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INTERVIEW
JIM CARREY
UNMASKED!

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experiment"**

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bounty hunter**

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world
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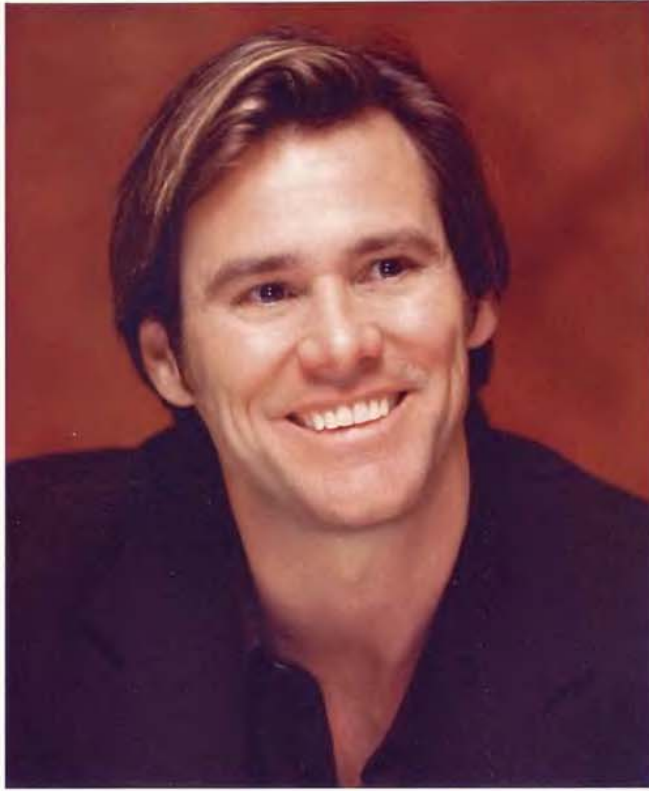


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Rubber-faced comedian **Jim Carrey** just can't keep himself from making serious movies. His yearning, it turns out, flows from a fundamental part of his personality. As he reveals to **Michael Fleming** in this month's surprising *Playboy Interview*, Carrey practices an almost monklike self-discipline. "He keeps himself sharp and hungry," says Fleming. "There are many things he doesn't eat. He exercises all the time. He doesn't seek out creature comforts, which seems unusual for a guy who makes \$25 million a movie. His big concern isn't that people like him but that they understand why he does what he does." Despite his hunger for gravitas, Carrey appreciates the audience he's gained in comedy. "He doesn't keep any Golden Globes in his office, but he does have MTV Movie Awards and a *TRL* Wet Your Pants Award."



When bounty hunter Dog Chapman was arrested last year in Mexico, the event set off a media frenzy. But **Kent Black**, writer of *A Dog's Tale*, is the only man who got the scoop. "It turned out I knew a woman whose assistant was delivering Dog's cigarettes every morning while he was under house arrest," Black says. "We got the girl to take a letter to him. She had to smuggle it in because the guards were monitoring what went in and out of his room. About 12 hours later Dog called and said he'd love to do an exclusive with *PLAYBOY*."



Guts, this month's fiction feature, is by **Chuck Palahniuk**, author of the novels *Fight Club*, *Choke* and *Diary*. Even among the many innovative and controversial stories that make up the rich history of *PLAYBOY* fiction, *Guts* is destined to stand out. How do we know? Palahniuk road-tested it while on a recent tour. "Thirty-nine people fainted during readings," he reports. "Six of them had heard it in Italian in Italy this summer. People there were angry—they were publicly humiliated for passing out. The worst reactions were in New York, where two people were hospitalized. One guy at Columbia University vomited and started to aspirate his vomit while he was unconscious."



In *The Agony and Ecstasy of Alexander Shulgin*, **Mark Boal** offers an exclusive profile of the revolutionary chemist who has been synthesizing psychedelics for 40 years—and who is personally responsible for the rise of ecstasy. "Shulgin is one of America's biggest drug radicals, someone who is probably more important historically than Timothy Leary," says Boal. "He's one of our last real bohemians. He has invented more than a hundred psychedelic drugs. But Shulgin likes that few people know his name despite his counterculture status. He leads a quiet life in a run-down house in California. He's an intensely private guy."



The photos for *A Dog's Tale* were shot by **David Rose**, who is famed for his work with musicians such as U2 and Bruce Springsteen. Rose spent several days with notorious bounty hunter Dog Chapman—and even went on a manhunt with him. "It was very fast, in a McDonald's," Rose says. "He took him out right there. The guy was known to use knives, so the old shock-and-awe theory was in play—Dog dressed to intimidate him for the takedown. Dog is a walking photo. He's such a character, it made my job really easy."



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PLAYBOY

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Having slapped handcuffs on more than 6,000 fugitives, Duane "Dog" Chapman is the world's greatest bounty hunter. So when Max Factor heir Andrew Luster fled the U.S. after being arraigned on rape charges, Dog followed his scent to Mexico—and wound up tangling with the federales. An exclusive day-by-day account. **BY KENT BLACK**

80 THE AGONY AND ECSTASY OF ALEXANDER SHULGIN

This secretive chemistry wizard and former professor is the most important counter-cultural figure you've never heard of. He brought ecstasy to America, and a government raid hasn't stopped him from inventing—and ingesting—hundreds of other serotonin-enhancing drugs. Now he finally goes public about his rabid inner circle, his love-hate relationship with the DEA and how the future of human evolution will come about through psychedelic drugs. **BY MARK BOAL**

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Nothing proved the power of the photo op better than W's aircraft carrier stunt complete with flight suit and MISSION ACCOMPLISHED banner. Now down to the wire, Democratic candidates will have to stage some electrifying public events of their own. Here are a few suggestions, starting with a Dick "Britney" Gephardt and Joe "Madonna" Lieberman make-out session.

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We test the best new off-road cars, bikes and motorcycles on the dirtiest trails in the country. You'll need to hose yourself down after this report. **BY JAMES R. PETERSEN**

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Some people collect baseball cards. Some people collect stamps. And some people fill their garages with the world's greatest collections of barf bags, empty beer cans and serial-killer artwork. Welcome to the world of the truly obsessed. **BY DAVID PFISTER**

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On CSI, Petersen stars as head of the Las Vegas police department's crime investigations unit, which studies rotting corpses the way other people study a menu. But our evidence suggests he's nothing like the just-the-facts scientist you see on the tube. He believes in reincarnation, once passed out at the sight of his own blood and has been on the wrong side of the law himself. **BY STEPHEN REBELLO**

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This excruciatingly vivid story of one man's adventures in self-gratification makes the author's Fight Club look like Bambi. **BY CHUCK PALAHNIUK**

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The comedian with 1,000 faces refuses to be Hollywood's clown. In the Playboy Interview he reveals the monk behind The Mask. Carrey talks about his asceticism, says The Truman Show turned out to be prophetic, explains his approach to sex and describes the message he'd inscribe on a bomb. **BY MICHAEL FLEMING**



cover story

Pay-per-view has never been so worthwhile. The WWE's sexiest wrestlers, Torrie Wilson and Soble, are sometimes enemies in the ring. But they were fun and frisky for Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Both women have appeared separately in PLAYBOY, but this is their first clothes-borred match on our pages. Our Rabbit can be a real heel.





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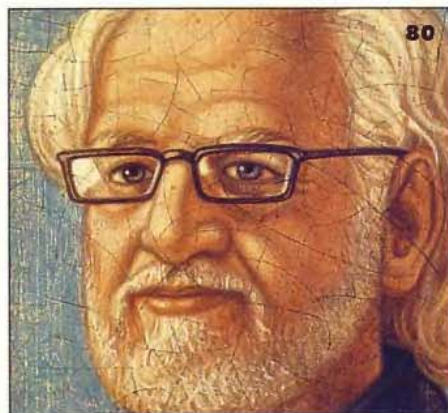
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



HEF GOES HOLLYWOOD

With girlfriends and longtime buddy James Caan on the set of *Las Vegas* (above), where Hef played a minister marrying two dozen couples—all at once, Vegas-style. This was the first time Hef had appeared on-screen as anyone other than himself. At right: Another Hollywood gig, doing a commercial for Carl's Jr. that emphasizes Hef's love of variety—in hamburgers, that is. Jay Leno said he'd always thought Hef was more of an In-N-Out kind of guy.



MEDIA MADNESS

Thanks to our 50th anniversary, PLAYBOY has become a ubiquitous media presence. Clockwise from right: Jack Osbourne and Holly Madison on a PMW tour for British telly; Christie Hefner and Lynn Sherr with Mr. Playboy doing a 20/20 interview; Hef and LeRoy Neiman at the artist's 50-year retrospective; and Steve Harvey broadcasting from the Mansion.



A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

Animal lovers convened at the Wildlife WayStation's annual safari brunch at PMW. The WayStation, a nonprofit corporation that runs a California animal sanctuary, gave activist Kimberly Conrad Hefner (left) the 2003 Paws of Fame "Guardian" award and Hef a lifetime achievement award. That's *7th Heaven*'s Joy Enriquez at right.



PLAYBOY'S CELEBRATION IN VEGAS

PALMS WELCOMES
HUGH HEFNER & PLAYBOYS 50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION



As part of Playboy's 50th Anniversary celebration, Hef was the guest of honor at a fun-filled weekend of Centerfolds and celebrities at the Palms Casino Resort in Las Vegas. (1) Playmates modeling Playboy fashions. (2) Hef and his platinum six-pack standing in front of the massive marquee of the Palms Casino Resort. (3) Jenny McCarthy and the Man. (4) The guest of honor and a posse of Playmate Bunnies. (5) Longtime friend Tony Curtis and his wife Jill. (6) Palms co-owner George Maloof with Hef, listening to a proclamation renaming the street alongside the hotel Hugh Hefner Boulevard. (7) Shauna Sand and Jennifer Walcott doing a TV interview. (8) Christina Santiago, Ava Fabian and Lauren Michelle Hill. (9) Hef and cottontail Centerfold Stephanie Heinrich. (10) Deanna Brooks. (11) Robin Leach hobnobbing with Hef and Holly. (12) The irrepressible Paris Hilton and Nicole Lenz. (13) Mr. Playboy and his girls in the hotel's Hugh Hefner suite. (14) Carmen Electra. (15) Hef and the gang at a Ghostbar bash.



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CUSACK COMES CLEAN

It is nice to see that John Cusack is as down-to-earth as we always thought he was (*The Playboy Interview*, December). The interviews are the main reason we get your magazine.

Jason and Lisa Dunn
Windsor, Ontario

FROM JAY'S HOOD

I just want to shout out to PLAYBOY for the great article *The Last Days of Jam Master Jay* (December). Frank Owen does a kickass job showing what the neighborhoods of Jamaica and Hollis, New York are all about. Like many of the people here, Jay might not have been squeaky clean. But he always treated his neighborhood with respect and gave back to the community. Whichever bastard killed him didn't just do a disservice to Jay, his family and hip-hop. He screwed over Queens.

D. Jackson
Jamaica, New York

HUNTING BUNNIES

So many beautiful women were vying to be your golden anniversary Playmate (*The Great 50th Anniversary Playmate Hunt*, December). How many



Behind the scenes at the Playmate hunt.

girls participated in the searches, and where did you hold them?

Daniel Baker
Astoria, New York

We considered more than 8,000 women during searches held at 20 locations across the continent. Fifteen of the searches were at Jillian's, a national bar-and-restaurant chain. Months later we're still trying to catch our breath.

MOST-WANTED EMPLOYEE

The hottest woman in your December issue is Rachel Blankenship (*Employee of the Month*). I have never needed a probation officer, but for Rachel I'd commit the most heinous crime.

Philip Morin
El Paso, Texas

Call us. We have a few people we'd like to take revenge on.

I can't believe Rachel sacrificed a safe professional career for a minimal amount of publicity. I have worked in law enforcement for eight years and have subscribed to PLAYBOY for more than 10. I've always had fantasies about being in your magazine—what woman hasn't? However, when you are dealing with inmates and parolees, I believe you jeopardize your credibility and safety by getting naked. Rachel, it's time to turn in your cuffs since you've already resigned from your job as a credible officer. I think you've put yourself in danger.

Toni Viegut
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

I just want to let everyone know that I had an awesome experience posing for PLAYBOY. I would love to do it again!

Rachel Blankenship
Columbus, Ohio

McGOVERN ON DEAN

George McGovern expresses concern that Howard Dean could be creamed in the same manner McGovern was in the 1972 election (*What's So Funny About Peace, Love and Howard Dean?*, December). If McGovern really means that, then he owes it to Dean not to give him a public endorsement.

Andrew Gallagher
Phoenix, Arizona

Thank you for publishing McGovern's ringing defense of progressive American politics in your December issue. I have long treasured the silver tie tack that I received as thanks for being "for McGovern before Massachusetts" in the 1972 election. Having cast my first ballot from Fort Riley, Kansas in 1944, I still consider McGovern the most honorable presidential candidate in my lifetime. Given a choice between Bush and a "me too" Democrat in 2004, I shall cast a write-in ballot for McGovern.

Robert Weidner
Urbana, Illinois

McGovern claims that for Dean "truth telling is the habit of a lifetime." Really?

Let's consider Dean's Labor Day appearance before a group of union organizers. Dean told them that if he were elected he would require U.S. companies to trade only with nations that guarantee their workers the same benefits and protections available in this country. Union officials like to hear this because they don't want to see jobs exported to countries that make cheap



George McGovern votes for Dean.

products with nonunion labor. Soon after giving this speech, Dean received an endorsement from organized labor. If McGovern and Dean insist that this is their sincere belief and they are not simply kissing up to a special interest group, you may give them an A for honesty. But then you must admit that Dean knows less about economics than any other doctor in Vermont.

William Broderick
Tampa, Florida

McGovern is right to say that true conservatives wouldn't push the United States into an unnecessary war. But modern liberals are not behaving like real liberals either. The Democratic Party should return to the liberalism of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin and abandon its social-engineering schemes.

Kevin Joyce
Olney, Maryland

MOVIE BLOOPER

The picture of the scene from *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind* in your December issue (*Sex in Cinema 2003*) shows Sam Rockwell with Maggie Gyllenhaal, not with Julia Roberts. Who at PLAYBOY watches the movies before



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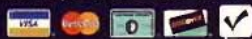
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you print something about them, and can I have that person's job? I think I could do it better.

Jay Shepler
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

No. You have a bad attitude and clearly won't participate when we try to cover up our mistakes.

As usual you did a great job with the *Sex in Cinema* feature. Too bad you didn't have enough room to include a photo of Valeria Golino's topless beach romp in *Respiro*.

Bryan Calder
 Vancouver, British Columbia

DOUBLE THE PLEASURE

Thank you for the pictorial of the Teles twins (*Wonder Twins*, December). Only one sight is sexier than a hot girl with tattoos, and that's her hot tattooed twin sister.

Mike Cooper
 Knoxville, Tennessee

After seeing the naked Dahm triplets in *PLAYBOY* a few years ago, I was kind of let down by the twins. Don't you



The Teles twins are twice as nice.

know any sexy quintuplets?

Fred Tuttle
 Hoboken, New Jersey

We're working on it, trust us.

Not only do the Teles twins have beautiful faces, they have the cutest feet I've ever seen.

Charlie Westcott
 Auburn Hills, Michigan
Sorry, Charlie. With doubles of everything to study, we haven't made it below their knees yet.

CHARMING WHEN UNZIPPED

Shannen Doherty is the perfect woman (December). Her pictorial is a visu-

al tour de force and outshines her 1994 spread.

Manfred Rooke
 London, U.K.

The photos of Shannen remind me why I had such a crush on her back in her *90210* days.

Mark Horton
 Inman, South Carolina

From bitch to witch! I'm in love. I couldn't take my eyes off her. Feel free to give her my zip code any time.

Jim Silva
 Bridgewater, Massachusetts

For someone who is "unwrapped" and has "nothing to hide," Doherty certainly does an excellent job shielding her butt and fur. If I want to see just breasts I can go to a topless bar.

Michael Krawczak
 Santee, California

You won't see any topless celebrities at a strip club. Except for Christian Slater, of course.

WEIRD SCIENCE

In *Sexperiments II: Case Studies in Perversion* (December), Chip Rowe mentions a 35-year-old man involved in a research project at Rutgers University who came six times in 54 minutes while watching a porn video. What in God's name was that video?

Terran Lovewave
 Santa Fe, New Mexico

Unfortunately, that information was not available. But we got the impression that only a Bette Midler movie could have slowed that guy down.

DO TRY THESE AT HOME

I know a different recipe for the cement mixer (*Daredevil Cocktails*, December). Mix a half shot of peach schnapps with a half shot of Baileys Irish Cream. In a separate glass, measure one half shot of lime juice. Drink from both glasses, swishing the ingredients together in your mouth before trying to swallow. The schnapps causes the Baileys to curdle, and the lime juice enhances the effect. After more than eight years of bartending, I've seen only one person swallow and not spit it out.

Kimber Diggs
 Jacksonville, North Carolina

Are you a bartender or a sadist?

A guy from Ireland told me that they make the Irish car bomb differently there. They forgo the Jameson and just drop a shot of Irish Cream into the Guinness. Either way, it's one of the best drinks you can order.

Charlie Miner
 Iowa City, Iowa





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PlayStation 2

JET LI RISE TO HONOR 義氣



For Kit Yun, the
only way out of the
Hong Kong underworld
is to go back in.

A dying man's last wish. An undercover cop who's running out of time. Jet Li is Kit Yun in Rise to Honor, the story of a cop sworn to fulfill his duty, yet bound by a promise to a powerful crime lord. Now Kit must enter a shadowy world where, to preserve his honor, he'll have to risk his life. But as his enemies will soon learn, sometimes the one who is most honorable...is also the most deadly.



Violence

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LIVE IN YOUR WXRLD.
PLAY IN OURS.

babe of the month

Amanda Swisten

Sorry, fellas—she only *plays* a porn star in her new movie

She was raised on the East Coast, but since Amanda Swisten landed in Hollywood, her career has had a distinctly California-style trajectory. First she portrayed a Pam Anderson look-alike being chased by a giant Tommy Lee in an Eminem video. Then she donned a French maid outfit (at least part of one) to play bachelor-party stripper Fräulein Brandi in *American Wedding*. Now she's appearing as a porn starlet's pal in this month's big-screen comedy *The Girl Next Door*. So how did Amanda prep for the role? "I

"I felt like a doll. We really milk that whole blonde Barbie thing."

talked to Jenna Jameson at a party once," she says. "She's really sweet and smart, a normal person. I wondered what life is like for these girls who shoot sex scenes every day and have to look like goddesses while they're doing it." The 25-year-old Swisten, who says she's a pizza-and-sweatpants gal in real life, certainly has the screen-goddess thing down. She turns in one of the movie's funniest moments when her porn-queen character stars in a high school sex-ed video. "I felt like a doll," she says. "We really milk that whole blonde Barbie thing. It's not explicit, but the director wanted to make this generation's equivalent of *Risky Business*—a little edgy." Amanda certainly has us on the edge of our seat.





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barometer

IT'S MARCH AND...



...*The Sopranos* is finally back (March 7). It's been a dull 15 months since Carmela threw Tony out of the house, Paulie smothered a little old lady and war loomed between the New York and New Jersey families. But we're sure everybody will play nice this season.

...you'd watch all 128 hours of *March Madness* if your boss, your girlfriend and the space-time continuum would all just chill out. Even so, your intake of jump shots, overtimes and upsets will be impressive. It ain't over till someone sings that cheesy "One Shining Moment."



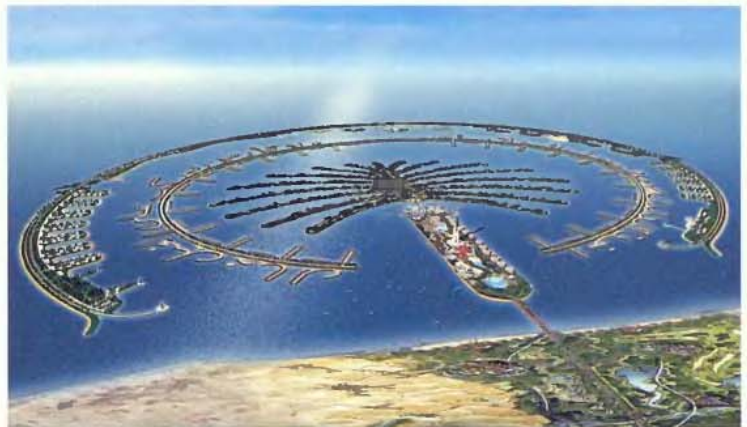
...you're boycotting the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame ceremony. It's bad enough that, with everyone from Elvis to the Clash already honored, inductees at this year's March 15 ceremony include the likes of Jackson Browne and Bob Seger. What really ticks you off is that Pete Rose still can't get in.

...you're bleeping amazed by the DARPA Grand Challenge—an all-terrain competition on March 13 in which robot-driven SUVs and dune buggies try to get from L.A. to Vegas, all in the name of military science and a future free of designated drivers. Dark horse pick: Al Gore.



...you support International Women's Day (March 8). It's a good cause, and you're a progressive kind of guy. Why, just imagine a world without Brigitte Bardot, Salma Hayek, Claudia Schiffer, Michelle Yeoh, Gisele and Iman. International women, we salute you!

dubai achievements

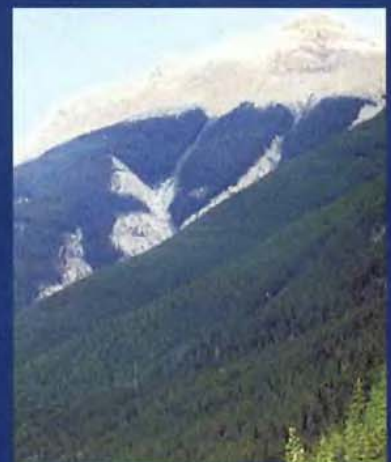
BUILDING THE PERFECT BEACH
A REAL PRINCE INVITES YOU TO HIS ARTIFICIAL ISLAND

No man is an island, but apparently man can now fabricate an island big enough to accommodate thousands of well-to-do beachcombers. The Palm Jumeirah, an archipelago being built from scratch off the coast of the United Arab Emirates, is the latest—and boldest—attempt by Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, the crown prince of Dubai, to stoke tourism in the Westerner-lovin' nation stuck inconveniently between Saudi Arabia and Iran. Modestly dubbed "the eighth wonder of the world," the massive project, begun in 2001, can be seen from space with the naked eye, and by the time primary construction is finished this year, the builders will have deposited 100 million cubic meters of sand and rock where once was only the watery Persian Gulf. The Palm's frond-shape design will feature 40 miles of beach (kept tidally pleasant by a seven-mile breakwater halo), 6,000 transplanted palm trees, 2,400 villas and apartments, 50 luxury hotels, at least one 18-hole golf course and the region's first aquatic park. Like the plot of a 1980s sitcom, the Palm is kinda kooky, but it just might work: Villas priced from \$500,000 to \$1.4 million sold out within 10 days of going on the market (including one reportedly snapped up by soccer star David Beckham). In fact, in 2008 the sheikh plans to give humanity a new Garden of Eden called the World—a man-made archipelago of 220 islands shaped like, yes, the countries of the world. Now that's the way to broker a piece in the Middle East.

spot the bunny

INTO THIN
HAREOUR RABBIT GIVES A
PEAK PERFORMANCE

A reader driving on the Trans-Canada Highway in British Columbia spied this Rabbit Head clearing on a mountainside. A ski trail? A logging site? A carefully manicured crevasse? Who cares? It warms the heart to know that our neighbors to the north also appreciate the beauty of a nicely shaved mound.



face off

WAR OF THE WHISKERS

WHO HAS THE MOST TRICKED-OUT BEARD IN THE LAND? FINALLY SOME ANSWERS

What is the measure of a man? At the World Beard and Moustache Championships, it's the dramatic splendor of his facial hair. The recent peltapalooza in Carson City, Nevada saw Germans and Austrians once again dominating the proceedings. Better this than an invasion of Poland.



CATEGORY: FULL BEARD FREESTYLE
Runner-up: Elmar Weisser, Germany

The jolly jowls of beard bud Weisser, a past champion, are always a crowd fave. But this was not the year for Elmar's fuzz.



CATEGORY: FULL BEARD FREESTYLE
Winner: Hans Gassner, Austria

Think of freestyling as poetry in pomade. Beautiful, yes—but deadly. Wearing a beard this sharp is a crime in 17 states.



CATEGORY: FU MANCHU
Winner: Ted Sedman, England

Sedman's lengthy tendrils are prime Fu—a look popular among Asian grandfathers, eccentric Brits and Mississippi catfish.



CATEGORY: NATURAL BEARD
Winner: David Traver, United States

Traver placed third overall—an American record. He credits his wife, who “steamed and scrunched” his beard into shape. No word on whether she found her keys.



CATEGORY: IMPERIAL MOUSTACHE
Runner-up: Franz Mitterhauser, Austria

Always a bridesmaid, never an imperial world moustache champion, Mitterhauser finished second in 2001 and third in 1999. A win in 2005 would help him save face.



CATEGORY: IMPERIAL MOUSTACHE
Winner: Karl Heinz Hille, Germany

Hille's airfoil muttonchops are classic yet innovative. Under the right wind conditions, this proud champion can take off like a Messerschmitt.

sex ed



TEACHER'S PETTING

ONE WOMAN'S QUEST TO GIVE NOOKY TO SEX ROOKIES

Alarmingly, more than 4 million American males between the ages of 25 and 59 are virgins. Now, hope for the perennially pure—guys so timid they can't even proposition a hooker—is a mere plane ride away. Aquarion, a Dutch company, offers a Love Life Coaching program that not only gives these sad sacks advice on making love to a woman—it gives them the woman. The target demographic is men who have reached middle age without once dipping their wicks. “When they're 35 or 40 and they've watched everybody else do it, it becomes a big deal,” says Marion van der Stad, the program's founder. “They have this big secret. It influences their work and health.” Her \$4,000 remedy for debilitating virginity involves hands-on instruction. “They start by talking with me,” she explains, “followed by 14 or 15 sessions with an intimacy coach. Then they go to the initiator.” Students have five bouts with a sexual initiator trained in tantric philosophy; most nail her by the third, then come back for practice. After their big breakthrough, students are paired with a male coach who gives them tips on communicating with women. This stage, of course, lasts approximately the rest of their lives.

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hollywired



SCOTT GOWLANDS

TRAILER PERKS

ON MOVIE SETS, TRAILER SIZE MATTERS. MEET HOLLYWOOD'S CRIB DOCTOR

For an A-list movie star, a location shoot can mean months of trailer life. And when you're raking in \$20 million per, the standard tornado magnet simply will not do. That's where Ron Anderson, trailersmith to the stars, comes in. For a starting price of \$1.5 million he'll design and rent a mobile domicile packed with luxurious furnishings and state-of-the-art gadgetry. "These people live in million-dollar homes," Anderson says. "For the money they're paying, am I going to Home Depot to buy plywood paneling? Hell no." For more than two decades Anderson has customized "mobile estates" for the biggest of the big shots, including Denzel Washington, Brad Pitt, J. Lo. and Harrison Ford. Inside his double-wide double-deckers, everything from the stereo to the drapes is controlled by a portable touch screen. One tap turns a mirror into a plasma-screen TV; another unfolds a guest bed from under a desk. High-tech security is also popular: triple-insulated walls, steel doors and, for the truly paranoid stalkee (clients' names classified), thumb-scanner locks. Anderson's most famous creation may be the trailer he built for Will Smith. Its first floor is a full-service recording studio. And the latest It room for Hollywood heavies? An office, like the one Vin Diesel had installed for a recent shoot. "They want it all—the computer, the high-speed Internet," says Anderson. "I'm even giving them satellite linkup—you know, so they can go online in case they're stranded in the middle of Iraq." And when they return, maybe they can park the trailer in the backyard and let us move in.

the sporting brews

SCHOOL SPIRIT

DARTMOUTH HAS A NEW MASCOT ON TAP

When Dartmouth boosters spotted a keg dancing on stadium sidelines, some swore to give up tailgating. Until, that is, they learned they were looking at Keggy, the Ivy League school's new mascot. Keggy has thrilled fans, and the student government has granted him "official unofficial" status. "He does what a mascot is supposed to do—stirs spirit, mocks opposing teams—even though he's a giant anthropomorphic beer keg," co-creator Chris Plehal says. Anthro-what? Damn Ivies.



employee of the month



BODY OF EVIDENCE

CHICAGO LEGAL CLERK MINI DOHERTY SEEMS TO HAVE MISFILED HER BRIEFS

PLAYBOY: What does a legal clerk do?

MINI: I file papers at court. I draft motions. I do research. It entails a lot of reading. I have a license that allows me to go before judges in certain cases. I'm also a third-year law student.

PLAYBOY: Do judges ever notice that you're hot?

MINI: I don't think they care. A lot of them are so old. And a lot of them are women. I play it down. I never wear makeup, and I dress in frumpy clothes. I don't want to draw attention to myself—it's a pretty conservative environment. After work I like to wear leather miniskirts and black catsuits. If my bosses saw me out on the town they'd go, "Whoa."

PLAYBOY: Any flirting at the office?

MINI: Zero. Lawyers invented sexual harassment.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever find yourself slipping into legalese at home?

MINI: Boyfriends have accused me of interrogating them. They say, "What is this, a cross-examination?"



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.



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"No. You can't have a monkey."

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We See London, We See France...

Frenchwomen over 15 years old spend 18% of their clothing budget on lingerie, more than women in any other European country.

Size Matters

In the U.S., a man's salary is directly related to his height. A recent University of Florida study found that every additional inch of height represents \$783 in annual pay. A look at the size-to-salary connection:



Bambicide

150 people die each year because of vehicle collisions with deer. The cost of auto-deer crashes is estimated at \$1.1 billion.

Price Check

Cash for Cuckolds

For his home-wrecking dalliance with Albert Holcombe Jr.'s wife, Harry Stevens was ordered by a Mississippi judge to pay Holcombe

\$175,000



The Real Slim Shady

53% of Americans think there's more truth in Eminem's lyrics than in George W. Bush's speeches.

Pointless Records

Ptui!

Farthest a frozen cricket has been spit by a human:

37 feet, 9.75 inches



That's the Ticket \$44 million

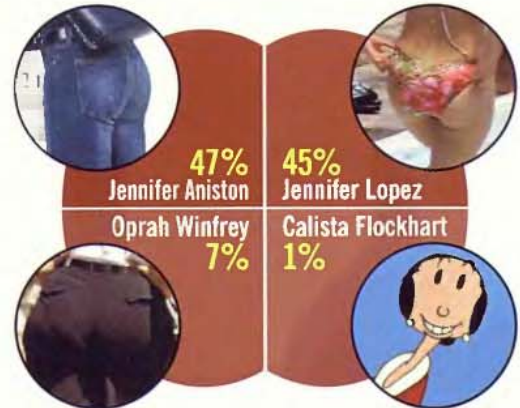
in lottery winnings went unclaimed in Michigan in fiscal 2002.

Look What Followed Me Home!

College student Anthony Scholfield, 22, was busted for breaking into apartments and stealing ladies underwear. When cops searched his home they found 854 thongs stuffed in shoe boxes and a Pokémon lunch box.

Tops in Bottoms

Results of a best-butt poll conducted by eDiets.com:



The Bottom Five

Smallest Irish Populations

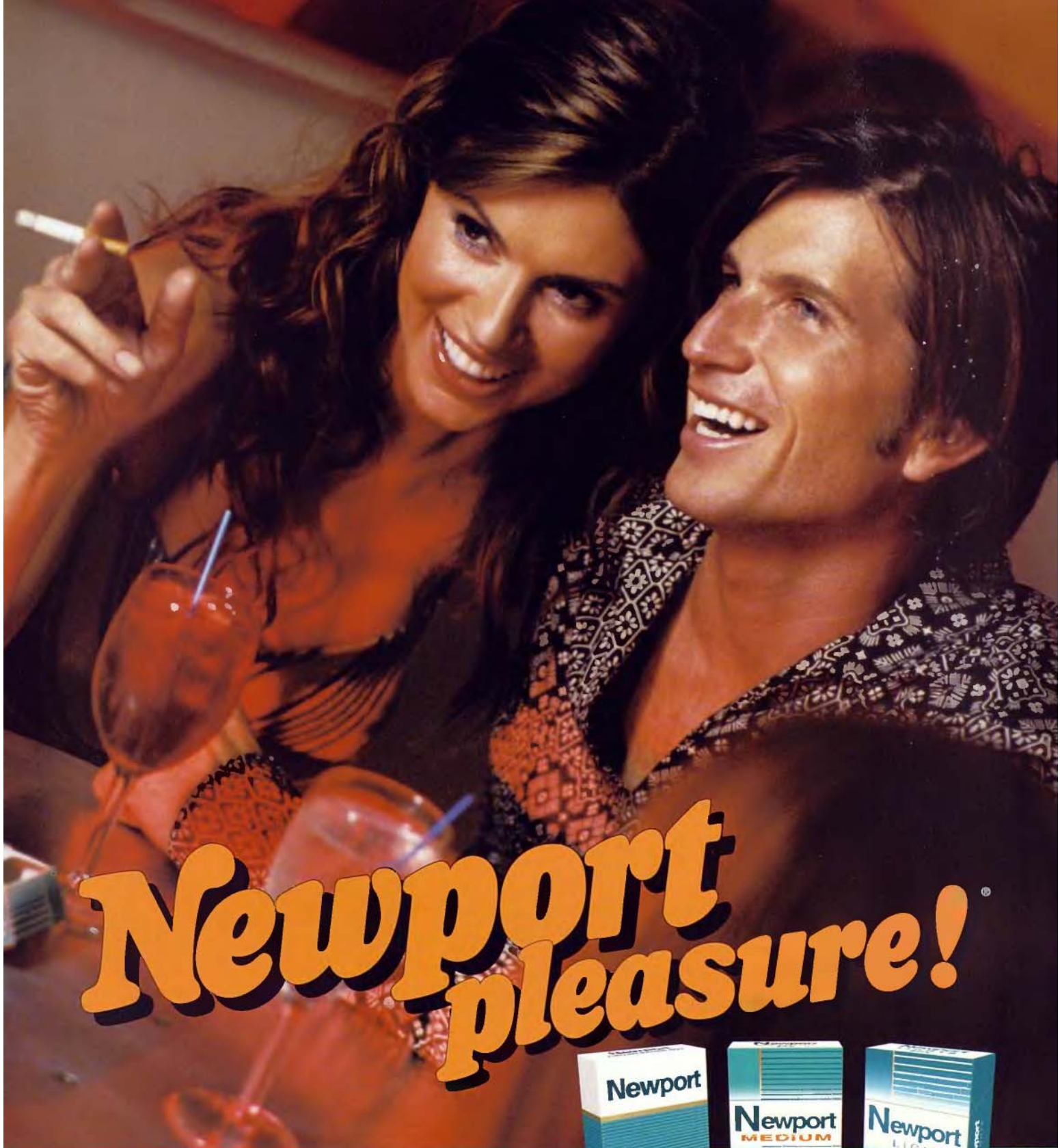
It's said that everyone is Irish on St. Paddy's Day—but for the rest of the year, some parts of America are relatively leprechaun-free. States with the lowest percentage of residents claiming Irish heritage (as a point of comparison, 23 percent of Massachusetts's population is Irish):

- | | |
|-----------------|------|
| 46. Texas | 7.2% |
| 47. Louisiana | 7.0% |
| 48. Mississippi | 6.9% |
| 49. Utah | 5.9% |
| 50. Hawaii | 4.4% |



A Bug's Life

In the car's 68-year history, Volkswagen produced 21,529,464 Beetles, enough to take the entire population of Germany road-tripping on the autobahn.



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"Backup? We don't need no stinkin' backup!"

movie of the month

[STARSKY & HUTCH]

They're back, with bullets and bell-bottoms to spare

There were lots of cool TV cops in the 1970s—Kojak, Baretta, Mannix—but none was cooler than Starsky and Hutch, swingin' plainclothes partners who careened through the mean streets in their souped-up Torino and blew away any scumbags who got in their way. But since the big-screen version is helmed by *Old School* director Todd Phillips and puts Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson into the dry-look hairdos made famous by series stars Paul Michael Glaser and David Soul, we should expect an *Austin Powers*—style retro goof, right? Maybe not. "We embraced the original show and basically just recast it," Phillips says. "I told Ben and Owen, 'Think of this as if we're shooting the TV series pilot, only they end up replacing you.'" No matter how straight the stars play it, you're in for some chuckles when Vince Vaughn is onboard as a drug dealer and Snoop Dogg assumes the role of pimpin' snitch Huggy Bear. And what about that Torino? "Today you realize how retarded it is to use a red car for undercover work," says Phillips, "but the Torino was such an icon, we rebuilt eight of them. Some were great, some were pieces of shit. One's steering column broke as we zoomed down an alley and crashed into a wall, nearly killing everybody." Hey, man, that's what we call keeping it real. (March 5)

"We embraced the original and basically just recast it."

—Stephen Rebell

now showing

BUZZ

Kill Bill—Vol. 2

(Uma Thurman, David Carradine, Vivica A. Fox, Daryl Hannah) In Quentin Tarantino's conclusion to his hyperbloody, hyperstylish revenge saga, the assassin bride in the tight yellow tracksuit (Thurman) finally opens a can of martial-arts whoop-ass on ex-boss and lover Bill (Carradine).

Our call: We're still pissed that Miramax served up one vengeance story for the price of two, but at least this half delivers the primo chop-socky stuff—and more plot.



Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind

(Jim Carrey, Kate Winslet, Kirsten Dunst) The latest head trip from Charlie Kaufman, screenwriter of *Adaptation* and *Being John Malkovich*, finds Carrey in semiserious mode again, fighting his way through his own psyche after undergoing a treatment to erase painful memories of his ex-girlfriend (Winslet).

Our call: A quirky, deadly smart movie could be just the experimental treatment we need—and we're glad Kaufman didn't give this one an inside-Hollywood hook.



Taking Lives

(Angelina Jolie, Ethan Hawke, Kiefer Sutherland) Jolie, playing the sexiest FBI profiler on the planet, must use all her skills to catch a wily psycho who assumes the identities of his many victims. Actually, wouldn't she just be able to nab him at the dead person's favorite diner then?

Our call: Jolie is a serial star of stink bomb movies. Though this harkens back to her early success in *The Bone Collector*, the thrill is gone from the genius-serial-killer genre.



The Girl Next Door

(Elisha Cuthbert, Emile Hirsch) What could be better than a gorgeous new neighbor? A gorgeous new neighbor who's a porn starlet! When a straight-arrow high school senior discovers his seemingly innocent new girlfriend's big secret, he also finds out how far he'll go to keep her. Let the fluffer gags fly.

Our call: An R-rated teen comedy about an overachiever who loosens up with an experienced woman? Sounds like a modern *Risky Business*, as long as they remember to include nudity.



hollywood

[FAKIN' IT]

A penetrating look at big-name actors who play porn stars

The Girl Next Door's Elisha Cuthbert isn't the first mainstream Hollywood thespian to portray a porn star in a "respectable" film. Who did their hard-core homework, and who just went through the motions?



Mark Wahlberg in *Boogie Nights* (1997): Marky Mark stars as a 1970s porn newbie who learns that everyone has "one special thing." Luckily for his career, his special

thing is an enormous penis. Money shot: Our hero bangs a topless Julianne Moore on a desk until she pants like a dehydrated cheetah. Pillow talk: "I'm the star! It's my big dick, and I say when we roll!" XXX aptitude: So good, we don't need to see the prosthetic dong. Really.



Val Kilmer in *Wonderland* (2003): Kilmer portrays past-his-prime stud John Holmes, a.k.a. Johnny Wadd. Money shot: Holmes is forced at gunpoint to

flash his formidable phallus to entertain coke-addled party guests. Pillow talk: "I think we should just be friends until you're 20." XXX aptitude: Need an actor to play an erstwhile sex god who gets flabby, furry and druggy? Give Val "Lizard King" Kilmer a buzz. He knows the drill.



Melanie Griffith in *Body Double* (1984): Punky Griffith struts her stuff as a porn starlet hired to perform for a Peeping Tom. Money shot: She gyrates into a topless tizzy, remind-

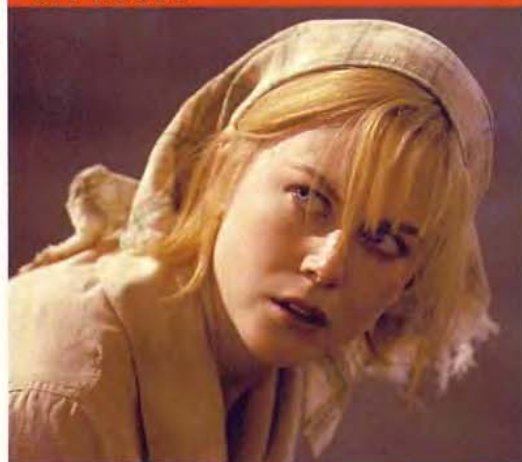
ing us what the hell Antonio must have been thinking. Pillow talk: "I do not do animal acts. I will not shave my pussy, no fist fucking and absolutely no coming in my face." XXX aptitude: Griffith's baby-doll voice reminds us of real porn queens. So does her acting range.



Paris Hilton in *Room Service* (2003): Hilton wows fans as a lithe heiress with a penchant for humping in front of a camcorder. Money shot: Hilton straddles Internet

entrepreneur Richard Solomon, lit in glorious night-vision green. Pillow talk: Solomon: "You aren't going to be able to see dick." Hilton: "Yes, I can. [Cell phone rings] Let me get my phone." Solomon: "Fuck your phone!" XXX aptitude: This porn little rich girl is sequelworthy. —Robert B. DeSalvo

art house



Dogville

Danish maverick Lars von Trier (*Dancer in the Dark*) strips his spare style down to the bones with this tale of a fugitive (Nicole Kidman) who polarizes the residents of a Colorado village where she seeks refuge. Shot entirely on an empty soundstage, *Dogville* is an ingenious fusion of theater and cinema—and ranks with Von Trier's best. —Andrew Johnston

SCORE CARD

Capsule close-ups of recent films by Leonard Maltin

ALONG CAME POLLY Ben Stiller, who will do just about anything for a laugh, plays a man with irritable bowel syndrome in this lamebrain comedy opposite Jennifer Aniston. Hank Azaria steals scenes as a beach stud with a French accent. ♫

COLD MOUNTAIN Nicole Kidman and Jude Law play new lovers, separated by the Civil War, who sustain each other through separate tumultuous events. Renée Zellweger co-stars in Anthony Minghella's meticulous period drama. ♫♫♫

THE COMPANY Neve Campbell conceived, co-produced and stars in this Robert Altman film about a year in the life of a dance troupe. It's not a conventional story but an Altmanesque slice-of-life film—and quite charming, with exquisite dance numbers. ♫♫♫

HOUSE OF SAND AND FOG Jennifer Connelly and Ben Kingsley are pitch-perfect in this dramatization of the Andre Dubus III novel, about two disparate people on a collision course: a woman evicted from her house and the man who buys it. ♫♫♫♫

THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE RETURN OF THE KING Filmmaker Peter Jackson puts the finishing touch on his trilogy, an ode to heroism that's awash in mind-boggling special effects and battle scenes. The only drawbacks are its extreme length and several false endings. ♫♫♫♫

PAYCHECK Ben Affleck is a computer whiz who has sensitive jobs erased from his memory. An offer from high-tech mogul Aaron Eckhart leads to trouble. Uma Thurman co-stars in this adaptation of a Philip K. Dick story, directed by John Woo. ♫♫♫

PETER PAN If you saw the lovely, naked Ludvine Sagnier in last year's *Swimming Pool*, you may be intrigued by the notion of her playing Tinkerbell in this elaborate live-action remake of the J.M. Barrie classic. Forget it. ♫

WIN A DATE WITH TAD HAMILTON! Kate Bosworth (*Blue Crush*) plays a West Virginia girl who wins a date with a Hollywood heartthrob, little realizing the effect on the hometown boy who has always been in love with her. An attractive cast bolsters this slight but cute comedy. ♫♫♫

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

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Tequila Jalisco

dvd of the month

[SCHOOL OF ROCK]

Mr. Black earns good marks for comic conduct in a star-making film

If irony-rich *Tenacious D* is Jack Black's musical vehicle for impressing the cool kids at the pop-culture party, then *School of Rock* is his bid for prom king. Playing a starving rocker, Black poses as a substitute teacher at a hoity-toity prep school to score rent money and becomes hell-bent on transforming proper young pupils into his headbanging new band. Okay, it sounds like Whoopi-in-a-nun-costume territory, but Black's shaggy persona injects cutesy gags—tykes being drilled on why the Ramones are cooler than Christina Aguilera—with a stick-it-to-the-man spirit, lending this PG-13 sugar high just enough rock-and-roll edge. It's a kick to watch Black ham it up in his best role since *High Fidelity*, and Joan Cusack scores as the principal who harbors a secret affection for Stevie Nicks. **Extras:** Black's attitude-laden commentary, featurettes on making the film and the music video, and a segment called "MTV Diary: Jack Black." **★★★** —Robert DeSalvo



INTOLERABLE CRUELTY (2003) The Coen brothers wear their affection for vintage cinema on their sleeve, having set half of their oeuvre—from *Barton Fink* to *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*—in by-gone eras. Although *Intolerable Cruelty* unfolds in the present, it belongs more naturally with screwball Cary Grant comedies of the 1940s. George Clooney fills in for Grant, natch, playing a hotshot divorce attorney who meets his match in man-eater Catherine Zeta-Jones. They look great as zippy verbal banter escalates into a life-or-death battle of the sexes, but the overt homage keeps the film from finding a heart of its own. **Extras:** outtakes and a special look at the movie's costume design. **★★½** —S.R.



THE RUNDOWN (2003) If you're caught between a wrestler and a rain forest and suddenly Christopher Walken pops up, then it must be this Indiana Jones-flavored comic adventure, which sends the Rock's no-nonsense "retrieval expert" deep into the Amazonian jungle to find wayward mob scion Seann William Scott (*Stifler* from the *American Pie* movies). A scramble for lost treasure and lots of hyperstylized explosions ensue. What do we learn? Rock's the real action deal, Scott's a riot, and Walken has stolen the line "Ouch" from Sammy Davis Jr. **Extras:** deleted scenes, a "Rumble in the Jungle" segment on the stunts and fights, and an "Appetite for Destruction" segment on the effects. **★★★** —Gregory P. Fagan



MATCHSTICK MEN (2003) As an actor, Nicolas Cage has often embraced nervous tics and stutters, so the role of an obsessive-compulsive, agoraphobic con man would seem tailor-made for him. Still, he manages to overdo it, abetted by director Ridley Scott, who doesn't seem entirely comfortable with the rhythms of a small grifter flick after the stylistic juggernauts *Gladiator* and *Black Hawk Down*. Sam Rockwell is solid as Cage's shifty partner, and there are some amusing moments as

Cage teaches his rebellious teenage daughter the tricks of his trade, but if you guess the "twist" ending—and you probably will—you'll wish you hadn't played with this *Matchstick*. **Extras:** Scott's commentary and a three-part featurette on the crafting of a crime film. **★★** —Steven Russell



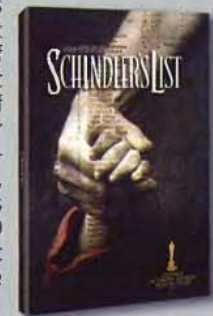
sleaze frame



She wasn't yet wielding a *Kill Bill* samurai sword, but when **Uma Thurman** dropped her corset in *Dangerous Liaisons* (1988), she was already a cut above. Just 18 years old at the time, Uma was altogether convincing as a naive aristocrat persuaded by the dissolute Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich) that she had better learn some advanced lovemaking techniques (under his unselfish tutelage, of course) or risk disappointing her more experienced fiancé. She was an avid learner, and we were avid watchers.

the library

SCHINDLER'S LIST (1993) Steven Spielberg's Holocaust opus isn't a breezy night at the movies. Still, it's hard to deny that this brutal, beautiful story of a German factory owner (Liam Neeson) who finds his humanity by saving Jews from the Nazi death machine is one of the most important films of the past decade. It won the first of two Best Director Oscars in Spielberg's collection, and now that it's available on DVD for the first time, it should find a place in your collection.



