

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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JUICED!

Ripping the cover off baseball's steroids scandal

A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE

JOHNNY DEPP CLEANS UP

Has the anti-star gone Hollywood?

JOY RIDE

- One gorgeous writer
- 69 sex toys
- The ultimate road test

MATTHEW PERRY 20Q:

"I don't want to star in any more *Love Boat* movies"

Inside PAM ANDERSON

THE NAKED TRUTH

from America's favorite sex symbol

DEATH & DISHONOR

The brutal home-front murder of an Iraq vet

THE DRINK DOCTORS

Inventing better ways to get you hammered



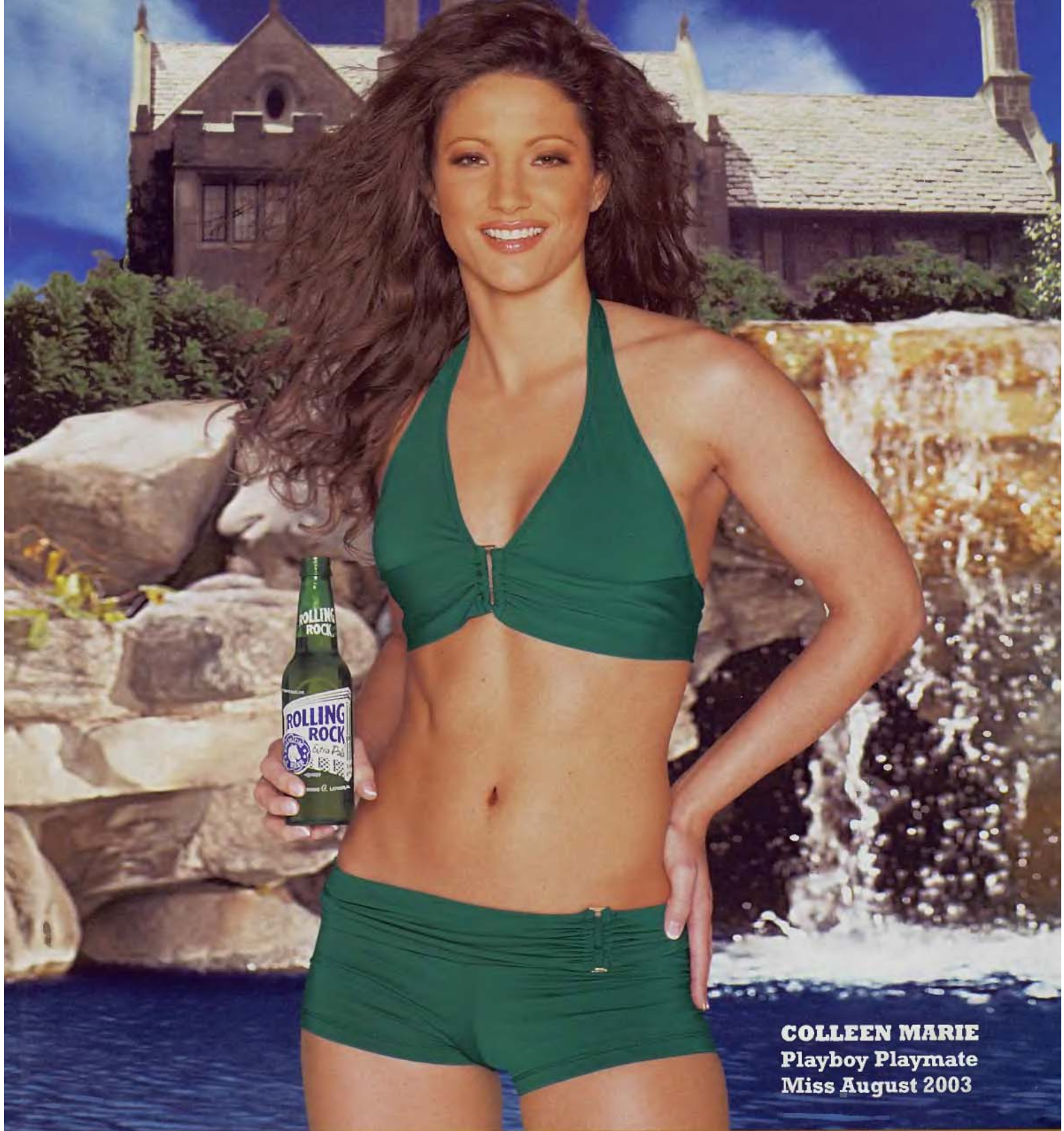
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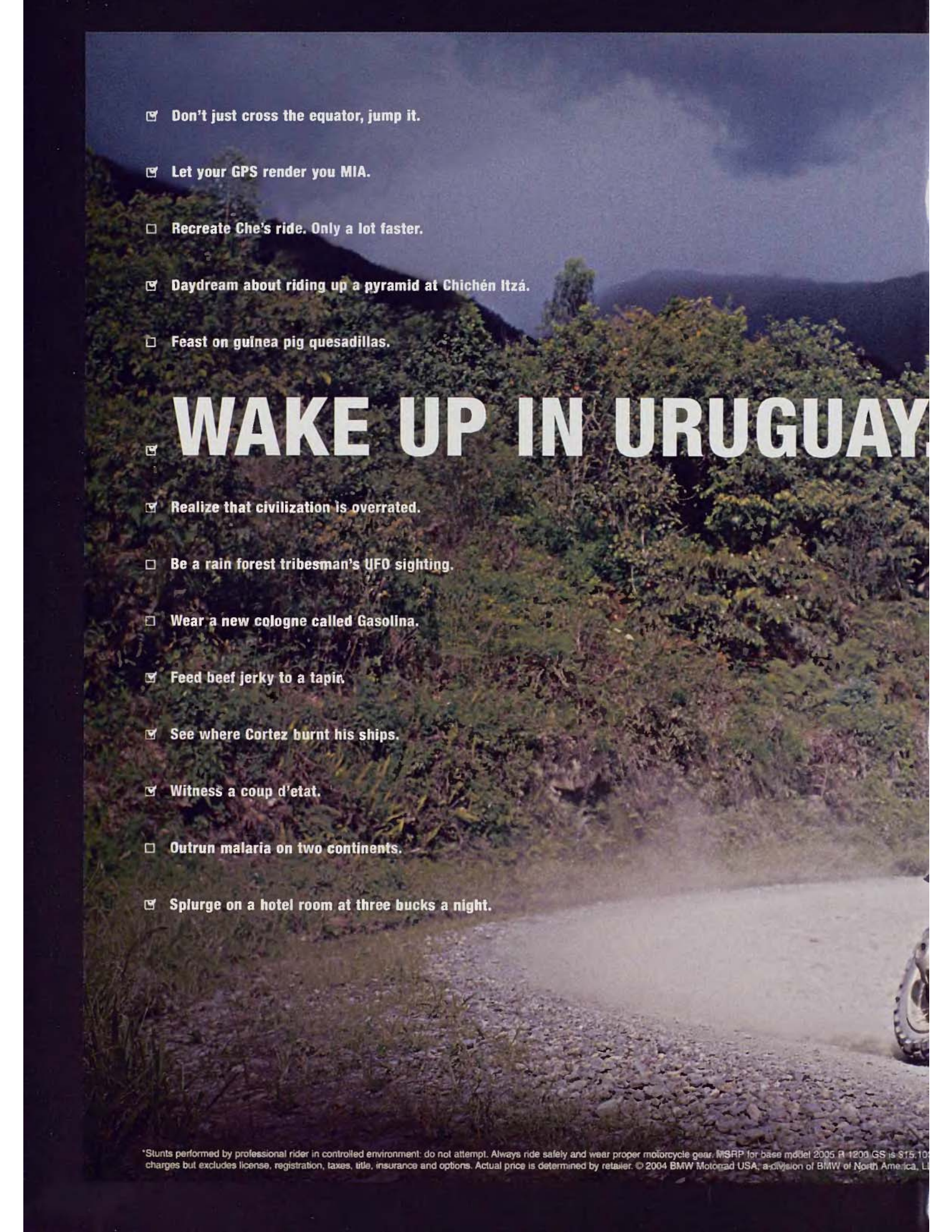
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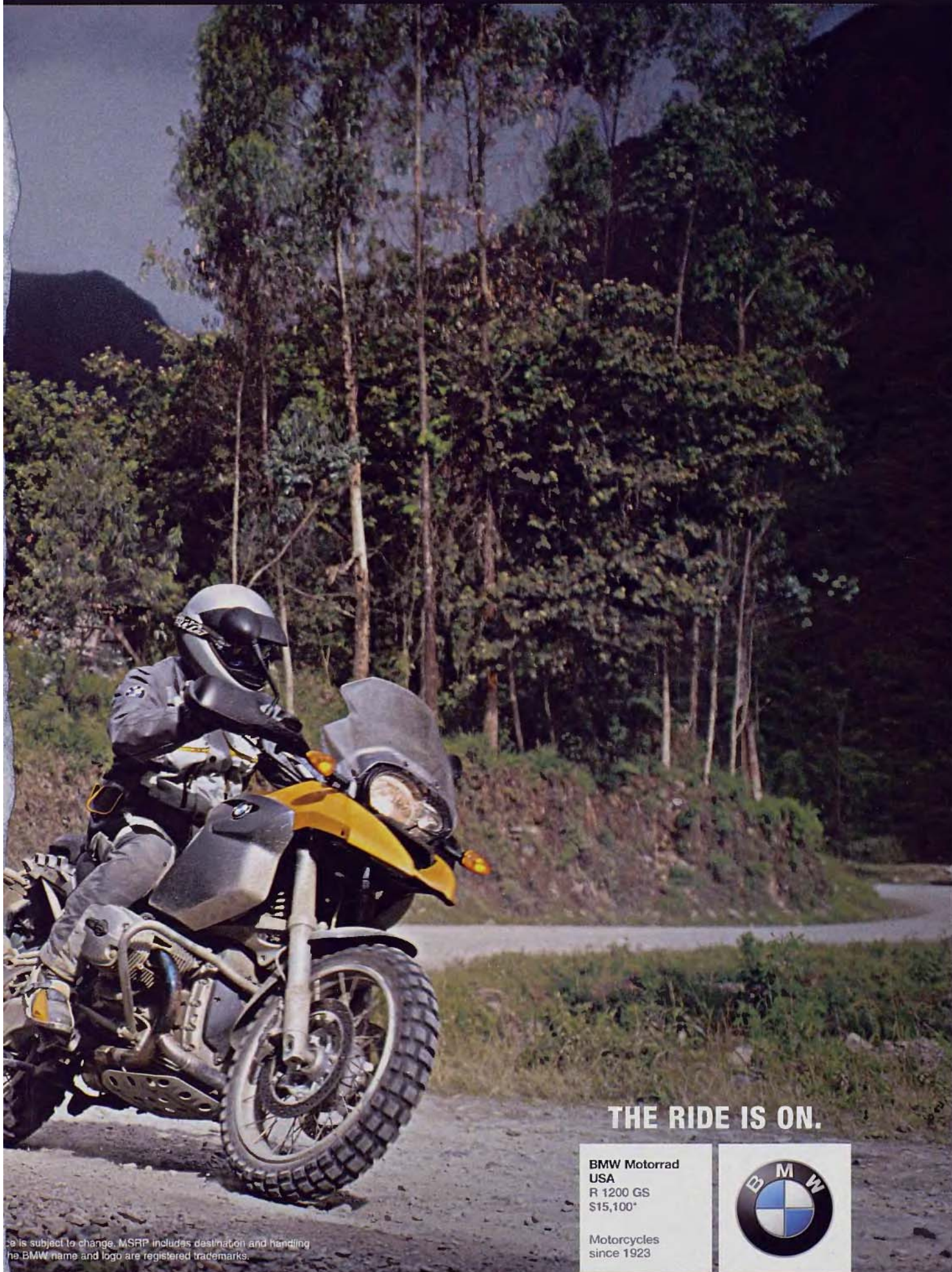
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 - Daydream about riding up a pyramid at Chichén Itzá.
 - Feast on guinea pig quesadillas.

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- Feed beef jerky to a tapir.
- See where Cortez burnt his ships.
- Witness a coup d'etat.
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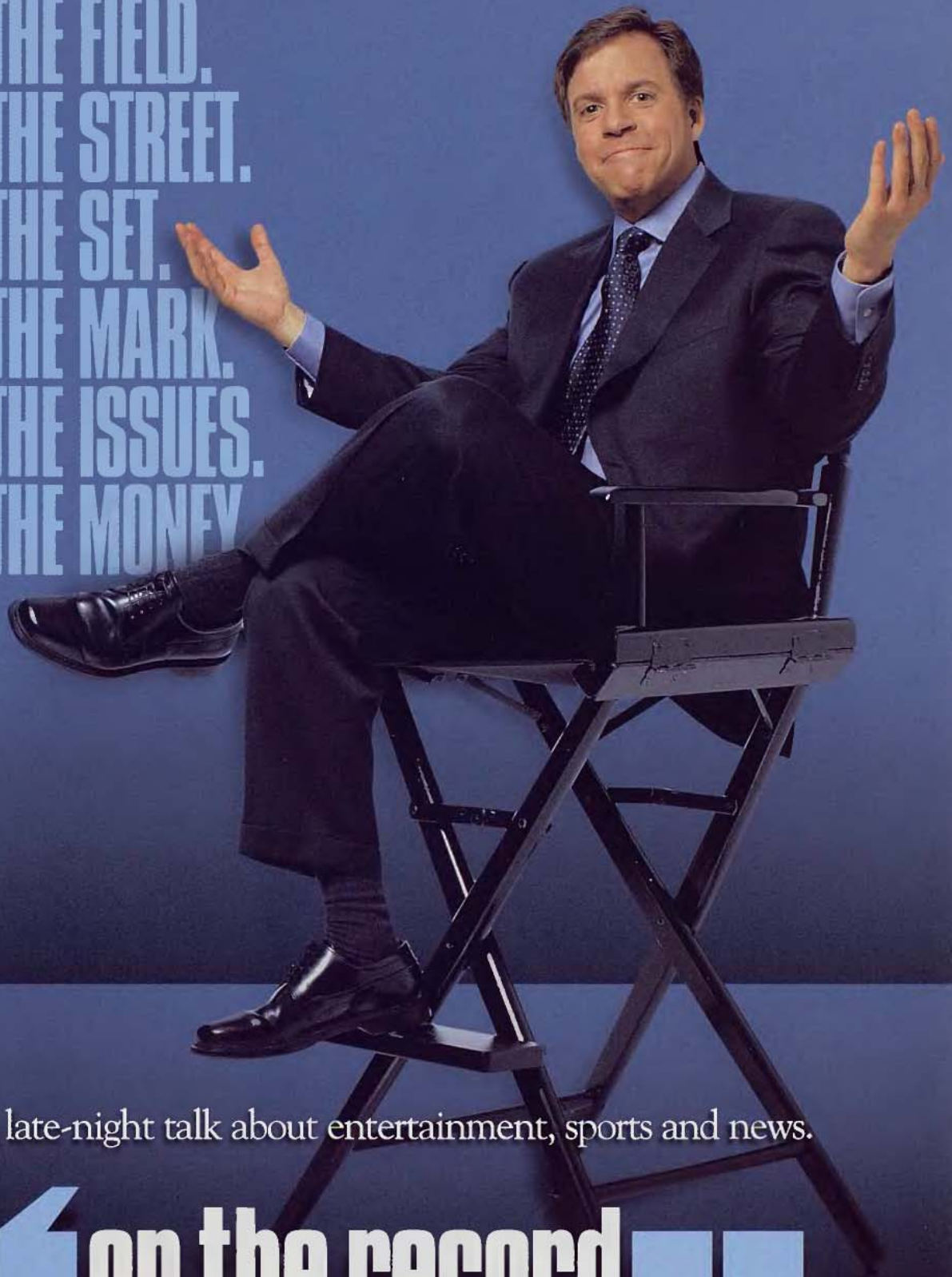
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After years of balancing arty projects with popcorn flicks, **Johnny Depp** nabbed an Academy Award nomination for a perfect combination of the two, playing the swashbuckling Keith Richards—oops, we mean Captain Jack Sparrow—in last summer's smash *Pirates of the Caribbean*. Did Depp have Oscar expectations? "That was not in any way in the cards," reports **Bernard Weinraub**, whom we nominated to meet Depp for this month's *Playboy Interview*. "With his public persona, I didn't know what to expect. He comes across as a way-out guy, but he's not like that at all. He's friendly, very easy to talk to, quite down-to-earth and real. Although he wants to separate his private life as much as he can now that he has two children, he was willing to talk about pretty much anything. He seemed like a really smart guy."

