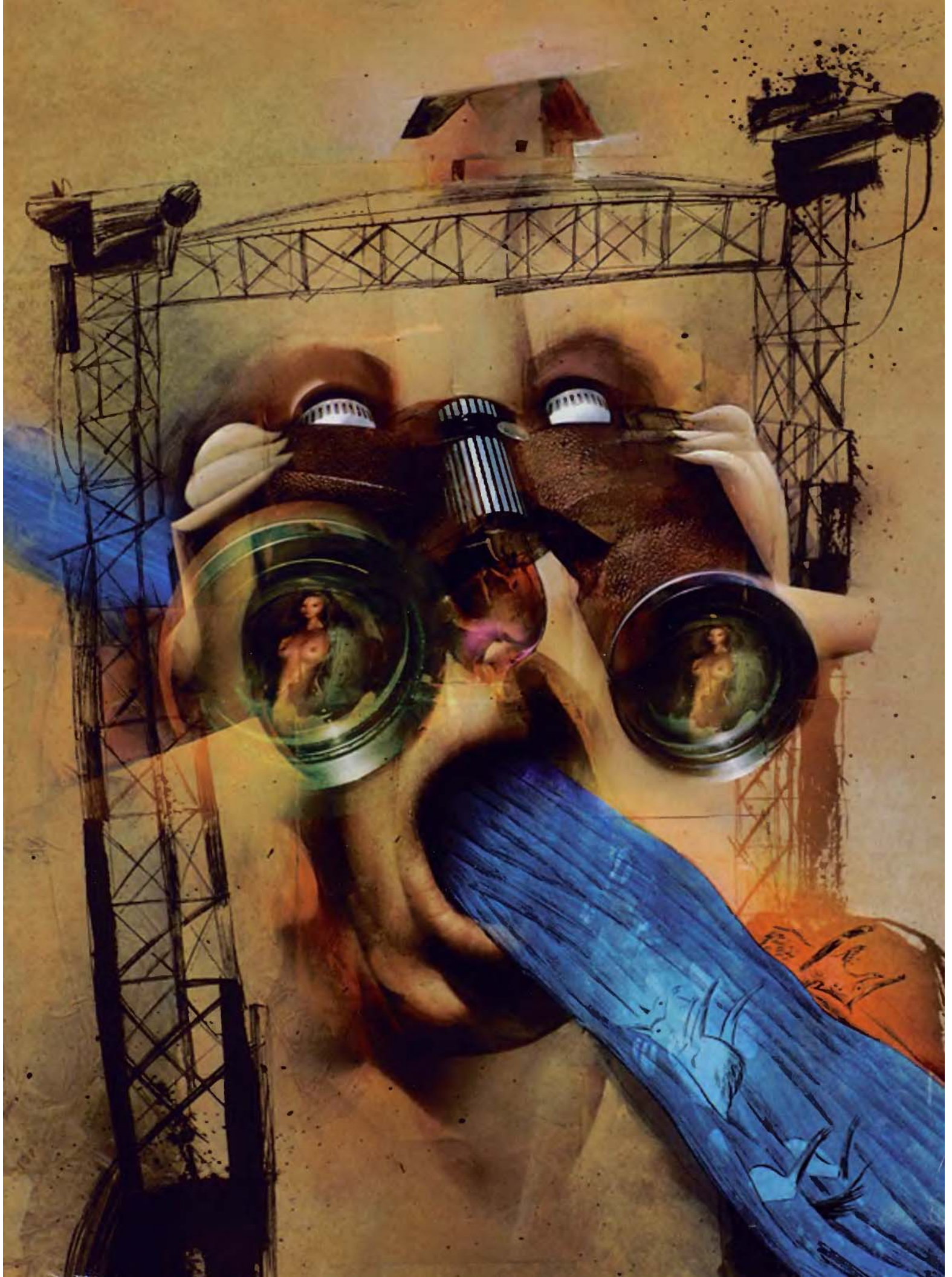
Harry had been worn down by his sister's appeals. His nephew was a fucked-up mess, and when (not if) he was canned, Harry's good deed would generate only scorn downtown. It was an idle stab, but Harry handed Clifford a paperback copy of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. He had done his best; his nephew was hopeless. All he wanted to do was hang out with those faggots at the gym and lift weights. He looked like a goddamn freak. Then Harry put on his trench coat and stepped outside. He noticed a couple of kids running away from his car. The Olds hadn't been on the street more than 15 minutes and it had been zapped by the parking ticket and a pair of quick-ass hubcap thieves.

Clifford dragged himself into the bathroom, brushed his teeth and left for the gym. Interview in less than a day; he was terrified. After his workout he went home for a nap.

At 8:30 P.M. Clifford got up and hit the bars. He favored silk shirts, gilded chains, a zircon pinkie. As his main man Winston liked to say, "Who's goin' get the booty, muh fuck? I'll tell you: the chief peacock, not that ugly drab-ass cousin!" When Clifford told him about the interview, Winston hopped around Casey's Bar and Grill singing, "After breakfast every day, she never fail to say, Get a job. Sha da da da, sha da da; yip yip yip yip, mum mum mum, get a job." Clifford proceeded to get hammered.

When he came to the next day, the last thing he remembered was puking in the alley. He glanced at his watch. Shit, it was late. He got dressed and was out the door with barf still on his breath. The battery in his beat-to-shit Morris Minor was dead. He looked at his Timex again—shit, 11:30—and made a dash to the El. He chewed his fingernails and paced. The train came at last, packed to the gills. By the time he showed up for the interview, his iridescent blue satin shirt was stained with sweat. The chain around his neck was a major mistake. This was a suit-and-tie interview, and he looked like a damn greaseball. He tried to slide his pinkie ring off but couldn't get it past his second knuckle. He reeked of booze, vomit and cologne.

There were no preliminary courtesies. The three-person panel immediately began firing questions. Flop sweat rolled down Clifford's face. He reached for his handkerchief, a crumpled yellow rectangle of cloth, and shook it open; the members of the panel recoiled. The three



huddled over his résumé, speaking in whispers. Clifford heard snatches of muted questions.

"Fired? A drywall hanger? What's this here, mortuary assistant? Well, what is it, mortuary or exterminator? Both? Fired from both? Oh my god, a paperboy! Thirty-three years old and a paperboy?"

Clifford struggled to compose himself. Having heard enough, the assistant deputy commissioner of the Bureau of Bridges and Transit tossed his half frames on the table and rocked back in his chair. He locked his hands behind his head and leaned back, revealing two muffs of nasal hair. The smirk on his face was enough to make Clifford want to pound the bastard to the ground.

A man resembling Joseph Stalin poured a glass of water. He took several small sips, straightened his tie and began, "Mr. Grimes, it says here you served in the armed forces. Tell us about that."

Clifford told the panel he had won a Silver Star during Operation Desert Storm. A broad grin lit the assistant deputy's narrow face. He leaned forward, picked up his glasses and said, "Your recent work history points in the opposite direction, Cliff. Things just don't seem to jibe here."

Clifford wiped down his face and said, "Look, I can do this job!"

"An orangutan can do the job. That's not the point."

The heat of the room was unbearable. Clifford rolled up his sleeves, revealing a tattoo that read JULIET AND CLIFF, TRUE LOVE SPRINGS ETERNAL. He saw six eyes fall upon it. He could scarcely breathe. He said, "Gulf War. Sergeant in the Green Berets. Some heavy shit went down, and—"

The third member of the panel interrupted Clifford. She was a dour woman of 50, her hair in a salt-and-pepper bob. She had a snub nose as bad as Lon Chaney's in *The Phantom of the Opera*. The woman waved a copy of Clifford's service record and said, "Bad-conduct discharge. Private. No Green Beret, but a four-month stretch in the stockade."

Clifford hadn't thought about a background check; this job was supposed to be a shoo-in. He turned up his palms in a gesture of wonder. "You must have the wrong Clifford Grimes." He swallowed hard, and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down like an elevator. His larynx was tight, dry and strained. He sounded like Tweety Bird with his cartoon nuts in a vise. The interview was blown.

The assistant commissioner replaced his glasses and scanned Clifford's service record. "These are discharge pa-

pers for a Clifford Howard Grimes at 1187 South Sullivan in Chicago. Is this your address, Cliff? You listed it as such on your application. Are we meant to believe there were actually two Clifford Howard Grimeses in the U.S. Army?"

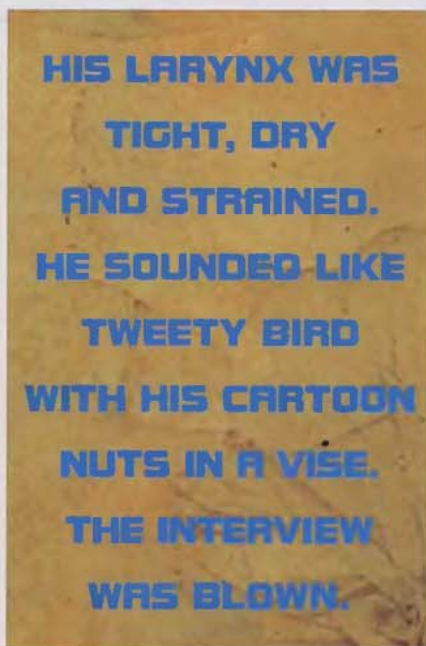
"It does seem a little far-fetched," Clifford said. "I don't under—"

"I've heard enough bullshit for one day," the commissioner said. "Let's cut it off here. Thanks to your uncle Harry, you are hired, effective next Monday. Report to personnel at nine A.M. sharp, and be advised that all new hires work on probationary status the first six months. If you slip up, if you can't cut the mustard, you'll be out on your ear."

"I'm a hard worker. I never get sick, and I will do a terrific job; you will be glad you took me."

"Enough! Get the hell out of here!"

As he staggered from the building his



silk shirt was soaked. Oh man, Disasterville! But at least they didn't know he'd been thrown in the brig for impregnating the colonel's daughter, Juliet, an epileptic, 14 years old, with an IQ of 64.

The bridge-tender job was simple. All Clifford had to do was sit in the bridge house at Cermak Road and push a red button to let a ship pass through. Still, Clifford pissed and moaned because they stuck him on the graveyard shift. Harry said, "What do you expect, sonny boy? You're the junior tender. You're lucky to get the job. Goddamn it, I'm not God! What more can I do?"

"Graveyard sucks. Why do you think they call it graveyard? It fucks up your body rhythms. You don't get any melanin, which leads to cancer, which leads where? I'll tell you, Uncle Harry, it leads to the graveyard!"

"Oh, fuck you, you son of a bitch. You don't want a job. You just want to lift weights. You look like a cocksucking faggot. I'm done with you!"

Harry was wrong; Clifford liked girls. Nights he prowled the neighborhood bars in a relentless search for pussy. Like Cinderella, Clifford now had to cut things short to punch in before midnight. Not many ships went by during his shift, and, half drunk, he often slept on a coffee-stained futon when things were slow, which was almost always.

The two retractable leaves of the bridge opened like the jaws of a crocodile and could clamp down with surprising speed. With the push of a red button it was up or down, up or down. It was Clifford's bad luck to come in drunk on a night when traffic was brisk. Up, down, up, down, until he was ready to die. As the booze wore off, the familiar black cloud draped over Clifford's brain. He was worthless. Go out drinking? Never again!

He felt better after the first month on the job. One night when things were especially slow he picked up *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. The book was a blueprint for moral renovation. Clifford bought a fresh copy and pressed it on Winston with the fervor of a street-corner evangelist. His buddy backed away. Clifford was coming on like some sort of 12-step freak working his program. Who wanted to hear that crap? Clifford accepted this without resentment. His old life was shed like a snake's skin.

Back at the bridge house, Clifford set to work like a human tornado. He cleaned the windows with old terry cloth towels and Windex. They were covered in pigeon shit, and it took all night. Next he hauled out the floor scrubber and removed what seemed like 50 coats of wax from the floors. He put down new wax and buffed it to a diamond-hard shine. After tearing off aged pinups, he painted the walls powder blue. The day man, Cotton McCormick, was not happy. The next day he came tramping on the fresh wax with his galoshes. He carried a bag filled with replacement centerfolds and tacked them to the walls.

Clifford cleaned the refrigerator, an old-timer with the motor on the top. It was filled with rancid food and warmer than a swamp cooler. Clifford dumped everything, including a partially eaten tin of sardines. He took a screwdriver and attacked the glacier of ice in the freezer like a Gila woodpecker. Near the back Clifford discovered a Hungry-Man meat loaf dinner, two Nutty Buddies and a frozen rabbit. He pitched the lot into the river, then scrubbed the fridge interior with Mr. Clean. When



Don Maddox



*"Fruitcake just gets you a thank-you, sugar!"*

he plugged the fridge in again the temperature dropped to 40 degrees in the space of two hours.

Cotton hit the ceiling when he discovered his "perfectly good sardines" missing. To make amends Clifford replaced them with three fresh cans of Pride of Norway sardines. The day man put on his reading glasses and studied the label suspiciously. Rather than thank Clifford, he took the sardines to the garbage can and slammed them to the bottom. "Those sardines are packed in soybean oil. Goddamn it, did you ever eat sardines packed in soybean oil? Soybeans are what they feed to pigs. The whole mess tastes like transmission fluid."

"I don't eat sardines. I didn't know."

"There are a lot of things you don't know, Clifford. A whole lot. Keep your goddamn hands off a man's food! And what's this crapola coming in with a pierced ear and that stupid turban?"

"It's a do-rag, Cotton, not a turban. Winston gave it to me."

A blue vein throbbed on Cotton's neck. "You come in looking like a damn jungle bunny. Now you're talking like one. And tell me this: How can you man your post if you're cleaning all the time?"

"Hey, dude, I'm sorry about the sardines. I'll get you a can of King Oscars and a box of saltines, okay? Meanwhile, what is so bad about clean? If you think I'm trying to make you look bad or rat you out, tell people I'm the lazy ass and you're the one doing the cleaning."

Cotton had no retort, but Clifford felt himself take a swan dive into the dark abyss of his former life. You could only read *How to Win Friends* so many times before the chickens came home to roost.

Not only did he continue his workouts at Gold's Gym, he brought his own weights to work, where he spent another two to three hours pumping iron. To make up for lost ground he skin-popped huge doses of steroids and human growth hormone. In a matter of weeks he was a giant. The drugs brought to the fore long-buried primal urges.

He called his old girlfriend, Suzie Q. Suzie had a low-slung ass, but her tatas were looking fine. After Clifford dicked her one afternoon, she told him to ditch the cologne. "It's worse than chloroform. While you're at it, lose those gold chains. You look like Iceberg Slim."

He felt like saying, "And you can lose that cellulite, you fat-ass bitch."

She had more corrective advice. "Those muscles make you look like some kind of S&M fairy. Back off on

the weight training."

"You liked me better when I was a geek?"

"Oh yeah," she said. "Definitely. You were smoking pot and mellow. Now you're fucking scary!"

He sent Suzie Q a dozen red roses the next day with a note that read, "Dear Suz, I'm real sorry about last night, babe. You're a real Georgia peach. XXX's, Cliff."

There were attacks of roid rage. Once he clenched his teeth so hard he cracked a molar. The dentist who pulled the shattered tooth gave Clifford a script for pain pills. That night at work, while goofing on Percocet, Clifford picked up his high-powered binoculars and scanned the six-story Hudson & Swain lofts.

Clifford spotted a brunette working on a clay sculpture. She was a newcomer to Hudson & Swain. She had a cigarette in her mouth as she removed her smock and washed the clay from

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*She stood at the window  
extracting another Gauloise  
from a blue packet as she  
raised the sill for a little air.  
Jesus, what a set! Thirty-  
four-Ds with no sag factor.*

---

her hands. She disappeared from view, and Clifford shifted his binoculars to another floor. Suddenly the brunette returned to the window nude except for a white towel around her head. He could see each and every detail.

She stood at the window extracting another Gauloise from a blue packet as she raised the sill for a little air. Jesus, what a set! Thirty-four-D cups with no sag factor. She lit her cigarette with a Diamond-brand kitchen match. She took a deep drag as she shook out the match. She must have been about 25, and she was absolutely gorgeous. She set the cigarette down on a white Martini & Rossi ashtray and removed the towel covering her hair. She leaned forward, running her fingers through her shoulder-length hair, and straightened up, flipping it back. Clifford's dick was hard in an instant. It pressed against the inside of his Levi's like a pole.

As she picked up the cigarette, Clifford pulled out his cock. The girl snuffed out her smoke and turned

away. She had a hot fucking ass. Suddenly the lights went off, causing Clifford to wonder if it had all been a dream. A moment later the low-watt bulb from her refrigerator blinked on. Cutie Pie was now attired in a long black Metallica T-shirt. He watched her stand before the open refrigerator eating yogurt with a plastic spoon. When she finished she threw the spoon and the empty cup in the garbage. She shut the fridge. The show was over.

The nighthawks in Hudson & Swain knew how to put out quality entertainment. Dopers in black leather jackets occupied the third floor. Clifford trained his binoculars on them. A pair wearing paper face masks sat chopping dope in the small kitchen, while others packaged it into glassine bags. Junkies came and went, 15 in the space of an hour. They laid cash on the table and retrieved 30 or so bags of powder. A huge brute of a black dude Clifford dubbed Big Boy stood by the door. Periodically, Big Boy peered through the peephole and opened the door to most of the same street hustlers Clifford had seen 20 or 30 minutes before. A few came in, made their buys and retired to a shooting gallery in back. He couldn't see what was going on in there; the windows were covered with foil.

Clifford aimed his binoculars at the choppers again. On the table before them sat two handguns and a pile of cash. When the pile grew high, Big Boy stuffed it into a safe. Shit, it was quite the operation. If any window deserved a layer of foil it was the one where the choppers worked. Yet who other than Clifford had a vantage? Still, they were careless as all hell. The amazing part of it all came from the throbbing rap sound of DJ Screw on the boom box. Why not just call the narcs and tell them what was going on? Clifford was sure he knew where the second-shift man, Johnny Magill, scored. Magill regularly came to work half-baked. It was a wonder he could function at all.

The next night at Hudson & Swain was a repeat of the night before. And so it went. Night after night Clifford nearly creamed his jeans watching Baby.

One night a skinny pothead wearing an army jacket and a White Sox cap turned up with Chinese food and a video. Baby demonstrated a certain amount of affection toward him, but he made no moves. Possibly he was her brother. Both of them sat on a torn couch, smoking dope, adept with their chopsticks as they ate, and watched the blue light of the TV. Looking through the binoculars gave Clifford a blinding headache. He shook four Percocets from the dental prescription bottle and

*(continued on page 274)*

# Playboy's Playmate Review

For beauty fans, 13 was a very lucky number this year



To be sure, picking a Playmate of the Year from 2003's bumper crop will be difficult, but the task does have its rewards: You'll need to reacquaint yourself with a year's worth of gorgeous women and study every fine detail, nook and contour of their dozen eye-popping pictorials. Who makes the strongest impression? The veterinarian? The pharmaceutical rep? The restaurateur? The lingerie designer? The equestrian? The twins? Or maybe one of the students learning about real estate, psychology, business or—no, we wouldn't joke about this—physical therapy. We suggest you get started. After all, you want to do this right. And when you've made your difficult choice, help her win the PMOY title by voting at [playboy.com](http://playboy.com).





YOU'LL FIND SEXY VIDEO  
OF ALL OF 2003'S PLAYMATES  
AT [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).

*Miss January*  
**REBECCA RAMOS**

"This year has been great for me," says Rebecca. "I've been able to travel around the country and meet people as a representative of PLAYBOY and as a Hispanic spokesmodel for Anheuser-Busch. Between these obligations, I vacationed in Europe and sailed in the Mediterranean. My passions for health, business and the law will come together when I open a new medical spa with a group of surgeons. Thanks to PLAYBOY, my options are many, and the outlook for my future is bright."

*Miss November*  
**DIVINI RAE**

Divini has been modeling and doing commercials, including a national Budweiser spot, so she can invest in real estate.

"I've also been updating my website, Divinirae.com, with diary entries and sexy pictures for members," she says.

"I like to sit at my computer and e-mail my fans. I write everyone back because that's what I promised. I love being a pinup girl. It's flattering when guys want my autograph. I'm very approachable, and I appreciate hearing that they like my layout."





*Miss February*  
**CHARIS BOYLE**

Charis craved a change of scenery, so she moved from Virginia to a house with an ocean view in Orange County, California. She's been modeling and has appeared on Fox Sports's *54321*. "Basically, I'm just trying to stay out of trouble," she laughs. "If I won PMOY, I would invest, buy something for my mom and give some money to the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. Of course, what you would do theoretically is different from what you might do when the money is in your hands."

*Miss March*  
**PENNELOPE JIMENEZ**

Pennelope had joked about buying an alarm clock with her Playmate money, and she did. "But I don't use it," she says. She still managed to arrive at work on time as one of Barker's Beauties on *The Price Is Right*. "I've been modeling for a lot of ads and was in a 10-page spread for a big magazine in Spain called *DT*. To this day I'm shocked when someone recognizes me. It's just me, you know? I'm just your average jane who shops at Target like everyone else."

*Miss July*  
**MARKETA JANSKA**

Keep your ears open for Czech native Marketa, who has finished recording a demo. "It's a mix of classical and pop in the vein of Sarah Brightman," she says. "I wrote the music and lyrics, then hired musicians to put it together." Marketa appeared on the September cover of the Czech Republic's *PLAYBOY* and is working on a calendar. "When I first came to L.A., I wanted to spend just a couple of years here. Now I want to stay in America, but I would like a summerhouse back home."





*Miss August*  
**COLLEEN MARIE**

Dr. Colleen continues to practice veterinary medicine in Las Vegas. "I'm getting better at my diagnoses and reading lab work," she says. "No one recognizes me in the office because I pull my hair back in a bun and wear no makeup." After her sister gets married next summer, Colleen plans to move to New York or L.A. to pursue either modeling or more vet duties. "I get nice letters from my little website, Colleenmarie.com. If you send me a SASE, I'll sign one of my head shots and mail it back."

*Miss September*  
**LUCI VICTORIA**

It thrilled Luci that her issue made such a splash in her native England. "One day they had a big delivery in Sheffield, and the next day they had to order more copies," she says. "My career is taking off, and I'm starting to get recognized when I go out." Luci will be promoting Formula 1 racing events in 2004 and says she'd help her mom pay off her house if she were to win PMOY. "I'm more for helping other people than myself. I'd also save some money so I could keep coming back to Los Angeles."







*Misses December*

**SARAH and  
DEISY TELES**

Brazil's Teles twins send a big kiss to all their new friends in America. The sisters took English lessons at the Mansion, and their fluency has improved impressively since they arrived in the United States just last summer. Now Sarah and Deisy want to spend the holidays with their large family in São Paulo. "We want to live the life we never had as teenagers—study for schoolwork and not worry about working," they say.

*Miss October*

**AUDRA LYNN**

Audra's promotional appearances in Minnesota were some of the best attended of any Playmate's hometown events. "I would pursue more acting if it came in my direction, but I'm more into modeling right now," says this farmer's daughter. "I want to save as much money as possible so I don't have to work when I go to college. I want to study psychology and help abuse victims, but I'm not sure where to go to school. I could be a professional mover, because I've been all over."

*Miss June*

**TAILOR JAMES**

"The SARS epidemic—which was blown way out of proportion—really affected tourism in Toronto, but I am content here," says Canadian cutie Tailor. "I'm still working on a line of lingerie to sell on my website. I'm making all my manufacturing contacts, and I have a lot of great mentors, so I'm just taking my time." Tailor has started to practice yoga but also wants to sign up for a cardio striptease class. "It's about working out and strutting around while everyone in the gym watches."





*Miss April*  
**CARMELLA DeCESARE**

"This opportunity has changed my life in the biggest way," says Carmella. "I love traveling and meeting people, and I got to experience so many things at 21 that most people don't get to in their whole lives." Her issue caused a stir in Cleveland, where she still works as a marketing rep. "It's cute when guys recognize me on the street, because they make it a big deal in Cleveland. My mother is having a blast. She goes to all the signings and made Hef a scrapbook of my clippings."

*Miss May*  
**Laurie FETTER**

When we caught up with Laurie, she sounded so...throaty. "I'm flying once a week, so my voice is a little hoarse from the jet lag," she explains. "Everyone thinks I got a job as a phone-sex operator." Laurie is single now and wants to buy a house closer to the beach. "I've been keeping busy with modeling, but I've been doing that for years. If I won PMOY, I would pay back my parents all the money I owe them and make my rounds to everyone—thanks for the help!"



## 50 YEARS OF PLAYMATES

On the facing foldout are the Playmates from Miss February 1979, Lee Ann Michelle, to Colleen Shannon, our 50th Anniversary Playmate. To find your favorite, locate the corresponding letter and number on the foldout. (See page 108 for the first 25 years.)

- 1979**  
 A-1 Lee Ann Michelle, February  
 A-2 Denise McConnell, March  
 A-3 Missy Cleveland, April  
 A-4 Michele Drake, May  
 A-5 Louann Fernald, June  
 A-6 Dorothy Mays, July  
 A-7 Dorothy Stratten, August  
 A-8 Vicki McCarty, September  
 A-9 Ursula Buchfellner, October  
 A-10 Sylvie Garant, November  
 A-11 Candace Collins, December

- 1980**  
 A-12 Gig Gangel, January  
 A-13 Sandy Cagle, February  
 A-14 Henriette Allais, March  
 A-15 Liz Glazowski, April  
 A-16 Martha Thomsen, May  
 A-17 Ola Ray, June  
 A-18 Teri Peterson, July  
 A-19 Victoria Cooke, August  
 A-20 Lisa Welch, September  
 B-1 Mardi Jacquet, October  
 B-2 Jeana Tomasino, November  
 B-3 Terri Welles, December

- 1981**  
 B-4 Karen Price, January  
 B-5 Vicki Lasseter, February  
 B-6 Kymberly Herrin, March  
 B-7 Lorraine Michaels, April  
 B-8 Gina Goldberg, May  
 B-9 Cathy Larmouth, June  
 B-10 Heidi Sorenson, July  
 B-11 Debbie Boostrom, August  
 B-12 Susan Smith, September  
 B-13 Kelly Tough, October  
 B-14 Shannon Tweed, November  
 B-15 Patricia Farinelli, December

- 1982**  
 B-16 Kimberly McArthur, January  
 B-17 Anne-Marie Fox, February  
 B-18 Karen Witter, March  
 B-19 Linda Rhys Vaughn, April  
 B-20 Kym Malin, May  
 C-1 Lourdes Estores, June  
 C-2 Lynda Wiesmeier, July  
 C-3 Cathy St. George, August  
 C-4 Connie Brighton, September  
 C-5 Marianne Gravatte, October  
 C-6 Marlene Janssen, November  
 C-7 Charlotte Kemp, December

- 1983**  
 C-8 Lonny Chin, January  
 C-9 Melinda Mays, February  
 C-10 Alana Soares, March  
 C-11 Christina Ferguson, April  
 C-12 Susie Scott, May  
 C-13 Jolanda Egger, June  
 C-14 Ruth Guerri, July  
 C-15 Carina Persson, August  
 C-16 Barbara Edwards, September  
 C-17 Tracy Vaccaro, October  
 C-18 Veronica Gamba, November  
 C-19 Terry Nihen, December

- 1984**  
 C-20 Penny Baker, January  
 D-1 Justine Greiner, February  
 D-2 Dona Speir, March  
 D-3 Lesa Ann Pedriana, April  
 D-4 Patty Duffek, May  
 D-5 Tricia Lange, June  
 D-6 Liz Stewart, July  
 D-7 Suzi Schott, August  
 D-8 Kimberley Evenson, September  
 D-9 Debi Johnson, October  
 D-10 Roberta Vasquez, November  
 D-11 Karen Velaz, December

- 1985**  
 D-12 Joan Bennett, January  
 D-13 Cherie Witter, February

- D-14 Donna Smith, March  
 D-15 Cindy Brooks, April  
 D-16 Kathy Shower, May  
 D-17 Devin DeVasquez, June  
 D-18 Hope Marie Carlton, July  
 D-19 Cher Butler, August  
 D-20 Venice Kong, September  
 E-1 Cynthia Brimhall, October  
 E-2 Pamela Saunders, November  
 E-3 Carol Ficatier, December

- 1986**  
 E-4 Sherry Arnett, January  
 E-5 Julie McCullough, February  
 E-6 Kim Morris, March  
 E-7 Teri Weigel, April  
 E-8 Christine Richters, May  
 E-9 Rebecca Ferratti, June  
 E-10 Lynne Austin, July  
 E-11 Ava Fabian, August  
 E-12 Rebekka Armstrong, September  
 E-13 Katherine Hushaw, October  
 E-14 Donna Edmondson, November  
 E-15 Laurie Carr, December

- 1987**  
 E-16 Luann Lee, January  
 E-17 Julie Peterson, February  
 E-18 Marina Baker, March  
 E-19 Anna Clark, April  
 E-20 Kym Paige, May  
 F-1 Sandy Greenberg, June  
 F-2 Charlene Berg, July  
 F-3 Sharry Konopski, August  
 F-4 Gwen Hajek, September  
 F-5 Brandi Brandt, October  
 F-6 Pam Stein, November  
 F-7 India Allen, December