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cd of the month

[INCUBUS • A CROW LEFT OF MURDER]

The surf-metal veterans dare you to nod off during this one



There has always been an otherworldly "Whoa, dude" quality to California metalhead stalwarts Incubus, as though they've just come in from a day's surfing on Mars and can't believe they get to spend the whole night rocking (a rep only enhanced by the fact that singer Brandon Boyd is hawking a poetry-art book, *White Puffy Clouds*, on his website). In typical indulgent fashion, this fifth effort doesn't shy away from jam sessions and lyrics that could have benefited from some editing. (When you think a song is about to end, tack on another two minutes.) But making up for the lack of moderation are the whiplash strumming, bombastic drumming and Boyd's operatic wailing, which sounds as if he drains his lungs on every line. (In a world of slackers, what's wrong with overachieving?) This Incubus is no nightmare—more like a cranked-up dream. (Epic) **☆☆☆** —Alison Prato

DANI SICILIANO • Likes

Some music works its magic better after midnight. *Likes* is a perfect expression of late-night languor. Singer-songwriter Siciliano's sexy vocals wash in and out among clarinets and accordions; her songs shift dreamily from one genre to another. Almost before you recognize them, hooks vanish under waves of electronic sound.

Even her cover of "Come As You Are" sounds enchanted. Dark and mesmerizing, *Likes* is a strong debut. (K7) **☆☆☆**

—Leopold Froelich



THE VON BONDIES

Pawn Shoppe Heart

Detroit assembly lines are working overtime to crank out rock bands with matching leather and roomy riffs. The Von Bondies soup up those standard features with a knack for channeling the Animals' moodiness into songs such as "Right of Way" and the turbocharged "No Regrets." Even with a pedal to the floor, this model, we predict, will get better-than-average mileage. (Sire) **☆☆☆**

—Jason Buhmester



PROBOT

Foo Fighter Dave Grohl wanted to create a "metal fantasy camp," so he recorded 11 instrumental tracks in his home studio and sent them to an all-star lineup of 1980s metal singers—including Motörhead's Lemmy—with a note: Add vocals and send it back. Headbangers, prepare to pump fist—this is some of the best balls-out hard rock in years. The only problem? Finding an insurance company to cover a tour. (Southern Lord) **☆☆☆☆**

—Patty Lamberti



THE WALKMEN • Bows and Arrows

The Walkmen are one New York band that doesn't sound like all the rest. As on their debut, much of this second effort is off-kilter—built on woozy keyboards, cascading guitar and deft, light percussion. The lounge-lizard vocals are wonderfully morose. But *Bows and Arrows* also has a new consistency and more memorable tunes. They should be called the iPodmen, as this could be a constant on your headphones. (Record Collection) **☆☆½**

—Tim Mohr



phoning it in

[BLINK NO EVIL]

On its latest (untitled) album, Blink-182 trades adolescent antics for the most fully developed work of the band's career. Singer-guitarist Tom DeLonge called from backstage at a Los Angeles performance to dispel rumors that they're all grown-up.

PLAYBOY: Have the jackasses of pop-punk become mature adults?

OELONGE: Well, the new album doesn't have any songs about having sex with farm animals.

PLAYBOY: You recorded this album in a rented house. Was it at all fratlike?

OELONGE: For the first 45 days, we were all about renting adult films on pay-per-view. Each movie lasted about an hour and a half, so we ended up renting



about 15 films a day. On our big, dark, experimental art record we still have the teenage-boy mentality. We're the same guys. We still offend people for fun.

PLAYBOY: Is porn your only vice?

DELONGE: No. Travis and I pretty much own stock in the cash crops of South America. At this point we're up there with Bob Marley. This record is a product of that. I don't smoke before I play, because I'd be like, "Man, slow down! Why are you playing so fast?" I drink wine, though. Eddie Vedder told me he drinks wine every night. He's an amazing musician. When I heard that, I was like, "Okay, I'm not the only one."

PLAYBOY: What's the secret to Blink's longevity?

DELONGE: We've always been good at writing words people can relate to, but our fucked-up personalities have overshadowed that at times. We'd write a heartfelt song about suicide, but then the next thing you know we're running around naked on TV. On this record we focus more on the music and less on the shenanigans. —Barrett Schultz

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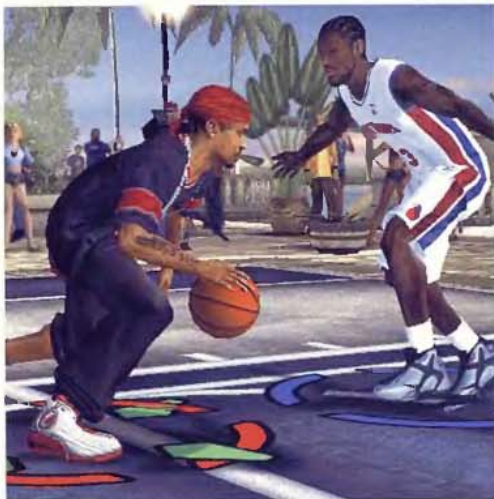
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game of the month

[NBA BALLERS]

Basketball legends play for pride—and jewelry

Do you dream of watching NBA pros battle for supremacy on the no-frills neighborhood playgrounds where they first learned the game? Then keep dreaming. *NBA Ballers* (Midway, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) takes its cue from the lavish lifestyle of today's top playas, setting up one-on-one showdowns between 60 current and 24 past NBA superstars in the unlikeliest of upscale locales. Pit Shaq against Yao Ming aboard a yacht, set Kobe Bryant against Magic Johnson in a mansion, or customize your own b-baller and take Larry Bird to the hole in a tropical paradise (pack sunblock, Larry). Victory is accompanied by flashy jewelry, fancy cars and the truest measure of a champ, a larger posse. The action is reported on a reality-TV spoof that follows players from rags to riches to the occasionally absurd ("Yo, those network execs is mad corrupt"). Online tournament play lets you challenge opponents for bigger and better bling. ★★★ —Scott Steinberg



BATTLEFIELD VIETNAM (EA, PC) World War II games have been storming the beaches for years, but Vietnam-based titles have entered the combat-game fray only recently. In this simulator, adapted from the best-selling *Battlefield 1942*, you control every soldier, whether swooping in a chopper or slogging through rice paddies. Use M16s to eliminate Viet Cong or, if the action gets too hot, call in a napalm strike. The only missing element is a massive hippie protest back home. ★★★½ —John Gaudiosi



SEVEN SAMURAI 20XX (Sammy Studios, PS2) The son of legendary Japanese director Akira Kurosawa gave his blessing to this reinterpretation of the classic martial arts film, but the connection ends there. Vibrant anime-inspired worlds replace the film's gritty black and white, and samurai Natoo and his six companions use deadly combo attacks on robot warriors, not on roving bandits. With so many liberties taken in the story, we expected to see Godzilla. ★★★½ —J.G.



SYPHON FILTER: THE OMEGA STRAIN (Sony, PS2) There's a lethal bug on the loose. Might it be the work of international terrorists with unclear motives and an utter disregard for human life? You bet! The plot of this spy game tastes a little reheated, but the execution is fresh enough, featuring 17 missions and more than 100 weapons and gadgets. Best of all, online team play lets you and three buddies dispense hot lead-en vengeance from Tokyo to Yemen. ★★★ —Josh Robertson



WRATH UNLEASHED (LucasArts, PS2, Xbox) Curvy goddesses and armies of flaming unicorns make this strategy game feel like something between Risk and a Spinal Tap concert. Players move forces on a map that transforms into a 3D arena when opponents clash for control of the same turf. That's where things go wrong: The one-on-one showdowns seem a tad generic. Either that or our fantasy of a giant chick wrestling a cyclops isn't as exciting as we'd anticipated. ★★ —Jonathan Dudlak



game bang

[VOICE CITY]

In *Lifeline*, Kristen Miller takes your orders—but not your crap. *She Spies* star Kristen Miller is not the type of girl who enjoys taking orders—especially from you. But as main character Rio in *Lifeline* (Konami, PS2), the first-ever voice-controlled action game, she counts on you to guide her through a massive space station by providing voice commands—such as “open door” and “reload”—through a headset. Miller knew what to expect when a woman is left to the mercy of gamers. “We slipped some attitude in there for losers who want to beat up on a girl,” she explains. Here are a few of the surprise responses you'll get when you push Rio's buttons.



USER: “Kill yourself.”

RIO: “Ha-ha. Don't worry. There are plenty of ways for me to die in here.”

USER: “I love you!”

RIO: “Can you at least try to be serious....”

USER: “Have sex with me.”

RIO: “Let's figure a way out of here first, Casanova.”

USER: “This game sucks.”

RIO: “You gotta be patient and you have to think.”

USER: “Bark like a dog.”

RIO: “Little dog ‘Arf, arf!’ or big dog ‘Woof, woof!’?”

USER: “Take off your clothes.”

RIO: “Not in your lifetime.” —S.S.

wired

Altec Lansing InMotion (\$150) Those 10,000 tunes on your iPod don't mean much if you can't rock an office party. Dock your iPod into the InMotion and the system pumps your mix through four full-range micro drivers. The InMotion can also use the iPod's alarm function to wake you up with your favorite song. Don't worry about sacrificing portability—the entire setup folds into a case no bigger than a paperback book.



book of the month

[THE PRISONER OF VANDAM STREET]
KINKY FRIEDMAN

You'd have to be psycho to rewrite a Hitchcock classic. Or just Kinky

Eccentric singer turned novelist Friedman doesn't shy away from a challenge. The former leader of the Texas Jewboys weaseled his comic mysteries onto President Bush's very slim reading list, has battled to ban cat declawing and is running for governor of the Lone Star State with the slogan "Why the hell not?" But when we heard he was retooling Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, we figured the Kinkster had bitten off more than he could chew. (Remember the *Psycho* remake?) In Friedman's version, a main character named Kinky is bedridden with malaria when he spies a woman being attacked in the building across the street. Kinky assembles the recurring Village Irregulars to investigate, only to discover that the apartment is unoccupied. Was it just a fever-induced illusion? What Friedman's explanation lacks in Hitchcockian suspense it makes up for in inspired madness. So why rework a Hitchcock masterpiece? In this case at least, why the hell not? (*Simon & Schuster*) **★★★½** —Jason Buhrmester



JOIN ME! • Danny Wallace

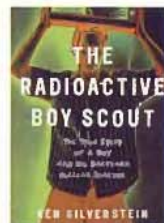
Sure, we've all thought about starting a cult. But who has the time to learn brainwashing techniques and sew matching robes? Turns out it isn't that hard. On a lark in 2002 English journalist Wallace placed a newspaper ad composed of two spare words: "Join me." Amazingly, people did just that. What follows is a comical account of how Wallace made up the rules of his growing collective as he went along (his first decree: "Joinees" should "make an old man very happy"), as well as a glimpse into the lives of those who blindly followed him. Did he achieve 1,000 joinees before his no-nonsense girlfriend caught on? Grab some grape Kool-Aid and find out. (*Plume*) **★★★** —Steven Russell



THE RADIOACTIVE BOY SCOUT

Ken Silverstein

Think it's better for kids to experiment with chemistry sets than with drugs? The true tale of David Hahn, a science nerd who could concoct fireworks by junior high, may make you reconsider. While earning his Boy Scout badge in atomic energy, the 16-year-old became obsessed with building a backyard nuclear reactor and, posing as a professor, wrote to government agencies for information. Glow Boy, as classmates called him, soon learned how to isolate radioactive materials from household items like lanterns and clocks. Before long the FBI and the EPA catch on and this breezy read has become a full-on thriller. (*Random House*) **★★★** —Patty Lambert



HANDSOME HARRY • James Carlos Blake
Shady accounting may be the modern way to crack the piggy bank, but back in the day, pin-striped gangsters had to roll up their sleeves and get dirty for their loot. In the 1930s Americans were hooked on the exploits of the John Dillinger gang—daring bank robbers who battled J. Edgar Hoover's FBI while using the Robin Hood excuse ("We stole from the bankers who stole from the people!"). Blake brings alive the gang's exploits—deadly shoot-

outs, hard drinking, fast women—in this gripping novel, told through the eyes of "Handsome Harry" Pierpont, a gang member doomed to the electric chair. Blake excels at merging historical fact with fiction and at making heroes out of crooks. We doubt he could do the same for that Tyco guy. (*Morrow*) **★★½** —Alison Prato



made you look



TIJUANA BIBLES • Bob Adelman

If you think *Little Annie Fanny* is risqué, check out these gleefully prurient Depression-era funnies. Passed around by millions of kids and adults, the underground toons depict famous figures from Mickey Mouse to Greta Garbo engaged in the most explicit activities. Though rife with crude stereotypes, they also exhibit a joyful abandon that makes us buy Gramps's tales of the good ol' days—and wonder if he had these stashed under his mattress. (*Simon & Schuster*) **★★★** —S.R.





On Naked Sports it's not whether you win or lose, it's how hot you look playing the game. Expect to see the wide world of nude sports, from basketball to bowling to that future Olympic competition, topless pillow fighting. Above, Playmate reporter Deanna Brooks (in the purple top) huddles with some excellent ball handlers. Check Playboy.com for airtimes.



SKINS VS. SKINS: VICTORY ISN'T THE ONLY THRILL ON NAKED SPORTS

You can tune in to *SportsCenter* to catch up on the latest scores, or you can tune in to Naked Sports and really score. That's because this regular segment of *The Weekend Flash* replaces all those sweaty hulking jocks with beautiful nude female competitors. Hosted by Playmate reporter Deanna Brooks, Naked Sports covers such athletic endeavors as darts, pool, golf, bowling, basketball and—yes!—touch football and will ensure that you never care about the actual outcome of a game again. Least you think we're watching for the skin factor alone, here's a list of some things we've learned by tuning in. Now who says TV—and sports—isn't educational?

(1) ONCE AND FOR ALL, BIGGER IS BETTER

At the start of each contest, competitors take their tops off. In Playboy TV-style diplomacy, whoever has the biggest breasts goes first.

(2) BLUE BALLS CAN BE A GOOD THING

During basketball games, the ladies are asked to take shots from several different lines on the court. Everyone covets the blue ball, because sinking it earns 50 bonus points.

(3) A LITTLE LUBE GOES A LONG WAY

When Playboy TV sought applicants for the job of oil boy—the guy who lubes up

the elevated beam that the female competitors straddle—it was inundated with eager volunteers. A favorite athlete is Anika Knudsen, a.k.a. the Swedish Hammer, who relies on equal parts lubrication, superior balance and upper-body strength to pummel her opponents to the ground with one hit.

(4) LEAGUE NIGHT WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

Avid bowlers know there's nothing worse than a gutter ball. In Playboy TV's version of the sport, naked bowlers are encouraged to think up inventive ways to distract opponents. You try picking up a difficult spare when your opponent is flashing you, grabbing your butt or blowing in your ear. Actually, don't.

(5) NAKED GLORY LASTS FOREVER

Though they have no jerseys to retire, three-time winners are entered into the Naked Sports Hall of Fame.

HOW TO BE A NAKED TEAM PLAYER

Want to compete? Got an idea for a new naked sport? Send your idea and a photo or videotape to Playboy TV, The Weekend Flash—Costing, 3030 Andrita Street, Los Angeles, CA 90065. You must be at least 18 years old to audition, so please enclose a photocopy of your ID.



JUST BEAD IT

We've always been a fan of topless ladies, which is why each year's trip to Mardi Gras brings new Playboy.com beads. The most coveted? The original 1999 version, which has sold in some online auctions for \$150 a pop.

**BONING UP ON THE BIG EASY:
THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO MARDI GRAS**

Since 1999 Playboy.com has road-tripped to Mardi Gras. Our mission? Book a balcony, fill it with Playmates and let the tops fall where they may. Planning your trip? Go online to find out where we—and the girls—will be. Or live vicariously through our survival guide. Either way, see you on Bourbon Street!

RULE #1: NICE SHOES ARE FOR SUCKERS

Booze and bodily fluids of all sorts leave a nasty sludge—call it Mardi goo—all over the French Quarter. Buy cheap sneakers to put outside your door each night—and in the trash when you leave.

RULE #2: AVOID THE CLINK

Mardi Gras is an official local holiday, so if you get tossed into the New Orleans Parish jail on Monday, it may be Ash Wednesday before you get out. For the record: Public drinking and open containers are legal. Public toking is not. Flashing is unlawful though generally tolerated in the Quarter. The fine for public urination is up to \$500 and/or 90 days in jail. The NOPD is renowned for crowd control, so don't mess with them. And do *not* attempt to kiss their horses.

RULE #3: DON'T GET SCAMMED

Con artistry is alive and well in the Big Easy, especially if you're a sloppy-drunk

RULE #4: SIT DOWN AND CASH IN

Blown your life savings on strippers and Lucky Dogs? Pull up a lawn chair in front of a hot restaurant that doesn't take reservations. On the Friday before Mardi Gras, placeholders have been known to fetch up to \$200 for their spot.

SHOW YOUR TITS! A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BOURBON STREET



News flash: Some of the most fetching Mardi Gras revelers will lift their shirts for that seemingly worthless strand of plastic in your hand. After five years on our Bourbon Street balcony, our photographers know how to capture the party's sexiest exhibitionists. Here are a few of our favorites. See this year's models at Playboy.com.



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For information please call 1-800-433-4000. Calls limited to smokers 21 years of age or older. Black Label may not be available in all areas.

Accidental Discovery of Mysterious "Gold Rush" Coin Stuns Experts

World's Rarest U.S. \$20 Gold Proof Found: The San Francisco Mint 1854 Double Eagle Proof!

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A one-of-a-kind U.S. Treasury gold proof coin has been accidentally discovered within the vaults of the Smithsonian Institution. This 1854-S gold Double Eagle \$20 coin was struck by the San Francisco Mint in its first year of operation. The San Francisco Mint was born out of the need for a Western Frontier Mint when, in January of 1848, gold flakes were discovered at Sutter's Mill triggering one of the most important chapters in U.S. History—The California Gold Rush! To the surprise of historians, this single "S" mint Proof coin was individually struck from specially polished minting dies. How this unique Proof Double Eagle made its way across the continent and then into the hands of the Smithsonian Institution is an unsolved mystery to this day.

Today the First Federal Mint announces the public release of the first ever gold Proof commemorative honoring this rarest U.S. Government \$20 gold piece. This 10mil gold Proof has a frosted image against a deep mirror field, creating a breathtaking work of art in gold. This 150th anniversary Mint release honors the legacy of a true historic masterpiece.

The magnificent 10mil gold proof measures a full 39mm diameter to truly showcase the beauty and intricacy of this legendary coin design. The 10mil gold proof is available only through this limited edition, private release from the First Federal Mint at the advance issue price of \$19.95 each.

Fabulous Rarity Valued at \$12 Million

Only one original proof coin is known to have been struck. Even the foremost rare coin experts were unaware of its existence until it was accidentally found



deep in the vaults of the museum.

America's foremost authority on U.S. gold coins, David Akers, has written, "the 1854-S Double Eagle is easily the most significant and desirable branch mint proof coin in existence". With the recent auction sale of one of the three 1933 St. Gaudens Double Eagles for \$7.9 million, senior numismatist Nicholas Bruyer estimates the unique 1854-S Proof Double Eagle would bring at least \$12 million if it ever becomes available at auction.

The "Gold Rush" Coin.

2004 marks the 150th anniversary of this historic mint striking. The First Federal Mint is releasing this mint quality 10mil gold Gem Proof collectors coin to honor the legend, lore and legacy of the 1854-S Double Eagle!

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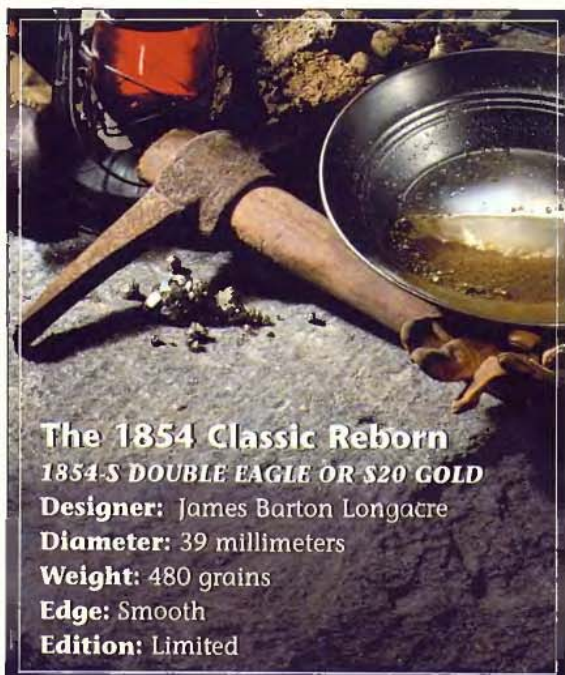
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The 1854 Classic Reborn
1854-S DOUBLE EAGLE OR \$20 GOLD

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Weight: 480 grains

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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

On the Road Again

Morgans are classic roadsters. Low to the ground and raucous, they drive as though they're built for speeding around corners while you're clutching a tommy gun. So it's hard to believe the car began as a poky three-wheeler when it first rolled off the Morgan Motors assembly line in England in 1909. The Aero 8 will be the company's first entirely new vehicle in 68 years when it hits the States this summer, and there's already a yearlong wait for it. Under that rakish aluminum chassis is Morgan's signature handcrafted wooden subframe, but that's about where the similarities between this and previous Morgans end. The Aero 8's power plant is a 8MW V8 coupled with a six-speed gearbox that takes you from zero to 60 in less than five bugs-in-your-teeth seconds. Top speed: 160 mph. With its slick woad-and-leather interior, stretched hood and retro dashboard gauges, you almost feel as if you've carjacked the Batmobile. (Don't worry, the wheel will be on the left side in the U.S. version.) The thing will run you about \$95,000. Hey, topless fun doesn't always come cheap. For more info cruise over to morgancars-usa.com.



HOW TO DOUBLE-CLUTCH WHILE TURNING

(IT'LL IMPRESS YOUR DATE)



① LEFT FOOT ON CLUTCH, WHILE RIGHT FOOT IS ON BRAKE. POSITION SO THAT RIGHT EDGE OF SHOE CAN REACH GAS PEDAL. MOVE SHIFTER TO NEUTRAL.

② RELEASE CLUTCH. WHILE PUSHING BRAKE PEDAL WITH BALL OF FOOT, ROLL FOOT TO "BLIP" GAS SO RPM IS INCREASED. MATCH SPEED OF REAR WHEELS TO LOWER GEAR.

③ ENGAGE CLUTCH, DOWNSHIFT, LET OUT CLUTCH. NOW YOU CAN SMOOTHLY APPLY POWER AS YOU CLIP THE APEX OF THE CORNER.



Breaking and Entering

We've never met a crab we didn't like to eat, be it soft-shell, stone, king, Dungeness or peekytoe. And apparently neither has Fred Thompson, an East Coast food writer and the author of the new *Crazy for Crab: Everything You Need to Know to Enjoy Fabulous Crab at Home* (Harvard Common Press, \$33). Who can resist a cookbook with the words crazy and fabulous in its title? With more than 100 recipes, including Chesapeake Bay Steamed Blue Crabs (pictured) and one titled Fred's Pretty Darn Close to Perfect Crab Cakes, Thompson's book is everything it's cracked up to be—and more. It includes illustrations of the various types of crabs and information on how to buy and clean them, along with chapters on salads, soups, appetizers and sandwiches. Whoa! We're crabbed out. Some-body open a beer.



MANTRACK



It's All About U

If only you'd had a camera the night you hooked up with that bevy of Swedish nannies. Sony's Cyber-shot U40 is a practical solution for ensuring that your next great conquest doesn't become another fishing tale to your friends who weren't there. The sleek digital is the size of a Baby Ruth candy bar (not the king-size, fat boy), so it fits snugly in your pocket. When you slide the front cover sideways, the sucker buzzes to life in less than a second and shoots two-megapixel photos.

We've never toyed with a point-and-shoot camera that's easier to use or more portable. Plus, at \$200, you aren't out an entire paycheck should you lose it somewhere between hoppy hour and closing time.



Camp Site

Imagine yourself dressed in the finest safari duds and clutching an antique decanter of brandy as a lion tears you to pieces in the hot flats of Botswana. At F.M. Allen, the company named after the man whom many consider to be the last of the great English (i.e., white) colonial-era hunters, you can purchase new retro luggage and safari clothes, along with real 19th century British campaign furniture and gear that colonialists used in the bush. (Head over to fmallen.com or stop by the shop at 962 Madison Avenue in New York City.) Pictured here: the new Nairobi Race Day Bag (\$740), an antique spirits case

housing twin crystal decanters (\$2,500) and an original pith helmet (\$1,200, including a carrying case). F.M. Allen will also custom-tailor an African safari for you. Cruise the wool markets of Morocco, travel by elephant through Zimbabwe, chill out with a cool drink at the stunning Ngorongoro Crater Lodge in Tanzania. What are you waiting for?



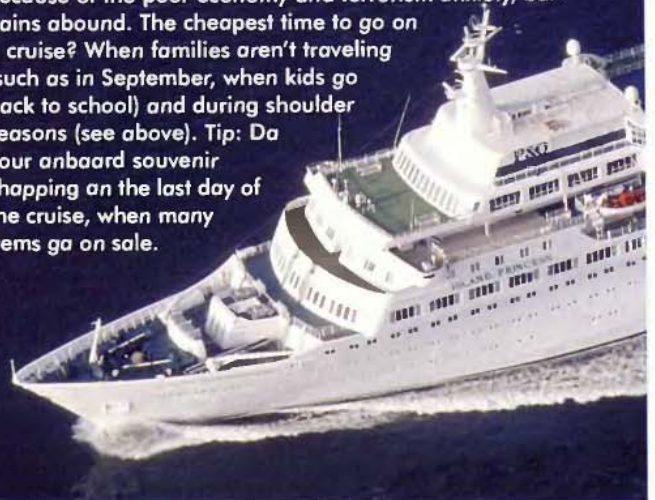
Clothesline: Michael Madsen

One of the stars of *Kill Bill*—Vol. 2, Madsen says that pants with pleats never worked for him. "I think they appeal to guys with little dicks who think they can fool the world with baggy pants. I prefer old-style zipper-fly, straight-legged pants," he says. "When it comes to designers, I'm a big fan of Hugo Boss, Dolce & Gabbana and Prada. I have a couple pairs of cowboy boots and jackets that I've worn until they're practically disintegrated. I also like the 1950s sharkskin suits the Rat Pack used to wear and the short-waisted shirts with different color panels on the front. The problem was, when I came to L.A. in the early 1980s, those were the kinds of clothes that people wore when they were trying to be trendy, and it was becoming a costume. But I still have them all in my closet."



The Perfect Time...

For a spring getaway: The "shoulder season" of your favorite place. During the short transitional periods before and after peak times, travelers can save a bundle while still enjoying good weather and fewer crowds. April and May is shoulder time for the Western states, New York City and Asia. April is also ideal for European travel, but book before April 1, when airfares traditionally rise. Other shoulders: May and June for Florida; May for the Caribbean, Russia, Scandinavia and Alaska; and March through May for Australia and the South Pacific. * To book a cruise: January through March. During the busy season (travel agents call it the wave season), cruise lines give away airfares, credits for onboard purchases and room upgrades because they want to make sure they'll have boatloads of customers once the busy season is over. Because of the poor economy and terrorism anxiety, bargains abound. The cheapest time to go on a cruise? When families aren't traveling (such as in September, when kids go back to school) and during shoulder seasons (see above). Tip: Do your onboard souvenir shopping on the last day of the cruise, when many items go on sale.



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The Playboy Advisor

My boyfriend has posted a profile on a dating site. When I asked him about it, he told me it was completely innocent. He said that because I am frequently out of town on business, he wants to find "artsy" people to hang out with. His online profile indicates that he's single. When I asked him about that, he said he plans to inform any women he meets about our relationship "when and if the topic arises." How can I convince him that posting this ad is disrespectful?—M.N., New York, New York

Deranged is more like it. Your boyfriend is reluctant to admit that you exist because otherwise he'd be fishing without a line. He may not be planning to cheat on you, but he doesn't want to miss any opportunity that presents itself. (As Chris Rock says, "A man is basically as faithful as his options.") Unfortunately for your Don Juan, that's not how the game is played. Your boyfriend needs to update his profile or he won't need to update his profile—you know what we're saying?

My buddies and I get together every few weeks to play poker. We'd like to make the games more interesting by allowing each host to set some of his own rules. I'm going first. Any suggestions?—L.R., Washington, D.C.

*You want a handy collection of 52 house rules? Pick up a copy of *A Friendly Game of Poker*, edited by Jake Austen. It suggests a standing ban on TVs, radios, cell phones, spouses and dates, as well as these variations: (1) At the end of the night, whoever brought the six-pack that has the most bottles or cans left has to cover everyone's last ante. This dissuades people from bringing cheap beer, and it encourages anyone who brought bad beer to drink it himself. (2) Allow for a straight in which the ace is both higher than a king and lower than a two (for example, Q-K-A-2-3), with the hand ranking below a real straight but above three of a kind. (3) If one of the up cards is a Black Maria (queen of spades), everyone throws in \$5. (4) Fine players an extra ante for misdealing, flashing cards, splashing the pot or saying or doing something stupid. The table determines the fine, and any protest calls for another fine. (5) According to a 1986 study in *American Mathematical Monthly*, before a deck can be dealt it must be riffle-shuffled seven times to achieve an acceptable degree of disorder.*

Whenver I use a condom I have a hard time keeping it from slipping off. Is there anything I can do?—R.Z., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

For health and liability reasons, most condoms are longer than most guys—that is, standard condoms are seven inches, while standard guys are between five and six. The idea is that it's better to have too much protection than not enough. The problem is that



the typical guy ends up with an inch of latex rolled up at the base of his penis. Besides being uncomfortable, this makes the condom more prone to unroll or catch inside his partner. That inspired Adam Glickman, founder of Condomania.com, to introduce custom-fit condoms. Download, or request by phone (800-926-6366), a "fit kit"—two paper rulers to measure the length and girth of your erection. With that info you can select the best fit from 55 sizes. A 12-pack is \$12. "We've sold every size, but it's trending toward narrower and longer," Glickman says. "That makes sense, since the early adopters are guys who are the most unhappy with one size fits all." While the company expects to have one of the more interesting databases out there—hundreds of thousands of penile measurements—Glickman says customers need not worry about their personal data being shared with anyone.

My wife couldn't get rid of her hiccups, so she said she wanted to deep-throat me to relax her throat. Have you heard of this?—B.T., Indianapolis, Indiana

People typically get hiccups from eating too fast or too much, or from drinking alcohol. You can also get them if you're nervous or excited. Hiccups usually go away within a few minutes. Until we received your letter they had no known purpose.

What is the appropriate sideburn length for a man in today's business world?—D.Y., Phoenix, Arizona

Midear. Unless your business is driving big rigs—then muttonchops work too.

I'm a dance student and part-time instructor. Whenever I dance I get incredibly horny. After class I always end up

staying an extra hour to fuck the teacher while my boyfriend waits outside. Even when I teach, my student ends up in me somehow. Is this called something? Is there anything I can do to hold out?—C.T., Bayside, New York

It's called a lack of self-control. Try dancing with your boyfriend. At the very least tell him to pick you up an hour later so you're not wasting any more of his time.

I've read that two or three drinks a night can have health benefits. I've also read that five or six drinks are unhealthy. I drink about half a pint of 80 proof booze, usually whiskey or rum, each night. It helps me sleep. Am I living healthily or headed to an early grave?—M.R., Scranton, Pennsylvania

*It depends on how you spend the rest of your day. More than 100 studies have concluded that people who consume one to two glasses of alcohol daily have lower incidences of coronary heart disease. Apparently any type of alcohol provides the benefit, although wine drinkers seem to fare best. This may be because, as a group, they exercise more and eat better than the louts who drink beer or liquor. In *The Science of Healthy Drinking*, published by the Wine Appreciation Guild, Gene Ford collects a variety of epidemiological studies that seem to indicate that people who consume in moderation are healthier than those who abstain—a fact he says medical and health authorities in the United States downplay because it's politically incorrect. Ford dug up studies suggesting that alcohol helps prevent or lessens the damage from upper-body pain, hardening of the arteries, blood clots, high blood pressure, cancer, heart attacks, strokes, Alzheimer's, diabetes, gastrointestinal problems, kidney stones, gallstones, osteoporosis, stress, tremors, ulcers and the common cold. A doctor he recruited to write the book's intro even calls alcohol "life-giving." We'll drink to that.*

What's with all the shaving lately? Am I alone in preferring to rub the inside of a woman's thighs with my beard while I enjoy the tickling sensation of her bristly mound against my nostrils?—D.G., Moscow, Idaho

Not at all. Read on for more.

If the purpose of pubic hair is to broadcast pheromones, does the deforestation we see everywhere mean that fewer invisible boner chemicals are in the air?—A.Y., San Antonio, Texas

*Invisible boner chemicals? You may be on to something. In *The Scent of Eros*, scientists James Kohl and Robert Francoeur point out that modern hygiene and underarm shaving have reduced the amount of pheromones trapped on a woman's body. They ask if this depletion might create a subliminal yearning*

for sexual odors that is satisfied through cunnilingus, which puts the nose right into the center of a major pheromone factory. Along these same lines, psychologist John Money wonders if a craving for erotic odors explains why some men are more enthusiastic about giving head. But these days, when a horny subliminal mind goes south it often finds no pheromone-trapping hair there. For every guy who raves about a woman's Brazilian wax, another comes up discouraged.

Settle a drinking debate for us: Which would win in a fight, a lion, a tiger or a bear?—T.W., Des Moines, Iowa

Where are you drinking—at the zoo? These animals rarely meet in the wild, so we have few real-life encounters to draw on. Based on a number of factors, including weight, our money is on the bear, especially if it's a grizzly. The lion would reach the finals only by defeating the tiger, which would instinctively go for the throat but be stymied by the lion's thick mane. Assuming an upset, the tiger would have to ambush the bear during hibernation to have any chance. Then a human with a scope and a rifle would put an end to all this silliness.

My wife says she doesn't know if she wants to be married anymore. She moved out, saying she needs time to sort out her feelings. She says everything will be okay. I desperately want her back. How long should I wait?—O.L., Fayetteville, North Carolina

Does she not want to be married, or does she not want to be married to you? Unless you have other plans, we'd give it a year.

Your advice in October to the woman who was upset about her boyfriend keeping sex videos of him and his ex is way off the mark. Why shouldn't a woman be upset with the idea of her boyfriend sitting down with a bowl of popcorn and a tub of lube to "reminisce"? You dismiss them as mementos, but no man needs videos to remember sex. His refusal to consider his girlfriend's feelings shows his attachment to the past. If he isn't ready to let go, he isn't ready to film a sequel.—E.P., Kent, Ohio

We'll stick with our response. First, every guy knows not to masturbate while eating popcorn—it makes the fast-forward button too slippery. Second, while no man needs a video to remember sex, it sure helps. Finally, the letter in October wasn't about sex videos as much as it was about a desire for control. We've seen this before. Like a good boy, a guy destroys his videos. His girlfriend then demands that the photos go, then the letters, then the gifts. But you can't have a guy's past—only his present and, if you're lucky, his future.

My friend told me to put ice packs on my breasts because they are stimulated by cold. Does that work? Also, if you have small breasts, how do you make yourself look sexy? Most guys want girls with large breasts.—S.S., Scarsdale, New York

Most guys aren't that picky. They may have quicker reflexes around large breasts, but they need more to keep them interested. We know plenty of women whose sex appeal makes their breasts exactly the right size. Ice packs will make your nipples hard and your breasts numb, but that's it.

Nice guys finish last, as always. I went out with this girl a couple of times, and things got steamy. I wrote her a letter to tell her how I felt: "We have known each other for only a little while, but already I feel like we've been together for a lifetime. When I am with you, everything feels right. I never thought that I could be so happy with someone. Do you know how special you are to me? Do you think other people notice how intense our feelings are? Do you think other people feel like we do? I thought this sort of love happened only in great fiction or the movies. I can't believe how lucky I am to have found you. Give me a call. I would love to hear your voice." When I called later she yelled that she needed some sleep and hung up on me! I understand that when a nice guy comes along many women are in a new situation and act immature. But I'm tired of being nice. I'm tired of being the shoulder to cry on. I'm tired of being the one who cares. Is this why nice guys give up and become players?—K.M., Southbury, Connecticut

Yeah, yeah, you're a martyr. We hear this complaint every month from guys who face rejection, but it's too easy. The fact of the matter is, your letter was horseshit. It's no wonder this woman needed sleep—it exhausted us, too. There's no way you can have such deep feelings for someone after a few dates—or maybe ever. Put the Hollywood ending aside and concentrate on building the friendship. That's the basis of any solid relationship.

In December you answered a question about DVD burners. You may be tired of the geeks writing in, but your info was incomplete. DVD-RAM is dead. It doesn't store as much as other types of drives, it's notoriously buggy, and it's not compatible with most players. DVD-R is less expensive, but it's nearly obsolete too. Most companies make DVD+R drives, which are what you should buy. Otherwise you're getting technology that will be phased out by the time you figure out how to use it.—J.S., Solon, Ohio

Thanks for the update. Is this how you meet girls?

A reader wrote in November because he suffers from premature ejaculation. I have the same problem, so I went for a consultation at Boston Medical Group. The doctors told me that PE is often caused by an oversensitive head of the penis. To treat it they prescribe a combination of drugs that are injected into the penis. The drugs keep your dick hard regardless of ejaculation, so you can con-

tinue lovemaking for about an hour. They say this gets you used to the sensation of having sex for longer periods and desensitizes the head so it will toughen up. (They compare it to your feet getting calloused when you walk barefoot.) BMG claims that after doing its program for a few months your mind and body will be trained to go without the medication and your PE will be cured. It sounds reasonable, and they are doctors, but I'm having trouble finding any independent verification of BMG's claims or success rate. I'd like to fix this problem, but the treatment costs \$1,000, and I don't want to blow my wad if it's junk science.—T.H., Dallas, Texas

We can't tell you much about Boston Medical Group beyond that it doesn't have an office in Boston and its doctors aren't eager to discuss their kooky methods with journalists. The American Urological Association has just updated its guidelines for the treatment of premature ejaculation, and nowhere does it mention sticking a needle into your dick. Find a board-certified urologist who can determine a suitable treatment. Antidepressants such as Anafranil have helped some men, but they're not approved for that purpose and may decrease libido.

My boyfriend is 28, reads PLAYBOY, goes to the mall during lunch to check out chicks with his 20-year-old friends, spends around \$100 a month on Internet porn, not to mention all the free photos and movies he downloads, and has at least 1,600 images in "secret" places on his computer. When he can, he spends hours online and masturbates up to five times a day. He constantly asks me to dress like I'm a 15-year-old slut and doesn't think twice about starting a fight because I won't wear sluttier clothes (he wants me to go out in jelly shoes and a tube top). Do you honestly think he doesn't have a problem with porn obsession?—A.M., Atlanta, Georgia

Your boyfriend has a problem if it's affecting his relationship with you. But if he's such a cretin, why are you still around?

At what point do two people become a couple? I say it's the first time they're expected to attend an event as a unit.—R.P., Bloomington, Indiana

We say it's when they've both seen each other on the john.

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.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

THE AMERICAN WHO WAS DISAPPEARED

JOSE PADILLA HAS BEEN LOCKED UP WITHOUT TRIAL FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS. HE MAY NEVER GET OUT

BY ANTHONY LEWIS

He is held in solitary confinement, cut off from the world. He cannot see a lawyer, family member or friend. No criminal charge has been brought against him. He has had no trial, and there is no prospect of his ever having one. His captivity has no fixed end. It could go on for the rest of his life. It sounds like a Kafka novel, but this isn't a Central European horror story. It is happening in the United States, and the prisoner is an American citizen. His name is Jose Padilla.

Padilla is one of two Americans detained without trial at the order of President Bush and Attorney General John Ashcroft. Bush has designated them "enemy combatants," a legal category invented to describe Americans who have no rights because they are suspected of terrorist connections. One right they do not have is an effective opportunity to challenge their description as enemy combatants. Bush administration lawyers have told the courts that judges have virtually no role with enemy combatants. Lawyers acting on behalf of the prisoners can go to court, but if the government produces "some evidence," that is the end of the case. It can be a simple assertion by a government official, secondhand, with no evidentiary hearing and no cross-examination.

That is what happened with Jose Padilla. A Pentagon official, Michael Mobbs, produced a six-page statement making the case against Padilla. And Judge Michael Mukasey of the Federal District Court in Manhattan said that was enough.

Padilla was born in Brooklyn. He became a gang mem-



ber in Chicago, was arrested half a dozen times and did a year in jail. In prison he became a Muslim. He traveled to Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Afghanistan and Pakistan.

On May 8, 2002 Padilla flew into Chicago's O'Hare Airport. Federal agents arrested him and took him to New York, where he was served with a warrant to appear before a grand jury investigating the September 11 attacks. On May 15 he was brought before a judge, who appointed a lawyer, Donna Newman, to represent him. A hearing was set for June 11. On June 10 Newman was in her car when her cell phone rang. It was an assistant U.S. attorney. Newman didn't have to come to court the next day, he said. There would be no hearing, because Bush had designated Padilla an enemy combatant. Padilla was in

a Navy brig in Charleston, South Carolina. Newman figured the assistant U.S. attorney was pulling a lame joke.

On June 10 Ashcroft went on TV to make a statement about Padilla. "We have captured a known terrorist," he said. "While in Afghanistan and Pakistan, Padilla trained with the enemy. In apprehending him we have disrupted an unfolding terrorist plot to attack the U.S. by exploding a radioactive dirty bomb." Whether this is actually so is impossible to say, because there has been no trial or other opportunity to test the truth of Ashcroft's statement. It was a conviction by announcement.

Newman has not seen her client since then. A government lawyer told her she could write Padilla a letter but that he might not get it. He has not been allowed to get

ADVENTURES AT CAMP X-RAY

The roughly 660 inmates arrested in Afghanistan and Pakistan and held at Guantánamo Bay in Cuba have waited two years to see justice. In November the Supreme Court agreed to hear the pleas of 12 Kuwaitis, two Brits and two Australians who want access to U.S. courts to challenge their confinement. The White House responds that the men are enemy combatants—meaning they can be held for as long as King George sees fit. The

administration now says it will transfer prisoners back home—if their countries agree to mistreat them in the same way. One diplomat told *The*



Boston Globe, "The Pentagon says, 'We will extradite your nationals, but you have to put them in small Guantánamos within your countries.' The State Department objects to the harsh treatment the Pentagon said should be in the agreements, which infringes on a lot of sovereignty issues." Military officials say the prisoners have been detained so long because their claims of innocence are difficult to research or because they refuse to talk.

VERY SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS

NINE ODD LOBBIES THAT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF—YET

mail. The idea is to isolate him, make him feel alone, keep him unaware that anyone is trying to help. Newman has carried on, seeking a writ of habeas corpus and arguing in court for her absent client.

Judge Mukasey, while ruling that President Bush had the power to lock up Padilla indefinitely without trial, gave Newman a narrow victory. He held that she must be allowed to get from Padilla any facts that might counter the assertion that he is a terrorist and an enemy combatant. The government lawyers filed an extraordinary motion asking the judge to reconsider his decision, attaching an affidavit from the director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, Vice Admiral Lowell Jacoby. He said that successful interrogation "is largely dependent upon creating an atmosphere of dependency and trust between the subject and the interrogator." That could take months or even years, he said, and any interruption by a lawyer would undo the effort. Admiral Jacoby's affidavit was a candid statement that interrogators were out to break Padilla's will. The fact that such an interrogation can break the subject's will is one reason the Constitution guarantees defendants the right to counsel.

Government lawyers argue that the Constitution doesn't help Padilla: The right to counsel is guaranteed "in all criminal prosecutions," but Padilla isn't being prosecuted. Even if such sophistry is taken seriously, the Fifth Amendment forbids the government to deprive any person of life, liberty or property "without due process of law."

The other American enemy combatant is Yaser Esam Hamdi, who was seized in Afghanistan. What would be tested in any fair proceeding is whether he was part of Al Qaeda or the Taliban or was just caught up in the war. In December the Pentagon said it might eventually allow Hamdi to see a lawyer.

What matters most—and what the Supreme Court is expected to decide on—is the claim of power by Bush and Ashcroft to put any American away forever on their say-so. As *The Economist* wrote, "It is hard to imagine that America would look kindly on a foreign government that demanded the right to hold some of its own citizens in prison, incommunicado, denying them access to legal assistance as long as is thought necessary, without ever charging them with a crime." Our freedom is based on a commitment to government under law. That can't be squared with an unaccountable government that says the law doesn't matter.

by Chip Rowe

American League of Lobbyists
What is it? A lobby for lobbyists, the league refers to its 600 members as "citizen representatives." Its favorite amendment is the first, which provides the right to petition the government for redress of grievances.
Current issues: ALL has asked that the easy access to the Capitol that lobbyists had prior to September 11 be restored. Before the attacks, lobbyists needed only to flash their building access cards (also known as "buying a congressman" cards). Now they must have an appointment.

Americans for a Society Free of Age Restrictions
What is it? Founded in 1996 by a University of Maryland student, the 1,200-member society fights for the rights of minors.

Current issues: ASFAR wants to abolish the age requirements for voting, buying porn, obtaining loans or credit cards, having sex, gambling, and driving and renting a car. The group also believes that physical punishment should be considered assault, that curfews should be eliminated and that school attendance should be voluntary.

Americans for Customary Weight and Measure
What is it? The U.S. government has been pushing the metric system since the early 1800s, but ACWM believes most voters recognize it as a European fad. The only other countries that don't use metrics are Liberia and Myanmar.
Current issues: ACWM has lobbied to repeal the 1988 law that made the metric system the standard for commerce. "The foot will prevail because of its practicality, accuracy and poetry," says the group's director.

Americans for Common Cents
What is it? ACC exists to pre-

serve the penny. The group's 50 members include miners, coin collectors and charities that rely on loose change.

Current issues: ACC argues that killing the penny will lead to higher prices, hurt the poor and eliminate the \$25 million profit the U.S. Mint earns each year on the difference between the cost of making a penny and its monetary value. "The alternative is rounding, which Americans abhor," says the ACC's director.



Expansionist Party of the U.S.
What is it? Founded in 1977 by Craig Schoonmaker, its chairman, the party claims 650 followers. Schoonmaker's goal is to annex as many countries as are willing to abide by the U.S. Constitution. "If nations do not have a good reason to exist, they shouldn't," he says. "Does Canada have a good reason to exist? No." The Expansionists want the U.S. to invite Canada,

the Philippines, Mexico, Panama, the West Indies, Australia, New Zealand and the U.K. to join the U.S. after a 10- or 20-year transition period. Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and the rest of the Caribbean would be combined into the 51st state, and Guam, American Samoa and the Northern Marianas would join Hawaii.

Current issues: Schoonmaker would reduce armed-forces personnel by discharging all women except nurses and secretaries, relocate poor urban residents to new cities in remote areas, forbid elective abortions and amputate criminals' hands after a third conviction. On a populist note, the new leader would ban phone-sex and psychic hotlines, censor violence from the mass media and abolish all forms of tipping.



Jews for the Preservation of Firearms Ownership

What is it? Aaron Zelman founded JPFO to rally Jews around the Second Amendment (gun control is sinful in that it "makes the state your god"), but he says its 7,000 members come from all persuasions. The group contends that an unarmed citizenry leads to genocide. Zelman quotes Hitler, who in 1938 limited gun ownership: "History teaches that all conquerors who have allowed their subject races to carry arms have prepared their own downfall by doing so."

Current issues: Zelman criticizes Jews who support gun control for their "ghetto mentality." He invited a psychiatrist to explain in the JPFO newsletter how raging gun-control activists irrationally project their fears of violence onto firearms. Last year JPFO filed a brief in support of a challenge to California's assault-weapons ban. It also posted criticism of a proposal to equip every bullet sold with a radio-frequency chip that would identify its owner.



Lucy Stone League

What is it? Founded in 1921, the league lobbies women to keep their maiden names. It also fights for "name freedom" for both genders, challenging laws in 43 states that prohibit a groom from taking his bride's name without going to court.