"When I went to California Exotics," says **Anna David**, the author of *Sex Pistols*, a hands-on survey of the buzzing vibrator market, "I was taken into a conference room, and every inch of wall space was covered with the company's 1,800 products. I was glancing around this massive room, and everywhere you looked, you saw some kind of sex toy. There were gerbils, teasers and tongues. So much time and energy are put into these things. The people talking about them are dressed in three-piece suits and might as well be discussing investment banking."



In this month's fiction, *See You in Paradise*, by **J. Robert Lennon**, a young man gets involved with a college girl whose family's company is incorporated offshore. Lennon calls the tax-shirking phenomenon irksome. "But without it," he says, "where would satire come from? I'm just glad I could find a use for this particular moral turd. The girl seems to me very aware of the advantages of her position and is quite a bit less dumb than the story's protagonist would like to believe. Someday she will take over the company and cut off her father's pension."



By the time the designer steroid scandal broke last year—eventually putting Barry Bonds and Jason Giambi, among others, on the witness stand—**Jonathan Littman**, the author of "Gunning for the Big Guy," had already spent months investigating the story. "I never imagined a narcotics agent would go undercover to expose sports doping," he says. That was before he met the agent half a dozen times and hung out in Barry Bonds's gym. "It certainly seemed as if a lot of people there were on steroids."



Jaime Wolf wrote *Raising the Bar*, a look at new superstar bartenders. "Over the past few years," he explains, "I became interested in the legacy of Trader Vic, one of the great midcentury bartenders who invented a lot of the cocktails that exist today. I wanted to know who now is inventing drinks that we'll still be drinking in 40 or 50 years. And that dovetails with a trend I've noticed: Foodie values—aesthetics, presentation and attention to gourmet ingredients—have migrated to the area of alcohol."



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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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For our exclusive report on the BALCO steroids bust, PLAYBOY gained unlimited access to the investigation's key undercover narcotics cop. Find out why an IRS agent appeared to be hell-bent on bringing down Barry Bonds, what the narc learned after he bench-pressed his way into the home run hero's inner circle and how this landmark investigation was almost derailed by a near-death experience.

BY JONATHAN LITTMAN

80 RAISING THE BAR

Meet the world's best mixologists, men and women who are turning the age-old job of bartending into fine art and high science. They've updated classic cocktails for today's generation—and we have their secret recipes. BY JAIME WOLF

88 SEX PISTOLS

Welcome to the golden age of the vibrator—the pulsating playthings have never been more popular or more advanced. We decided to take a closer look, so we filled our intrepid author's home with nearly every buzz toy on the market and asked her and her girlfriends to give them a whirl. It's the ultimate road test. BY ANNA DAVID

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On July 14, 2003 five veterans of the most brutal battle of the Iraq war celebrated their recent return home at a Georgia strip club. Hours later one of the soldiers disappeared without a trace. His father, a former military man, set off to find the truth. He discovered a shocking tale of brutality and betrayal. What could turn former platoon mates against one another? The answers may lie in the blood-drenched streets of Iraq. BY MARK BOAL

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Friends has ended, but the actor who played Chandler isn't content to sit collecting residuals from reruns. Currently starring in *The Whole Ten Yards*, he reveals how it feels to be one of the 100 richest celebrities in the world, what he must see on TV and how hard it was to talk Amanda Peet into taking off her top. BY ROBERT CRANE

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A nice guy gets involved with a rich man's daughter. When the father forces him into working for the family business in the Caribbean, life's anything but a beach.

BY J. ROBERT LENNON

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In *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *Ed Wood* and *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*, Depp specialized in playing misfits. In real life Depp specialized in getting liquored up, arrested and involved with the likes of Winona Ryder and Kate Moss. Now with an Oscar nomination and a \$300 million hit under his belt, Depp has emerged at 40 as the hottest actor in Hollywood. Is he a changed man? In his most revealing interview to date, the rebel actor talks frankly about his life as an exile, a dad and a former boozehound. BY BERNARD WEINRAUB



cover story

Whenever Pam Anderson appears in PLAYBOY she causes Pandemonium. But we've conducted drills and are prepared to handle all the accolades we'll get for photographer Stephen Wayda's sexy pictorial. One thing's for certain: Pam's still a VIP. Our Rabbit loves to play footsie.



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Santa was very good to Hef, who spent the holidays with loved ones—including his six girlfriends. (1) Nicolas Cage with Mr. Playboy at Nic's Christmas party. (2) Mansion maidens making Christmas cookies for charity. (3) Dan Aykroyd with Playmate Nicole Whitehead and Hef's party posse at Concorde. (4) Steven Van Zandt at Playboy's 50th Anniversary Mansion do. (5) Sharing a cool yule at Disneyland. (6) Exchanging gifts on Christmas Eve in Hef's bedroom. (7) Hef with Lil' Hefs Cooper and Marston. (8) Thora Birch. (9) Cracking jokes with the host on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*. (10) Sofia Eng and Crispin Glover at the Mansion New Year's Eve gala—where the dress code is black tie and lingerie (or less). (11) The Dahm triplets. (12) Gene Simmons and Shannon Tweed. (13) Rochelle Loewen, Bill Maher, Hef and Holly. (14) Hot couple Lorenzo Lamas and Playmate Barbara Moore. (15) *The Shield*'s Benito Martinez and PMOY Christina Santiago. (16) "Weird" Al Yankovic and his wife, Suzanne.



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**HAPPY
HOLIDAYS
WITH HEF**

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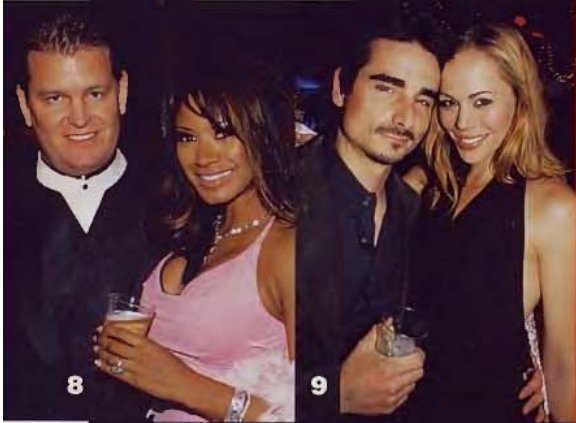
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More New Year's Eve celebrating at the Mansion. (1) The host and his girlfriends are ready to ring in 2004. (2) Playmate Nicole Narain and model Christian Monzon. (3) Sarah, Vicki and Rachel Satterfield, triplets discovered during the Great 50th Anniversary Playmate Hunt. (4) Corey Feldman and his wife, Susie. (5) Amy Mueller and Dr. Phil's son, Jay McGraw. (6) Ron Jeremy dancing with the ladies. (7) Hef's girlfriends Holly and Bridget blowing in the new year. (8) Traci Bingham and fiancé John Yarbrough. (9) Backstreet Boy Kevin Richardson and his wife, Kristin. (10) Charlie Matthau and Ashley Anderson. (11) Judd Nelson with Don Adams's daughter, Christine. (12) *Survivor: Pearl Islands* stars Jon Dalton, Christa Hastie and Burton Roberts. (13) The Mansion's notorious Painted Ladies adding spice to the festivities. (14) Shanna Moakler with her fiancé, Blink-182's Travis Barker. (15) Verne "Mini-Me" Troyer and his fiancée, Genevieve Gallen. (16) Hef and Holly with pal Drew Carey.



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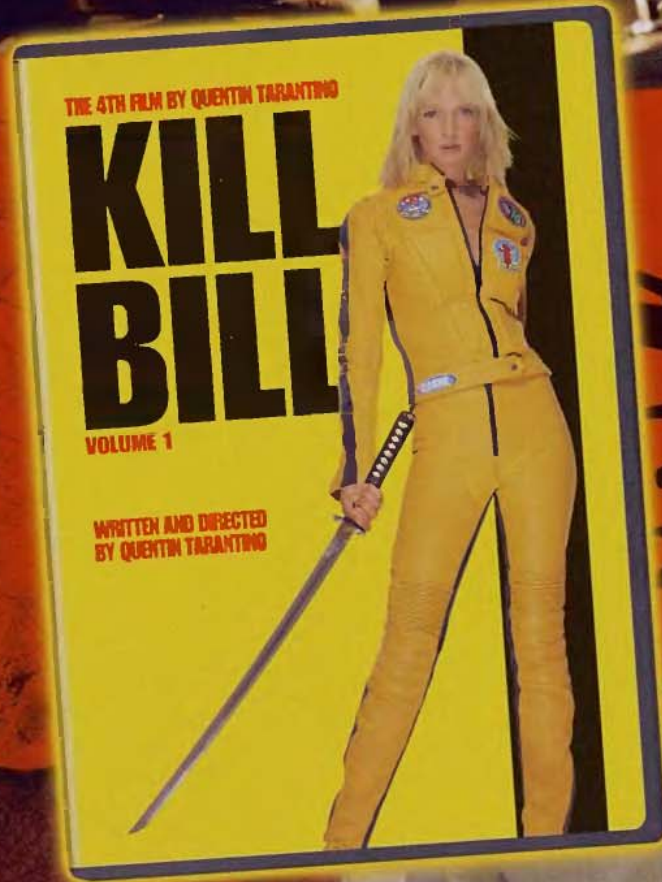
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Volume 2 in Theaters April 16th



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AND DAVID CARRADINE AS "BILL" GUEST STARRING SONNY CHIBA JULIE DREYFUS CHIAKI KURIYAMA GORDON LIU MICHAEL PARKS
EDITED BY SALLY MENKE DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ROBERT RICHARDSON, A.S.C. PRODUCED BY YDHEI TANEDA DAVID WASCO EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BOB WEINSTEIN HARVEY WEINSTEIN ERICA STEINBERG E. BENNETT WALSH
BASED UPON THE CHARACTER OF "THE BRIDE" CREATED BY O&U PRODUCED BY LAWRENCE BENDER WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY QUENTIN TARANTINO



A BAND APART



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MEET THE PRESSLY

I have been saying for years that Jaime Pressly is the hottest blonde in Hollywood, and she more than proves my point in her pictorial in your February issue.

Frederick Augsburg
Lexington, Kentucky

Jaime Pressly is exquisite. Am I mistaken or is that a labia stud I see on page 128?

Bob Amann
Miami, Florida

Jaime won't set off any metal detectors. That's just water from the ocean that splashed up between her legs.

Jaime Pressly is breathtaking, but much of the credit should go to Patrick Demarchelier. His photography is stunning, and he did an incredible job capturing her beauty.

Chuck Tompkins
Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania

I am a 58-year-old woman with 11 grandchildren, and I have subscribed to PLAYBOY for at least 25 years. The February issue should make all my grandchildren realize that true beauties are as natural as Jaime Pressly.



We dream of Jaime.

She is a breath of fresh air in this age of augmentation. I am saving this issue to show to my granddaughters if they ever express a desire to alter their bodies.

Dotte East
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

I would like to submit my application to become Jaime Pressly's

personal chauffeur or laugh buddy.

Eric Shore
Greensboro, North Carolina

We hear she's looking for someone who can make her laugh and drive her around at the same time.

Could you please ask Jaime Pressly if she ever calls out my name in her sleep?

David Ames
Salem, Virginia

Dream on.

MORE ON OUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Your 50th anniversary issue gave me a great trip down memory lane. Too bad my favorite Playmate, Reagan Wilson from October 1967, ended up with the Centerfold "staple." I carried her picture in my helmet during the Vietnam war.

Buck Cheshire
Pleasant Hill, California

I haven't stopped thinking about Norman Mailer's terrific article (*Immodest Proposals*). It is an opportunity to rekindle the spirit of dialogue in America. Let the talking begin!

Alton Grimes
Santa Barbara, California

In January's *Next Month* you say that in the February issue you will have a pictorial of Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen and a *20Q* with Tara Reid. What happened?

Nico Bosma
Amsterdam, Netherlands

If we had the kind of coffee shops in America that you have in Amsterdam, we'd be asking the same silly question. Look a little more closely at the page.

WOMAN IN HIS CORNER

I really enjoyed the article on boxer Johnny Tapia (*Fight or Die*, February). It is a story of courage—not his courage but his wife's. The old saying "Behind every successful man is a great woman" has never been more true. Teresa is a saint.

Terry Grant
Shelbyville, Kentucky

KICKING IT WITH KIEFER

You conducted a great interview with Kiefer Sutherland (February). He has earned his spot as one of the world's top entertainers.

John Long
Fall River, Massachusetts

As a longtime fan of Sutherland's, I just had to buy your magazine when I

saw his name on the cover. It was worth it. The interviewer asked all the right questions, and those pictures were great too.