- 1988**  
 F-8 Kimberley Conrad, January  
 F-9 Kari Kennell, February  
 F-10 Susie Owens, March  
 F-11 Eloise Broady, April  
 F-12 Diana Lee, May  
 F-13 Emily Arth, June  
 F-14 Terri Lynn Doss, July  
 F-15 Helle Michaelsen, August  
 F-16 Laura Richmond, September  
 F-17 Shannon Long, October  
 F-18 Pia Reyes, November  
 F-19 Kata Kärkkäinen, December

- 1989**  
 F-20 Fawna MacLaren, January  
 G-1 Simone Eden, February  
 G-2 Laurie Wood, March  
 G-3 Jennifer Jackson, April  
 G-4 Monique Noel, May  
 G-5 Tawnni Cable, June  
 G-6 Erika Eleniak, July  
 G-7 Gianna Amore, August  
 G-8 Karin van Breeschooten, September

- G-8 Mirjam van Breeschooten, September  
 G-9 Karen Foster, October  
 G-10 Renee Tenison, November  
 G-11 Petra Verkaik, December

- 1990**  
 G-12 Peggy McIntaggart, January  
 G-13 Pamela Anderson, February  
 G-14 Deborah Driggs, March  
 G-15 Lisa Matthews, April  
 G-16 Tina Bockrath, May  
 G-17 Bonnie Marino, June  
 G-18 Jacqueline Sheen, July  
 G-19 Melissa Evridge, August  
 G-20 Kerri Kendall, September  
 H-1 Brittany York, October  
 H-2 Lorraine Olivia, November  
 H-3 Morgan Fox, December

- 1991**  
 H-4 Stacy Arthur, January

- H-5 Cristy Thom, February  
 H-6 Julie Clarke, March  
 H-7 Christina Leardini, April  
 H-8 Carrie Yazel, May  
 H-9 Saskia Linssen, June  
 H-10 Wendy Kaye, July  
 H-11 Corinna Harney, August  
 H-12 Samantha Dorman, September  
 H-13 Cheryl Bachman, October  
 H-14 Tonja Christensen, November  
 H-15 Wendy Hamilton, December

- 1992**  
 H-16 Suzi Simpson, January  
 H-17 Tanya Beyer, February  
 H-18 Tilyn John, March  
 H-19 Cady Cantrell, April  
 H-20 Vickie (Anna Nicole) Smith, May  
 I-1 Angela Melini, June  
 I-2 Amanda Hope, July  
 I-3 Ashley Allen, August  
 I-4 Morena Corwin, September  
 I-5 Tiffany Sloan, October  
 I-6 Stephanie Adams, November  
 I-7 Barbara Moore, December

- 1993**  
 I-8 Echo Johnson, January  
 I-9 Jennifer LeRoy, February  
 I-10 Kimberly Donley, March  
 I-11 Nicole Wood, April  
 I-12 Elke Jeinsen, May  
 I-13 Alesha Oreskovich, June  
 I-14 Leisa Sheridan, July  
 I-15 Jennifer Lavoie, August  
 I-16 Carrie Westcott, September  
 I-17 Jenny McCarthy, October  
 I-18 Julianna Young, November  
 I-19 Arlene Baxter, December

- 1994**  
 I-20 Anna-Marie Goddard, January  
 J-1 Julie Lynn Gialini, February  
 J-2 Neriah Davis, March  
 J-3 Becky DelosSantos, April  
 J-4 Shae Marks, May  
 J-5 Elan Carter, June  
 J-6 Traci Adell, July  
 J-7 Maria Checa, August  
 J-8 Kelly Gallagher, September  
 J-9 Victoria Nika Zdrok, October  
 J-10 Donna Perry, November  
 J-11 Elisa Bridges, December

- 1995**  
 J-12 Melissa Holliday, January  
 J-13 Lisa Marie Scott, February  
 J-14 Stacy Sanches, March  
 J-15 Danelle Folta, April  
 J-16 Cindy Brown, May  
 J-17 Rhonda Adams, June  
 J-18 Heidi Mark, July  
 J-19 Rachel Jean Marteen, August  
 J-20 Donna D'Errico, September  
 K-1 Alicia Rickter, October  
 K-2 Holly Witt, November  
 K-3 Samantha Torres, December

- 1996**  
 K-4 Victoria Fuller, January  
 K-5 Kona Carmack, February  
 K-6 Priscilla Lee Taylor, March  
 K-7 Gillian Bonner, April  
 K-8 Shauna Sand, May  
 K-9 Karin Taylor, June  
 K-10 Angel Boris, July  
 K-11 Jessica Lee, August  
 K-12 Jennifer Allan, September  
 K-13 Nadine Chanz, October  
 K-14 Ulrika Ericsson, November  
 K-15 Victoria Silvestedt, December

- 1997**  
 K-16 Jami Ferrell, January  
 K-17 Kimber West, February  
 K-18 Jennifer Miriam, March  
 K-19 Kelly Monaco, April  
 K-20 Lynn Thomas, May  
 L-1 Carrie Stevens, June  
 L-2 Daphnee Lynn Duplaix, July  
 L-3 Kalin Olson, August  
 L-4 Nikki Schieler, September

- L-5 Layla Roberts, October  
 L-6 Inga Drozdova, November  
 L-7 Karen McDougal, December

- 1998**  
 L-8 Heather Kozar, January  
 L-9 Julia Schultz, February  
 L-10 Marlicee Andrada, March  
 L-11 Holly Joan Hart, April  
 L-12 Deanna Brooks, May  
 L-13 Maria Luisa Gil, June  
 L-14 Lisa Dergan, July  
 L-15 Angela Little, August  
 L-16 Vanessa Gleason, September  
 L-17 Laura Cover, October  
 L-18 Tiffany Taylor, November  
 L-19 Erica Dahm, December  
 L-19 Jaclyn Dahm, December  
 L-19 Nicole Dahm, December

- 1999**  
 L-20 Jaime Bergman, January  
 M-1 Stacy Fuson, February  
 M-2 Alexandria Karlsen, March  
 M-3 Natalia Sokolova, April  
 M-4 Tishara Lee Cousino, May  
 M-5 Kimberly Spicer, June  
 M-6 Jennifer Rovero, July  
 M-7 Rebecca Scott, August  
 M-8 Kristi Cline, September  
 M-9 Jodi Ann Paterson, October  
 M-10 Cara Wakelin, November  
 M-11 Brooke Richards, December

- 2000**  
 M-12 Carol Bernaolch, January  
 M-12 Darlene Bernaola, January  
 M-13 Suzanne Stokes, February  
 M-14 Nicole Marie Lenz, March  
 M-15 Brande Roderick, April  
 M-16 Brooke Berry, May  
 M-17 Shannon Stewart, June  
 M-18 Nefeteri Shepherd, July  
 M-19 Summer Alice, August  
 M-20 Kerissa Fare, September  
 N-1 Nichole Van Croft, October  
 N-2 Buffy Tyler, November  
 N-3 Cara Michelle, December

- 2001**  
 N-4 Irina Voronina, January  
 N-5 Lauren Michelle Hill, February  
 N-6 Miriam Gonzalez, March  
 N-7 Katie Lohmann, April  
 N-8 Crista Nicole, May  
 N-9 Heather Spyttek, June  
 N-10 Kimberley Stanfield, July  
 N-11 Jennifer Walcott, August  
 N-12 Dalene Kurtis, September  
 N-13 Stephanie Heinrich, October  
 N-14 Lindsey Vuolo, November  
 N-15 Shanna Moakler, December

- 2002**  
 N-16 Nicole Narain, January  
 N-17 Anka Romensky, February  
 N-18 Tina Jordan, March  
 N-19 Heather Carolin, April  
 N-20 Christi Shake, May  
 O-1 Michele Rogers, June  
 O-2 Lauren Anderson, July  
 O-3 Christina Santiago, August  
 O-4 Shalann Meiers, September  
 O-5 Teri Harrison, October  
 O-6 Serria Tawan, November  
 O-7 Lani Todd, December

- 2003**  
 O-8 Rebecca Ramos, January  
 O-9 Charis Boyle, February  
 O-10 Pernelope Jimenez, March  
 O-11 Carmella DeCesare, April  
 O-12 Laurie Fetter, May  
 O-13 Tailor James, June  
 O-14 Marketa Janska, July  
 O-15 Colleen Marie, August  
 O-16 Luci Victoria, September  
 O-17 Audra Lynn, October  
 O-18 Divini Rae, November  
 O-19 Deisy Teles, December

- 2004**  
 O-19 Sarah Teles, December  
 O-20 Colleen Shannon, January







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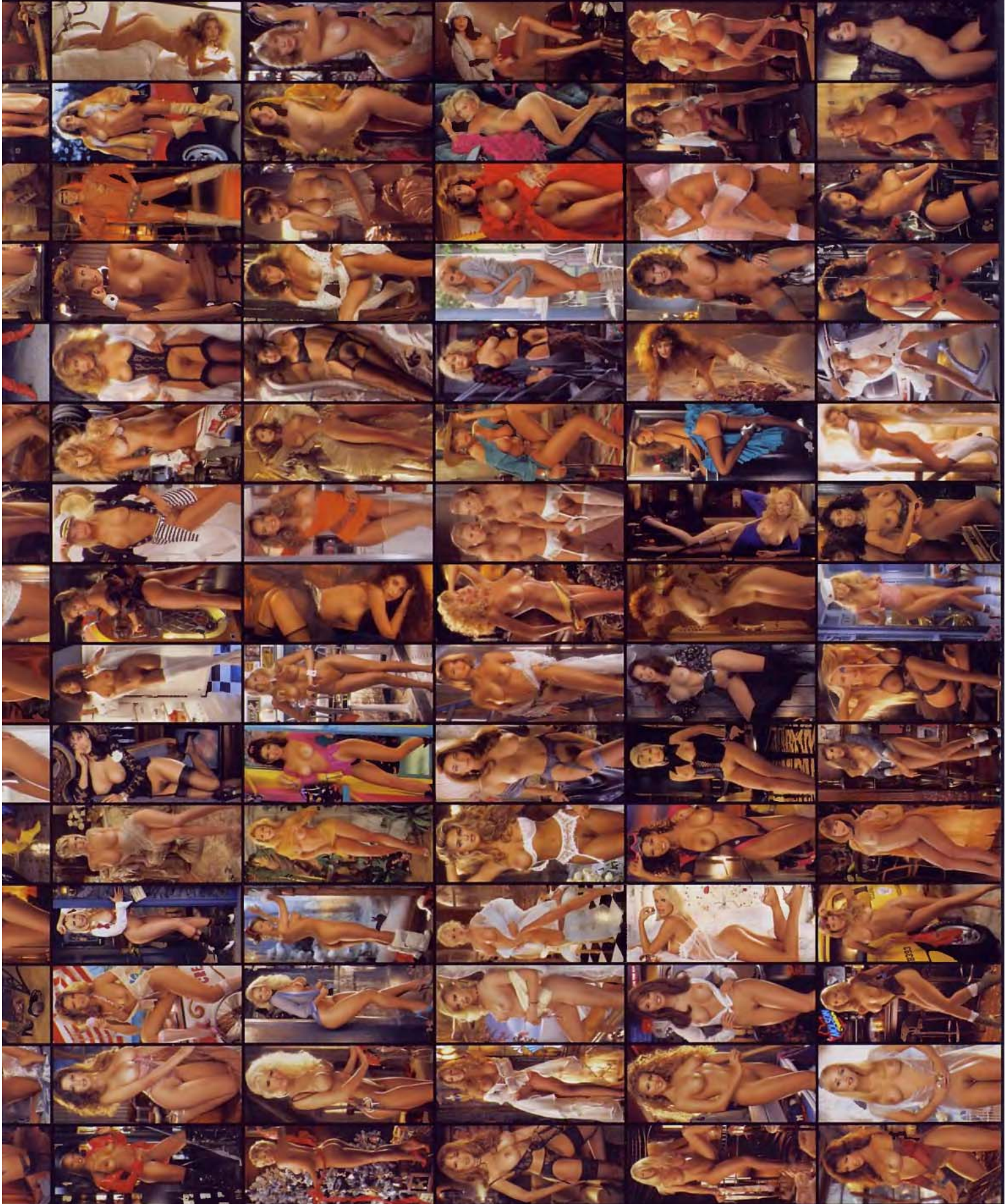
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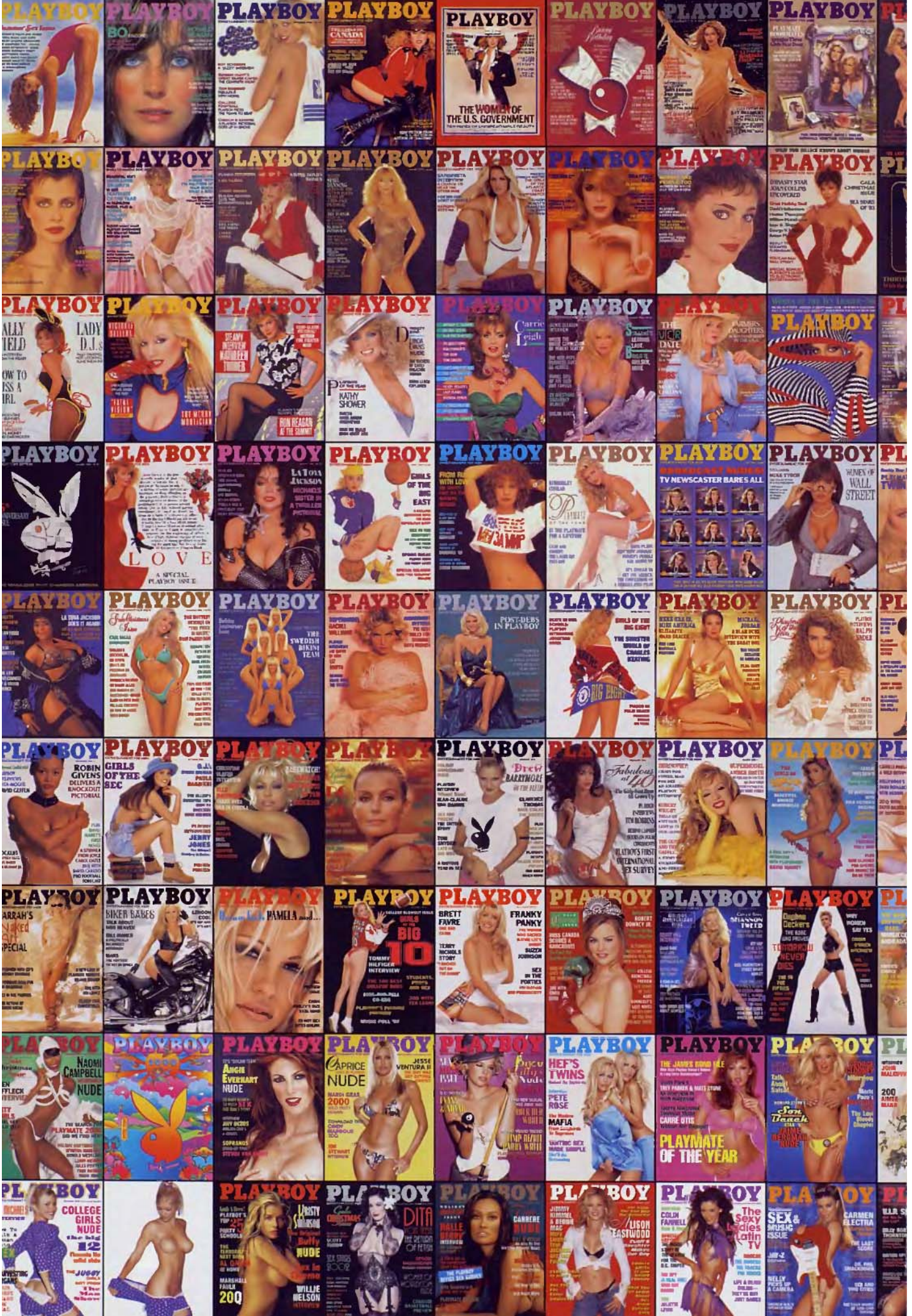
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# Hot New Year

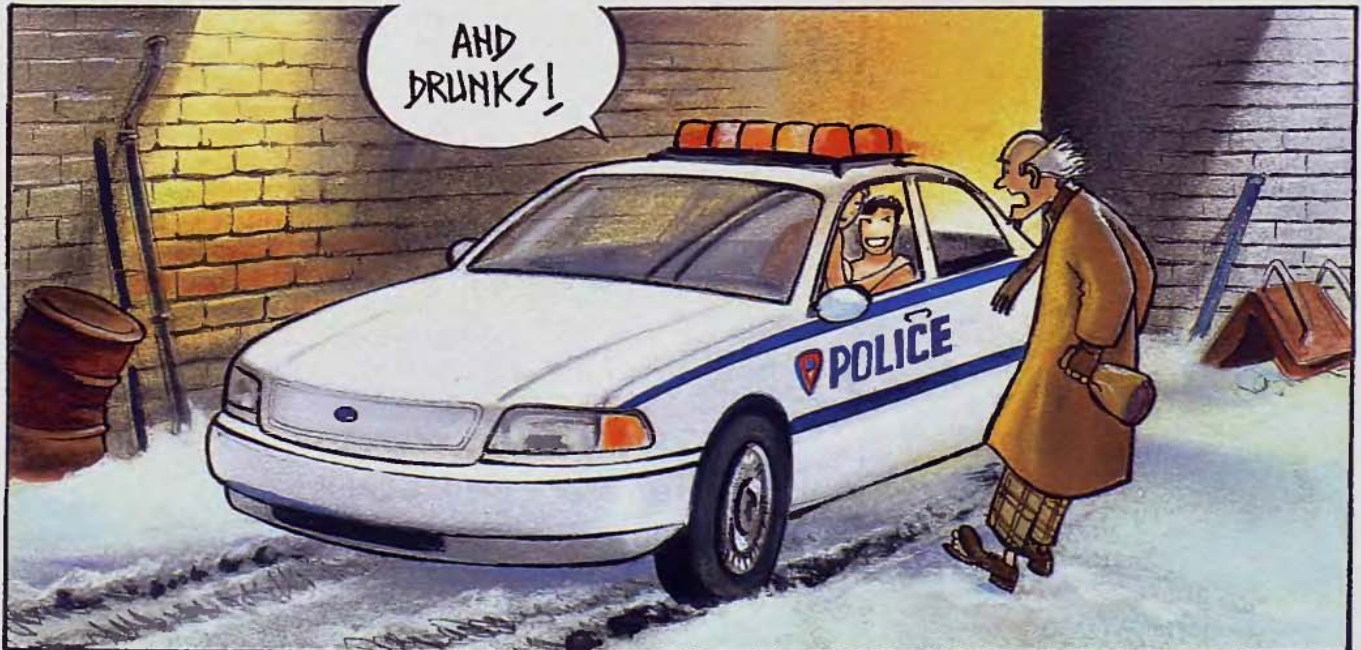
PUT ON THE HEATER, NOW THAT WE'RE STOPPED. WE'RE GOING TO CELEBRATE THE NEW YEAR.



HIM DOWN THERE IS INVITED TOO...



NICE WAY TO CELEBRATE THE NEW YEAR, FOLKS, BUT WATCH OUT: THE COPS ARREST IMMORAL YOUNG COUPLES.



JUAN MARIN JORGE

# MY LIFE WITH PLAYBOY



FOR 50 YEARS THIS LITERARY LION STALKED BUNNIES AND HUNTED PLAYMATES. A TALE OF TWO MANSIONS, COUNTLESS BOOGIE NIGHTS AND A DREAM ASSIGNMENT

by **GEORGE PLIMPTON** . . .

**H**ugh Hefner and I founded our magazines at the same time, 50 years ago in the summer of 1953. Both got going on a shoestring. Hef, by his own account, had less than \$200 in the bank—the total investment in *PLAYBOY* was just under \$8,000. Our group in Paris had scratched together \$1,500 to start *The Paris Review*, a literary magazine. Hef's first issue had the famous calendar shot of Marilyn Monroe. Ours had an interview with E.M. Forster, the great novelist who had not written a novel since 1924. Within months Hef's circulation was in the 100,000s—an immediate success, “an event waiting to happen,” in Hef's words.





My angel is a Centerfold: In 1974 Plimpton photographed model Kevyn Taylor, above, for a potential Centerfold, a shot that elicited Hef's critique. Opposite, top: Plimpton and Taylor, friends after the shoot, share a sun hat. Bottom: The Paper Lion, in Topanga Canyon, wrestles with his Deardorff.

Our circulation was about 300. At its peak PLAYBOY's circulation was 7 million; ours crept up to 15,000, which is about all one can hope for with a literary magazine.

Thus it came as a considerable surprise when in the early 1960s A.C. Spector, who was the editorial director of PLAYBOY, offered me his job. His great passion, I was to discover, was lounging about on sloops, and though he was relatively young, in his 40s, he had it in mind to leave PLAYBOY so he could float about on his yacht in the Caribbean and such places.

Why he had me in mind for the job I have no idea. Nonetheless I told him I was greatly flattered. News of the magazine and its flamboyant founder was the talk of the country. I told him it would mean a horrendous change for me—moving to Chicago, giving up a writing career, which I was just beginning, as well as forgoing the editorship of *The Paris Review*. I was single at the time, which was a plus, obviously, but on the other hand there was the problem of informing my mother—not to mention my father, a rather stern Wall Street lawyer—that I had finally found a decent job in Chicago: “And what is that, son?”

One of the pleasures of being offered the job was that it gave me a number of chances to stay at Hefner's Playboy Mansion on North State Parkway. I was fascinated by the place—invariably by the expectation that something was going to happen. The curtains were drawn so that one had the sensation that it was always night. The Centerfold Playmates stayed in the Mansion, and many of the Bunnies who worked at the Playboy Club lived in a kind of dormitory arrangement on the top floor.

On my visits to see Spector I was put in one of the two large rooms on the second floor. One was the Red Room (sometimes called the Rose Room) and the other the Blue Room, each with matching decor. They shared a

single bathroom. The Playmate of the Month was invariably in the other room; her toothbrush stood in its glass on the sink. I never could figure out what I would say if our visits to the bathroom coincided.

I remember my friend Jules Feiffer, the cartoonist and dramatist, describing being shown to the Red Room by a butler who then turned and asked Jules if there was anything else he wished.

“When are the girls arriving?” he asked half-jokingly.

Not long after, Feiffer, who had just taken a shower, heard a knock at the door. With a towel wrapped around his middle he opened the door and found himself face-to-face with a lovely long-legged young woman wearing a white blouse and white shorts.

“I had this room before you,” she said. “I think I left my radio in here.”

“She came in and fetched it,” Feiffer said. “And that was the closest I ever came to sex in the Mansion.”

The focus of my attention then shifted to the swimming pool in the basement. There was an underwater bar with a large viewing window that looked out on the still, watery depths. A curved stairway led down to the bar. For a more abrupt descent, a trapdoor in the baronial hall above could be raised, and one could slide down a fireman's pole to the floor below. I'd heard, or possibly imagined, that the occasional Playmate—and surely the Bunnies—got carried away and did this.

My favorite haunt was in the pool itself, behind a little waterfall that spilled out over the mouth of a grotto. I would creep in there and stare out through the curtain of water, waiting for something to happen. An hour would pass. I remember the faint smell of chlorine. My skin wrinkled from the chill, and I began thinking of myself as a huge predatory toad as I waited for a Bunny to come down from the dormitory and arc, clothesless, into the pool. If this happened, or if perhaps a dozen girls had plunged in to caper about, throwing a colorful little beach ball around, my plan was to burst through the waterfall, a sudden manic apparition to their startled eyes. This never happened, of course, and after a while I would repair, shivering slightly, to the underwater bar. There I would wait a quiet hour. No one came down the pole or even joined me in the bar. One evening, perched on a stool, I was startled when a tremendous crash, quite audible

**My skin wrinkled from the chilly water, and I began thinking of myself as a huge predatory toad as I waited for a Bunny to come down from the dormitory and arc, clothesless, into the pool.**

through the glass, splintered the pool's opaque surface, and a body barely visible in its cocoon of bubbles descended to the bottom of the pool. Almost instantaneously a second body joined the first. Both slowly rose to the surface, and when the bubbles accompanying them dissipated I found that I was looking at two naked, very stout male torsos (their heads remained above the surface) that belonged, I was to discover later, to two comedians. Their legs, pale in the artificial light and as fat as sausages, struggled to keep them afloat. I turned back to my drink.

I never met the comedians. When I went upstairs, they had disappeared like phantoms. Oddly, in my daily rounds of the place I rarely saw anyone. I never met Hef. He was running his empire from the great circular bed somewhere in the Mansion. I wondered if Spector had



been in to see him about his new editorial director. At one point, as we lazed about in a calm out on the lake aboard his sloop, he had suggested that he be the editorial director for the first half of the year and I run things for the second; we would alternate until I got the hang of things.

That was my last trip to Chicago. Sectorsky's invitations ceased. Apparently he had found someone else. I was left with my memories of the place. Friends were intensely curious. The Mansion was supposed to be the living embodiment of the magazine. They'd heard that the parties started at one A.M. and went on until dawn. Alex Haley, the novelist, had spoken of once staying in the Mansion and peeking out the slats of a shade to see curious people standing in the street outside and looking at the facade of the building, half expecting, as he put it, that an orgy would tumble out onto the streets.

"Well...tell us. What was it like in there?"

I arched an eyebrow. "The Playmate of the Month and I shared a bathroom," I said. "The Bunnies live in the attic." That was all I had to say. They turned away consumed with envy.

When Hef moved the whole shebang to California, it was altogether different. In Chicago it had obviously been bad timing on my part. No doubt parties did go on from one in the morning until dawn, girls with no underwear sliding down the pole into the bar and so forth, but all that kind of merriment had apparently happened on the evenings after I left. On the other hand, the first time I went to the Mansion West I stepped out onto the front lawn to find naked sunbathers, a dozen or so, around the pool; a white llama stepped daintily among them. On the slope beyond: African crowned cranes, peacocks, flamingos. The living embodiment of the magazine indeed! I was particularly taken by the juxtaposition of the sunbathers and the llama, who, alas, eventually died from eating a monogrammed bath towel.

I was there because the photo editor had asked me to try my hand at taking photographs of potential Playmates for the magazine's famous Centerfold. These, along with other candidates, would be shown to Hef, and he would choose what went into the magazine. The photo editor had suggested that I disguise my entries by signing my transparencies with the name Henri Derrière. I thought Henri Derrière as a nom de plume was a bit obvious, and I offered the less suggestive Charles Phillippe.

I took pictures for over a year. I'm rather ashamed to admit that I had a Playboy business card printed with my name and the words *Associate Photographer* underneath. In fact, other than showing it off to friends as a joke, I used the card officially only once. In Tampa, Florida I brought it out, almost on impulse, and handed it to the receptionist behind the desk at the hotel where I was staying. She was very pretty. She looked at the card and listened to my somewhat stuttered explanation. Would she like to pose? To my astonishment, she agreed. She said, "Oh, well, I'll do it. For a lark!" I rushed out and rented a camera.

When she arrived at my room she shucked out of her clothes as nonchalantly as if stepping out of a bathrobe for a bath. She turned out to have two prominent tattoos, one large butterfly on her rump and a red rose on a hipbone. She said she'd had a "tattoo freak" for a boyfriend and had the tattoos done "for a lark."

"Sometimes they startle people," she said.

I was sure Hef would disapprove of the tattoos (unless they were Playboy Rabbit Head logos), so I asked her to arrange herself in poses that wouldn't show them. We tried props, the hotel Bible from the bedside table, to hide the rose. The results, when I looked at the transparencies, were not encouraging—a pretty girl in strange, awkward postures. In one of them her hand was clutched on her backside as though, at the moment the shutter clicked, she had been hit by a muscle spasm.

Nonetheless I put them away in my portfolio. There were others I'd taken of obliging friends doing it "for a lark."

One friend of mine agreed to pose on the kitchen counter amid an interesting arrangement of pots and pans. Domesticity was the vague concept.

Hef's viewing of potential photographs for the magazine takes place, or did then, in the Mansion's dining room, a portable photo viewer set on the dining room table, plugged in and aglow with opaque light. His photo editors arrived with big manila envelopes, each marked with the name of a potential Playmate and her photographer. I noticed with dismay that one of the envelopes was marked "Henri Derrière." Derrière! My choice of Charles Phillippe had been overruled. It was placed with the others on a Queen Anne sideboard.

It was fascinating to watch Hef at work. He had a brass magnifying eyepiece engraved with his initials and M. WEST for Mansion West. He moved the eyepiece, a kind of jeweler's loupe, very quickly over the transparencies that had



been taken out of the envelopes each in its turn and placed on the viewing panel. He kept up a running commentary, often peppered with somewhat clinical evaluations: "Well, we have a little problem with the fanny here, don't we? It's a cute little problem, though," or "The lips are nice and full, but isn't there a cheekbone problem?" or "I don't think this is the type of girl who lies against satin sheets."

Hef then came across the first of my pictures. He started back from the table as if stunned by what he'd just seen, and a strange sound emerged from his mouth, a kind of strangled cough that I recognized as the laugh of a man overwhelmed with mirth. When he recovered he picked up the slide. "Derrière," he said. "I am not acquainted with his work."