Current issues: Just two percent of newly married women keep their names, while another 10 percent hyphenate. The LSL suggests ways to address the issue, such as combining names, giving boys the father's name and girls the mother's or flipping a coin. It also lobbies against post-September

11 efforts to make changing one's name more difficult.

Naval Submarine League

What is it? The league, which has 4,000 members (mostly submariners or former submariners but also shipbuilders), pushes for continued spending on subs, which it considers vital to national security.

Current issues: The NSL supported the Navy's request to Congress that it be allowed to order several subs at once to add to its fleet of 72 ("multiyear procurement") instead of paying for a single vessel each year. The hope is that economies of scale will reduce the \$2 billion cost of each sub without sacrificing quality. "You don't want to ride in a cheap submarine," says the NSL's director. The league has no official position on whether women should be assigned to sub duty, but most members oppose it.

Prohibition National Committee

What is it? Founded in 1869, the party fights to ban the manufacture and sale of alcohol. Its high-water mark was the Eighteenth Amendment. In 2001 its first candidate to be elected to any office since 1959 won an assessor's seat in Thompson Township in Fulton County, Pennsylvania.

Current issues: In 2002 the party split after bickering over finances, with five-time presidential candidate Earl Dodge retaining the official website and the defectors forming the Partisan Prohibition Historical Society. Dodge insists that prohibition is far from a lost cause, pointing out that residents of many U.S. counties (mostly in the Bible Belt) have voted to go dry.

MARGINALIA



THE FIRST DRAFT of

Afghanistan's new constitution was released last November. The U.S. Commission for International Religious Freedom calls the provisions "Taliban lite." Some highlights:

(1) "Afghanistan is an Islamic Republic. The religion of Afghanistan is the sacred religion of Islam. Followers of other religions are free to perform their religious ceremonies within the limits of the provisions of law."

(2) "No law can be contrary to the sacred religion of Islam and the values of this constitution."

(3) "Citizens of Afghanistan have the right to form political parties in accordance with the provisions of the law, provided that the program and charter of the party are not contrary to the principles of the sacred religion of Islam."

(4) "The state shall devise and implement a unified educational curriculum based on the provisions of the sacred religion of Islam."

(5) "The state adopts necessary measures to ensure physical and psychological well-being of family, especially of child and mother, upbringing of children and the elimination of traditions contrary to the principles of the sacred religion of Islam."

(6) "The provisions of adherence to the fundamentals of the sacred religion of Islam and the republican regime cannot be amended."

(7) "When there is no provision in the constitution or other laws regarding ruling on an issue, the courts' decisions shall be within the limits of this constitution in accord with the Hanafi jurisprudence [of Islamic law] and in a way to serve justice in the best possible manner."



FROM THE RUSH LIMBAUGH TV SHOW broadcast October 5, 1995. This past fall Limbaugh was treated for an addiction to painkillers.

Authorities in Florida are investigating allegations that he illegally purchased the pills. Fortunately for Rush, the state's drug laws favor treatment over jail for first-time offenders:

"Drug use, some might say, is destroying this country. And we have laws against selling drugs, pushing drugs, using drugs, importing drugs. And the laws are good, because we know what happens to people in societies and neighborhoods that become consumed by them. And so if people are violating the law by doing drugs, they ought to be convicted and they ought to be sent up.

"Too many whites are getting away with drug use, too many whites are getting away with drug sales, too many whites are getting away with trafficking. The answer to this disparity is not to start letting people out of jail because we're not putting others who are breaking the law in jail. The answer is to find the ones who are getting away with it, convict them

T H E

DEBUNKER

MYTH:

A BILLION PEOPLE WORLDWIDE WATCH THE OSCARS EVERY YEAR

REALITY: The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences says that ABC, which has aired the Oscars since 1976, is the source for this figure. ABC admits it's impossible to enumerate how many people tune in. Let's look at the assumptions: ABC says 33 million viewers watched in the U.S. last year, down from 42 million in 2002. We'll use the higher figure as our starting point. The population of the U.S. is 280 million, which gives us a rate of 15 viewers for every 100 people. In 2002 the world population

was 6.2 billion. Assuming the same percentage watches worldwide as in the U.S., 930 million people tune in. That presumably is where the 1 billion figure comes from. But there's a flaw. "To assume that one sixth of the



world is transfixed by Halle Berry is how America sees the world, not how it really is," says Robert Thompson, director of the Center for the Study of Popular Television at Syracuse University. According to Unicef, the U.S. has 806 TVs for every 1,000 people, the world's highest rate. The rate in China is 321, Brazil 223, Indonesia 68 and India 65. In Pakistan there are only 22 TV sets for every 1,000 people. So how many people actually watch the Oscars worldwide? To say even 500 million would be stretching it.

MARGINALIA

and send them up the river too.
 "It's kind of like sentencing. A lot of people say we have a heavy sentence for this crime and a light sentence for another crime and what we ought to do is reduce the heavy sentence so it's more in line with the other. Wrong. In most cases we ought to increase the light sentence and make it compatible with the heavy sentence and be serious about punishment, because we are becoming too tolerant as a society, folks, especially of crime, in too many parts of the country.

"I know all of us are tough on crime. None of us in this audience probably thinks we personally are tolerant, but this country certainly appears to be tolerant. I mean, you know as well as I do that if you go out and commit the worst murder in the world and you just

say you're sorry, people go, 'Oh, okay. A little contrition.'

"How many times have you heard it?

A guy kills four people, he goes to jail, and people get mad because

he didn't show remorse. So what if he shows remorse? He still killed four people. We're becoming too tolerant, folks."



FROM AN OBJECTION by the Reverend Earle Fox of Pittsburgh, author of *Homosexuality: Good & Right in the Eyes of God?*, at the November consecration of Gene Robinson, the first openly gay bishop in the Episcopal Church:

REV. FOX: Whatever else homosexuality may be, it is at least a behavior. We are forbidden to judge persons and yet required to judge behavior. It would be reasonable to inquire into the nature of such behavior. Research on homosexual behavior appears to be in agreement from both sides of the fence and gives a ballpark picture for persons active in the homosexual lifestyle: Around 99 percent engage in oral sex. Approximately 91 percent engage in anal sex; 82 percent engage in rimming, the touching of the anus of one's partner with one's tongue—

PRESIDING BISHOP FRANK GRISWOLD: Father Fox—

REV. FOX: ...and inserting—

REV. GRISWOLD: I plead you spare us these details, please.

REV. FOX: The physical and spiritual health consequences of such behavior are devastating. There are 6,000-plus images of a loving God in this arena. Both reason and love would tell us that persons made in that loving image could not rightly engage in, bless or consecrate such self-destructive behavior.

The Reverend Fox did not read this passage from his book: "It is not uncommon for a homosexual person to declaw and defang a mouse or other rodent to be inserted into the colon."

CREEPED OUT

THE PATRIOT ACT ISN'T JUST FOR TERRORISTS ANYMORE

Washington gets a bad rap for being wasteful, but when it comes to stretching a mandate the feds are more elastic than Plastic Man. Consider the Social Security number. Originally intended to keep track of retirement payments, the nine digits have become a de facto national ID. At least Social Security numbers started out as a good idea. When function creep hits something that's a lousy concept to begin with, you get double trouble.

In the weeks following 9/11, Attorney General John Ashcroft had no trouble pushing the Patriot Act through Congress. He said the Justice Department needed the law to pursue terrorists and spies. Last fall, however, the FBI used the law for another purpose: to obtain financial records in an investigation of Michael Galardi, who owns several clubs, including Jaguars, a topless club in Las Vegas, and who was suspected of bribing public officials. The agency cited Section 314 of the act, which allows the government to demand without a warrant that banks, stockbrokers and other financial institutions turn over the records of anyone it suspects of "terrorist acts or money laundering." The function creep lies in that powerful *or*.

The Justice Department insists that Congress knew all along that the act might be used for "garden variety" crimes. "Most of the American people think the Patriot Act is a good thing and it's not affecting their civil

liberties at all," an agency spokesman said.

The feds have also used the act to target bookies who send their proceeds offshore. And last spring a federal prosecutor in Mis-



Jaguars club and one of its dancers.

souri went after eBay's online payment service, PayPal, because it allegedly transferred wagers and winnings for people using online casinos. PayPal settled for \$10 million.

Function creep has expanded the mandate of the Department of Homeland Security as well. Created in 2002 to prevent terrorist attacks within the United States, the department last year announced that its agents would begin pursuing molesters and child pornographers. —Mark Frauenfelder

5 WAYS TO FIX

...Detroit

BY JERRY HERRON

(1) **Get real.** Most residents of greater Detroit don't want to live in the city, so quit pretending it exists. Incorporate the three contiguous counties into the metropolitan area, and auction the naming rights to corporate bidders.

(2) **Set a CEO tax rate.** Figure municipal tax rates by the distance between the boss's home and downtown. The shorter the distance, the lower the tax. (If the CEO's kids attend private school, double the tax rate.)

(3) **Make an urban golf and hunting mecca.** A million people have left Detroit since 1950. Turn the land into golf courses,

which will create jobs for a population with a 47 percent illiteracy rate. Hunting offers a use for a population of guns that outnumbers citizens.

(4) **Reward diversity.** Give houses to people who agree to have, for five years, neighbors who are unlike themselves. Anyone leaving early must do a year of community service.

(5) **Legislate responsibility.** Make poverty, illiteracy and teen pregnancy punishable by education. Parents and teachers found guilty must serve a double sentence.

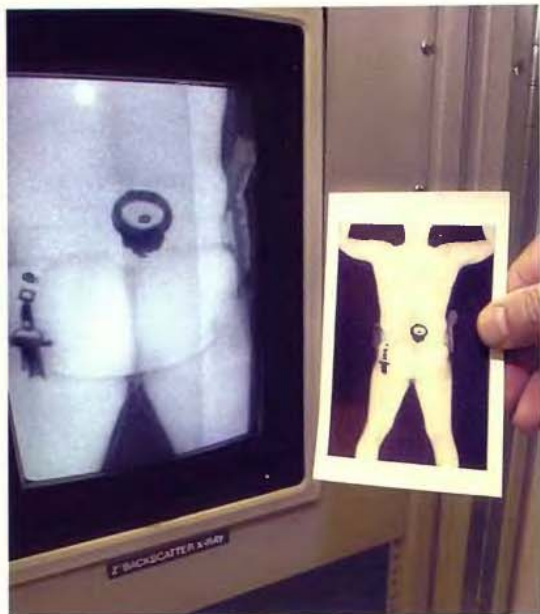
Herron is professor of English and American Studies at Wayne State University.



NEWSFRONT

READER

RESPONSE



Is It Safe Yet?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The General Accounting Office sent agents posing as passengers to try to smuggle weapons past airport security. The results are classified, but one congressman said the report left him “depressed.” In another test, undercover agents in Boston reportedly managed to get knives, a gun and a fake bomb past checkpoints. (An unnamed airport security source concealed a pocket knife by hanging it from a string in his pants; when it set off alarms, screeners assumed it was his zipper.) Of the \$75 million Congress budgeted last year to upgrade bomb scanners, \$60 million was spent on salaries. One congressman who believes better technology is key complained that the misdirection had left the Transportation Security Administration “not one iota closer” to screening all passengers and carry-ons for explosives.

Lesbian Justice

Gay women can't legally marry, but they can see a judge when they split. In Spokane, Washington a county judge ruled that a doctor must give her ex-lover 50 percent of their assets under community-property laws because the 10-year relationship had been “sufficiently marriage-like.” In New Hampshire the state supreme court decided that a woman who cheats on her husband with another woman can't be guilty of adultery, because the affair doesn't involve intercourse (the justices consulted a dictionary for guidance). In Denver a state judge ruled that a woman who became a born-again Christian and broke up with her lesbian lover could raise their adopted daughter in the faith but could not expose her to anything homophobic.

Police Party

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI—A police officer decided to clean out the evidence room by taking home 70 beers seized from underage drinkers. The chief fired him, but the officer argued he was following procedure by disposing of the alcohol once it was no longer needed as evidence. “Turning beer into urine is disposal,” his attorney argued.

Clearing the Herd

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA—When a new prisoner entered a holding cell at Yavapai County Jail this past November, inmates directed him to a corner not monitored by security cameras and beat him senseless, sending him to the infirmary. It was nothing personal, officials say—the

prisoners didn't want to share their standing-room-only cell with yet another person. It was the second such incident in two months. The county's two jails have 600 prisoners but only 250 beds. Many inmates are in five-by-six-foot booths that lawyers had used to meet with their clients. The public defender's office has filed a writ of habeas corpus, arguing that conditions are inhumane.

Miss Lascivious Freedom

MANILA—Although the Taliban no longer controls Afghanistan, most women there still wear burqas in public. So when Vida Samadzai came onstage here as the first Afghan woman to appear in an international beauty pageant since 1972, the rulers in Kabul were apoplectic. “What she has done is not freedom but is lascivious,” said the minister of women's affairs. A supreme court judge condemned the appearance as “unlawful in Islam”—a serious charge. Samadzai, who attended Cal State Fullerton, said she entered the Miss Earth contest to dispel the image of Afghan women as hidden and submissive. A journalist asked, “If appearing in pageants is not in our culture, what about all the killing that has gone on here for years? That's not in our culture either.”



As a flight attendant I have to reply to John Gilmore, who was kicked off a British Airways jet for wearing a suspected TERRORIST button (“No-Fly Zone,” *The Playboy Forum*, December). Gilmore is an idiot. He says he doesn't want to give his name at the gate. Does he think the government doesn't know he is flying before he gets to the airport? The only thing an ID check does is show that the person holding the ticket owns the ticket, and airlines were doing that long before 9/11. I would have kicked Gilmore off the plane too. He may have a right to wear his button, but I have a right not to fly with a passenger who may induce panic. He knows he's not a terrorist, but not everyone else can be so sure. I don't want to have to deal with that at 35,000 feet.

Susan Stevens
Denver, Colorado

Keep up the fight for freedom, John.
Michael Novak
Marietta, Georgia

If Gilmore is so pissed, why doesn't he drive?

Heather Murray
London, U.K.

Gilmore's actions didn't interfere with the operations of a plane, as talking on a cell phone would.

Derek Tice
Waverly, Virginia

The government reacts to terrorism by searching Americans. But how many terrorists are or were U.S. citizens? Considering our history, what kind of American attacks his country, and how many such terrorists exist? If that number is small, the question is, How does the administration's curtailing of civil liberties provide for the common defense?

Tim Stefan
Tacoma, Washington

Your article “Breakaway Beliefs” (*The Playboy Forum*, December) overlooked the American Secular Humanist Church, which I organized in 1987. ASHC has five principles: (1) Members should seek out all forms of sin so we can clearly identify them when called upon. (2) Organized religion is not necessary to communicate with God. (3) The U.S. debt could be paid off in one year if churches paid taxes. (4) All censorship is wrong. (5) We need the government off our backs and out from under our beds. ASHC has dozens of adherents, including honorary member Hugh Hefner, though I know he considers himself a rational humanist.

The Reverend Bob Kerber
Oceanside, California

E-mail: forum@playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

REPEATING HISTORY

EIGHTY YEARS AGO THE BRITS OCCUPIED IRAQ. WE'RE MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES

BY TOBY DODGE

Between 1914 and 1932 the British crown tried to build a liberal state in Iraq. It failed miserably. Now the U.S. is on a similar course. Toby Dodge, a senior

research fellow at Warwick University and the author of *Inventing Iraq: The Failure of Nation-Building and a History Denied*, compares the two occupations.

BRITISH OCCUPATION OF IRAQ, 1920

AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF IRAQ, 2003

REASON FOR INVADING



To seize the strategically important head of the Persian Gulf.

To unseat Saddam Hussein and advance the "war on terror."



SPOILS OF WAR

The oil fields of Mosul.

The world's second-largest oil reserves and a country in which to build U.S. bases.

PUPPET

Faisal ibn Husain, king of Iraq from 1921 to 1933.

Ahmad Chalabi (a secular Shia banker living outside Iraq since 1958) and other exiles on the Governing Council.

MILITARY METHOD

Hakumat al tayarrat, or "government by aircraft." Short on troops, the British rely on the coercive power of warplanes, delivering governance from 200 feet.

Because of a new military paradigm and a lack of intelligence, the U.S. relies on the coercive powers of helicopters and jets, delivering governance from 20,000 feet.

BIG MISTAKE



The Brits imagine Iraq to be ruled by old structures of tribal and religious authority. They reach out to tribal sheikhs, who they

incorrectly believe have widespread social influence. The Iraqis are deeply suspicious of the Brits' motives and their appointed lackeys.



Short on Arabic speakers and devoid of Iraqi expertise, the U.S. depends on political parties formed in exile. Invading troops are

met with suspicion, not candy and flowers. The U.S. overestimates the power of tribal and religious groups and underestimates the resolve of outlaw groups.

ATTEMPTED SOLUTION

With no support at home for a stay in Iraq, the British quickly hand over power to the Iraqis they consider most influential. Faisal, an exile, is given money and authority. The resulting state is built on shallow foundations.

Concerned about his reelection prospects, rising criticism in Congress about war costs and public dismay over casualties, Bush cuts corners and grants power to the Governing Council, which has no popular support.

EXIT STRATEGY

Construct a quasi-state whose institutions are a facade built to allow Britain to disengage.

The White House declares in November it will hand over sovereignty to the Iraqi government by the end of June.

RESULT

With the Brits gone, Faisal drops his commitment to liberal democracy, and his government uses violence to hold power. Coups begin in 1936. In 1958 the Iraqi army slaughters the monarchy. Coups culminate in the Baathist seizure of power in 1968.



Iraqis are suspicious of U.S. motives. Through violence and political mobilization, they force the U.S. to leave sooner than expected. This means sustained instability and mayhem. To maintain rule, the regime must resort to brute force and corruption.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JIM CARREY

*A candid conversation with Hollywood's most serious-minded funny guy about spirituality, drugs, denial and how *The Truman Show* became reality*

With his head and his face bearing equal amounts of stubble, Jim Carrey arrives at his production company's office. He has just shaved his skull for a new role, and dressed in a black suit and white shirt he looks like a happy, prosperous monk. But the name on the door—Pit Bull Productions—reveals far more about Carrey's true nature.

Born in Toronto, Carrey had an uneventful childhood as the son of an accountant and a homemaker—until Dad lost his job and the family was left homeless and miserable. Carrey dropped out of school in 10th grade and worked at menial jobs to help out. He found better pay doing impressions on the stand-up comedy circuit. His harmless, permanently smiling persona translated to roles in such films as *Peggy Sue Got Married* and the short-lived TV series *The Duck Factory*.

The earlier hard times, however, had instilled anger and an edge in Carrey that eventually came out. Mindful that his father had been fired from a seemingly safe job, Carrey tossed out the mainstream act that had him opening for Rodney Dangerfield. He replaced it with a caustic, manic persona who went onstage without a set routine and punished his audience until it responded—sometimes with laughter, sometimes with debris. Keenen Ivory Wayans saw the edge as

a strong match for his envelope-pushing Fox sketch show *In Living Color* and made Carrey the lone white male cast member in 1990.

Carrey scored a surprise hit as *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* and followed that with *The Mask* in 1994, another blockbuster, which instantly drove his price from \$500,000 to \$7 million a film. When Robin Williams vacillated on playing the Riddler in *Batman Forever*, Carrey jumped into the green suit and had his first global hit. Next: a record \$20 million to star in the 1996 film *The Cable Guy*.

Hardly content to be a rich guy who makes faces and talks out of his ass, Carrey rolled the dice again. His edgy *Cable Guy* villain darkened the film's tone enough to horrify studio execs (and audiences, who stayed away in droves). Still, the performance helped Carrey take a step toward serious films. In *The Truman Show* he played the unwitting star of a 24-hours-a-day reality TV show. Carrey then played quirky comic Andy Kaufman in *Man on the Moon*.

The problem: Those serious turns seriously underperformed at the box office. In fact, 2001's *The Majestic* was enough of a bomb for people to start writing Carrey's career epitaph. The death notices were shelved when Carrey put on his funny hat again and delivered last year's top-grossing comedy,

Bruce Almighty. What's an ambitious megastar to do? For Carrey the answer is to take the serious route yet again in his new film, *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, a surreal drama about memory erasing that was written by Charlie Kaufman, architect of *Being John Malkovich* and *Adaptation*.

Michael Fleming sat down with Carrey just as he began working on the role of Count Olaf, signature villain in the film *Lemony Snicket's A Series of Unfortunate Events*, an adaptation of Daniel Handler's kid-book series. The twice-divorced (most recently from actress Lauren Holly), now single Carrey was clearly getting into character. He seemed tightly coiled, partly because he doesn't like doing interviews and partly because he had decided to explain certain aspects of his personal life that he'd never talked about before—and he wasn't sure how his fans might react.

PLAYBOY: You've been working around the clock on your new film, and you've just shaved your head. Are you feeling overwhelmed?

CARREY: Not today. I just came off the beach in Malibu, near my house. It was the most beautiful day, except for that inevitable paparazzi triangulation.

PLAYBOY: Your *Truman Show* character



"I'm not celibate, and I do masturbate. But not like a fiend. I believe in moderation. It's like anything: You can't eat cake all day long or you waste your energy. You get gray, lose vitality. And I'm really good at sex."



"John Belushi was a strong-willed mother-fucker who'd kick your ass if you told him how to live. It was his fault. This is the mistake people make. It's this habit we have of shirking our responsibility to ourselves."



"I just hope Bush and those behind him have their hearts in the right place. If their hearts aren't in the right place and this is about oil, there's no bunker deep enough to get away from God's bunker buster."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

has no privacy. Now, with the paparazzi following you, the same has happened to you.

CARREY: This country is getting us ready for *The Truman Show*. It's happening. I feel a little scared and sad. They're slowly desensitizing us to where there's a video camera on every street corner. Shows on TV are getting more like, "Ha! What a stupid guy, that Joe Schmo or whoever he is."

PLAYBOY: *The Truman Show* seemed cautionary in 1998 but now seems prophetic. On *The Joe Schmo Show* everybody was an actor except the unaware contestant. *Joe Millionaire*'s contestants were duped into falling in love with a phony millionaire.

CARREY: It's all unbelievably cruel. I believe in making fun of things that deserve to be made fun of—lies, arrogance. These are things you want to rip down as a comedian. But when you take a guy who's a good-hearted human and you just go "Woo, woo, woo" behind his head, it's cruel.

PLAYBOY: Even though they gave him a hundred grand?

CARREY: A hundred grand means nothing. What are you buying—his humiliation and misery? It feels as if we're just desensitizing people to the point where it will be all right to take a baby and do whatever you want with it. Or to kill somebody on camera.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, celebrities get more and more coverage. How do you feel when you see an E! show consisting totally of people like yourself being stalked by the paparazzi?

CARREY: Unacceptable. Way over the edge, man. That channel is now eating its young.

PLAYBOY: What do you say when they ask for an interview?

CARREY: I don't do it.

PLAYBOY: What about the argument that it's the price of being rich and famous?

CARREY: I don't think that argument holds water. We should respect the people who entertain us and make us feel good—unless I'm acting like an idiot, which I'm not. I know they justify it in their heads, but it can't make them feel good. Unless they're drunk or stoned and completely fogging over their feelings, I know that in their private moments, when they're lying in bed staring at the ceiling, they can't feel good about it. Taking is taking and giving is giving. Period. There will be a reckoning in their lives.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

CARREY: There will be some kind of unexplainable disease, something that happens in your life that makes you go, "Why me?" And I'm here to tell you, it's because of the choices you made.

PLAYBOY: So you believe in karma?

CARREY: Absolutely, without a doubt. But this isn't karma; this is the truth eating you alive. You can justify things all you want, but every human being knows the truth. To follow someone around with your lens like a little sneak—it hurts your spirit on this planet.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel this strongly because you see yourself as a victim?

CARREY: I just feel it as a human being. I'm always looking at myself. I'm in no way perfect, but I'm always challenging myself to try to be better—in what I eat and what I read. I've always thought that a higher level is possible, and I'm always looking for it.

PLAYBOY: When you played a guy with a



"Try to find a comic who isn't angry when he's 70. Why is George Carlin pissed off? He's brilliant."

split personality in *Me, Myself & Irene*, advocacy groups complained that you belittled the mentally ill. Isn't everyone guilty of insensitivity, even you?

CARREY: I wasn't trying to be insensitive at all. To me it was like a cartoon. I don't want anybody to be hurt by what I do. If that in some way hurt somebody, I'd feel terrible. But it wasn't intentional. Maybe that's the difference: I was being funny.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand the appeal of E! and other celebrity coverage?

CARREY: I'm not completely innocent here. I've indulged in it too. I watch those shows sometimes, but I know it's a disease. It's leading us down the wrong road, man.

PLAYBOY: You've done more than watch

these shows. Before *Man on the Moon* came out, the media reported that, in character as Andy Kaufman, you got into a fight with Andy's wrestling nemesis, Jerry Lawler. Wasn't that a calculated press stunt to boost awareness for a movie that needed visibility?

CARREY: I'm not really allowed to tell you what happened, so either way I'm screwed. I think an interesting by-product was seeing how little had to happen to put the media into high gear—helicopters flying over the building, top story across the country. I sat in a hotel room watching and said, "Andy lives."

PLAYBOY: You talk about the entertainment media as if it were pornography.

CARREY: I don't know what my attitude toward porn is. I've studied a lot of Taoism. It talks about trying to find a higher place and not wasting your sexual essence, how these Chinese guys live to be 120 because they don't waste their essence. They might have sex, but they don't waste it all the time. I guess if you're going to squander your chi, the pages of PLAYBOY are as good a place as any.

PLAYBOY: Squander your chi?

CARREY: There's a quote for you: Go ahead and squander your chi. But I guarantee you heaven isn't in Miss March's pussy. Sure, it looks good; it feels good. I have nothing against it.

PLAYBOY: Wait—are you telling us you're celibate?

CARREY: Oh, no. I don't believe in that. I do believe in staying in balance. I'm not celibate, and I do masturbate. But not like a fiend. I believe in moderation. I think there's an energy source. It's like anything else: You can't eat cake all day long or you waste your energy. And you get gray, lose vitality. And I'm really good at sex.

PLAYBOY: You are?

CARREY: Nah, I just thought I'd put that out there.

PLAYBOY: If heaven isn't sex, where is it?

CARREY: Heaven is on the other side of that feeling you get when you're sitting on the couch and you get up and make a triple-decker sandwich. It's on the other side of that, when you *don't* make the sandwich. It's about sacrifice.

PLAYBOY: So it's about not indulging.

CARREY: It's about giving up the things that basically keep you from feeling. That's what I believe, anyway. I'm always asking, "What am I going to give up next?" Because I want to feel. It's been my drive since I was a little kid, actually.

PLAYBOY: Name something you gave up that gave you comfort.

CARREY: I don't eat wheat, I don't eat dairy, I don't smoke cigarettes, I don't

smoke pot. All these things I've enjoyed. I live very sparingly.

PLAYBOY: It sounds a little monastic.

CARREY: It is, a little bit. But I'm an experiment, you know? That's how I see life. I'm not trying to put myself higher than anybody or anything like that. But I am my own experiment, and I love that. Physical health to me is my hobby. Psychology and spiritual life fascinate me to no end. When everybody wants to go to a rave, I like nothing better than to go home and read my books and say some prayers and meditate and try to break through. I'm always trying to break through.

PLAYBOY: For how long have you been abstaining from these creature comforts?

CARREY: I have been struggling to do it my entire life.

PLAYBOY: But you're a wealthy movie star—you're in a position to deny yourself comforts. Most people don't have that many comforts to begin with. They have overdue bills and abusive bosses.

CARREY: That's denial, man. That's like obese people lobbying to call their situation a disease. I don't believe it. God bless obese people, but they've got work to do.

PLAYBOY: So you've given up pot, too?

CARREY: I think people underestimate the power of things like marijuana, the addictive quality. It's not that the substance itself is addictive; it's the stimulation of the pleasure center of your brain. It becomes an easy way out, an instant vacation. That's addictive. I know people who have been stoned every day of their lives, for 50 years. They seem fine, but they are not getting to a higher level.

PLAYBOY: Like who?

CARREY: I hung out at the Comedy Store with Richard Pryor and people who struggled when they wanted to do it straight. I stood in a parking lot one night with Richard when he said, "I don't remember. I don't remember 40 years. I don't feel like I did it." And of course he did it. But that's the trick. You can do it without that stuff. You don't need it if creativity becomes your high.

PLAYBOY: You're telling us that when you're in your big house alone you don't sometimes think, Screw it, I'm going to eat a gallon of ice cream?

CARREY: I have moments. But mostly I stay on my thing. I might have one day a week when I go off and have a glass of wine. I'm not completely dogmatic. But I keep honing this thing, this experiment. I fear that 90 percent of people are going to look at this and think, He's turning into a head case. I'm not. This is about my not wanting anything halfway.

PLAYBOY: You must have splurged somewhere.

CARREY: I've never been really decadent. Honestly, I don't put a lot of onus on the things in my life. I have things. I try to keep my life fairly simple. I have a plane, and that's an incredible luxury. But it mainly saves me so much stress

THE DAY THE CLOWNS DIED

When movie funnymen get serious, they tend to go overboard. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't



Charlie Chaplin *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947)

Game plan: Silent-film phenom Chaplin pulls the king of about-faces by ditching his Little Tramp character and playing a Little Shitheel who supports his wife and son by snuffing out rich widows.

Last laugh: This dark comedy outrages some Chaplin fans but points the way toward career reinvention for the likes of Robin Williams. Is this a good thing?



Bob Hope *Beau James* (1957)

Game plan: Old Ski Nose ruled the box office by leering at bosomy sexpots and trading barbs with bud Bing Crosby, but he craved an Oscar. He gets serious in this bio-movie about womanizing 1920s New York City mayor Jimmy Walker.

Last laugh: It's a flop. For the remainder of his career, Hope resigns himself to phoning in his lines from the 14th tee.



Jackie Gleason *The Hustler* (1961)

Game plan: The fireball of *The Honey-mooners* wipes the grin off America's face by playing Minnesota Fats in this classic about grifters, lowlifes and losers.

Last laugh: Like a shark sinking the eight ball into the corner pocket, Gleason wins an Oscar nomination and launches on even more varied career. Talk about your requiem for a heavyweight.



Jack Lemmon *Days of Wine and Roses* (1962)

Game plan: In this celebrated downer, Lemmon plays a boozy businessman who descends into binges and podded cells, taking his gorgeous wife down with him.

Last laugh: Fans used to Lemmon lite avoid this one, but a Best Actor nomination is the key to a career zigzagging between laughs and tears.



Adam Sandler *Punch-Drunk Love* (2002)

Game plan: Sandler's needy, demented-puppy screen persona turns all panicky and vulnerable in this strange love story about a tic-ridden small-time executive who calls a phone-sex line.

Last laugh: Sandler's fan base doesn't follow where he leads, but critics recognize his work. Watch for Sandler's next drama, *Hoppy Gilmore on Heroin*.



Jerry Lewis *The Day the Clown Cried* (1972)

Game plan: After splitting with Dino, Lewis directs and stars in an epic about a clown in a concentration camp who is forced to lead happy tykes to the ovens.

Last laugh: Harry Shearer compares the never-released film to a "black velvet painting of Auschwitz." Wont to bet Lewis's French fans still love it? —STEPHEN REBELLO

because I travel so much.

PLAYBOY: Your own plane? That's a big comfort. How does that save stress?

CARREY: Not having to deal with the airports and the paparazzi, all that is involved with an airport. It's a worthwhile investment in my peace of mind. I'm all about keeping myself in a healthy place so that I can go the duration, man. I want to make it to 120 years old. I've got a date to run a 10k on the Great Wall of China when I'm 90.

PLAYBOY: Some people might say that this is just a fad—that during the next round of interviews for a movie you'll be pounding a Big Mac and supersizing.

CARREY: Or drunk at the Oscars, holding my genitals? I'd never say never, but if I was doing that at McDonald's, I'd just get back on my thing. I always have. Each time I go off and have one of those moments, it's a shorter span of time before I get back on my game. I don't promise anybody that I'm perfect. This is just my experiment.

PLAYBOY: Do your friends think, Gosh, Jim, you're not as much fun to hang with since you've turned into this Amish guy?

CARREY: I'm not as much fun for somebody who just wants to get wasted. I'm too confrontational to be around. But I don't judge people. You want to get wasted? I'll pass it to you. Here you go. You're your own judge. I don't want to judge anybody.

PLAYBOY: You came up alongside comics who became stars and were overcome by excess. After John Belushi became a movie star, people around him wouldn't let him have a bad moment even if it meant feeding him drugs.

CARREY: That's bullshit. It was his fault. John Belushi was a strong-willed motherfucker who'd kick your ass if you told him how to live. This is the mistake people make. Why couldn't someone talk to Elvis? Well, good luck. You were out the door if you did. It's this habit we have of shirking our responsibility to ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Many comics, such as Sam Kinison, seemed to work best when they were standing on the edge of a precipice.

CARREY: Sam was in total denial. He created a beast he couldn't get away from. I'm not saying that's ultimately what happened to him. But I know his struggle. He was always going back and forth. He'd come up to me and go, "Hey, Jim! We're drug-free Christians, man." We'd laugh because I was always trying to be straight and healthy. Then he'd go on *Howard Stern*, and Howard would say, "You know, you're not funny when you're not stoned." And he'd be right back doing it again. And this is the trouble—when you create the beast, you've got to be the beast, you know? I've got enough of a beast in me, man.

PLAYBOY: You are a perfectionist. Does this come at a high personal cost?

CARREY: Sometimes I hate it. Sometimes I don't want to do it. Especially things like

this. I twist for three days before I sit down and talk to somebody like you. How do I try to speak my truth in an interview like this, to describe this trip that I'm on, without coming off like a self-important asshole?

PLAYBOY: You just say what's on your mind and take your chances. People will respond, or they won't.

CARREY: I'm trying to make sure that I'm a lion who likes to act like a monkey and not a monkey who likes to act like a lion. Don't ask me to explain it.

PLAYBOY: You shaved your head for *Lemony Snicket*. Why not put on a skin wig?

CARREY: I don't mind being a bit of a freak while I'm doing a movie. It gives me an excuse. It keeps life interesting. It scares me a little bit sometimes, because it puts me in a certain place that bangs up against where I want to be in my life spiritually. When you try to live a good life, one of the things you don't concentrate on is "How will I be self-loathing today? How will I hate God's creation?"

PLAYBOY: Did taking on the roles of Andy Kaufman and his alter ego, Tony Clifton, take a toll?

"If Arnold Schwarzenegger mentions his frigging movies one more time in one of his speeches, I'm going to vomit. Dude, you're a politician now—speak about the issues."

CARREY: Oddly enough, that one energized me. I was so lost in that character that I wasn't myself. I looked at it like this: Let's not be an actor doing Andy Kaufman's life story. Let's be Andy Kaufman coming back from the dead to do his life story. When I came out of it, it was as if I'd had a vacation from being Jim Carrey. I didn't think as I think, I didn't act as I act, I didn't make choices as Jim Carrey. I had gone off the planet. It was probably how you feel when you die—you just go, "Ahhh, what a rest."

PLAYBOY: It's remarkable that you could lose yourself so completely.

CARREY: It was actually spooky at the end. I had to sit for about three weeks and ask, "What do I believe again?" I lost track of my own likes and dislikes. I do know that it's possible to program your brain. It really is. I've done it my whole life. Everything I have is because of a constant kind of brainwashing that I've done to myself.

PLAYBOY: You have been prescient. You wrote a postdated \$10 million check to yourself when you were poor, and when the date came up you had the money to cover it. You told yourself you were going

to be one of the five biggest actors in Hollywood, that every major director would someday want to work with you.

CARREY: *Is working with me.*

PLAYBOY: So you consider this approach to be pretty successful?

CARREY: The whole thing is all good brainwashing. Not "I'm going to do this," but rather "I *am* doing this." I've always said it in the present moment, as if it already exists. I may not be connected to it yet, but it exists. When people ask me about an Oscar, I try to be polite about it. But I've already won it. In my head I've won Best Actor.

PLAYBOY: For which role?

CARREY: I don't know what the role is. I want that to surprise me. I'm not being arrogant. I don't have some sense of entitlement. It's just that I've experienced it already. I just work this way.

PLAYBOY: Does that block out fear?

CARREY: It just seems to program the computer. If it's God's will as well, then it'll happen and connect with my thought. If it's not, it won't.

PLAYBOY: What goals are you programming now?

CARREY: I have four more things in my wallet right now.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

CARREY: I can't tell you.

PLAYBOY: Come on, give us one.

CARREY: No. That's between me and God.

PLAYBOY: Are they professional or personal?

CARREY: They're career things, they're life things, they're spiritual things—they're everything.

PLAYBOY: You're not gearing for a run for governor of California, are you?

CARREY: Let's hope not. No, everybody would be in a lot of trouble if I did. I may do it in the movies, just so I can say what I need to say.

PLAYBOY: You come from Canada but have talked about becoming a dual citizen so you can vote.

CARREY: I'm in the process.

PLAYBOY: Would you have voted for Arnold Schwarzenegger?

CARREY: I like Arnold. I have no idea how qualified he is. The whole power of celebrity in this country scares me, the idea that we trust this guy and feel we know him because he's in a movie. If he mentions his frigging movies one more time in one of his speeches, I'm going to vomit. Dude, you're a politician now—speak about the issues. There is something dark and evil going on in the Republican Party that's just too frightening to get into.

PLAYBOY: Care to elaborate?

CARREY: I love this country. I came here from Canada with huge dreams, and America gave me everything I ever imagined and more. But I think we're in a lot of trouble. There's a lot of stuff that's going to hurt us. We might wake up one day and go, "Wait, *we're* the bad guy?" We've got to be careful.

PLAYBOY: You mean the invasion of Iraq?
CARREY: I mean everything. Our business overseas. How we treat each other. Insensitivity to people, to other races and countries. God knows I feel for our soldiers. It breaks my heart that people are dying, and I appreciate that they protect us. But I wonder how far that \$87 billion might have gone in showing goodwill to the rest of the world had we taken it and said, "How can we help you?" We might have won the hearts and minds of the Arab people.

I just hope Bush and those behind him have their hearts in the right place. We're there now. We have to see it through. If their hearts aren't in the right place and this is about oil, there's no bunker thick enough or deep enough to get away from God's bunker buster. I also believe we should stop writing cute messages on bombs. It isn't funny—it's cruel, and it doesn't do the soldiers any good. If we're going to write anything on a bomb, it should be "God bless whoever this lands on and may God forgive us all, on both sides."

PLAYBOY: Let's change the subject. When you started out as a stand-up comic, what was your goal?

CARREY: When I started I wanted to please my mom and dad.

PLAYBOY: Yet you abruptly scrapped your mainstream act as an impressionist and replaced it with something much edgier

and more unpredictable.

CARREY: Oh, I'd have a war with the audience some nights. I'd go to war.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CARREY: I just felt like it was my mood at the time and it was dishonest to give them anything else. So I would go to the Comedy Store and pull the guns out and start firing.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a plan when you took the stage?

CARREY: Sometimes I had no plan at all. I went up six months in a row and told myself that I wouldn't repeat a word I'd said the night before. Every night was like death. I was bleeding with sweat before I'd go onstage, because I wouldn't allow myself to repeat a joke or a line. I went up there with nothing.

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction?

CARREY: The comics thought it was incredible. They were all lined up at the back of the room going, "Do you know what he's doing?" Kinison would say, "You're not going to save any of that shit, man? That was funny shit." And I'd go, "Nope. Not gonna do it." It was brutal, and two thirds of the time it was absolute shit. I got chairs thrown at me, and I got in fights.

PLAYBOY: You had the added pressure of supporting your parents and siblings. That must have been tough.

CARREY: Well, yeah. It was hard when I threw my impression act out completely.

PLAYBOY: Why do it then?

CARREY: Because when you juggle for five minutes, they call you a juggler. That's it. Now, since I've developed other things, I can bring an impression back—in *Bruce Almighty* I do Clint Eastwood. It's fun, but it's not who I am.

PLAYBOY: Who guided you when you made that transition?

CARREY: My dad was really instrumental in the creative decisions I made. He was a jazzman, an orchestra leader.

PLAYBOY: Your father was also an accountant who lost his job. Did that show you the downside of playing it safe?

CARREY: For him it was a combination of fear and responsibility. He was a very, very good man. But I used to think my dad was a coward.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CARREY: Because he was such a nice guy to everybody, and he got run over in life. He got fired when he was 50, and no one wanted him anymore. He was always the guy who would give you the shirt off his back, and I used to look at that and go, "That's not honest. It's not entirely honest to be the nice guy all the time."

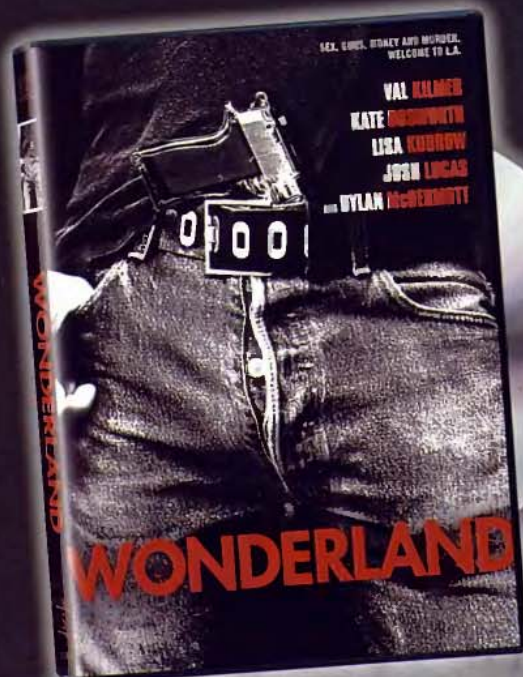
PLAYBOY: Did you ever say that to him?

CARREY: Not really, no. It was who he was. He loved people and showed me nothing but love, and I could never look at that in a bad way. But you learn from your parents. What I learned was not

(continued on page 152)

BRING HOME THE SHOCKING TRUE STORY.

On the afternoon of July 1, 1981, Los Angeles police responded to a distress call on Wonderland Avenue and discovered a grisly quadruple homicide. The police investigation that followed uncovered two versions of the events leading up to the brutal murders — both involving legendary porn actor John Holmes. You're about to experience both versions.



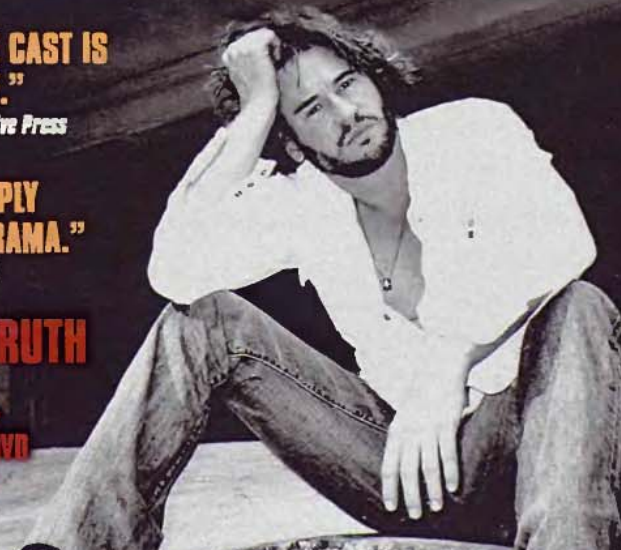
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The world's most famous bounty hunter on the trail
of America's most notorious fugitive: the exclusive
step-by-step account of a manhunt

a dog's tale



BY KENT BLACK

"¿Hay pistolas? ¿Tienen pistolas?"

Half a dozen screaming Mexican federal police swarm the dark blue Chevy Suburban, yanking open the doors and pointing assault rifles at the four men inside the vehicle. Safeties are off; fingers nervously graze the triggers.

"¡No pistolas! ¡No pistolas!" shouts a big, mean-looking gringo in the backseat. His hands are raised alongside his head, and some sort of badge hangs from a chain around his neck. Two soldiers quickly cover him.

"¡Ándale! ¡Rápido!"

Carefully the gringo swings his legs out of the car. He's wearing white snakeskin cowboy boots with silver tips, black jeans and a black leather vest. The soldiers take half a step back. *¿Quién es este rubio Rambo, este chingado vaquero?*

Duane Chapman, a.k.a. Dog the Bounty Hunter, is concerned about the assault rifles but not about the situation. Just a misunderstanding, he tells himself.

Still pointing their guns, the soldiers reach

in, grab a handful of Dog's vest and haul him out of the car.

"We're Americans," Dog pleads, his knees hitting the rocky ground, "and we've just captured—"

"Keep quiet!" shouts one of the soldiers in English. "Get down! This is no USA. This is no America, *pendejo! ¡Vamos, vamos!*"

Dog's crew is thrown to the ground around him. From the van that was following him the soldiers pull out his son Leland, 25, and a cameraman, Jeff Sells, 35. As they shackle Dog's hands behind his back, two more bodies hit the ground: Dog's longtime friends and colleagues Timothy Chapman (no relation), 38, and Boris Krutonog, 41. Dog can't see his prisoner. *God, he prays, don't let that piece of shit go free.*

A few minutes later the men are marched to the back of a pickup truck. A tall, goateed man, still wearing the handcuffs that Dog snapped onto his wrists, is also forced into the back of the truck. Leland scoots over and smiles wickedly at the guy. "Here,

motherfucker, sit next to me," he says with mock civility. "You're going to jail."

The main jail in the Pacific Coast resort city of Puerto Vallarta, Mexico is only a few blocks from where the Americans were arrested. As the pickup truck idles outside the old, nondescript building, a guard unlocks a large barred gate and swings it open. The truck drives through it and into the courtyard. To the left is a row of ground-floor prison cells. On the right is a receiving area filled with curious guards and police.

The prisoners' prisoner is taken out of the truck and shoved toward the receiving table. He and the officials speak in Spanish. The American squares his shoulders and stares down arrogantly at the seated official. "Me llamo Andrew Stuart Luster," he says at last.

The five men are escorted to their cell, a 12-by-15-foot concrete room. The walls are solid, though one small, barred window looks out on the street. Three cement bunks are built into the opposite wall, and in the corner a cracked cement toilet overflows with shit. As Tim scavenges an old paper bag and carefully tears it to spread over the pile of human excrement, Dog stands guard at the bars, a position he will rarely relinquish over the next several days.

Krutonog, a Russian-born character actor who has landed small roles in films such as *The Hunt for Red October* and *The Italian Job* and who acts as, in his own words, "Dog's consigliere to Hollywood," says that when they were first shoved into the cell, "we were all feeling



THE FAMILY: DOG, CENTER, WITH SON LELAND, RIGHT, AND COLLEAGUE TIM CHAPMAN.

a sense of jubilation. I saw Luster go into one of the cells, and as I looked at him I shivered. We had caught him, and now he was a man going into the darkest place imaginable."

Late in the afternoon the police escort Luster from the jail. As he passes Dog's cell, Luster suddenly leans over and spits. Dog cocks his head and avoids the assault. "I'll dance on your grave, motherfucker!" Luster says, sneering.

Hollywood's Favorite Bounty Hunter

Duane Chapman, 50, tells anyone who will listen that he is the world's greatest bounty hunter, with more than 6,000 "arrests" in his 25-year career. More than a few of the estimated 2,000 bounty hunters and bail-enforcement agents in the United States find this claim hard to

swallow. One California bail agent says flatly, "Chapman is a liar," though in the same breath he claims to have made more than 5,000 captures himself over a shorter period.

Bantering arrest figures may be typical bail-enforcement braggadocio, but Dog Chapman is undeniably the most famous bounty hunter in the world. No one comes close to his combination of street smarts, outlaw bravado and media savvy. Since the early 1990s Dog has been Hollywood's favorite bounty hunter, appearing regularly on the Discovery Channel, A&E, Court TV, Fox News, *At Large With Geraldo Rivera* and even *Hollywood Squares*. His media persona has, in fact, become so honed and buffed that one isn't quite sure if there is an off-camera.

It's as if the public character of Dog Chapman were created from action-film outtakes and *Geraldo* brawls, educated in WWE smackdown rhetoric, outfitted from the *Jerry Springer* wardrobe department and then set loose in the netherworld of reality TV.