Jan Woods
Winnipeg, Manitoba

I'm a dealer at a casino. Celebrities stop in all the time. During the week of National Finals Rodeo, Sutherland took a break from his show and spent a little time at the tables. I've seen



The 24 star isn't a Lost Boy anymore.

other stars get irritated when people come up to them at the table to ask for an autograph or a picture, but Sutherland was a class act. He chatted a little with each person. I've never seen anyone who was more gracious with his time.

Christie Luu
Las Vegas, Nevada

HUMANS, STAY HOME!

I take the opposite view of Ray Bradbury's (*Destination Mars*, February). Keep Americans off Mars and away from any other planet. This country was founded on the genocide of 20 million peaceful people who managed the land so well for 10,000 years that European invaders thought it was pristine. In the 228 years that the land has been called the United States, we have polluted the water, the air and the soil and filled our bodies and those of all the other animals with toxins. Mars would do well to continue to resist our arrival and the presence of all our space junk.

Eleanora Robbins
La Mesa, California

I'm sure that the hundreds of thousands of people barely existing on minimum wage will agree with Bradbury that getting back to the moon and then to Mars is much more important than such trivial sufferings as inadequate health care, hunger and lack of heat.

Marc Hiesrodt
Tekonsha, Michigan

HOWLING FOR ALIYA WOLF

It was only 10 degrees outside when I got your February issue, but Aliya made me sizzle and sweat. If the women you're planning to feature in upcoming issues are anything like her, this is going to be one hot year.

Brian Schafer
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Just a minute—let us check our Playmate Almanac. Yep, all the signs point to a bumper crop of unseasonably hot Centerfolds. Enjoy the harvest.

I have seen 10 years' worth of the world's most beautiful women on your pages, but Aliya Wolf is the only one who has prompted me to write. And yes, I reviewed the 50th anniversary edition thoroughly.

Eric Von
Las Vegas, Nevada



Aliya Wolf turns up the heat.

For you, Miss Wolf, we men howl,
For you have put us on the prowl.
We have adored you since the 50th
Anniversary Playmate Quest;
We decided then that you are the
best.

We know that you are much more
than a cutie,

For you are an elegant beauty.
But we do think it is just dandy

That you fill the role of eye candy.
For you cleared up our postholiday
woes

By posing without your clothes.
We do not mean to be rude,
But you do excite many a healthy
dude.

And we do not mean to be crass,
But we love your magnificent ass.

And as this year does pass,
You already have our vote as
PLAYBOY's top lass,

For it will be quite a feat, Aliya dear,
To beat you out for PLAYBOY's 2004
Playmate of the Year!

Ruairi, Hugh, Michael
and Aidan Callahan
Kansas City, Missouri

*Did you write this poem after drinking
beer?*

*If not, you'll find our advice to be sincere:
Do not make poetry your full-time career.*

Your Playmates are always beautiful,
but Aliya stands out from the rest. She
has the most beautiful face, not to men-
tion that body.

John Doner
Kearny, New Jersey

ADVISOR ADDENDUM

In *Advisor Raw Data* (February) you
state that only two percent of men

MINIUSA.COM



have erections that are larger than 7.2 inches. I was flattered by this fact and want to know where you obtained this information.

Ryan Lochary
Baltimore, Maryland

In 1995 researchers at the University of California at San Francisco came to the above conclusion after putting their rulers under the gowns of 60 patients at local hospitals. They also found that two percent of men had penises shorter than 2.8 inches when erect. We wonder which group the female researchers tried to score dates with.

ULTIMATE TIP SHEET

The article on sports betting was a winner (*Play to Win*, February). Since gambling is so popular, it was great to learn how to do it properly.

Chris Fiegehen
Carson City, Nevada

FROM WOMEN WHO LOVE US

I just read the letter from the woman who said your magazine degrades females (*Dear Playboy*, February). I felt the same way when my daughter told me she wanted to pose in *PLAYBOY*. I bought an issue, intending to show her how awful it is. But then I looked through it and read the articles, and I

loved it. I now have a subscription and would be proud if my daughter appeared on your pages.

Sydney Taylor
Lancaster, Ohio

If this woman really hates your magazine so much, why would she waste her time writing to you? *PLAYBOY* is well written and has tasteful pictures of women. Keep up the good work. She can subscribe to *Better Homes and Gardens* while we cool women enjoy our *PLAYBOYS*.

Tiffany Polisen
Utica, Michigan

CASE CLOSED

I thought I knew everything about the Robert Blake homicide case, but Miles Corwin unearthed a lot of surprising information (*The People vs. Robert Blake*, February). At least one good thing came out of the O.J. Simpson debacle: The LAPD learned how to handle evidence properly, obtain confessions and reconstruct a crime scene. In other words, it learned how not to screw up. There's no way a jury will find this celebrity innocent. My congratulations to the LAPD for a job well done.

Jennifer Blair
Minneapolis, Minnesota

GRAPEVINE GAFFE?

You made an error in *Grapevine* (February). That is not Jessica Simpson falling out of her blouse. I wish it were, but it's not.

Morgan Havoc
Louisville, Kentucky

That's Jessica, all right. We're glad we could make your wish come true.

HUMOR HIT

I read your *Valentine's Day Sex Quiz* (February) while I was watching an interview with President Bush. I laughed really hard. Both were amazing and hilarious, but only one of them was clever.

Larry Muehrer
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Your *Valentine's Day Sex Quiz* puts *PLAYBOY* on the top of my charts. The obviously wrong answers were damn funny and innovative. I never thought about what a woman's expression would be if I put my penis in her spaghetti or, even worse, in her mother. Keep up the good work.

Eugene Wagner
Rosemount, Minnesota



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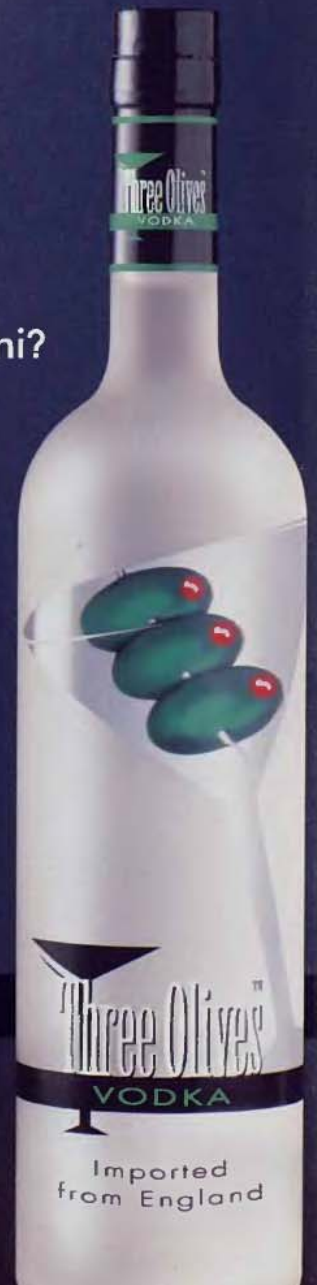




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- *Amer Magazine*

"Gold Medal"
- *2003 World Spirits Competition*

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Imported
from England

babe of the month

Krista Allen

Watch your hands—this dish is served piping hot

Maybe there *is* a reason you'd consider seeing the upcoming romantic comedy *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*. Krista Allen will be there to ease your pain, playing a friend of Italian bride Mila Kunis of *That '70s Show* (okay, make that two reasons). Interestingly, Krista hangs with the gaga-gool crowd again in her other major role this year, as the sex-crazed niece of a mafioso in *Shut Up and Kiss Me*. Directors may like to cast Krista as a hot-blooded daughter of Italy, but in reality she's straight-up Texan. The

She plays a sex-crazed Mob daughter, but Krista is straight-up Texan.

Lone Star State couldn't keep Krista lassoed for long, though. In 1995, with only \$1,000 in her jeans, she headed for Hollywood, adding another \$2,500 with a gambling stopover in Vegas. The lucky streak didn't end there. Within a week of arriving in L.A. she landed a role on *The Bold and the Beautiful* as a bikini waitress (maybe we should start checking out those daytime dramas). Bit parts on *Silk Stalkings* and *Married With Children*, and a three-year stint on *Days of Our Lives* followed. Ditching soaps for a swimsuit, she breaststroked her way through the 1999 season of *Baywatch* before jumping to the big screen in *Anger Management* and *Paycheck*. Undoubtedly even bigger roles will follow. Meanwhile, if Krista needs to practice her wise-girl accent with someone, we'll bring the pizza.



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barometer

IT'S MAY AND...



...you're celebrating **May Day**, known to witches and Renaissance Faire geeks as Beltane. Antidote to a long, hard winter? Sure, it gets silly—the maypole dance, men dressed as horses—but the age-old rhyme still rings true: "First of May, first of May, outdoor shagging starts today!"

...you finally know how much **barbecue is too much**. At the World Championship Barbecue Cooking Contest in Memphis, Tennessee (May 13 to 15), expect the 250 teams to torch more than **80 tons** of succulent pork for 100,000 'cue-crazy attendees. Pass the sauce.



...you can satisfy your **outdoor-music jones early this year**. The Coachella Valley Music Festival in Indio, California (May 1 and 2) is the season's first and best: Radiohead, Wilco, the Cure, the Flaming Lips, Air, Stereolab, Belle & Sebastian, Le Tigre and the reunited Pixies. Can't beat it with a pick.

...it's all too likely that you haven't taken a **single day of vacation yet**, and probable that you haven't even planned any time off for the fast-approaching summer. Shame on you. Start small: Memorial Day is May 31. Be as far from the office as possible when it hits.



...you're putting on **seersucker**, sipping bourbon and buying the little lady a funny hat: It's Triple Crown season. With the Derby and the Preakness this month, now's the time to soak up Thoroughbred mania—soon enough you'll be back at the local track betting on nags.

bare season



WINNING STREAK

THE SUPER BOWL STREAKER'S RULES FOR FLASHING FUN

With warm weather on the way, even the most buttoned-down fan may be tempted to flash a ball game crowd in celebration. We thought it wise to consult Mark Roberts, a streak-mad Englishman who has bared his pasty buttocks at more than 370 sporting events—including Super Bowl XXXVIII—for his top five tips:

1. **Entertain, don't interfere.** If you value your skin, streak only during a time-out. "Early in my career, at a Liverpool game, I went on the field with five minutes left. The game was close, and the crowd looked upset. I was lucky that Liverpool won."
2. **Keep a low profile.** At European stadiums, Roberts is a wanted man, so a disguise is essential. At the Super Bowl he dressed as a ref and "just walked onto the field. Nobody knew what was going on."
3. **Screw the foreplay.** When opportunity knocks, there's no time to fumble with belts or buttons, so Roberts has a couple of custom-made Velcro ensembles he can shuck in three seconds flat.
4. **Get in shape.** Outrunning the police is part of the show—you won't last long if you're hungover from last night's bender. Poor dietary choices can also backfire. Says Roberts, "Never eat spicy food the night before a streak."
5. **When nabbed, be polite.** A streak should be fun for everyone. "I've never had a bad reaction from policemen. At the Super Bowl the police were laughing their heads off. I was signing autographs."

drink of the month

YOUNGSTER BRAU

THE MORE YOU DRINK, THE MORE YOU GET CARDED

What if the fountain of youth were a flowing spring of beer? Answering the prayers of wrinkly sots, Klosterbrauerei Neuzelle invented its "anti-aging *bier*" by harnessing the curative powers of saltwater, vitamins, minerals and algae. Also recently spotted in beer halls: a low-fat "power sausage"—loaded (like Red Bull) with caffeine and taurine. Can Viagra strudel be far behind?



the high life

A CUBE OF ONE'S OWN

NEW ROOFTOP PORTA-PAD FOR THE BACHELOR ON THE MOVE

The Winnebago, the double-wide, the listing houseboat—mobile housing comes in many forms, all of them bereft of style or flair. Designer Werner Aisslinger is bucking tradition with Loftcube, a portable home that turns a barren roof into a chic urban aerie.



At 387 square feet, Loftcube is small, but that means it can be hoisted by helicopter or crane. And the \$69,000 price tag is a fraction of what you'd fork over for a Manhattan studio. (Throw in a few extra bucks to cover roof-space rental and an airlift or two.) "In the past, traveling businesspeople went from hotel room to hotel room," says Aisslinger. "But with Loftcube, they can bring their home with them."

Walls can be transparent or opaque—sunlight and voyeurism are controlled with louvers or slats. The interior is modishly spartan, but the views are unbeatable. With the skyline twinkling all around, mix martinis at the bar while she lounges on the built-in bed. One design includes a hot tub. If nothing else, Aisslinger has designed a superb lovers' lair—and you're the mack in the box.



Loftcube's bathroom floor is paved with rocks that dry quickly and massage feet. Swiveling faucets supply water (provided you can jack into your building's plumbing) to multiple outlets: One tap serves the kitchen and bathroom sinks; the shower head doubles as a sprinkler for a tiny garden (above). For more info, visit loftcube.net.

xxx files

WINDOWS WASHING

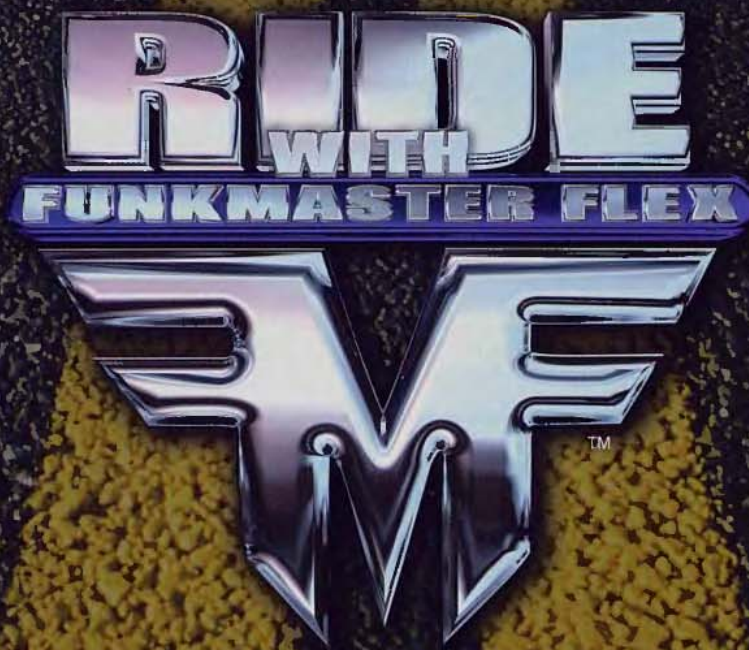
COVER YOUR ASS WITH COMPUTER-PORN-HIDING SOFTWARE

Even if your girlfriend understands why you need six gigabytes of Jenna Jameson on your hard drive, she may not be thrilled to find hi-res hussies popping up every time she's online. Which killer apps should you use to hide the stuff? We asked the expert in the field—a mysterious Samaritan known only as Bill, who runs the hiding-porn.com site—for his picks. *Encrypted Magic Folders* (magicfolders.com, \$60): Stash your porn in folders that remain invisible to anyone without the password. The encryption is automated, meaning that files are rescrambled on closing. *Evidence Eliminator 5.0* (evidence-eliminator.com, \$135): Neutralize those helpful features that only help to get you busted—notably form completion, which is how your kid's search for Barney landed her at barnyardhotties.com. *Invisible Secrets 4* (invisiblesecrets.com, \$40): Keep your porn-site passwords in a single encrypted file, then use the program's "steganography" function to hide that file deep in another document—say, a digital wedding photo (you twisted bastard). Extra-strength file-nuking and history-erasing features make *Invisible Secrets* the best bang for your buck.