I don't know which slide of mine created such a stir. It might have been the one with the girl lying among the saucepans, perhaps the young woman trying to hide the tattoo on her behind. Whichever, my portfolio was considered inadequate, vastly so, and the photo editor took me aside afterward and said we'd start afresh with a PLAYBOY model who knew what she was doing, had no tattoos and knew enough not to pose among kitchen appliances.

Hef gave me some interesting advice. He told me that a successful, if subtle, ingredient in the early days of the PLAYBOY Centerfold had been the unseen presence of a man—a lover, presumably—just out of camera range. The idea of a man being on the premises (his hat on a chair, a pipe on a bedside table) was very much in the PLAYBOY tradition. He showed me some examples in PLAYBOY back issues—a man's hand coming out of the foreground to offer the Playmate a light for her cigarette, the out-of-focus form of a man (full-length) in evening clothes reflected in a boudoir mirror, who was, in fact, Hefner himself.

He went on to say that the practice had been discontinued. In the moral temper of those times it was thought too suggestive to have pipes and hats, much less the image of a man standing in a bedroom door, accompanying an unclothed Playmate. So that sort of evidence was removed. The girl herself was asked to provide the suggestion in her own mind.

Say, wasn't that guy on *The Simpsons*? Above, from far left, Plimpton's Playboy Days and Nights: in 1988 with fashion model Carol Alt; at a Friday night fete with James Caan in 1979; as faux photographer Henri Derrière in 1974, taking a meeting with Hefner and staffers for his Playmate shoot.

## THE GREAT PRETENDER

George Plimpton, who died shortly after finishing this article for PLAYBOY, spent much of his career trying his hand at dangerous jobs for which he wasn't qualified. The results of these adventures in "participatory journalism"? Disastrous, just as Plimpton intended.



### BEATEN TO THE PUNCH

**STUNT:** In 1959 Plimpton challenges Archie Moore, the light-heavyweight champion (141 KOs), to three rounds in a New York City gym for a *Sports Illustrated* story.

**RESULT:** Egged on by a prankish reporter who claims that the neophyte Plimpton really knows how to fight, Moore busts the writer's nose with a few jabs seconds after the opening bell. By the end of the round, Plimpton is weeping. Moore holds Plimpton up for the remaining rounds, reminding the writer to "breathe, man, breathe."

### OUTPLAYED



**STUNT:** The writer joins the New York Philharmonic as a random percussionist in 1967, under the direction of Leonard Bernstein, of whom he is "absolutely terrified."

**RESULT:** While playing the sleigh bells during a performance of Mahler's Fourth Symphony, Plimpton is so overcome by fear that he misjudges the beats and screws up the opening. An enraged Bernstein fires him. The conductor later reconsiders, and

Plimpton, "out of desperation and nerves," blows it again, playing the gong way too loudly in Tchaikovsky's Second in Winnipeg, his final performance.

### POUNDED ON THE MOUND

**STUNT:** Plimpton takes the field at a 1960 All-Star exhibition baseball game at Yankee Stadium. His plan: Before the official game starts, he will pitch to eight batters from each league. He promises \$1,000 to the side that gets the most hits.

**RESULT:** After Richie Ashburn and Willie Mays pop out, Frank Thomas belts a soaring home run into the upper deck. After a total of eight batters (and just two outs), Plimpton is relieved by Yankees coach Ralph Houk. He publishes *Out of My League* the following year.

### BLITZED

**STUNT:** The 1963 Detroit Lions sign Plimpton to a \$1 contract. He trains for four weeks as a 36-year-old free-agent quarterback out of Harvard. Confident that he will be decimated, Lloyd's of London refuses to insure him.

**RESULT:** The writer checks into a preseason scrimmage and takes his place behind the center. Over five plays he loses 29 yards, gets slaughtered in the process and leaves the field as the crowd cackles with laughter. He later scores big with the book *Paper Lion: Confessions of a Last-String Quarterback*.



### TOSSED OFF



**STUNT:** In 1970 Plimpton joins the Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus, the largest in the world, as a trapeze artist.

**RESULT:** Ouring his first "fly-off" in training, he tumbles 40 feet onto the net and injures himself, "losing lots of meat off his face," according to a circus rep. At his first and only performance, in Philadelphia, he successfully flies 30 feet through the air and is caught by the "receiver," only to crash and burn on his way back, flopping onto the net. The stunt later airs on TV during the two-hour special *Plimpton! The Man on the Flying Trapeze*.



Plimpton in 1998 at his home in New York City.

The young woman whom the art department provided me for the Centerfold shot was named Kevyn Taylor—long-legged, slightly freckled, an outdoors kind of girl, not one at her best lying against satin sheets. She was perfectly suited to the scene I had in mind for the photograph, one of a young, unclothed woman standing in a field, having just slipped off a horse. It's been a daydream that has floated about in my mind for years, especially during my callow youth. Even these days, the thought of walking onto a field in autumn, hunting pheasant, a shotgun cradled in my arm, stirs my imagination. Such is the magic of the Playboy organization that the photo editor was able to provide more or less what I had in mind—a meadow of waist-high grass in Topanga Canyon, California. A horse, though, was not provided. The male presence would have to be imagined. I suggested to Kevyn that she imagine that a figure heavily encased in armor had just emerged on a horse from the field's edge.

The Centerfold pictures are taken with an 8"x10" Deardorff camera—a large boxlike affair that is settled on a thick-legged tripod. It comes with a black sheet that the photographer drapes over the back of his head as he peers through the camera at the focusing screen on which the subject appears. Having taken a crash course in the instrument, I never could get used to the fact that the subject appears upside down on the screen. It was explained to me that a camera works the way the human eye does—the eye transmits an image that is upside down, and the brain makes the proper adjustment. For some reason the Deardorff does not have a compensating mirror to correct the image, so what I saw from under my sheet was Kevyn and the meadow disturbingly upside down. In a way I was relieved not to have the horse of my daydreams standing next to her to add to the topsy-turviness of what I was seeing on the focusing screen. Moreover, the field of focus was so sensitive that at the slightest touch of a knob the

tip of Kevyn's nose or the tip of her breast, say, would slide into fuzziness.

It was a sultry afternoon, and I remember an assistant rushing out from time to time with a towel to brush aside a swarm of sweat bees that rose out of the grass and settled around Kevyn's pubic hair.

From under the hood, one picture seemed no better than another. The art department picked the best of them, and it eventually appeared in the magazine—not as a Centerfold, obviously, but in color and interesting enough. It was accompanied by another shot I'd taken of Kevyn in a tree (which pleased me more as an alluring combination of shapes and shadows).

Kevyn told me the night before our shoot that she was fond of hiking and that the best time she'd ever had hiking was walking naked through Big Sur, California with a girlfriend.

My heart jumped. "Naked?"

"She wore boots and socks. I wore leather shoes."

I asked if anyone had seen the two of them.

She gave me a glance and then said that a couple hiking along the pine trails had spotted them. "The guy looked up and saw me standing there. It must have surprised him."

I grinned and said that without knowing it she had added to the store of my daydreams, that now I had a second sharp image to go along with that of the girl standing in the tall grass next to her horse.

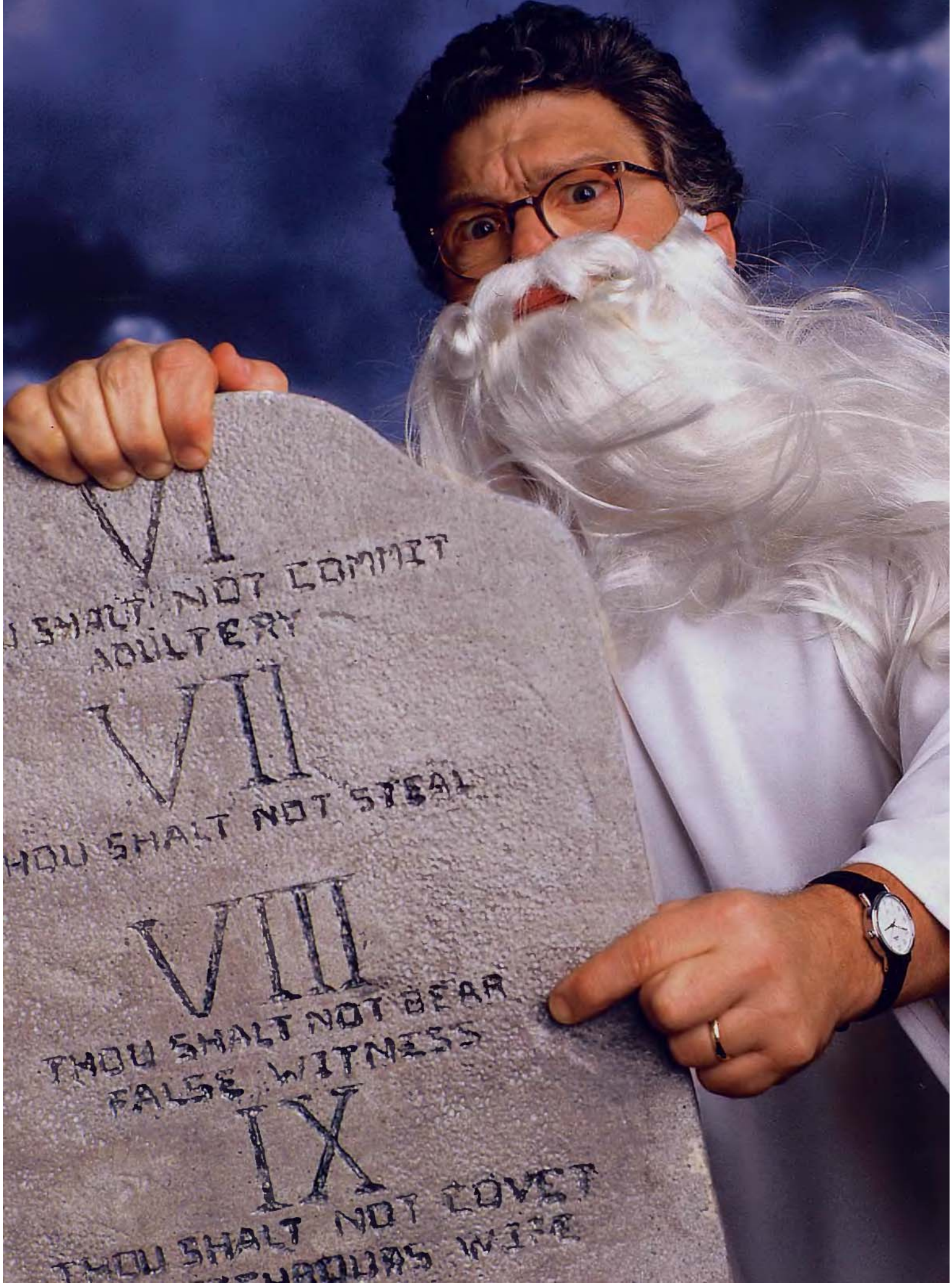
I never thought to ask what Hef thought of Charles Phillipe (a.k.a. Henri Derrière) as a photographer. But I am in his debt for allowing me the chance to try to photograph the Centerfold. When I give a lecture, a hand goes up at the end, and invariably someone wants to know what it's like to photograph a Centerfold. The men lean forward slightly. It is an American daydream.

The daydream for young American women who have the twinge to be an actress or a model always includes the "moment of discovery"—the tap on the shoulder from an agent or a director, very often in the most mundane of circumstances—walking through an airport, in a park, watching a basketball game.

Very late one night when staying at the Mansion West, I came up from the grotto—lurking about among the votive candles—to discover Warren Beatty in the foyer, lying on his back just inside the door, his head resting on a knapsack. He was apparently asleep. I have known Warren for many years. He had been in the Soviet Union, it turned out, to see if he could film parts of *Reds*, his film about John Reed, there, particularly in St. Petersburg, then called Leningrad. The Soviets said he could do so if he agreed to play John Reed in their version of the American Communist's life. Warren had looked at their script, which was patently anti-American, including flash-forwards to the Vietnam war. When Warren turned down the role, the Russians denied him the locales he wanted—the Russian scenes in *Reds* were eventually filmed in Finland. He had returned from these discussions to find that his own house was under such heavy construction repair work that he had come to Hef's, where he knew he could get a night's lodging. I didn't know this at the time—only that he had mysteriously turned up, flat-out on Hef's marble floors. I went up and bent over him. "Warren," I said, "is that you?" His eyes snapped open. "Whigham," he said. "Horace Whigham." (concluded on page 312)



*"This is the ninth number we've sat out, Ronnie...don't you want to dance or something?"*



VI  
THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT  
ADULTERY

VII  
THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

VIII  
THOU SHALT NOT BEAR  
FALSE WITNESS

IX  
THOU SHALT NOT COVET  
THY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE

# Al Franken

## A fair and somewhat unbalanced visit with the left's favorite court jester

1

PLAYBOY: Your recent book, *Lies and the Lying Liars Who Tell Them: A Fair and Balanced Look at the Right*, became a best-seller after Fox News and Bill O'Reilly tried to block you from using their "fair and balanced" slogan. That was your plan all along, right?

FRANKEN: The lawsuit was the best thing that ever happened to the book. People have tried to find some kind of explanation for how Fox could have been that stupid, and the best theory is that I hypnotized them. I saw both O'Reilly and Fox News CEO Roger Ailes when I spoke at the 2002 Radio and TV Correspondents Dinner. I must have said, "Within a year and a half you will sue me, and you will forget this when I snap my fingers." Fox sent a letter to my publisher threatening to sue if we didn't remove O'Reilly's picture from the cover, and my publisher was a little nervous. I said, "No, they're just trying to intimidate us. I know my rights as a satirist. O'Reilly is a public figure, and we have absolutely no danger of losing." I said our response to them should be, "Please, please, please sue us." When my Rush Limbaugh book came out I had my editor send him a copy with a note that said, "Al thinks it would help sales if you mentioned the book on your show." He did not. Rush is a little smarter than these Fox guys. I can't believe how stupid they were.

2

PLAYBOY: You've called Limbaugh a big fat idiot and dubbed conservative commentator Ann Coulter a hysterical diva. Did you miss the high school debate club meeting in which the moderator warned against personal attacks?

FRANKEN: No. I wrestled and I was in the drama club. I do personal attacks only on people who specialize in personal attacks. Like when Limbaugh said that the Clintons not only have a White House cat, they have a White

House dog and showed a picture of then-13-year-old Chelsea. That's beyond the pale, and fuck you, Rush. It's now open season on you, and I can call you fat. Somebody had to get into the mud with him and stop him. It's just the bully on the playground. You stand up to the guy, and he wusses out.

3

PLAYBOY: Cable news displays a voracious appetite for talking heads. Are the standards too low to enter punditry these days?

FRANKEN: What's too low are the expectations of a pundit. A lot of punditry is getting an intern to get you two articles on school vouchers. You read them and you're an expert on school vouchers. Then you argue your side for three minutes. One of the huge ironies of 24-hour cable news is that for some reason they just don't have enough time for your interview. I discovered this while promoting my book. "I wish we could have had you on longer, but we have just five minutes." It's 24-hour cable! If I were to design a 24-hour cable network, there would be a little more breathing room.

4

PLAYBOY: The Bushes, father and son, attended Yale. The Frankens, father and daughter, graduated from Harvard. Don't you just love the tradition of alumni legacies at prestigious colleges?

FRANKEN: My daughter got in on merit. So did I, since my dad didn't graduate from high school. When I was at Harvard I noticed there were a lot of legacies, and some of them weren't the smartest kids in the class. But I never heard a Cabot or a Lowell complain that this legacy thing made them suspect, which is supposedly why affirmative action is so bad, because African Americans feel, "Oh, I hate affirmative action because people think I didn't deserve to get in." I never hear black kids complaining about it; I hear white people

saying that black kids complain about it. My kids aren't off-the-charts brilliant; they're just really smart, hardworking, interesting kids. But that doesn't assure admittance, because things are so competitive these days. I don't think it hurts to be the child of a celebrity.

5

PLAYBOY: Were the seeds of liberalism sown early in your life in Minnesota?

FRANKEN: My dad was a Republican. He voted for Herbert Hoover twice. In 1964 he became a Democrat because of Barry Goldwater's stance on civil rights. My dad was a card-carrying member of the NAACP. We're Jewish, and during the whole civil rights thing he'd say no Jew could ever be against civil rights. That was pounded into us. There are real Minnesota roots there. In many ways I'm still a Hubert Humphrey Democrat—someone who believes in afflicting the comfortable and comforting the afflicted. A society is judged by how it treats the elderly, the sick, the impoverished. To me it's a matter of ethics and compassion.

6

PLAYBOY: Were you astounded by the battle over the Ten Commandments-engraved rock being removed from the Alabama state supreme courthouse?

FRANKEN: It was pretty funny, the state chief justice defying a court order. It's cut-and-dried. The public square is not a place to put religious symbols. Religion has thrived in this country because we have separation of church and state. Theocracies? Notice how well Iran is doing.

7

PLAYBOY: Can we assume that you're not a proponent of school prayer?

FRANKEN: If you want to pray in school, pray to yourself. I went to public school until 10th grade, and then I went to a private school that was founded around the turn of the century as a

school for Protestant boys. They started letting in Jews in the 1950s to keep the SAT scores up. We had chapel in the morning. I honestly liked chapel, but I didn't sing the hymns, because they were Protestant. So at the end of math class one day my teacher said, "Franken, I notice you don't sing the hymns in chapel." I told him I was Jewish and there was a lot of Jesus in there and it would be disrespectful to the hymns themselves to sing them if I didn't believe them. I pulled that out of my ass. He said, "You want to get into a good college, don't you? You're going to need a good math grade. I'd sing the hymns." And the next day I was singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" as loud as anyone.

8

PLAYBOY: You're a golfer. Do liberals exhibit a propensity to nudge the ball to a better lie because they perceive it to be disadvantaged?

FRANKEN: Some poll of CEOs found that something like 82 percent of them cheat at golf. I'm not good, but I like playing. I caddied as a kid. I was in Tampa recently and gave a speech to some insurance sales execs, and I played golf with them. I hear Clinton was pretty good. Sure he was: "That's a gimme." [laughs]

9

PLAYBOY: You earn a substantial portion of your income on the corporate lecture circuit. Have you become a court jester to the country club set?

FRANKEN: Almost all the corporate groups I speak to are anywhere from 60 percent to 95 percent conservative. I always start off with, "It's great to be speaking to you

insurance executives. And looking out at your white faces, it's great to see that this group hasn't given in to all that affirmative action nonsense." And they always laugh. Then I say that I'm a liberal but I've discovered Democrats can't afford me. They howl at that, because it makes them feel rich. Then I make fun of them, they laugh, and then they pay me. Everyone wins. I can say anything I want. It's just about how I frame it. I go after them, but they love it because people have an actual sense of humor in this country. Try working a Dutch audience sometime.

10

PLAYBOY: Now that Bob Hope has departed the scene, will we be seeing Al Franken entertaining the troops every Christmas?

FRANKEN: This Christmas I'm going to Afghanistan and Kuwait. We're not going to Saudi Arabia, but we are going to Iraq, and I think we can take cheerleaders there. It will be my fourth time entertaining overseas, but I've never been this far forward. I went to Kosovo while there was still some shooting. I was shot at. We were going over the Sar Mountains in a helicopter. I could see the tracers, and it made me really nervous. But the guys in the helicopter didn't seem nervous. They get shot at, and they take evasive action. I love our men and women in uniform, and it breaks my heart that they're getting killed day in and day out and that the president lied to us about why we were going to war. There was a case to be made about this war—Saddam defied the UN for 12 years—if Bush had only treated us like adults.

11

PLAYBOY: Ridicule and pranks—two ways Al Franken seeks to raise the level of public discourse?

FRANKEN: I like to ridicule bad people. Ridicule is one of the arrows in my quiver. I don't play pranks that much. The prank in my book about Bob Jones University was actually my wife's idea. She thought it would be funny to take our son down to Bob Jones as if he were looking at it. It's a really right-wing, Christian nutcase sort of place. This was when they had a ban on interracial dating. I just wanted to be in an information session and ask questions like "Could Tiger Woods date anybody? Could he even go out with himself?" It's amazing how restrictive the place is. Girls and boys aren't even allowed to touch.

12

PLAYBOY: Why did you challenge a *National Review* editor to a fight?

FRANKEN: I saw Rich Lowry say on C-Span that liberals have sissified politics. I called him the next day and challenged him. He said, "A fight? Where would it be?" I told him it would be in my parking garage. He asked about the rules. I said, "No rules." He asked if I fought a lot. I told him I'd never fought, but I knew I could beat his ass because I wrestled in high school and he looked like a wimp. I don't believe in fighting, but if someone accuses us of sissifying politics, I figure I've got to stand up for Democrats. I also wanted to shame the guy. I knew he wouldn't fight me. He seemed so scared and confused.

13

PLAYBOY: Now that you've climbed into the rhetorical ring with all those guys, do you have your own fanatical followers?

FRANKEN: When I wrote the Rush book, I was very worried that some Limbaugh dittohead would sucker punch me at the signings. So I always looked down the line and tried to pick out the weirdest-looking guy, and invariably he'd turn out to be my biggest fan.

14

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself ever holding office?

FRANKEN: No. I would be crushed by the sense of responsibility. Voting on whether to authorize the use of force is a big decision, especially on a close call. I don't know if I could handle that. That's what you're doing when you elect someone: You're giving them the opportunity to handle it.

15

PLAYBOY: David Brock, an author known for his anti-Clinton works, recanted in *Blinded by the Right*. What would it take for Al Franken's name to appear on the masthead of *National Review* or *The Weekly Standard*?

FRANKEN: A concussion.

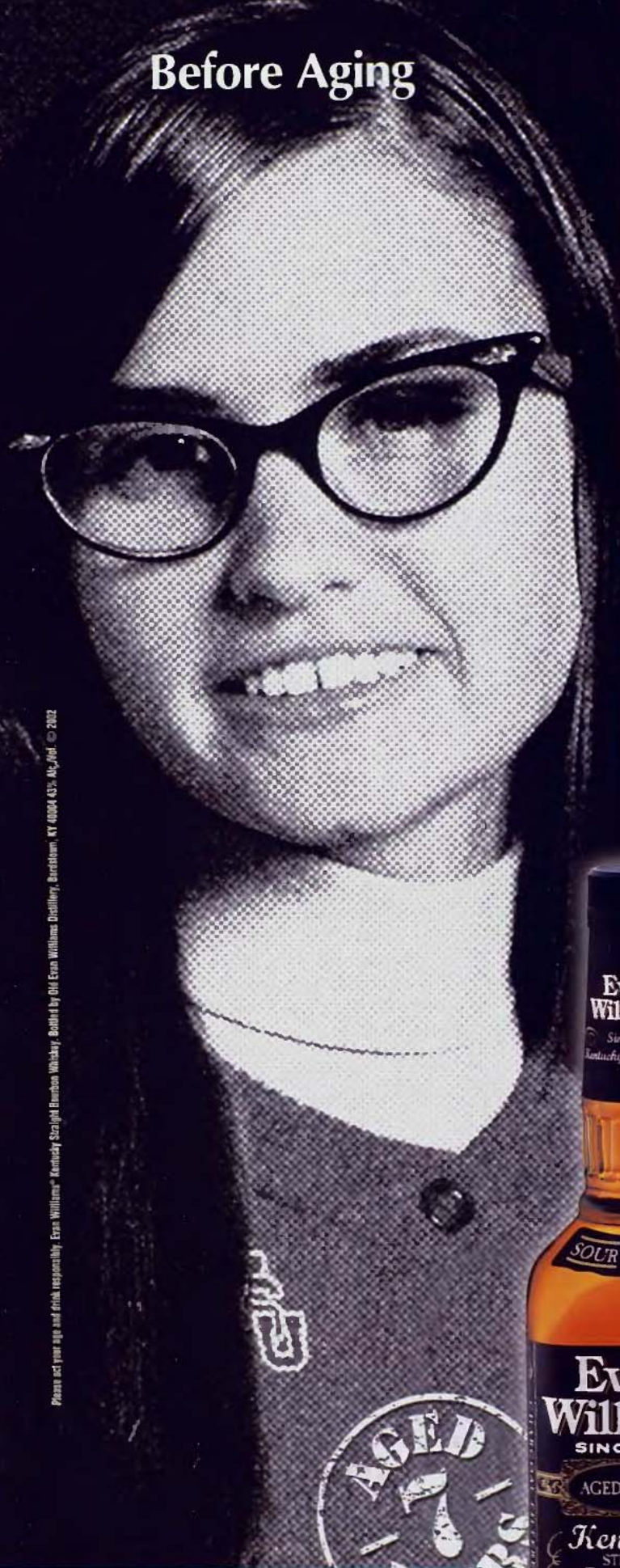


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16

PLAYBOY: We keep hearing the phrase "What would Jesus do?" Any ideas?

FRANKEN: I have some idea from my understanding of the New Testament and *The Dummies' Guide to the Life of Jesus*. I know that Jesus wouldn't be doing what this administration is doing. Jesus talked about helping the meek, he talked about the poor, and he talked about mercy and compassion.

17

PLAYBOY: You make your home on Manhattan's Upper West Side, an area well-known for its liberal population. We might not expect those people to connect with NRA types, but couldn't they find some enjoyment in Nascar?

FRANKEN: I don't believe that some knowledge crowds out other knowledge, so there's certainly no harm. I was amazed when my daughter and I went down to Charlotte to see Duke play in

the ACC finals—we're both big Duke fans—and Nascar was on the radio. I can see maybe sitting and watching the cars go in a circle and learning the fine techniques of racing. But listen on the radio?

18

PLAYBOY: You own a trove of Nixon memorabilia. Do you really miss the guy?

FRANKEN: He was a better president than the one we have now. A lot of people say he was a terrible domestic president because of Watergate but a good foreign policy president because of China. I think he was a terrible foreign policy president because of Vietnam but a pretty good domestic president. When the Republican revolution attempted to dismantle the government, it was really Nixon stuff they were going after. He started OSHA. He started the EPA. Except for his paranoia and anti-Semitism and all that stuff, he wasn't so bad. I really loved his resignation, though. Man, he was a great comedic character. When Tom Davis and I started in comedy, we did so much Nixon material that we would switch off playing him. If Nixon were talking to Henry Kissinger, Tom would be Nixon. If Nixon were talking to David Eisenhower, I'd be Nixon. That's how much Nixon we did.

19

PLAYBOY: You were present at the creation of *Saturday Night Live* in 1975. Could you have predicted that it would still be on the air today?

FRANKEN: I got to *SNL* the first day of the show, when Lorne Michaels and the writers came in. At the time, the only comedy-variety shows were *Carol Burnett*, which was a very good show but totally different generationally, and *Sonny and Cher*, which was a piece of shit. I know Sonny died, but he should be ashamed. I met Danny Aykroyd and Gilda Radner, and I said to myself, This is going to be a huge hit. They were a generation of comedians who had grown up with TV and had a certain attitude about its bursting the dam. Of course, that was youthful hubris. Now that I've been in show business for 30 years, I know not to think something like that.

20

PLAYBOY: On *SNL*, you announced that the 1980s were the Al Franken Decade. Did things work out okay for you in those 10 years?

FRANKEN: The 1980s were a great decade for me personally. Both my kids were born then. But this decade is very good for me too. I'm working on the Al Franken Millennium. I would like to be here for the end of the millennium to see what effect I have on things in 2999.



Dean Yeagle

"Yes, well...perhaps Madam would prefer a somewhat smaller brooch with that particular dress...."



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# mailer

(continued from page 198)

If that becomes a woman's deepest sentiment within a pregnancy, who has the authority to declare she is in error? She is, after all, convinced that her oncoming creation is evil. This may be the extreme case, but what of the woman who knows that her vanity is still so consumed with the need to maintain her youth and freedom that she senses how badly she would rear her child? A woman can have an honest recognition that she is too selfish or too timid or in too desperate a situation to bring an infant into the world. That much self-honesty can become the first step in becoming more human or, at least, more adult. For rare is the woman who has an abortion without suffering her private horror.

The counterattack to the Right to Life is that no man has the authority to forbid abortion until we come to the end of all wars. Otherwise, since God is always on our side in war, it must be God's desire that we look to exterminate strangers en masse. Such slayings are highly organized, of course, but they are first cousin to terrorism. We are killing people we know nothing about. We are also destroying full-grown humans into whom God may have put much interest and much intent.

## GAY MARRIAGE: FAMILY VALUES?

Civil marriage for homosexuals is one more problem to divide liberals and conservatives. The prejudice runs deep. Most heterosexual men and women feel they have paid a life price to duty and responsibility by the act of getting married. So their resentment is profound. Why should gays enjoy the pleasures of the sybaritic yet have the civil and economic protections of marriage as well? The answer—and it will take more than one presidential election before these matters can be discussed openly—is that mutual comprehension and tolerance between heterosexuals and gay people may begin to come into being only after gay couples have taken on the yoke of

marriage and, by adoption, children. Indeed, the saving irony to convince a few conservatives is that the desire among certain homosexuals to seek out the constraints of marriage does speak of an innate pull toward domestic cohabitation.

Besides, there is a more forceful argument. It is that in a democracy, everyone feels the need to find out who they are, what they are and in which ways they can live and identify themselves. Is this not the theme underlining the Pursuit of Happiness? It is worth adding that every child adopted by a gay couple no longer has to spend his or her years in an orphanage. If that child might face special difficulties because the parents are gay, the question to ask is whether the problems encountered will prove more dire than growing up in an institution.