While the image may be tightened and tailored, even exaggerated, for maximum effect, Dog Chapman is also the real thing—and the last of a breed that lives to hunt men. Dog himself is a creature of striking contrasts: A convicted murderer and a devout Christian, he is four times divorced and the father of 12. He is an ex-biker with 18 arrests for robbery who has shared the podium with General Norman Schwarzkopf at Tony Robbins seminars. He has used his face to stop more punches than an Everlast speed bag, yet he spends more time each day on his coiffure than most New York matrons. He is a conservative Republican law-and-order tough guy whose memories of his ill fortune, gifts from God, betrayals and triumphs—even the smell of a flower he once gave to his mother—can reduce him to an unashamed flood of tears.

Dog stands about five-foot-seven, and for much of his life he was a fast, wiry welterweight—until, he says, "I got older and the bad guys seemed to get bigger and tougher." His midlife muscle building has resulted in a boulder-solid upper body that tapers down to skinny calves and AA narrow feet. The heels on his boots and his big hair give him an



FRIES WITH THAT? CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: CHAPMAN APPREHENDS A SKIP AT MICKEY D'S; AT HIS OFFICE; BUSTED IN HAWAII.



additional three inches.

"There are two types of guys in the fugitive-recovery business," says Zeke Unger, an L.A.-based bounty hunter who has worked with Dog. "The new type of bail-enforcement agent is more like an insurance agent. The other kind is the old-school bounty hunter. These guys are street-smart. They know how criminals think, know where criminals go and then hunt them down. That's Dog. Is he one of the best in the world? The day he got Andrew Luster, he was the best."

The Fugitive Heir

On July 18, 2000, Ventura County sheriff's detectives pulled over a green Toyota 4Runner along the side of West Ocean Avenue in Mussel Shoals, California. The 36-year-old man driving looked a lot like the surfing, beach-loving locals: six-foot-four, with a deep tan and muscles turning to fat from years of heavy partying. Only a block from his home, he was puzzled when the deputies asked him to step out of the SUV and shocked when they placed him under arrest.

A day earlier a young woman had gone to investigators to report a sexual assault. She described how she and Andrew Luster had met at a bar in Santa Barbara and gone back to his beach house to continue drinking. She woke up



THE PRISONER: CHAPMAN ESCORTED TO AN ARRAIGNMENT IN PUERTO VALLARTA.

in the morning on Luster's couch. She knew she had been sexually assaulted but had no memory of it. In the following days she pieced together what she thought had happened: Luster had put GHB, the so-called date rape drug, in her drink.

Detectives weren't prepared for what they found in the man's bedroom: a collection of videotapes of Luster having sex with what appeared to be several unconscious women.

It would have been sensational news if it had been only the story of a lothario surfer who liked to film his rape victims. But Luster happened to be a great-grandson of the Hollywood cosmetics giant Max Factor. His personal net worth is estimated to be more than \$30 million.

The district attorney's office and Ventura detectives

were able to identify two more victims on the tapes, young women who agreed to testify against the millionaire rapist. Deputy district attorney Maeve Fox, who was co-counsel for the prosecution along with Anthony Wold, says, "It came down to those tapes. The girls in them are absolutely lifeless. And Luster moves them around like toys, arranging them and assaulting them."

Despite such damning evidence, Luster's legal team pulled some slick moves. Not only did they delay the trial for a year and a half, they also persuaded the judge merely to restrict Luster to house arrest, for which he was fitted with an electronic ankle bracelet. Judge Ken Riley even ruled that Luster could leave his house and travel freely during certain

FOUR DAYS IN A MEXICAN JAIL: DOG'S COMPENSATION? LUSTER GOT 124 YEARS.



BORN TO RUN: Four Who Skipped Before Justice Was Served

ALEX KELLY

CRIME: Rape
ON THE LAM: Eight years
BAIL: \$200,000 (paid by his parents, who used their home as collateral)

Arrested in 1986 for sexually assaulting two high school girls, this Connecticut rich kid disappeared two days before his court date of February 18, 1987. After a tour of Europe's top ski resorts and spas, he surrendered to Swiss authorities in January 1995. He is currently serving a 16-year sentence.

MARC RICH

CRIME: Tax evasion
ON THE LAM: 18 years
BAIL: None. When feds issued an arrest warrant, Rich was abroad and chose not to return.

A billionaire who made his money by moving vast quantities of oil and metals, Rich was indicted in September 1983 for failing to pay \$48 million in taxes. He holed up in Switzerland, where tax evasion is not an extraditable crime, and received a pardon from Bill Clinton on the president's final day in office.

IRA EINHORN

CRIME: Murder
ON THE LAM: 20 years
BAIL: \$40,000

A counterculture guru in 1970s Philadelphia, Einhorn was picked up in 1979 when cops found the mummified body of former girlfriend Holly Maddux in a steamer trunk in his apartment. After followers posted bail, Einhorn split for Europe. Discovered in France in 1997, he was extradited in 2001 and convicted of murder in 2002. He is now doing life in Pennsylvania.

ROBERT DURST

CRIME: Murder
ON THE LAM: Two months
BAIL: \$300,000

In October 2001 bizarre millionaire Durst (who also answers to "Dorothy") was arrested for the murder and dismemberment of his Galveston, Texas neighbor Morris Black. He posted bail and fled, only to be nabbed for shoplifting at a Pennsylvania supermarket. Durst copped to the killing but claimed self-defense. A jury found him not guilty.



hours to meet with his attorneys. Just before the trial was to begin, the insurance company that backed the bond Luster had posted went bankrupt, and he gave the court \$1 million in cash as a guarantee against his flight.

The trial began on December 16, 2002. The strategy of Luster's defense team—claiming that he was an aspiring porn-film producer—drew incredulous looks when it wasn't eliciting out-and-out laughter. When the trial halted for the holidays, prosecutors were confident. On the schedule for early January were selected film works of Andrew Stuart Luster.

Then, on January 3, 2003, Luster's ankle bracelet set off a signal that he had missed his eight P.M. curfew. Probation officers were alerted. The next day police searched Luster's home. Gone were the defendant and his Toyota 4Runner, his dog and his warm-weather clothes. A collection of pre-Columbian artifacts was also missing.

On January 6 Judge Riley declared Luster a fugitive and ordered the trial to continue. Two weeks later Andrew Luster was convicted in absentia of 86 criminal counts and sentenced to 124 years in prison.

Wouldn't It Be Great?

Three days after Luster's disappearance, Dog Chapman and Beth Smith, his com-

panion and business partner, boarded a plane in Honolulu and flew to Los Angeles. Smith, 35, and Chapman operate several bail bond companies in the islands, the principal one of which is Da Kine on Oahu. Smith also owns several bail bond companies in Denver. Between them they have 40 years of experience in the fugitive-retrieval business.

The plan was to spend several days in Hollywood. There were pitches to be made, and Krutonog had a new contact who wanted to meet them "and get something in development." Smith was paging through the *Los Angeles Times* en route when she saw an article about Andrew Luster's disappearance.

"Duane, wouldn't it be great if you got this guy?"

Dog dismissed it as an expensive long shot. They'd spent five years building up their bond businesses, and at his age Dog was getting tired of tackling huge, meth-crazed criminals in the street. Hollywood was knocking, and he wanted to tear the door off the hinges and let the party in.

Over the next several weeks, though, it seemed that half the entertainment industry *expected* him to track the Max Factor heir. On Court TV Catherine Crier asked him if he would take up the hunt. At a poker game hosted by writer-director Chris McQuarrie (*The Usual Suspects*), Dog says, the table was raucous in its encouragement. According to the bounty hunter, a couple of days later LL Cool J approached Dog in the Four Seasons Hotel workout room.

"Hey, you the bounty hunter, right?" asked the rapper.

"Yeah, I'm Dog, bruddah."

"Then why don't you go catch this Luster guy?"

In January and February Dog appeared on Court TV, Fox News and *At*

Large to discuss Luster's case and announced his intention to go after the fugitive. On Rita Cosby's Fox News program he vowed to bring in his man. Turning his game face and steely blues to the camera, Dog barked, "Run, Luster, run."

License to Rumble

Most of the civilized world, even the third world, looks on our institutions of bail bonding and bounty hunting as horrifying evidence that Americans haven't broken with their rip-roaring, gun-toting frontier past. We are, in fact, the only nation on earth that has a Supreme Court ruling (*Taylor v. Taintor*, 1872) that empowers a private citizen to kick in another person's door, put a gun to his head, haul him out the door, stuff him into a car trunk, drive him across state or international boundaries and then dump his ass at the appropriate cop shop for a reward.

The idea of posting a bond or a guarantee for someone the state has accused of a crime may go back as far as the golden age of Greece, when Plato tried to post bond for Socrates. In England during the Middle Ages, *(continued on page 118)*



CAPTURING A COUNTERFEITER IN HONOLULU IN 2002.



JUST A PUP: CHAPMAN (LEFT) WITH A BUDDY, IN 1970.

GOTCHA! FROM LEFT: ANDREW LUSTER, FUGITIVE HEIR OF THE MAX FACTOR COSMETICS FORTUNE AND A CONVICTED RAPIST, IS ARRESTED IN PUERTO VALLARTA ON JUNE 18, 2003; THE NEXT DAY LUSTER, IN CUFFS, IS LED OUT OF THE U.S. CUSTOMS BUILDING AT L.A. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT AFTER BEING DEPORTED FROM MEXICO.





"Good god, do they think I'm just part of the furniture?"



CYBER DREAMS

WITH GIRLS THIS GORGEOUS JUST A CLICK AWAY, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO LOOK NEXT DOOR

PLAYBOY brings you the hottest women in the world, month after month. But isn't it nice to know that while you're eagerly waiting for the next issue to arrive, Playboy.com's Cyber Club is there to pinch-hit with a new bare beauty every week? The weekly model voted most downloadable earns a Cyber Girl of the Month title, complete with a new pictorial and a video. The following dozen online darlings overheated your modems last year, so don't be surprised if a few future Playmates hop up from their ranks. Consider this an informal introduction.



Opposite page: Erin Nicole is an aspiring painter who brushed up the sidelines as a member of the Baltimore Ravens' cheerleading squad. She's also related to Don Knotts, though you wouldn't know it by looking at her. This page: In addition to the shell-studded band she wears here, Florida native Ania Zalewski (above) has a black belt in taekwon do. "I'm turned on by a guy sparring," she says. Mary Beth Decker (right) appeared in our October 2002 Girls of the Big 12 pictorial. The Texan bartender happily crosses a certain line. "The diagonal lines on a man that run from the waistline down in front are so sexy," she says. "It leads to the ultimate temptation."



Rebecca DiPietra (left) heated up our *Spring Break* pictorial in April 2001. "I try to live care-free rather than worrying life away," she says. Gabriella Brader (above) serves a mean cocktail at her bar in Florida but aspires to be an intelligence officer. Thailand-barn Karauna Kay Sivilyay (below) is a champion swimmer who now resides in San Diego. "My first name means 'passion' in the Thai language," she says—and we have no reason to doubt her.





Lisa Terisita (above) is a half-Filipina, half-Irish gal from Illinois who likes to heat up the dance floor. "I'm willing to do everything I can to accomplish my dreams," she says. Shamron Moore (below) confesses to being a bit of a voyeur. Her favorite movie is *American Beauty*. Heather McQuaid (right), who is blessedly uncovered here, reupholsters furniture in her own boutique. "I like a man who is good with his hands and will get a little dirty," she says.





Canadian cutie Erin Fiedler (above) likes "a sense of humor, tattoos, athletic guys and guys who know how to just kick back and relax. I love sarcastic humor that can compete with mine." Hold the jokes about her beloved cat, though—the funky feline has seven toes on each of its front paws. Tiffany Lang (below), a chemistry major from San Diego, has her eye on a medical career. She goes for guys who drive Cadillac Escalades because "they're sleek, big and have plenty of room in the back." The 20-year-old also shares helpful kitchen tips: "Never cook bacon naked," she says. Jessica Renee (right) is a 23-year-old Ohio native who describes herself in one word: tempting. "My devilish, seductive body with my innocent angel face is enough to tempt anyone," she says. No argument here.





YOU'LL FIND DOZENS MORE CYBER GIRL
PICTORIALS AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

THE WORST PART ABOUT DOING SOMETHING PERVERSE AND STUPID? GETTING CAUGHT

Gruts

nhale.

Take in as much air as you can.

This story should last about as long as you can hold your breath, and then just a little bit longer. So listen as fast as you can.

A friend of mine, when he was 13 years old he heard about “pegging.” This is when a guy gets banged up the butt with a dildo. Stimulate the prostate gland hard enough, and the rumor is you can have explosive hands-free orgasms. At that age, this friend’s a little sex maniac. He’s always jonesing for a better way to get his rocks off. He goes out to buy a carrot and some petroleum jelly. To conduct a little private research. Then he pictures how it’s going to look at the supermarket checkout counter, the lonely carrot and petroleum jelly rolling down the conveyer belt toward the grocery store cashier. All the shoppers waiting in line, watching. Everyone seeing the big evening he has planned.

So my friend, he buys milk and eggs and sugar and a carrot, all the ingredients for a carrot cake. And Vaseline.

Like he’s going home to stick a carrot cake up his butt.

At home, he whittles the carrot into a blunt tool. He slathers it with grease and grinds his ass down on it. Then, nothing. No orgasm. Nothing happens except it hurts.

> Fiction by **CHUCK PALAHNIUK**

Then, this kid, his mom yells it’s supper time. She says to come down, right now.

He works the carrot out and stashes the slippery, filthy thing in the dirty clothes under his bed.

After dinner, he goes to find the carrot, and it’s gone. All his dirty clothes, while he ate dinner, his mom grabbed them all to do laundry. No way could she not find the carrot, carefully shaped with a paring knife from her kitchen, still shiny with lube and stinky.

This friend of mine, he waits months under a black cloud, waiting for his folks to confront him. And they never do. Ever. Even now that he’s grown up, that invisible carrot hangs over every Christmas dinner, every birthday party. Every Easter egg hunt with his kids, his parents’ grandkids, that ghost carrot is hovering over all of them.

That something too awful to name.

People in France have a phrase: “staircase wit.” In French: *esprit de l’escalier*. It means that moment when you find the answer, but it’s too late. Say you’re at a party and someone insults you. You have to say something. So under pressure, with everybody watching, you say something lame. But the moment you leave the party....

As you start down the stairway, then—magic. You come up with the perfect thing you should’ve said. The



perfect crippling put-down.

That's the spirit of the stairway.

The trouble is, even the French don't have a phrase for the stupid things you actually do say under pressure. Those stupid, desperate things you actually think or do.

Some deeds are too low to even get a name. Too low to even get talked about.

Looking back, kid-psych experts, school counselors now say that most of the last peak in teen suicide was kids trying to choke while they beat off. Their folks would find them, a towel twisted around their kid's neck, the towel tied to the rod in their bedroom closet, the kid dead. Dead sperm everywhere. Of course the folks cleaned up. They put some pants on their kid. They made it look...better. Intentional at least. The regular kind of sad teen suicide.

Another friend of mine, a kid from school, his older brother in the Navy said how guys in the Middle East jack off different than we do here. This brother was stationed in some camel country where the public market sells what could be fancy letter openers. Each fancy tool is just a thin rod of polished brass or silver, maybe as long as your hand, with a big tip at one end, either a big metal ball or the kind of fancy carved handle you'd see on a sword. This Navy brother says how Arab guys get their dick hard and then insert this metal rod inside the whole length of their boner. They jack off with the rod inside, and it makes getting off so much better. More intense.

It's this big brother who travels around the world, sending back French phrases. Russian phrases. Helpful jack-off tips.

After this, the little brother, one day he doesn't show up at school. That night, he calls to ask if I'll pick up his homework for the next couple weeks. Because he's in the hospital.

He's got to share a room with old people getting their guts worked on. He says how they all have to share the same television. All he's got for privacy is a curtain. His folks don't come and visit. On the phone, he says how right now his folks could just kill his big brother in the Navy.

On the phone, the kid says how—the day before—he was just a little stoned. At home in his bedroom, he was flopped on the bed. He was lighting a candle and flipping through some old porno magazines, getting ready to beat off. This is after he's heard from his Navy brother. That helpful hint about how Arabs beat off. The kid looks around for something that might do the job. A ballpoint pen's too big. A pencil's too big and rough. But

dripped down the side of the candle, there's a thin, smooth ridge of wax that just might work. With just the tip of one finger, this kid snaps the long ridge of wax off the candle. He rolls it smooth between the palms of his hands. Long and smooth and thin.

Stoned and horny, he slips it down inside, deeper and deeper into the piss slit of his boner. With a good hank of the wax still poking out the top, he gets to work.

Even now, he says those Arab guys are pretty damn smart. They've totally reinvented jacking off. Flat on his back in bed, things are getting so good, this kid can't keep track of the wax. He's one good squeeze from shooting his wad when the wax isn't sticking out anymore.

The thin wax rod, it's slipped inside. All the way inside. So deep inside he can't even feel the lump of it inside his piss tube.

From downstairs, his mom shouts it's supper time. She says to come down, right now. This wax kid and the carrot kid are different people, but we all live pretty much the same life.

It's after dinner when the kid's guts start to hurt. It's wax, so he figured it would just melt inside him and he'd pee it out. Now his back hurts. His kidneys. He can't stand straight.

This kid talking on the phone from his hospital bed, in the background you can hear bells ding, people screaming. Game shows.

The X-rays show the truth, something long and thin, bent double inside his bladder. This long, thin V inside him, it's collecting all the minerals in his piss. It's getting bigger and rougher, coated with crystals of calcium, it's bumping around, ripping up the soft lining of his bladder, blocking his piss from getting out. His kidneys are backed up. What little that leaks out his dick is red with blood.

This kid and his folks, his whole family, them looking at the black X-ray with the doctor and the nurses standing there, the big V of wax glowing white for everybody to see, he has to tell the truth. The way Arabs get off. What his big brother wrote him from the Navy.

On the phone, right now, he starts to cry.

They paid for the bladder operation with his college fund. One stupid mistake, and now he'll never be a lawyer.

Sticking stuff inside yourself. Sticking yourself inside stuff. A candle in your dick or your head in a noose, we knew it was going to be big trouble.

What got me in trouble, I called it Pearl Diving. This meant whacking off underwater, sitting on the bottom at the deep end of my parents' swimming

pool. With one deep breath, I'd kick my way to the bottom and slip off my swim trunks. I'd sit down there for two, three, four minutes.

Just from jacking off, I had huge lung capacity. If I had the house to myself, I'd do this all afternoon. After I'd finally pump out my stuff, my sperm, it would hang there in big, fat, milky gobs.

After that was more diving, to catch it all. To collect it and wipe each handful in a towel. That's why it was called Pearl Diving. Even with chlorine, there was my sister to worry about. Or, Christ almighty, my mom.

That used to be my worst fear in the world: my teenage virgin sister, thinking she's just getting fat, then giving birth to a two-headed retard baby. Both heads looking just like me. Me, the father *and* the uncle.

In the end, it's never what you worry about that gets you.

The best part of Pearl Diving was the inlet port for the swimming pool filter and the circulation pump. The best part was getting naked and sitting on it.

As the French would say, Who doesn't like getting their butt sucked?

Still, one minute you're just a kid getting off, and the next minute you'll never be a lawyer.

One minute I'm settling on the pool bottom and the sky is wavy, light blue through eight feet of water above my head. The world is silent except for the heartbeat in my ears. My yellow-striped swim trunks are looped around my neck for safe keeping, just in case a friend, a neighbor, anybody shows up to ask why I skipped football practice. The steady suck of the pool inlet hole is lapping at me and I'm grinding my skinny white ass around on that feeling.

One minute I've got enough air and my dick's in my hand. My folks are gone at their work and my sister's got ballet. Nobody's supposed to be home for hours.

My hand brings me right to getting off, and I stop. I swim up to catch another big breath. I dive down and settle on the bottom.

I do this again and again.

This must be why girls want to sit on your face. The suction is like taking a dump that never ends. My dick hard and getting my butt eaten out, I do not need air. My heartbeat in my ears, I stay under until bright stars of light start worming around in my eyes. My legs straight out, the back of each knee rubbed raw against the concrete bottom. My toes are turning blue, my toes and fingers wrinkled from being so long in the water.

(continued on page 150)



"I thought I smelled popcorn!"

THE AGONY & ECSTASY OF ALEXANDER SHULGIN



BLOOD, SWEAT AND SEROTONIN: THE MASTER CHEMIST
OF THE PSYCHEDELIC MOVEMENT AND HIS 40-YEAR
BATTLE WITH THE GOVERNMENT

BY MARK BOAL

PROLOGUE: THE INVASION

Our story of the professor who gave the world ecstasy begins on the morning of June 2, 1994, in the hills above Berkeley, California, where Alexander Shulgin and his wife, Ann, were relaxing at home. At three minutes past nine, their tranquility was shattered by the roar of several police cars and a fire engine racing up their winding dirt driveway. Dozens of armed men and women jumped from the vehicles, their jackets marked SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, STATE NARCOTICS, DEA.

The officers proceeded to tear through the Shulgins' closets and drawers and then dug up the sump. Finally, in a backyard shed, behind a rusty padlock, they found what they were looking for: Inside the dim, musty interior they saw rows and rows of glass vials containing pristine white powders and faintly yellow liquids. It was a trove of illegal drugs—nearly all the psychedelics in the pharmacopoeia—more than enough to send the average dealer to prison on multiple life sentences.

But Dr. Shulgin was not arrested, nor was he charged with

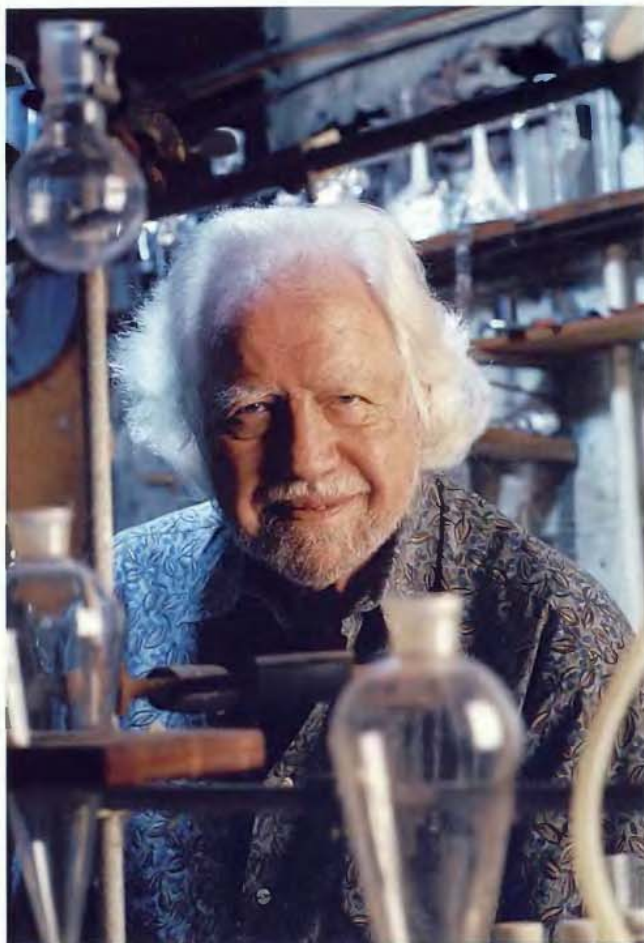
any crime. Instead, after an interrogation that lasted eight hours, one of the federal agents pulled from his jacket a worn copy of one of Shulgin's books and sheepishly asked for his autograph.

Shulgin signed it, "Sasha—good luck."

The invasion ended, Shulgin, the man who synthesized the compound known as MDMA and introduced it to a select group of medical professionals in the late 1970s, went back to work. "The government has what it wants," he told a conference of chemists soon after. "My laboratory will remain open."

Shulgin may be a stealth revolutionary, but he is not a raver (he hasn't, it is safe to say, had a pacifier in his mouth since infancy). Nor is he a hippie or a New Age guru. In fact, Shulgin is a brilliant academic with a fistful of patents and papers to his name, a former instructor at the University of California at Berkeley and a consultant for the National Institutes of Health, NASA and the Drug Enforcement Agency. He is a genial, cultured





Shulgin the master chemist in his lab, September 2003, left. In the 1970s he synthesized MDMA, making it available to therapists; it became known as the club drug ecstasy and was outlawed by the government in 1986.



grandfather who adores Mozart and psychedelics—and has devoted his life to proving that that's not as loopy as it sounds.

So talented a chemist is Shulgin, and so desperate was the government for his knowledge, that for 20 years he possessed a rare license to manufacture any illegal drug. But while working for the DEA and presenting himself as a friend of law enforcement, he quietly carried on a double life, leading a tiny underground movement that continued the radical psychedelic research of the 1960s. After nearly achieving the movement's goal of establishing MDMA as a psychotherapeutic medicine, Shulgin suffered a crushing defeat in the mid-1980s when MDMA, by then known as ecstasy, became an illegal street drug. His reputation destroyed, he was exiled to the margins of his field, where he labored on in private, inventing a dazzling variety of psychedelic drugs.

By now Shulgin has created more than 100 molecules that produce altered states of consciousness, new ways of thinking, feeling and seeing—making him a kind of Einstein of pharmacology, if not one of the most influential scientists of his time. But even today his work is virtually unknown outside a select West Coast circle. At the age of 78 Shulgin is a ghost to history, mentioned only in passing in a few articles and missing from the scholarly drug books, the result of a careful, lifelong avoidance of the mainstream press as well as a dose of government suppression. But in an era when psychopharmacology is reassessing its past and future, Shulgin's legacy is far from decided. In fact, his influence is growing.

THE TRUE BELIEVERS

There is no university lab, no corner office in a glass hospital tower. The world's leading psychedelic chemist lives on a tumbledown property in the hills of Contra Costa County, in a ranch house sewn together from a patchwork of materials and sinking into the sandy soil. Nearby, a rickety red barn collapses

in on itself by a pile of bricks and a sun-bleached pickup. The air is dry and hot, but the plantings that border the house bloom in intense, vivid reds and lush, bursting greens. Mount Diablo, brown under a cloudless sky, rises in the distance.

Shulgin is a mammoth old man, standing six-foot-four. Dressed in a faded Hawaiian shirt, khaki shorts and sandals, with a gray beard coiled around a broad jaw and silken white hair shooting off his head in every direction, he looks like a hippie Santa Claus. His blue-green eyes appear youthful; they shine with pleasure at our meeting on this Fourth of July, 2003. Grasping my outstretched hand in both of his, he greets me warmly with a broad smile. "Welcome, friend," he says.

Shulgin has thrown together a barbecue on the crumbling stone patio behind the house, and he introduces me to his friends, who are clustered in groups under a stand of trees and a patio umbrella, away from the brutal sun. He finds Ann, who is short, plump, gray-haired, obviously once gorgeous, draped in beads and Indian cloth, holding a pack of Capri Slims. She hugs me with motherly tenderness. Then Shulgin bends down to whisper in her ear, and she bursts out laughing like a little girl.

"Oh my, Sasha, you'd better not."

Twenty-four years ago on this day and on this very spot, he married her while his best friend, a high-ranking DEA official in charge of the agency's West Coast laboratories, served as minister. Ann and Sasha have one of the most unusual marriages on record, a union devoted to sex, drugs and the pursuit of advanced neurochemistry, which they've chronicled in two strange and enchanting books, *PIHKAL: A Chemical Love Story* and *TIHKAL: The Continuation*. (The titles are acronyms: "Phenethylamines I Have Known and Loved" and "Tryptamines I Have Known and Loved.") These volumes not only contain the tales of two lifetimes' worth of psychedelic experiences but also include the recipes so that any good chemist can make Shulgin's drugs. On their kitchen table the Shulgins

keep an index card inscribed with a quip from their old colleague Timothy Leary: "Psychedelic drugs inspire fear and panic in people who have never tried them."

Today's party is a typical Shulgin Fourth of July barbecue, the kind he has been throwing for decades. Freshly slaughtered lamb is being grilled over coals, and a handpicked dandelion-and-boysenberry salad is on the table. His guests are the usual crowd of Marin County progressives, upper-middle-class folkies with trimmed beards and Gore-Tex hiking shoes. They drive

Subaru station wagons and eat organic food. Yet they are also fellow travelers in Shulgin's psychedelic revolution. That gentleman over there, flying high on peyote tea, his pupils reduced to pins, says he once supplied most of the West Coast's LSD. That bearded businessman covertly finances California's marijuana-buying clubs. The medical executive in shorts and a T-shirt has smuggled precursor chemicals for Shulgin. The state legislator, his face shaded by a broad-brimmed bush hat, has fought to keep Shulgin free.

"Sasha and Ann became the core around which the psychedelic community really cohered," says Rick Doblin, who has a doctorate from Harvard and is

the head of the Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies, a leading ecstasy advocacy group. "The Shulgins created the context for this whole community of people who really felt under attack in the wider culture."

This elite community includes chairs of university departments, leading research scientists, an anthropologist, writers, M.D.'s, a research chemist and a wealthy entrepreneur. The most trusted among them are also members of Shulgin's "research group," a dozen or so volunteers who have met regularly for the past 30 years to be the first to road test hundreds of Shulgin's potent new drugs. Whenever he emerged from the lab clutching a promising variation of mescaline or LSD, Shulgin would gather the group and explain the basic chemistry and effects of his new molecule (for example, short, mild and emotional); then everyone would drink it down with a glass of juice and a notebook on hand to record the results while relaxing in some forest cabin, with a fire in the hearth and Bach on the five-channel home theater system.

These were effectively the drugs' first human trials, conducted outside the system of big science, without the red tape of a protocol from the Food and Drug Administration. Self-testing gave Shulgin the freedom to work without restriction but at some cost to himself. Over the years he has become violently ill, blacked out, lain shaking on the floor and felt his limbs freeze and his bones disintegrate. Still, he believes he is under an ethical imperative to sample his drugs before he gives them to anyone else—human or animal.

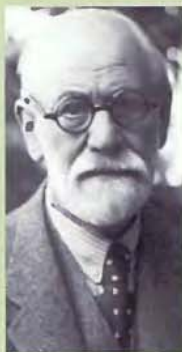
He invents new combinations routinely and names them as if they were children. Each inspires high hopes at birth, and though some have gone on to fulfill his dreams, several notable ones—such as ecstasy, STP, 2CT7, 2CB and foxy methoxy—have slipped from his grasp and out to the street, where they've thrived as party drugs. Shulgin has many other babies with startling effects, which remain known only to connoisseurs. Their ultimate fate—as outlawed party favors or the radiant



"SASHA AND ANN [ABOVE, IN 1980] BECAME THE CORE OF THE PSYCHEDELIC COMMUNITY," SAYS RICK DOBLIN, A HARVARD-TRAINED RESEARCHER.

DRUG PIONEERS

FOUR MEN, FOUR SUBSTANCES, ONE OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO TURN ON THE WORLD



SIGMUND FREUD (1856–1939)

DRUG: Cocaine

HIGH POINT: Later celebrated for inventing psychoanalysis and describing the Oedipus complex, Freud actually gets his break with the publication of a journal piece, "On Cocaine," that advocates the drug's use as an antidepressant and suggests it might be useful as an aphrodisiac and a treatment for asthma.

COMEDOWN: Freud offers cocaine to a friend dying of morphine withdrawal, hoping it will numb the pain. It doesn't, and the friend dies slowly, with a new addiction.



R. GORDON WASSON (1898–1986)

DRUG: Psychedelic mushrooms

HIGH POINT: Wasson becomes the first white man known to experiment with mushrooms when he and a friend travel to a remote Mexican village in 1955 and hook up with shaman Maria Sabina. Wasson documents the experience in an article for *Life* magazine, with the stipulation that editors not change a word of his text.

COMEDOWN: The editors do write the title—"Seeking the Magic Mushroom"—and in so doing coin a phrase. To Wasson's chagrin, hippies and rock stars subsequently descend on Sabina's village to seek mushrooms for recreational use.



ALDOUS HUXLEY (1894–1963)

DRUG: Mescaline

HIGH POINT: After enjoying success with *Brave New World* (1932) and other novels, Huxley writes two books about his use of hallucinogens, *The Doors of Perception* (1954) and *Heaven and Hell* (1956). After reading the former, Jim Morrison decides to name his band the Doors.

COMEDOWN: The morning of his death, November 22, 1963 (remembered by most people as the day Kennedy is assassinated), his wife injects the cancer-stricken Huxley with 100 micrograms of LSD.



TIMOTHY LEARY (1920–1996)

DRUG: LSD

HIGH POINT: After his experiments with hallucinogens scuttle Leary's job as a Harvard professor, a benefactor sets him up in a mansion in Millbrook, New York. From there he publicly espouses the use of LSD by the masses as a cure for all modern ills. Richard Nixon calls him the "most dangerous man in America."

COMEDOWN: A 1970 pot bust derails his California gubernatorial campaign, but 18 months into his prison sentence Leary makes a daring escape. He surfaces in Algeria, then Switzerland, then Afghanistan, where feds nab him in 1973. After three years in California prisons, he walks in exchange for rattling on radicals who had helped him break out of jail. His son and his friends denounce him.



Shulgin at 30, when he worked for Dow (inset); in the U.S. Navy in 1943.

centers of a new age—lies beyond the master chemist's reach.

For now it is easy to see that the party guests revere the man they call Sasha as they take turns approaching him for an audience. (He responds with deft one-liners: "I think you mean the methylated tryptamine"; "Oscar Wilde once said...") Some of them are not afraid to share their respect with a reporter, like the man I meet by the buffet, a slim, bearded 50-something anesthesiologist in a black T-shirt. "I have so many questions for Sasha," he says, between forkfuls of salad. "This year I wrote them all down."

A few minutes later another bourgeois bohemian, wearing a faded tie-dyed shirt and a Breitling watch, asks for permission to videotape Shulgin working in the lab: "It would be so great just to get a few minutes, you know, of you working, because it's so incredible what you do." Shulgin nods. "Oh, yes," he says, "wonderful things happen in there." Then he touches the man fondly on the shoulder and waltzes away.

THE ART OF CHEMISTRY

Psychedelics are the most pharmacologically complex compounds known, and in the 20th century the labs that have

turned out new versions of them are few. They include the Sandoz Pharmaceutical laboratory in Vienna (LSD) and the lab in Alexander Shulgin's home. Shulgin has been working from home since 1967, when he walked away from corporate America after quitting a lucrative job at Dow Chemical to begin practicing his brand of alchemy. After nearly 40 years of combining his life with his chemistry, it is hard to tell where Shulgin's home ends and his lab begins.

The dining room is a nook stuffed with photographs of the Shulgins with counterculture icons, along with psychedelic knickknacks such as a ceramic toadstool and drug posters from Amsterdam. This is where Shulgin brainstorms new molecular structures on a yellow legal pad, usually after a bottle or more of a syrah crafted to his taste by a true believer who owns a boutique winery (the bottle is labeled SHULGIN: WILD AND SASSY). Then Shulgin will take a few steps, duck his enormous head under the door frame and enter a book-lined study to check his chemistry reference texts. If all goes well there, he heads outside and down a winding dirt path, overgrown with psychoactive plants and vines, that leads to the backyard shed, the "wet lab," where he can lose himself for hours and where the real work gets done.

It is a dark, loamy place, one step removed from a state of nature, with a dirt floor strewn with leaves. Ropy cobwebs hang from the ceiling to the floor (Shulgin believes it is immoral to kill spiders). The thick wooden tables, grooved and burned by acids, hold a few feet of plastic tubing, some vials and a Bunsen burner. Shulgin closes the door and sinks down onto a stool. "This is all I need," he says expansively, gesturing to the low-tech equipment. "Everything I need."

He slides open a drawer full of shiny glass beakers and then runs his fingers lightly across them, as if he were touching a collection of the finest sterling silver. In a light, airy tone he explains that he has recently been working on cactus compounds, which he extracts by cutting the thorns with a nail clipper and pulping the plant in a blender.

He talks about his process. He orders pure serotonin, the chemical that many antidepressants boost to improve mood, from a chemistry supplier in Japan for about \$8 a gram. Speaking as if we were ensconced (continued on page 88)

FEDS AND HEADS

A LEGAL HISTORY OF FOUR COMMON SUBSTANCES



ECSTASY (MDMA)

CREATION: First synthesized by a German chemical company in 1912, it was intended as a diet pill. During the 1970s Shulgin leads the way in rediscovering the drug and experimenting with it as a psychiatric tool. MDMA finds advocates in the psychotherapy community, but its medical use is eclipsed by club use.

CRIMINALIZATION: MDMA enters the popular consciousness not through hospitals but through dance clubs, and in 1986—after

becoming ubiquitous in clubland—ecstasy is banned when the Controlled Substances Act rules it a Schedule I drug.



HEROIN

CREATION: Derived from morphine, heroin is invented in 1874 by chemist C.R. Alder Wright at St. Mary's Hospital in London. In 1897 the Bayer pharmaceutical company begins to mass-produce it as a treatment for respiratory ailments, for which it is widely used in the U.S. during the early 20th century.

CRIMINALIZATION: Pharmacists note addictive qualities similar to those of morphine. In 1914 the Harrison Narcotics Act deems heroin a controlled substance and imposes a tax on it. Ten years later the Heroin Act passes, making the drug illegal to possess or manufacture.



GHB (GAMMA HYDROXYBUTYRATE)

CREATION: GHB, which is produced naturally in the human body, is synthesized in the 1920s. By the late 1950s French doctors are employing it as an anesthetic. In the 1980s bodybuilders turn to it to promote weight loss and muscle growth simultaneously.

CRIMINALIZATION: Users find that it induces hallucinations and sleeplike symptoms. The FDA bans GHB in 1990, saying it can cause

death when mixed with alcohol. Still used by European doctors, it's made a Schedule I controlled substance here in March 2000.



LSD (LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE)

CREATION: Commonly known as acid, the drug is first synthesized in 1938 by Albert Hofmann while he's working for Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Switzerland. On April 16, 1943 Hofmann inadvertently doses himself and reports "an interrupted stream of fantastic pictures."

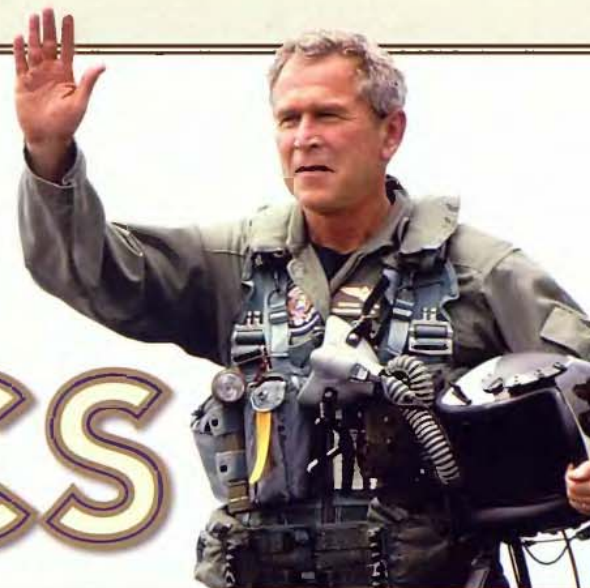
CRIMINALIZATION: Dr. Max Rinkel introduces LSD to the U.S. in 1949; Congress limits LSD research in 1962. In 1970 the Comprehensive

Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act and the subsequent Controlled Substance Act put the drug on Schedule I, making it illegal.



"This lingerie is a gift from my boyfriend for his birthday."

LAST-DITCH STUNT POLITICS



THE ONLY THING TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF...
AND UTTER, EVERLASTING HUMILIATION.
A LOOK AT THE 2004 CAMPAIGN PHOTO OP

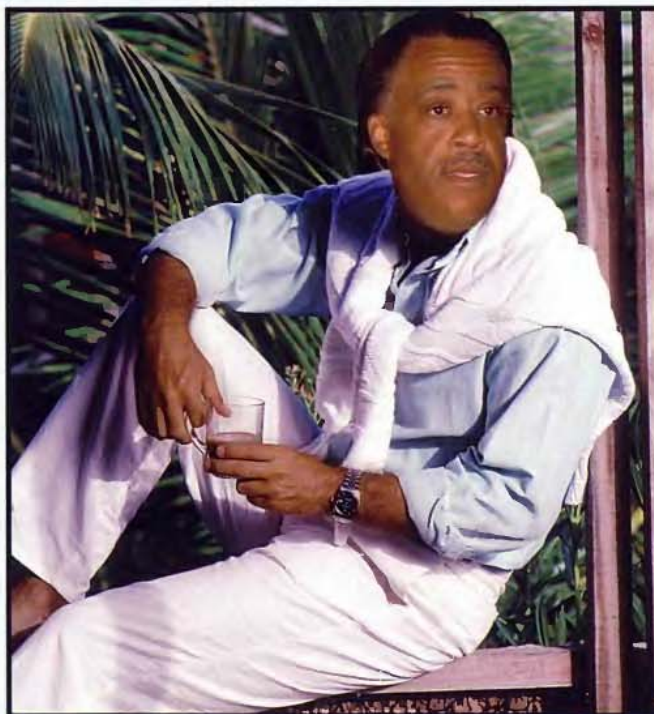


As you read this, the Democratic presidential hopefuls are in the thick of primary madness, with the front-runners trying to seal the deal and the rest of the field desperately trying to get noticed. What do candidates do when they're desperate? They stage photo ops—the political equivalent of the Hail Mary pass. The more attention-grabbing, the better. This time around, thanks to President Bush's "mission accomplished" bit aboard an aircraft carrier last May, the "Hey, look at me!" bar has been raised to a whole new level. So don't be surprised to see the following image makeovers played out on a front page near you.



THE KISS

Hoping to garner half the attention that Britney Spears and Madonna got for their tongue swap at last year's MTV Video Music Awards ceremony, Dick Gephardt and Joe Lieberman dress down and suck face at an Iowa event. "It was, like, so hot," Gephardt tells reporters afterward, "like foreplay for when I lick Bush in November."



THE RACE IS ON

"White America has it all wrong about me!" the Reverend Al Sharpton declares at a news conference in New Hampshire, where 96 percent of the population is Caucasian. "I understand the plight of the white man! Should I invest in stocks or bonds? Shop at L.L. Bean or J. Crew? The Audi or the Volvo? God bless America!"



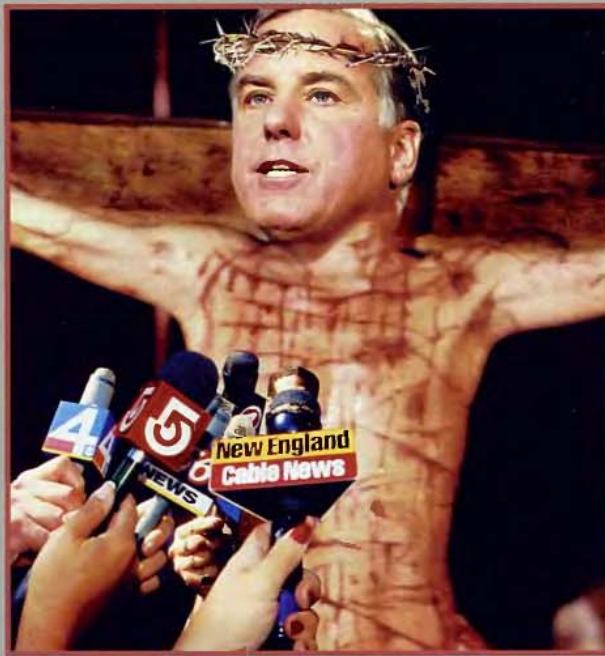
MUFFINS ACCOMPLISHED!

John Kerry takes on domestic policy by achieving the impossible: baking low-fat muffins that don't taste like they're low-fat at all! "I picked up the recipe in Vietnam," the war hero tells Regis Philbin. "Top secret stuff."



VOTE FOR AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL!

General Wesley Clark woos the female and gay-male vote. "I am the sexiest candidate," he declares on CNN. "Look at these pecs! Do Dean's pecs compare? Kucinich's? [laughs] Forget it."



"I AM THIS PARTY'S SAVIOR!"

Vowing to die for the Democratic Party's sins, Dr. Howard Dean crucifies himself and promises to rise from the grave in three days, just in time for the Iowa caucuses. "This really hurts!" Dean tells the media, as Republican protesters hurl after-shave lotion at him. "I mean, Jesus!"

Idiot Boxing

What won't the candidates do to get attention?

6 PM **MSNBC** **Hardball**

Topic: "Democratic Hopefuls With No Discernible Identity." Host Chris Matthews repeatedly yells "Who are you?" at Dick Gephardt and John Edwards. Gephardt makes hand gestures without saying anything; Edwards crosses his legs, then uncrosses them.

7 PM **Spike** **Blind Date**

Reverend Al Sharpton is set up with Carol Moseley Braun. Filthy good fun.

PAID PROGRAMMING

Love Doctor

Howard Dean hosts a 30-minute infomercial on his new brand of Vermont-made organic condoms. The clever marketing slogan: "You put them on your penis!" (CC)



7 PM **ABC**

CNN **Crossfire**

Tucker Carlson and that other guy debate Dennis Kucinich on the proper pronunciation of his name, eventually persuading him just to go with "Kucinator."

8 PM **NBC** **Friends**

Monica and Rachel bicker over handbags as Ross looks on. Special cameo: General Wesley Clark resolves the conflict without the use of ground troops.

FOX **Reality Frogger**

Missouri congressman Dick Gephardt hosts this latest reality endeavor, in which regular citizens try to hop on all fours across America's busiest highways. Bloody, shocking, hilarious. (CC)

Lifetime **Film: The Burning Vote**

Single mom Valerie Bertinelli becomes involved with a dashing, caring candidate who seems to have all the answers. But is he hiding a dark secret he'll do anything to protect? Co-starring Howard Dean, with Nia Vardalos as the suspicious, chubby friend.

9 PM **MTV** **Cribs**

A glimpse into the homes of today's hip, rich and elite. Tobey Maguire's Aspen aerie, Mya's downtown pad, Joe and Hadassah Lieberman's "fortress of schtuppitude."

10 PM **FOX** **St. Patrick's Day at John Kerry's House**

The candidate who grew up Irish but later learned he was Jewish becomes Irish once again for this special holiday event. Senator Ted Kennedy makes eight toasts.

11 PM **NBC** **The Tonight Show With Jay Leno**

John Kerry, dressed in leather, rides a Harley onstage, utterly humiliating himself. Also, Joe Lieberman sits in with the band on bass. (repeat)

SEASON FINALE

Threat Matrix

A deadly toxin contaminates the capital's water supply as two nukes explode inside the White House, wounding a mysteriously handsome assassin (Dennis Kucinich) who's trying to kill an intern, whose limbs fall off when he catches a strange virus. Whew.



8 PM **ABC**

SHULGIN *(continued from page 84)*

"If you move one carbon atom on amphetamine, you can change it from a stimulant to a psychedelic."

in a university lecture hall and not in a dank, cavelike shed, Shulgin explains that after honing the serotonin into a precursor to a psychedelic, he drives to a supply house where he loads 50 pounds of dry ice into the trunk of his Geo. Then he works for weeks, freezing and boiling the molecule, adding acids and bases and then applying a myriad of intricate techniques until he finally brings the atoms to life.

On most days Shulgin communes with his reagents and test tubes while the radio plays loudly. Like a jazz musician, he prizes spontaneity; in fact, his willingness to embrace the unexpected is undoubtedly the reason he has been so prolific. "I wonder what will happen if I put a thingamajig on this, take the doohickey down from there," he says, pointing in the air, "and stick it here and make the molecule just a teensy bit heavier and larger. How will it fit in the receptor? Will it be too big? You don't know."

Shulgin's sentences move in unpredictable directions; you just try to follow the flight path and wait for one to land. "Chemistry is an art form," he continues, his tone growing urgent and excited. "It has nothing to do with split atoms and molecules and mathematics and kinetics and all that nonsense. It's an art form. It's like writing a piece of music. It is pure imagination."

When Shulgin is alone in his lab, immersed in the rhythms of his work, his imagination always returns to the same mystery. It is the great unknown of biochemistry: the relationship between the shape and weight of a molecule and its effect on the mind, the so-called structure-activity relationship. "I was always interested in how, if you move one carbon atom, for example, on amphetamine, you can change it from being a strong stimulant to a psychedelic," he says. "How is it that the difference of one atom produces such a dramatically different result in the human? The answer is, nobody knows." If the atoms are tweaked again, the psychedelic can go from being a sparkling hallucinogen to a terrifying mindblower.