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Lil' Kim
and more

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FIRST NETWORK FOR MEN

raw deals



BUSTED CELEBRITY POKER
PLAY THE SHAME GAME WITH 52 FAMOUS FACES

Forget Iraq's Most Wanted cards. This poker night, break out a fresh Starz Behind Barz deck—because mug shots of the rich and famous are timeless. The \$7 pack features a full big house of 52 pampered celebrities captured at royally flushed moments, along with details of their arrests. The busted include recent screwups such as Kobe Bryant and Wynonna Judd, along with such greats as deuce of spades Frank Sinatra (collared in 1938 for “carrying on with a married woman”) and eight of hearts Al Pacino (nabbed in 1961 for carrying a concealed weapon). Play your cards right and you may get to say, “Ha! I’ve got a straight, Nick Nolte high.”

trend watcher



STARE WAY TO HEAVEN
A NEW BAR GAME FOR GLASSY-EYED GLADIATORS

Saturday night. Main Street, USA. Two men are locked in combat in a raucous bar. It's a test of willpower, *ojo a ojo*. Their eyes water. Their breathing is labored. Agonizing minutes later, one blinks, and the crowd cheers his defeat like French peasants at an execution. This is StareMaster, the barroom blood sport born in Florida and quickly finding fans nationwide. Its rules, devised at the Handle Bar in Pensacola by Sean Linezo and Jaimes Miller, are simple: Combatants lock eyes as video cameras broadcast their every facial tic to the crowd. “Eye of the Tiger” blares. After two minutes the competition enters the Dry-Eye Death Phase, during which the first to blink loses. In the peanut gallery name-calling and nudity are common. “In your peripheral vision you can see this cauldron of human flesh writhing and screaming,” says Will Lemon, a recent StareMaster champ from New York City. “It’s like being in hell. But after I won I was high for three days. Girls were coming up to me, and I felt like a king. StareMaster made a player out of me.”

employee of the month



CHEMICAL ATTRACTION

EDMONTON CHEMIST CANDICE BERSANI IS A TEST TUBE BABE

PLAYBOY: What's your job title?

CANDICE: I'm a chemical engineering technologist with a company that makes pharmaceuticals. I make a lot of the chemicals that go into prescription drugs.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to wear a lab coat while handling the test tubes?

CANDICE: There aren't a lot of test tubes, since we're working on a large scale. Everything is in reactors. But we do wear lab coats. Sometimes we get suited up in coveralls so we don't contaminate anything.

PLAYBOY: What are your fellow engineers like?

CANDICE: My field is almost all male. I get attention but not a lot of flirtation. I'm one of the guys. I don't think I could work with girls anymore—it's so laid-back.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever secretly remind yourself you're not actually one of the guys?

CANDICE: In summer when it's hot, under my coveralls I wear just a bra and lace panties.



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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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 WORLD.
PLAY IN OURS.



Hauling Ass

Women buy **65%** of all new cars purchased in the U.S.



Late Night Polls

1 out of 5 Americans ages 18 to 29 say they get their presidential campaign news from comedy shows such as *Saturday Night Live* and *The Daily Show*.

Time Out on the Field

Broadcast time of the 2004 Nokia Sugar Bowl telecast on ABC: **3 hours, 43 minutes**



Live game action when the ball was actually in play: **16 minutes, 28 seconds**

Chance

Your Number Is Up!

Lifetime odds, according to the National Safety Council, of dying from:



overexposure to narcotics and hallucinogens	1 in 583
a fall involving a bed, a chair or other furniture	1 in 5,508
legal execution	1 in 44,751
contact with hot tap water	1 in 65,092
a foreign body entering through the skin or a natural orifice	1 in 99,446
being bitten or struck by a dog	1 in 137,694
operations of war	1 in 223,753

Beating the Spread

191—calories in a serving of regular peanut butter
187—calories in a serving of fat-free peanut butter

Cold Cash

Prices in Oslo, Norway, the world's most expensive city:
Gallon of gas: **\$4.89**
Basic hamburger: **\$5.95**
Pint of beer: **\$6.88**
Whizzing in a public toilet: **\$1.32**



Shakes and Awe

\$1 million has been written into the 2004 U.S. defense budget to bring Shakespeare's *Othello* to **16** military bases.

Price Check



Hook, Line and Sinker

\$101,200

Price construction worker Tracey Shirey paid at an auction for the "Holy Grail of fishing lures," a 10-inch hollow-bodied copper minnow made by Riley Haskell in 1859.



The Fuzzy Blue Line

Police in northern India are paid an extra **65 cents** a month for wearing a mustache, which officials believe projects an air of greater authority.

The Bottom Five

Least Toothy Old Folks

Percentage, by state, of people 65 and older who have lost all of their natural teeth (as a point of comparison, just 13.1% of Hawaiian seniors have dropped all their choppers):




46. Louisiana	33.8%
47. Mississippi	35.1%
48. Tennessee	36.0%
49. West Virginia	41.9%
50. Kentucky	42.3%

Wired...and Not Loving It

According to a Massachusetts Institute of Technology survey, gizmos we hate the most but can't live without:





Someday.

"I'll do it someday."

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,

Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

See? There is no Someday.

It's time to ride.

What's on your schedule today? Why not start a life fired by two big, beefy cylinders? It's closer than you think at a dealer near you. Call 1-800-443-2153 or visit www.harley-davidson.com.





"Yeah, but she's an adorable pyromaniac."

movie of the month

[MAN ON FIRE]

Denzel burns up the screen to rescue a child

It's not as if we don't know what to expect when a burned-out ex-Marine (Denzel Washington) is hired by a wealthy family to protect its little girl (Dakota Fanning) in a foreign country. Unlikely friendship blooms. Bodyguard blinks and tyke gets kidnapped. Bloody rampage erupts. We've seen this before—literally, in a 1987 thriller with the same title. But Tony Scott (*Spy Game*, *Crimson Tide*), who nearly directed the earlier version, says he's found new ways to set it off besides switching locales to Mexico City. "People didn't think I had the juice to pull off this movie when I was young and green. Let's say I've matured. I've tried to do the story in a way people haven't seen before, showing everything through Denzel's state of mind, filming how people see when they're under stress and in danger. There's action, but the strength is the emotion of the story between this big black guy and this little porcelain nine-year-old. They're phenomenal together." And well matched, apparently. "They were both totally preoccupied with who they were playing," says Scott. "At the beginning of filming, the two of them were sitting in a car, waiting for the shot. They weren't talking. I said quietly to Dakota, 'You know, this is just Denzel's process.' She said, 'Don't worry, I know. I worked with Sean Penn.'" (April 23) —Stephen Rebello

"I'm showing how people see under stress and in danger."

now showing

BUZZ

The Punisher

(Thomas Jane, John Travolta, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos) The latest Marvel Comics-based flick casts Jane as a man out to avenge his family's slaughter by gangsters. Body parts fly even more freely once he gets a taste for mayhem and appoints himself judge and executioner to the entire criminal population.

Our call: This big Pun is more Bronson-style vigilante than superhero, so the fun will be in watching Jane punish mobster Travolta for hamming it up—and for *Battlefield Earth*.



Breakin' All the Rules

(Jamie Foxx, Gabrielle Union) To bounce back after his fiancée dumps him, a guy (Foxx) writes a breakup handbook that becomes a best-seller. He's back on top of the world until he falls for his best friend's girl (Union) and, yes, has to start breaking his own rules.

Our call: The number-one sign that your girlfriend wants you to break up with her? She makes you take her to see this by-the-numbers, laugh-free romantic comedy.



Laws of Attraction

(Pierce Brosnan, Julianne Moore) Divorce attorney Brosnan gets shaken and stirred by fellow lawyer Moore as they face off in the breakup of a rock star and a fashion designer. Romantic comedy complications flare when the barristers race to find a disputed Irish castle and then impulsively wed.

Our call: Fight. Flirt. Marry. Fight more. Kiss and make up. Sue us if we missed a plot point. Just expect this to be criminally dull unless there's evidence of co-star chemistry.



Van Helsing

(Hugh Jackman, Kate Beckinsale) In this action-horror franchise hopeful, it's out with the wooden stakes, in with the whirling metal blades and one-liners, as 19th century monster hunter Van Helsing (Jackman) and his sidekick (Beckinsale) square off against the Wolf Man, Frankenstein's monster and Dracula.

Our call: The studio is hoping moviegoers who flocked to the reinvented *Mummy* films will line up for more CGI beasts. We prefer monster movies that actually try to scare us.



critical mass

[HOME SWEET HOLLYWOOD]

Is your castle ready for its close-up?

You've come to grips with the fact that you'll probably never see your face on the silver screen. But that doesn't mean your front porch, living room or quaint attic can't score as much camera time as Brad Pitt and earn you some A-list-style dough, too. Every scene of a film not shot on a prefab Hollywood back lot has to be shot—and paid for—*somewhere*.

"We find private locations through state film commissions, via agencies that list properties and often just from driving around neighborhoods and knocking on doors," says location scout Scott Trimble, who combs the nation in search of backdrops for movies such as *50 First Dates* and Sean Penn's upcoming *The Assassination of Richard Nixon*. "Once a director decides to use your place, we negotiate a price depending on how big a movie it is and whether we need to move in and bring 300 crew people."

So what's the paycheck for home invasion, Hollywood style? The going day rate can range from \$500 to \$5,000, and the final tally for a primary location can run to a whopping \$100,000. Location scout Scott Allen Logan, who hunted down private pads for the upcoming *Meet the Fockers*, comments, "What we paid the owners of the colonial Craftsman-style house I found in Pasadena, California for *Daddy Day Care* could finance several years of schooling at a private university. And the owner of the house used in *Wag the Dog* was rumored to have been paid north of \$100,000 and then got another \$200,000 for scratched

floors." Make no mistake, renting out one's pad, like any other showbiz encounter, can leave scars. Consider the Manhattanite forced to make weeks of harassing middle-of-the-night phone calls before the producers of a 1970s-set indie comedy finally restored lime-green walls to a color the owner could stomach. And once a film



hits theaters, readily identifiable locations often attract curious trespassers and even memento scavengers. Logan cautions that subletting to a movie production isn't for everyone, especially those just out for the big payday. "If people think their house is going to win them the lottery, more often than not the lottery is really the excitement of having Hollywood in their home." Thanks, but we'll take the cash. Up front. —Stephen Rebello

art house



The Saddest Music in the World

"If you're sad and like beer, I'm your lady," says brewery baroness Isabella Rossellini, who sponsors a contest to find the saddest music possible. Canadian filmmaker Guy Maddin's surreal comedy—designed to look like a film made during the Depression—is goofy, poetic and a candidate for the year's funniest movie. —Andrew Johnston

SCORE CARD

Capsule close-ups of recent films
By Leonard Maltin

THE DREAMERS Bernardo Bertolucci revisits 1960s Paris in this story of a young American who falls in with a kinky brother and sister who share his love of cinema. Newcomer Eva Green is gorgeous, and Bertolucci lingers on her body (and on the guys', too) in this NC-17 time trip. ★★★

EUROTRIP Teenage boys will enjoy the topless girls on parade in this witless comedy (written and directed by Harvard alumni) about four high school grads on a European odyssey. But there's little else to recommend here...for males or females. ★

50 FIRST DATES Once again Adam Sandler shows us what a sweet guy he is while purveying crude jokes. Drew Barrymore is as appealing as ever playing a woman with short-term memory loss who can't remember Sandler from one day to the next. ★★★

GODSEND Robert De Niro persuades Greg Kinnear and Rebecca Romijn-Stamos to allow him to "re-create" the DNA of their late son and bring him back to life. Naturally something goes awry. This moody thriller is well acted but keeps stringing us along... toward an unsatisfying conclusion. ★★★

JERSEY GIRL Can it be that Kevin Smith (*Clerks*) has gone sappy? This fairy-tale-ish comedy stars Ben Affleck as a workaholic single dad who falls in love with Liv Tyler and learns what's important in life. Oh yes: J. Lo's character dies mercifully quick. ★★

SHAOLIN SOCCER The long-delayed U.S. release of this Hong Kong smash will please martial arts fans who've been reading about it for several years. But the goofy story of a soccer team that uses kung fu plays like a remake of *Son of Flubber*. ★★

SPARTAN Val Kilmer stars in David Mamet's latest attempt at mainstream moviemaking, an off-putting yarn about a military operative who has to go it alone to rescue the president's daughter. Derek Luke and William H. Macy co-star. ★★

STARSKY & HUTCH Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson do their thing in this spoof of the 1970s TV cop show, complete with period music, hair and fashion. Snoop Dogg plays pimp informant Huggy Bear. The only thing missing is the really funny stuff. ★★★

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

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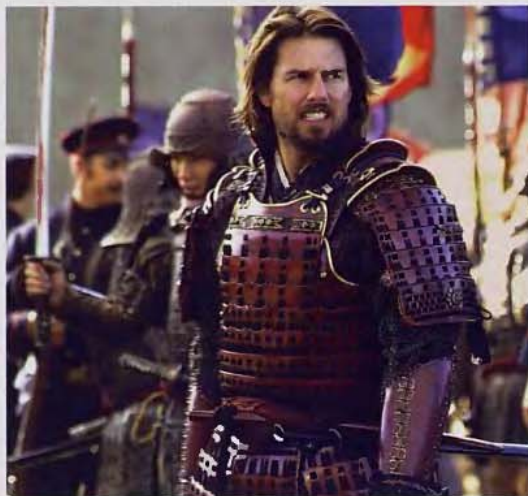
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dvd of the month

[THE LAST SAMURAI]

Tom Cruise carves out his neat piece of the historical-epic genre

Of the two recent films about an American who travels to Japan for a moonlighting gig, gets stranded and experiences a moral crisis, who would have guessed that the one with all the buzz would be an art-house comedy starring Bill Murray? Still, Tom Cruise and director Ed Zwick's lush samurai drama is fine when you crave something more epic than a karaoke montage. It's 1876, and boozy Civil War vet Cruise is hired to wipe out the samurai so Japan can modernize. Captured in battle, he grows to respect samurai traditions and switches sides. Zwick is deliberate (perhaps too deliberate) in balancing melodrama with glibet-spewing action. Prepare your home theater for battle: The snicking of Bushido steel keeps front speakers on alert, and Hans Zimmer's score gives the subwoofer a workout. **Extras:** Disc one has Zwick's commentary; disc two offers additional scenes, a documentary and featurettes on weapons, costumes and sets. ★★★ —Buzz McClain



THE COOLER (2003) Über-loser William H. Macy spreads bad luck like the flu, paying his debt to a Vegas casino by being a "cooler" who derails others' winning streaks the minute he touches a stack of chips. He's nearly even with the old-school Mob thug who runs the casino—Alec Baldwin, in a meaty, Oscar-nominated turn—when he miraculously scores with gorgeous cocktail waitress Maria Bello and begins to lose his snake-eyes curse. Director-co-writer Wayne Kramer tells a solid, suspenseful

fable with a few surprises and hedges his bets against cliché with dry comedy, frank sex and visceral violence. He also hits the jackpot with a ballsy old-Vegas-versus-new-Vegas subplot. **Extras:** It's an indie lovefest as members of the crew join Kramer on the commentary track. ★★★½ —Gregory P. Fagan



ELEPHANT (2003) Harmless, decent high school kids fill the hallways in director Gus Van Sant's fictional meditation on the Columbine killings. The teens aren't trained actors, and while the camera bathes them in an Abercrombie & Fitch glow, Van Sant resists the urge to play the students for maximum sympathy. Viewers know the bloodletting will come—it's the metaphoric pachyderm of the title—and watch in horror as the shooters prepare for their spree in scenes marked by documentary-style restraint. Even with its artsy perspective, *Elephant* is wrenching, and the jury at Cannes gave Van Sant the best director award and the Palme d'Or for it. **Extras:** not many beyond a good on-set featurette. ★★★ —G.F.