## THE BUSH CREDO: WAR IS MORE GODLY THAN WELFARE

It is still an outrage. Compared with other industrial powers, we do not have a comprehensive safety net. Indeed, much of the brouhaha over affirmative action is but the visible tip of the iceberg. Relatively restrained, the opponents of affirmative action give barely a hint of the deeper aversion many of them feel toward blacks and, to a lesser degree, Hispanics.

The real target has always been social welfare. There were men and women on the right who were enraged that whole sections of the population seemed content to raise large one-parent families and live off the government. Since their anger was often fueled by their own hard lives, they found it obscene that others did not have to work as conscientiously.

Let us eschew the bona fide reply that not all idle hands were happy to live with welfare. Once again, it is worth taking up the right-wing argument on its merits. They would be the first to say that work is a blessing. Let us assume it is. By such logic, the real suffering for those on welfare is, precisely, that they are deprived of that blessing. For the average human, white or black, man or woman, it is probably more difficult to live on the

dole than to work. Boredom and shame do the work instead on the soul.

Can we stare into the center of the real moral issue? A nation indifferent to social welfare, a land so fevered with the free market that it would forgo all safety nets, a country without concern for its poorest members, deserving or undeserving, has become a society with distorted values. Whether one is full of belief in a higher authority or feels no belief, the basic notion, all flaws granted, is that democracy is still a system which assumes all human beings are of value. The concept is noble. But if the emphasis is on our own rights at all costs and we have become so swollen in our egomania that we are indifferent to the homeless sleeping on the street, even furious at the fact of their existence, what kind of freedom are we then offering to the tyrannized of other countries? Boggled down in the grease-soaked sands of Iraq, we have transported ourselves to a future of large taxation to small purpose. We will have to pay off Bush's extravagances. Why? Was it, at worst, that if all else failed, we could keep our budget deficit so big that we would never be able to provide a safety net? One of the answers to why we are at war in Iraq may be there. The harshness in the voice of the talk-radio motormouths gives a clue.

## FOREIGN POLICY: GET US OFF THE DANCE FLOOR

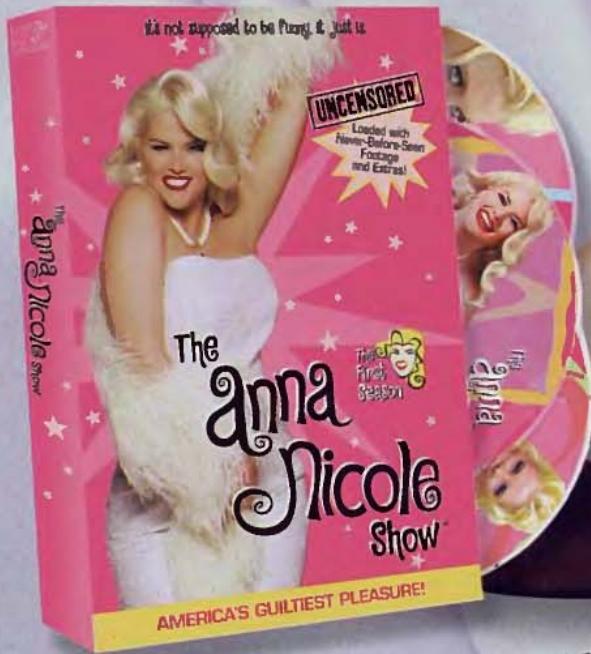
We are at a major turn in our history. It is possible that the Republican and Democratic parties are at the edge of an upheaval of ideologies, a schism in each of our two major political configurations that will bend every one of our notions to Left or to Right. Will old-line GOP financial conservatives be in serious conflict with their own radical right? Will there be existential Democrats in rebellion against the rigidities of political correctness?

Ever since FDR, the Democratic party has been internationalist. So were most Republicans. The power of their corporate center enabled them to withstand intense isolationist sentiments in their own ranks.



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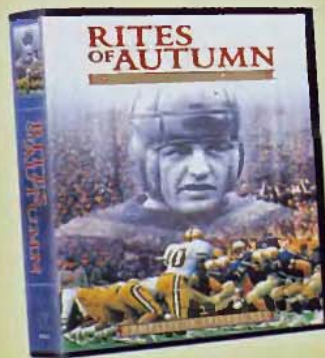


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Following the end of the Cold War, the triumph of the Corporate Economy encouraged a vanity until recently that the Corporation is a morally estimable body. One manifestation of this sense of superiority is physical presence. The world is now teeming with aesthetically neutered monuments—precisely, those high-rise hotels and offices that surround every major airport and capitol in the world, those monotonous, glassy behemoths coming forth as the virtuous architecture of the new corporate religion, an El Dorado of technology.

One fundamental error has begun to rock the globe. It was assumed by us that the most powerful of these corporate entities, that is to say, America, knew what was best for the rest of the world. The U.S. was ready to solve the problems of every nation, all of them, all the way from old Europe to the flea- and fly-bitten turpitudes of the third world.

It could be remarked that the men who set sail with Columbus in 1492 had more idea of where they were going. The best to be said for the gung-ho capitalists of the Bush administration is that they taught us all over again how extreme vanity is all you need to sail right off the edge of the world.

You cannot bring democracy to tyranny by conquest. Democracy can be neither injected nor imposed. It comes into existence through a long rite of passage. It has achieved its liberty by the actions of its own martyrs, rebels and enduring believers. It is not a system, it is an ennoblement. Democracy must come from within. Brought into oppressed nations by way of external force, it collides with all the habits those tormented populations were obliged to develop, those humiliating compromises that came from submitting to an ugly and superior force. Now all of that has been jammed into an abruptly ground-up gruel of chopped psychic reflexes, even as a strange people arrived from outside in mighty machines with guns attached, new people whose motives one could not trust. How could one? The prevailing law within a tyranny is to trust nobody. There have been too many shameful adaptations within oneself, as well as decades of long-swallowed rage. The recollection of humiliations early and late has been incorporated into the psychic core. Existence has been imprisoned too long in the Virtual Reality imposed by the tyrant.

We did not have an administration who could comprehend that. We came in with

our guns, our smiles and our assumption that democracy was there to hand over to these Iraqis. Our gift! Our form of Virtual Reality, superior to yours!

The truth is, we don't belong in any foreign country. We are not wise enough, honest enough with ourselves nor a good enough nation to tell the rest of the world how to live—indeed, such a nation has never existed. But even if we were just so fabulous, so unique, other humans would still not be ready to savage their national pride for the dubious joy of receiving our crusade against evil. We would do well to become a little more aware of Christian militancy that marches into war against any evil but its own.

#### HOMELAND SECURITY: WILL WE EVER LEARN TO LIVE WITH ARITHMETIC?

The time has come to solve our own problems, our ongoing American problems. We have a direct need to focus on ourselves over the coming span of years and thereby become less displaced from reality. For we are the most mighty of all the nations, and we are secure. Despite all, we are relatively secure. We can absorb new terrorist attacks if they come. We do not need military invasions into foreign lands to protect us. From 1968 through 2000, the world suffered an average of 425 terrorist incidents a year, resulting in an average of 321 deaths annually. In 2001, however, came 9/11. Three thousand lives were lost. A huge number. Yet in that same period, 1968 to 2001, Americans suffered more than 40,000 deaths each year from auto accidents. So even in 2001, there were 13 times as many deaths resulting from auto accidents as from terrorist attacks. If it be asked why such focus is now being put on automobile mortalities, it is because such tragedies are not without analogy to losing one's life to a terrorist. You leave your home, you kiss your wife good-bye, and you are dead 10 minutes or 10 hours later. For those left to grieve, there seems not enough reason to such death. Not enough logic! More than any other event in our lives, our own demise excites just such a need for logic in those who remain. Lung cancer, we know, kills 155,000 people a year. That is nearly four times more than automobiles, but we can comprehend that. We are ready to decide that cigarettes or working with asbestos has something to do with it. But death without any grip on an explanation bothers people more. It does no good to tell ourselves that 2.4 million people die each year in America. We are fixed on the 3,000 lost humans of 9/11. They seem more important. In truth, they have been so important to America that we have come to what may be another point of no return. Will we continue to protect our freedoms, or will we conclude that all effort must go to saving ourselves from every conceivable form of terrorist attack? The second course pursued to



*"And now—Silent Night."*

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conclusion will lead to nothing less than a unique variety of fascism. Brownshirts or Blackshirts will not be needed. Our only certainty is that whatever it will be called, fascism will not be the word. Should Bush remain in office, we can count on Virtual Reality to suggest the face of the new regime. But then, that is the essence of fascism—you must give the populace a version of cause and effect that has very little to do with how things are.

The question, then, is whether we will be brave enough to dispense with foreign adventures. We know, or we should know, that any nation looking to attack us has to face the might of our armed forces. Any nuclear attack from North Korea or Iran would be an absolute disaster for either. Our power to retaliate is awesome. When it comes to terrorist at-

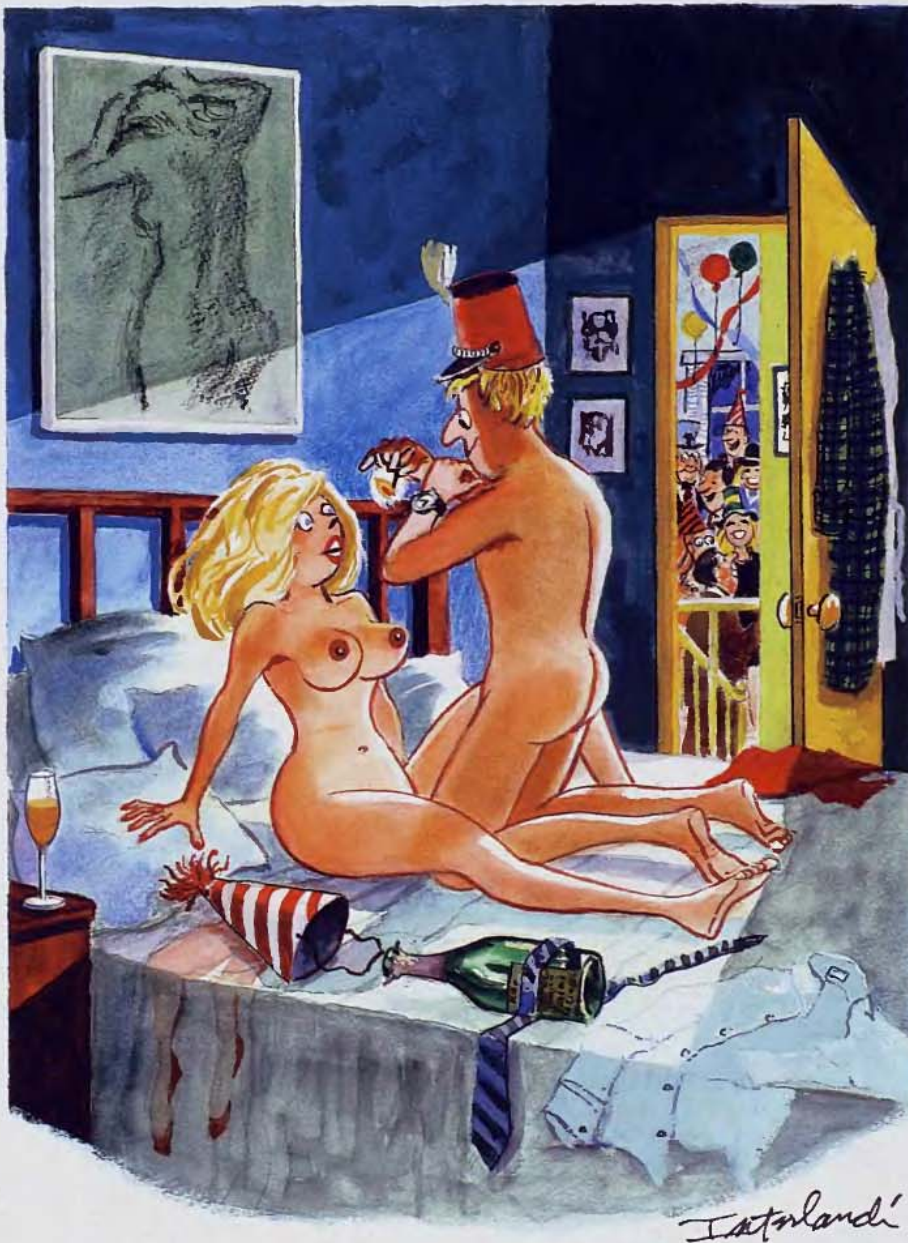
tacks, however, we are also at the mercy of our deteriorating relations with the rest of the developed world. Military forays are not the answer—you do not wipe out terrorists with airplanes and tanks. Rather, we will be obliged to use—that dreaded term!—collective efforts to build an international police force ready to guard against major attacks comparable to 9/11. Even the best of such collaborative organizations will not prevent small terrorist acts, any more than a local police force can root out all local crime. But to be able to counter a terrorist effort on the scale of the Twin Towers, a global police system with a worldwide network of informants can be developed. It is one thing for terrorists to succeed in suicide bombings; it is another for them to find the necessary cadres, skills and materials

to bring off an immense coup against the sophisticated forces of proscription that can be put in place. Al Qaeda took several years to prepare 9/11! Since we will, however, never be able to prevent all minor attacks, it is illogical to be ready to sacrifice our remaining liberties in order to search for a total security that will never come to pass. Terrorism, in parallel with cancer, is in total rebellion against established human endeavor. If democracy ever did begin to work in Iraq, the incidence of terrorist acts would, doubtless, increase. Suicide bombers are stimulated by the presence of the enemy, whether that presence is foreign soldiers or a political system that is anathema to their beliefs. Should Islam ever take over America, our own Christian fundamentalists would be the first to become terrorists.

American freedom now depends on what we learned in elementary school. We must live with arithmetic! Over the last three years, 850 Israelis have been killed in suicide bombings, ambushes, sniper attacks and gun battles. That, by rough calculation, is one Israeli in 20,000 for each of those three years. If we in America were to suffer at the same rate, we would, given our population, which is roughly 50 times as great as Israel, suffer approximately 14,000 deaths a year. That comes to one-third of our American loss of life from automobile accidents. Short of a major disaster, we are not likely to face 14,000 such deaths a year. We do not have the daily problems that Israelis have with Palestinians and Palestinians with Israelis. We have more freedom to explore into what we can become as a nation.

#### FIGHTING THE MIND THAT IS INSIDE THE BRAIN

Karl Rove, the man whom many consider the mind inside George W. Bush's brain, is on record with his hopes for a 20-year reign of the GOP. If that is not to take place, the need of the Democrats—it is worth repeating—is to be able to appeal to the best and most thoughtful of the conservatives. The time has come for us to understand that not everyone to the right is on the hunt for more money, more power, more conquest and more worship of the flag. Not every conservative is for suburbs scoured by blank-faced malls, nor is every conservative ready to cheer every corporation that puts its name on a new stadium for professional athletes. Not every conservative believes that our God-given mission is to needle the serum of democracy into nations with no vein for democracy. No, there are conservatives who believe that the U.S. has been boiling up an unholy brew under the lid of the corporate pot, conservatives who believe that educating our children is degenerating into a near to autistic mess, conservatives who do not think that all the answers to crime can be solved by building more prisons. No, there are even conservatives who



*"I was enjoying the party. Why do you have to be the first one to get off in the new year?"*



**Cruelty to animals.**

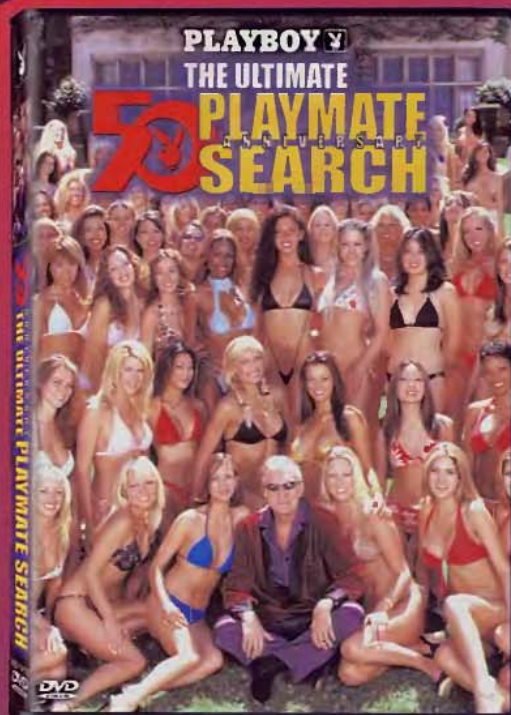


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would argue, just like Democrats, that no matter how much we spend on our schools, they don't seem to be working. There are conservatives who have sensitive feelings on these matters—as sensitive as the Democrats', by God. Yet, neither side knows how to speak to the other.

Still, this variety of conservative—decent not bigoted, open to discussion rather than given over, body and soul, to talk radio—is also aghast at the uneasy but real possibility that George W. Bush might be the worst and most unqualified president America has ever had. Yes, such conservatives, whatever their number, are in the same state of inanition and ideological impotence as all those Democrats who cannot believe where the country is going. Let us as Democrats consider the possibility that such conservatives can also be part of a future in which Democrats draw their political sustenance from the best ideas of Left and Right. At present, that is not easy to believe, but there are new political conceptions in the air, ideas that have not been hardened into the iron load of ideology that sits upon the elephant's head and the donkey's saddle. This country was founded, after all, on the amazing notion (for the time) that there was more good than evil in the mass of human beings, and so those human beings, once given not only the liberty to vote but the power to learn to think, might demonstrate that more good than evil could emerge from such freedom. It was an incredible gamble. All society until then had assumed that the masses were incapable of exercising a wise voice and so must be controlled from the top down.

That wager has remained alive through the two centuries and 20-odd years of our national existence, and often it has seemed that the result was affirmative. Now doubt is with us again. In 2004 we will face what could become the most important election in our history. Since our candidate will never have funds to equal the bursting coffers of an opposition inflamed by power, bad conscience and all the Virtual Reality of religious fundamentalism itself, the election will be a most furious contest between their money, self-righteousness and mental rictus scalding down on us, versus our hope that moral revulsion still exists in more than half of our voting public, enough to let us succeed, despite all our own impurity, in overthrowing the corporate colossus on the other bank. May our wit be clean, our indignation genuine and our ideas new enough and fine enough to pierce the caterwaul of political advertising that will look to flood our campaign down the river and over the falls.



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

# ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia. Collective effort of The Hair & Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic.

## ABSTRACT

The information presented here provides evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. Results may occur as early as 2 months. This therapeutic approach represents advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss).

## HERBAL ORAL CAPSULE

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound responsible for the male sex characteristics as opposed to estrogen and progesterone. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body, testosterone undergoes a series of transformations. This results in various compounds, each with a different physiologic function in the body other than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone, also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp, resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth).

The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles, resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair follicles.

As used in the AVACOR system the organic extract of the herbal formulation acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

## TOPICAL FORMULATION

Our Physicians Topical Formula<sup>™</sup> is used at the affected sights twice daily on a regular basis.

## RESULTS

The overall outcome of this system has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the

management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant decrease in the rate of hair loss and increase in regrowth noted.

A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most persons *after 1-2 months of treatment*. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen *on the average starting within 2-4 months*.

**Start growing a full, healthy head of hair today!  
As seen on ABC TV's 20/20**

*I'm Derrike Cope, race car driver and TV analyst.*

Did you know that the FDA has identified the body chemical Dihydrotestosterone (DHT) as the leading cause of hair loss. At the Hair & Skin Treatment Center and at the New York Hair Clinic they have developed an all natural Nutricap that helps protect the hair follicles from the ravages of DHT. This all natural Nutricap is a dietary supplement which is designed to protect and foster a healthy hair follicle. AVACOR's proprietary herbal formula helps to keep the hair follicle in the best condition possible.

The Physicians Topical Formulation is an extra strength topical medication which retards further hair loss, and starts your hair to regrow in as little as two months.

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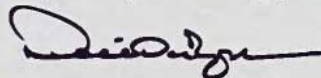
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## WATCHTOWER

*(continued from page 232)*

swallowed them with mineral water. When they kicked in half an hour later he was back on the watch.

Now Baby was holding hands with the skinny guy. What was the deal with that? Nothing more than a little hand-holding. Maybe the guy was a homosexual suffering from AIDS. It seemed likely. When the stupid little fairy finally left, Baby took her shower and made her appearance before the window. She stood caressing her breasts a moment or so. This was new. Was it some kind of weekly breast exam? She lifted her arms as she removed the towel covering her hair. This provided a five-star view of those incredible breasts. Clifford trembled as she caressed her belly and the tops of her thighs. Christ, she was turned on. She was going to go frig herself off!

Instead she repeated her Gauloise ceremony. Four deep drags before snuffing out the butt in the Martini & Rossi ashtray. Looking out into the black void, Baby had no idea that the king of voyeurs had her in his crosshairs. He watched her stretch her arms and let go with a long, luxurious yawn. She did the perky ass pivot, killed the lights, and the show was over. It was a no-yogurt night. No doubt she was frigging off. As she went to bed with rock-hard nipples, what other explanation was there? He wanted to bust the door down and say, "Look, I can see you're jerking off, no doubt fantasizing about cock. I got a hard-on. What say we get it on, baby?"

Suddenly Clifford heard air horns from the river below. He hit the button and watched a salt barge clear passage. He hit the button again, and in less than a minute the car traffic resumed. It had

snowed through the night, and he watched fluffy flakes spin through the air, no two alike; another miracle from the magical universe that wasn't so magical without Percocet.

When his shift was over Clifford walked to his apartment and abused himself twice before he closed his eyes and watched Technicolor cartoons play out on the back of his eyelids. He was amped up on Percocets and the delirious chemicals of infatuation. No matter, he would take what he could get. Oh Christ, she was beautiful!

He woke up at three the next afternoon feeling like death warmed over. He took three Percocets with a cup of instant coffee and within 15 minutes was back on top of the world. He rushed over to the Hudson & Swain building to scan the mailboxes for her name. Maura Michaels, had to be Maura Michaels. Clifford walked nine blocks to the House of Roses. He tried to order four dozen long-stem red roses for her loft. The florist told him his MasterCard was maxed out. There was enough money on his Visa card to cover three dozen roses. "Okay, fine," Clifford said as he penned a note. "To Maura with love. Your secret admirer."

By the time he got to work he was kicking himself for writing such a lame piece of crap. "Your secret admirer," what kind of shit was that? He began scanning Baby's apartment the second Johnny Magill punched out, but it remained dark clear through dawn, when he heard Cotton's heavy feet tread up the stairs to begin the morning shift.

That bitch! No doubt she was out fucking some sleazebag on the assumption the roses came from him, or whoever she had been banging last, or maybe the guy before that. A thousand

or more! What a slut! He might have known. Christ, what an idiot he was! He gives his own mother a \$4 bouquet from Dominick's along with a "Sorry I'm late" birthday card, and he sends three dozen roses to a whore.

His mother, Christ. The last time she bailed him out he had promised to shovel her walk whenever it snowed. Clifford felt a pang of guilt over that one but not enough to make concessions or amends. Bridges were burning, but he was running nonstop on the hamster wheel of life. All of his pocket cash went for injections of testosterone and that fountain of youth—human growth hormone. To get the amphetamine rush from the stuff, he had to use more and more, until he was exceeding the recommended dosage 200-fold. He couldn't drop it cold turkey, and his efforts to wean himself were in vain. Shit, he was spending more on hormones than a junkie with the biggest habit on the South Side. One minute things were under control, and then suddenly the whole shithouse came down. He felt like a supersonic jet pulling 10 gs in an all-out screaming nosedive. Like a doomed rocket manned by Daffy Duck. He could feel himself smash through the earth's crust, bore through layers of packed sediment and superheated rock until he came to a grinding halt at the planet's core. Steroids. Juice.

Maura was not home the next night, either. Sitting alone in the bridge house while she was out cheating on him was almost more than he could bear. Heartbroken, he scanned the third floor of Hudson & Swain. The bloods had DJ Screw going strong again. The door to the cutting room was wide open and so was the door of the safe. DJ Screw. The fucking shit was driving Clifford nuts.

It seemed like an out-of-body experience. He patted the blackjack he carried in his side pocket. From on high he watched himself stalk out of the bridge house determined to exact retribution. He crossed the street, and then it was up the cigarette-and-syringe-strewn stairway to the drug den. Ding-dong. He saw a shadow cast over the peephole. Big Boy asked, "What it is?"

"Your pizza," Clifford said.

"We didn't order no goddamn pizza. Plus, I don't see no pizza in your hand, gray boy."

"Okay, motherfucker, make that fried chicken."

Big Boy opened the door with a gun in his hand. "I'll pop a cap in your ass right now," he said.

"Go ahead, do that. Every cop, SWAT team and National Guard will burn you to the ground."

"Get the fuck out of my face! I ain't goin' tell you twice. Get lost!"

Big Boy dropped his vigilance for a second, and Clifford clocked him across the skull with the blackjack. Rage was



*"Could we have a few more minutes? We're exchanging Christmas gifts."*



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

# Hot Spot

# the inside story on Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

## Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his



satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with

Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

Individual results may vary

packed behind the blow, and now the motherfucker was stretched out on the floor bleeding.

Two of the dopers at the cutting table reached for the Glocks lying no more than an arm's length away, but Clifford hit the room like a termite grenade. He grabbed both cutters by their thin junkie necks and smacked their heads together. The cutters sank to the floor as if they'd been shot. Clifford heard the frantic scuffling of shoe leather. He grabbed both guns and went back to investigate. He found nothing but an open window and shadows of junkies running over the Cermak bridge. They were running over his bridge!

He returned to the cutting room, where he scooped up a bag of cash and two bags of powder. On his way out he fired five rounds into the ghetto blaster, putting an end to DJ Screw.

Back in the bridge house his ears rang from the gunfire. Still, he heard a pair of boats blaring their air horns from the river. He pushed the red button. The air horns gave way to the sound of sirens and the screeching tires of squad cars, blue lights flashing as they surrounded Hudson & Swain. Clifford secreted the Glocks, dope and cash behind a trick

door he'd discovered when he painted the walls, the stash hole where Magill hid his marijuana.

It took three hours for the police to clear the crime scene. Thanks to DJ Screw, Big Boy was going to pay through the nose for a lawyer and a bail bondsman. Well, he had it coming. You don't fuck with the kid and live to tell about it.

When the cops were gone, Clifford went back to the stash and pulled out the dope for a taste. He'd started sorting the cash in piles of \$10s, \$20s and \$50s when a euphoric glow replaced the adrenaline rush occasioned from his violent rip-off. He was calm for the first time in months.

The cash added up to \$19,000. His rash actions had provided a way out of his financial bind. He took another taste of heroin, ran to the bathroom to puke and then lingered with his head on the toilet seat. He closed his eyes and found himself in seventh heaven.

It was nearly eight A.M. when he emerged from the toilet. He quickly stashed the dope, guns and cash into his backpack. He heard Cotton trudge up the stairs, punch in and pour coffee into a mug his granddaughter had given him for his 58th birthday. He took a sip and spewed coffee from his mouth like Oliv-

er Hardy in one of the old Laurel and Hardy farces. He said, "This coffee tastes burned. Why didn't you make fresh? It's not like you've got anything better to do. Hey, what's so funny, bub? You look like the cat who swallowed the canary."

"I did, Cotton. I swallowed the yellow bird whole."

The next afternoon Clifford deposited \$3,000 into his checking account. He wrote checks as partial payments to the three credit card accounts. He paid Winston his growth hormone debt in cash and then breezed down to the House of Roses. It was eight degrees out, but the old neighborhood felt like paradise. He sent six dozen red roses to Baby and a dozen yellow roses to his mother. He shucked out limp and greasy junkie-handled bills in payment. Yeah, the money was greasy, but even that was righteous. He didn't give two shits about the petty day-by-day. After another snort of heroin he puked twice (hey now, is that cool or what?), and then he flipped WLS on the radio and bopped around the kitchen in stocking feet. Goddamn it, muh fuck, let's get down!

That night at work, kicking back on H, Clifford caught the next episode of the Baby show. "You lookin' fine, girl. I'm goin' make you mine, girl!" He flashed on the dope den. It was black and devoid of action. *Oh ho ho haw!*



*"If I have two glasses, I can feel it.... But if I have four glasses, anyone can feel it."*

Clifford called in sick the next day. He caught a cab over to Michigan Avenue and got a \$100 haircut. So much for the mullet. He hadn't even known it was a mullet until the stylist told him. He bought an Italian suit, size 52, and gave the tailor an extra \$200 to rush the job. He bought a pair of shoes, a \$300 dress shirt and a \$400 silk tie. He paid for these in greasy junkie bills. He bought a carton of Gauloises and a \$900 solid-gold lighter, a steal. The lighter generated a superheated laser beam, and according to the salesman it was fail-proof in hurricane-velocity winds. What Clifford liked most was the lighter's card-door-sounding click. It was irresistible, and it took a blister on the thumb to stop him from clicking. Late the next morning, clicking his new lighter left-handed, Clifford called in sick again. He Michael Jackson-voiced it. "Hi, Gloria, it's Cliff again. I don't know what's wrong with me. Boy, if it wasn't February I'd swear I have West Nile," he said.

"There's a lot of flu going around," she said. "Take all the time you need, and you be careful, big boy."