At the moment, Shulgin is working on a new psychedelic inspired by a compound he found in a cactus. He had seen a peculiar molecular structure in the cactus's juice and had the idea to replicate the pattern and glue it onto an existing tryptamine (a class of

molecules that includes many psychedelics and melatonin), thus combining a natural molecule with a synthetic one. Shulgin believes the result will be a dazzling new compound.

"Nature didn't know how to make it," he says, smiling, "but I do."

Like many members of the movement, Shulgin believes the psychedelic class of molecules holds promise as "insight" medicines that can catalyze the process of psychotherapy. On a neurochemical level, psychedelics release the same mood modifiers—such as serotonin, dopamine and norepinephrine—as many antidepressants. But in ways that are still not fully understood, they also evoke a response that is far more complex than that elicited by Prozac or Wellbutrin. They stimulate areas of the brain associated with ego modulation, spiritual experiences and detecting novelty, as well as hearing, smell and sight. At lower doses, one's self-identity is retained, allowing for fresh, nonlinear thinking to trigger possibly important insights of self and of forgotten memories—or so the theory goes.

The American medical-pharmaceutical complex has embraced neither this idea nor Shulgin (in Europe his work has somewhat wider recognition). A few years ago, on an invitation from Dr. John Halpern, an associate director of Harvard's Biological Psychiatry Laboratory and one of a handful of doctors who believe that psychedelic medicine has a promising future, Shulgin gave a lecture to the psychiatry faculty. "It was a disaster," Halpern recalls. "He told this droll story about some doctor he gave psychedelics to, and you saw the residents in the audience turn white. But the older doctors in the front row, the dinosaurs of psychiatry who remember the 1950s, they were on the edge of their seats, lapping it up."

Almost as fast as he can create them, Shulgin's inventions have been declared illegal in America and around the world. Still, he takes the long view of history and believes that, in the end, the plasticity and variety of psychedelics will spark a new science of the mind. "I don't think it will be from one of the current drugs," he says. "Twenty, 50 years from now some kid will look at all of them and see an interesting thread in the pattern, and something will come from that. It's like the invention of the wheel; you need the wheels and the axle to make a horse and

buggy, and then down the line someone makes a sports car."

"The idea of developing Sasha's stuff into medicines is a daunting task," says Dr. Halpern. "It would take years and about a hundred million dollars to do the clinical studies on just one of his drugs, and he has hundreds of them. We don't even have all the answers for LSD, let alone his stuff. So I think it will be decades before his work is really even looked at, maybe longer."

The tour is over. There is nothing left to show me, because Shulgin will not work in the company of people he does not know. He doesn't even want a staff. "If I had junior chemists, it would be nice if they washed the dishes for me," he says, "but they'd really just be a kind of distraction."

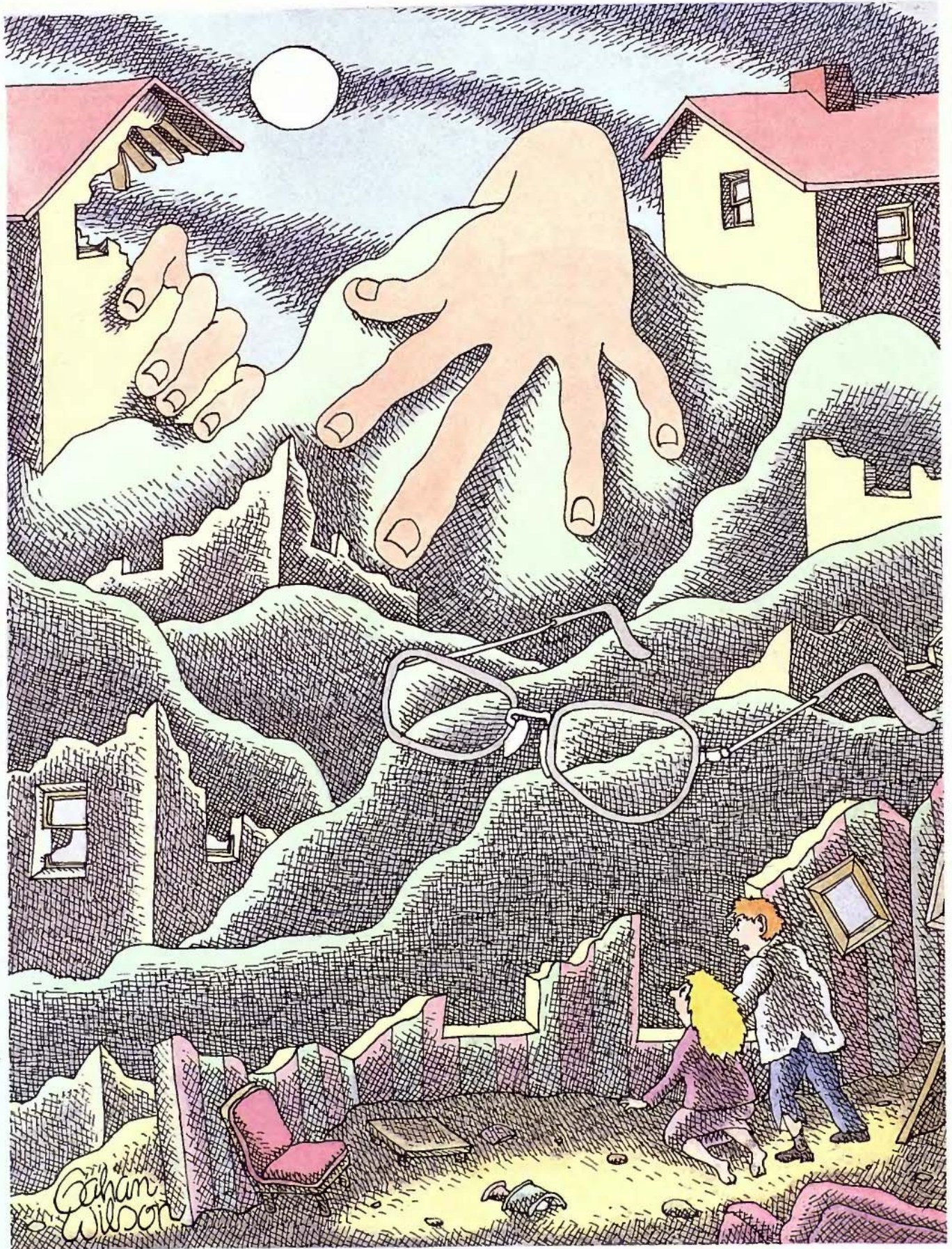
He opens the door and ushers me out into the sunlight with a ceremonious wave of his hand. Then he bolts the lock and charges with long strides down the overgrown path, leaving me to follow behind. I think I am beginning to get a feel for when he's interested in talking, but as we near the house he looks back over his shoulder and quietly says, "It's a little bit sad, because I am not permitted to keep mementos of the things I make that become illegal." Then we're inside, and lunch is served.

ALL THE DARK PLACES

Euphoria did not come naturally to Sasha Shulgin. Born in 1925 in Berkeley, he grew up in a somber household ruled by his father, Theodore, a Russian immigrant, and managed by his Midwestern mother, Henrietta, both of whom were high school teachers and strict disciplinarians. The Shulgins slept in separate bedrooms and would never hug or kiss in public. They forbade Sasha to visit girls; instead they taught him grim lessons in reality. Theodore Shulgin once left the carcass of the family dog to rot on the front porch so Sasha could observe the flesh as it slowly decayed and fell from the bone.

Shulgin took refuge in the basement. He would disappear down there for hours, thrilling to the dimness and the cobwebs, and go through all the fantastic junk that adults ignored. After exploring the sublevel in his own house, he proceeded to knock on neighbors' doors and ask to see their cellars, and then he branched out to tunnels and underground lairs of all kinds, becoming, he says, a "lover of dark places"—a lonely, introverted boy, wildly intelligent, searching for unbreakable solitude. "A psychologist with nothing better to do," he writes jauntily in *PIHKAL*, "could have a bit

(continued on page 156)



"If he finds his glasses, we're dead!"

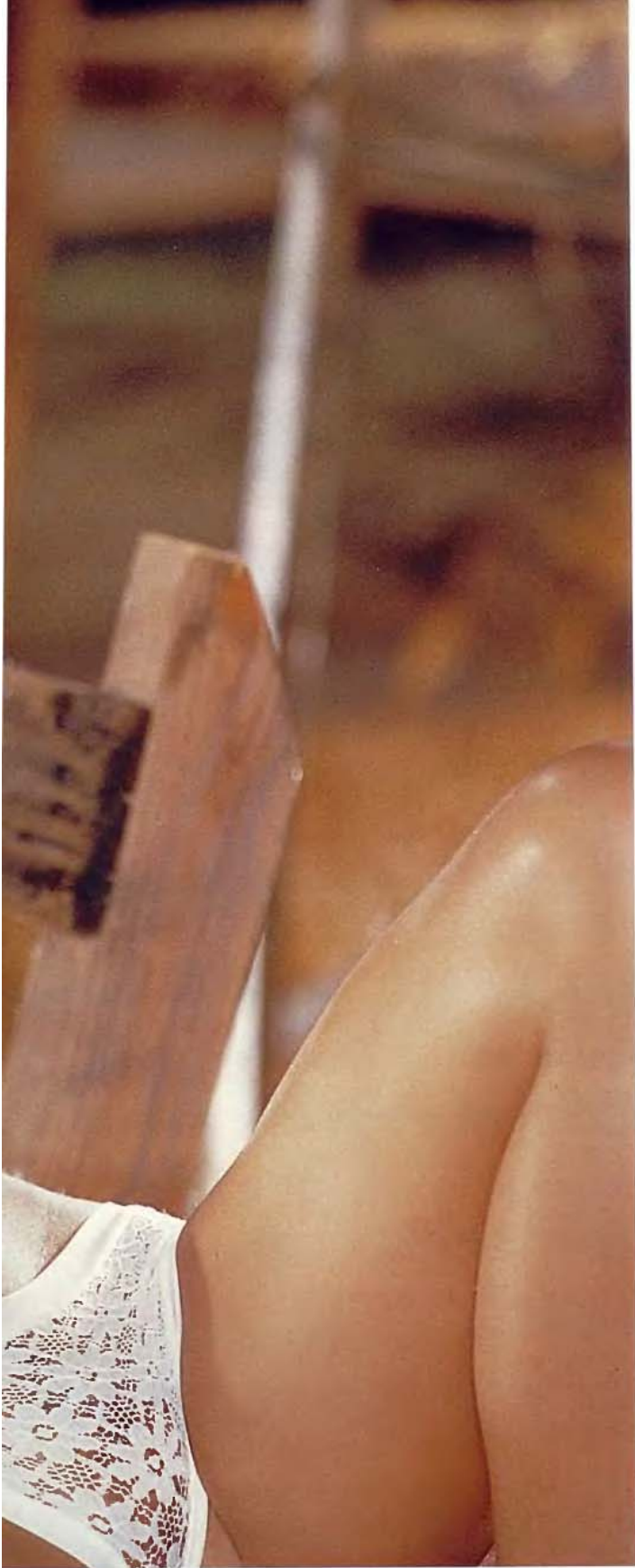


Sandra Hubby may be the only woman we know who is equally comfortable riding a jet to a modeling assignment in a far-flung locale and riding a tractor back on the farm. "I learned how to drive a tractor when I was 15," says the 25-year-old Ohio native. "My friends and I were always outside playing in the woods, building forts and that sort of thing. Now I live on a 100-acre farm without a neighbor in sight, so this summer I was driving around the whole spread, cutting hay."

Although Miss March says she started daydreaming about being a model at the age of nine, she wasn't exactly the type to priss and preen. "Growing up I never cared about looking perfect every day," she says. "I would rather wear jeans and hang out with the guys." After high school Sandra even planned to become a Marine but did a career 180 just before she had to take her final oath and ship out. "I wanted to do stuff they wouldn't let a female do, like drive a tank," she says. "I was hoping

HUBBA HUBBY

Miss March gets down on the farm



to become a helicopter crew chief, but in my heart I really wanted to model and maybe act." The Corps' loss was our gain. Sandra has since earned her showbiz stripes working for Hawaiian Tropic and appearing in the Meg Ryan movie *Against the Ropes*. Still, she never strays far from the country for too long. "I grew up raising and training horses, and there are about 80 on my farm now," she says. "My horse, Angus, is there and we've



bonded. He's a good boy—I treat him as if he were my kid.”

While Sandra tries to figure out how to wed an entertainment career with a country lifestyle, she's putting plans for a real marriage on hold. “I'm not ready and don't know if I'll ever be,” she says. “He would have to be an outdoors person, a man with a plan. I like a guy who looks good dressed down and yet can look handsome in a suit. I'm part Cherokee Indian and part Scottish, and I have a fantasy about getting married in a Scottish castle and living happily ever after. I wouldn't want to support a husband financially, because I think you should be able to take care of yourself. But if a guy wants to come and sweep *me* off my feet, sure. Why not?”









Sandra plans on backing up her showbiz dreams by studying to be a legal assistant. While corporate by day is okay, she says she doesn't want to live in a concrete jungle. "Always worrying about business is not healthy," she says. "I couldn't be happy with a man who was all about work and never left the city. It's too much stress, and you need to have a place to go where you can take your mind off things."





MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Sandra Hubby

BUST: 34C WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 103

BIRTH DATE: 11-23-78 BIRTHPLACE: Norton, OHIO

AMBITIONS: Model for a few years. Start school to be a paralegal. Finish training my horse.

TURN-ONS: A great massage. Beautiful eyes and a great sense of humor!

TURNOFFS: Lying, cheating! A hairy back and an ugly butt!

ALL ABOUT MY FAMILY: My mom's name is Cathy. My father's name is Sam. I also have two older sisters and a younger brother. I have family in Scotland and an uncle who lives in London.

MY FAVORITE VACATION SPOT: Key West, Florida, Scotland and Creede, Colorado.

I WISH I HAD: A BMW m3.



at age 14



School Softball
Picture age 12



at age 14



SEE MORE OF MISS MARCH
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why were Paris Hilton's parents so upset when they saw her sex video?

The towels in the background read "Econo Lodge."

Why don't Episcopalians play chess?

Because they have trouble telling the difference between a bishop and a queen.



The morning after a wild party, a man noticed two rings on his dick. He went to a doctor, who told him, "The good news is that the first ring is lipstick."

"What's the bad news?" the hungover man asked.

The doctor replied, "The second ring is chewing tobacco."

Why did God create man before woman?

He didn't want any advice.

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: Two blondes walked into a building. You'd think one of them would have seen it.

A farmer went to see a movie. The ticket agent looked up from the cash register and asked, "Sir, what's that on your shoulder?"

The farmer replied, "Well, this here is my pet rooster, Clucky. Wherever I go, Clucky goes."

"I'm sorry, sir," the ticket agent said. "We can't allow animals in the theater."

The farmer went around the corner and stuffed Clucky down his pants. He returned to the booth, bought a ticket and entered the theater. He took a seat next to two old women. The movie started, and Clucky began to squirm. The farmer unzipped his pants so Clucky could stick his head out and watch the movie.

"I think the guy next to me is a pervert," the first woman said.

"What makes you think so?" her friend whispered.

"He unzipped his pants and has his thing out," the first woman said.

"Well, don't worry about it. At our age we've seen 'em all."

"I thought so too," the first woman said, "but this one's eating my popcorn."

A nurse working for a proctologist said, "Doctor, could you do me a favor? It feels like something's stuck up my butt. Could you check it out for me?"

The doctor said, "Of course. That's my job."

He put on rubber gloves, covered his finger in lube and went to work. He felt around and pulled something out. "My god," the doctor said. "There was a Rolex watch up there."

The nurse turned around, smiled and began singing, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you...."

A science teacher asked her students, "Children, if you could own one mineral in the world, what would it be?"

One boy said, "I would choose gold. It's worth lots of money and I could buy a Corvette."

Another boy said, "I would want platinum because it's worth more than gold and I could buy a Porsche."

The teacher said, "Johnny, what would you want?"

Johnny said, "I would want silicone."

"Why would you want silicone?" the teacher asked.

"Well, my mom got some," he replied. "And there's always a Porsche or a Corvette sitting in our driveway."

What's stranger than the thought of Prince Charles being a homosexual?

The idea of him having sex with a woman.



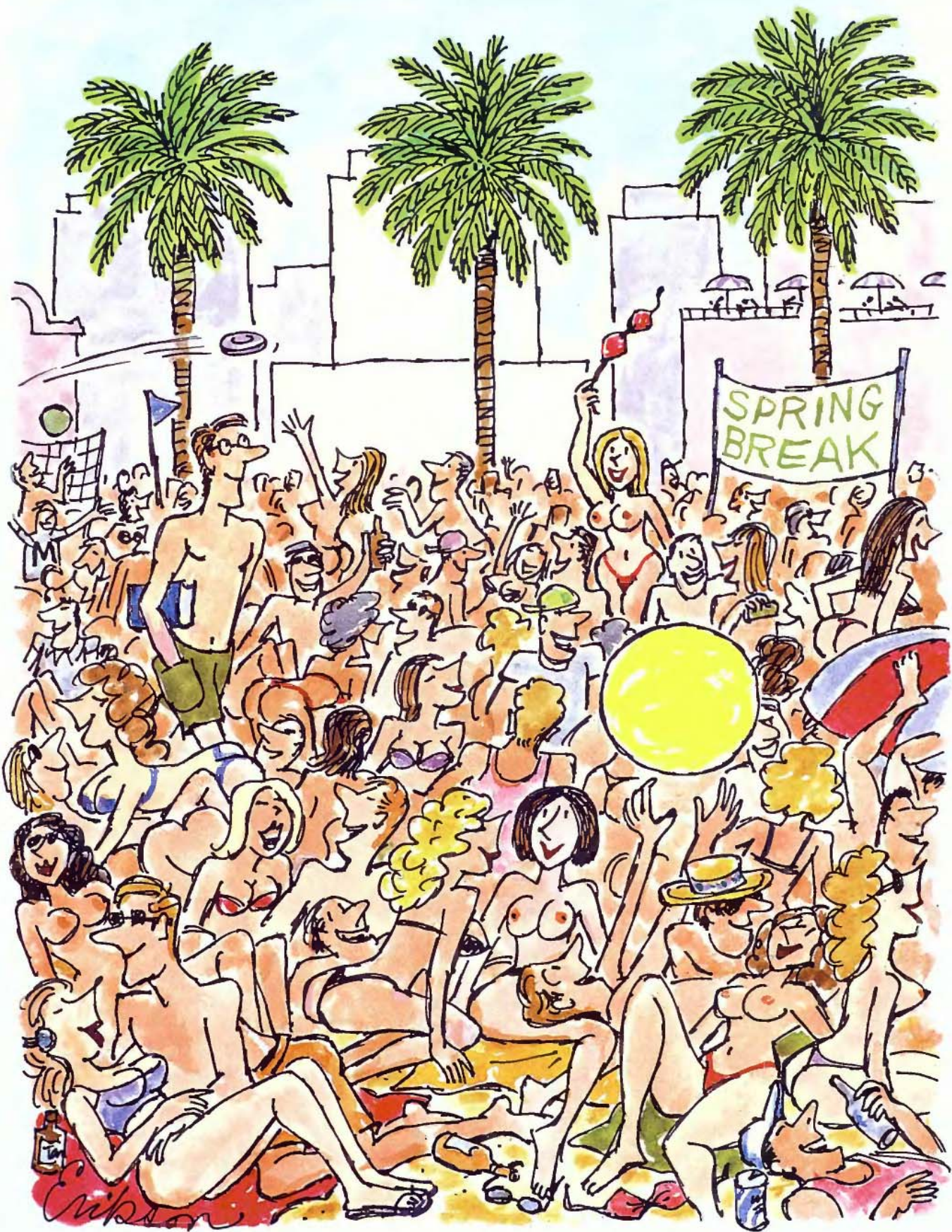
PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A teenage girl walked into a bank with several glass jars filled with quarters. After running them through the automated counting machine, the teller announced, "That comes out to \$793.75. Tell me, how long have you been hoarding all those quarters?"

"All year," the girl replied, "but my sister whored half of them."

What do you call 500 Indian women with Band-Aids over their nipples?

Indiannipples 500.

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"Yoo-hoo, professor—over here!"

STRONG SUITS

A WARM ISLAND, A HOT GIRL, COOL NEW CLOTHES, PARADISE



FROM LEFT: For successful beach fronting this year, make like you're a disciple of St. Barts. For example, Spex is Caribbean cool in a suit (\$995), shirt (\$165) and belt (\$95), all by **Ted Baker London**. His pocket square is by **Charvet** at Bergdorf Goodman (\$50), and his shades are by **Michael Kors** (\$178). The one-armed bandit is in a suit by **Boss Hugo Boss** (\$695), a shirt by **Vestimenta** (\$225) and a belt by **GF Ferré** (\$250). His shoes are by **Tommy Bahama** (\$144). His girl is keeping cacti from wilting in the heat with a dress by **John Richmond** (\$210), shoes by **D&G** (\$425) and a hair clip by **Frédéric Fekkai** (\$30). Señor Fedora is in a sports jacket (\$875), shirt (\$95) and trousers (\$175), all by **Lubiam**. His belt? **Brioni** (\$160). Pocket square? **Charvet** (\$50). Hat? **Country Gentleman** (\$35).

• Fashion by JOSEPH DE ACETIS



PLAYBOY
FASHION

Photography by Antoine Verglas / Produced by Jennifer Ryan Jones



Mr. Nonchalant is wearing a long-sleeve knit shirt (\$275) and two-button suit (\$4,725) by **Kiton**. His paisley belt with red leather trim is by **Etro** (\$185). The light beige is perfect in tropical heat—and the blast of color provides a nice contrast. She's in a bikini by **Bottega Veneta** (\$370) and stilettos by **Stuart Weitzman** (\$210).

Just because you're in a suit doesn't mean you need a collar on your shirt. Johnny Hepp is in a three-button seersucker suit (\$1,235) and an elaborate print T-shirt (\$115) by **Etro**. His belt is by **Johnston & Murphy** (\$55). Leg Ryan is in a lace dress by **La Perla** (\$488) and slingback sandals by **Stuart Weitzman** (\$205).







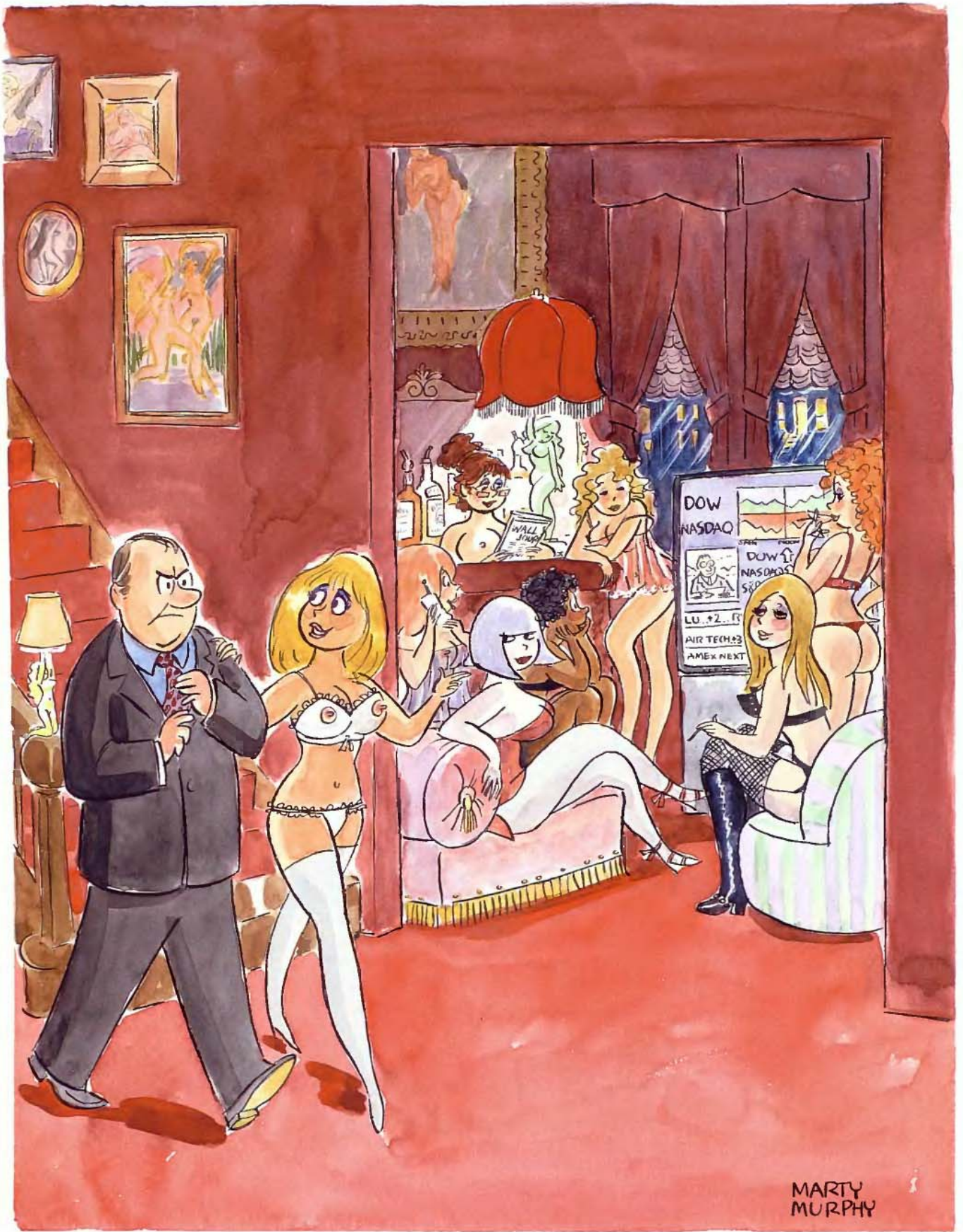
THAT PAGE: Don't let soaring mercury hold high fashion at bay. It's possible to stay cool—and look cool—while keeping the style bar set on stun. Our man with the hand is in a light blue three-button suit (\$3,200), blue-and-pink-striped shirt (\$340), pocket square (\$30) and tie (\$150), all by **Brioni**. (Notice that he's sans socks.) His private dancer is cavorting in a chemise by **La Petite Coquette** (\$410) and ankle-wrap stilettos by **Stuart Weitzman** (\$250). THIS PAGE: Buckle-boy's casual accessories make him eminently approachable. He's wearing a pinstripe suit (\$805), mesh shirt (\$270) and leather thong sandals (\$255), all by **GF Ferré**. His white leather belt—featuring silver hardware that has caught his blonde companion's eye—is by **D&G** (\$140). She's in a pleated halter dress by **Michael Kors** (\$650) and a charm bracelet from **playboy store.com** (\$50). Her strappy shoes are by **GF Ferré** (\$550) and feature metal chains.





THAT PAGE: The beach baron is—naturally—in a red-mélange sports jacket (\$2,100), linen shirt (\$330) and linen pants (\$330), all by **Borrelli**. Keeping everything together—and completing his look—is a cracked-leather belt by **Calvin Klein Collection** (\$130). His baroness wears a mini slip by **Zang Toi** (\$1,800). **THIS PAGE:** The sun's come up on a couple of stylish spinners. Another gig, and another night's worth of partying, is over. At left, DJ Lost is still stuck on last night's conquest. He's in a two-button suit (\$995), shirt (\$200) and belt (\$130), all by **Calvin Klein Collection**. She's in a thong (\$84) and robe (\$328) by **La Petite Coquette**. DJ Found, looking forward to doing it all over again once the sun sets, is in a suit by **Vestimenta** (\$995), a striped shirt by **Lorenzini** (\$295) and a woven belt by **Brioni** (\$160).

WOMEN'S STYLING BY MERIEM ORLET
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160



"Look on the bright side, Mr. Treadwell, at least the Dow went up today...."




CENTERFOLDS ON

SEX

KISS THIS

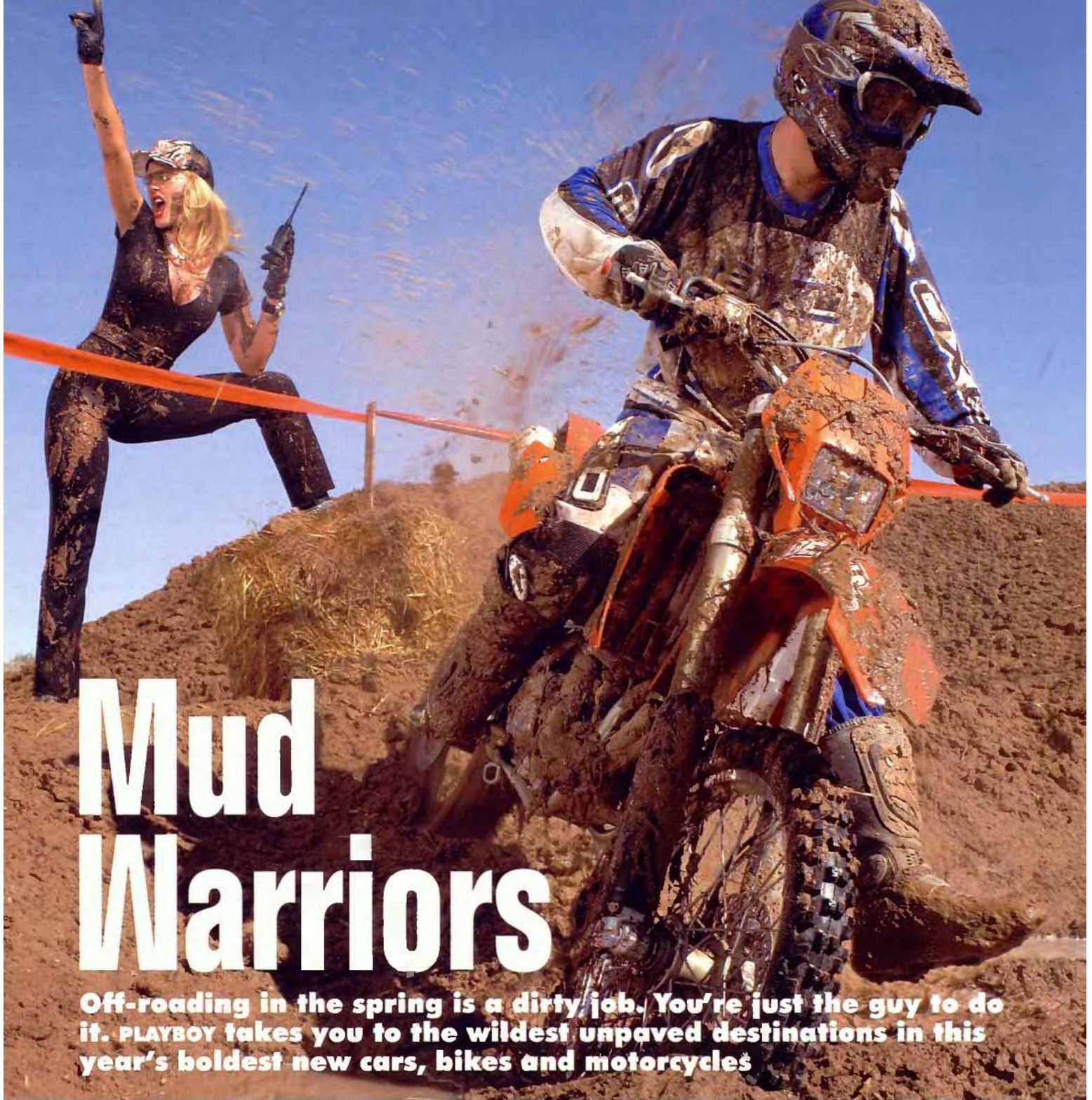
I like kisses to be soft and gentle and connected. From the first kiss, a woman knows if she can be serious with that man. If he kisses wrong, then we won't mesh well when it comes to other things. You know a man won't have rhythm in bed if he can't kiss. I don't like sloppy kisses—lots of saliva and his tongue down my throat. I do like kisses on my neck; that makes me crazy. That just makes me want to take off my clothes right away. I want a man to know what he's doing and take charge and make me feel all warm and tingly. I'll be flirtatious, but I won't initiate the first kiss. I prefer to be man-handled. After a great kiss, I'm ready to go with the flow.

Christi Shake



FANTASY ISLAND

My fantasy is to have sex at Niagara Falls under a rainbow. We would play in the water. He would kiss me and rub water all over my breasts, legs and in between. But we wouldn't have sex in the water; we'd do it on the rocks by the waterfall. We'd do a little bit of everything—sixty-nine, me on top of him and, for the finale, him on top of me. The only fantasy I've ever acted out was something I like to call "sex in the sun." My man and I walked up to the Hollywood sign in L.A. We veered off the trail to a spot where the sun was beating down, making me really hot. We began having sex, and I was being quite loud. When I looked up I saw some people walking toward us. So we just brushed off the gravel and acted as if nothing had happened.



Mud Warriors

Off-roading in the spring is a dirty job. You're just the guy to do it. PLAYBOY takes you to the wildest unpaved destinations in this year's boldest new cars, bikes and motorcycles

The snow has melted. It's spring, the season that inspired the salacious phrase "slippery when wet." For months you've stared at variations of the same image on TV and in magazines: an off-road vehicle perched on the edge of a canyon or parked near a stretch of white water. Now that the ice has thawed, it's your turn. Let the other suckers sit in traffic while you leave the placid paved highway behind. Once again it's time to play with the lubricated earth, even as your responsible side adheres to a few commonsense directives after you leave the pavement.

Rule one: Stick to established trails. They make it easier for search-and-rescue teams to locate you—or your body, if it all goes straight to hell. Which it won't if you...

Rule two: ...bring a friend, or several. As a rule, mud hounds are self-sufficient MacGyvers able to repair anything and

extricate themselves from trouble. Still, some situations require an extra set of hands.

Rule three: Tread lightly. One asshole's reckless abandon can bring consequences that last for decades and provide ammunition for trail-closure advocates. Even mountain bikers, who eschew the combustion engine for the cardiovascular, have run into barbed wire or fishing line tied at throat level.

Off-roaders have a respect for nature born of mortal combat—every inch of the trail is a decision point, the catalyst for a moment of intense, focused concentration. Just when you think you have it nailed, spring adds the slapstick vector of zero traction. Think banana peel. Think mud wrestling. Think about the hot shower afterward. Why are you still sitting there?



MUD BOGGER

The Land Rover Freelander likes it rough. Go ahead, give it a spanking

There's nothing like the smell of mud in the morning. We've all been mesmerized by images of mud boggers—monster-fat-tired vehicles spewing gouts of filth, tree roots and body parts. You get the notion that, given ludicrous tires and enough power, you can negotiate anything and defy the powers of suction for the ultimate escape.

This year's hottest four-wheel entry point is the Land Rover Freelander three-door (\$26,995 base price for the 2.5-liter, 175-horsepower V6; landrover.com). It shares several technologies with its older, more expensive brothers, for a third of the price: Hill Descent Control and a Command Shift stick that goes from fully automatic to electronic manual sport mode. The all-terrain tires allow the vehicle to cut through mud and find more solid footing underneath. Driving a machine like this through the quicksand inspires fantasies of invulnerability. When you're



cruising past mile after mile of NO TRESPASSING signs with pictures of assault rifles on them, as we did when we test-drove this beauty, you're trusting your vehicle with your life. Breaking down is not an option.

While true off-road fanatics go for locking hubs, articulated suspensions and custom-made vehicles that look like kneecapped geckos, the Freelander runs with fun vehicles such as the Subaru Brat and the Toyota RAV4, dynamite rides you can drive off the lot and right off the road. Plus, you get the added bonus of a removable back roof for that open-cabin feel. It's brisk, comfortable and hard-nosed. Those tiny computer chips make the right traction decisions so quickly we almost felt as if we knew what we were doing. Some handy advice: Mud can collect in the hidden concaves of the wheel spokes, throwing the entire vehicle out of balance. Wash everything carefully before returning to the interstate.

great escapes

Getting Schooled

Serious off-road addicts, such as people contemplating aid work in Africa or covert operations in Afghanistan, should contact Mike Hopwood at the 4x4 Center in Williston, Vermont. In certain parts of the world, mud isn't an option; it's what happens between winters. Hopwood once took a Land Rover up the side of Mount Washington, the toughest peak on the East Coast, negotiating seven miles of glare ice, snow and mud in just 12 hours. Hell, we don't go any faster in rush hour traffic. His course (\$900 a day, the4x4center.com) teaches basic and advanced handling, extrication and recovery, as well as the science of tow points and winching. The classroom: the lush steeps and valleys of Vermont's Green Mountains. Expect to get stuck a good 10 times in a lesson. If you're lucky.



Attica! Attica!

Anywhere you can find mud, rocks and beautiful scenery, you can amaze yourself. But for the early, slipperiest part of the learning curve, we recommend pay-for-play off-road asylums. The Badlands in Attica, Indiana attracts 4x4s, ATVs and dirt bikes to an 800-acre terrain park. (For information contact the Badlands Off Road Vehicle Area at 765-762-2981.) Built in an old gravel quarry, the park offers wooded trails, big drop-offs and hood-deep water. Where else can you drive through a metal storm drain 15 feet in diameter with enough momentum to launch into a four-foot-deep pond? Surrounding yourself with like-minded individuals has some advantages: The spirit of camaraderie is its own reward, plus fellow off-roadsters may have the tools and expertise to get you out of a jam.



Holding Class Outdoors

The last time we enrolled in Gary LaPlante's school—*Motoventures Dirt Bike Riding Ranch* (motoventures.com), outside Temecula, California—we were surrounded by guys who could talk knowledgeably about water crossings in Tibet and the differences between the mud roads of Vietnam and the permafrost in Mongolia.

Experts come here to train in all disciplines—motocross, enduro, extreme trials. Beginners come to catch on and catch up. For \$175 (\$325 for advanced instruction) you get a

Kawasaki dirt bike, riding gear and lunch. LaPlante teaches the art of having "active legs" (standing on the foot pegs to lower the center of gravity) and useful tricks for clearing obstacles (when to wheelie, for example). The turfs include muddy lake beds, boulders and mountainsides. Intense? After two hours our odometer read only two miles. We were whipped, our riding gear soaked through from the inside. *Motoventures* also offers guided off-road tours in California and Arizona.



South of the Border

With the rainy season in Baja, Mexico almost over, most serious dirt riders will head to *Mike's Sky Ranch*, as legendary among off-road fanatics as Sturgis is to Harley riders. When you cruise down the peninsula south of Tijuana, river crossings and sand will make your forearms feel like giant hams. First-timers should go on a guided tour (contact Chris Haines at bajaoffroadtours.com; four-day tours start at \$1,850). If you're stuck on the East Coast, head for Davis, West Virginia, which for years was the home of the Blackwater 200. Years ago the ultimate soul-sucking clay monster enduro race ran afoul of angry farmers with shotguns and environmentalists with lawyers, but some of the route still remains. Contact *Hatfield-McCoy Trails* (800-592-2217) to find out what's open. Ride aware.



MOTOR PSYCHO

KTM's 450 EXC will handle anything mother nature can dish out

Forget for a moment those X Games freaks who use souped-up motorcycles the way gymnasts use trampolines. When you're soaring 20 feet off the ground, who cares about handling? If you want to play in the mud, think enduro machine.

We first saw a KTM 450 EXC (\$7,198; ktmusa.com) lashed to the pontoon of a float-plane—a Canadian's idea of a spare. Unlike motocross bikes that run on groomed closed courses, the EXC is designed for the outback. With a 450cc engine, it is an amazing machine, as narrow as a chain saw and just as tough. Everything that could have been torn off by a tree limb has been removed, streamlined (the rear brake lever is the size of your big toe) or strengthened (check out the beefy aluminum handlebars). At 243 pounds the bike becomes an

extension of your body. Grab the loud throttle and fly. Designed to negotiate narrow trails through wet forests, dance over rocks, roots and streambeds, climb wet clay and find traction where none exists, this is the motorcycle you want when the world ends.



Those of you who've had to bitch-slap a four-stroke into obedience will welcome the electric start, especially on rough terrain or slick surfaces.

When you leave the road for the mud, momentum is your friend. Keep the throttle on. You ride light, you float, you stand on the pegs to keep the center of gravity low. In mud there are no precise lines. When you grip the KTM's handlebars the feeling is akin to riding a stand-up Jet Ski, a goofy kind of swoosh that can best be described with one word: *delicious*.



LOW-TECH WONDER

Spot single-speed bikes—nothing but brakes between you and a compound fracture. Sweet!

On a bike, mud technique is simple: Stay loose, keep momentum and avoid sudden turns and braking or accelerating. Unexpected turns and sharp moves are suicide—for you *and* your bike.

Mud can turn a \$5,000 carbon-fiber hero machine into a \$150 Huffy. It derails derailleurs, turns wheels into 20-pound clay disks and sucks the life from quads and calves alike. The solution, realized a few years back by the Canadian outfit Spot Bikes (spotbikes.com), is simple: Throw away the components. Restore cycling to the single-speed purity of yesteryear. *You* are the gear. Biker Cristina Begy, who won the Solo 24 Hour World Championship, compares the experience to working out with ankle weights. Spot Bikes handcrafts only about 300 single-speed bikes a

year, so sign up fast. (We had to borrow Begy's Team 853 model for this shoot.) A basic Spot steel frame costs \$699. The Team 853 with disk mounts and a custom flame paint job runs \$1,199. Spot builds the rest of the bike to your specs, priced accordingly, or you can do it yourself.



Begy's bike has carbon-fiber cranks, Rock Shox and an XC-120 Full Speed Ahead stem. Grab the Magura disk brakes in inclement conditions and you'll breathe a sigh of relief. Grab them on dry land and you'll be over the handlebars before you can blink. Here's what we noticed first: Without the distraction of wondering if you're in the right gear or if your high-tech shifter is working, the bike is pure focused fun. The photo assistant on our shoot ordered one for himself.

Mountains of Fun

J.J. Jameson's bike school, **Dirt Camp**, starts the season with weeklong sessions in Moab, Utah and Fruita, Colorado—meccas for ride monkeys—then follows the receding snow lines to Killington, Vermont; Keystone, Colorado; and Northstar, California (seven-day sessions for \$1,500, one-day sessions for \$100; see dirtcamp.com for schedules). Learn the secrets of shifting, braking, cornering, screaming, swearing and more from true hammerdogs. Jameson's mud tip: Use a narrow tire. Thin tires cut through the slop to get to the good stuff. Spray the whole bike with Pedro's Bike Lust or Pam and the mud will fly off. Wear glasses, but don't wipe them; just douse with water from your bottle.



Taming the Trail

In March, Moab is a zoo, in the best sense of the word. Take your single-speed on the **White Rim Trail**, a 100-mile trek cut by uranium explorers in the middle part of the last century. The trail doesn't get too muddy—you're some 1,000 feet above the Colorado River—but it can get wet and slick. Do it in three or four days, on your own or with a guide. **Rim Tours** (rimtours.com) has 20 years of experience in Moab. A three-day tour costs \$575. If you've got it in you, you can also enter the 24-hour **Snowshoe** race near Marlinton, West Virginia. The June event is a notorious slogfest. A few years ago its sponsors spun off the milk-commercial line: Got mud?



chapman (continued from page 68)

"He told me that when I threw a punch, he wanted to hear bones crunch," says Dog.

posting bond—and retrieving fleet-footed skips—was a common practice. English law codified it in 1689, as did our own Eighth Amendment.

In the 20th century bonding became big business—an insurance business. An insurance company backs every bond posted through a bondsman in the U.S. for the full amount. (Defendants usually surrender 10 to 15 percent of the amount the court sets as bail.) To get started, a bail bondsman will put up substantial collateral with the insurance company in exchange for a book of "power of attorney" checks ranging in value from \$5,000 to \$500,000. These are an accused person's "get out of jail" card.

It can be a nice, stable, highly lucrative business, as long as the defendant doesn't skip and leave the bondsman owing the insurance company the full bail amount.

Every state handles the question of skipping a bit differently. Hawaii gives bondsmen only 30 days to get their fugitive back in custody to collect the reward. In California, however, the state gives bondsmen 180 days from the time the bench warrant is issued. This messy business has a public benefit that most law enforcement agencies are loath to admit. Bounty hunters, or (if you're inclined to be PC) bail-enforcement agents, return 87 percent of all bail-jumping fugitives in the U.S.—and at no cost to taxpayers.

TALK, TALK, TALK

For the first couple of months, Dog did what he does best: talk.

He talked on television; he talked to newspapers, the cops, the FBI. He talked to Luster's mother, his lawyer, his friends, his enemies, his ex-girlfriend's maid and even his cell phone message center.

When Dog returned to Honolulu to take care of business, all his focus was on catching Luster. "I started thinking about the GHB," he says. "Where do you buy it? I put Tim on it, and he says you can get it at gyms. So we start calling all the gyms." Dog tells me this one night at his home outside Honolulu, a few miles from his downtown offices. It's a quiet, well-tended neighborhood, and Dog's house, with the new SUV in the driveway, the pool out back and the sectional couch around a 60-inch TV, is solid middle-class American. Particularly impressive, despite the periodic

havoc caused by toddlers and teenagers, is the living room's immaculate white carpet. "Every time I turn around, that man is vacuuming," says Smith, eyes raised to the heavens. "I yell at him, 'Duane, stop already!' Ten minutes later I hear the vacuum again."

Dog found a gym with Luster's name in its data bank. After hearing the bounty hunter explain who he was and what Luster was doing, the clerk gave him Luster's cell phone number. "I call it," Dog says. "I leave a message. I leave 15 messages, until it's full. Then I call back the next day and it's clear, so I leave 15 more. It's like hunting quail. You gotta flush 'em from the bush before you shoot 'em."

"You know how he always gets his man?" asks Tim Chapman, a third-generation bondsman from the Denver area who frequently works with Dog. "His mouth." Tim, who grabbed his first bounty at the age of 14 by leaping from his mom's car and putting the cuffs on a skip, is tall and thin, with a Fu Manchu mustache and a long brown-and-gray braid that runs nearly to his waist. He runs his own bail bond agency in Honolulu.

"You know that saying 'If you're in a desert with a glass of water, he'll talk you out of it'? That's Duane."

A DOG'S LIFE

Duane Chapman was split between good and bad the day he was born. His mother was a half Native American evangelical preacher who often took her oldest boy with her when she preached on the Navajo reservation near Farmington, New Mexico. His father, a Navy welder, taught his son to take a punch without flinching. "He also told me that when I threw a punch, he wanted to hear bones crunch," says Dog.

The angry, conflicted adolescent took to the Denver streets when he was 14, sniffing glue behind shopping centers and stealing whatever he could to survive. At 16, with a reputation for violence beyond his years, he was adopted into the Devil's Disciples, one of the nation's 13 original biker gangs, a group that included the Gypsy Jokers and the Hell's Angels. "I took off for Arizona with the president of the Devil's Disciples," he recalls, "and for the next nine years the Lord was gone from my life."

Those years involved 18 arrests for robbery. He and his 1963 Harley Panhead stayed on the move: Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, even Chicago. While hanging out at the Chicago Disciples headquarters, he got a call from his first wife, LaFonda, who begged him to come down to Pampa, Texas and help her look after their babies. He agreed, bought a little house in the panhandle town, got a job operating heavy machinery and settled down.

Except that he was still with the Devil's Disciples and not the Lord's. His fellow bikers teased him about his spiritual conflict, awarding him his biker nickname, Dog—which is, the bikers will remind you, *God* spelled backward.

On the night of September 15, 1976 Dog and his Disciples brothers Donald Kuykendall and Ruben Garza, along with a Disciples sister, Cheryl Fisher, went to pay a call to a rumored marijuana dealer named Jerry Oliver. According to Dog, "We were going to go hunting, so we all had guns, but first we were going to stop by Jerry's to buy dope. Donny was drinking Wild Turkey and chasing it with Jim Beam."

In Dog's account, Garza was sent to buy the dope. He came back to the car minutes later.

"He says he don't have none."

"Bullshit!" slurred Kuykendall, climbing from the car and, unknown to his friends, hiding a shotgun underneath his jacket. He headed for Oliver's door.