KILL BILL VOL. 1 (2003) With this gorific paean to Hong Kong action flicks, Quentin Tarantino messes with your head while Uma Thurman's on-screen foes lose theirs. The wire-work melees are astonishing, and the hard-as-nails revenge motif is thrillingly realized. Hell, we hate the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad too! But we dig Thurman as the vengeance-obsessed Bride, especially when she takes on a teahouse packed with martial arts gangsters. Of course, this might have felt more like an actual movie if it hadn't been chopped in half. **Extras:** besides a behind-the-scenes look and a *Vol. 2* trailer, zilch; the studio is saving the goodies for the combo boxed set. That's worthy of revenge. ★★★½ —B.M.



sleaze frame



"They're real, and they're spectacular," Teri Hatcher announced in a classic *Seinfeld* moment, and her entrance as a Louisiana crime boss's moll in the 1996 thriller *Heaven's Prisoners* brazenly backs up that claim (even if her Cajun accent is less convincing). Holding a gin rickey and eyeballing hero Alec Baldwin as if he were a rare steak, former cheerleader Teri dashed her good-girl image from *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* in a single bound. Her fans, however, definitely felt an "up, up and away" sensation.

the library

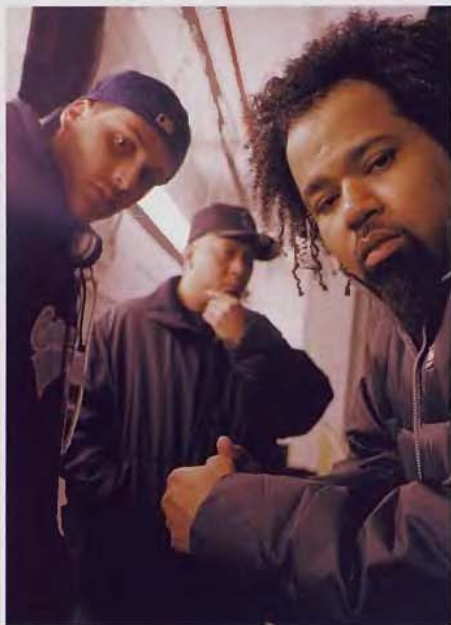
REEFER MADNESS Add this camp classic—about squeaky-clean teens who puff marijuana and spiral into fornication and suicide—to your stash. Released in 1938, *Reefer* resurfaced on the midnight circuit in the 1970s, causing fresh-baked audiences to giggle at the ham-fisted portrayal of the devil's weed. This restored and colorized version proves the filmmakers weren't total dopes: Behind the just-say-no homilies, the message could not be clearer—stoned chicks crave sex.



cd of the month

[**DILATED PEOPLES * NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH**]

Open your eyes to the next big hip-hop progressives



Hip-hop is due for an originality overhaul, but progressive groups such as Dilated Peoples have struggled for attention in the glare of playa bling. That's changing now as OutKast and Black Eyed Peas push the genre's conventions. On their third album, Dilated Peoples return West Coast hip-hop to its roots—thumping bass, high hat and mellow keyboards. Front duo Evidence and Rakaa trade laid-back rhymes that weave from women to Reaganomics while avoiding standard posturing. "Big Business" attacks military spending and manages to give a shout-out to Michael Moore (definitely a rap first). On "Closed Session" guests turn the track into a freestyle street jam. When the group claims, "Right now we parked in a comfortable spot, but by 2004 we out to own the whole lot," we get the feeling it's not just another boast. (Capitol) ★★★ —Jason Buhrmester

BETA BAND * Heroes to Zeroes

These guys have a knack for taking familiar instruments and creating a modern sound. But unlike most bands tagged as experimental, they also have an ear for pop melodies. On their latest—and most consistent—album, you'll hear the chiming guitars of U2, drums pilfered from the Cure, funky blasts of vintage bass synth and, for good measure, horns and harmonicas, all chucked into a Technicolor stew. Tasty stuff. (Astralwerks) ★★★ —Tim Mohr



BLONDIE * The Curse of Blondie

Forgive Debbie Harry's recent stint on *Will & Grace*. Blondie's eighth album proves that she and the three other original members are still damn cool. Reminiscent of their best work, the 14 new songs ricochet between pop, punk and hip-hop. The gloss that drips from classics such as "Dreaming" may have faded, but the band still has a chemistry no one else can imitate. And Harry's seductive voice hasn't aged a day. (Sanctuary) ★★★½ —Patty Lamberti



BOB DYLAN * Live 1964: Concert at Philharmonic Hall

Forty years later, many see Dylan as an enigma, a harlequin who wears many different hats. This two-CD set clarifies matters. Recorded three months before he plugged in for "Subterranean Home-sick Blues," this concert marks the end of his acoustic career. It's still an insurrectionary performance—on this night Dylan held New York in the palm of his hand. (Columbia/Legacy) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



EVERLAST * White Trash Beautiful

White and Irish, Everlast is an unlikely hip-hop pioneer, but his rap sheet, featuring stretches in House of Pain and Ice-T's Rhyme Syndicate Cartel, speaks volumes. Add a cardiac arrest at 29 and an Eminem beef and he has plenty of material to rival his multiplatinum *Whitey Ford Sings the Blues*. The songs are steeped in raw emotion, rap and Southern rock—and they're as serious as a heart attack. (Island Def Jam) ★★★ —Alison Prato



phoning it in

[**BACK IN BLACK**]

When the Pixies disbanded in 1993, fans dried their tears on their flannel shirtsleeves. Now flannel is out and all four original Pixies—Black Francis (a.k.a. Frank Black), Kim Deal, Joey Santiago and David Lovering—are in for a reunion tour.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that without the Pixies there would have been no Nirvana or Pearl Jam. Do you agree?
FRANCIS: I'm sure they were inspired by us, as I have been inspired by them. But I think they would have done fine without hearing my records.

PLAYBOY: When did you first realize you could sing?

FRANCIS: When I was 13 my neighbor played "Oh! Darling," by Paul McCartney, for me. He was like, "Come on! Sing it like you hate that bitch!" That was my first rock-and-roll singing lesson.

PLAYBOY: Did you really find Kim Deal through a newspaper ad?

FRANCIS: She found us. She was the only one who responded. And Kim knew a drummer, so we killed two birds.

PLAYBOY: You've said, "Since the age of 13 I've known that corporate rock sucks. While the other guys at school were listening to Journey, I was listening elsewhere."

FRANCIS: If you're a music fan, you figure out early on that there are popular bands that the kids are listening to, and then there are all these other records. My focus has always been on the other records.

PLAYBOY: In the Pixies' heyday, were you living large?

FRANCIS: Certainly not. I got invited to a Grammy party once. It was boring. People assume we were a huge band in the States, but we felt like obscure underdogs even when we were selling out venues. There's so much talk about fame, money and popularity. People assume that musicians are craving to be big and famous, but the people who are focused on being famous are probably not very good. —A.P.



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game of the month

[**SPLINTER CELL: PANDORA TOMORROW**]

Another chance to tiptoe through the corpses

Don't bother packing extra ammo for this operation. You need a good hiding spot, not a heavy trigger finger, to stay alive playing as Sam Fisher, a National Security Agency operative whose specialty is sneaking into high-security strongholds, silently dismantling defenses and leaving a pile of dead bodies in the basement. In the sequel *Pandora Tomorrow* (Ubisoft, PS2, Xbox, GameCube, PC), guards are increasingly sensitive to your presence. Alarm them and they scurry for flak jackets and other equipment based on the level of threat you present. All the more reason to stay anonymous by using night-vision goggles, lock picks and optic cables designed for peering under doors. Assorted small firearms back you up if you rustle a flock of birds or leave a corpse in a guard's path. A new online mode allows four players to stalk one another. Take an opponent hostage and use your headset to describe all the pain you plan to inflict on him. **YYY** —Jonathan Dudlak



ESPN MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (ESPN Videogames, PS2, Xbox) Just when we swore off buying another sports game for a few roster tweaks, ESPN adds features worthy of the wave. The exclusive first-person-perspective mode is an interesting gimmick, but the online play is what separates this from the minors. Compete against friends, watch replays narrated by ESPN announcers, and track the stats of any team. It's as though this game were on steroids or something. **YYY½**



—John Gaudiosi

BREAKDOWN (Namco, Xbox) Wake up to an ambitious adventure game that blends gunplay and hand-to-hand combat—all seen through the eyes of amnesia patient Derrick Cole. Held captive at a mysterious medical facility, Cole must break out and fight against a military faction that wants him dead. Even noncombat activities are seen from Cole's view, whether he's eating a cheeseburger or ogling his sexy sidekick. Brilliant. And the closest thing to VR without the annoying goggles. **YYY**



—Marc Saltzman

RESIDENT EVIL OUTBREAK (Capcom, PS2) Anyone who believes that fear is most intense when you're alone hasn't been dropped into a group of survivors fighting off flesh-eating zombies. As one of eight characters, you work to escape the city before the government blows it to bits. An online mode lets four gamers work together. Get infected and you join the ranks of zombies working to devour your former human allies. Try them with honey mustard! **YYY** —M.S.



SAMURAI WARRIORS (Koei, PS2) In this combat simulator set in 16th century Japan, resistance really is feudal. Playing as sickle-wielding ninjas or gun-toting infantrymen, gaijin gamers storm battlefields and lead armies to victory or annihilation against hundreds of on-screen enemies. The occasionally mindless, thumb-numbing play gets a helpful boost from a random mission generator and gory hidden death traps that turn enemies into meat skewers. **YYY½** —Scott Steinberg



sex pixels

[**ROLE MODEL**]

Twelve months of enticing elves

Meet Emma, this month's calendar girl. She enjoys poetry, horseback riding and filling the undead with flaming arrows. Fans of animated bombshells can catch her stalking the dank dungeons of Faydwer and gracing a page in *Babes of Norrath 2004*, a tongue-in-cheek calendar based on the popular EverQuest game series. It was designed to promote *Champions of Norrath*, the latest PlayStation 2 installment, which promises more than 100 hours of gameplay for each character—perfect for hard-core gamers who spend more time with their joysticks than with actual females. Michael Lustenberger, director of product marketing for Sony Online Entertainment, says, "As far as the interests of 13- to 24-year-old males are concerned, our experience indicates that women rank second only to video games." Sony's studies also reveal that 27 percent of player-created characters are female—even though women make up only 18 percent of the actual subscriber base—suggesting that this month's gorgeous model may really be Earl from Kansas. —S.S.



wired

Alienware DHS-311 Media Center (about \$2,000) That mess of cords and remotes you call a home theater system is about to be simplified. The DHS-311 can replace your stereo components and your PC. It plays CDs and DVDs, connects to the web, accesses on-demand movies and plays PC games. A built-in hard drive enables it to operate as a personal video recorder and store music and photos accessible from one remote.