Big Boy! *Ah ha ha ha.*

Clifford taxied downtown and tried on his new suit. He looked great in it. Soon he was climbing the steps to Baby's loft. Bolstered on heroin, he rapped on her door. The door opened, and there she was, alive and in living color.

She wore a black turtleneck and

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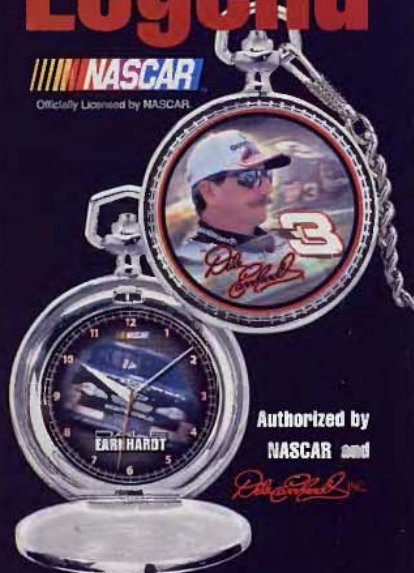
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black leotards under a short gray skirt, a beatnik outfit. She was taller and more beautiful than he'd expected.

"Hi, Miss Michaels, my name is Cliff Grimes," he said. "A pal of mine in the art world has been raving about your work. I'm sorry to bother you without a formal introduction, but he got me so excited, I just had to drive over."

"Who is your friend?" she asked.

"Mick Magill. He's a collector."

"How come I don't recognize the name? I know everyone in the Chicago arts community."

He looked past her and said, "You've got a lot of flowers in there."

Maura lit a Gauloise and said, "I take it you want to come in and look at my work."

"Sure," he said.

"Did you just get out of prison?"

"Prison?"

"You're huge. Only men in prison have enough time to cultivate big muscles like yours."

"Maura, come on."

"Never mind," she said. "Take a look around."

Clifford stepped inside, shaking a Gauloise out of a blue packet of his own. He flashed the gold lighter and with his sore thumb torched the Gauloise with a red laser beam. "Looks like we smoke the same brand," he said.

"People in my business all smoke them," she said. "We conform in our eccentricities."

He studied her pieces with fierce concentration, nodding his head once in a while. Best not to open his big mouth. Soon Maura was talking about her work, her inspiration, her hopes and dreams. He didn't look at her legs, tits or ass. He focused on her eyes, her forehead and her eyes again. He listened. He smiled now and again. She began to preen. They shared a couple of laughs. After Clifford bought four ridiculously inept sculptures, he asked her out for dinner. Maura replied that she should take him out to dinner given the magnitude of his purchase. Dinner, Saturday night. Settled. How much better could this tumultuous hell on earth get?

He ordered a town car and took her to Rush Street. He let her pick the restaurant and, as they ate, let her do most of the talking. Her parents had been well-to-do. Once as a girl they had taken her to Europe on the *Queen Elizabeth II*, then they flew home on the *Concorde*. A month later her father and mother were killed in a car wreck on the way to church. A backseat human projectile, Maura had been launched through the windshield.

Maura began to sculpt by carving bars of Ivory soap in her hospital bed. Simple stuff—a duck, a camel. She joined two moistened bars of soap ("a big innovation for a kid") to form a block. She



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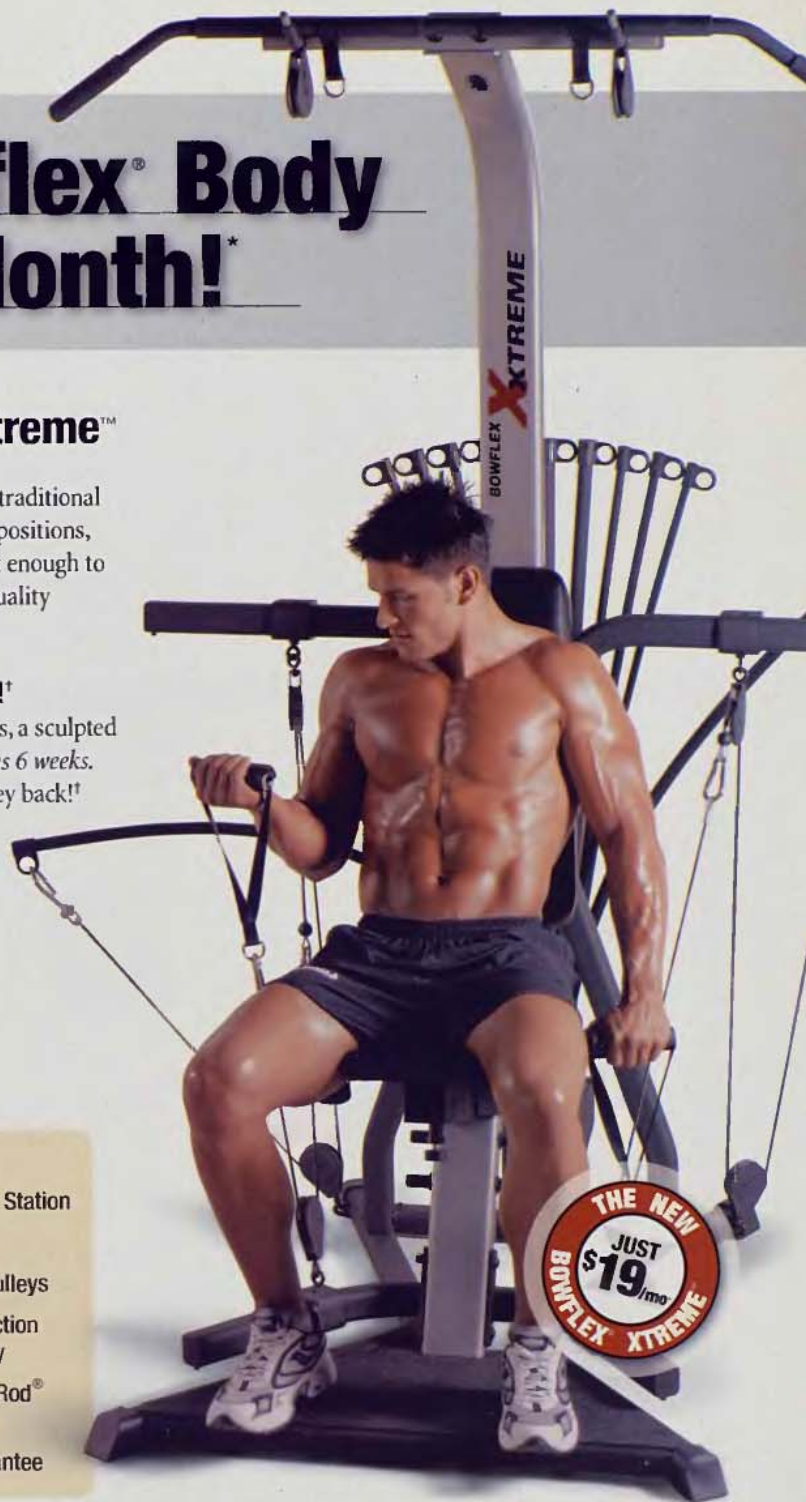


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sculpted busts of her parents as she remembered them. She told Clifford that if she focused her attention on the figures she was making, the pain of life couldn't intrude into her consciousness. She said she had never given the full version of her tragedy to anyone before. Clifford nodded sagely, then said, "Sometimes it's easier to tell a stranger."

"That's so true!" Maura said. "It seems like I've known you all my life. Are you a Sagittarius?"

Maura kissed Clifford that night. She let him cop a feel on the second date. By the third date she took him to her bed, where, thanks to the heroin, Clifford couldn't get it up. Maura gave him a hand job. From the sculpting, her hands were as rough as a construction worker's. When he didn't respond she squeezed his cock as if she were choking

a chicken. With that kind of action he knew he wouldn't come in a million years. She went down on him like a professional dick sucker. Just before he came she begged off, claiming her jaw hurt and she had drunk too much wine. As she began to snore Clifford went into the bathroom to facilitate himself.

After he got back to the bridge house, her apartment remained dark for eight days. He left phone messages that were not returned. Finally he showed up at the studio one afternoon, catching her home at last. He gave her the gold laser lighter she so admired. Why not? He hated smoking. She was so pleased, she asked him if he wanted to lie down.

"Lie down?"

"Yeah," she said, taking his hand as she led him toward the bed. He couldn't get it up despite the Viagra. She said she

felt congested and asked him to eat her pussy. After 20 minutes of this, she said, "More pressure."

"Huh?"

Now she was exasperated. "More pressure. You're a big guy, use more pressure. Jesus Christ!"

He was a big guy, but he couldn't do push-ups with his tongue. He really didn't know what he was doing down there. His limited access to air made him snort like a hog. At last she came from the friction of his nose rubbing against her clitoris.

Back at work the next night he'd hoped to scope out the Baby show but saw the fey dude in the Metallica T-shirt wave Maura over to a telescope! He was too stunned to move. Suddenly she was staring back at him. She flipped him the bird and killed the lights in her loft.

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1. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy and their families, its agents and affiliates are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3" x 5" card listing name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019. All entries must be previously unpublished original works of fiction and must be postmarked between December 1, 2003 and February 15, 2004. 3. Decisions of the judges are final. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standard of publication. 4. Winners will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. By acceptance of their prizes, winners consent to the use of their name, photograph and other likeness for purposes of advertising, trade and promotion on behalf of Playboy without further compensation to the winners, unless prohibited by law. 5. Playboy reserves the right to edit the first prize-winning story for publication. 6. Playboy reserves the right to publish winning entries in U.S. and foreign editions of PLAYBOY and to reprint or incorporate them in any electronic or print English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of PLAYBOY material without further compensation to the winners. 7. Void where prohibited by law. 8. All manuscripts become the property of Playboy and will not be returned. 9. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.

It took Clifford a week to get the nerve to call her, but he just got a phone company recording that said the number had been disconnected. He went across the bridge and knocked on her door. Nothing. He half knocked it down and still nothing. "Goddamn it, son of a bitch, motherfucker!"

He started down the stairway and was dealt a concussive blow on the back of his head. He got the full star show as he tumbled down the stairs. Soon the blue-steel barrel of a .44 was working over his head, while his body was being kicked by a total of six combat boots. Then everything went blank.

When he came to, Clifford found himself bound in a chair in a dark room. His mouth was covered with duct tape. A tall man wearing a ski mask pointed a Mini Maglite in his face. "I want the money, the guns and the good," the tall man said. "Where is it?" He ripped the tape from Clifford's mouth.

"I got the guns and most of the dope, but I spent the money."

"Wrong answer. I want to hear the right answer."

"I told you, I blew the money."

Two sharp blows to the face. Clifford swallowed a tooth with a mouthful of hot salty blood.

"I don't want to hear that fucking shit. I want the good, brother. The good."

"There's a way," he said. "I know a way."

"You find the way, you give us the good, and you can go back to your strange little life."

He was led outside and pushed into the back of a gray Mercedes. They drove him to his apartment and collected the dope and guns. Next stop was his mother's house. The old woman, fresh from chemotherapy treatment, got the bad news. She sat next to her son in the back of the Mercedes as they drove to the bank. She took out a second mortgage



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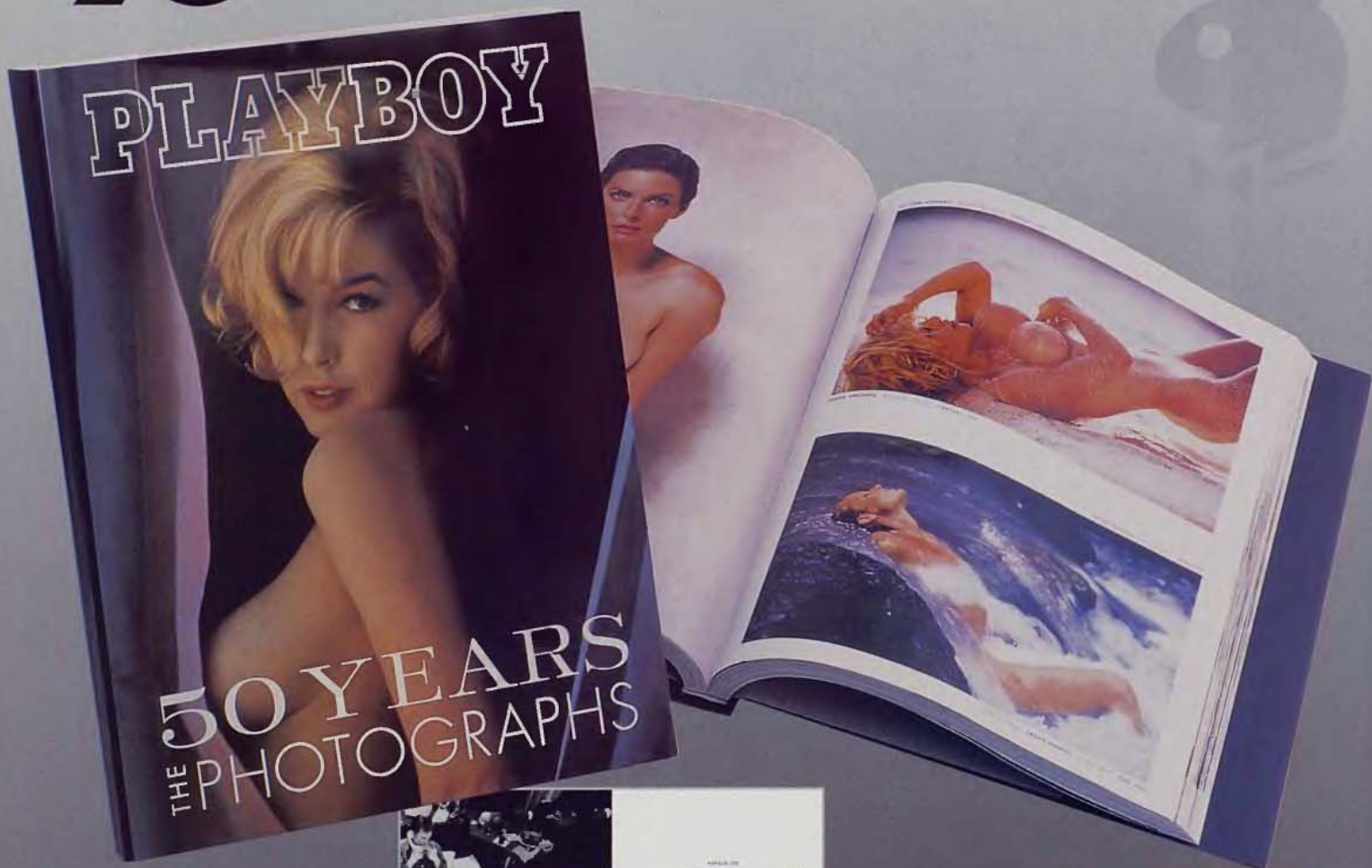
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on her house, converted it to cash and handed the tall man \$19,000.

Driven to the driveway of her twice-mortgaged home, Mrs. Grimes staggered into the house, locked the door and wet her pants on the hardwood floor.

Meanwhile, the thugs dropped Clifford in the hospital parking lot. Two days there and he was shipped to detox. From there it was in-house rehab. He had full medical, so the stay cost him only \$70, which he had to borrow from his mother. He had more than exhausted his sick leave, but given the nature of his situation, other tenders contributed to a sick-leave pool on his behalf. He lay in his mother's house watching *Oprah*, drag-assing between the couch and refrigerator until the end of June.

In July he returned to his post on Cermak, though he could hardly stand. In between button pushings he rested on the floor. The wax was fragrant still. One nice thing, he had done a good job on the floor. He felt as if he would die. Day after day it was the same routine. By midsummer he was feeling a little better, though he was unable to reestablish contact with the higher power. It was a bleak and godless universe.

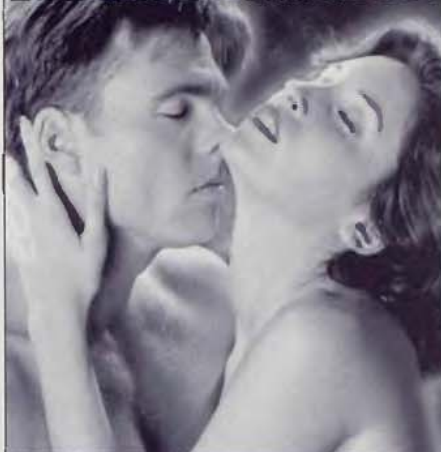
In early August Cotton had a hernia operation, and Clifford filled in for him. He wasn't used to bright sunshine and the heat of summer. He sat in the bridge house with his binoculars. There had been three jumpers that month, there was a full moon, and he was told to be on the lookout for anyone gathering his nerve. The advice was ironic, since Clifford wanted to jump himself.

The river smelled of rotten carp. Clifford needed to hit the floor again, but a barge was coming down river. He could lie down and get up in five minutes, but that would entail doing a sit-up to right himself. So he stood waiting on frail, toothpick legs. Since he quit the juice, and since he had been away from the gym, he'd lost so much muscle mass that he was just a gray bag of skin. He pushed the button, and as the cement barge chugged through the oily waters, Clifford spotted three dead dogs in its wake, bloated like sausage boiled to the point of bursting. They were medium-size dogs, one black, another gray and the third—whew, the third!—a rotten blob of golden fur without shape or form. In the dogs Clifford saw dimensions of death no mortal was meant to see.

Meanwhile, horns blared on Cermak, punctuated by psychotic screams of murder. The sun shimmering off the chrome bumpers and trim was blinding. Drivers stepped out of their vehicles and shook their fists at Clifford, who stood at his post in the watchtower feeling nine inches tall. The air was saturated with misery; the room spun, the dying carp gasped. Clifford pushed the red button.



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# JACK NICHOLSON

(continued from page 88)

**PLAYBOY:** Now, when you're not working, what's your life like? Do you often go out to see new movies?

**NICHOLSON:** I like to see them, but I've been working a lot. I haven't seen many for a while.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there actors whose work you are watching?

**NICHOLSON:** I'm not much for lists. I could make one, but it would be counterproductive. There's no shortage of great people. They don't give us work because they can't get someone else.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you or is anyone else worth \$20 million or \$25 million a movie?

**NICHOLSON:** I don't think they are into giving out charity.

**PLAYBOY:** Even so, do you ever reflect on the amounts you earn?

**NICHOLSON:** I lived in this house when I didn't have a nickel, and I'm still here, so that hasn't changed. It's ephemeral. I get a guarantee against a percentage of what a movie makes. Often, once they have my involvement, the rest of the pieces come together. That's the way the business works. For the most part, my movies have exceeded the guarantee that's given me, so I'm not reaching into somebody else's pocket. I've always tried to make dealing with me a bargain. One of the oldest principles is that if you want to be successful, be sure your partners make money. Mine do. I've been good for the movie business, and, sure, it's been good for me. That's why they call people like me

"the money." I've always been uncomfortable with it, but it's the way it is. "Where's the money?" I am the money. As the money, you had better understand what the money is. Through intricate interrelationships, it has become a part of the moviemaking process.

But am I giddy with success? Yes is the short answer. I don't do much with it, but [*gesturing around the room*] here's some art. Most people who look at this don't know that's a Picasso. Most people standing right in front of it think it's a poster. That's a Dalí. The Met had that for a while. So I have my own little museum, and it's nice to have, sure.

**PLAYBOY:** How many Lakers games have you been to?

**NICHOLSON:** I couldn't count.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you get from going?

**NICHOLSON:** It's entertainment. I can't just sit in my room. I enjoy going. I thought I might have been a sports-writer when I first got out of school.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the lack of anonymity a downside to your success?

**NICHOLSON:** There's no downside. We all seek attention in the first place, and you don't get to complain about it after you get it.

**PLAYBOY:** Many actors with your level of success at some point seem just to go through the motions.

**NICHOLSON:** That's just bad work.

**PLAYBOY:** But how do you keep motivated after nearly 50 years in this business?

**NICHOLSON:** With me it's pretty much instinctual. I don't think I have much choice. At the same time, my friend Elmer Valentine used to say, "Jack, some

people score and they don't know it. We scored and we know it."

**PLAYBOY:** Are you ever tempted to quit?

**NICHOLSON:** Always. The people around me tease me, because in the middle of every picture I say, "This is it. I've had it. This is the last one." At some point I will quit. Maybe now. I don't have any plans to make another movie.

**PLAYBOY:** How likely is that?

**NICHOLSON:** Not likely.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? Do you get bored?

**NICHOLSON:** Almost never. But why quit? This is a Darwinian business in a Darwinian world, and maybe I think I should keep doing it because I can. When someone overtakes me and I can no longer do it, I'll bow out gracefully. I never want to overstay my welcome. It's always made clear to you in the movie business when your welcome is over.

**PLAYBOY:** Has it been hard to watch some of your peers who have overstayed their welcome?

**NICHOLSON:** I haven't noticed. I guess that means I'm kind of insensitive.

**PLAYBOY:** Marlon Brando, your neighbor, has made some ill-advised comebacks, playing caricatures of himself.

**NICHOLSON:** There's nothing ill-advised for Marlon Brando. He is a horse of a different color. He can do what he wants.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see him often?

**NICHOLSON:** We don't hang out much lately. We're like the perfect neighbors. We don't go to the bowling alley together, but we watch each other's back.

**PLAYBOY:** In a review of *About Schmidt*, the *L.A. Times* wrote: "[Schmidt is a] nowhere man at the end of his run, and he might not grab your attention if not for the fact that the senior citizen with the exquisitely anguished comb-over and the potato physique is played by Jack Nicholson." It's high praise, but "potato physique"?

**NICHOLSON:** I thought I was never going to recover. I thought, Goddamn, is this it? It was frightening.

**PLAYBOY:** To prepare for the role, did you allow yourself to eat whatever you wanted?

**NICHOLSON:** No. Unfortunately a lot of that has to do with acting. It's not all, "I'm going to eat lemon meringue day and night."

**PLAYBOY:** In general do you eat what you want?

**NICHOLSON:** I'll never be able to eat what I want. I'll never get around to preferring salads. I will never crave butter lettuce. I crave butter, cream, steak.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have less energy for work—never mind for sex—than when you were younger?

**NICHOLSON:** I had boundless energy. Who cared when I went to sleep? Now I care.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it piss you off that you don't have the same energy?

**NICHOLSON:** Oh, yes. It's like anything else. You don't know what you had until it's gone. I can't hop, skip and jump anymore. I can't run two miles. The diminu-





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tion of a man's powers is very, very humbling. You live on barbed wire and bug juice until you're 28, and there's no price to pay. After a certain point you pay for everything.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you fight it or go with it?  
**NICHOLSON:** I fight it to the degree that I think it's healthy. Recall the old Chinese saying "A man does not fall in love if he's dead." I keep that in mind, and now I do yoga every morning.

**PLAYBOY:** Somehow Jack Nicholson and yoga seem anathema.

**NICHOLSON:** Yeah, but it's fighting back. After 20 years in a row of waking up and looking over and saying, "Well, I'm not going to work out today; I'll try tomorrow," it eventually sinks in. Yoga kicks me over at the beginning of the day. I want to have a realistic view of myself. I'm probably never going to know where the world is, but I like to know where I am. There's always that whispering voice in your head that you don't always want to listen to. However, it's pretty much a source of your integrity and truth. I'd like to hear it as well as possible.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you generally been able to hear it?

**NICHOLSON:** Yes, though I spend a certain portion of my waking hours in self-delusion. I'm either overinspired or underinspired. I am influenced by people and thoughts. However, I'm pretty comfortable with my own thinking. I don't feel too rigid or flighty.

**PLAYBOY:** Did having a heart attack in *Something's Gotta Give*, though it was for the camera, shake you up?

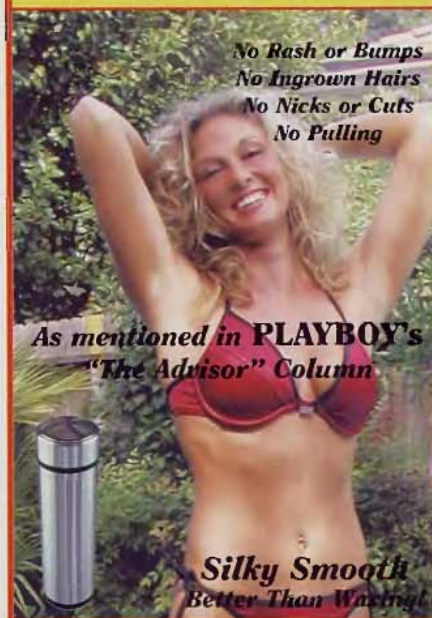
**NICHOLSON:** Lying on the ground, I was very vulnerable. The minute I lay down on the gurney and looked up at Keanu Reeves [who plays the ER doctor], I knew where I was. You know what I'm saying? One of the things I don't like to do at my tender age is to be portrayed as a beached whale lying on the ground, and that's exactly what I do in the new movie. Lying there—vulnerable, exposed, helpless—represents everything dropping away, and it's terrifying. Nothing is more pulverizing in life than a brush with the grim reaper. I'm kind of a fraidy cat in that way anyway. I wouldn't call myself a hypochondriac, but I've had moments of feeling a lump under my arm and thinking I'm going to vomit and pass out in the shower.

When people of your own generational group begin to appear in obituaries, you sweat. On the other hand, it's just another part of the rogues' gallery of characters. I can keep my distance from it that way. It's a job. It's another role, another character—like the devil itself. And people have a certain affection for the guy who played the devil.

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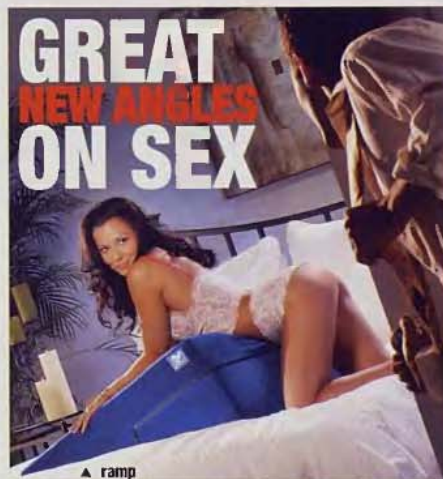
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# DEMOLITION

(continued from page 186)

*"Some say I'm a sandbagger, that I avoid contact. I think of it as the old Muhammad Ali rope-a-dope."*

need nine combines in the ring. We only have two. We got seven to go."

Frank Bren, the driver of American Spirit, runs up, his T-shirt and hands soaked dark with motor oil, sweat and crusted blood. "We're not going to make it," he tells the judges. "We can't get a hydraulic line changed out."

A judge reads the names of the combines still expected in the arena. "You're pushing the time limit," he says. "And you're pushing the judges."

Rambulance enters the ring, dragging a flat rear tire. Red Lightnin' makes it in. The Silver Bullet limps in. As the round

starts, Red Lightnin' rams Rambulance, and sparks fly from the hit. The Silver Bullet digs its header into the front tires of J&M Fabrication. Rambulance loses its rear axle. Mickie Mouse loses a rear wheel. J&M Fabrication rams head-on into Red Lightnin'. Then Rambulance butts headers with J&M so hard that the rear ends of both combines bounce three feet into the air. Mickie Mouse snags Red Lightnin' hard enough to rip both rear wheels off, then pops a front tire. The hit rips the header off Mickie Mouse, and Davis drops his flag. He sits, sprawled in the driver's seat, his arms spread and his

face tipped up at the dark sky. Rambulance drags itself around a field littered with bolts and scraps of metal. The Silver Bullet and J&M Fabrication slam Red Lightnin' so hard that the hit kills the Silver Bullet. Then J&M drops its flag.

While we wait for the wreckers to clean up and the winners to enter for the final showdown, Thompson throws more T-shirts into the stands. A huge orange moon comes up and seems to stop, balanced on the horizon.

The winners from the first three heats and any surviving combines enter the arena. It's full dark, and the red flags next to each driver look black, outlined against the smoke and dust. The radiator is failing on BC Machine, and the little Massey 510 combine is lost in a cloud of white steam. The engines of all eight combines roar together, and the final heat begins.