When Oliver answered, Kuykendall shoved the shotgun in his face. Instinctively Oliver grabbed the gun to push it away. It went off, and Oliver's body was propelled across the room.

All four Disciples were charged with felony murder. Prosecutors said the defendants "were in the commission of a felony...it makes no difference whether it was an accident or not, it's still murder." In the end Fisher and Garza got off with probation, Kuykendall got 10 years, and Dog received five.

While he was out on bail Dog decided it was time to go back to God. "I prayed to the Lord," he says, "and I said, 'I will stop fucking whores and riding my Harley.' And that was hard, because that 1963 Panhead was the most beautiful bike in Texas."

His sojourn with the Texas Department of Criminal Justice in Huntsville went speedily. Dog prayed every day, promising God he would never return to prison and never disgrace his name again. It also helped that he had proved so adept with scissors and a razor (after reading a book on barbering in the prison library) that he was soon cutting the hair of the warden and all

(continued on page 124)



"Nothing gets eaten in this bed except me."

EVERY HUMAN HAS SOME SEETHING PASSION THAT OTHERS DON'T UNDERSTAND. SOMETIMES IT BECOMES AN OBSESSION. JOIN SOME OF THE PLANET'S MOST MANIACAL COLLECTORS IN THEIR HUNT FOR...

THE HOLY GRAIL

BY DAVID PFISTER



MOBILE KILLING MACHINES

COLLECTION > Like every other kid growing up in America, William Gasser had amassed an impressive collection of, uh, Nazi uniforms by the time he was 17. In 1978 Gasser saw a classified ad for a British Daimler Dingo assault vehicle. Four thousand bucks later he was cruising his hometown of Danville, Virginia in the thing. "I was naive and obsessive-compulsive," the 52-year-old says, "which is dangerous when you have some money in your pocket." Gasser now owns 101 military vehicles, including an Iraqi tank, not to mention a

stockpile of vintage artillery. "We collectors are all the same," he explains. "We try to excel at what we do. Your boss, Hugh Hefner, collects blondes and brunettes. I collect tanks."

HOLY GRAIL > While his World War II German Panzer Mk IV tank (above) is considered the real crowd-pleaser, the homely World War I American Six-Ton Special (inset)—worth roughly \$3 million—is Gasser's true baby. "It's like women. I like 'em really pretty or really ugly. I mean *really* ugly."

YES! YES! YES! THE OWNER OF A LONELY HEART—AND 10,000 OTHER YES ITEMS



Glenn Gottlieb, owner of the largest collection of Yes memorabilia on the planet.

COLLECTION > Most men can remember when they first experienced the thrill of rock and roll. Glenn Gottlieb borrowed the Yes album *Fragile* from his older brother when he was in fifth grade, and he was hooked. Today Gottlieb is at the forefront of an underworld of Yes memorabilia collectors, dedicated fans of the geriatric prog band who fuel an entire microcosmic Yes economy. (Type “Yes” into eBay and you’ll get the picture.) Gottlieb owns more than 10,000 items—ticket stubs, posters, Slurpee cups, photos, LPs. He also publishes *Yes Magazine* and contributes to YesWorld.com. “I’m kind of an addict,” says Gottlieb, a 37-year-old graphic designer in Huntington, New York. “It can be a bit much at times. I try to keep it on the healthy side. If there’s something out there that would fit into my collection and I know it’s out there, that’s when the addiction kicks in. I feel like I have to find it.”

HOLY GRAIL > Gottlieb’s ultimate finds are his 1971 concert poster for an Aberdeen, Scotland show, a 1973 Australian concert program (both below) and a 1971 Netherlands concert program (in Gottlieb’s hand, left). Each is worth roughly \$1,000.



THE ART OF MURDER COLLECTING SERIAL-KILLER MASTERPIECES

COLLECTION > Rick Staton, 49, a Baton Rouge, Louisiana mortician, remembers seeing *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* while on his honeymoon. The movie, inspired by the life of serial killer Ed Gein, moved him so much that he made a pilgrimage to Gein’s Wisconsin home; soon after, he began collecting art created by serial killers. At one point he was the de facto art dealer for John Wayne Gacy, who tortured, raped and killed at least 33 young men in the 1970s. “It’s a dark, obsessive thing,” the mortician says. “When you think that the same hand that painted the picture is the same hand that strangled some kid.... It’s curiosity. Morbid curiosity.” Staton has since whittled down his collection to 70 favorites created by some of the sickest men ever to walk the earth—Gacy, Charles Manson, Elmer Wayne Henley (a murderer and torturer of little boys) and Richard Speck (who killed eight student nurses one night in 1966).

HOLY GRAIL > Staton owns the first painting in the famed Gacy Clown Skull series, as well as *Pogo the Clown* (which he’s holding, far right), worth \$2,000 or so. But he considers his favorites priceless. In 1991 Staton sent Gacy a photo of his two-year-old son. Months later Gacy began sending portraits of the child (right and far right).



START ME UP SPARK PLUGS MAKE A GUY'S MOTOR RUN

COLLECTION > “With stamps, you can buy a book and you know every goddamn stamp ever made,” says Bill Bond, 58, who lives near Detroit. “With spark plugs, no one knows what’s out there.” Bond began assembling his 2,000 vintage plugs because he needed them to keep his vintage farm equipment running. Then he became obsessed. In 1975 the engineer founded the Spark Plug Collectors of America. “We’ve cataloged 6,000 brands that have been made since 1895. In most cases the brand name was fired into the enamel, just like fine china.”

HOLY GRAIL > Bond owns a plug from the space shuttle *Columbia*. But the apple of his eye is a four-times-scale Champion 7 (right). Originally used as a display at the 1932 New York Auto Show to promote Ford’s new V8 engine, it’s now worth \$2,000.



BARF BAGS “ARE THEY ART? I THINK SO”



Bags from a space shuttle, a gore film, a Finnish airline, an animation festival and a 1972 Republican convention protest.

COLLECTION > As a kid Steve Silberberg knew he wanted to collect something. He just didn’t know what. Then one day, on a flight from Boston to San Francisco, he recalls, “I looked into the seat compartment in front of me, and it hit me.” Eureka! Now 42, the Hull, Massachusetts money manager owns 1,300 barf bags from airlines all over the planet. “Maybe there’s a collecting gene,” he notes. “My girlfriend says, ‘You like those bags more than you like me!’” Silberberg runs Airsicknessbags.com, a virtual museum. Donate a bag and he’ll list you on the site as a Patron of Puke. “Are they art? I think so,” he says. Has he ever actually been airsick? “Once. When you need a bag and there’s one there, that’s a good feeling.”

HOLY GRAIL > Silberberg wrote numerous letters to NASA seeking a yak sack (official name: emesis bag) from a space shuttle but received only a form letter explaining that “crew equipment” is not distributed to civilians. He eventually landed one of the reinforced bags (right) from a friend who worked for the space agency. “It has a little wet wipe in it,” he says, “which is very useful in zero gravity.”



BREW HA-HA HE DRINKS A SIXER A MONTH, BUT HE'S ADDICTED TO THE CANS

COLLECTION > Jeff Lebo is a lucky man. The 42-year-old contractor from York Haven, Pennsylvania keeps two homes, one for each of his great loves: a cozy 2,000-square-foot house for his family and a cavernous 6,000-square-foot retreat next door, where he chills with his collection of 50,000 beer cans. His dream: to collect one of every can ever made. “My father was a production mechanic for the American Can Company,” Lebo explains. “I’ve been collecting since I was 14. Sometimes people walk into my house and say, ‘Oh my god, this guy’s insane.’” While he drinks only about a six-pack a month, every wall in his two-story joint is lined with empties—one room for German suds, another for Scandinavian....

HOLY GRAIL > Lebo collects more for volume than for any single item, though some of his beauties, such as a 1950s Scottish lager called Jeffrey’s and a 1930s Clipper Pale from California, are worth \$2,500 each. He also has a soft spot for beers that feature pinups. Hey, nice cans!



MAKE MINE RARE THE WORLD'S MOST COVETED COLLECTIBLES

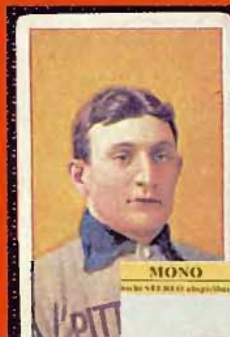
COMIC BOOK > *Action Comics*, No. 1 (June 1938). About 100 copies of the issue, which introduced Superman, survive. In 2002 a copy owned by Nicolas Cage sold at auction for \$86,250.

BASEBALL CARD > T206 1909 Honus Wagner. When the American Tobacco Company released a set of cards, Wagner insisted that his be pulled (one theory is that he didn't want kids to associate him with cigarettes). Today about 50 exist. In 2000 one sold at auction for \$1.26 million.

STAMP > Inverted Jenny C3a. In 1918 a clerk on his lunch break in Washington, D.C. bought a sheet of 24-cent airmail stamps on which the planes had been printed upside down. Today about 90 of the 100 stamps still exist. In 2002 one sold at auction for \$120,000.

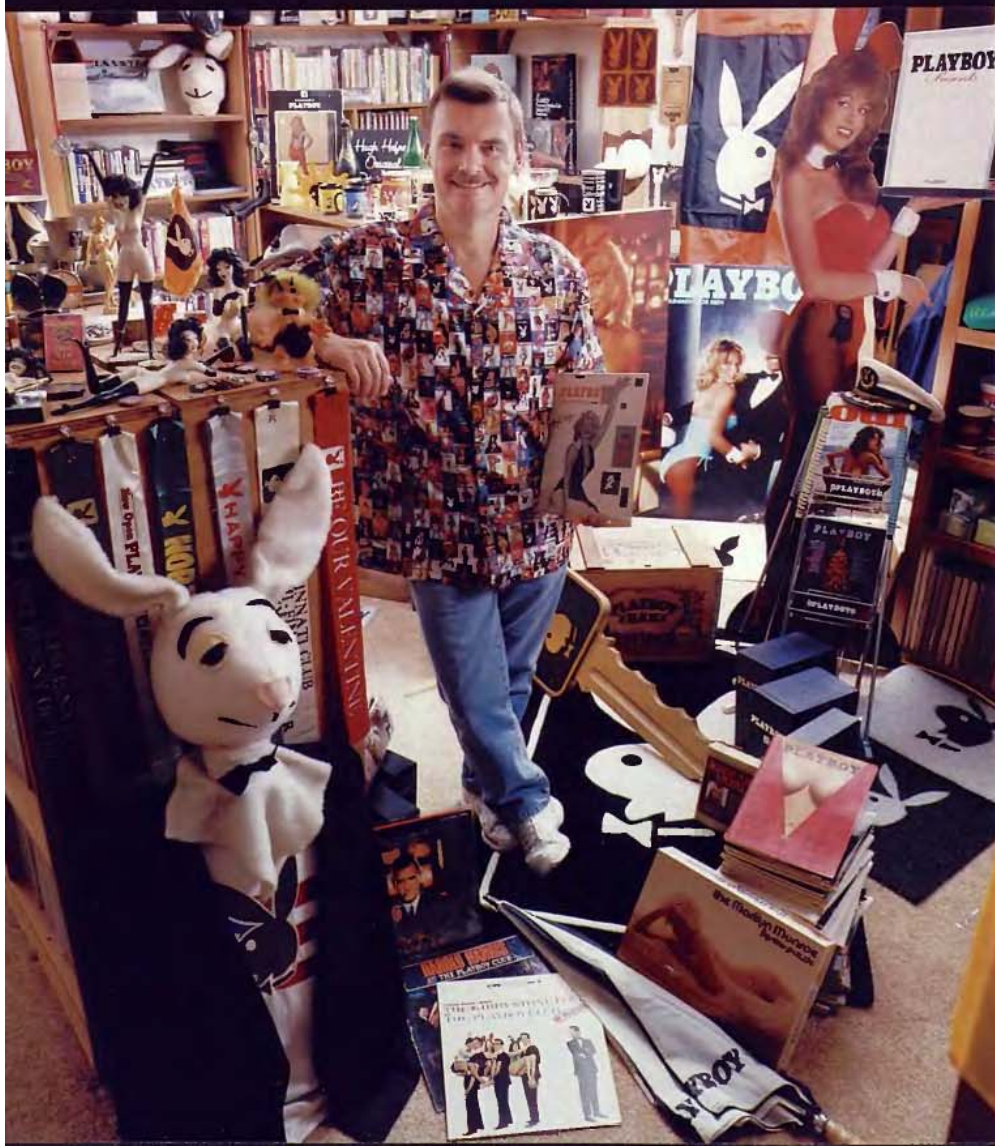
RECORD ALBUM > The Beatles' *Yesterday and Today* (a.k.a. the Butcher album). Advance copies of this 1966 LP created immediate controversy because of the chopped-up dolls in the cover photo. Capitol reissued it with a new cover. Fewer than 35 sealed originals survive. In 1999 a sealed LP sold at auction for \$38,500.

WINE > 1787 Chateau Lafite. In 1985 the Forbes family bought the only existing bottle of this French claret for \$157,500. (It had been bottled for Thomas Jefferson and was found in a Paris cellar.) Months later, the cork slipped into the bottle and ruined the wine.



THE BUNNY CHASER PLAYBOY STEAKS, GOLF CLUBS, RUGS, CAKE PANS...

Mike Travis, owner of the second-largest Playboy collection in the world.



COLLECTION > It's said that this magazine doesn't just have readers, it has collectors. In 2001 Mike Travis and his wife had to move into a bigger house in western Kentucky. Travis's collection of Playboy items had filled the garage, the basement and two of the four bedrooms. "I was okay with it," his wife, Gale, says, "until he moved a pinball machine into the dining room." Why the obsession? "I'm just crazy," says Travis. "I've always loved Playboy—the magazine, the lifestyle, all of it." The 51-year-old high school teacher owns 12,000 items, including puzzles, books, playing cards, casino chips, a Rabbit Head cake pan, posters, calendars, Femlins, club keys, pipes, mugs and golf clubs, plus every issue ever published.

HOLY GRAIL > Besides a Hef-autographed first issue (worth \$3,000), the most sought-after items are some branded trinkets from the 1950s and 1960s: a set of gold-plated Rabbit Head blazer buttons that originally sold for \$100 (below), a valer with a bronzed Rabbit Head, and the boxes that held Playboy-branded frozen steaks. (Who knows how much this stuff is all worth?) Sadly, the steaks themselves haven't survived—as far as we know.



chapman (continued from page 118)

"These are my babies. You spit, you fart, you swear, you do anything, you're roadkill."

the guards. After 18 months he was paroled to Colorado.

He was arrested almost immediately. His crime? He hadn't paid alimony or child support during his stay at Huntsville.

"Mr. Chapman," asked the judge, "have you ever heard of bounty hunting?"

Dog allowed that he had.

The judge showed him a photograph. "Do you think you can find this man and bring him back to my court?"

"Yes, sir, I can find him."

"Well, Mr. Chapman, you bring this man in and I will contribute \$200 to your child support debt."

A few days later Dog brought in the man, bound with Dog's own belt.

At first Dog haunted Denver's bail bond row, a garish neon-lit block of shops directly across from the city jail. He soon grew tired of the high risk and low pay (Dog estimates that he's been paid for fewer than half the fugitives he's returned) and opened his own bail business. Married and divorced for a second time by 1987, he worked 20 hours a day, seven days a week as a single parent, bail bondsman and bounty hunter. The three jobs often overlapped.

"Sometimes I'd spot a skip, and the kids would be in the car. I'd have them lie down while I arrested the perp," he says. "I'd say, 'These are my babies. You spit, you fart, you swear, you do anything, you're roadkill.' And the kids are like, 'Hi, mister, are you going to jail?'"

Somehow Dog managed to take his brood fishing in the Colorado Rockies almost every weekend. He had an old truck outfitted with a camper that was just big enough to sleep himself and the five kids. Their favorite spot was Carter Lake, near Loveland, Colorado.

One summer morning in 1988, they were at the lake, casting out, when Dog noticed something familiar about the man fishing next to him. He was a Colombian national who was wanted for drug smuggling and had skipped out on a \$50,000 bond two months before. Dog had scoured Denver for him with no results.

"The kids all knew I was looking for him," he says, "so I told them we were going to follow him when he went home. He drove to a motel with 12 cabins. We waited until dark. I had a bull-

horn with me that I used for calling the kids—a steel triangle just didn't work with them. All my kids had flashlights. They ranged in age from 14 down to four or five. At a signal the kids all turned the lights on the cabin. Then I said through the bullhorn, 'This is the FBI. Come out with your hands in the air.' I got the cuffs on him and then told the kids to come out of the bushes. He was pissed."

Two acts of God have left an impact on Dog's life. The first was his run-in with Alice Elizabeth Barmore (née Smith), a 19-year-old state senator's secretary whose father, Garry Smith, had been a first baseman for the Kansas City Athletics for three seasons in the late 1950s. She'd been arrested for shoplifting and carrying a concealed weapon.

Chapman's shop posted her bail. When she went into his office to do her paperwork, she fell in love. "Here was this guy with big hair, all dressed in black leather with cowboy boots with silver eagles on the toes," she remembers. "I looked him over and said to myself, 'Oh yes, he will be mine.'"

Smith admits to stalking Dog. She says she got into the bond business simply to interact with him: "I wrote some really bad bonds just so the bounty hunter would have to come sit in my office."

The other event happened during a training course with FBI agent Keith Paul. (Paul confirmed an ongoing 20-year relationship with Dog but declined to comment further.) During the course several agents approached Dog and told him he needed to meet a guy who was helping sharpshooters with their concentration. The guy's name was Tony Robbins.

Improbably, the bounty hunter and the self-help guru became instant friends. Robbins wrote about Dog's rehabilitation and transformation in his book *Awaken the Giant Within*. Soon Dog was being flown around the country to Robbins's seminars to talk about his life and work.

At one seminar in Austin, Texas Robbins asked Dog what he thought was the worst part about what he did for a living. "I said not being told thank you," Dog says. "The seminar was over, and Robbins asked everybody to come up and say, 'Dog, thank you.' Several hundred people came up and hugged

me and said thank you. At the end I was completely soaking wet with tears and sweat. Here's this multimillionaire, and he's saying, 'Duane Chapman, forget about prison. You can do anything you want to do.'"

THE HUNT IS ON

On April 6, 2003 television producer Howard Schultz, 49, read an article in the *Los Angeles Times* about a bounty hunter named Dog Chapman who had vowed to bring fugitive Andrew Luster back into custody. Schultz, whose ABC reality series *Extreme Makeover* is in its second season, began imagining a reality show starring Dog and his crew that would be like "the WWE meets *Cops*."

A meeting was set for May 7. Dog strolled in wearing his usual regalia. Schultz recalls thinking that Chapman "was really everything I could have hoped for."

After a few pleasantries, Schultz got right to the point. "I don't know anything about bounty hunting. I'm a TV producer. Can you really get this guy?"

Dog didn't hesitate. "Absolutely."

On April 30 Dog had taken a call from an Englishman named Mike Curtis, 50, who was living in southern California. Curtis had just returned from a trip to Thailand with a friend of his named Dave. "We're in this club," recalls Curtis, a former racehorse trainer, talking about a gentlemen's club a few miles south of Bangkok, "and we see this man. Dave says, 'Hey, that looks like that guy wanted by the FBI, the Max Factor guy.'"

When he got home Curtis contacted Ventura County sheriffs and then the FBI. A sheriff's detective directed him to Dog's website.

At first Dog was skeptical; he had been overwhelmed with bogus tips. Still, Thailand seemed like a pretty good bet for a Luster hideout—good surfing and plenty of local and foreign girls. Mexico and Brazil also seemed like strong possibilities.

Schultz filmed Dog's interrogation of Curtis and Dave. One of the more intriguing bits of information concerned a meeting at the club Curtis remembered. "I was with this Thai girl who is a friend of mine," Curtis says. "And Luster looks at her, and he turns to me and says, 'Well, at least you can go home when you get done here.'"

Dog and Schultz talked for days about their next move. Finally they decided to send Dave back to Thailand to see if he could make contact with Luster—and ideally get his fingerprints off a glass to send back for verification.

When Dave returned on June 4 he brought bad news. A joint U.S.-Thai-Singaporean military exercise called

(continued on page 142)

Cabin Tales



SO, I'LL SEE YOU ALL IN THE CABIN TONIGHT FOR A DRINK.

ALL RIGHT.



SAY, YOU GUYS REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE DOING THIS TIME LAST YEAR?



I WAS HERE. I MET THIS ITALIAN BABE. SHE WAS SO HOT.



I WAS MAKING OUT WITH MY KID BROTHER'S TUTOR. SHE GOT SO HOT SHE ALMOST MELTED.



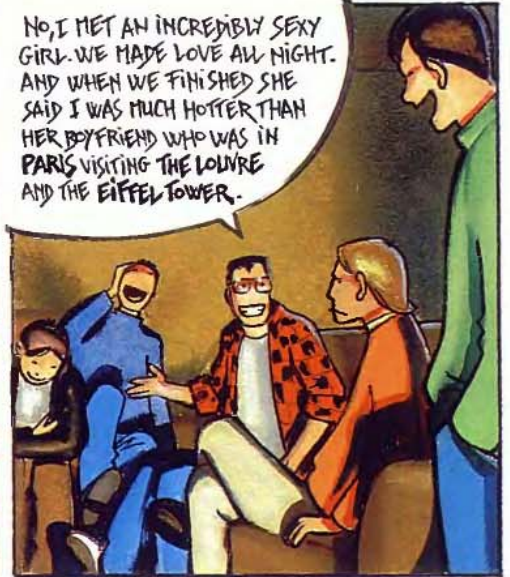
OUR MAILMAN WAS A MAIL-BABE. SHE DELIVERED MY MAIL WITH "HIDDEN EXTRAS."



YOU GUYS ARE SO VULGAR. I WAS IN PARIS... BOAT TRIPS ON THE SEINE, WATCHING THE SUN SET OVER NOTRE DAME, THE LOUVRE MUSEUM, THE EIFFEL...



...TOWER... WHAT CULTURE! WHAT ELEGANCE!... AND WHAT ABOUT YOU? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE SITTING AT HOME WATCHING TELEVISION OR HAVING DINNER WITH THE FOLKS.



NO, I MET AN INCREDIBLY SEXY GIRL. WE MADE LOVE ALL NIGHT. AND WHEN WE FINISHED SHE SAID I WAS MUCH HOTTER THAN HER BOYFRIEND WHO WAS IN PARIS VISITING THE LOUVRE AND THE EIFFEL TOWER.

JUAN AVAREZ • JORGE G

NO HOLDS

How did we convince Torrie Wilson and Sable, who typically fling insults and dropkicks at each other as the top WWE divas, to play nice for our camera? We asked. As it turns out, these two gorgeous grapplers are off-screen pals, even as their ring personas prepare to rumble the roof off the joint in this month's live pay-per-view event *WrestleMania XX*. "We get along really well," says Torrie, "and it's actually easier to work with friends in the ring than with someone you don't like. They won't take it personally if you smack them a little hard to make it look good."

And make it look good they do. Whether they're taunting each other in the ring or spying on each other in the showers on the highly rated UPN wrestling show *Smack-Down!*, Torrie and Sable (whose real name is Rena Mero) make fans wish that they were the ones getting pinned. Torrie thinks her "good girl" character is similar to what she's really like, but Sable contends that she's not nearly as wicked as her WWE doppelgänger. "I describe her not as my alter ego but as my ultra ego, because she's larger than life and thinks she can do no wrong," says Sable. "Rena, on the other hand, is feminine and domesticated. But they are both driven and confident in who they are."

So confident, in fact, that shortly after Sable's last appearance in this magazine nearly five years ago, she quit wrestling in a dispute with WWE boss Vince McMahon. She didn't return to the fold until last year, around the same time that Torrie's



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

BARRER

WWE superstars Sable and Torrie leave their leotards in the locker room—and create the tag team of your dreams



BLONDE ON BLONDE:
Torrie gives Sable a
licking and keeps on
kicking. But who will
lick whom in the ring?



TORRIE



A REMATCH MADE IN HEAVEN

The cover of PLAYBOY isn't the only place Torrie and Sable have competed for the attention of the WWE faithful. In the SmackDown! ring,



SABLE



their athletic prowess is complemented by skimpy outfits, oversexed stary lines, occasional man swapping and, if the fans are lucky, same good old-fashioned hair pulling. Getting between these fiercely foxy competitors is a risky, if tempting, proposition.







first PLAYBOY pictorial wowed fans. "Vince and I have a more solid relationship now," says Sable. "Sometimes in the heat of the moment you say and do things you otherwise would not have. We had the opportunity to let our wounds heal, and we decided to put it all behind us. Now my character is Vince's confidante, and I make sure that he's very well taken care of."

Both women say they still get a rush from performing in front of an arena crowd. "I get nervous every time I walk into the ring, because I want to impress the fans," says Torrie. "There's always the thought in the back of your head that you're going to forget something or screw up a move and hurt someone." Sable adds, "I think nervous energy keeps you at the top of your game. I had the opportunity to pursue an acting career while I was gone, but I missed being in front of a live audience. It's very intoxicating to walk out in front of so many people who are there to see you and cheer for you."

Between matches, Torrie enjoys quiet time at home. "I dead-bolt the door and don't leave," she says. "I want to have kids someday, so I think I've got a few years of wrestling left in me. If I got pregnant I'm sure they would try to get me to wrestle with my big belly." Sable, now single, likes cooking and interior design and is taking voice lessons for a possible album. "I think people probably



"I used to be shy and would never confront anyone. Now I stand up for myself, because I know I have the goods to back it up."—Torrie

"I have been known to practice a few wrestling moves in private. You have to perfect them somewhere!"—Sable



don't realize how sensitive I am," she says. "When I care about you, I care deeply. I wear my emotions on my sleeve, but I can also be very tough. I think that's a good combination." When we tell Torrie that she looks like a tough cookie on TV, she blushes. "I might look like an athlete, but I'm really not," she says. "My family makes fun of me because this is the furthest from what they thought I'd be doing. My parents tell this story about how they would take pictures of me during my judo lessons when I was little. I was always brushing the hair out of my face and trying to smile for them while competing."

Neither blonde bombshell will tell us whom to bet on in their sexy showdown, but they say they're looking forward to more ring rivalry, whatever the outcome. "We're always trying to top what we did before," says Sable. Judging from these pages, they're both champs in that department.











William Petersen

He stares death in the face as the star of TV's top show. But is he ready to leave the morgue behind?

1

PLAYBOY: For *CSI* forensics honcho Gil Grissom, severed heads, maggots and putrefied innards are just part of another day at the office. Would an actual festering corpse break your stride?

PETERSEN: I can't say that I'd be a good crime-scene investigator, but I could handle death pretty well. The first season, standing on the autopsy set between takes and looking at this brilliant decayed skeleton made by the special effects guys, I said, "There's something I like about this." Death teaches me that there's a soul. Having had family members pass away over the years, I've always felt it's so obvious that once they're dead they're gone—probably to a much cooler place.

2

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound much like your character, who believes only in hard science.

PETERSEN: For 10 years before *CSI* they threw me TV series about the cop, the lawyer, the ex-husband. I wanted to play someone the diametric opposite of me. Otherwise I'd get bored. I'm very American and attached to the physical, but there's another side, too. I mean, I believe in reincarnation, and I have thoughts of doing the whole go-to-the-mountain thing, of becoming a priest or a sensei. But then I'm like, "Nah, I like my beer and my Chicago Cubs, so I'm not gonna do it." At least the science on the show helps me not to feel like some cross-legged freak. There's a practical explanation when you watch the body decay, when you watch the maggots and the flies.

3

PLAYBOY: Are you now more likely to swat bugs or study them?

PETERSEN: I've become fascinated by them. My wife and I have an unfathomable number of spiders in the house and yard, and now I won't even squash

one inside unless she says, "Kill that." When we first started the series, I caught about 30 minutes of this PBS-type series about every kind of insect and animal having sex. I was so fascinated, I found tapes of the series on the Internet. If I'd seen that before *CSI* I'd have gone, "Hmm, interesting," without pursuing it. It's one of the sexiest things you'll ever see. It would be Grissom's porn.

4

PLAYBOY: Do fans purposely try to gross you out to test your stomach?

PETERSEN: No, because I don't think anyone is really sure how I'd react. But I was invited to receive an award at an American Society for Clinical Pathology convention in New Orleans. It's the best award I've ever gotten—way better than an Emmy. These are the nerds who basically invented forensic science. What's great is that now when people ask what they do and they say they're a pathologist or a coroner, the response is, "You mean like on *CSI*?"

5

PLAYBOY: Ever had a brush with death?

PETERSEN: Years ago, doing a play in Chicago, I cut my finger in half onstage. We obviously had to stop because, well, I didn't have a finger. By the time they got me to the ER I'd lost a lot of blood and had passed out. I could hear the doctors working on me, saying they'd lost my vital signs. I was on the *All That Jazz* escalator with a long tunnel and a lot of white light. Then I specifically remember a male, dominant voice saying, "It's not your time. Get off the escalator. You've got shit to do." I came to and got sewed up. Something in me changed, a sort of knowledge that somewhere on the other side it's good. For weeks, the more I talked about it, the more freaked out people got. Some of them were like, "Okay, whatever. You took too many drugs."

6

PLAYBOY: Had you?

PETERSEN: That was hippie time—rock festivals, dropping out of high school, Vietnam. I was politically active, but it was mostly politics for women. The more political you were, the more girls you got. Clinton knew that. Then in 1969 a really close friend of mine was shot to death in a drug deal. I was supposed to be with him that night but ended up at a Santana concert instead. At five A.M. I found out that he'd been shot. His death was the cold slap that told me I'd better stop going down the hippie road. I cut my long hair, went to live with my older brother in Idaho and finished high school there. I played football, basketball and tennis, which I hadn't done for two years because I'd gotten into this other scene.

7

PLAYBOY: Did that other scene involve any scrapes with the law?

PETERSEN: I've been in jail overnight a couple times. One time I forged a bunch of checks and ran away on a bus before getting pulled over by the state police. There was also a big political protest where we all got hauled away in a paddy wagon, but if that didn't happen to you in those days, you weren't going outside. I also got busted for the Mann Act [a federal statute that prohibits, among other things, transporting underage females across state lines for "immoral" purposes]. We were going to rock festivals, and this one time I was 18 and the girl I was with was 15. I lost her at this festival, and she got arrested and blamed it on me, saying I'd brought her from Wisconsin. I was facing time for a federal offense, but as an upper-middle-class white kid I was always able to get off. If I had been born black on Chicago's South Side, I'd probably still be in jail today.

8

PLAYBOY: You played the first guy to take down Hannibal Lecter in 1986's *Manhunter*. Do you think Grissom would be as good a serial killer as an investigator?

PETERSEN: Grissom is a Hannibal who found a different outlet.

9

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about *Red Dragon*, the remake of *Manhunter*?

PETERSEN: Never saw it. When I found out it was the same script we'd used, I was like, "What? Silly." Producer Dino De Laurentiis couldn't get *Manhunter* into many theaters at the time because he was in litigation with theater owners. He didn't make any money from it and didn't own *The Silence of the Lambs*, so he got pissed off and did *Hannibal*. Then he still had the rights to the book *Red Dragon*, so he said, "We'll just do that again." If he could get away with it he'd make the same movie every year.

10

PLAYBOY: Who would you most like to cast as a guest corpse on *CSI*?

PETERSEN: The big three would be [CBS chairman] Les Moonves, [Alliance Atlantis Entertainment Group CEO] Peter Sussman and [*CSI* producer] Jerry

Bruckheimer, all of whom are getting filthy rich off this show. They should spend a day on the slab while we poke and prod them. You'd have to ask their wives if they'd be convincing as stiff.

11

PLAYBOY: Do we sense resentment over the decision by those parties to treat *CSI* as a franchise and spin off *CSI: Miami*?

PETERSEN: And they're going to do another *CSI* next year. Hey, they can do the show five nights a week with five different casts, but as long as they don't have my guys, they're not going to do it as well. *CSI: Miami* doesn't have our chemistry. Taking a blueprint of something that was organically conceived and trying to synthesize it is the difference between organic chicken and chicken jerky. There's nothing I can do about that. That's Viacom, big American capitalism and ratings points.

12

PLAYBOY: You were the Colin Farrell of your day, getting cast as the lead in *Manhunter* and 1985's *To Live and Die in L.A.* before audiences knew who you were.

PETERSEN: I didn't even have an agent when William Friedkin cast me in *To Live and Die*, so I had to call John Malkovich, whom I knew from Chicago theater, and

ask what he got paid for *The Killing Fields*. Basically, I was a rube who'd go to meetings with studio heads in a football jersey and cowboy boots because I didn't know that restaurants like Mortons weren't burger-and-beer joints.

13

PLAYBOY: Did that work in your favor?

PETERSEN: Yeah, because I also didn't care what anybody else's status was. Michael Mann asked me to screen-test for *Manhunter*, and when I said no, he said, "I don't know if you can have the part unless you screen-test." I said, "Then I won't have the part. Simple." I was 31 when I did my first movie. I already had a life and a 10-year-old daughter. Making *Young Guns II* with Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland and Christian Slater when they were young stars running around like chickens with their heads cut off, I thought, Thank god this didn't happen to me at their age or I might not have made it to 31.

14

PLAYBOY: So did you purposely keep your movie career on the down-low?

PETERSEN: After *Manhunter* and *To Live and Die*, there were all these cop movies that came my way, but they weren't any good, so I didn't do them. Then there was talk about my doing *Platoon*, but I didn't want to sit in a ditch in the Philippines for eight weeks for no money. Instead I did an HBO baseball movie for more money and more fun, and I got to play ball. I enjoy watching great movies like *Platoon*, but I don't have to be in them. I never fell in love with movies. I didn't want to spend all that time and effort. I've had it pretty good. I've had it my own way.

15

PLAYBOY: What about now? Are movie producers interested in you again?

PETERSEN: My agents tell me, "They're lining up with all these movie offers," but I say, "When do you think I'd make them? When I get done with this show, I'm taking a long break." I have 10 months to do 23 episodes, and with my eight weeks off I want to take my wife someplace, see my daughter and some ball games. The thing is, there's not a lot of shit I want to do except go back to the theater and direct young actors and someday play Falstaff.

16

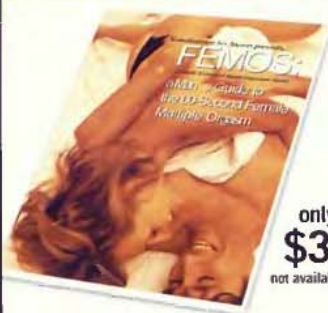
PLAYBOY: You're not talking about quitting a huge hit like *CSI*, are you?

PETERSEN: We're just finishing our 81st episode. That's a lot. I'll do *CSI* until I legally don't have to do it anymore, which I think is at the end of next year. Right now, that's as long as I can foresee doing this show.



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17

PLAYBOY: You were divorced at a young age and didn't get married again until last year. Did you sow a lot of wild oats during those 24 years?

PETERSEN: When I was younger, women wanted to sleep with me because of whatever movie or play they saw me in, and for about 15 years I certainly took advantage of that more often than not. I got married to my wife, Gina, last summer. I'd been working on the marriage thing with her, trying to get to a place where that was a good thing as opposed to a bad thing. Fidelity was hard when I was younger, but with maturity I got to a mind-set of, What's with all this running around to get girls? Now for me it's the old case of, Why go out for hamburger when I've got steak at home?

18

PLAYBOY: Are there Grissom groupies?

PETERSEN: There are people who are obsessed with me and write letters. I have this one girl in Germany who sends me tarantula items, like stuffed tarantulas. I just got a tarantula clock from her. It's relatively harmless. I've sent her thank-yous, but you've got to be careful. I pretty much have all the mail done by CBS now.

19

PLAYBOY: Beyond the town's obvious advantages for a crime show, are you a Las Vegas guy at all?

PETERSEN: The only good thing about Vegas is watching horse races and football games and being able to throw some money down on them. I don't play the tables, because they're just a sucker's game. Actually, the whole thing is a sucker's game. I'm not a huge Vegas fan, but it's the perfect milieu for the show. Everyone who goes there, even if they're old ladies from a Bible group in Mississippi, they go there to stick nickels into slots and feel a little dirty and dark. Shit happens when you get into that world. Guys lose their wives and money, women end up deciding to stay and become strippers. It's the dirty playground for the Darth Vader in all of us.

20

PLAYBOY: We need to know: Why are you so damned bowlegged?

PETERSEN: Yeah, they are seriously bowed. And I'm pigeon-toed. I can't quite hide it on *CSI*, and you can really see it in the Westerns I've done. Some of it is from playing a lot of ball as a kid. I also like to pawn it off on riding horses. But I'm afraid it's genetic. I think it was Shakespeare who said it best: "What manner of men are these who wear their balls in parentheses?"



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Dog's carry-on luggage included two duffels filled with Kevlar vests, shackles and a case of pepper spray.

Operation Cobra Gold had U.S. military all over the gentlemen's club. If Luster was still there, he would be lying low until they left.

The investigation stalled. Still, Dog was undeterred. When Rita Cosby offered him a chance to appear on her show on June 7, he agreed, thinking it might spook his quarry. On the show Dog told Cosby that his team was only "seven to 10 days" away from catching Luster. He concluded his appearance with a warning: "Fee fie fo fum, look out, Luster, here I come."

The next evening he called Schultz.

"What are we going to do about Thailand?" the producer asked.

"Forget about Thailand."

"What do you mean?"

"Howard," Dog said, slowly and with emphasis. "I think he's in Mexico."

Dog says his tip came from a young Bellingham, Washington man named Chris, who'd been vacationing with his girlfriend north of Puerto Vallarta at a resort called Costa Custodio, near the tiny coastal village of Platanitos. They had met a guy there who described himself as a surfer from Hawaii who was living in Guadalajara and looking for real estate investments along the coast. The owners of the Costa Custodio, Min Labauskas and Mona Rains, had invited the man, who called himself David Carrera, to look over their property.

Back in Bellingham, the couple caught Cosby's show and made the connection between Carrera and Luster. They called the Ventura authorities, who referred them to Chapman's website. Dog was intrigued. The next day, June 9, he got a call from Labauskas, who said he'd looked up Luster on the Internet and was con-

vinced that he and Carrera were the same guy. *Carrera* means "run" in Spanish.

On June 12 Dog, his son Leland and Tim Chapman were in Los Angeles, ready to board a red-eye to Guadalajara. Their carry-on luggage included two duffel bags filled with Kevlar vests, shackles, handcuffs and a case of pepper spray.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

Nine people were on the overnight flight: Dog, Tim Chapman, Leland Chapman, Mona Rains, Boris Krutonog, Jeff Sells, Howard Schultz and his film crew, Richie and Fernando. Early the next morning they boarded a puddle jumper to Puerto Vallarta, where they rented a Chevy Suburban and a van and headed north.

The crew was dubious. The village of Platanitos looked like the kind of place where the pigs in the road never roused themselves, from birth to the butcher. Before long the crew arrived at Costa Custodio, the compound that Labauskas had built over the past eight years, an oasis of nine villas sitting at the edge of the jungle and overlooking some of the best surf on the Pacific Coast.

Dog swung everyone into action. After getting their gear stored in the various villas, they set up cameras and began rehearsals for the filming of Andrew Luster's capture—starring Chapman as the bounty hunter and Krutonog as Luster. After several tense hours of practice under a brutal sun, the crew collapsed around the pool. But no one was relaxing. "Every noise, every car horn, every voice, every bird," says Schultz. "Bam! We were out of our chairs."

Mostly the crew spent the afternoon discussing various plans, the most prickly

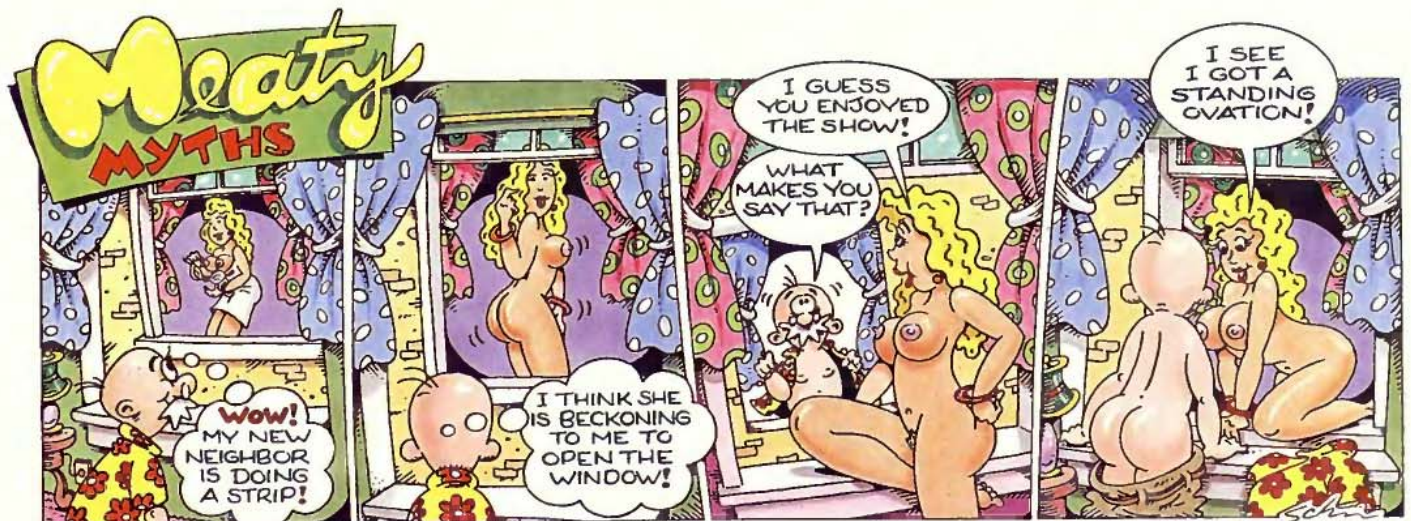
of which was what to do with Luster when they got him. The U.S. and Mexico have extradition issues. Mexico is more than happy to deport undesirable aliens. But because Mexico does not recognize conviction in absentia, life sentences or capital punishment, its authorities are reluctant to hand over people, especially Mexican citizens, to such justice.

Until about a decade ago, bounty hunters and sometimes U.S. law enforcement agencies would use various ruses to drag criminals back over the border while their Mexican counterparts looked the other way. This secret rite of extradition seemed to satisfy everyone until the case of Kiki Camarena. A DEA agent, Camarena was kidnapped, tortured and murdered in Mexico in 1985. The DEA then conducted an operation in which "Mexican bounty hunters" kidnapped Mexican national Dr. Humberto Alvarez, suspected in Camarena's murder, and brought him to the U.S. for trial. The Mexican government demanded that the DEA agent involved be extradited to stand trial for kidnapping. The U.S. refused.

Mexico and Canada were alarmed. Both countries vowed to prosecute any individual attempting to bounty hunt on their soil. The official line is that a bounty hunter must contact the appropriate local officials in Mexico, show a warrant, inform them of the suspect's whereabouts and then let them make the arrest.

Many bounty hunters, however, are unwilling to follow this procedure. For one thing, the painfully slow Mexican judicial system can keep the suspect in custody long after his bail has been forfeited in the U.S. Bounty hunters also complain that bribes often eat up their profits.

Dog and Schultz were aware of the problem, and both had been in contact with current and former law enforcement officials. The message they got back: Be extremely careful if you make an apprehension, and be damn sure to have a Mexican police officer present when you do.



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Labanauskas told them they were covered. He introduced the crew to a Mexican named Filiberto. Dog understood the man to be a local cop who moonlighted as a cabdriver. (Dog says he was shown a badge and a specialized holster containing a concealed gun.) The others say they understood that when the arrest was to go down, Filiberto was their man. Labanauskas denies this. "He was just a cabdriver who once worked as a tourist security guard," he says.

But where the hell was Luster?

Unfortunately the man they suspected of being Luster couldn't be lured back to Platanitos. Labanauskas asked him to come by on several occasions, but he said he was busy. Luster didn't sound suspicious, but something would always come up to prevent his arrival. Saturday passed, then Sunday and Monday.

The tension around Costa Custodio was rising with every hour. Krutonog, who had never seen Dog so amped up, was concerned about the growing animosity between the bounty hunters and the resort owners. Dog suspected that the couple was scheming to cut the others out of the capture. Labanauskas and Rains said they were fed up with "testosterone-crazed bounty hunters."

Schultz was more concerned with the \$3,000 a day exiting his pocket. He decided to send Richie and Fernando and their rented camera gear back to L.A. Sells and Krutonog would operate Schultz's own cameras for the capture.

On Tuesday morning Dog came into Labanauskas's kitchen to find that his host had prepared him a cup of tea and set a jar of honey beside it. What follows is Dog's account of what happened next, disputed by Labanauskas.

"I wondered why he was being so nice," recalls Dog. "I said, 'Where's Mona?'"

"Oh, she went into town this morning." Dog felt needles along his spine.

"What?"

"Well," Labanauskas explained, "she went and bought a wig, and she's going to grab Luster herself."

LET'S GO DRINKING

The heart of Puerto Vallarta's party scene is the Malecon, a cobblestoned walkway along the beach, in the city's downtown area. A concentration of bars and clubs runs the gamut from the bland corporate flavor of Carlos 'n Charlie's to rave palaces that could have been plucked from the streets of San Francisco.

Dog directed his men to drive down to Vallarta to find Rains before she stumbled across Luster and spooked him. Dog and Krutonog stayed behind at the villas. Dog's crew was amazed by the scene that greeted them in Malecon. "Thousands of teenage girls," says Tim. "They were all blonde and drunk and tits hanging out and making out with anybody." The crew had stumbled into an annual rite of passage for American high school kids celebrating their graduation in a party town where the legal drinking age is 18.

They found Rains scoping out the scene in one of the bars. She and the bounty hunters had all come to the same conclusion: Drunken teenage girls equals Luster heaven.

Rains told Dog's gang that she had spoken earlier that night to Luster on the phone and that he told her he'd checked into the Motel los Angeles, just a mile or so north of downtown. Though the plan was still to lure Luster to Costa Custodio—Labanauskas, according to Dog, had assured him that if the team was to take Luster on private property the police would regard the capture as if they had caught a burglar—they decided after a conference call that they would scout around and try to spot Luster in one of the clubs.

Tim dropped Leland off at the Motel los Angeles. Leland got a room overlooking the motel parking lot to see if he could spot Luster's white Jetta.

The rest split into teams and started a sweep of all the clubs and bars. By 1:30 A.M. they still hadn't spotted him. Tim decided they should regroup at the motel. "When we got there, we parked about half a block away," he says. "I went up to get Leland. He was about 10 steps behind me when we were leaving. When Leland turned around, a car drove into the driveway. It was a white Jetta. I looked at Leland, and he had his thumbs raised to his chest. It was Luster."

THE TAKEDOWN OF ANDREW LUSTER

Dog didn't let his terrible sense of direction affect his driving; he simply pressed down the accelerator as far as it would go and prayed. The normal driving time between Platanitos and downtown Puerto Vallarta is two and a half hours. There are three police checkpoints along the way. Dog made the trip that night in one hour and 20 minutes. During the drive he called Tim repeatedly. Luster, he learned, had left the motel again, and they had lost him.

As Dog passed the airport north of town, Tim called back to say that Filiberto had located Luster in a club called Collage. Dog arrived at the bar a few minutes later. The team and its followers split up and waited outside the club. After a while Luster emerged from the club with three men. The four got into Luster's car and drove down the strip. The bounty-hunting team—which then numbered four vehicles, containing three bounty hunters, two cameramen, the two resort owners and a cabbie who may or may not have been a cop—departed in pursuit. Luster stopped in front of another club, El Zoo, and the four men went inside.

At 4:45 A.M. Luster emerged from the club alone and got into his car. He sped off and made a couple of quick lefts. For a few panicky seconds, they lost him again.

Almost immediately Tim called Dog. "He's at the next street. He pulled over next to the taco stand."

The taco stand, near an intersection with a Pemex gas station on one corner, is a lively place 24 hours a day. The caravan found parking places as Luster ordered tacos. Dog got out of his car and started walking toward him.