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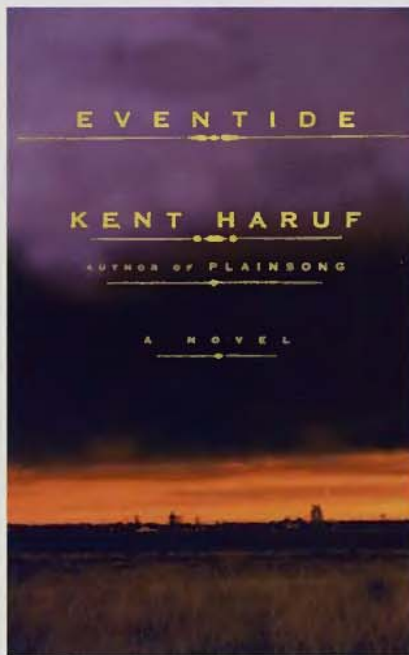


book of the month

[**EVENTIDE * KENT HARUF**]

Life on the Plains isn't so simple after all

Before you surrender to mindless beach reads, pump up your brain with this smart, poignant sequel to *Plainsong*, a 1999 National Book Award finalist. Don't worry if you didn't read it; you'll catch on. Set in a small Colorado town, *Eventide* alternates the stories of several townies, the most interesting of whom are Raymond and Harold McPherson, two elderly farmers and lifelong bachelors. When a farm animal kills one brother, the other faces real loneliness for the first time. He sets off to woo women, including a social worker who monitors the Wallace family—the epitome of trailer trash. Luther and Betty Wallace are barely getting by on food stamps when a drunken uncle moves in and starts cracking them with his belt. What makes these interwoven tales compelling is Haruf's nuanced dialogue and description, full of detail but never condescending. Rural life can be slow, so don't expect plot twists at the end of every page. Do expect to be moved. (Knopf) **★★★** —Patty Lambert



DOWN HERE • Andrew Vachss

In this latest installment of the Burke series, the renegade private eye is out to avenge the wrongful arrest of a sex-crimes prosecutor. Characterization is the author's strong suit: Burke's investigation lands him among pariahs like himself, all with unique deformities that prevent them from participating in decent society. Vachss paints New York City as fantastically depraved, so it's too bad he slips in several 9/11 references—it's better to think of the over-the-top underworld Burke navigates as residing beyond the real horrors of our age. Or, as Burke asserts, "crime time runs different than citizen time. For permanent outsiders like us, time only matters when you're doing it." (Knopf) **★★½** —Jessica Riddle



ADVENTURES OF THE ARTIFICIAL WOMAN • Thomas Berger

Frankenstein's monster provides a perennial cautionary tale, and here Pulitzer-nominated novelist Berger hooks up the electrodes and jolts the fable back to life. Berger's socially inept protagonist, Ellery, creates a perfect woman: animatronic, gorgeous and eager to fulfill whims from kitchen to bedroom. But soon "Phyllis" leaves him, gets a job in a strip club, heads for Hollywood and sets her sights on the White House. Her bloodless observations of human behavior are scathing at times, but overall the breezily told story isn't quite able to escape the left-over parts from which it's been stitched together. (Simon & Schuster) **★★** —Alison Prato



CAN'T FIND MY WAY HOME

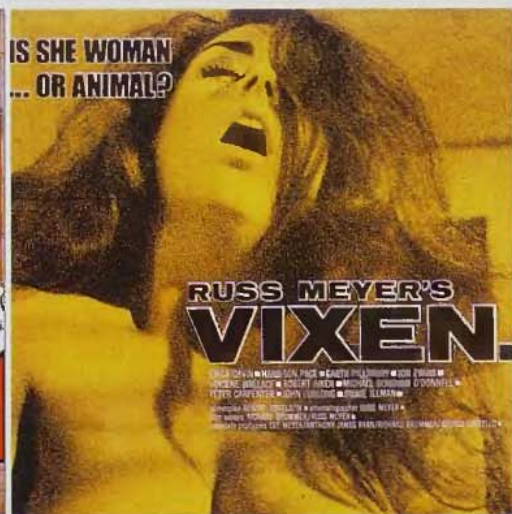
Martin Torgoff

Because the past two decades have seen such a relentless counterattack on illegal narcotics, it's easy to forget how pervasive drug use was back in the Vietnam-era "stoned age." Ten years in the making, rock biographer Torgoff's social history includes interviews with drug-culture luminaries (Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary), as well as the stories of celebrities (John Belushi, Charlie Parker) and ordinary joes

who just liked getting high. Torgoff shows how drugs influenced the second half of the "American century." Starting with the heroin and Benzedrine of the Beats and beboppers and ending with crack in Compton and ecstasy in the Bay Area, this book is filled with addictive insights. (Simon & Schuster) **★★★** —Leopold Froehlich



library of lust



X-RATED

Tony Nourmand and Graham Marsh Adult movies from the Age of Aquarius were more about the chicka-bwamp-chicka-bwamp score than about hard-core sex—but that didn't stop their posters from hinting at nasty action inside the smut-theater doors. This collection of skin-flick posters from the 1960s and 1970s reflects a charming fixation on horny housewives and suburban orgies. All in all, they're groovier than Austin Powers's most shagadelic fantasies. (Snoeck) **★★★** —Gordon Bass



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WEEKEND AT PORNIE'S

The *Adult Video News Awards* have been nicknamed the Oscars of Porn, but one thing's for sure: Billy Crystal won't be hosting them any time soon. In case you missed this year's 21st annual Sin City extravaganza—which was emceed by porn luminary Jenna Jameson and honored such categories as Best Group Sex Scene and Best Oral-Themed Feature—the entire ceremony will be broadcast this month on Playboy TV. Actually, so much hedonism is on parade during AVN weekend that we need three shows to cover (and uncover) it all: *The 2004 AVN Awards*; *Backstage Pass*, a behind-the-scenes report from Juli Ashton and Aurora Snow; and *Fresh Faces*, a look at promising new starlets found at the Adult Entertainment Expo. And if that's still not enough to satisfy your adult-video jones, we've broken down the weekend's highlights.

It's Not Easy Recognizing Clothed Porn Stars

If you've seen your favorite adult star fully dressed, it probably wasn't for long. Some actresses, such as Bettie Page doppelgänger Rachel Rotten, are easy to spot in Las Vegas. Thankfully, we had host Juli Ashton on hand to help ID some others. We nearly busted a gut when she pulled back Alexandra Silk's purple dress to reveal that it was, in fact, Alexandra Silk and she was not, in fact, wearing any silk (or other material, for that matter) underpants.

A-Listers Love the AVNs

At the Adult Entertainment Expo, the situation was dicey for Mike Tyson, who had a swarm of fans glued to him as he fought his way through the hall. (No ear biting was reported.) 50 Cent, who was there to promote his "XXX-rated interactive adventure" *Groupie Luu*, was most in need of a disguise—he was marooned in his promotional booth. We love his efforts, but we have one question for the

Scenes from the AVNs. Above, from left: Aurora Snow grilling Vince Neil and Lia Gerardini; Doisy; Playboy TV's Jessico Mestler and Mike Tyson; Cormen Luvana. Below, clockwise from top left: Awards host Jenno Jameson; Ron Jeremy and Krystal Steal; Sunrise Adams; Lil Jon and the Ying Yang Twins; Rachel Rotten; Redman raps.



P.I.M.P.: Isn't all porn interactive?

It's Not Brain Surgery. Or Even Tic-Tac-Toe

One of the weekend's most endearing moments? When Juli Ashton asked Best Supporting Film Actress nominee Julie Meadows what movie she was nominated for and Meadows responded with a blank stare. "I did know, but then I got drunk," Meadows says.

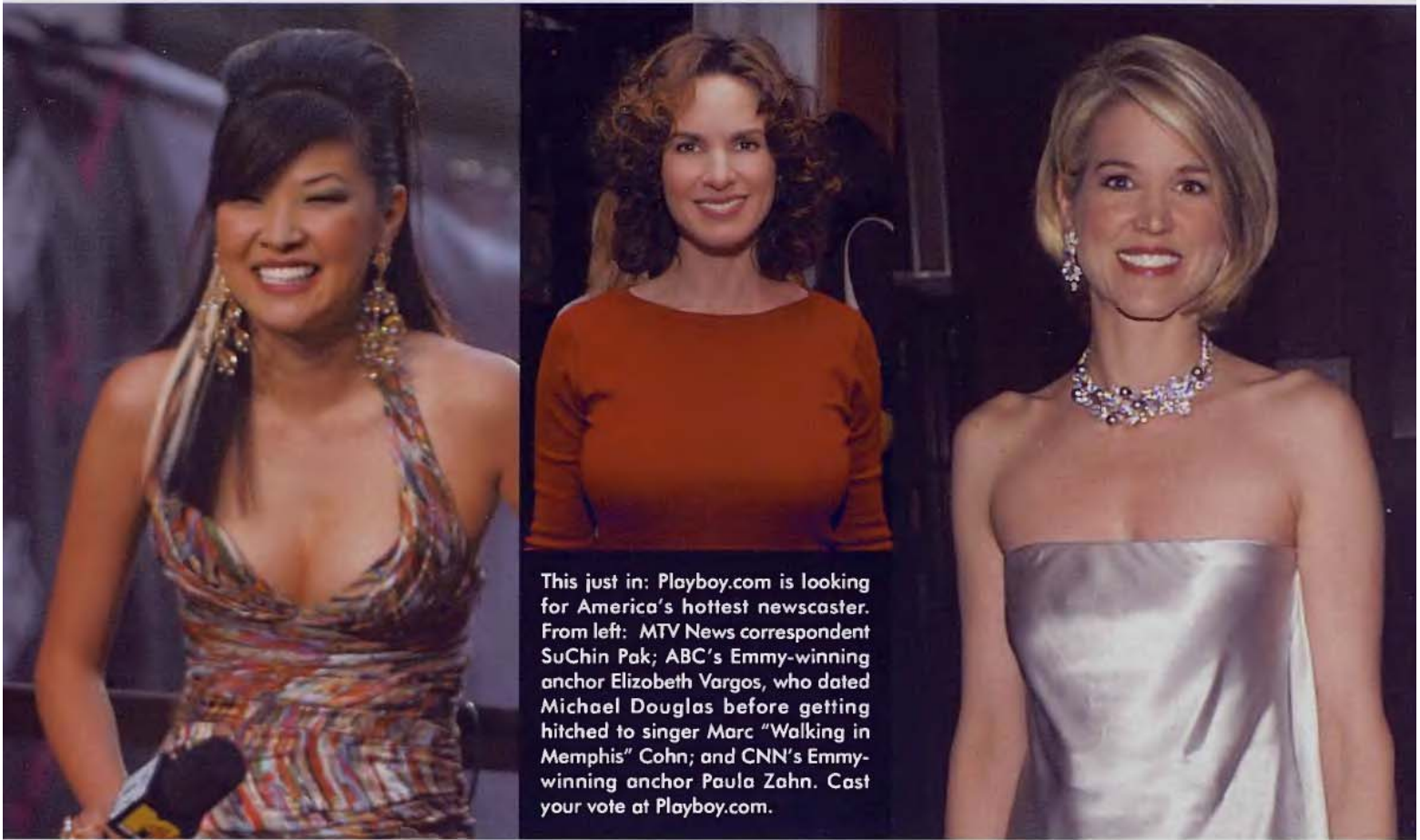
No Kleenex Required

At the Oscars it's standard issue to sob uncontrollably during your acceptance

speech. At the AVNs—where most podium banter is along the lines of "I like to give blow jobs. Thanks!"—blubbering is frowned upon. When asked if she cries when she wins, Snow says, "You got an award for sex—that's no reason to cry!"

And the Nominees Are...

Lastly, we feel obligated to share the year's best porn titles (there's no award for this, but there should be): *Blow Me Sandwich 2*, *Me Sucky Fucky* and *Fast Times at Deep Crack High*. Oddly enough, Sean Penn is not featured in any of the aforementioned.



This just in: Playboy.com is looking for America's hottest newscaster. From left: MTV News correspondent SuChin Pak; ABC's Emmy-winning anchor Elizabeth Vargas, who dated Michael Douglas before getting hitched to singer Marc "Walking in Memphis" Cohn; and CNN's Emmy-winning anchor Paula Zahn. Cast your vote at Playboy.com.

NUBILE NEWS

Why has Fox News Channel been challenging CNN in the cable news ratings competition of late? We think it may have more to do with Fox's stable of beautiful reporters than its "fair and balanced" reporting. The days of broadcast journalists who look like your dad's lodge buddies are gone: When it comes to newscasters, lip gloss and push-up bras are garnering more attention than buttoned-up suits and bad rugs.

Despite criticism from old-school news vets who find the telebabes lightweight, hard news just might be easier to digest when an attractive woman delivers it. (If those alleged weapons of mass destruction are ever found, would you rather hear about it from a gorgeous redhead or Tim Russert?) Now Playboy.com is asking which of the talking heads you deem the sexiest. We've narrowed it down to 10 women, including ABC's Elizabeth Vargas, CNN's Paula Zahn and Fox News Channel's Laurie Dhue, who told *TV Guide*, "Television is a visual medium. If you're flipping channels, you're going to stop if there's an attractive person. My bottom line is getting the news out. If I can look good at the same time, great. It's a win-win."

Rounding out the poll are CBS News Washington correspondent Sharyl

Attkisson, CNN Headline News's Rudi Bakhtiar, Headline News anchor Robin Meade, MTV News reporter SuChin Pak, ABC News White House correspondent Kate Snow, MSNBC's Alison Stewart and Headline News's Linda Stouffer.

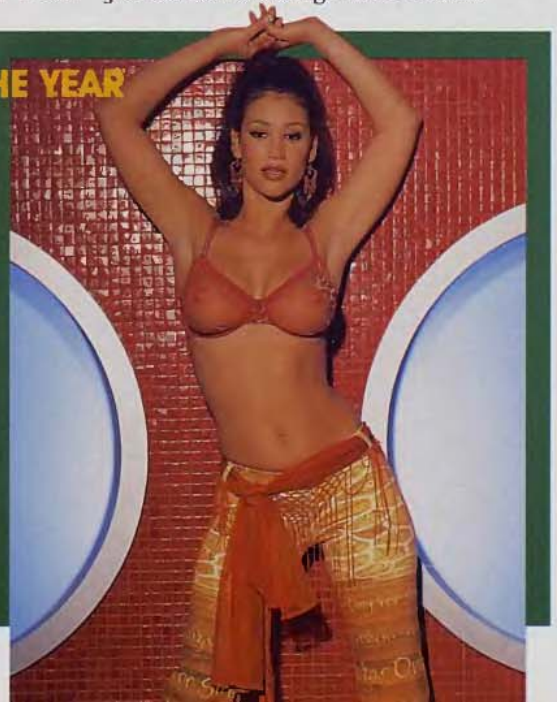
Playboy.com's Sexiest polls are famous for generating buzz. The recent For Bod and Country poll, in which we named Shania Twain country music's hottest singer, was watercooler chatter from

Nashville to Hollywood. And in 2000 *Sports Illustrated* named our America's Sexiest Sportscaster contest "the season's second most discussed poll," after the Bush-Gore tie. Last year our search for America's Sexiest Meteorologist drew more than 650,000 votes.

As with previous contests, our Sexiest Newscaster poll is certain to create static. Our take? The bedrock of unbiased journalism is calling a babe a babe.

CYBER GIRL OF THE YEAR

Name: **ALICIA BURLEY**. Favorite hobby: "Off-roading. I like doing it on three-wheelers, too." In high school: "I was heavier. I lost 30 pounds, and that's when I decided to do PLAYBOY." Nickname: "Gleek. He was the cartoon monkey on *Super Friends*." Road Runner or Wile E. Coyote? "I'm on the coyote's side. Just once he needs to nail that bird." If I were a guy: "I'd want to do Adriana Sklenarikova, the *Victoria's Secret* model with those great blue eyes. Or Gisele. Actually, any of them." One thing you should know: "I've got two pit bulls. But don't worry—they're very nice."