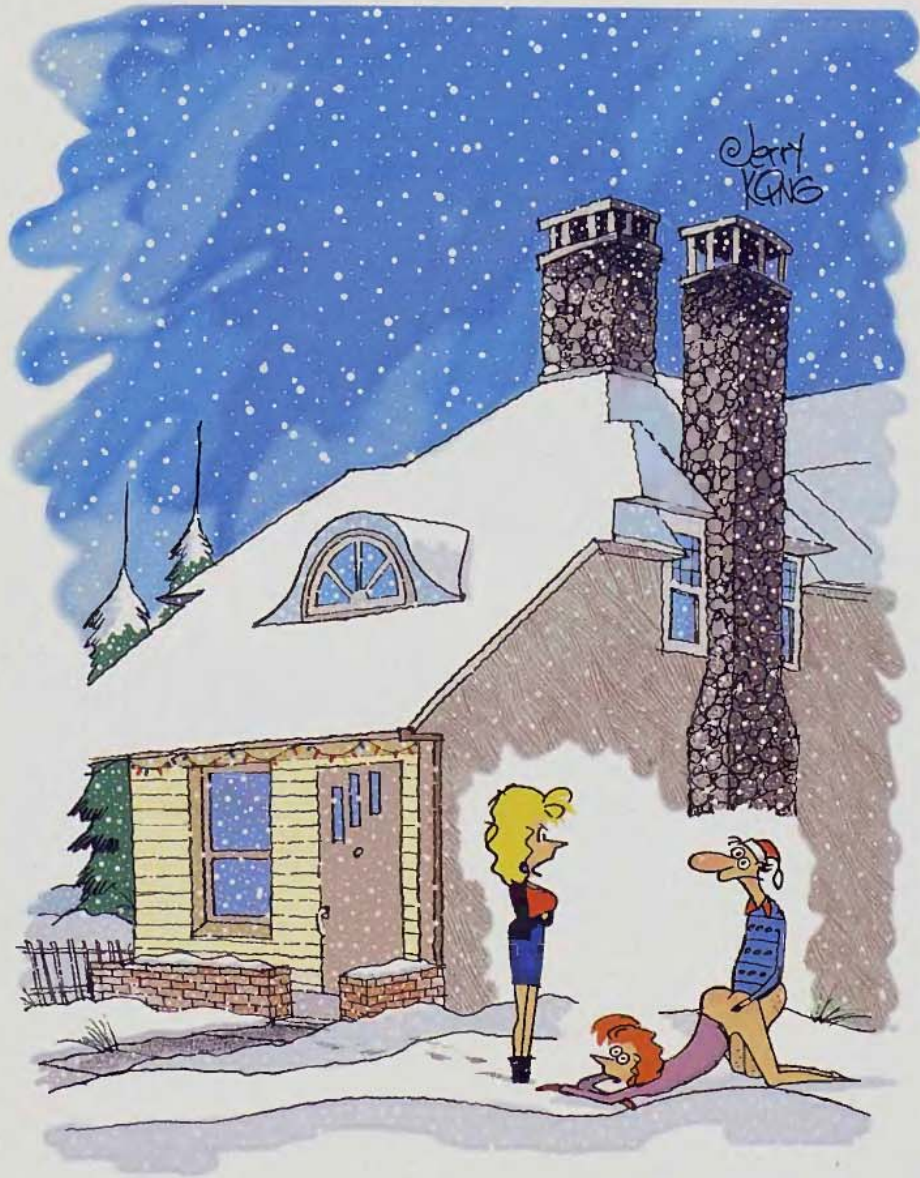
Right away Little Green Men loses its rear end and sits dead in a corner. Jaws rams the rear end of Beaver Patrol, killing it on the spot. BC Machine darts around the ring, filling the arena with steam from its spouting radiator. As a Burlington Northern freight train speeds past, blowing its whistle above the demolition noise, Jaws finds itself stuck, its header hooked under the dead rear end of Beaver Patrol. Porker Express crushes the ass end of Mean Gang-Green. The Turtle hides out, sitting with its rear wheels braced against the edge of the ring, where no combine can hit it without forcing it into the packed crowd. The Porker Express stops, dead. The Turtle ventures out to hit Rambulance, which now has no rear axle. In a corner Little Green Men sits dead, Cochrane's silver radar dish still spinning.

Hiding out at the edge, number 11, the Turtle, isn't a crowd favorite. "Some say I'm a sandbagger," says Schoesler, its driver. "That I just avoid contact a little too much. I like to think of it as the old Muhammad Ali rope-a-dope. Lay on the ropes and let them pound you where it doesn't hurt. And if there's an opening, you jab them and then retreat. It's worked pretty well over the years."

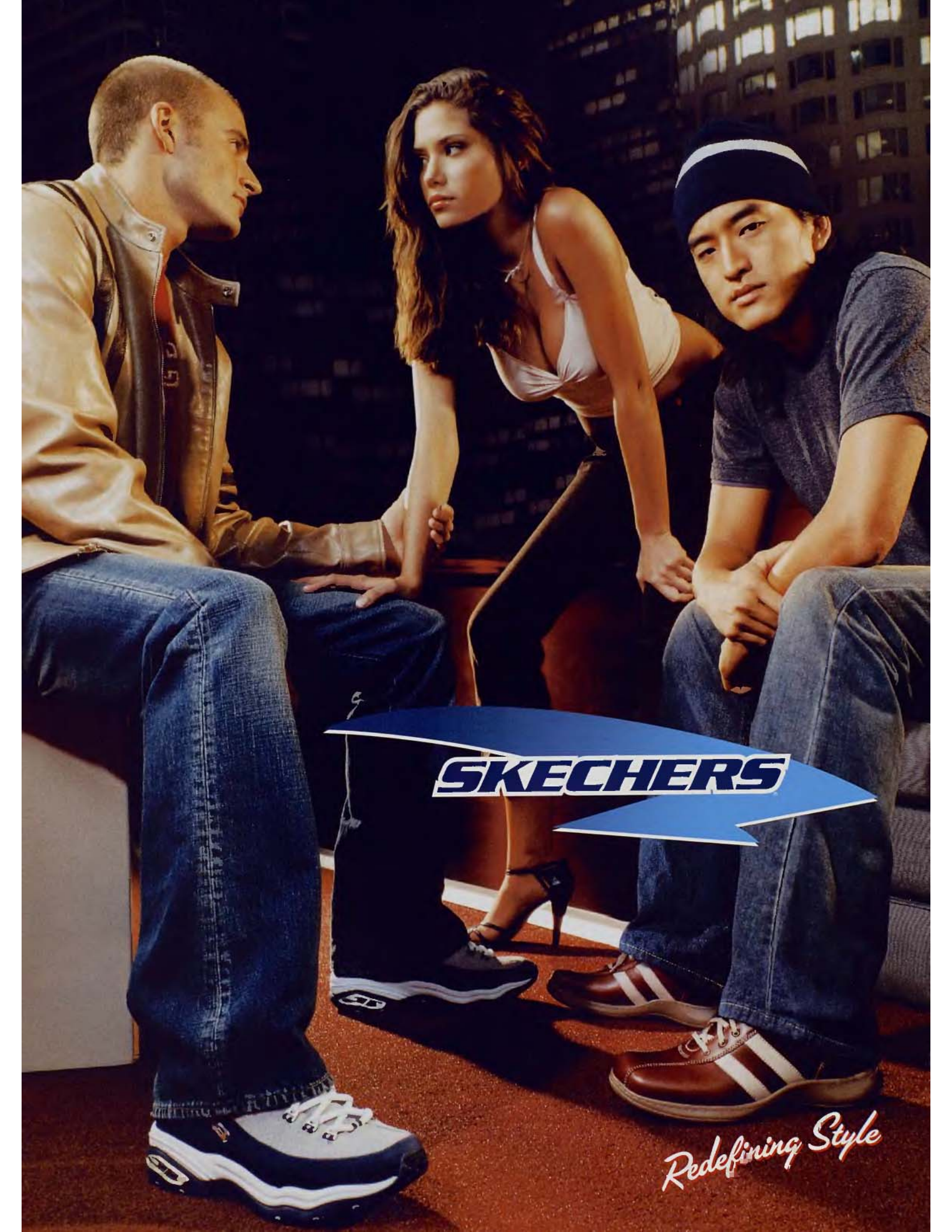
For Schoesler, who represents the ninth legislative district in the Washington state house of representatives, the derby is a chance to campaign. He's planning to run for the state senate.

"Being an elected official always generates a few jabs," he says. "All in fun, I hope. And a winner from a previous derby is a marked man. Having won in the past, I'm a target. Being an elected official makes me a double target."

In the arena now, BC Machine still fills the air with steam, and sparks shoot from its engine. The Turtle hides back, safe against the crowd of spectators.



*"I got suspicious when you said you were going out to do an angel in the snow."*



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# WHERE



# HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 52, 57-58, 188-195, 196-197 and 315, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



## GAMES

Page 52: *Atari*, [www.atari.com](http://www.atari.com). *Capcom*, 408-774-3825 or [capcom.com](http://capcom.com). *EA Games*, 877-324-2637 or [ea.com](http://ea.com). *ESPN Videogames*, [espnvideogames.com](http://espnvideogames.com). *Midway Games*, [midway.com](http://midway.com). *Rockstar Games*, [rockstargames.com](http://rockstargames.com). *Wired: Kenwood*, 800-KENWOOD, [kenwoodusa.com](http://kenwoodusa.com) or [sirius.com](http://sirius.com).

## MANTRACK

Pages 57-58: *Brunswick*, 800-336-8764 or [billiards.com](http://billiards.com). *Chronicle Books*, 800-722-6657 or [chroniclebooks.com](http://chroniclebooks.com). *Ford*, [ford.com](http://ford.com). *Pioneer*, 800-PIONEER or [pioneerelectronics.com](http://pioneerelectronics.com).

## THE A LIST

Pages 188-195: *Armani Jeans*, [armani.com](http://armani.com). *Arnold Brant*, [arnoldbrant.com](http://arnoldbrant.com). *Axis*, 310-287-2922. *Beretta*, 212-319-3235. *Borrelli*, [luigiborrelli.com](http://luigiborrelli.com). *Cartier*, [cartier.com](http://cartier.com). *Dolce & Gabbana*, [dolcegabbana.it](http://dolcegabbana.it). *Giorgio Armani*, [giorgioarmani.com](http://giorgioarmani.com). *Gucci*, [gucci.com](http://gucci.com). *Harry's Shoes*, [harrys-shoes.com](http://harrys-shoes.com). *Issey Miyake*, [issey-miyake.com](http://issey-miyake.com). *Jack Victor*, [jackvictor.com](http://jackvictor.com). *James Perse*, [jamesperse.com](http://jamesperse.com).

*Lacoste*, [lacoste.com](http://lacoste.com). *Marc Jacobs*, [marcjacobs.com](http://marcjacobs.com). *Salvatore Ferragamo*, [ferragamo.com](http://ferragamo.com).

## THE GOLD STANDARD

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## ON THE SCENE

Page 315: Champagne flutes: Collection 3000 flute, from *Christofle*, 877-728-4556 or [christofle.com](http://christofle.com). Vendôme pattern flute by *Lalique*, [lalique.com](http://lalique.com). Austrian crystal flute, from *Manifesto*, 312-664-0733. William Yeoward square base flute and Salviati crystal flute, from *Saks Fifth Avenue*, 312-944-6500. Champagne accessories: Double stem flute, from *Barneys New York*, 312-587-1700. Opener and stopper, from *Christofle*, 877-728-4556 or [christofle.com](http://christofle.com). Tray, bucket, champagne saver by John Hardy Collection, and napkins, from *Elements*, 877-642-6574. Swizzle stick, from *Tiffany & Co.*, 312-944-7500. Champagne: *Mumm* and *Perrier Jouët*, [alliedomesticwines.com](http://alliedomesticwines.com). *Pol Roger*, [frederickwildman.com](http://frederickwildman.com). *Veuve Clicquot*, [clicquot.com](http://clicquot.com). *Bollinger*, *Dom Perignon* and *Pommery Louise* at fine wine stores.

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Rambulance drops its flag. Mean Gang-Green rams the Turtle, driving it back into the crowd. J&M Fabrication rams the Turtle, and the dead combines sit black and wrecked, just obstacles in the dark smoke- and steam-filled arena. The Turtle tries to escape and ends up pinched between Good Ol' Boys, Mean Gang-Green and J&M Fabrication. BC Machine stops dead but with its radiator still steaming. The Turtle escapes, leaving its three attackers to slam one another. The header on J&M is still factory perfect, but the combine has no steering left in its ass end. You can smell hot, bitter brake fluid, and J&M Fabrication stops with Miller stooped down, trying to restart the engine. The header drops off Mean Gang-Green, and Hardung is out. The Turtle still hides at the edge. Good Ol' Boys can hardly steer.

As the clock runs out, the judges rule. The money for first and second place is split between Mean Gang-Green and the Turtle. Good Ol' Boys takes third.

By 10 P.M. it's over, except for the serious drinking. Already cowboy boots kick up dust on their way to the parking lot. Country music mixes with hip-hop, and the air turns pink from thousands of tail-lights and brake lights waiting to turn onto the highway.

Terry Harding and the team for Red Lightnin' say, "Find us come midnight or one o'clock, and we'll be blitzed."

Kevin Cochrane will go back to studying agriculture at Washington State.

Frank Bren will go back to driving his grain truck.

Mark Schoesler will no doubt go back to state government for another term. And the combines—Red Lightnin', Jaws, Beaver Patrol, Orange Crush—will sit parked and rusting until it's time to fix them and crash them and fix them and crash them, again and again next year.

This is the way the men of Adams County come back together. The farmers now working at jobs in the city. The families spreading apart. The kids whose shared years in high school get further and further behind them. This is their structure of rules and tasks. A way to work and play, together. To suffer and celebrate. To reunite.

Until next year, it's all over. Except for tomorrow's parade. The rodeo and the barbecue. The stories and the bruises.

"They'll all be walking stiff tomorrow," says derby organizer Carol Kelly. "They'll have sore shoulders and arms. And their necks, they'll barely be able to turn their heads."

She says, "Of course they get hurt. If they tell you otherwise, they're lying so you think they're tough."



# FEAR & JUSTICE

(continued from page 156)

hard and elite corps of writers and editors and even beautifully naked women who made it happen and have kept it happening for more years than many of our current readers have been alive. That is weird on its face for any magazine, and definitely for one that 50 years ago boldly published a stunning naked portrait of a Hollywood superstar in its first issue.

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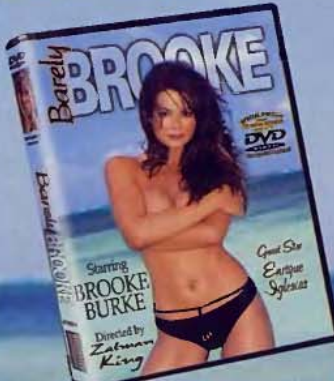
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## LOYALTY

*(continued from page 106)*

dozen 55-gallon drums of shit in there waiting to be buried."

"And 'RIP Dragon' written on one of the drums. Is that how it adds?"

"That's my arithmetic. I figure Dr. Maurie told Dragon he'd send him home rich, then took the guy down instead. Fella like Maurie, he'd kill you sooner than let you put the squeeze on him."

"And who got on the airplane with Dragon's passport?"

"My bet? One of the sons. Cousins, there's probably some resemblance. Besides, something like this stays at home."

"That's why you quit on Jack?"

"Hey, after this one, a nice real estate deal, that sounded just right. And even so, I've been scared all these years Maurie was gonna come for me with his meat ax or his latrine shovel or whatever it was he had in that briefcase. That's why this tale never got told. I mean," Elstner said, looking across the table, "how can you tell anyone a story like this?"

So that was what my pal Paul Elstner had told me several years before. By now I

was seeing a good deal of Paul, because I had left Clarissa. I barely got out at first, but one of Paul's partners had deserted Elstner on their season tickets for the Hands basketball games over at the university, and I was happy to buy in.

Like most people who split up, I had told myself that I was starting a new life, a better life, a life in which I'd finally become my true self, but turmoil consumed most of my private moments, confining me within walls of pain. It is such a mystery, really, that you can stop loving someone. You grow up believing love is one of the epic forces of nature, like tidal patterns and the creeping of the earth's crust, an indomitable element. So how can it just go away? I would turn this question over in my head for hours at a time, sitting in my bare high-rise apartment and watching the city twinkle desolately at night.

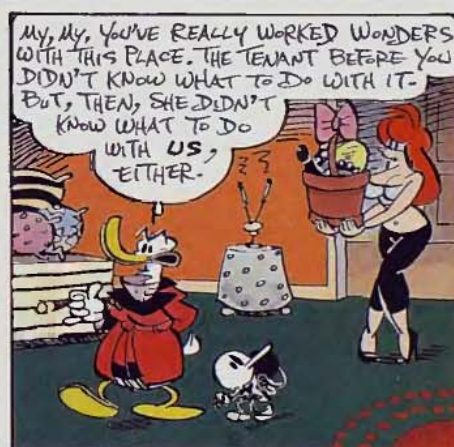
I didn't know if I had married Clarissa for the wrong reasons or if she had changed, with the babies, the years at home, the death of her older sister and her mother. I could not explain why a somewhat wry, laconic woman, whom I'd found thrillingly bright when I first met her, became so obsessed with her children's health that barely a week

passed without a visit to the pediatrician, or why at the age of 40 a person who had been a defiant atheist returned to the Catholic Church and insisted, with the same ferocity with which she had once spurned religion, that the boys be baptized in a faith I did not share. I could not explain any of it, the passions or the quirks that had grown unbearably grating over time, but we had ended up like most couples who don't make it—embittered rivals who saw each other as emblems of life's shortcomings.

My sons had remained with their mother. At all moments, I seemed to feel them behind me, like passengers left on some pier. They were both in high school, a sophomore and a senior. I felt awful for them. But I felt worse for myself.

I moved into an apartment building in Center City, not far from work. The building's population was mostly young, late-20s just-getting-starteds. I was weirdly aware of the number who moved out each week. Common sense suggested that they had fallen in love and were relocating to begin a life with someone else. The sight of furniture on dollies, of bags and boxes piled in the service elevator, seemed to seize all of my attention, like somebody calling my name.

# Dirty Duck<sup>®</sup> by Bobby London





I turned into one of those people who arrive home for a night alone, carrying as much as possible—the cleaning, something I'd had repaired and a few groceries for dinner. Twice a week I saw my sons. The other nights I tried not to drink too much, certain that this cataclysm would finally make me the gentle alcoholic my father was in his later years, always waiting for sunset and the first Manhattan. I had been told that women would find a successful single man in his late 40s magnetic, but I felt too sad even to start in that direction. Eventually, I began attending the kind of tony intellectual events around the city at which I'd envisioned myself when I first came here for law school and which Clarissa for years had derided as a complete bore—art openings, symphonies, lectures. There were few singles at these events, and I often felt out of place, but I was desperate to make some effort at self-improvement.

One of these evenings, involving a fund-raising dinner and a reading by a poet celebrated in circles too narrow to mean much to me, was held in the West Bank condo of old acquaintances, Leo Levitz, a shrink, and his wife, Ruth, whose industrial-design firm has been an off-and-on client of mine for years. In their late 60s, the Levitzes had achieved an enviable settled grace. Vivid paintings and objects of primitive art they'd gathered from around the world crowded the track-lit corridors of their apartment. Alone, I studied each piece, deeply struck that a congenial married life could be reflected by such tangible beauty.

By 10, the gathering had thinned and I prepared to shirk the pretense I had made of being cheerful, humorous, of feeling I was of interest to other people. Shortly, I would again be on my own. I bade the Levitzes good-bye. Waiting in the small corridor outside their door for the elevator, I heard a vague thudding. I swore out loud when I realized it was the skylight overhead.

"I'm sorry?" A tall woman with straight black hair was working the key into the lock of her apartment across the hall. I'd noticed her once or twice during the evening, especially as she'd departed immediately before me. She smiled sociably, revealing a front tooth lapped over its neighbor. She had a long face and dark eyes, a woman close to my age who knew she still retained much of the appeal of youth.

"Is it raining out there?" I asked. It was fall, late November, and the prediction had been snow rather than rain. Without an umbrella, my topcoat would become sodden and emit a repellent scent that would taint the close air of my apartment.

"Take a look." Across the threshold, she gestured to her living room window. Staring down, I could make out both rain and snow, leaving a lethal glister on

the streets. The smarter taxi drivers, who valued their lives and property, would already have called it a night.

She introduced herself as Karen Kolmar. Her apartment had soft yellow walls and deep Chinese rugs. A book about Coco Chanel was open on a cocktail table. We talked about the poet who'd read.

"His work seemed cold to me," she said. "But I suppose a lot of it was just over my head." She shrugged, not much concerned.

I would have said the same thing, I told her, but lacked the strength of character to admit it.

"I'm at peace as a middlebrow," she answered. I liked her. Self-awareness seemed a particularly appealing trait at the moment.

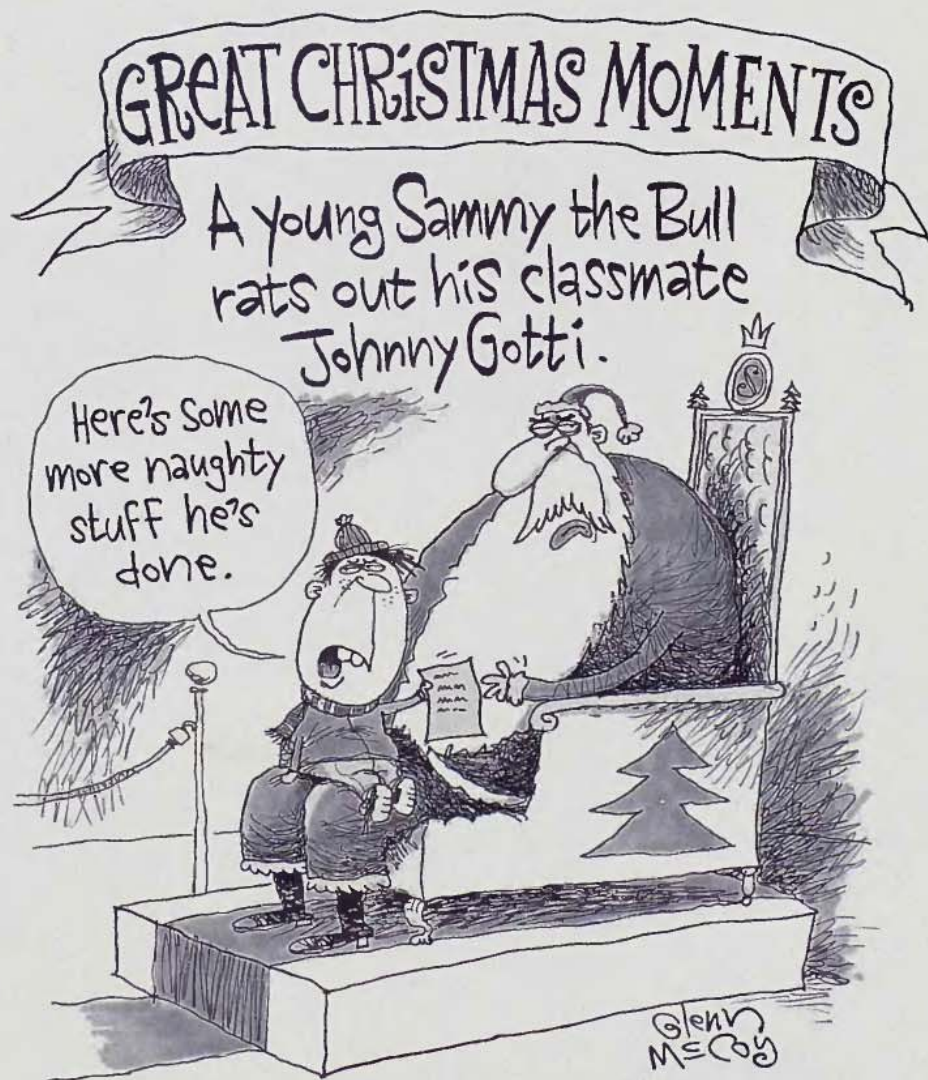
She asked whether it was the Levitzes or poetry that had brought me around, and in no time I had explained my situation in life, saying far too much about Clarissa. Karen Kolmar smiled philosophically. She was not wearing a wedding ring and no doubt had encountered her share of guys like me.

In fact, I soon picked out a photo of a fellow I figured for her beau, given the prominence with which the picture was

displayed on the closed ebony lid of a baby grand in the corner. A healthy-looking older guy, he seemed mildly familiar, if only for his buoyant smile that appeared all too obviously manufactured for the sake of the camera. Looking at the photograph, I sized up my hostess's situation. A divorce. Some money. This guy who was at least 10 years too old for her but who probably paid a lot of attention. That, I was slowly coming to realize, was one more sadness in divorce, not merely getting to the middle of your life and confessing that the most basic things had not worked out but finding that you're one of life's bench players waiting to get on the court again with the rest of the second string.

"That's my father," she told me, when she caught my eye. "I just put up his picture a couple of days ago. We're having a rapprochement. My mother died and so we're being nice to one another. It might not last. We didn't speak for two years before this."

She asked if my parents were living. Neither was. Like her, I'd lost my mother recently. I wondered all the time if I would have left Clarissa but for that, if I'd hung on to my marriage for years for



my mother's sake. I thought I might have. I told her that—I seemed willing to say anything, and she to listen to it appreciatively.

"I'm trying to figure out if my father is why I have trouble with men."

She didn't seem to me to have much problem with men. She knew what she was doing.

"Three-time loser," she added and waggled the fourth finger of her left hand.

"God, three times," I said, before I could catch myself. "I'd throw myself under a train."

That could have gone badly, but her look was sadly sympathetic.

"It gets easier," she said. "Unfortunately." She didn't have kids, though. That was different. She asked if I was thinking of going back. I wasn't, although Clarissa, after weeks in which she'd been shrill and recklessly accusing—no one person could ever love me as much as I wanted to be loved; I was trying to change her because I could not change myself—had recently turned

plaintive. After all this time, she asked me. After all this time? It was the only thing that ever had any resonance.

When I got ready to leave, Karen emerged from another room with an umbrella.

"I won't melt," I said.

"You can bring it back." She smiled, enjoying the fact that she was so far ahead of me. Walking me to the door, she took my arm.

I was quite happy until, halfway downstairs in the elevator, it came to me that she looked a good deal like Clarissa.

I brought the umbrella back, naturally. I called ahead, and then it started to rain as soon as I got there, which led to a pretty good laugh. We just dashed around the corner and sat on the stools in a little coffee bar, talking about ourselves.

She ran the sales division of a chemical company her father had founded and sold several years ago to a big conglomerate. I figured she was one of those sleek women I noticed in airports, al-

ways looking resourceful and self-possessed in their dark tailored suits, able to climb onto the plane at the last instant and still somehow get their luggage into the carry-on.

"You don't really seem like a salesman," I told her. "Too sincere."

"That's why I'm good. I don't lie," she said. "I never lie." Her dark eyes rose over her paper cup in a measured warning. "I didn't believe I could handle sales. But I needed a job after my first divorce. And when I was a kid, I was always jealous that my brothers went to the office with my father." Her father, pushing 75 now, still ran the company under the terms of his buyout.

"How'd that work when you weren't talking to him?"

"E-mail." She laughed.

I was impressed with her rugged sense of humor about the way life had turned out. Her last name, for example, was her second husband's.

"You really wouldn't really call that a marriage. He was a country-club buddy of my father's, older and very polished, but it just never took. We were together six weeks, and kind of split up at a party one night and never were under the same roof again. I thought, Oh god, I'm not going to change all my credit cards again. I just did that. They were still coming in the mail, a different one each day. At some point, you have to start moving forward."

As we walked back to her place, a huge clap of thunder rattled the street, and the rain suddenly fell as if poured from a bucket. The small umbrella offered little protection, and I pushed her into a street-corner bus shelter where I kissed her. I was afraid it might seem like a moment from a movie, but I guess everybody wants some of that in her life.

"That was very stylish," she said, and rubbed one finger under her lip to deal with the lipstick smudge. "You're a stylish guy."

The next time I saw her, we ended up walking down to the river. It was drizzling again, but there'd been plenty of winter weather, and the River Kindle was covered by a solid frozen sheet. Standing on the ice, you could still feel the lurking movement beneath, the vibration of the Cory Falls a hundred feet away, the telltale swirls of the water and its many enigmas.

Rain glossed the surface, refracting the lights of Center City and making it possible to skate along. Karen had trained as a girl and did wonderful, graceful movements, skidding ahead on a pair of Keds, encouraging me to follow her. She's an adventure, I thought. This woman's an adventure. My skin went electric, not just about her but for myself.

"You're not going to say anything to her. Tell me you're not." Elstner and I had stopped for a beer after the basketball



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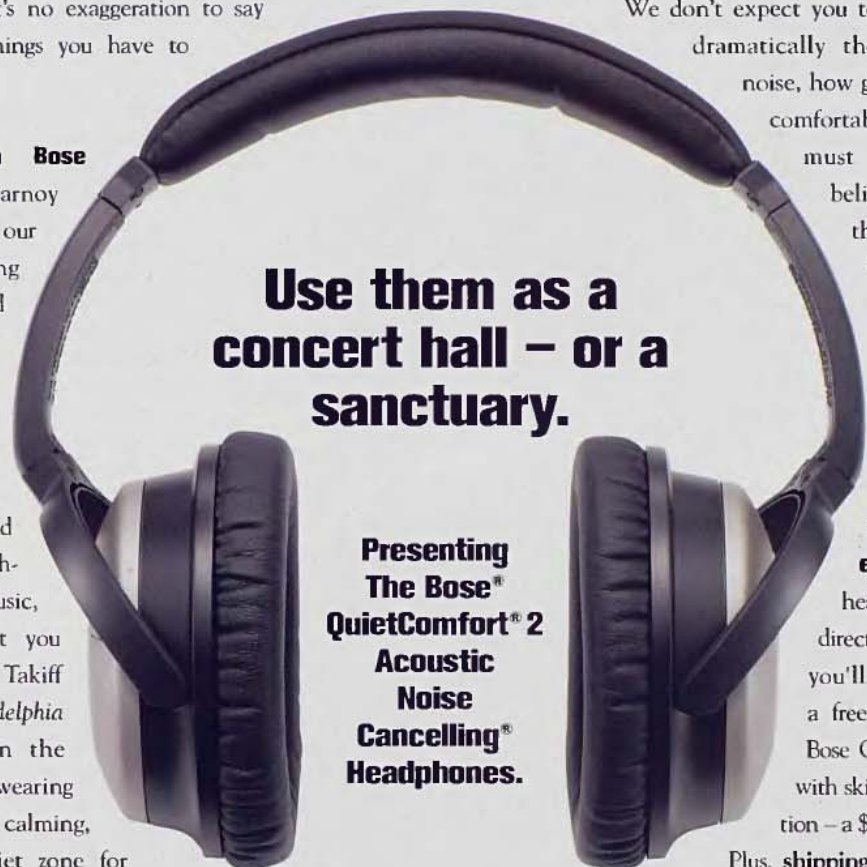
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game, mostly so Paul could have a final cigar before he got home, where Ann did not permit them. "Maurie will dissolve my bones in a vat of acid."