It was just Dog versus Luster. The focus, the concentration, the fearsome tenacity were how Dog had taken down so many fugitives. Dog saw man. Dog attacked. To hell with the consequences.

"That Eminem song 'Lose Yourself' was in my head," says Dog. "I got down on the ground like Spider-Man. I was invisible. Tim was coming up on him from one side, Leland from another.



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Then I stood up suddenly in front of him, my tongue went out like a Samoan warrior, and I went, 'Ahhh...ahhh!' Luster freaked."

The fugitive jumped back from this leather-clad, tongue-wagging, mullet-wearing madman right into the arms of Tim, who locked a forearm around his throat. At the same instant Leland came from the side in a flying tackle and hit Luster in the knees. As the three fell toward the ground, Dog jumped on top of them.

At the cars, Sells and Krutonog had barely started filming before it was over. The glare of the floodlights on their cameras lit up the night, and the screaming bystanders must have been wondering if they were the audience for a strange new bit of gringo street theater.

After weeks of planning, Dog and his men were now improvising wildly. Dog had only one thought: Get this guy to the cops—now. The whole event had taken less than 30 seconds by the time they dragged Luster to the Suburban. Dog put himself and Luster in the back-seat while Labanauskas climbed in on the other side. Krutonog, still filming,

jumped in the front passenger seat, and Tim took the wheel. Behind them, Sells was riding with Leland in the van.

Filiberto the cop got into his cab and led the way. Rains drove her car somewhere behind them.

"The whores set me up!" screamed Luster. "Those fucking whores!"

Dog cracked a forearm across Luster's chest to calm him down. "You weren't set up—you were hunted down!"

Suddenly, Dog says, Labanauskas produced a small bottle—a cocktail of vodka and GHB he had made back at the villas—leaned over and tried to force the liquid down Luster's throat while the fugitive gagged. (Labanauskas claims he left the GHB cocktail at the villas.)

"No more!" Dog screamed over the noise. "Leave him alone! Tim, pull the fuck over!"

The caravan suddenly came to a halt at a side street. Troubled by what was "going to go down next," Labanauskas was opening the door to get out. Dog kicked out with his lizard-skin boot and helped him on his way.

As the vehicles took off again, Dog called his wife. "I got him! He's right

here! We're on our way to the cop shop."

Smith called Schultz in L.A. "Howard, they got him. Dog got him!"

When he got off the phone, Schultz remembered that he'd left his Mexican cell phone with Dog. On a hunch he dialed his own number. Dog answered the phone.

"Howard, we got Luster!"

"Dog, where are you?!"

"I don't know. We're driving to the cop shop."

Tim was following Filiberto, whom he believed was leading them to the closest police station. A moment later, in another car, Labanauskas and Rains passed the van and the Suburban.

According to the two resort owners, the car ahead of them wasn't driven by Filiberto, who'd gone home. The car ahead of them was just another Puerto Vallarta cab. They were headed back to Platanitos. They had no idea where Dog was going and, at that point, didn't care.

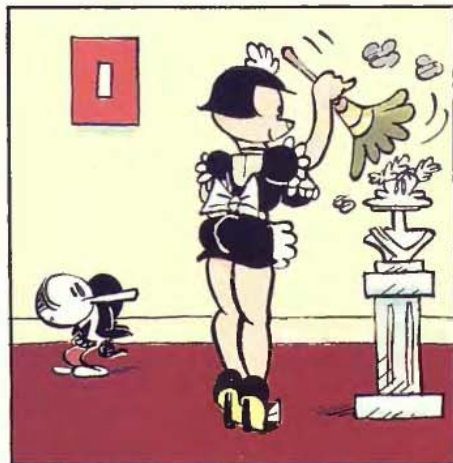
"Dog, listen to me, where are you?" asked Schultz.

"There's a roadblock up ahead."

"Dog?!"

"Get your papers out. Where's my

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black book?"

Schultz heard Mexican *federales* screaming orders. Then the phone went dead.

THE THREE AMIGOS

The day after his capture by Dog Chapman, Andrew Luster was back in the U.S. and on his way to spending the next 124 years in prison.

"It was, in fact, a deportation," says spokeswoman Laura Bosley of the FBI's L.A. office. "There is a provision in Mexican immigration law that denies entry into the country to a person who has a foreign criminal warrant. It's discretionary, but because our agents had such a good rapport with their counterparts

in Puerto Vallarta, they decided to act on that immigration provision. If Luster had to go through the extradition process, he might not have been returned at all."

A happy ending for everyone—except Dog Chapman. During the four days that he, Tim, Leland, Krutonog and Sells were in a Mexican jail, the local DA weighed charges against them. Finally, kidnapping was dropped for the lesser charge of illegal detention.

Bail-enforcement experts were almost universal in their condemnation of Dog's actions—publicly calling him "a liar," "a renegade cowboy" and "an irresponsible publicity seeker"—and distanced them-

selves from a man they believe is bringing disgrace on their industry.

Not only the bail industry turned its back. FBI special agent Eric Jensen, while acknowledging "occasional contact" with Dog during the investigation, says, "We would have strongly advised Chapman not to do the capture." Agent Ralph Boelter of the FBI's L.A. office adds, "Chapman's actions are beyond what I can condone. We will not be acting on his behalf, and we will not be assisting him." The FBI claims that it was only days behind Dog and would have made the capture legal.

Dog, Leland and Tim posted \$1,500 bonds for their criminal charges and \$300 apiece for their immigration charges. On June 22 they walked out of custody and into house arrest at the plush Westin resort a few miles up the coast. (Krutonog and Sells had been released a couple of days earlier.) The three were facing one month to four years.

At the Westin, Dog was a celebrity. Mexicans in Vallarta began calling him *El Perro*. The nickname has associations for many Mexicans with one of the most popular local wrestlers of all time, El Perro Aguayo. Nonetheless, the *tres amigos*—Dog, Leland and Tim—knew they couldn't afford to linger in luxurious captivity.

On July 1 they checked out of the Westin and told every staffer that they were moving south into a house they'd rented from a famous local gringa named Silver. They loaded into a van and promptly headed for the airport four hours away in Guadalajara. Their plane landed in Tijuana, and they transferred to a van booked to take them to the border. Everything seemed to be going smoothly.

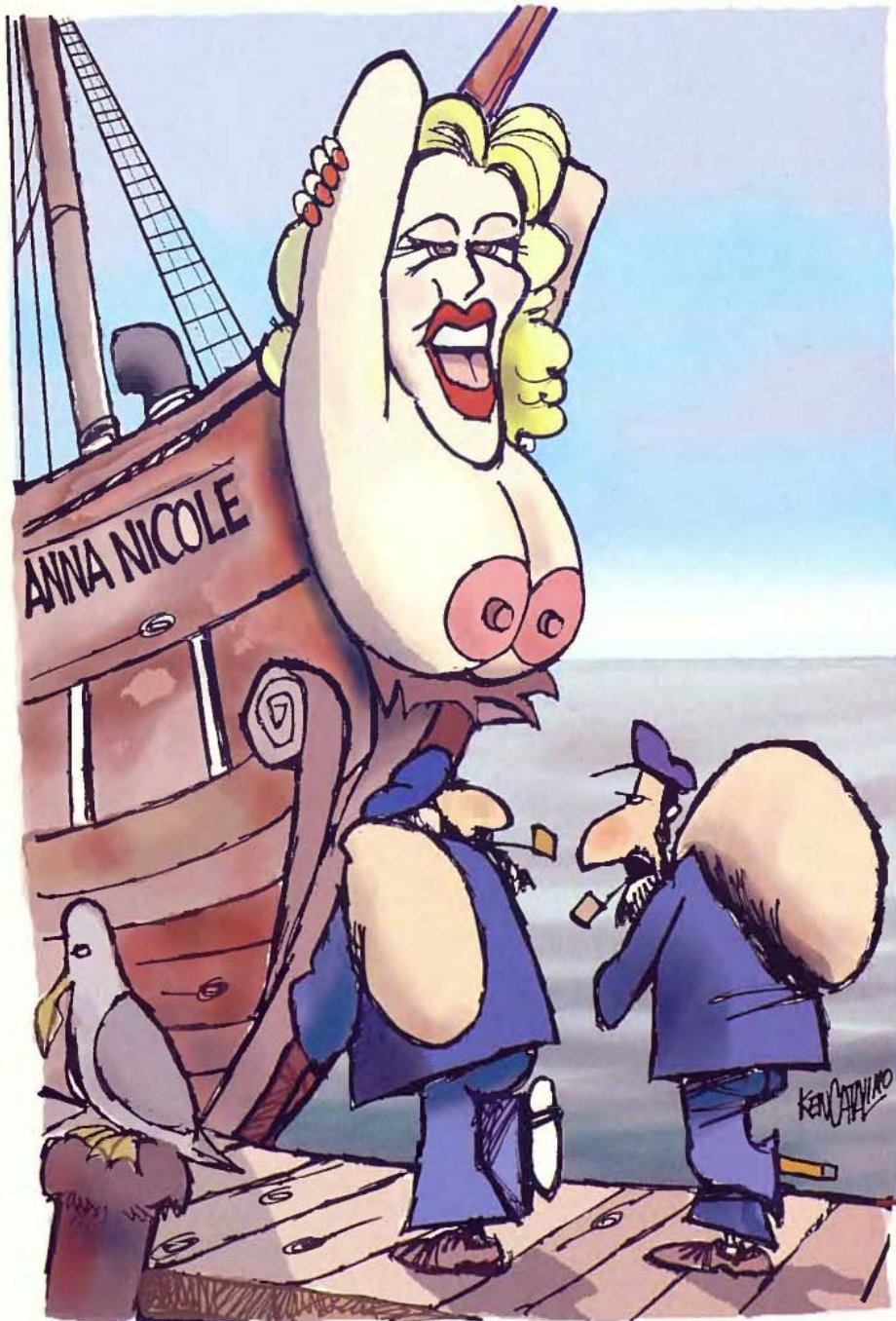
Then, about 200 yards from the border, the van driver suddenly announced that he'd forgotten his visa and stopped the vehicle. The amigos looked at one another, fear growing. Leland glanced out the back window. "There was this *federale* in a green uniform, and he was motioning at our van with his submachine gun. Then we stopped, and he started running toward us."

At that moment the van driver found his visa stuck to the van's visor. He stepped on the gas, and two minutes later the *tres amigos* were walking on U.S. soil. A Homeland Security officer came out of his office and greeted them.

"I wondered when y'all would show up," he said.

NOT A CENT

On August 7 Chapman and Smith sat in Ventura County court as superior court judge Edward Brodie considered their request to be paid from Luster's \$1 million bond and the sheriff's \$10,000 reward. It was a sticking point. Though



"They say she's unsinkable."

Dog had effected the capture of Luster 16 days before his bail was forfeited, it was not clear how he could collect when no one had actually hired him to go for the bounty.

"It was a cash bond. There was no bail bondsman involved and therefore no bounty," says Mark Bernstein, a Fresno, California lawyer who specializes in bail cases. "There is simply no precedent for a judge to award a percentage of the fugitive's cash bond to the person who brought him back."

Yet the judge is allowed to distribute money from the bond to the victims and to law enforcement agencies to compensate them for their expense in bringing back the fugitive. Dog felt it was within the judge's power to reward him.

Judge Brodie disagreed, strongly. Saying, "I cannot condone vigilante justice," he decided the money would be distributed among Ventura County law enforcement agencies and the victims. Dog wouldn't get a cent. In fact the balance, about \$410,000, would go back to Luster.

Chapman and Smith stormed out of the courtroom trailed by an army of cameras and reporters. Outside on the courthouse steps, Chapman said simply, "It's not about the money. It was Andrew Luster against the Dog, and the Dog won."

A month later I am sitting with Chapman on the sandy beach near Makapu'u Point, Hawaii. Smith is nearby, fixing up plates of chicken and fruit while Chapman's two youngest children, Bonnie, four, and Gary, two, play in the tidal pools.

It hasn't been a pleasant summer for Dog and his family. Though Dog denies any wrongdoing by leaving Mexico, Roberto Juarez, the Puerto Vallarta district attorney, says that Dog, Tim and Leland are "fugitives from Mexican justice" and has vowed to extradite them to Mexico. Though probably an empty threat, it has kept Dog in a constant state of agitation—not because he thinks he'll ever go to jail in Mexico but because of what it does to his name.

"Twenty-five years ago, when I took up bounty hunting, I prayed, 'Lord, I am going to work on the side of good. I am going to work for justice. I am going to make up for every bad thing I've done in my life.' And all I want back is my name. Not Dog the ex-con or Duane the ex-felon. No, I want my name, Duane 'Dog' Chapman. That's all."

Dog pokes a stick in the sand for a while, and we look at the sea. Finally he says, "When I think about what this has meant, two things occur to me. The victims got the justice, the vengeance, they deserved."

And the other?

"Now I'm not only Dog. I'm *El Perro*."



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GUTS

(continued from page 78)

And then I let it happen. The big white gobs start spouting. The pearls.

It's then I need some air. But when I go to kick off against the bottom, I can't. I can't get my feet under me. My ass is stuck.

Emergency paramedics will tell you that every year about 150 people get stuck this way, sucked by a circulation pump. Get your long hair caught, or your ass, and you're going to drown. Every year, tons of people do. Most of them in Florida.

People just don't talk about it. Not even French people talk about *everything*.

Getting one knee up, getting one foot tucked under me, I get to half standing when I feel the tug against my butt. Getting my other foot under me, I kick off against the bottom. I'm kicking free, not touching the concrete, but not getting to the air, either.

Still kicking water, thrashing with both arms, I'm maybe halfway to the surface but not going higher. The heartbeat inside my head getting loud and fast.

The bright sparks of light crossing and crisscrossing my eyes, I turn and look back...but it doesn't make sense. This thick rope, some kind of snake, blue-white and braided with veins, has come up out of the pool drain and it's holding on to my butt. Some of the veins are leaking blood, red blood that looks black underwater and drifts away from little rips in the pale skin of the snake. The blood trails away, disappearing in the

water, and inside the snake's thin, blue-white skin you can see lumps of some half-digested meal.

That's the only way this makes sense. Some horrible sea monster, a sea serpent, something that's never seen the light of day, it's been hiding in the dark bottom of the pool drain, waiting to eat me.

So...I kick at it, at the slippery, rubbery knotted skin and veins of it, and more of it seems to pull out of the pool drain. It's maybe as long as my leg now, but still holding tight around my butt-hole. With another kick, I'm an inch closer to getting another breath. Still feeling the snake tug at my ass, I'm an inch closer to my escape.

Knotted inside the snake, you can see corn and peanuts. You can see a long bright-orange ball. It's the kind of horse-pill vitamin my dad makes me take, to help put on weight. To get a football scholarship. With extra iron and omega-three fatty acids.

It's seeing that vitamin pill that saves my life.

It's not a snake. It's my large intestine, my colon pulled out of me. What doctors call prolapsed. It's my guts sucked into the drain.

Paramedics will tell you a swimming pool pump pulls 80 gallons of water every minute. That's about 400 pounds of pressure. The big problem is we're all connected together inside. Your ass is just the far end of your mouth. If I let go, the pump keeps working—unraveling my insides—until it's got my tongue. Imagine taking a 400-pound shit and you can see how this might

turn you inside out.

What I can tell you is your guts don't feel much pain. Not the way your skin feels pain. The stuff you're digesting, doctors call it fecal matter. Higher up is chyme, pockets of a thin, runny mess studded with corn and peanuts and round green peas.

That's all this soup of blood and corn, shit and sperm and peanuts floating around me. Even with my guts unraveling out my ass, me holding on to what's left, even then my first want is to somehow get my swimsuit back on.

God forbid my folks see my dick.

My one hand holding a fist around my ass, my other hand snags my yellow-striped swim trunks and pulls them from around my neck. Still, getting into them is impossible.

You want to feel your intestines, go buy a pack of those lambskin condoms. Take one out and unroll it. Pack it with peanut butter. Smear it with petroleum jelly and hold it under water. Then try to tear it. Try to pull it in half. It's too tough and rubbery. It's so slimy you can't hold on.

A lambskin condom, that's just plain old intestine.

You can see what I'm up against.

You let go for a second and you're gutted.

You swim for the surface, for a breath, and you're gutted.

You don't swim and you drown.

It's a choice between being dead right now or a minute from right now.

What my folks will find after work is a big naked fetus, curled in on itself. Floating in the cloudy water of their backyard pool. Tethered to the bottom by a thick rope of veins and twisted guts. The opposite of a kid hanging himself to death while he jacks off. This is the baby they brought home from the hospital 13 years ago. Here's the kid they hoped would snag a football scholarship and get an MBA. Who'd care for them in their old age. Here's all their hopes and dreams. Floating here, naked and dead. All around him, big milky pearls of wasted sperm.

Either that or my folks will find me wrapped in a bloody towel, collapsed halfway from the pool to the kitchen telephone, the ragged, torn scrap of my guts still hanging out the leg of my yellow-striped swim trunks.

What even the French won't talk about.

That big brother in the Navy, he taught us one other good phrase. A Russian phrase. The way we say, "I need that like I need a hole in my head..." Russian people say, "I need that like I need teeth in my asshole..."

Mne eto nado kak zuby v zadnitse.

Those stories about how animals caught in a trap will chew off their leg, well, any coyote would tell you a couple bites beats the hell out of being dead.

Hell...even if you're Russian, someday



Leo Corman

"He hasn't lost the will to live well."

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PLAYBOY TV

you just might want those teeth.

Otherwise, what you have to do is—you have to twist around. You hook one elbow behind your knee and pull that leg up into your face. You bite and snap at your own ass. You run out of air and you will chew through anything to get that next breath.

It's not something you want to tell a girl on the first date. Not if you expect a kiss good night.

If I told you how it tasted, you would never, ever again eat calamari.

It's hard to say what my parents were more disgusted by: how I'd got in trouble or how I'd saved myself. After the hospital, my mom said, "You didn't know what you were doing, honey. You were in shock." And she learned how to cook poached eggs.

All those people grossed out or feeling sorry for me....

I need that like I need teeth in my asshole.

Nowadays, people always tell me I look too skinny. People at dinner parties get all quiet and pissed off when I don't eat the pot roast they cooked. Pot roast kills me. Baked ham. Anything that hangs around inside my guts for longer than a couple of hours, it comes out still food. Home-cooked lima beans or chunk light tuna fish, I'll stand up and find it still sitting there in the toilet.

After you have a radical bowel resectioning, you don't digest meat so great. Most people, you have five feet of large intestine. I'm lucky to have my six inches. So I never got a football scholarship. Never got an MBA. Both my friends, the wax kid and the carrot kid, they grew up, got big, but I've never weighed a pound more than I did that day when I was 13.

Another big problem was my folks paid a lot of good money for that swimming pool. In the end my dad just told the pool guy it was a dog. The family dog fell in and drowned. The dead body got pulled into the pump. Even when the pool guy cracked open the filter casing and fished out a rubbery tube, a watery hank of intestine with a big orange vitamin pill still inside, even then my dad just said, "That dog was fucking nuts."

Even from my upstairs bedroom window, you could hear my dad say, "We couldn't trust that dog alone for a second...."

Then my sister missed her period.

Even after they changed the pool water, after they sold the house and we moved to another state, after my sister's abortion, even then my folks never mentioned it again.

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I still have not.



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JIM CARREY (continued from page 63)

"I walked around with a cleaning cart and a baseball bat, just waiting for my opportunity to crack a skull."

just to give everybody everything they want. They don't know what they want. And they'll eat you up and spit you out without even meaning to.

PLAYBOY: What's the alternative?

CARREY: If I got into a place where I felt pigeonholed, I would do the opposite until everyone forgot what I used to do. That came from seeing how it turns out when you pander to people. You're asking to be kicked in the teeth.

PLAYBOY: You first made good money doing impressions as Rodney Dangerfield's opening act. Audiences liked you.

CARREY: I saw where it was going. I saw it leading to Vegas and opening for people. Or if you're Rich Little, you become the Impressionist Guy. God bless him, but it was not good for me. This soul is too big to be housed by that.

PLAYBOY: Dangerfield took you under his wing. What did you learn from him?

CARREY: More than anything, he supported my creative whims. When I stopped doing impressions and started spiking my hair and doing weird things, he still hired me. He'd stand off to the side and laugh, and when I came off he'd say, "Man, those people think you're from another fucking planet." He's an incredible character. And he treated my father like gold, which was very important to me.

PLAYBOY: You've drawn clear lines about

not discussing whom you date. Did you get burned?

CARREY: You do learn that if you're telling the truth it's going to piss somebody off. But the press knows. They know that the celebrities who stand in front of the paparazzi are, you know, half going, "Just be cool. It's okay. This serves a purpose. It gets the publicity out," and half going, "These are the fucking people who follow me around! What am I doing?"

PLAYBOY: The attention defines some entertainers.

CARREY: Yeah, there definitely are people out there who would do anything to get some publicity. I'm not qualified to speak for everybody. I'm kind of in rarified air. The main thing is, I just don't believe in meanness.

PLAYBOY: Comedy is sometimes mean.

CARREY: Sometimes I trip into it as a comic, but I have trouble reconciling that, too. Try to find a comic who isn't angry when he's 70. Why is George Carlin pissed off? He's brilliant. But the man is so angry it's getting unnerving. It's like he practically doesn't want to live on this planet anymore. I try to understand why that's happening, because I don't want that. I want to be a loving human being. I want to look at the world with joy and gratitude and see the things that are good about life.

PLAYBOY: Your newest movie is *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, which is about a couple who have their relationship erased from their brains. Why did you do it?

CARREY: What drew me is the idea that everybody has someone they'd rather erase: "Gosh, if I could just suck that out of my brain and my heart and never deal with it again, it'd be fantastic." Everybody identifies with that, has some relationship that hurts so bad that they just wish they could make the ghosts go away. You can't, of course.

PLAYBOY: The hardships you and your family endured after your father lost his job have been well chronicled. Would you erase that pain?

CARREY: Well, there was only one time when I felt something really horrible was going on. That was when we were all doing the job at Titan Wheels [a tire manufacturer]. The whole family was working. My dad was doing the night shift, and I was doing afternoons and going to school in the daytime. I saw it changing us, making us hateful and bigoted. I empathize with kids who go to school and can't understand or don't want to understand what the teacher is saying. I was so angry then, I just wanted to bash someone's head in.

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

CARREY: Yeah. I used to carry a bat on my cleaning cart. This factory was half Jamaican and half Indian—you know, Sikhs. Everybody had daggers and knives, and it was like a race war going on. I was in the middle of it.

PLAYBOY: What did they do to make you so angry?

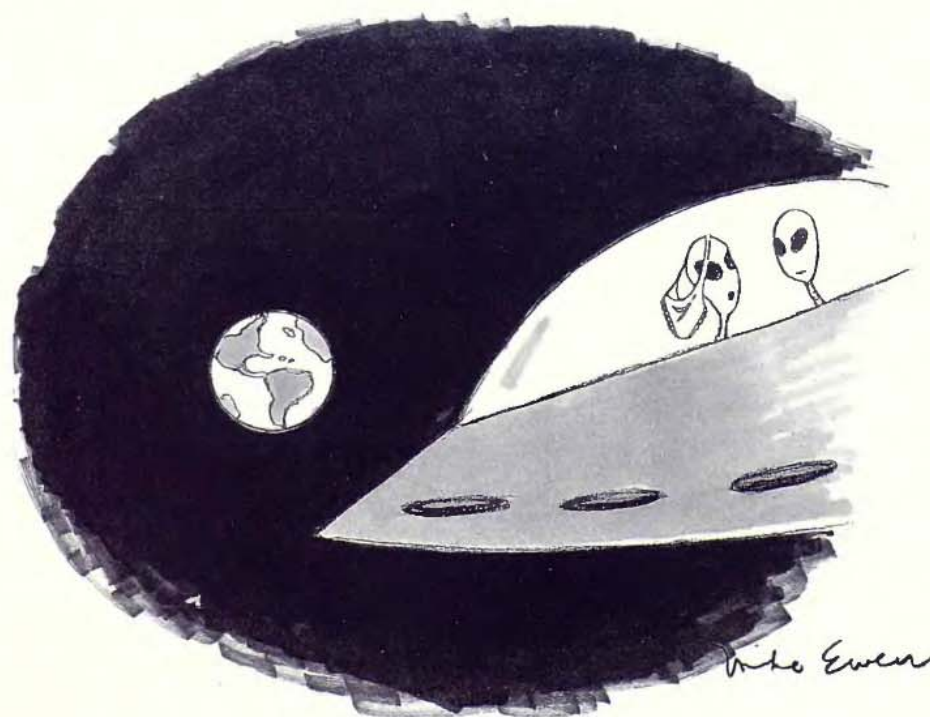
CARREY: They'd taunt me. They'd pile their chicken bones two feet high in the corner of the cafeteria because they knew I'd have to clean it up. Or they'd take a shit in the sink. Constantly trying to push my buttons to the point where I walked around with a cleaning cart and a baseball bat, just waiting for my opportunity to crack a skull. It was bad. I wanted to hurt somebody. I was caught up in anger. So I get how that feels. I understand.

PLAYBOY: Would you be who you are now without those experiences?

CARREY: It definitely gave me an edge. And I don't think anybody is interesting on-screen unless they have an edge of some kind. There's a reason Russell Crowe is popular, besides being an excellent actor. The guy is an edgy dude. And all of us kind of live vicariously through guys who can bust some heads for us. I think an edge is interesting to watch. To have that, you've got to risk.

PLAYBOY: *In Living Color* gave you your start, but it wasn't *Saturday Night Live*. Would you rather have done *SNL*?

CARREY: I never made it in the normal way everybody makes it. I tried out for *Saturday Night Live*. The day I auditioned I went over to NBC, and as I'm getting ready I'm going, "Am I meant to do



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this?" I got out of my car, and an NBC page was standing on the ledge on the 10th floor of the NBC building, trying to work up the nerve to kill himself. And I just went, "This isn't going to happen. This is not going to happen today." Because I read the universe all the time and generally get my answers real quick.

PLAYBOY: That could be taken as some kind of sign.

CARREY: Yeah, and all these news crews were coming out of the building. And this guy was shuffling toward the edge, trying to decide whether to kill himself or not.

PLAYBOY: Did he?

CARREY: I don't know. I never heard. I went in. So the whole time I was in there I was thinking, Is he dead? Did he die? But I never watched the news. I forgot about it. That's how desensitized I was. It was all about whether I was getting on the show or not.

PLAYBOY: On *In Living Color* you were known as the white guy. Did you have any idea who'd be the biggest success? Surely it wasn't going to be the Fly Girl named Jennifer Lopez.

CARREY: God bless her, man. She went for it. That's a driven woman. Unbelievable

how well she has done. Incredible. But she's paying for it big-time, too. I didn't really have any notions about it, honestly. Sometimes I'd talk with Damon Wayans, who by year three had started getting opportunities and was on the way out of the show. He was tired a lot of the time, and I'd say to him, "But this is it, man! We made it already." I was aware that this was a rung on the ladder, but I wanted to enjoy it. What if it wasn't? What if this was as high as I was going? So I worked it to the very last show. Probably a little desperately.

PLAYBOY: You've convincingly beaten the crap out of yourself in *Liar Liar* and *Me, Myself & Irene*. Does it hurt?

CARREY: I hurt myself on *Me, Myself & Irene*. I'd sprained my ankle during rehearsals in the scene where Renée kicks me in the mouth and sends me over the fence. So for the rest of the film, when I'm running after the car, jumping on the car and doing all this stuff—it's all with a sprained ankle. I still have scarring on my bones. I don't generally hurt myself that much, but there were a lot of bumps and bruises on that movie.

And I was in hell in that Grinch costume, too. It was like knives were stuck

in my eyes.

PLAYBOY: Because of the thick, colored contact lenses?

CARREY: Yes. It was just the worst situation comfortwise you could possibly imagine. But still, when they said "Action!" I was free, you know? There's something about that suspended life moment. When they say "Action!" I'm free.

PLAYBOY: You grew up loving Jimmy Stewart and played a role he would have taken in *The Majestic*. It didn't do well.

CARREY: It was a beautiful movie. I think what it missed was some humor. If you're going to do a hats-off to Frank Capra you've got to have the part when the gymnasium floor opens up and everybody falls in the pool and he's stepping on her robe and she's naked, jumping behind a bush. This film took itself a little too seriously. Too sentimental. It's odd when people go, "Well, how do you feel that this failed?" I never see it as failure. How can it be? This was 500 people working for four months. We turned on a town and gave them significance. I learned to be a better actor and met Martin Landau. Andy Kaufman? A frigging triumph! I don't think it was meant to do a lot of business, because Andy didn't do a lot of business. We were true to him and polarized the same people.

PLAYBOY: What about *The Cable Guy*?

CARREY: Huge success! It has become this weird cult movie. So much focus was put on the money I made, and people came gunning for it. It's not Shakespeare, but there's some funny shit in that movie, man. It was dark. The mistake the movie company made was to tell people it wasn't dark. The audience got surprised. It's a dark, psychological, in-your-face comedy. I felt I'd done something fairly brave and that we had huge laughs doing it.

PLAYBOY: You aren't big on sequels. Did it bother you when New Line cast a look-alike for *Dumb and Dumber*, a widely panned *Dumb and Dumber* prequel?

CARREY: Yes, it did. It was an odd kind of compliment and an odd, creepy thing to do, to dress somebody up and try to pass him off as me. That shouldn't happen until you're dead, right? I felt for that guy. He did a good impression.

PLAYBOY: Would you coax your 16-year-old daughter to go into show business?

CARREY: No one coaxed would ever fucking make it. If she has a burning desire beyond belief to make it in this business, she'll do it. No one can make it otherwise. No way. There are too many fucking humiliating things. She's going to be accused of nepotism. But she has talent, and that will prove her or not prove her. She's really a smart girl with a beautiful voice. She'll make it if she commits.

PLAYBOY: Having been forced to leave school for financial reasons, are you a stickler about her getting a degree?

CARREY: I want her to. I feel there's some kind of solace that comes with finishing things. I don't think about it so much



"More bad news...remember when I told you my agent got me a role in a 'B' movie?..."

anymore. I left halfway through 10th grade, but I read and I have a hunger for information and knowledge. Psychology has always fascinated me. One reason I love acting is that you always have to figure out where a character came from, what his parents did to him, what happened here. It's like being a psychologist of some sort.

PLAYBOY: You've been married twice; now you live alone. Do you miss having somebody around?

CARREY: It's less about that than about wanting to be real with somebody. I want to love somebody without walking around in a secret turmoil and feeling like I've been made to be something I'm not. Somebody I can be nakedly honest with—that's who is going to win my love.

PLAYBOY: Given your current level of fame, how do you date a woman and know if she's responding to you and not to your stardom?

CARREY: Sooner or later the monster shows its face.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

CARREY: I think we're all innately psychic. We're like dogs, man. We smell it. Sometimes we deny it, but we know it. We know when somebody loves us because they love us. I'm pretty sharp.

PLAYBOY: Do you still go into relationships with an open mind, or are you cynical?

CARREY: The scariest thing for me is to change my mind and possibly hurt somebody. I don't think about *being* hurt as much as I think about possibly waking up one day and wanting something else and hurting that person. That's the fear, I guess. I want to have a lifelong love; I just don't know if that's real anymore.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you'd be a better husband now because you are less needy.

CARREY: I wasn't needy. I was perhaps not as tolerant as I could be. Perhaps I just picked people who were not good candidates to begin with, who weren't necessarily a good match.

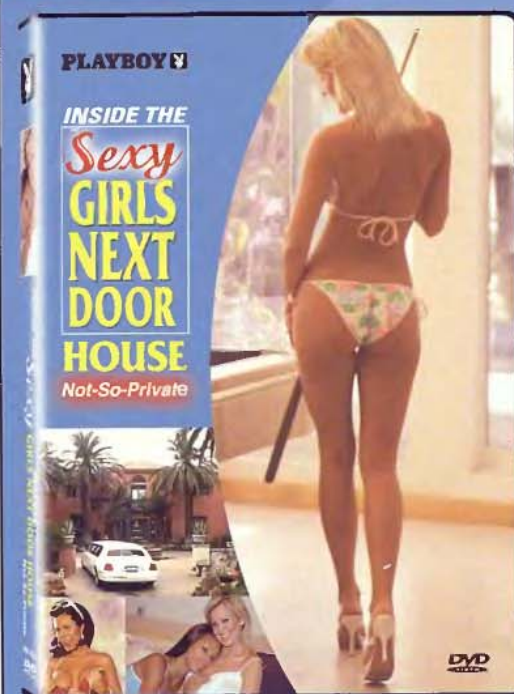
PLAYBOY: Given your spirituality and your desire for dramatic roles, are you still a comic at heart?

CARREY: It is difficult because I've trained myself to be this comedic mind. That entails looking at something and deciding what's funny about it. What's funny about anything is what's wrong with it. So you're judging what's wrong with something or someone all the time, every day of your life. Down the line, that's got to take a toll. You can't end up being a happy guy if you spend every minute of your life going, "President Bush—what a fucker!" You may think that from time to time—and I certainly do—but I also don't believe that he necessarily thinks he's doing something wrong. Some people can look at life and go, "That's the beautiful thing, that's the beautiful thing. Hey, there's a beautiful thing." And that's where I'm trying to put myself.



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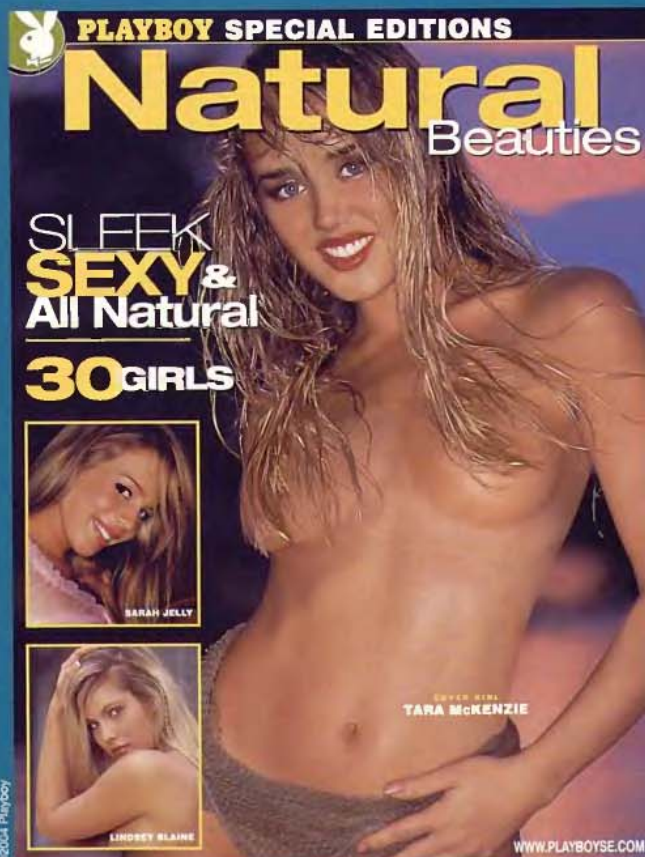
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SHULGIN

(continued from page 88)

of fun with why, when I was older, I built three basements in my house."

His first basement chemistry set had only bicarbonate of soda and dilute acetic acid. He accumulated more powders and liquids and mixed them into messes that fizzed and changed colors. Chemistry became his thing, his outlet, and by the time he went to Harvard—on a full scholarship at 16—he was sufficiently advanced in it to use it to express himself. Intimidated by Ivy League regality, Shulgin conveyed his discomfort by allowing a gooey batch of mercuric acetate to dry on his dorm windowsills. When it hardened, it exploded, sending shattered glass into the yard. "It was an accident," he says now, with an amused smile. "Just an experiment." Then he adds, as if to reassure me, "I replaced the windows."

When America entered World War II, Shulgin happily dropped out of Harvard and joined the Navy. In his ship's bunk he memorized a favorite chemistry textbook, and by the time the war was over he was prepared for a Ph.D. in biochemistry at Berkeley, followed by marriage (his first wife, Nina, died 30 years later) and a job at Dow Chemical. He immediately proved himself a wizard. Told to find a way to deal with the company's excess inventory, he scribbled a formula on the back of an envelope. "I told them, 'If you put a phosphate down here and put a carbonate up there, you have a physostigmine,'" he says. His supervisors asked what that was. Shulgin told them he was pretty sure it was the world's first biodegradable pesticide.

Dow made a fortune on the pesticide (it spawned an entire line that is still in use), and as a reward Shulgin was given a lab and the freedom to do whatever he wanted. "So," he says, laughing, "I went into psychedelics."

The chemist became a convert after his first mescaline trip—on 400 milligrams, a massive dose. Emotional doors that had been locked his entire adult life swung open, and he felt showered with passion. "I saw a world that presented itself in several guises," he wrote. "It had a marvel of color that for me was without precedent.... I could see the intimate structure of a bee putting something in its sack on its hind leg to take to its hive, yet I was completely at peace with the bee's closeness to my face.... I had found my learning path."

Awed by his ability to be awed and left with "a burning desire to explain its profound action to myself and to the rest of mankind," Shulgin resolved to spend the rest of his career exploring psychedelics. Thus he would begin his double life, presenting himself as sympathetic to law enforcement, with low regard for street drugs but convinced that his

beloved psychedelics were a "family that must stand apart."

THE LAW OF UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES

Shulgin was not alone. The 1950s were a golden age in psychedelic studies. Aldous Huxley published *The Doors of Perception* and argued that mescaline could open an educated, sensitive mind to "love as the primary and fundamental cosmic fact." Artists and intellectuals like Shulgin took to Huxley enthusiastically. In drawing rooms and Beverly Hills doctors' offices, celebrities such as Cary Grant, Jack Nicholson and Esther Williams were experimenting, and Shulgin decided to join them with his own "mescaline studies."

At the same time, psychedelics were all the rage in therapeutic circles. At the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, doctors were looking into a bewitching new chemical, LSD, as a means to "elicit release of repressed material" into consciousness (they also investigated LSD as a truth serum for the CIA). Hundreds of other LSD clinical trials were under way, sponsored by the National Institutes of Mental Health. "These people were in no sense cultural rebels," says Dr. Lester Grinspoon, a noted Harvard University drug historian. "It's a nearly forgotten chapter in American psychiatry."

In the late 1960s, psychedelics—linked to Golden Gate Bridge suicides, Timothy Leary and the counterculture—became politically fraught, and scientific support for their study melted away. LSD was outlawed, and the FDA began denying research requests for LSD and mescaline, ending the prolific decade. Even chemists who had bet their careers on psychedelics moved on, but Shulgin never left his learning path, and he was soon the leading member of a once vibrant field.

He dealt with the FDA ban by making "designer drugs" that skirted the legal definition of a psychedelic. He described his new drugs in a steady stream of journal articles—such as "Role of 3,4-dimethoxyphenethylamin in Schizophrenia" in *Nature*—intended not for a mass audience but to keep the scientific ball rolling in a time of government hostility. Dr. Charles Grob, director of the child psychiatry department at UCLA Hospital, says, "Sasha is a scientist, and he gave the studies credibility. He carried the torch. Because of that he may one day be perceived—rightly, I think—as the father of an entire field of psychedelic medicine."

In 1967 Shulgin had his first brush with the unintended consequences of his imagination. An ultrapotent second-generation analog of mescaline, a drug he called DOM, became known on the street as STP (serenity, tranquility, peace), and a drug epidemic tore through San Francisco. STP was sold in tabs that were four times stronger than the safe dose, and thousands of people who took it ended up in emergency rooms, hallucinating uncontrollably. "Maybe it became

known from a seminar I gave at Johns Hopkins," Shulgin wrote in his only public comment on the DOM disaster. "Maybe the patents had been read."

On July 5 the Shulgins stay home to relax, recover and avoid the sun on a day when the heat rises from the earth in visible waves. Sasha and Ann do not have the means to install air-conditioning; he gets by on a small allowance from leasing land on his property (which his father bought in the 1930s) for a cell phone antenna, and along with his Social Security and his book sales (he distributes through Amazon.com) he makes enough to keep content. Ann, however, allows that she wouldn't mind cash to repair the kitchen linoleum where it has worn down to the bare wood planks. "Sasha told me in the beginning that he never planned to make money from his inventions," says Ann. "That was fine with me, but a little bit would be nice. It's a very old house."

Shulgin has already checked into the lab, having risen at seven in the morning, and when he meets me at the door he is wide awake and wearing his uniform: open shirt, shorts and sandals. These sandals—black custom-made jobs in the Birkenstock style—are practically stitched to Shulgin's feet; they look like they haven't been removed since the Summer of Love. He was wearing sandals on his wedding day and wore them with his tuxedo when he received a plaque from the Department of Justice (for his "significant personal efforts to help eliminate drug abuse"), and he sure is wearing them today. Of course, he has a theory for footwear: "I discovered that fungus is unable to grow on my feet if I wear sandals."

Ann is sitting in her usual chair by the screen door, looking perfectly at ease, smoking and fanning herself with a folded magazine. "Psychedelics are extraordinarily wonderful for another thing: love-making," she says, abruptly yet casually. "You know, as you get older you find there is more than the penetrative, pounding type of sex. And you can have a spiritual experience making love."

A low sound escapes my lips as I consider continuing the conversation, then I decide I'm not that liberated. Reading *PIHKAL* and *TIHKAL*, I'd already come across several testimonies to the power of psychedelic sex. "The Bach was a moving thread of silver against a background of blue and orange," begins a typical passage. "I opened my eyes for a second to see [his] head rising from the pillow as his body strained against the ropes."

So it seems that Sasha and Ann are not simply married but delightfully married. Sasha has found his natural earth goddess, a bundle of loving energy he calls kiddo. As for Ann, she calls her husband her "big, beautiful man" or her "white-haired magician." She drops her voice, speaking with the cool precision she

learned as a medical transcriber. "For months he is absorbed in cactuses, and there are cactuses lying all over the house," she says. "Then he gets onto tryptamines, and I can tell you it's damn impossible to get him to go back to the cactuses." Her eyebrows arch. "What could be more exciting than constant change?"

It is an interesting question, given that one constant in the Shulgins' lives has been their ingestion of massive amounts of psychedelic drugs, a total that easily numbers in the tens of thousands of trips. Feeling "disorientated" in Aachen, Germany, where they had gone to attend a conference on nuclear medicine, they took 30 milligrams of an "erotic enhancer" they called 2CB and made love in the hotel room. In Lourdes, France Ann explored caves under the sway of ecstasy. Back home they packed a mushroom analog Sasha had synthesized and visited so-called energy centers such as Death Valley. When Sasha asked Ann to move in with him, they were both on LSD.

Sometimes, as in the case of Shulgin's first brush with a high dose of a drug they call "the teacher," a vigorous psychedelic that makes LSD look like a multivitamin, his journal records less than blissful reactions: "Am scared shitless.... Am I catalytically fixed...? I see myself dying," he wrote. He imagined himself as a very old man lying on the floor, his body wasting away to bone. But he refuses to linger on that awful image, with its echo of his childhood pet, dismissing it as a "nihilist illusion" and retreating to a discussion of the shape of the molecule.

His most visionary experience was itself a reflection of his obsession with structure and form. He had swallowed some strongly hallucinogenic ALEPH compounds and was walking in his garden when he saw the hose tangled in a giant knot. In a blink, without thinking, he untangled it mentally. All at once he saw how to make the hose flat and straight. Just as easily, he could retangle it. "I thought, Is this bliss?" he says, the memory still vivid. "And right then I wanted to go inside to the dictionary and look up the definition of bliss."

SASHA'S SECOND DRINK

Shulgin did not immediately recognize that MDMA would change his life—and society. He initially thought it was no more nuanced than gin. After his first experience in the early 1970s—the compound had been buried in reference books since 1912 but never discussed as psychoactive—he described a "mild, pleasant intoxication." It produced "free-flowing feelings" that he likened to "the second martini." Believing he had indeed found a synthetic alternative to alcohol, Shulgin brought it to parties, holding up a little baggie of white powder he called "a low-calorie martini."

Testing among his research group, however, revealed the full range of

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warmth and euphoria of the MDMA high. Less cosmic and more personal than LSD, it evoked in most people feelings of empathy and self-acceptance rather than the sometimes bewildering encounter with infinity that is characteristic of acid. From the perspective of drug-assisted psychotherapy, it would be a safer choice than LSD, which was too strong for the "drug-naïve." Arriving on the scene as it did in the drug-tolerant atmosphere of the 1970s, a time when the Carter administration was talking openly about decriminalizing marijuana, MDMA seemed to Shulgin's group to be a drug that could revive the spirited

research of the 1950s. They lovingly nicknamed it "empathy" and thought of it as "penicillin for the soul."

Shulgin started sharing his gentle new compound with people outside his research group; one person he gave it to was his friend and famous predecessor, the Austrian scientist Albert Hofmann, who is known for synthesizing LSD in 1938 (Hofmann also wanted to market LSD in low doses as an antidepressant). "They talked about this connection between atomic energy and psychedelic energy," says Doblin, who was present for the session. "They felt that the chemicals were an antidote—through the de-

velopment of consciousness—to handle the destructive energies." After hours of this kind of conversation, Shulgin asked Hofmann what he thought of MDMA. Hofmann replied, "Finally, something I can do with my wife."

By the late 1970s, a time of promise for the true believers, Shulgin's establishment credentials were impeccable. He appeared at drug criminals' trials and gave expert testimony for the prosecution. He didn't mind helping the government put amphetamine or cocaine dealers in jail. Those drugs were "false in some way," he says. "The sense of power they give is not real." They were only marginally better than marijuana—in his opinion "a complete waste of time."

He was also a lecturer at Berkeley, a consultant to the DEA and a member of the Bohemian Club, one of America's most elite organizations. Every Republican president since Calvin Coolidge—along with America's top CEOs and media moguls—has been a member of the all-male fraternity, which meets once a year for a secretive two-week bacchanal in the California redwoods. "Sasha is very intentional about his friendships," says Doblin. "He has tripped out with those captains of industry. So if you want to know why he got raided and not arrested, I think that's the answer."

Shulgin staked his reputation on ecstasy, seeding it in a community of New Age and Jungian analysts on the West Coast while recruiting highly placed professionals he hoped would testify for it when the inevitable confrontation with the government came. By the early 1980s an estimated 1,000 therapists were doing five-hour MDMA sessions with their patients.

Then, a hippie nightclub owner in Texas broke ranks and began selling it. He renamed MDMA ecstasy, beginning the rebranding that led to a giant criminal market for Shulgin's drug. "Yeah, the first dealers came right out of the movement. They were a breakaway branch," Doblin says. "But it could have been worse. We actually talked them out of marketing 2CB, another Sasha invention, which is much stronger and more psychedelic and really would not have been right for people to be taking in nightclubs."

By the time the government announced plans to add ecstasy to the Controlled Substances Act, Shulgin and his circle were confident that they had laid the groundwork to keep it in the hands of doctors. "We were optimistic," recalls Doblin. "It wasn't as strong as LSD, so the abuse profile was better, and here you had this record of its being used in a therapeutic context."

On August 24, 1984 Shulgin wrote to his old friends at the DEA to say that MDMA, because of its "medical utility," ought to be placed under the less restrictive Schedule III, so that research could



Dan Jolley

"First of all, George, you're too old to have an imaginary friend. And second, I don't think she's imaginary!"



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

the inside story on

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

Jamie Ireland

Individual results may vary

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 39, 45-46, 104-111 and 167, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 39: *EA Games*, 877-324-2637 or ea.com. *Konami*, konami.com/lifeline. *LucasArts*, lucasarts.com. *Midway Games*, midway.com. *Sammy Studios*, sammystudios.com. *Sony*, playstation.com. *Wired: Altec Lansing*, store.apple.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 45-46: *F.M. Allen*, fmallen.com. *Harvard Common Press*, harvardcommonpress.com. *Morgan Aero 8*, from Isis Imports, morgan-cars-usa.com. *Sony*, sony.com.