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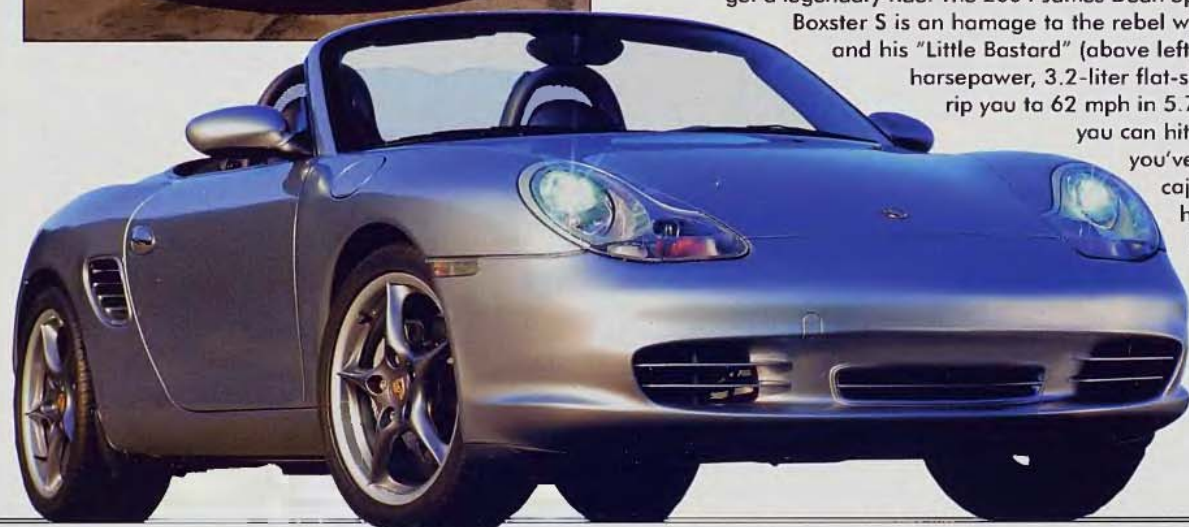
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MANTRACK hey...it's personal



Along Came a Spyder...

Fifty years ago Porsche's tiny 550 Spyder made its bones by outhandling bigger Ferraris and Maseratis on its way to winning tough circuits such as the 24 Hours of Le Mans and Mexico's La Carrera Panamericana. In 1955 film icon James Dean was driving his to a race in Salinas, California when he had a fatal crash. Since then Porsche has become something of an icon itself. A vintage 550 will set you back upward of \$750,000, but you don't have to sell the house to get a legendary ride. The 2004 James Dean Special Edition Boxster S is an homage to the rebel without a cause and his "Little Bastard" (above left). The 264-horsepower, 3.2-liter flat-six engine will rip you to 62 mph in 5.7 seconds, and you can hit 165 mph if you've got the cajones. You'll have to scramble to get on this Dean's list, though: Porsche is building only 1,953 and pricing them under \$60,000.



have to scramble to get on this Dean's list, though: Porsche is building only 1,953 and pricing them under \$60,000.

HOW TO WRAP YOUR HANDS LIKE A BOXER



The Matrix Remixed

Don't let your elitist record-spinning friends fool you. Being a DJ is just as easy as it looks. Get yourself two turntables, a fader, a pair of headphones and a record collection, and you're just as capable as the next guy of mesmerizing a steamy British nightclub. More challenging perhaps is Pioneer's DVJ-X1 (\$3,500), a DVD-based system designed to scratch, reverse and loop footage so you can blow away crowds with digital-video craziness that goes along with the music. The unit's SD-memory-card slot lets you save cue points for access during your set, and in the near future you should be able to link two DVJs and visually funk things up from two different sources. Go ahead and burn a DVD of your favorite music videos (or set your original footage to music), unleash it on a club crowd already numb with sensory overload, and let the seizures begin.



MANTRACK



Smoke on the Water

On the right you can see Australioian wakeboarder Daniel Watkins—ranked third on the U.S. Pro Tour as of press time—getting very high. On the left is the Player (\$320, abrien.com), his new 2004 O'Brien signature board. (The name is apt, considering that Watkins had "the time of my life" partying at the Playboy Mansion after last year's X-Games.) The board's cupped rails allow you to hold an edge so extreme you can practically lick the surface as you cross a wake. And the air? "I designed it to have incredible pop," Watkins says. Fellow Australian Toby Knox created the graphics, so if you don't live near the water you can always hang the Player on your wall as a piece of art.



Instant Auteur

Most digital cameras promise to let you shoot video, but they produce grainy, postage-stamp-size files that suck so bad you can't tell your homemade porn from Junior's soccer game. A new breed of digital camera is fixing that problem, however, offering full-frame, full-matnion video recording right from your regular snapper. Our favorite thus far is Panasonic's D-Snap SV-AV50 (\$400), with its slim, sleek design and two-inch LCD screen (which, along with the lens, folds flush into the camera when not in use). While it takes stills of only two megapixels



(good enough for most uses but not top-of-the-line), the real story is the 30-frames-per-second video that's good enough to show on your TV without getting jaggy. Video and stills are recorded onto an SD memory card (a one-gigabyte card gets you approximately nine hours of video) that you can reuse once you dump your footage into your computer. We can't tell which is sexier, this camera or its subject matter.

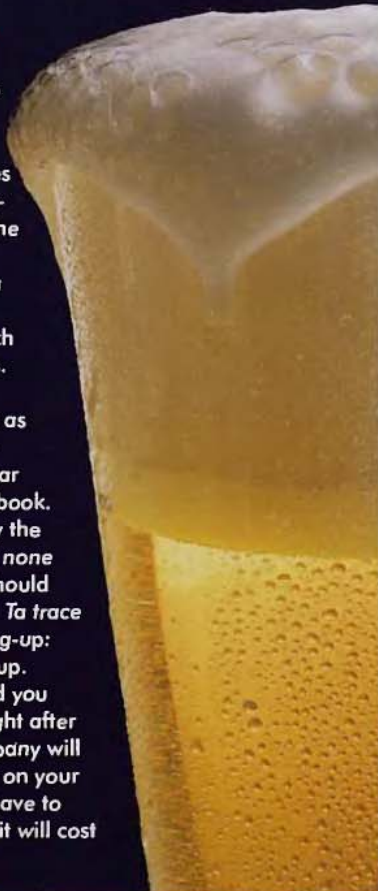
Clothesline: Freddy Rodriguez

Six Feet Under's star mortician is something of a pack rat. "My big thing is keeping a clothing item from every acting project. I kept a few 1940s- and 1950s-style vintage shirts from the first season of *Six Feet Under*. I have this 1970s blue polyester shirt from the film *Dead Presidents* and glasses from *A Walk in the Clauds*. My wife is like, 'Get this crap out.' But they hold a lot of memories for me. I have a brown three-quarter-length Armani jacket that looks like the coat Al Pacina wore in *Carlita's Way*. I'll wear that with chocolate-brown Prada boots, black pants and a solid-color button-down cotton-silk Donna Karan shirt. If I'm dressing down, I have a great jean jacket I wear with yellow Timberland boots or my mustard-and-white Nike soccer-style sneakers. With those I'll wear semibaggy jeans and a long-sleeve shirt." Look out for TV's best-dressed embalmer when *Six Feet Under* returns for its fourth season next month.



The Perfect Time...

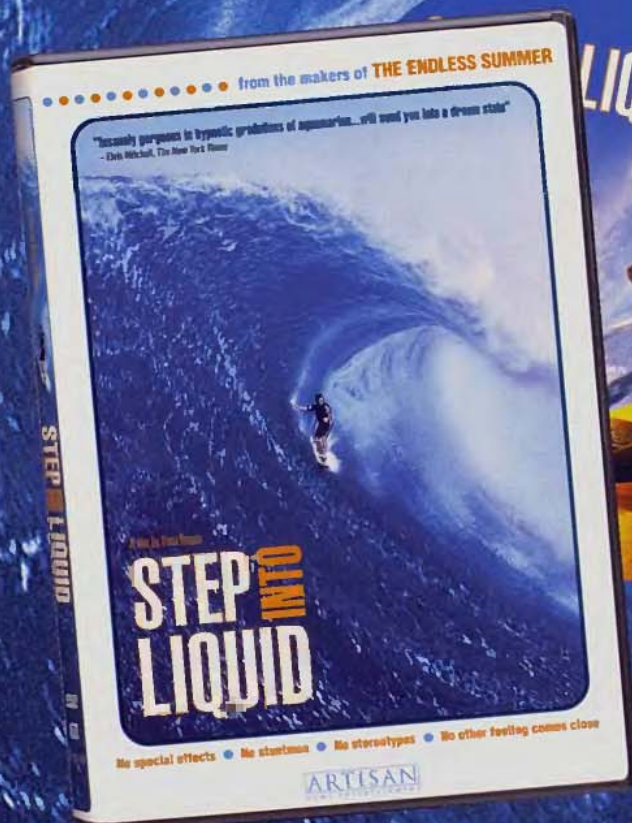
- *To be on high alert against weight gain:* On the weekend. The average 19- to 50-year-old American consumes 115 more calories per day Friday through Sunday than on other days of the week. That can add up to almost five pounds of flab a year. Balance it out with a daily 15-minute screw, which can burn up to 100 calories.
- *To rent a car:* Thursday afternoon, when rates drop as much as 50 percent for the weekend. And remember, car agencies, like airlines, overbook. Reserve a compact (typically the first models snapped up); if none are available, the agency should give you a free upgrade.
- *To trace an anonymous caller or hang-up:* Immediately after hanging up. You've heard of *69. But did you know that if you dial *57 right after a hang-up, the phone company will initiate a trace? Depending on your phone company, you may have to sign up for this service, but it will cost you only when you use it.



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The Playboy Advisor

A while back you ran a letter from a woman who asked why guys save all their PLAYBOYS. Here's one reason: my nephew's letters from boot camp. He describes the lonely and difficult times and asks for food and girlie magazines. I have never parted with a PLAYBOY, but I would be happy to help out a few anonymous servicemen by shipping some of my issues to Iraq or wherever they are needed. Can you tell me how to get this done?—J.Y., Madison, Wisconsin

As much as the troops would love your issues, the Pentagon is begging off. It used to deliver care packages addressed to "any service member" but suspended that practice after the October 2001 anthrax scare and because delivering a large number of packages to battle zones is a logistical headache. Some websites list the addresses of servicemen who say they will distribute packages to colleagues, but the Pentagon discourages this as well because of "force-protection issues" (i.e., it's better to keep the names and locations of units secret). It instead suggests doing any or all of the following: Donate \$25 and a personal message to the USO (usometrodc.org/care.html or 866-USO-GIVE), which distributes any-service-member packages; buy phone cards through the VFW (operationuplink.org or 800-479-5228) that troops can use to call home; purchase gift certificates (aaes.com or 877-770-4438) that can be used at military exchanges or online. The PLAYBOYS will be waiting when the troops get home.

My husband and I recently found that I have an orgasm when he scratches a certain spot on my lower back. Is this normal?—J.R., Prince George, Virginia

It's unusual but not unheard of. Beverly Whipple, who for years studied the nature of orgasms at her physiology lab at Rutgers University, documented women climaxing from clitoral, G-spot, cervical and breast stimulation—as well as those who could lie still and fantasize to climax. She has also heard anecdotal reports of women who came while having just about every part of their bodies massaged, including the neck and the big toe. This is less surprising in light of research by Whipple and others that shows some nerves take a direct path from the genitals to the brain while bypassing the spinal cord. Your gift brings new meaning to the saying "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

In response to the reader who wrote in January because he got aroused while wearing his girlfriend's panties at her request: I am totally turned on when my boyfriend does this for me. My favorite move is to go into the bathroom at the office (we work together) and remove my thong panties. I then slip them into his pocket when he's on the phone or stand-



ing at the copier. Minutes later he'll walk by my desk with a big smile, and I'll know he's wearing them. Sharing this intimate secret drives me wild. By the end of the day I can hardly wait to fuck him. I also love doing this at restaurants, theaters and family dinners. In my opinion any girl who isn't open to this kind of foreplay isn't worth dating.—L.B., San Diego, California

Sounds like fun. Next time leave anal beads in his pocket and see what happens.

When a job application asks if I've ever been convicted of a crime, I check no. But the truth is that when I was 18 I got arrested for shoplifting \$7 worth of stuff. Two years later I was charged with disorderly conduct (my buddies and I got drunk and yelled at the cops). These things happened 16 and 18 years ago, and I chalk them up to being a dumb, rowdy college kid in West Virginia. I paid the fines and cleaned up my act. I now have a great career. I hate being untruthful, but I think answering yes on an application would count against me. Will a background check bring my transgressions to light? Is there a way to clean up my record?—W.K., Cleveland, Ohio

Your instinct would also be to check no, but the human resources people we asked all said that's a bad move. A few suggested that you qualify your response on applications by writing "college pranks." The risk in answering no is that if a background check does uncover the crimes, a potential employer may wonder what other secrets you keep. It's unlikely that 20-year-old indiscretions will be a factor, especially if you've had a clean record and an impressive work history since. But don't spend any more time worrying

about this without doing an investigation of your own. Contact the state police to request a copy of your criminal record. With any luck the incidents fell through the cracks. If not, you can petition a judge in the county where you were charged to have the infractions expunged. It's been done many times before.

When asked in January about proven methods of breast enlargement, the Advisor mentioned implants, weight gain and pregnancy. You overlooked a study published last year in which 19 of 44 women who'd had liposuction experienced breast enlargement afterward. The more fat removed, the more likely it was that their breasts grew. The reason is not clear. Responding to the reader who asked whether an ice cube containing his semen could impregnate his girlfriend, you noted that sperm banks freeze semen with liquid nitrogen. What you didn't say is that the banks also add a solution to prevent ice crystals from forming inside the spermatozoa.—Dr. Marc Pomerantz, Hinsdale, Illinois

Thanks, Doc. You sound well-read.

In February you shared my recipe for margarita gelatin shots. But you made an error. It doesn't call for four cups of gelatin, as you wrote, but a large box of gelatin, which makes four cups.—Chaz Boston Baden, Anaheim, California

Sorry about that. You know you're having a bad day when you fuck up a Jell-O recipe.

Has there ever been a successful penis transplant?—C.D., Seattle, Washington

Are you in search of one or looking to donate? What might have been the world's first transplant took place last year at the Nil Ratan Sircar Medical College Hospital in Calcutta, India. Doctors transplanted the penis of a one-year-old who had been born with two to a seven-month-old born without one. As John Wayne Bobbitt can attest, it's more common to have your own penis reattached. We'll keep this brief, but here are two cases of note: (1) German doctors twice reattached the penis of a psychiatric patient who cut it off in incidents 10 years apart; (2) in Milwaukee in 1992 a man who lost his organ in a lawn mower accident had it sewn beneath the skin of his forearm (with the head protruding) for a month to keep it alive while his perineum healed. The surgeons who performed this amazing operation concluded that "in penile amputation, replantation remains the treatment of choice." God forbid.

My best friend is a woman. About a year ago I began to have feelings for her. We talked about it once but never again. The problem is that she's in an abusive relationship. I hate to see her getting hurt, so I confronted the guy and chewed

him out—and got punched in the face by his buddy. Now my friend won't speak to me. She thinks I confronted her boyfriend for my benefit, not hers. What should I do?—S.T., Virginia Beach, Virginia

If we're talking physical abuse, you need to enlist others, including her family and friends, to convince her that it's okay to move on. She may not see a way out. Don't waste any time on the boyfriend—he doesn't care what you think. And don't bring up your deeper feelings until she's safe and clear; she doesn't need that trip right now. (Honestly, she's probably not interested.) If this is just a case of your thinking her boyfriend is an asshole, mind your own business.