I had figured it out a while ago, probably by the second time I saw Karen. The details were a while coming back to me. But by then, as I told Elstner, I was involved.

"For crying out loud," I said. "I won't say anything. I thought you'd think it was funny."

"Sure. Funny. I'll laugh as soon as I change my diaper." Elstner blustered his lips. "Have you met Dr. Moleva yet?"

I had, in fact, only a few days before, when I'd picked Karen up at their Center City office. His smile was disturbing. He had bad teeth, like a farm animal whose poor bloodlines couldn't be concealed. To his daughter, he was a source of never-ending vexation. At work he was imperious, then blamed his subordinates when his orders turned out to be wrong. As a father, he attacked her often and made a habit of overlooking what was important to her. He hadn't been able to remember my name, although she gave it to him three times in the few minutes we were together.

"Kind of your run-of-the-mill jerk," I said.

"And murderer," added Paul.

"She hates him, I think. You know. Underneath."

Elstner shivered again. "Christ," he said. "Why don't you go out with 25-year-old women like other guys your age?"

"Hey, cut me some slack. It won't make any difference."

Elstner groaned. "You think you can just know something like that about somebody and it won't matter?"

"Paul—"

"Listen. Did I ever give you advice about women?"

In our third year of law school, Elstner went out with a tall dark girl, an undergraduate who had the lean elegant moves of a whippet. Very moody. Very attractive. She smiled with notable reluctance. She seemed exotic because she knew a lot about motorcycles and introduced us to mescal—the saltshaker, the lime, the worm in the bottle. After their third date, I told Elstner I didn't think she was really right for him. To this day he seemed to agree, but two or three months later, on a whim, I called her myself. That was Clarissa. Elstner for one reason or another never said much, not even the kind of jokes you might expect, not when I married her or lived with her for 22 years, not even when I told him that our life together had become a barren misery and that I'd asked for a divorce. Maybe he thought I'd saved him. Or used him. He never said. I never asked.

"No," I told him, "you never gave me advice about women."

"Well," he said, "that's the only reason I'm not gonna start."

When you're having great sex, it seems to be the center of the world. Everything else—work, the news, people on the street—has a remote, second-tier quality, as if none of it will ever fully reach you. The rest of life seems a pretext, a recovery period before the shuddering starts again.

Over the holidays, Clarissa and I divided time with the boys. For Christmas she took them on the annual journey to Pennsylvania and her parents' home. Knowing their absence would be hard on me, I accepted when one of my partners offered his cabin up in Skageon. Clarissa hated the cold, and it had been years since I had passed any part of winter in the woods. On a chance, I invited Karen

and she accepted, eager to avoid the annual holiday collisions with her father.

We left late on the 25th and made an elaborate Christmas dinner while it stormed outside. What followed were three of those crystalline days that occasionally bless the Midwest, when the snows magnify the available light and the lack of clouds leaves the air thin and exciting. We snowshoed for hours, then, exhausted by our treks, passed the long dark nights in bed, an intermittent languor of sleeping and reading, lovemaking and laughter. Driving back to the Tri-Cities, to the year-end deadlines of my law practice and the turmoil of my broken marriage, I felt the exhilaration of having finally, briefly, lived the life I'd longed for.

I spent the next couple of nights at Karen's apartment. I had second thoughts about the Levitzes, who also knew Clarissa, but they were away. Even in her own bed, Karen slept poorly. Initially I was afraid it was my presence, but she said she never got more than three or four hours in a row, which seemed somehow at odds with her resigned exterior. She would buck awake, thrashing with the demons of a savage nightmare.

"What was the dream?" I asked the second night.

She shook her head, unwilling or unable to answer. She was naked and had her arms wrapped about herself. When I laid my hand on her narrow back, I could feel her heart hammering.

"Go back to sleep," she said. "I'll get up until I calm down."

I asked what she would do.

"I have my things. I like cognac. I like Edith Piaf, in some moods. Or big symphonies. It's a good time to reflect."

Clarissa also did not sleep well. She read. In the middle of the night I'd find her propped on her pillow, a minute lamp clipped onto her book. The only pleasure I ever took in business travel was in not having to sleep with a pillow over my head.

Without warning Karen said, "I was dreaming about a fire." She was looking at the ceiling and a plaster rosette sculpted where a gas lamp had hung decades before. "I was in a fire with my father. I was watching the fire come toward him and there wasn't anything I could do."

"Frightening," I said.

"It's not what I dream that doesn't make sense to me. It's the way I react. All I had to do was shout, 'Watch out.' But the person I was in that dream—she didn't even know that shouting was possible. Why do you think you're yourself in a dream when you don't know the most basic things?"

Perhaps that was how life really was, I said, full of blind spots and the inability to do what seems obvious. She didn't take much to the suggestion.

"Do you dream about your father often?" I asked.



"I see your colleagues have met Margaret's breasts."

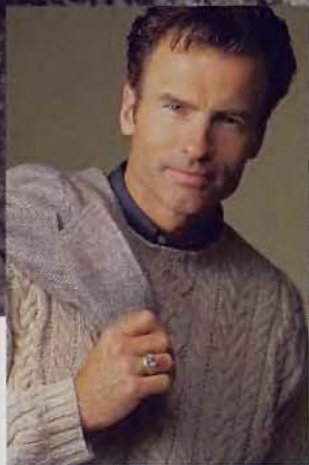
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She wrinkled her mouth. "Why would you ask that?"

I didn't have an answer, not one I could speak. She went for her robe and told me again to go back to sleep.

"You know, my father likes you," she said in the morning, as I was driving her to work. "He says you're solid."

I wasn't sure what basis Maurie had to comment, although it was a remark that, a year before, I might have made about myself.

"He has a lot of good qualities," she added. "He's not all one way. Did you know he was a war hero?"

"Really? What kind of hero?"

"Are there kinds? A hero. He has medals. From Korea."

"Did he kill anyone?"

"God," she said. "What a question.

Like I'm going to say, 'Daddy, who'd you shoot?' It was a war. He saved some people. He killed some people. Why else do they give you medals?" She kissed me before leaving the car, but bent to eye me from the curb. "What's your thing with my father?" she asked.

Karen and I spent New Year's Eve with the Elstners, enjoying dinner at their home, then, as midnight approached, a few minutes of revelry in the local hangout where Paul made an appearance most nights to smoke a cigar. I thought it had gone well—Elstner and I had engaged in our usual good-spirited mocking of one another, amusing the women—and when Paul and I went to a game later that week, he made it a

point to say how much Ann and he had liked Karen.

"The only thing is," Elstner said, as he drove to the University Field House after dinner, "I nearly soaked my socks every time she mentioned her father. She always talk about him that much?"

"She works with him, Paul. He's her boss."

He gave an equivocal nod, clearly not inclined to question my hasty defense.

"Truth is," I added, "I always wonder how she'd be about her father if that story you told me had the right ending—you know, if Maurie got nabbed for offing his relative, and Karen knew it. Probably make a big difference, don't you think?"

"How's that?"

"She has no perspective on him. I mean, he's her dad. So whenever he clobbers her, she's inclined to think maybe it's her fault, that he's really a good guy underneath. But if she knew what a cruel character he is, an actual killer, that would have an impact." I was moving full throttle with the idea that had propelled me for months now, the belief that new perspectives and new information could make life a happier enterprise.

"Well, that didn't happen," he said. "Maurie's roaming free. And nobody's going to be diming him out now. Right?"

"Right," I said. "But it's strange knowing."

Paul had been keeping a close eye on the traffic. We were caught in the pre-game rush, staggering a few feet and then stopping again as the cars funneled into the lot, but Elstner turned to me fully now. He might as well have said I told you so.

"Maybe strange is what you want, champ," he said.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning you could have walked away as soon as you figured out who she was."

"Hey, I like this woman. More than 'like.'"

Paul had worked his mouth into a funny shape as he reflected. "Here," said Elstner, "mind if I tell you a weird story?"

"Another one?"

He paused to give me a sick smile, then asked, "Remember Rhonda Carling?"

"Rhonda Carling? The woman you went out with before Ann?"

"Her. Did I ever tell you about our sex life?"

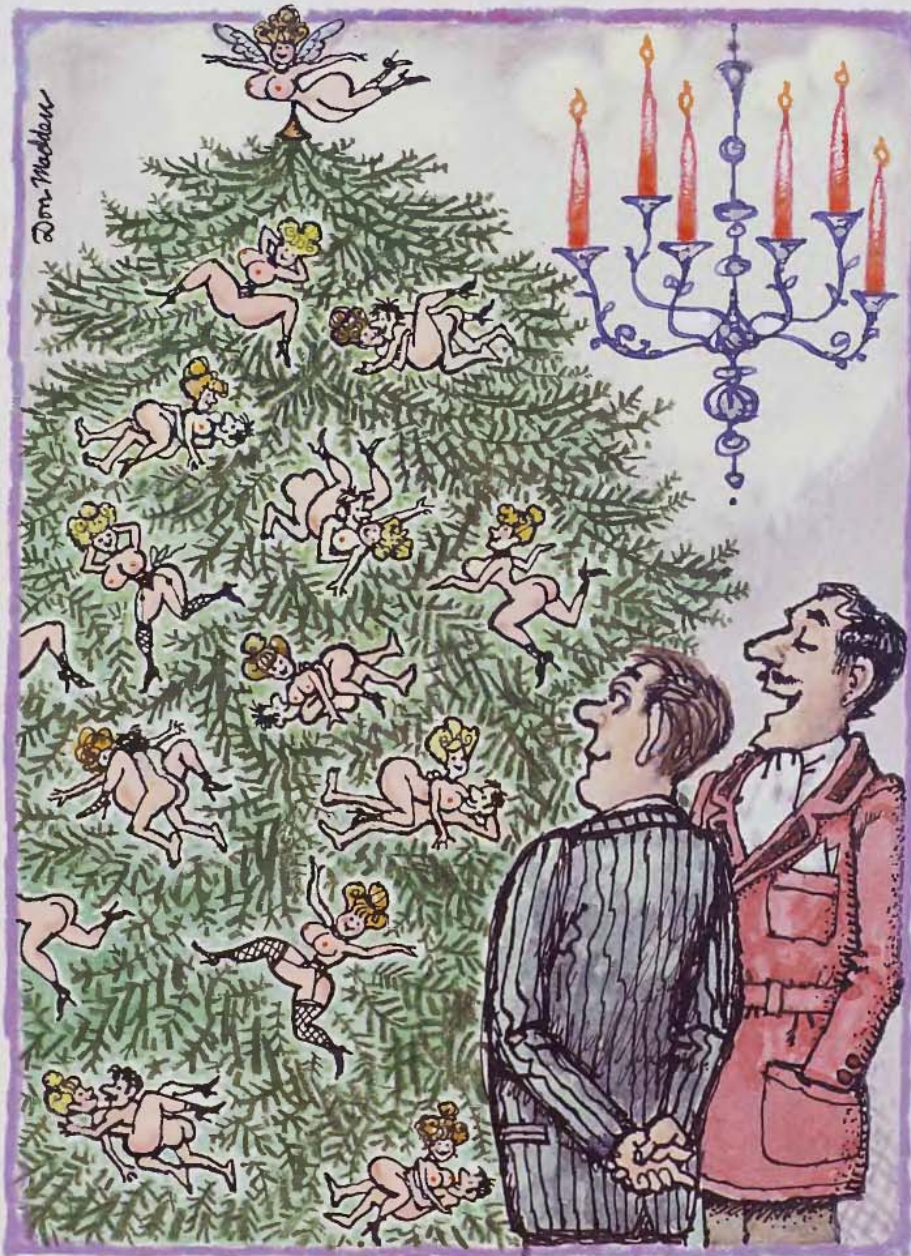
"Christ, I don't think so."

"This was the bad old days, right? Virginity mattered." He grimaced. "Listen to me. 'Bad old days.' A man with two daughters."

"Don't act like a Cro-Magnon. Rhonda Carling and her virtue. I have the context."

"Well," he said, "she liked to play halvsies."

"Halvsies?"



"Oh, those have been in my family for years. Grandmama had them made especially for her bordello."

## OFFICIAL RULES

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**3. PROMOTIONAL PERIOD:** Entries must be received and recorded by Sponsor's computer between 12:00:00 p.m. noon Eastern Time (ET) on December 1, 2003 and 12:00:00 p.m. noon (ET) on January 30, 2004 (the "Promotional Period"). The Sponsor's computer is the official clock for this Sweepstakes.

**4. TO ENTER:** There are two (2) ways to enter:

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10. To obtain a copy of the Winners List, mail your name and address in a first-class stamped envelope to: The Camel Sweepstakes to the Playboy 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Club Tour Mansion Party, P.O. Box 5525, Dept. 2550-719, Norwood, MN 55583-5525 for receipt by February 27, 2004. Winners List will be mailed after winners have been determined.

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"You know. To go just partway. So she remained, you know, intact."

"No," I said.

"Oh yeah," he said. "Now, I really dug Rhonda. And this halfway stuff, it had its moments. Kind of like surgery, very exact, and very exciting, with all the fuss and bother and holding back. And all the danger. I mean, I'm always trying to figure out what happens if we go one angstrom too far. Am I engaged or dead on the side of the road?"

Only Elstner, I thought to myself.

"But it was also pretty frigging strange. The whole thing really bugged me. What was wrong with her? Or me? It was bizarre, but it went on the whole time I was seeing her. Finally, I met Ann at her brother's at Thanksgiving, which is just about when Rhonda got interested in a guy she was working with, and we sort of faded away.

"One night, say six months later, I bumped into Rhonda at the A&P and we went out for coffee, just to sort of officially throw the dirt on the grave, and she tells me this other fellow has popped the question and something else. 'Are you hurt?' she says. 'My pride,' I say. She smiles, nicely, we liked each other, she says, 'Halfway's all you wanted, Paul.' And soon as she said it, I knew she had that just right."

Paul lowered the window to pay the parking attendant, then surged forward into the lot. As ever with Elstner, I was

having a hard time following his logic.

"Meaning what? I should think about marrying Karen?" Even saying it seemed preposterous. I was still at the stage where I couldn't imagine being married to anyone but Clarissa.

Safely in a space, Paul threw the car into park and studied me.

"Forget it," he said finally. "It's just a story."

My law firm followed the quaint custom of holding a formal dinner at the conclusion of the firm's fiscal year in January. It was intended to celebrate our successes, but was frequently an occasion for teeth gritting among those who were upset about the annual division of spoils. I looked forward to having Karen with me, both to buffer me from the simmering quarrels and to show her off to my colleagues, before whom I'd suffered the shame of not holding together my home. Already in my tux, I swept by her office to collect her. She walked to the car mincingly, trying not to dirty her silk shoes on the icy street. She was in a long gown, its revealing crepe neckline visible in the parting of her coat. I whistled. She smiled as she peeked down through the car door, but made no move to get in.

"I can't go," she said. "There's a presentation tomorrow. My whole staff is upstairs. Somehow my father forgot to mention he had rescheduled with the

customer, until he saw me dressed. I must have told him 10 times how excited I was to be going with you tonight." She leaned inside. "Will you kill me?"

"Not you. Better not ask about Maurice. I thought you said he liked me."

"He does. You're not the issue. Believe me." She shook her head in sad wonder. "Why don't you come back when you're done?" She gave a salacious little waggle to her brow. "I'll letcha take me home."

When I returned near midnight, I found her unsettled. She'd had words with her father, the usual stuff about his indifference to her. I was angry enough with him to relinquish my customary restraint.

"Have you ever kept track of how much time you spend being upset about Maurice?" I asked her.

"Who knows? Sometimes it seems as if I've lost years that way. What's the point?"

"I guess I wonder now and then why you put yourself in harm's way."

"You mean cut myself off?"

"Keep a distance. Nobody forces you to work with the guy."

"It's a family business. I'm in the family. And I refuse to just hand it all over to my brothers. You don't like my father, do you?"

I weighed my options. "I don't like the way he treats you."

"Neither do I, sometimes. But he's my father. And my problem." She did not speak for the rest of the ride.

I suspect we were each ready to call it a night. But we hadn't had many disagreements, and experience had taught us both the perils of parting angry. I came up. We had a drink and talked, then got around to doing what we did best.

As we groped, she slid from my arms, already naked below, and with a naughty grin pulled the belt from my trousers. I thought she was going for my fly, but instead she pushed me to a seated position on the bed, then threw herself across my lap. She bent one leg from the knee and touched her lip impishly. She put the folded belt in my hand.

"Spank me," she said.

I looked down at her behind as if it were a face. This was a new note between us. All I could think of to say was, "Why?"

"Why not? I feel like it."

"I don't think I can do that," I finally said.

"I'll enjoy it. I'm asking you to do it. This isn't whips and chains. Use your hand, if you'd rather. I'll enjoy it."

I tried one swat.

"Hard," she said. "Harder. Keep doing it. I'll say when I want you to stop. I'll enjoy it."

But I didn't.

"No," I said suddenly, and pushed her off my lap. I went for my clothing.

"What?"

"I don't want to be this to you," I said.

"Be what? The man who pleases me?"

"Not like that."



*"They're showing my film out of competition this year. That means I have time to drink and ski and stalk Robert Redford."*



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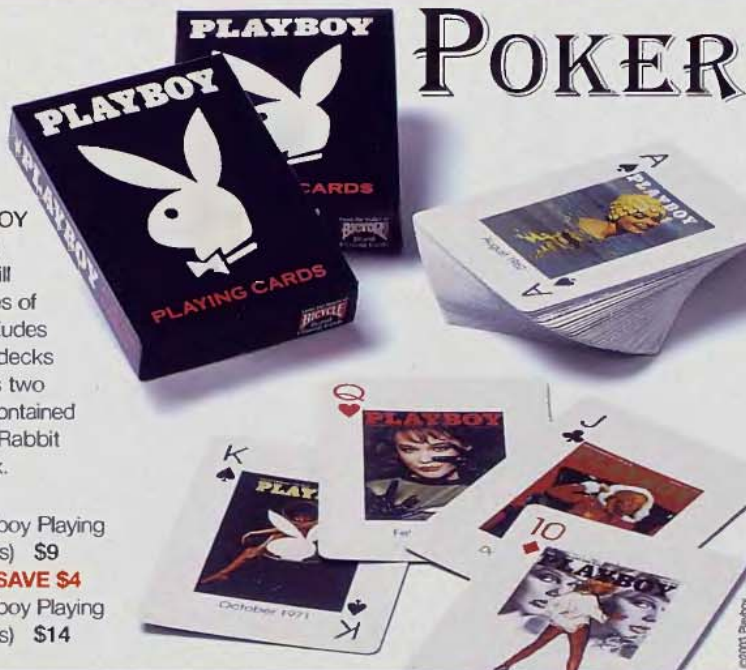
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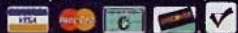
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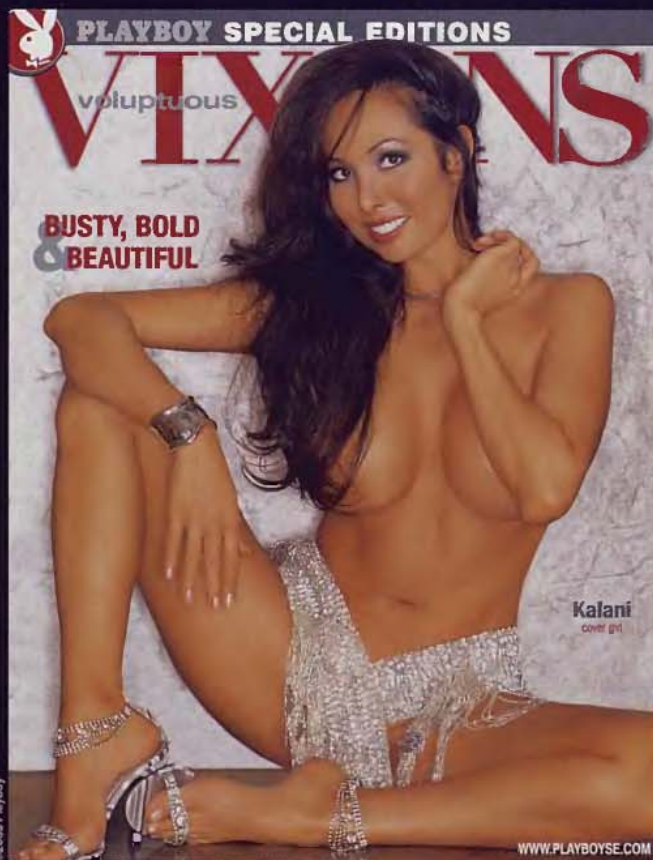
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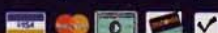
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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

"It's what I want," she said.

"No," I said again and left.

"I think I have to tell her," I said to Elstner the next night. "About her father."

Paul took his time now. I'd been late and we'd skipped Gil's, settling instead for dogs we were gobbling down as we stood at a little linoleum table fixed to one of the elderly pillars in the Field House.

"You can't tell her," Paul said then. "That's all. You can't. You can't for my sake. And her sake. And your sake. You can't. This isn't comedy. This is real life. This guy is a murderer. And smart enough to realize there's no statute of limitations. He killed a man to keep from getting caught. You think he wouldn't do it again?"

"Paul, she wouldn't say anything to Maurie. I'd make her promise."

"Like you promised me?"

"I'll keep you out of it."

"He'll figure it out. She knows we're friends." Paul seldom took advantage of his size, but he'd drawn himself up to his full height. I wanted to explain what it was like to be alone, to feel you have a chance to regain the purpose love alone imparts.

"Paul, it might make a difference. It might open her eyes. To this whole thing with her old man. I really think it might."

"You think people open their eyes just because you tell them to look? There's no happily-ever-after on this. You're dreaming."

I kept shaking my head. "This is your fault, Elstner."

"My fault? Because I told you a story years ago about the father of some girl you didn't even know existed?"

"No," I said. "No. Because of what you said last time. About stopping at halfway? I'll say it to myself now, if I don't do this. I want to go for it all with this woman. To see if she can really be what I need. So don't tell me it's her or you."

Elstner stalked away to drop his little paper basket, now bearing only a few specks of relish, into the trash. When he came back, he said, "I'm not telling you it's her or me. I'm telling you that you don't have that choice. You gave me your word. And I have a God-given right to sleep at night. So you can't tell her." He stared at me, giving no ground. Instead he was calling in the cards guys like to think they have with one another, especially honor and loyalty.

Inside the arena, the horn blared, indicating the end of the shootaround. It was game time. Paul's eyes had never left mine.

"I can't tell her," I said at last.

I told her anyway.

I didn't see Karen or call her for several

SPECIAL DOUBLE

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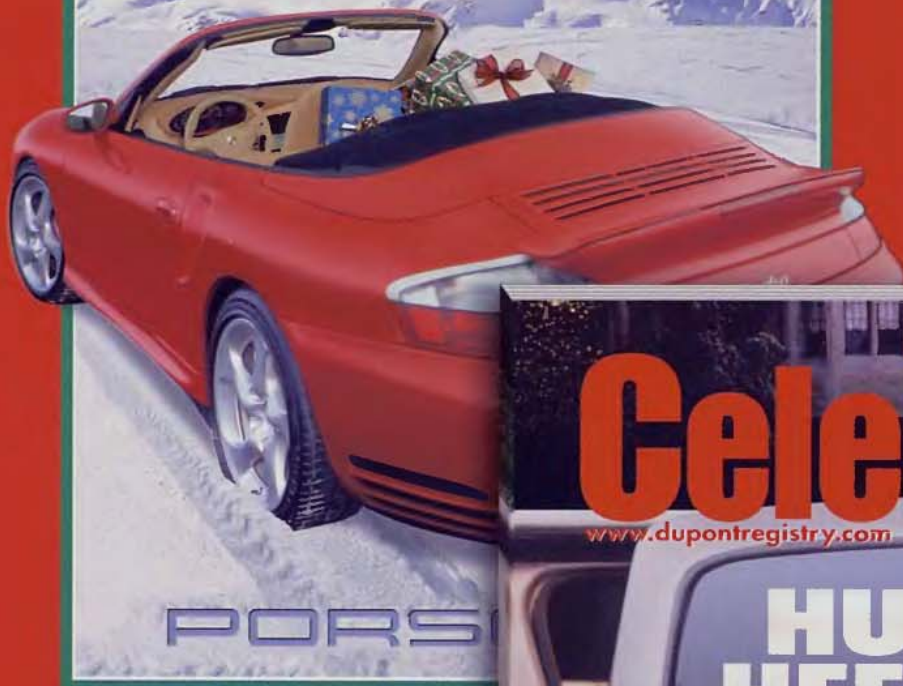
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days after that encounter in her bedroom. Four or five nights along, I returned from work to find two items at my apartment door, a little bud vase with two sweetheart roses in fresh water, and a narrow box. Inside was a pair of suspenders with a note. "Forget about your belt.... Sorry to mess up.... Call me. Please."

I met her for lunch the next day.

"I offended you," she said, as soon as the waiter had left us in peace.

"No."

"I know I did. I didn't think. We've been so compatible that way, I just got caught up in my own stuff. I was stupid."

"It's not that." I felt she was taking me as puritanical or blinkered. "There are just some things I have in my head."

"What things?"

"I can't explain."

"Try," she said. "Please. This doesn't have to be an impasse."

I avoided several questions and she grew more imploring.

"What is it?" She leaned across the table to touch my hands. "What's the

problem? What aren't you saying?" In her long face, I saw an urgency no different than my own, a will to connect and to escape the complexities of what had left us alone, to be a better person with a better life. In the end, it was exactly as I had told Elstner. I could not stop halfway, without taking the chance.

"There's something I've been told," I answered. I was surprised at the smoothness with which the tale emerged. I'd heard a story. From a reliable source. Someone I knew. A former prosecutor. I was so intent on the telling that I did not at first notice her draw away on the other side of the table, but when I finished, she was watching me with a bitter smile.

"That?" she asked. "That ridiculous, moldy rumor? Do you know how long people have been saying that? It's absurd."

It was one of those moments. In the crowded dining room, I thought I could somehow hear my watch tick. After a confused instant, I decided she had simply not understood. I repeated myself, more slowly, but her look soon hardened

with suspicion. That glass wall I had smashed against so often with Clarissa had descended. Karen stared through it with appalling remoteness.

"And why are you telling me this?" she asked then. "Is that how you see me? Is this something genetic?"

"Of course not."

"So what is the point? I'm neurotic? Because my father is supposedly some hoodlum?" With vehemence, she shifted in her chair. "You know, every divorced man I meet either has had no therapy or way too much. Go shrink somebody else's head." I reached for her as she marched from the table. "No!" she said and swung her arm away violently. "It's me anyway. You don't want me. My father is just an excuse."

She disappeared around a pillar. In her wake, I was miserable, but I knew two things for certain. It was over. And I was never going to tell Paul.

In late March, the Hands ended a dismal season with one more agonizing loss. They took the game to overtime, then, while they were trailing by a single point with only a few seconds left, Pokey Corr, the Hands' only star, broke free on the baseline and ascended toward the basket. He wound up and slammed his intended dunk shot against the back iron of the rim. Along with everyone else in the stadium, Pokey watched as the ball floated along an arc that brought it down almost at center court as time expired.

Like a losing bettor at the track, Elstner threw the season's last ticket into the air. Then we started up toward the exit, inching ahead as the crowd merged into the walkways. From one stair above, I felt the weight of someone staring. It was Maurie Moleva.

"Oh, Christ!" he said. "Look at this. The heartbreaker." His tone wasn't completely malicious. His crooked brown teeth even appeared briefly as he smiled.

"It was mutual," I said.

"Not how I hear it. How you keeping?"

I said I was okay.

"Gone back to your wife yet?"

I absorbed Dr. Moleva's estimate of my situation, which he must have shared with his daughter long ago. With Maurie, anything that came at Karen's expense was never waylaid by circumspection.

"Not so far as I know," I told him. Clarissa had lately taken to mentioning counseling, an option she'd adamantly refused during the years I'd suggested it. Now I had no idea how to regard her surrender. I was fairly sure I no longer had the strength or interest. Oddly, though, there were moments when I felt sorry for her, sorry to see that loneliness had broken her will. Clarissa liked to portray herself as a person beyond regrets.

Maurie introduced me to his companion, a woman not quite his age. Reliably



Alex Lubbers

"There! Now do you feel joyful and triumphant?"

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himself, Elstner had stood, face averted, as if studying something on the empty basketball court behind us.

"Doctor, did you ever meet Paul Elstner?" Elstner went rigid as I placed my hand on his shoulder, but he turned and greeted Moleva.

"Not so as I recall," Moleva answered. "But I don't remember my own name these days. Bad eyes, bad back, bad memory. I'm beginning to think I'm not getting younger."