STRONG SUITS

Pages 104-111: *Borrelli*, luigi-borrelli.com. *Boss Hugo Boss*, hugo.com. *Bottega Veneta*, bottega-veneta.com. *Brioni*, brioni.it. *Calvin Klein Collection*, 212-292-

9000. *Charvet*, available at Bergdorf Goodman, 212-753-7300. *Country Gentleman*, countrygentleman.com. *D&G*, 212-965-8000. *Etro*, etro.it. *Frédéric Fekkai*, fredericfek kai.com. *GF Ferré*, gianfrancoferre.com. *John Richmond*, 212-246-6724. *Johnston & Murphy*, johnston-murphy.com. *Kiton*, kiton.it. *La Perla*, laperla.com. *La Petite Coquette*, 212-473-2478. *Lorenzini*, lorenzini.it. *Lubiam*, lubiam.it. *Michael Kors*, 212-452-4685. *Stuart Weitzman*, stuartweitzman.com. *Ted Baker London*, tedbaker.co.uk. *Tommy Bahama*, tommybahama.com. *Vestimenta*, available at Barneys New York. *Zang Toi*, 212-757-1200.

murphy.com. *Kiton*, kiton.it. *La Perla*, [laperla.com. *La Petite Coquette*, 212-473-2478. *Lorenzini*, \[lorenzini.it\]\(http://lorenzini.it\). *Lubiam*, \[lubiam.it\]\(http://lubiam.it\). *Michael Kors*, 212-452-4685. *Stuart Weitzman*, \[stuartweitzman.com\]\(http://stuartweitzman.com\). *Ted Baker London*, \[tedbaker.co.uk\]\(http://tedbaker.co.uk\). *Tommy Bahama*, \[tommybahama.com\]\(http://tommybahama.com\). *Vestimenta*, available at Barneys New York. *Zang Toi*, 212-757-1200.](http://laperla.com)

ON THE SCENE

Page 167: *Cold Steel*, 800-255-4716 or coldsteel.com. *Colorado Boomerangs*, 800-35-RANGS or coloradoboomerangs.com. *Dragon Knives*, from the Great Throwzini, throwzini.com. *Horizon Darts*, 800-542-3278. *The Oriental Gifts*, 312-663-0304.

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continue and doctors could be permitted to prescribe it. "I have been in direct communication with perhaps a score of physicians who have become sufficiently impressed with the value and safety of MDMA to have built much of their psychiatric practice about its use," he wrote.

After hearings that lasted two years and included mountains of testimony, the DEA's chief administrative judge, Justice Francis Young, agreed that MDMA should be placed under Schedule III. But a month later the head of the DEA, John Lawn, a Reagan appointee, overruled his own judge and placed ecstasy under Schedule I. "It was the first clandestinely manufactured designer drug that got itself a lawyer and gathered so-called experts on the subject," a DEA official later said.

Dr. Grinspoon, the Harvard drug historian, won a case against the DEA in federal court on the grounds that the administrator had improperly ignored MDMA's medical potential. But Lawn rescheduled it under a new rationale, and this time the ban held. In 1986 Congress passed the Analog Act, which outlawed newly created drugs if they resembled the chemical structure of a scheduled drug. Two years later Shulgin tried to firm up his establishment credentials. He wrote *Controlled Substances: A Chemical and Legal Guide to Federal Drug Laws*, which became a standard reference for DEA officials.

The book was too late, however, and Shulgin paid a heavy professional price for his advocacy. As ecstasy spread to raves and the headlines carried stories of drug overdoses, Shulgin's reputation plummeted. The DEA blacklisted him with chemical supply houses. "They can do that quite easily," he says. In the late 1980s Shulgin found that his papers were no longer being accepted for publication. "The journals started getting cold feet," says Ann. "There was this reluctance to continue to publish Sasha's work. I don't think anything was turned down, but little notes came from their lawyers saying, 'We don't know if we can keep on.' Deep down, the DEA wants us dead."

Cocooned in their Contra Costa hideaway as ecstasy burned through the national consciousness, Sasha began to see a future in which the knowledge of his other beloved molecules' existence died with him.

In 1991 he decided his only option was to self-publish. "The only reason we published *PIHKAL*," says Ann, "is that the journals were unavailable." After self-publishing the book, with its recipes for making psychedelics, he sent it out with a cover letter to his friends in the DEA. "This might interest you," he wrote. It did. Three years later the government reached out from Washington and raided his house. What followed were allegations that Shulgin had violated the technical terms of his license, a case

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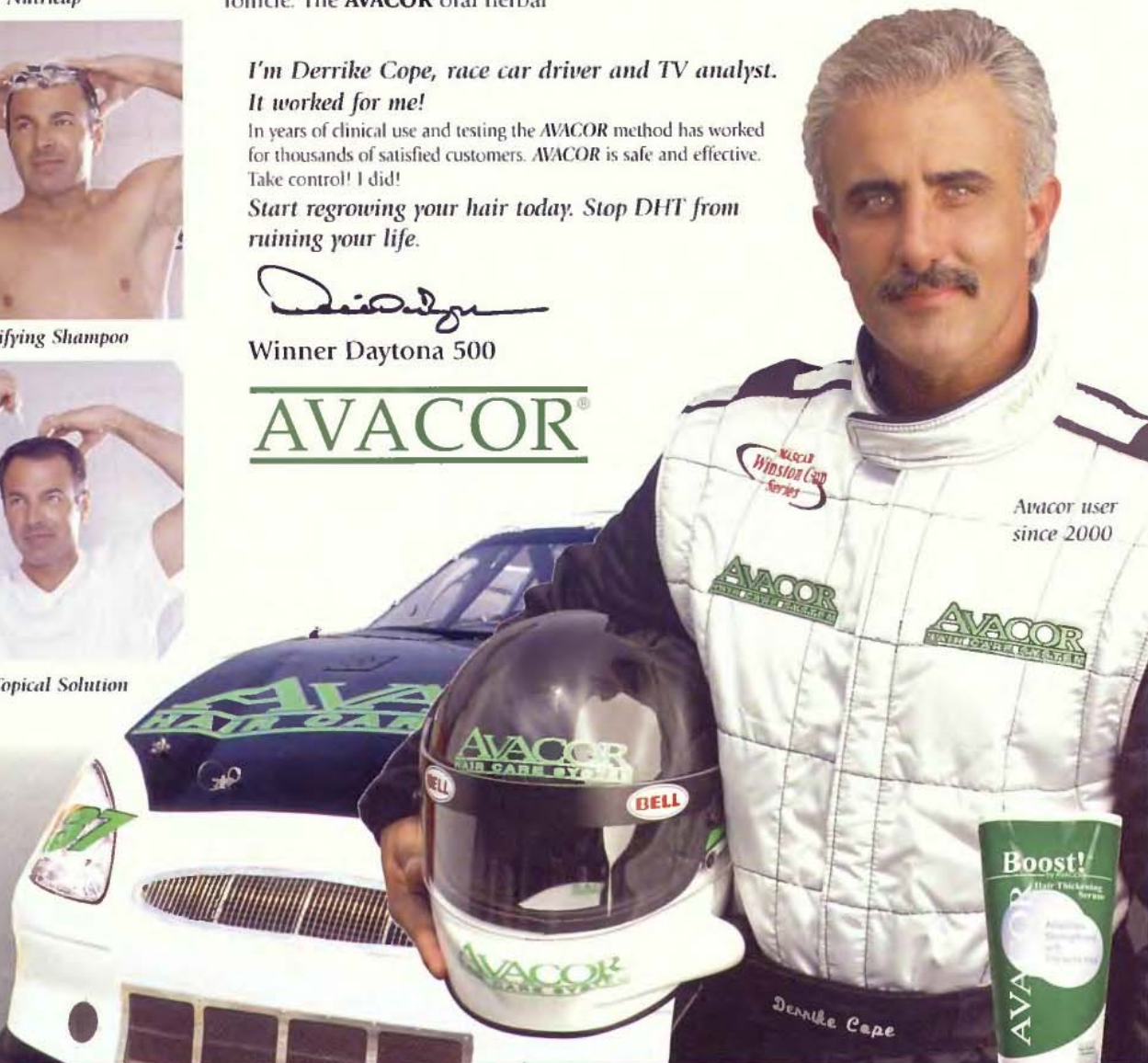
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he settled by paying a \$25,000 fine—and surrendering his license.

Dr. Grob of UCLA, a supporter, says, “When MDMA was scheduled, it really crushed Sasha. I don’t think he’s ever recovered from the humiliation.”

THE CHEMICAL BOND

Come afternoon, it is still sauna-hot in the hills, and the Shulgins are sitting on the patio, making the most of a pathetic breeze. On occasions like these, Shulgin is not without his black moods. “The association with mental health has not been particularly useful or fruitful,” he admits, with sadness in his voice. He’ll let you know in so many words that he—like the DEA—understands that when drugs react with the general public, chaos can ensue. “Most people who take psychedelics just want to have a fun Saturday night,” he says. “They wouldn’t

dream of getting anything more than that.” At one point he dismisses his life’s work to me as making “baubles to put on the mantelpiece.”

I want to know what the Shulgins think about MDMA’s transformation into ecstasy and its devolution from medicine to club drug. Ann replies with a sigh, “Everybody asks about MDMA. It’s really become quite annoying, actually, because, you know, for us ecstasy is sort of old news.” After a few minutes I manage to ask Shulgin if he has anything to add. His normally cheerful visage darkens, and he retreats for a moment into silence. “It was very sad,” he says at last, “very bitter.” Then he turns back to me and smiles wearily. He is getting tired, he says, and politely excuses himself from the table.

Exiled by his government, shunned by the medical establishment and working alone in primitive conditions, Shulgin

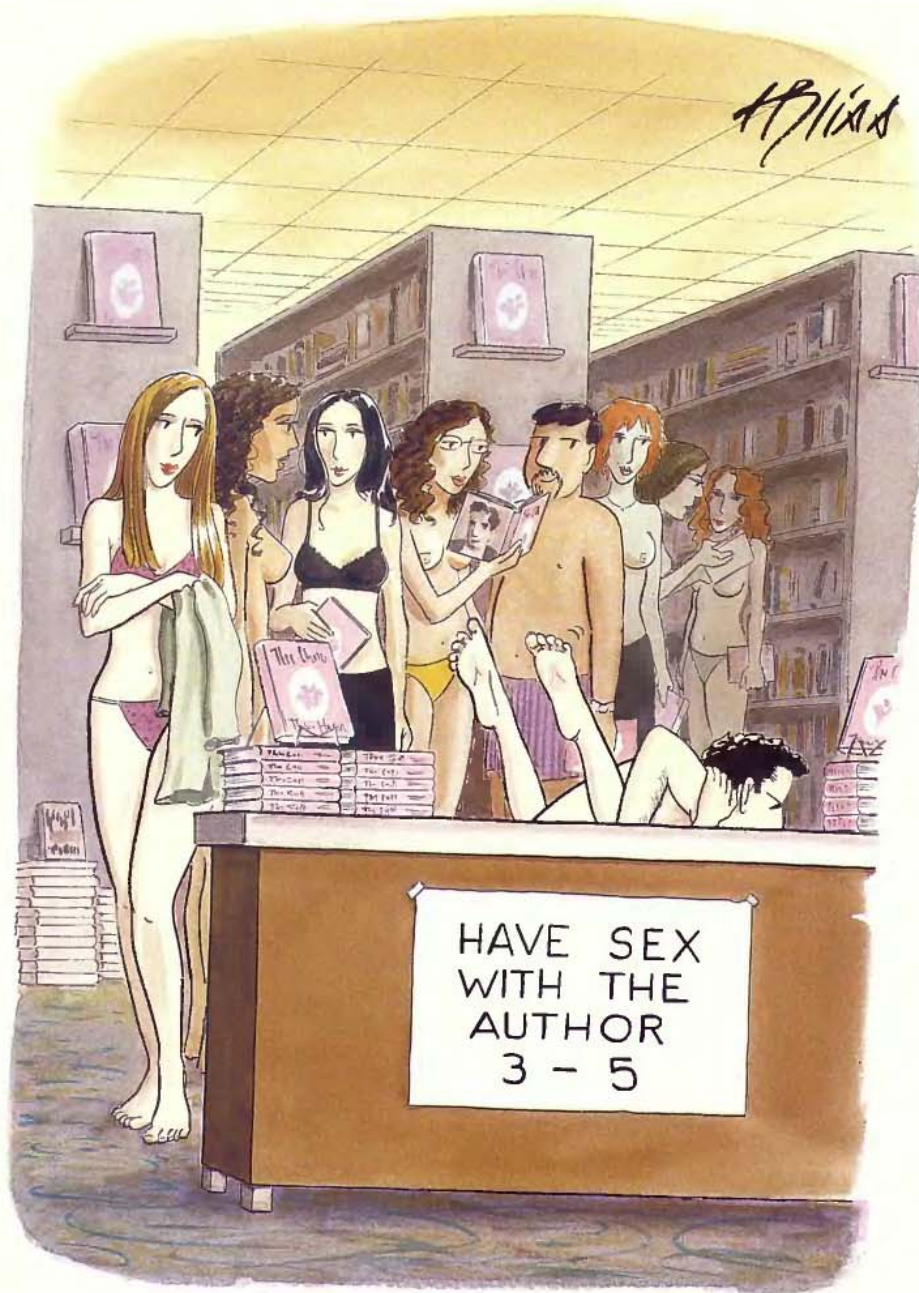
has never idled his scientific curiosity, nor has he given up hope. In 1992, two years before the DEA raid, there was another effort to see ecstasy rescheduled so that research could continue. At a review convened by the National Institute on Drug Abuse, expert witnesses testified that not enough was known about the compound’s toxicity to justify clinical trials. Shulgin rose to speak. In his warm, kindly voice he corrected them, noting that, in fact, human trials had been conducted by the Alexander Shulgin Research Institute. He added that these trials had produced very satisfactory results, which he would happily make available to anyone. “Basically what he was saying was that he had illegally conducted this research and here was the result,” says Doblin. “It was incredibly brave, and it totally changed the tenor of the meeting.”

Shulgin did not wait for the government to reconsider; in 1997 he and Ann published their second volume, *TIHKAL: The Continuation*, which lists more than a hundred new compounds that he had discovered and analyzed. He plans to publish again in the near future. Already, his last-ditch attempt is showing signs of having been ahead of its time. The most vocal critic of ecstasy, Dr. George Ricaurte, a Johns Hopkins scientist, has recently come under heavy fire for shoddy science. His studies, purporting to show that a single dose of ecstasy can burn a hole in brain tissue, are being repudiated as deeply flawed. At the same time, the FDA has approved clinical trials to administer ecstasy to post-traumatic stress disorder patients who are coping with anxiety.

For his part, Shulgin is no longer calling his compounds psychedelics. His latest molecules are better described as antidepressants, he says, and he has nothing left to do but continue to develop them.

Well after midnight on a recent evening, he gets into his Geo and drives down the mountain roads, past the Berkeley campus and over the bridge and the dark bay to a hospital near San Francisco. He is not thinking about ecstasy or any of the other drugs that have passed through his life and his body. As the world still grapples with his previous inventions, he forges forward.

In the predawn hours, when the sky is lightening to pink and the hospital’s halls echo with his footsteps, Shulgin slips into a high-tech lab—he is friends, of course, with the doctor in charge. As always, he works by himself, surrounded by his potions and powders. And sometimes, when he’s lost in the bliss of creation, he’ll feel the atoms like living beings. Sure, it’s just carbon, hydrogen, matter and electricity, but it’s everything—*everything*—to a chemist alone in a laboratory at five A.M. willing to be awed.



PLAYMATE NEWS



Will Cameron's role as a Playmate be Oscar-worthy? Clockwise from top left: Teri Harrison and Deanna Brooks, Danelle Falta, Echo Johnson.

Diaz would play me," says Danelle Falta, who led Kalin Olson, Carrie Yazel and the aforementioned dude on the 300-mile trek. Diaz had better bone up on her dramatic skills, because Danelle was barely able to finish the race. "I was unconscious," she told us afterward. "If not for the warmth of my teammates' bodies, I would have died." Will Diaz re-create that scene? Will she don Bunny ears and a tail? Who else will star? (We suggest Sarah Michelle Gellar as Kalin and Britney Spears as Carrie.) Stay tuned for updates, and also look for *Xtreme Girls*, a video featuring the X-Treme Team as they wakeboard, skydive, and jump bikes into a foam pit. "It's all in typical PLAYBOY fashion," Danelle says. "Fully nude!"

EXTREME DIAZ: PLAYMATES ON THE BIG SCREEN

We were blown away when the PLAYBOY X-Treme Team (including one lucky guy) became the first female-dominated team to complete the 2002 Eco-Challenge race in Fiji. We were more blown away when we heard that their story is being turned into *X-Girls*, a 20th Century Fox movie starring (drum roll, please) Cameron Diaz. "I never thought in a million years that Cameron

50 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

In PLAYBOY's first years the Playmates were often models who'd posed for Baumgarth calendars. Dolores Del Monte was one of those girls, and she appeared on our pages though she was not identified by name at the time. Two years later fans found out Miss March 1954's moniker when we published the pictorial *The First Two Dozen Playmates*.



LOOSE LIPS

From "Top 10 Perks of Being a Playboy Playmate," on *Late Show With David Letterman*:

"On our birthdays Hef takes us to Applebee's for all-you-can-eat riblets."

—Maria Checa

"We got to meet Scott Baio!"

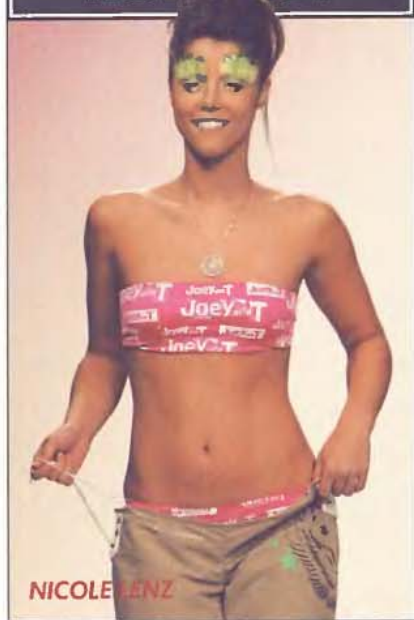
—Carol and Darlene Bernaola

STARSKY, HUTCH AND BRANDE

What would this month's movie version of *Starsky & Hutch*—starring Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson—be without a Playmate thrown in for kicks? In the flick, Brande Raderick plays Heather, a cheerleader whose boyfriend is murdered. "In one scene Ben started to improvise," she says. "He asks me my turn-ons and turn-offs as an homage to PLAYBOY. It was so hard not to start laughing."



HOT SHOT



NICOLE LENZI

THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT COLLEEN SHANNON

1. She's an Alaska native who once lived on a fishing boat in the tiny Aleutian Islands. "There were no cars, no fruit—we had to drink powdered milk," she says. "Wild!"



2. She loves to deejay and admits that vinyl is a big turn-on. "I love punk rock and Basement Jaxx," she says. "If you feel it, the people on the dance floor are going to feel it."

3. She's a mean wakeboarder. If you want to date her, you may want to suggest snowboarding and combing vintage record stores.

POP QUESTIONS: AUDRA LYNN

Q: What was it like dating *The Bachelor* star Aaron Buerge?

A: He's a great guy. He made me laugh, which is always a plus.

Q: What do you dislike most in relationships?

A: Being taken for granted.

Q: Was modeling for us more fun than modeling for Macy's?

A: No contest! I'm a fan of the Macy's parade, though.

Q: Careerwise, where do you see yourself in 10 years?

A: No idea. I'm so young—my ambitions change month to month.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Mark Harmon



"My favorite Playmate is Patti McGuire because she was dating Jimmy Caan when I did *Comes a Horseman*, my first movie, with him in *Colorado*."

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Unless you're Kid Rock or Tommy Lee, Pamela Anderson is not your girlfriend. But that doesn't mean your lady can't dress like Pam, who has launched the Pamela Collection of jeans, T-shirts, sweaters, jewelry, fragrance and, of course, lingerie. "It's fun, sexy and super comfortable for the everywoman," Pam says. "I want to make sure it's affordable and available." That's Pam—always



Stacy, vets and Fat Elvis! That's a party.



looking out for us.... How did Stacy Fuson (pictured above) celebrate Veterans Day? By riding on a tank with Marines—and Fat Elvis—in a parade sponsored by the VA Greater L.A. Healthcare System in Brentwood, California.... Jaime Bergman (below) hung out with Tara Reid at a Los Angeles birthday party.... Tailor James took part in a celebrity auto race in Montreal.... Carrie Stevens appears on posters for Miller Lite beer.... And finally, Julie Cialini's *Letterman* line on the number one perk that comes with being a PLAYBOY Playmate? "I bought a house with the money I saved on pants."

Jaime or Tara: Which blonde has more fun?



PLAYBOY PAPARAZZI



A Playmate perk that wasn't mentioned on *Letterman*: a chance to look great whether you're wearing clothes or not. From left for: Jodi Ann Paterson at the grand opening of the Donald J Pliner Boutique in Beverly Hills; Dalene Kurtis at a party for the movie *Grind*; Natalia Sokolova at the 22nd Annual Jimmy Stewart Relay Morathon VIP kickoff cocktail reception.



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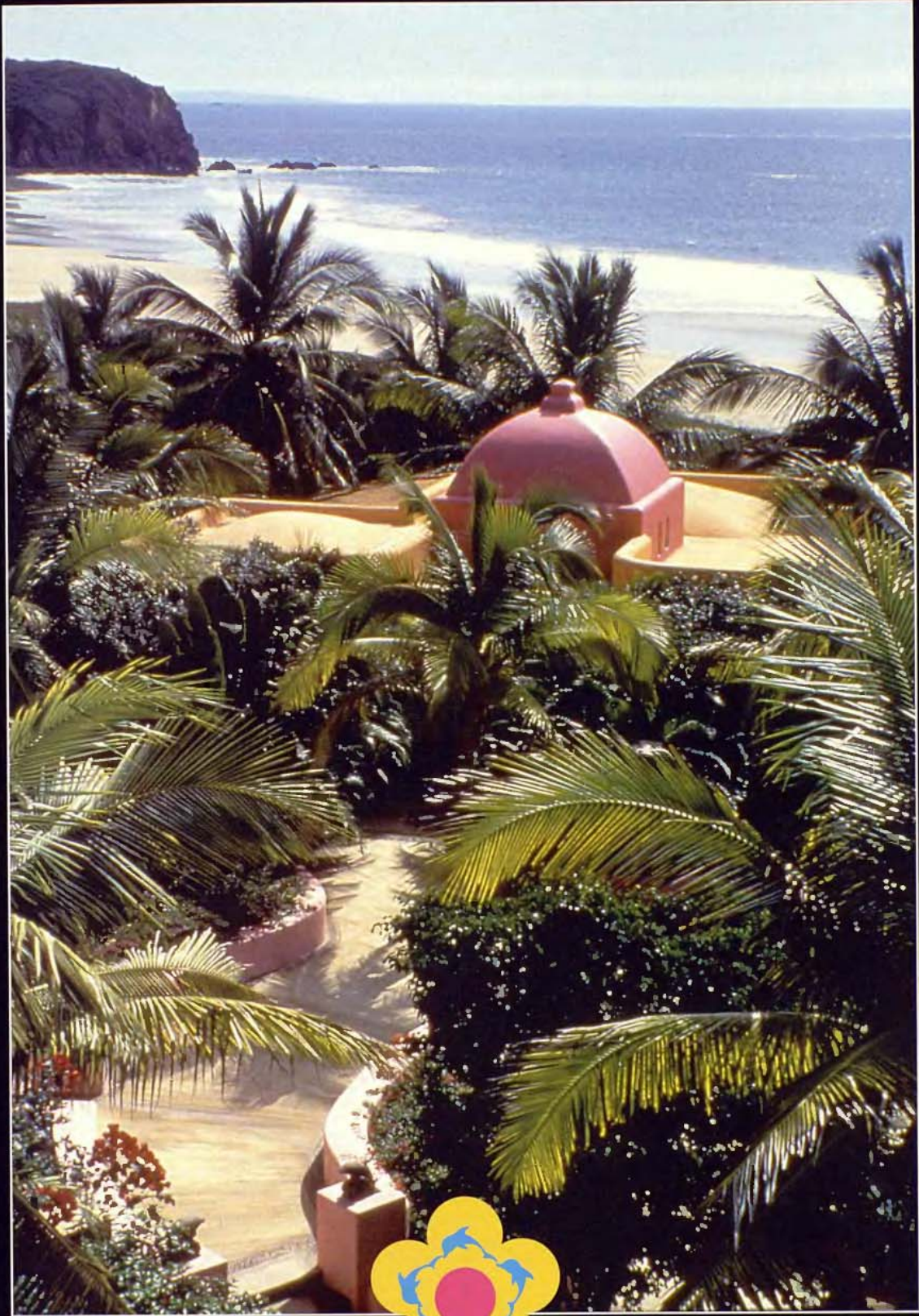
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PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SPRING FLING

Spent the winter with your ass parked in front of some reruns? Us too. Now it's time to shake off the cold-weather doldrums by throwing something other than the remote control. The good news: There's a bumper crop of cool stuff out there to hurl—knives, axes, shovels, even solid-steel playing cards—that deliver a real rush when stuck correctly into a target (including your

neighbor's Easter lawn ornaments). If sharp-edged weaponry doesn't cut it, try tossing a boomerang—the perfect toy for the grotesquely lazy. And when all else fails, head for the darts. With the right high-tech instruments you'll be the star of the weekly league at your local pub, and you'll have a standing excuse to drink there every Tuesday night. Not that you need one.
—David Stevens



Above, from left: Two trick boomerangs to toss include the Deuce (\$24), with a wing that causes it to circle twice before you catch it, and the Delicate Arch SE (\$30), with a traditional shape. Below: You're showing two steel throwing cards to a royal flush (\$40, set of five). We fold!

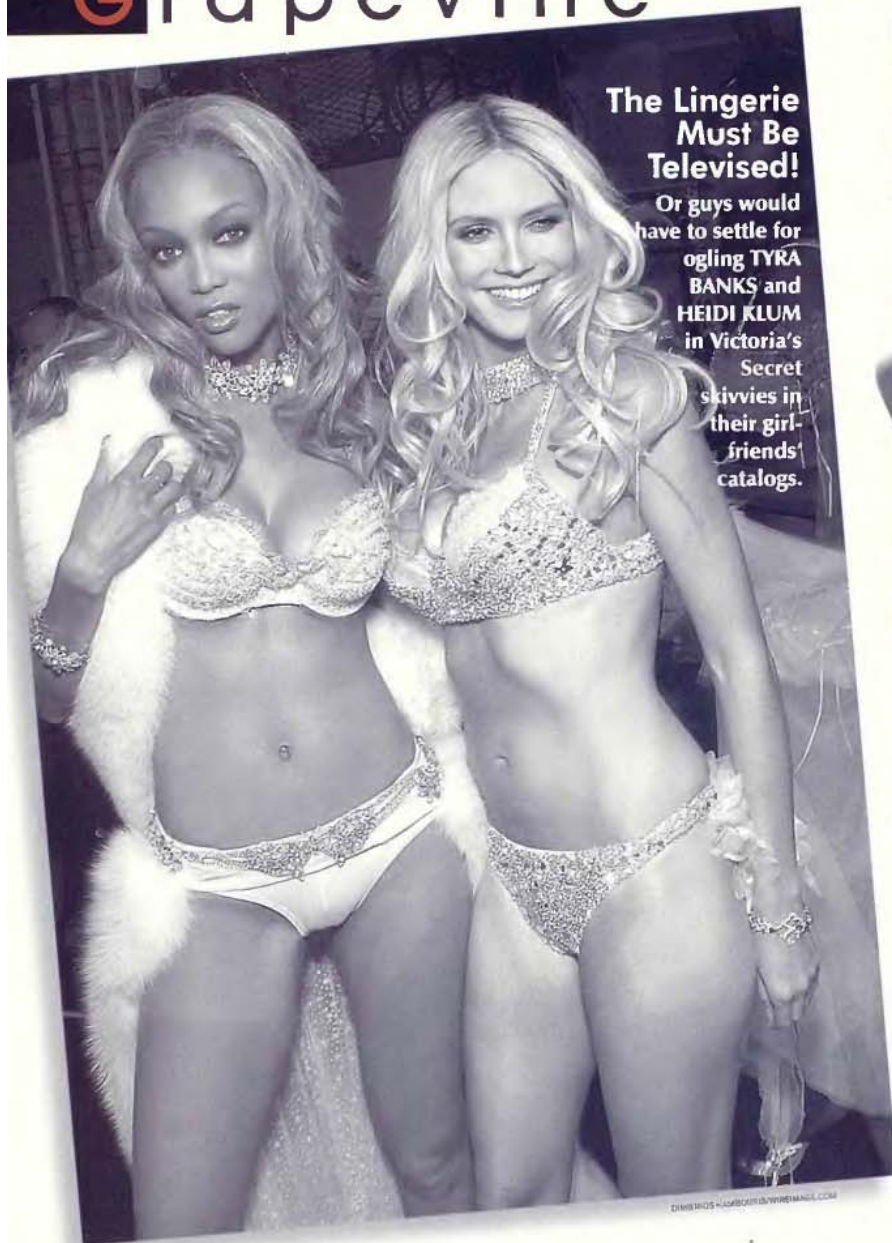
Tote these darts to your next tournament and the competition may bail before your first toss. Below, from left: The Golden Eagle (\$112, set of three) has a pencil-thin barrel for tighter patterns; the Black Widow (\$120, set of three) is a killer dart that's 95 percent tungsten.

Clockwise from above: Only in Russia would the army's special forces (called Spetsnaz) be issued throwing shovels—perfect for digging a hole to hide in. Cold Steel's repro version (\$20) also makes a super latrine scooper; the Bad Axe (\$25), another cool Cold Steel thrower, will stick in virtually any position—and you can slay mighty forests with it, too; Dragon Knives' Professional Target model (\$35) features a unique Hyper-Tip for better penetration.

DAVID GOODMAN

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

Grapevine



The Lingerie Must Be Televised!

Or guys would have to settle for ogling TYRA BANKS and HEIDI KLUM in Victoria's Secret skivvies in their girlfriends' catalogs.

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Brooks & Dunn & Friend

BROOKS & DUNN's latest CD, *Red Dirt Road*, debuted at number one on the country charts and has dug its spurs into the top 20. In concert, the duo's backup band features a lovely inflatable cowgirl.



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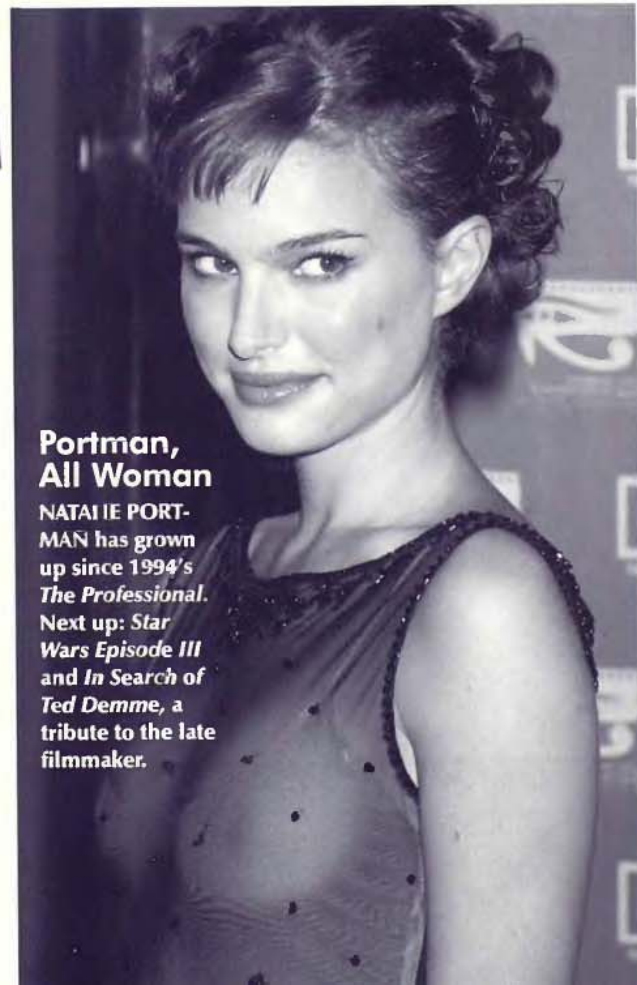


LESTER COHEN/WIREIMAGE.COM

Honey, I Shrank My Dress

In the recent flick *Honey*, JESSICA ALBA plays a sexy, street-wise choreographer. We wish more women would go for the squeeze-in-and-try-not-to-breathe-all-night look.

FRED PROLSEN/WIREIMAGE.COM



Portman, All Woman

NATALIE PORTMAN has grown up since 1994's *The Professional*. Next up: *Star Wars Episode III* and *In Search of Ted Demme*, a tribute to the late filmmaker.



VINCE CARABAO

Golden Arch

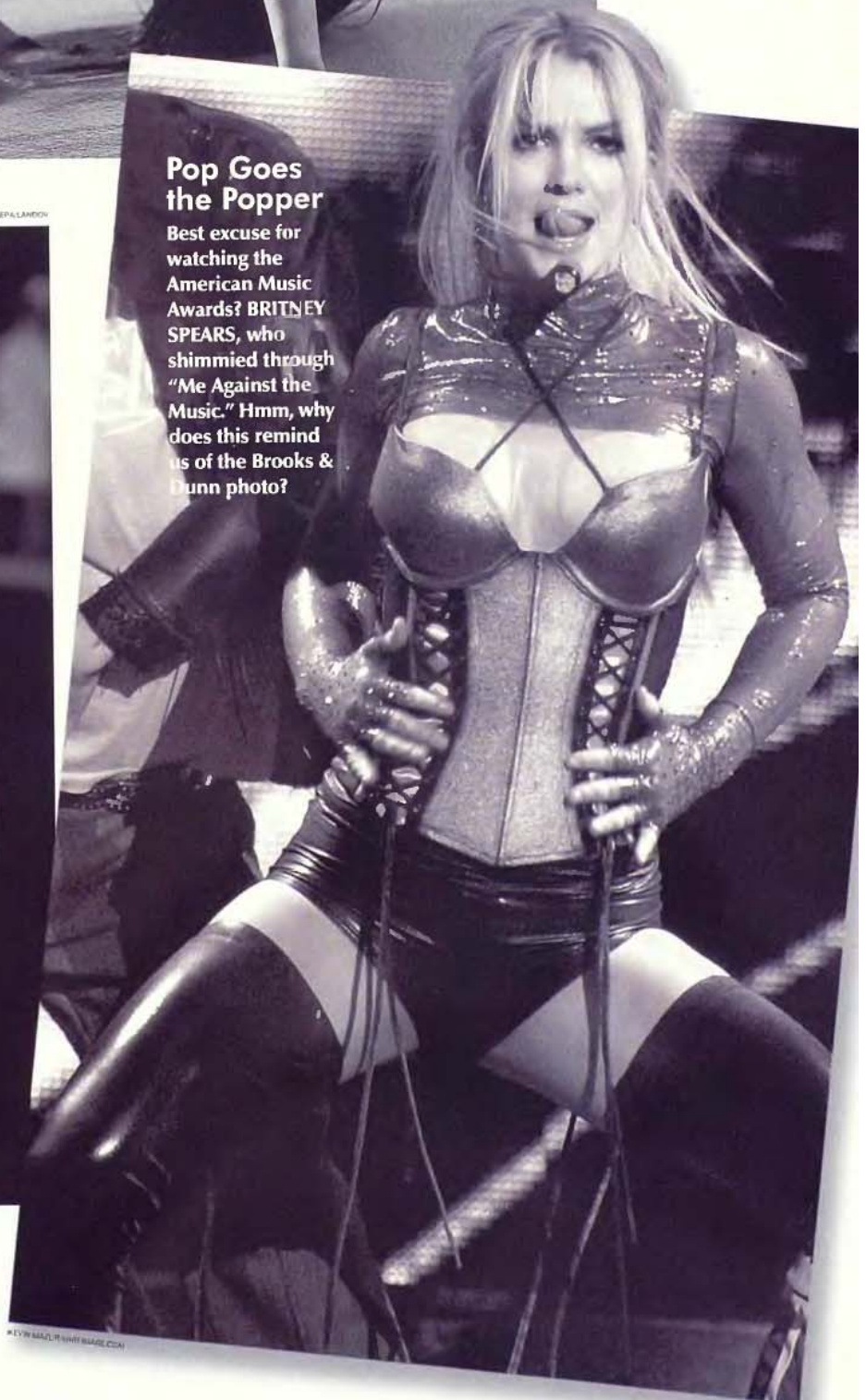
Meet stunner HANA PAE, who represented Seoul, South Korea in the 2002 Miss Hawaiian Tropic International contest. If you must see her in a swimsuit, the company's 2004 calendars are available now.



J.J. GURULU/EPALANDON

Eye Spy

Trench coats may be associated with clandestine types, but when MARTINA KLEIN modeled designer Jorge Vazquez's silk-and-cotton version in Madrid, she wasn't escaping anyone's attention.



Pop Goes the Popper

Best excuse for watching the American Music Awards? BRITNEY SPEARS, who shimmied through "Me Against the Music." Hmm, why does this remind us of the Brooks & Dunn photo?

#137/MAZ/78/SHYRMAE.COM

Potpourri

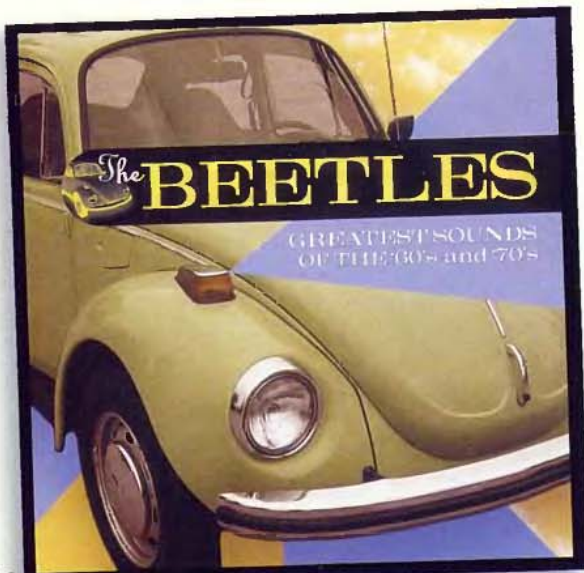
PUTTING OUT FIRES

Chugging a bottle of NicoWater sure beats lighting up in an airplane lavatory at 30,000 feet and getting fined \$500. Individual bottles (\$2) and four-packs (\$8) of this nicotine-laced tobacco quencher are popping up in airports, bars and convenience stores. Each bottle has two cigarettes' worth of nicotine (though you can't taste it), and consumption should be limited to eight bottles in 24 hours (gulp). In other words, no chain guzzling or drinking it while you're smoking. Go to nicowater.com.



THE BEETLE'S GREATEST HITS

What do most new Beetle owners miss about the original model? Bong hits in the backseat? Breaking the dinky gearshift while performing a roadside doggy-style maneuver? Nah, it's the sound of the engine. To recapture the original Beetle "music," Waterfront Associates has recorded the sound of vintage Bugs on CD (\$13). *The Beetles: Greatest Sounds of the '60s and '70s* includes tracks such as "Gears 1-2," "Long Idle" and "Horn." Go ahead, sing along. Order yours from BeetleSounds.com.



March's SEX HIT



EASY RIDER

Good news, X-Gamers. Your sport has just gone XXX. Franchise Productions has created Moto-MaMa (\$189, in sizes small through extra large), the world's first motocross for the bedroom. "You can go one-handed; you can steer. It's pretty fucking weird," says our panting tester. Thanks for sharing. The thing is made out of a weight belt and some BMX handlebars. It's the cheesiest gift ever! Available at franchiseproductions.com.

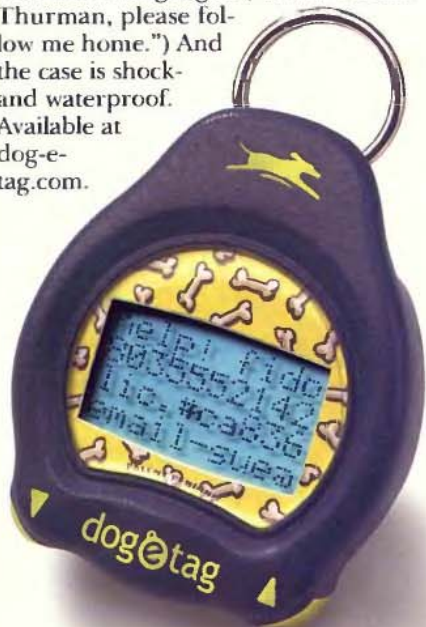


CRÈME DE LA CRUMB

Only R. Crumb would name his latest series of sculptures the Little Big Ass Statue Bonanza. All five of his most notorious characters—Mr. Natural, Fritz the Cat, Flaky Foont, Devil Girl and Keep on Truckin'—come in a wood-based limited edition for \$325, including a signed certificate of authenticity. You can also purchase them individually (without the wood base or the certificate) for \$45 each. The statues range in height from 3 to 5½ inches, conveniently pocket-size so you can take them everywhere you go! To order, contact the manufacturer, Bowen Designs, at bowendesigns.com.

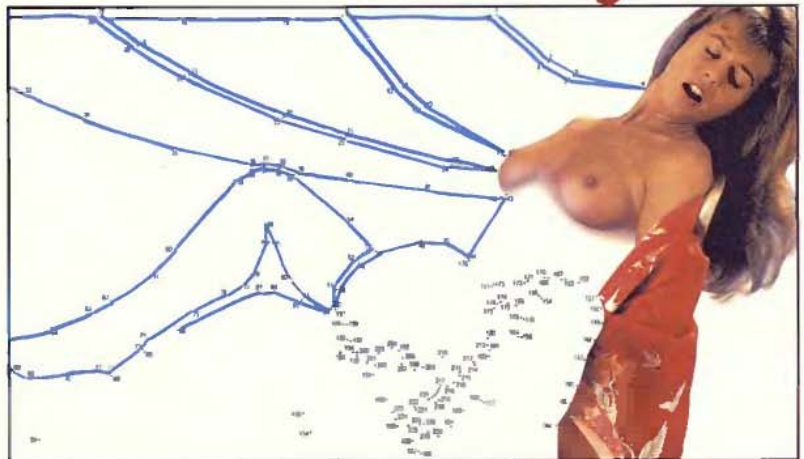
OLD DOG, NEW TRICKS

You've pampered your pooch with fang whiteners and acupuncture. Now you can treat him to a Dog-e-Tag (\$40), the world's first digital dog tag. The thing can record and store up to 40 lines of info in five languages. ("If this is Uma Thurman, please follow me home.") And the case is shock- and waterproof. Available at dog-e-tag.com.



ALCOHOL-FUELED

It's a vintage 1960s gas tank, with cold beer in it! The Cool Fuel Fridge appliqué kit (\$160) from PWM Enterprises turns refrigerators into refrigerators that look like gas tanks. The kit comes in red, white or blue and includes a paint roller, a paint tray, a brush, magnetic decals and a nifty faux pump handle and hose. (Yes, that means you have to put it all together.) It will make you the envy of, well, we don't know who, but *somebody*. "Yeah, I'll have four gallons of Guinness, please." Fuel up at pwmenterprises.com.



GET THE PICTURE?

Connect all 230 numbered G-Spot Dots above and you'll learn where this lady's hot button is (as if you don't know already). This is one of 30 very adult puzzles in *Really Naughty Dots* (Sterling, \$8), a softcover that will keep you—and hopefully a comely companion—up all night, doodling. Sharpen your pencil and get to work. It's sold in bookstores everywhere.

The BOOZE News

A VERY GOOD YEAR FOR WHISKEY

Macallan's 1841 whiskey (\$190) is older than the bicycle, the sewing machine and quite possibly Dick Clark. Well, sort of. The liquor duplicates, both in taste and bottle design, the offering of the acclaimed distillery way back then. A blend of Macallan Speyside single malts, the 1841 smacks the tongue with wood spice, peat smoke and mysterious hints of fruit. Check your liquor store for a bottle.



STICK IT IN YOUR EAR

The commemorative Elvis stamp issued several years ago shows the King holding a Shure microphone. The Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Hendrix all used Shure mikes. Martin Luther King Jr. delivered his famous "I have a dream" speech with one. So when Shure announces a new product, we listen. The E3c Sound Isolating Earphones (\$179) eliminate unwanted outside noise while delivering great sound from your choice of sources: an MP3 or CD player, a cell phone—you name it. We used them to make a call from inside a raucous Madison Square Garden with no problems. More info at shure.com/ears.



Next Month



MISS APRIL IS FIT TO BE TIED.



WHO WON OUR MUSIC POLL? THE STROKES CAN'T WAIT!



NEW FICTION BY SCOTT SMITH.



FEMALE DJS SET THE MOOD WITH SOME EXTENDED PLAY.

THE GREAT COIN CON—EXPERTS CALL THE WORLD'S MOST VALUABLE COIN—A RARE 1933 U.S. DOUBLE EAGLE \$20 GOLD PIECE—THE MONA LISA, THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT AND THE HOLY GRAIL. ADD AN EAGER AUCTION HOUSE, THE MOST PROMINENT NAMES IN NUMISMATICS AND A GOVERNMENT STING, AND YOU'VE GOT THE BIGGEST COIN SWINDLE IN HISTORY. **BRYAN CHRISTY** ANTICIPATES THE AMAZING INSIDE STORY.

THE PLAYBOY MUSIC AWARDS—OUR ANNUAL POLL WINNERS, INTERVIEWS, ARTISTS' PICKS, TRENDS AND EVERYONE WHO'S POPPING OUR EARDRUMS. THINK OUTKAST, THE STROKES, BEYONCÉ, RADIOHEAD, JAY-Z, METALLICA, THE WHITE STRIPES, KINGS OF LEON, COLDPLAY, 50 CENT, KORN, THE ROOTS, JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE, JOHNNY CASH AND MORE.

2004 BASEBALL PREVIEW—FORGET WHO'S ON FIRST. WE'RE SWINGING FOR THE BIG STUFF: WHO WILL GET PROSECUTED FIRST? WHO WILL GET TRADED FIRST? WHO'S ON STEROIDS? WHO WILL WIN IT ALL? READ OUR ROUNDUP BEFORE HEADING TO THE OLD BALL GAME. BY **ALLEN ST. JOHN**

FUN WITH TAXES—BEFORE YOU DIVE INTO THAT STACK OF LONG FORMS, CHECK OUT SOME SCHEMES AND SCAMS THAT EVEN AN IRS AGENT HAS TO LOVE, INCLUDING A WOMAN WHO DEDUCTED HER BREAST IMPLANTS, A GAS STATION OWNER

WHO CLAIMED THE BEER HE SOLD AND—ARE YOU SITTING DOWN?—THE WORLD'S MOST IGNORED TAX LOOPHOLE. SAVE A FEW BUCKS AND THANK US LATER. BY **CHIP ROWE**

KEVIN SMITH—THE WRITER-DIRECTOR OF *CLERKS* AND *DOGMA* ANSWERS 20 BURNING QUESTIONS, INCLUDING "WHAT'S WITH YOUR COMIC BOOK OBSESSION?" AND "WILL *JERSEY GIRL* BE THE NEXT *BENEFIT BOMB*?" BY **PAUL YOUNG**

THE DEFTONES' BACKSTAGE FLASH—WE GAVE FIVE DIGITAL CAMERAS TO FIVE HARD-PARTYING ROCKERS AND LET THEM LOOSE ON TOUR. THE RESULT—PHOTOS OF ONSTAGE ANTICS, TV APPEARANCES AND, OF COURSE, GORGEOUS FEMALE FANS—IS MORE PROOF THAT BEING A ROCK STAR IS THE BEST JOB ON THE FRIGGIN' PLANET. (YOU'LL FIND OUT WHICH CAMERA WORKS BEST, TOO.)

YELLOW—BEING TOLD THAT YOUR WIFE IS PREGNANT SHOULD BE AMONG THE BEST MOMENTS IN YOUR LIFE. UNTIL YOU FIND OUT THE BABY MAY NOT BE YOURS. FICTION BY **SCOTT SMITH**

PLUS: FEMALE DJS SPIN OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES, CLASSIC ALBUM COVERS COME TO FASHIONABLE LIFE, CENTERFOLD **ANGELA MELINI** REVEALS HER BEDROOM SECRETS, COOL NEW LIGHTERS AND WATCHES, AND MISS APRIL, **KRISTA KELLY**.