We all laughed as if this were original, then, when the crowd began moving, parted with a genial wave.

Elstner was still agitated when we settled in my car. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks a lot. I really needed to renew acquaintances."

"I didn't have any choice. And besides—he doesn't remember you. I really don't think he does. Not tonight anyway."

"Probably not most nights," said Elstner. "That's how he sleeps."

I edged my car out of the lot.

"So you never told her?" Elstner asked me. "I'd have bet a whole lot you told her."

"I told her."

He swore at me. "I knew you'd tell her."

"I thought it would make a difference, Paul."

"Screw you. You're too old to believe people change because you want them to. They change because they get tired of themselves."

"She didn't believe it anyway," I said. "And I knew you'd be fine, because she'd never tell her old man about it."

"And how's that?"

"Because she'd never take the chance on seeing it might be true."

The remark cast him down into silence as we swept into the lights and rush of the highway. After a few minutes his indignation rose up again.

"I can't believe you told her," he said. "Jesus Christ. Why do I put up with you?"

"Why do you?" I asked with sudden

earnestness. The question seemed to exasperate him more than anything I'd said yet.

"Because you're part of my life," said Elstner. "How many people do we get in a lifetime? And I'm loyal. I'm a loyal person. Loyalty is an undervalued virtue these days. Besides, I have too much respect for myself to think I wasted 25 years on you. Or that I just figured you out. You've always been trying to find the Holy Grail with women. You haven't changed either."

"Well, apparently then, I expected better from her."

"Don't laugh, pal." My sarcasm had provoked Elstner to point a finger. "The older I get, the more I'm just watching the same movie. He's and she's, the attraction is that they're different, right? Everybody's looking for the other piece. And then nothing makes them crazier. She's upset because he's not like she is, or vice versa, and then there are nimrods like you who actually think different oughta mean better, all the time hoping that will make you better, too. Grow up."

With that blow delivered, he did not speak until we reached his house. I was furious, but also aware that I was due a lashing of some kind. A client, a trader from the exchange, had given me a couple of Cubans. I'd left them on the dashboard for Paul and remembered them now, fortuitous timing. Elstner studied the label with appreciation.

"Smoke one with me," he said.

Hanging around with Paul, I'd puffed on a short cigar now and then and saw the wisdom of a peace pipe. I rolled down all the windows. It was a fairly mild night for mid-March, and we lit up the Cubans and reclined the front seats and talked in a dreamy reconciled way, reviewing the season. The Hands, who'd been a Final Four team within the last decade, were not even going to the Big Dance this season. We tried at great

length to discern the ephemeral difference between winning and losing, how coaching and spirit contribute to talent. We talked about great teams we'd seen and, by contrast, recollected our own failed careers as high school athletes.

Finally, Elstner decided it was time for him to get inside. I watched as Paul, with his sloppy loping stride, made his way to the house he'd lived in for decades. From the door, he gave an elaborate wave, like a campaigning politician. I thought he was marking the end of the season or the peace reestablished between us, but over time the image of him there on his stoop, grandly flagging his hand, has returned to me often, and with it the suspicion that he meant to acknowledge more. An intuitive creature like Elstner probably knew before I did that I was headed back to Clarissa, that she and I would find a new mercy with each other and make better of it, and that, as a result, I would see him less. Paul never required any explanation. In fact, I had no doubt that reviving my marriage was what he would have counseled, if I'd ever allowed him to lift his embargo on advice.

I remember all this because we lost Paul Elstner last week. He developed cancer of the liver and slipped off in a matter of months. I saw him often during his illness. One day he cataloged all the other ways he'd worried he might die—an extensive list with Maurie Moleva still on it—but he spoke the name without rancor. It turns out that there are far too many ironies as one's life draws to a close to linger much with a small one like that.

It was Paul's wish, another of his harmless eccentricities, to be buried in cigar ash. On a bitterly cold day, with the graveyard mounded with snow, the casket was lowered and the entire burial procession was presented with lighted Coronas. Paul had many friends, of course, and we formed a long, moving circle around the open grave, each person approaching to tamp whatever ash had developed since the last time she or he had gone past. The proceedings had all the comic elements Elstner would have savored, with designated puffers to keep the cigars going for the nonsmokers and many mourners making smart comments about the smell, which they figured would linger in their clothing forever, Paul's unwelcome ghost. This rite continued for more than half an hour, with the group dwindling in the cold. I was among the last. The ember by now was near the fingertips of my gloves. Before surrendering the last bit to the earth, I stood above the casket, desperate to speak, but able to summon only a few fragments to mind. All our longings, I thought. All our futility. The comfort we can be to each other. Then Clarissa and I went home.



*"I hate it when he has too much eggnog."*



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SEARCH** 



**Congratulations to all who participated in the 50th Anniversary Playmate Search**



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## MEET THE TIGHT ENDS

What's (almost) more thrilling than the Super Bowl? The Lingerie Bowl 2004, a pay-per-view event in which 22 lingerie-clad ladies will play full-contact, seven-on-seven tackle football—while wearing nothing but their skivvies. Fake nails will be broken! Hair extensions will be pulled! Lingerie will be sullied! The best part? The show will run during the Super Bowl's halftime period, so you can skip the usual lip-synched crap and watch some girls score (and, we hope, catfight). Set to show off their athletic sides are (above, from left) Angie Everhart, red carpet correspondent Kylie Bax, sideline reporter Traci Bingham and Playmate Nikki



Ziering, four ladies who have, it should be noted, all shed their uniforms for PLAYBOY. (Why didn't we think of this?) Lucky guys will dispense water and towels on the sidelines. Says event mastermind Mitch Mortaza, "If one of the girls loses her top or her bottom in the heat of the battle, these guys will be ready to pounce on them and cover them up." Though the game's coordinators say there will be no nudity, at least one player has other plans. "That's what they say, but I'm going to be ripping off tops," says Everhart, a.k.a. the coolest chick ever. Halftime: the perfect opportunity to send your girlfriend out for more beer.

Nikki Ziering: MVP.

## 15 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Our 35th Anniversary Playmate, Fawna MacLaren, went to Beverly Hills High; as most models do, she says she was an "ugly" young woman. (Sure, Fawna!) Years later Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski noticed Fawna at a party and said, "Hi, would you like to be our 35th Anniversary Playmate?" "Why not?" Fawna said, and the results are above.



Fawna MacLaren.

## LOOSE LIPS

**"I've never felt so flat!"**  
—Paris Hilton on meeting Pam Anderson  
**"I've never felt so poor!"**  
—Pam Anderson's retort  
**"Pam Anderson, because her breasts are powered by a pump. She knows how to dress!"**  
—Conan O'Brien on his most distracting talk show interview ever

## GIRLS ON FILM

Spotted on the red carpet, from left: Angel Boris at the Global Goming League launch; Kalin Olson at the Smirnoff Ice Triple Black Eco-Challenge premiere bash; Shauna Sand at a TV Land convention; Christina Santiago at a party for Tantric Records; Priscilla Taylor at a concert for VH1's Save the Music; Barbara Moore at the Rose Education Foundation's second annual gala.



## HOT SHOT



LINDSEY VUOLO

### THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT CORINNA HARNEY

1. She starred in and produced her latest film, *The Road Home*, a coming-of-age baseball movie, which premiered to standing-room-only crowds at the CineVegas International Film Festival.



Corinna Harney.

2. What critics are saying about the flick: "It's a superbly crafted

film...one of this year's best romances."—*Elle* magazine

3. Corinna has had some cool comedic cameos. She played a cocktail waitress in the movie *Rat Race* and a blackjack player in *Vegas Vacation*.

### POP QUESTIONS: TISHARA COUSINO

Q: Is your TV show, *Las Vegas*, an accurate portrayal of the city?

A: It has the Vegas vibe, but only certain scenes are taped in a casino. The rest is filmed on a Los Angeles set.

Q: How's working with James Caan?

A: I've met James, but I haven't worked with him yet. Usually the actors stay in their trailers, waiting for their scenes to be called.

Q: Are you a big gambler?

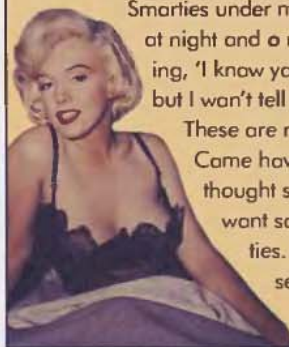
A: Absolutely. I'm from Las Vegas, so it's hard not to gamble. It's a surefire bet you will find me at a blackjack table.



### MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Colin Farrell

"I saw Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot* when I was 10 or 11. I was obsessed with her. I was in love with her. I'd talk to her. I'd leave



Smarties under my pillow at night and a note saying, 'I know you're dead, but I won't tell anyone.

These are nice.

Come have some.' I thought she might want some Smarties. It made sense to me."

### STEPHANIE ADAMS BOOKS 'EM

Since her spirituality book, *Goddessy*, hit the shelves, Stephanie Adams has been a ubiquitous media presence. "The gay media have dubbed me their It girl," says the lesbian Playmate. That's Steph on the cover of *Go NYC* magazine, left, and with friends at her book-signing party in New York City.



### PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Hey, Kobe, we've found the next "I'm sorry" gift for your wife: the \$980,000 diamond bikini recently modeled by Victoria Silvstedt at a London fashion show.... Rock muse Bebe Buell appears on the cover and in an eight-page fashion layout for *Grace* magazine.... Pam Anderson bonded with singer Mya (below) when the two presented a Moon-



LENO NEMAN



Forget Kid and Tommy: It's Mya!

man at the MTV Video Music Awards.... Carrie Stevens pops up on posters for Miller Lite beer.... Ulrika Ericsson can be seen in ads for Honda and Coors Light.... We're not sure they went wild, but Teri Harrison, Cara Wakelin and Stacy Fuson appeared in the pilot for the show *Girls Gone Fishin'*.... Talk about having your cake: Maria Checa, Darlene Bernaola, Lani Todd,



Cheesecake, anyone?

Nichole Van Croft and Anka Romensky hung with advertising phenom Alex Bogusky at a party.... Move over, Frommer's. Divini Rae has published *The Sexy Sydney Book*, about the city's erotic side. If you don't live Down Under, you can read an excerpt at [sexysydney.com.au](http://sexysydney.com.au).

# Combo in the corner!



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Captain  
was here

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# PLIMPTON (continued from page 258)

*I mentioned the twins, that I'd hoped to meet them. "Well, we're four now," Hef said, and he wasn't boasting.*

I had no idea what he was talking about. Had he mistaken me for someone else—perfectly understandable, having been aroused from a deep sleep? Apparently not. Horace Whigham was a character in his film, a rather obnoxious, oily magazine editor (could this have been typecasting?) who tries to seduce Louise Bryant, who was played by Diane Keaton. In that split instant—hearing my voice, opening his eyes to find me leaning over him—he had made a casting decision. None of this made any sense to me at the time (Whigham?). Later, of course, he explained what he had in mind, and I eventually ended up playing that small role in a film that won three Academy Awards.

Sometimes when one talks with theater and movie people, their "moment of discovery" (often referred to as "my first big chance") becomes the topic. I can hardly wait to break in.

"Ahem...well, I was staying at Hefner's once, and I came walking up from the grotto...."

I have often wondered how I could repay Hef for his hospitality—for the movie nights, the tennis games, the swimming pools, "the moment of discovery," the grotto with the votive candles, the parties and so on. Finally, a few years ago, I got the chance. For another magazine, I had been asked to write about a new French product unknown in this country, most likely even to Hef—a testos-

terone gel that, when rubbed onto the skin like a salve, was supposed to markedly improve one's libido. What was new about the gel was the place of application. Up until the French salve, testosterone came in a pouch that was most effective when attached to the scrotum, an uncomfortable and cumbersome arrangement. The gel had one alarming side effect, however: If the stuff got on a girl's body during lovemaking, her testosterone level would rise. The chances of masculinization increased—her body fat could redistribute, her voice deepen, her facial hair thicken—all of this quite possible if the lovers were maniacally active. A chemist I talked to gave me a graphic example: "A hair could pop out of her forehead."

To guard against this, the manufacturer suggested that users of the gel wear a T-shirt to keep it from getting on a partner's body. Somehow the notion of Hef slipping out of his dressing gown and getting into a T-shirt did not square with what I had imagined of his lovemaking procedures. Nonetheless, surely he would like to hear about the gel.

I had the chance when I went out to the Los Angeles book fair a few years back. Hef invited me over to watch the championship fight between Michael Grant and Lennox Lewis and to stay around for the disco party afterward. He had separated from his wife Kimberley and was cohabiting with a pair of 22-year-old twin sisters. The twins didn't come down for the fight. Hef sat alone in

the darkness on the large couch immediately in front of the large movie screen. I remember a dwarf, an early guest at the party, perched on the far end of the couch. After the fight, which Lewis won easily, Hef gave me a tour of the disco area, a tent on the front lawn.

I mentioned the twins, that I hoped I'd get the chance to meet them.

"Well, we're four now," he said.

"Four! Four of you up there!"

He nodded. He wasn't boasting, just a statement of fact.

"They've imposed a limit," he said. "The girls have. They say that four is enough."

"Hef," I said, "I've been wearing this French testosterone gel. A new product. You rub it on your shoulders."

His eyes widened. To my delight he said he was wearing the testosterone patches. Rather suavely (after all, I was lecturing the man who was the paragon of sexual prowess), I began to describe the gel and how it was applied. I warned him about getting the gel on any of the four, that it was wise to wear a T-shirt. This latter news didn't seem to faze him. His secretary telephoned later in the week. She said that Hef was eager to try the gel.

Last spring during the book fair I dropped in on Hef to pay my respects and to find out how the gel was working. It was the weekly movie night, when Hef puts on old classics for a few of his close friends. He came downstairs in his purple dressing gown. He has not changed over the years—the same wide smile, the warmth of his greeting. I sat next to him at dinner. He told me he was showing *The Citadel* later that evening, the 1938 film starring Robert Donat.

"Hef," I said, "do you remember that French testosterone gel I recommended that you spread on your shoulders?"

He nodded. "I've given it up," he said.

The appalling thought crossed my mind that up there in the great circular bed, two, three, perhaps four of the young women had developed deep voices....

"It had a bad odor," Hef said. "I'm back to the patch."

"Oh."

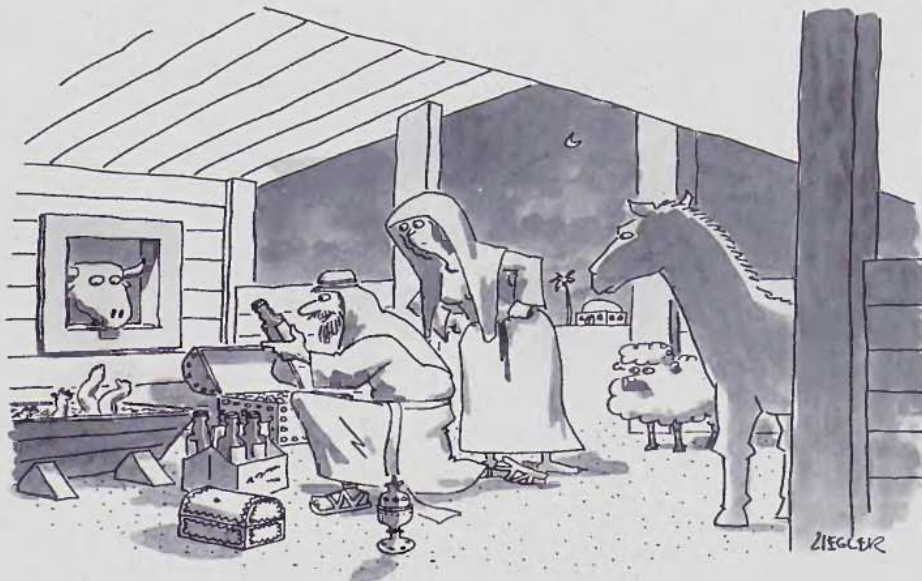
I asked if any unfortunate symptoms had turned up, if any of the girls had been affected by the gel.

He looked puzzled. He had forgotten about the gel affecting the female testosterone level.

"No excess facial hair?"

"I would have noticed," he said. "Just the odor."

So there it was. Fifty years of association, and I had repaid him for all his kindness by stinking up the great circular bed. But then again, I could comfort myself with the knowledge that it is not all that easy to reward a man who has everything.



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# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

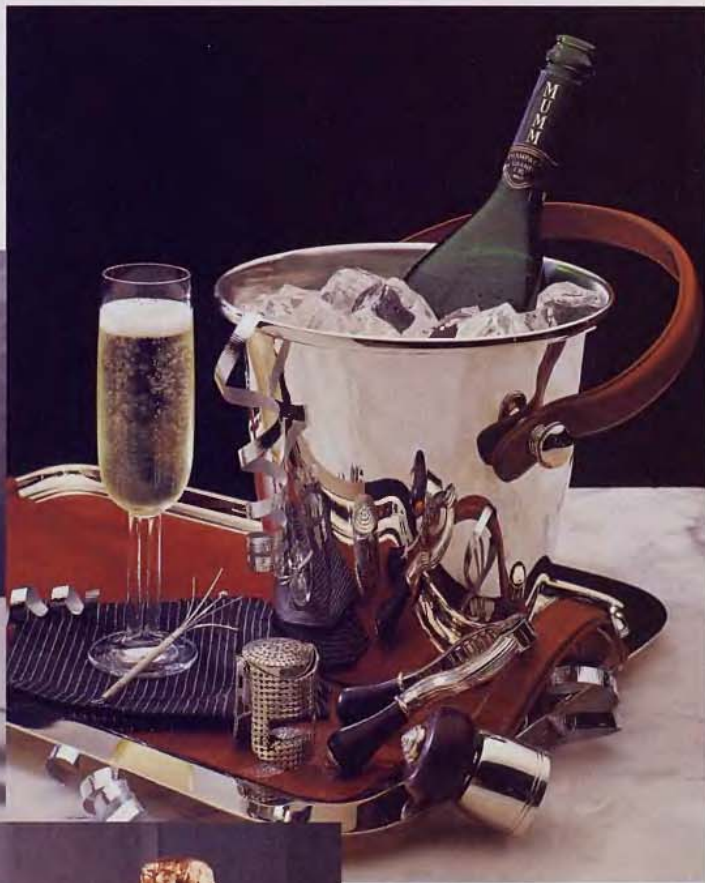
### BUBBLING OVER

Legend has it that Benedictine monk Dom Pérignon created everybody's favorite fizz in 1668, exclaiming to his robed companions, "I'm drinking stars!" More recently, scientist Bill Lembeck computed that a bottle of bubbly contains almost 50 million bubbles (this guy must have had some time on his hands)—perfect for toasting PLAYBOY's 50th anniversary. So fill the flutes below with champagne from our star-studded selection, and toast to longevity.

—Richard Carleton Hacker

Near right: Drink up, but you'd better think twice before hurling these crystal flutes into the fireplace. From left: Austrian crystal Ambassador-pattern flute (\$90). Collection 3000 flute with a silver-plated base (\$190 a pair). William Yeoward flute with a square base (\$105). Vendôme-pattern Lalique flute with sculpted leaves on the stem and a mouth-blown bowl (\$230). Salviati crystal flute with five etched bands (\$105 a pair).

JAMES IMBROGNO



Above: Silver-plated tray with leather handles and insert (\$395) and a matching bucket (\$375). In the bucket: a bottle of Mumm de Cramant blanc de blancs non-vintage champagne (\$65). Other bubbly accessories include a silver plate-and-rosewood bottle opener and stopper (\$340), a sterling silver swizzle stick (\$125) and bubble saver (\$375), a double-stemmed Rosenthal flute (\$25) and linen napkins (\$32 for four). Champagnes, from far left: 1995 Dom Pérignon (\$120), 1995 Veuve Clicquot La Grande Dame (\$150), 1989 Pommery Louise (\$120), 1993 Pol Roger Cuvée Sir Winston Churchill (\$163), 1996 Bollinger Grande Année (\$90) and 1997 Perrier Jouët Fleur de Champagne Rosé (\$150).

# Potpourri

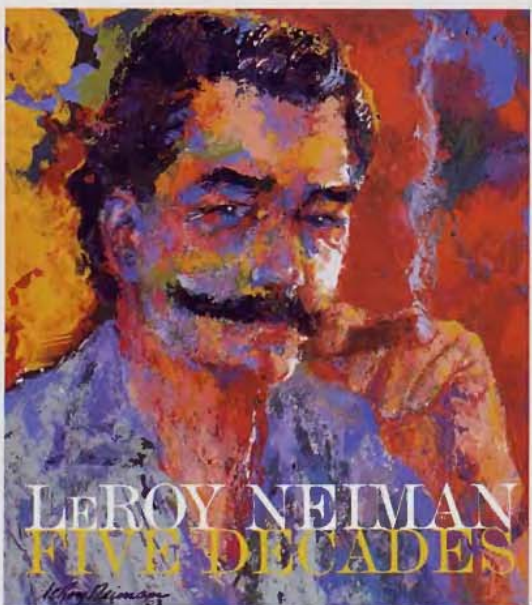
## IF THE SHOE FITS...

Nike's Air Primo (top left, \$100) and Reebok's Supercourt Camo (bottom right, \$80) sport camouflage for men on the hunt (though for what, we're not quite sure). Both are great for kicking around, though the latter is more of an athletic shoe. Puma's limited-edition Beast (top right, \$160) is a basketball shoe made with fake leopard fur. Mini, the British car company, offers a driving shoe called the Mini Motion (bottom left, \$150), with a removable inner bootie. All shoes are sold in select stores.



## GET THE PICTURE

Is there another contemporary artist who has captured high life, low life, celebs, statesmen, sports heroes and men with gravity-defying facial hair as evocatively as LeRoy Neiman? For the first time, the whole panoply of his work is captured in one book, *LeRoy Neiman: Five Decades* (\$75, Abrams). The tome has more than 300 color plates, from a sketch of Lenny Bruce in the 1960s to a recent rendering of Fidel Castro to a cover of the artist himself (below), cigar and all.



## January's SEX HIT



## SQUEEZE PLAY

Sheer Delight, an erotic jewelry company, makes sexy adornments that stimulate the breasts. The little doodads use 24-gauge wire that's adjustable, so she'll feel the elegant pinch without feeling as if she's suckling a schnauzer. "You control the tension," notes a company rep. They come in lots of styles (arrows, swirls, daisies) and a bunch of colors. Pictured: the Tri Lacy Nipple Huggers (\$17). To see the whole collection, go to [nipple-huggers.com](http://nipple-huggers.com).



## BUSH ADMINISTRATION

For your next vacation you could sit on a beach and guzzle foofy fruit cocktails until you hallucinate. Or you could do something a little more exhilarating, like, oh, trek into the wilds of Africa, drive a Land Rover through a rock-quarry obstacle course, camp in a dry creek bed and shoot a .375 magnum in simulated encounters with charging wildebeests. Conservation Corporation Africa has initiated a Bush Skills Academy at Phinda Private Game Reserve in eastern South Africa. For \$1,650 (double occupancy) you'll walk away with a lifetime's worth of wilderness survival skills, a diploma and some serious bragging rights. For more information check out [ccafrica.com](http://ccafrica.com).



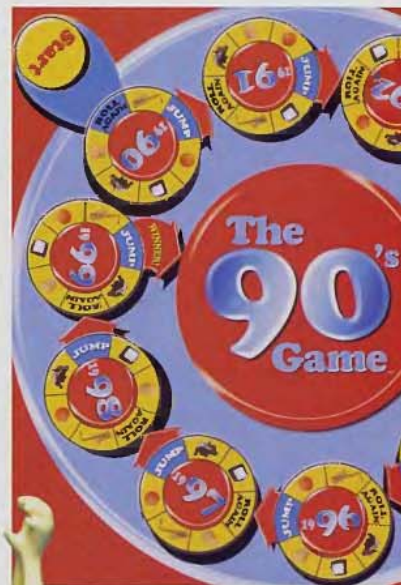
### A BARREL OF LAUGHS

The Zero Blaster (below, \$20) is literally a smoking gun. How un-PC can you get? The thing shoots two- to six-inch smoke rings (the manufacturer calls them fog rings) that sail up to 14 feet away. The secret is the fluid, used in special-effects fog machines. To play *Die Hard*, head over to [zerotoys.com](http://zerotoys.com).



### GAME OF THE YEAR

Name the 1990s movie with the following exchange: "How the hell did you get the beans above the frank?" "I don't know. It wasn't like it was a well-thought-out plan." If you answered *There's Something About Mary*, congratulations. You should quit your day job and start a career playing the 90's Game (\$33) competitively. It's a board game—remember them? Trivia questions test your knowledge in five categories: events, sports, music, movies and TV. Answer a question correctly and move your piece around the board toward the winner's circle. Get some beers, get naked, and make a night of it. Order from [the90sgame.com](http://the90sgame.com).



### WHISKEY A-GO-GO

From left: Pendleton (80 proof, \$26), a blended Canadian whiskey aged 10 years in oak barrels, is named after the Pendleton Round Up, one of the oldest rodeos in the West. Triple-distilled 18-year-old Jameson Irish (80 proof, \$65) is a blend of whiskeys aged 18 to 23 years in sherry casks and finished in bourbon barrels. Dig scotch? Try the Glenlivet French Oak Finish 1983 single malt (92 proof, \$200).

### GO FIGURE

Great driving companions will do one, if not all, of three things: make you laugh, shut up when you want them to and give you a blow job (the women, that is). These three-inch-tall antenna topers, which can also sit on your dashboard, can handle the first two but not the last. What do you expect for \$5? You can pick up Moe the margarita-sipping parrot, Barney the chicken or Layla the hula dancer at [carbuddies.com](http://carbuddies.com).



### KILLER JEANS

Hi-Fi Wear's 12Gauge Shotgun Jeans (\$92) give a whole new meaning to the expression "Get the lead out." "Our jeans are hand-screen-printed, then taken out to a white-trash area in Silicon Valley and shot with a 12-gauge shotgun," says company owner Kris Ziakas. "The random pattern from the shot makes each pair an original, one-of-a-kind garment." You can also get T-shirts and women's pants and tops that have been blown to kingdom come. Surf over to [instituteofhifi.com](http://instituteofhifi.com) and stay tuned for other caliber jeans.



# Next 50 Years

BY THE EDITORS OF 



THE FIRST FEMALE VP SHOWS OFF HER EXECUTIVE ASSETS



COCKTAILS OF MASS DESTRUCTION



MARY-KATE AND ASHLEY FINALLY TAKE IT OFF—AT 48



CATHOLIC CHURCH ELIMINATES SIN

**THE GIRLS OF THE OFF-WORLD COLONIES**—SOME ARE CYBORGS. SOME ARE REAL—WE DARE YOU TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE IN THIS WHITE-HOT PICTORIAL

**GEORGE BUSH VII**—THE RECENTLY SINGLE CLONE TELLS US WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE THE SEVENTH, AND SEXIEST, BUSH PRESIDENT. A VAGUELY FAMILIAR PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

**HOT TUBS AND COLD STORAGE**—A TRIO OF WARM-BLOODED BEAUTIES DEFROST CRYOGEN HEF'S TWO VITAL PARTS (ONE IS HIS BRAIN). PLUS: FIGHTING FREEZER BURN

**200 WITH TARA REID**—INSIDE THE LEGENDARY DIRECTOR'S TRAGIC ROMANCE SET AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF 9/11

**THE NEVERLAND CULT MASS SUICIDE**—WHEN THE KOOL-AID MIX DUST SETTLED, JACKO AND HIS 100 NUMBER ONE FANS, AMONG THEM NOTED FILM CRITIC JOEL SIEGEL AND AGING ECCENTRIC DREW BARRYMORE, HAD TAKEN THEIR LIVES. WE LOOK AT THE NATION'S BIGGEST MASS DEATH SINCE THE CHRISTOPHER WALKEN FUNERAL

**REPUBLICANS PURCHASE 37TH STATE**—THE RACE IS ON FOR THE LAST 14. INCLUDING IRAQ. THE FORUM REPORTS. PLUS. DOES EXECUTING MP7 FILE SHARERS GO TOO FAR?

**STRAP IT ON**—IN THE SACK WITH THE HOT, HUSKY AND HORNY LINEBACKERS OF THE WNFL. ROUGH NEW PHOTOS

**PURE STONE COLD FIST**—CLENCH-JAWED, HAIR-TRIGGER ACTION MAN JAKE MALLETT GOES UP AGAINST THE HATEFUL SHE-ITE SUPREMACISTS. HE'LL SAVE THE WORLD BUT NOT FOR YOU. FICTION BY **DAVE EGGERS**

**THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS**—PLAYBOY AIR FRESHENERS TURN 75. A TOUCH OF CLASS FOR YOUR FOLDABLE VAN

**PLUS:** GENITALS: A LOOK BACK, THE HOTTEST INJECTABLE DANCE HITS, **JOHN ASHCROFT**'S CONVERSION TO ISLAM, GIRLS OF THE ARIZONA COAST, **LEROY NEIMAN** AT DEATH RACE 2020, THE ASSTRONAUTS OF SPACE STATION PEPSI, DECORATING YOUR BACHELOR POD, THE WORLD'S BEST-PAID MATHLETE AND SIX NEW TOASTERS YOU CAN FUCK