My set of cooking knives includes a metal rod with a wooden handle. I assume this is to sharpen the blades, but I have no idea how to use it. How do you hold it?—K.L., Atlanta, Georgia

The steel isn't designed to sharpen a dull blade; instead it maintains the edge of an already sharp knife. A chef or butcher will use the steel every few minutes; for cooking at home, it's sufficient to steel after each use. Many people simply flail the steel and edge together, but craftsman Keith De'Grau, who runs HandAmerican.com, a site devoted to cutting tools, says control is the key. "My preference is to hold the steel vertically and then tip it 10 to 20 degrees one way or the other, depending on the angle of the edge," he says. "Run the blade straight down the steel, from bolster to tip, drawing it toward you. Repeat for each side." (His site has photos.) Regardless of your technique, most steels are heavily grooved, which means that each time you run an expensive knife over them, the blade is serrated. This creates the illusion of sharpness but damages the knife. De'Grau suggests running 400-grit silicone-carbide paper over your steel for five minutes to make it less aggressive. If you aren't comfortable using a whetstone to sharpen your trusted knives, have a professional do it for you every 12 to 18 months.

How can you tell if you're a sex addict? I think about sex constantly. I download porn. I have a large collection of adult videos. I masturbate an average of three times a day. The littlest thing about a woman turns me on. I get agitated if I don't get sex. I can't always tell if I love someone or if I just want the sex. I've had women say that I'm a different man after sex. Beforehand I'm crabby; afterward I'm happy and glowing and ready to party. I have to have sex before I go out! It's always sex, sex, sex.—B.L., St. Louis, Missouri

*Welcome to the club. The behavior you describe doesn't make you an addict. It makes you a guy. The idea of sexual addiction has become a cottage industry—its roots lie in the idea that yielding too often to masturbation, pornography, homosexuality and other "sins" will make you mentally ill. It was popularized by a 1989 book called *Contrary**

to Love, which includes a ridiculous "screening test" with such questions as: Have you ever subscribed to sexually explicit magazines such as PLAYBOY? (Yes.) Do you often find yourself preoccupied with sexual thoughts? (Yes.) Do you feel that your sexual behavior is not normal? (Yes.) Are any of your sexual activities against the law? (Yes, in many states, until recently.) Have you ever felt degraded by your sexual behavior? (Yes.) Has sex been a way for you to escape your problems? (Yes.) When you have sex, do you feel depressed afterward? (Yes.) Do you feel controlled by your desire? (Yes.) Sign us up! We're not dismissing the idea that sex can be a destructive force, but as one of our favorite vixens, Annie Sprinkle, has written, "compulsion," "problem" and "challenge" may be better words than "addiction" to describe the situation. It's sex, not heroin.

I have a friend who doesn't tip on the alcohol portion of a restaurant bill, so we always leave a tip that I feel is too small. Please advise.—B.T., New York, New York

Friends don't let friends stiff people who handle their food. When you're out with Mr. Cheap, you'll have to throw in a little extra to get the tip to where it needs to be.

I've seen sites on which guys post nude photos of their ex-wives. Is that legal? What are the repercussions if the exes find out?—R.S., Randolph, New Jersey

These sites are designed to make you believe that the "ex-wife" in question is being humiliated, which is a turn-on for some guys. In reality, she's typically a model. We're sure a few former husbands have posted nudes of their exes without permission, but after the lawyers get involved we're guessing they won't do it again—especially men with children.

My husband works long hours, so we often go weeks without having sex. Recently a co-worker hit on me. With trepidation I gave in, expecting to feel guilty. Instead I felt rejuvenated. My lover and I now have sex every week. When he's home, my husband remarks on how much easier I am to get along with. He also says I look healthier and asks if I've been exercising. I would like to share the reason for my improvement with him. I think he would approve once he realizes it has led to a vast improvement in our relationship. I don't want to give up the benefits of the sex, but if I'm wrong, I also don't want to risk hurting my marriage. How should I handle this?—B.R., Raleigh, North Carolina

Talk to your husband about the affair, but only after you've ended it. That way, if he doesn't mind, you can work something out. But if he's hurt or angry—which is the more likely reaction—at least you can tell him it's over and start working on the issues that brought it about.

Regarding the reader who wrote because his girlfriend got diarrhea whenever she

swallowed his come: You said it might be the sorbitol in semen that causes this. It's more likely the result of ingesting prostaglandins, which are known to cause contractions of smooth muscles such as the intestine and uterus, leading to side effects including nausea, diarrhea and menstrual cramps.—J.R., Dallas, Texas

We asked Rodney Kelly, a professor with the MRC Human Reproductive Sciences Unit at the University of Edinburgh in Scotland and an expert on prostaglandins, for his take. He wrote, "It's entirely plausible. Diarrhea is a frequent side effect when prostaglandins are given orally to pregnant women to induce labor, and semen contains 10 million times the amount found in blood. One hypothesis is that it protects sperm on its journey to the egg—the high levels in semen may be essential to the survival of the species." So if your lover gets sick after blowing you, remind her that it's for the good of all mankind.

Can you tell me the proper way to tie an ascot?—M.L., Burlington, Vermont

Why, do you have a goiter? We can't think of any other reason for a guy to wear one.

If you hire an escort whom you don't find attractive, and you send her away without doing anything but saying hello, do you still have to pay her?—J.H., West Liberty, West Virginia

We've heard of customers offering a third of the fee, gas money or nothing. But that was in the days before the Internet. Today many services post photos of their contractors online, which makes it difficult to claim you didn't know what to expect. If the escort is not as described or doesn't resemble her photo, stop her at the door before she has a chance to get comfortable.

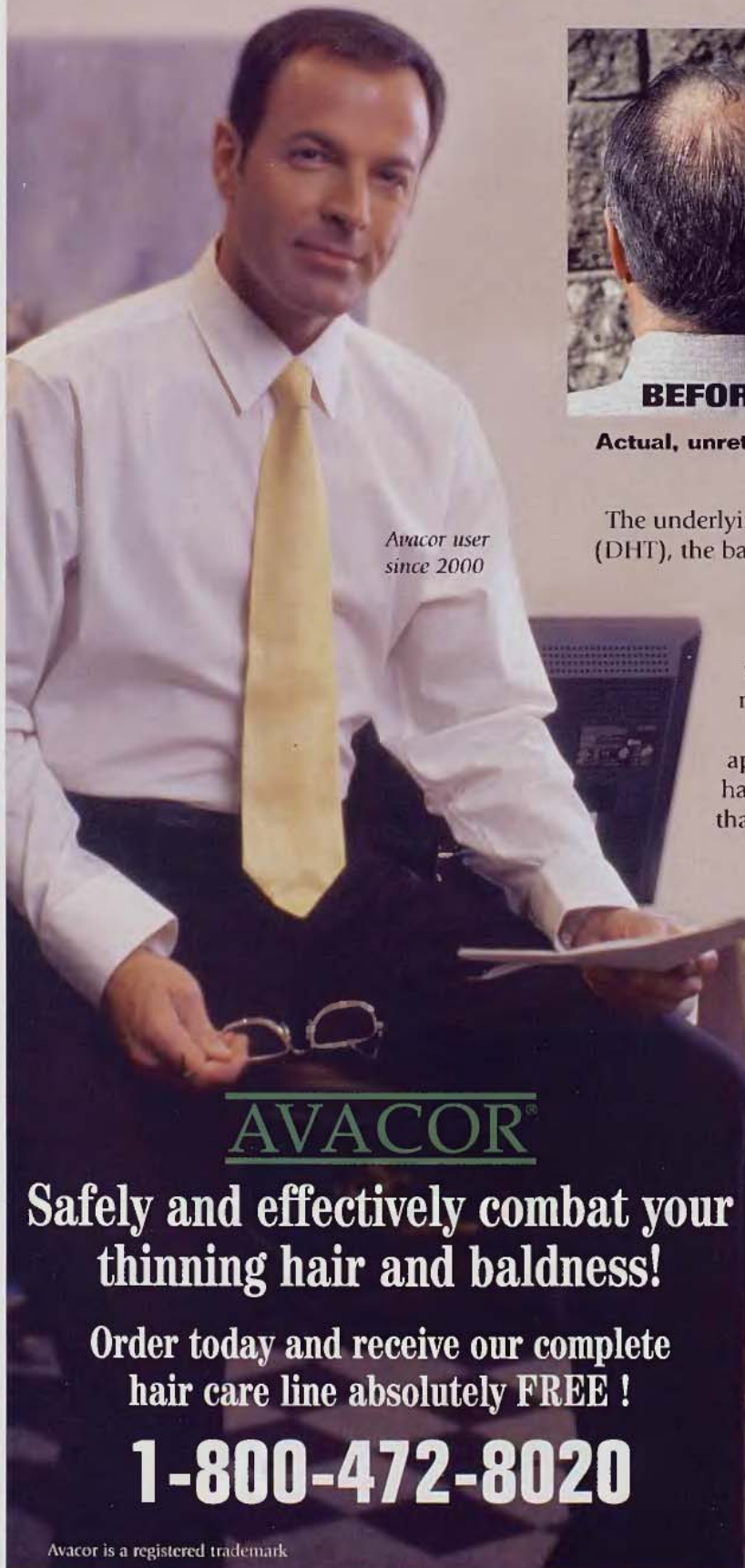
Your January column was filled with my kind of people—the student who loves to masturbate with the vibrator she got from her mom, the guy who shaves his body hair, the woman who leaves lipstick marks on her husband's cock, the guy whose girlfriend made him wear panties, the woman whose mouth pops open like a baby bird when her boyfriend walks by naked. The letters reassured me that I'm not alone in my own unique fantasies and "perversions." Can you put me in touch with these people?—D.G., Houston, Texas

You know better than that. Besides, there's no more room in the hot tub.

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 on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

GURU OF WISE USE

THE SPIRITUAL FATHER OF THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION'S ENVIRONMENTAL POLICIES SAYS WE SHOULDN'T BE TIMID ABOUT TIMBER

Looking for a good fight? You don't need to travel far: The battles between environmentalists and the Bush administration have reached a fever pitch. The roots of the Republican policies can be found in Ron Arnold's 1989 book, *The Wise Use Agenda*, based on a landmark conference he conducted of property owners, snowmobilers, loggers and developers. Arnold, 66, a defector from the Sierra Club, is now executive vice president of the Center for the Defense of Free Enterprise. Dean Kuipers spoke with Arnold on the status of his agenda.

PLAYBOY: What was the original idea behind the term *wise use*?

ARNOLD: To renew the conservation movement of President Teddy Roosevelt and his sidekick, Forest Service chief Gifford Pinchot. Pinchot once said that conservation is the wise use of resources. It's an attempt to revitalize the conservation movement against the "don't use it at all" thinking that has evolved in environmentalism.

PLAYBOY: What prompted the backlash?

ARNOLD: By the mid-1980s the environmental movement had been taken over by professional managers and litigators. The notion of environmentalism was all-encompassing. They're not out to protect nature so much as they are out to stop any corporation from doing anything they think would hurt nature. Being human became a guilt trip. Paul Ehrlich called humans a cancer on the earth.

PLAYBOY: How did you get involved?

ARNOLD: I began to realize that environmentalism was really about economic power. Its leaders wanted to allocate resources for the entire planet. Industry didn't realize this wasn't a public-relations issue. They still believed, stupidly, that if you put out your message right, everybody would believe you. So I wrote to 20 or 30 groups and said, "If you've been hurt by environmental groups suing you or fighting your land permits, let's talk."

PLAYBOY: You met in 1988 in Reno and created a list of demands. Give us a few examples.

ARNOLD: Number one was educate the public about the use of natural resources. Immediately develop petroleum resources in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Cut down remaining old-growth forests on public lands and replace with new trees. Cut down 30,000 acres of the Tongass National Forest each year to promote economic forestry practices. Open all public lands, including national parks, to mining and oil drilling. Construct roads into all wilderness areas



for motorized-wheelchair use. Stop protecting endangered species, such as the California condor, that were in decline before man arrived. Force anyone who loses litigation against a development to pay for the increase in costs for completing the project, plus damages. But the idea of wise use has become embedded. It's no longer a list like that.

PLAYBOY: Wise use has major appeal with snowmobilers.

ARNOLD: Yes, and with people who use RVs, off-road vehicles, dirt bikes.

They get involved because trails have been restricted to hikers. We'd like money to be spent on trails for motorized use.

PLAYBOY: Who is most likely to share your viewpoint?

ARNOLD: Wise-use types are those who provide food, clothing, shelter, goods, transport and manufacturing. Environmental ideology ignores the fact that humans must get these from the environment. Environmentalism is an urban movement; the only people hurt by it are rural Americans. Most wise-use types live in the rural middle landscape between wilderness and urban development. If you support unreasonable restrictions in the belief you're saving nature from bad guys, you'll starve. We're sitting on probably the biggest pool of oil and gas in the world that's usable and easy to get, yet we're in thrall to the Mideast. What's better, drilling holes here, maybe dirtying some places and hoping we can clean them up, or fighting a bunch of wars? Do you think Iraq was the final war? I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: People don't trust industry to figure out how many trees to cut down and not ruin things.

ARNOLD: No, I don't think they do. It's not a matter of trust. Stumps don't lie, as environmentalists say. There is a criminal section of the environmental movement, and it's probably getting money from the aboveground sector.

Some of the environmental movement is simply anticorporate; some of it is more ideological. Environmentalists tend to be catastrophists, seeing any human use of the earth as damage. A popular motto is "We all live downstream"—the view of a hapless victim. Wise users tend to be cornucopians, seeing themselves as stewarding and nurturing the earth. A wise-use motto is "We all live upstream"—the viewpoint of responsible individuals. Environmentalism promotes guilt, which degenerates into pessimism, self-loathing and depression. Wise use promotes feelings of competence, generating curiosity, learning and optimism.



THE PERILS OF FOOLISH USE

RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM DOESN'T ALWAYS WORK

By Wendell Berry



PLAYBOY: President Bush hasn't been unfriendly to your agenda. His Interior secretary, Gale Norton, came from the Mountain States Legal Foundation, which is former Interior secretary James Watt's outfit.

ARNOLD: We have dozens of wise-use people in the Bush administration. But some of them won't return my phone calls now. We haven't spoken to Karl Rove since Bush won.

PLAYBOY: What about the greens?

ARNOLD: The establishment interventionists—the Nature Conservancy, National Wildlife Federation, National Audubon Society—work to hamper property rights. They emphasize the need for natural diversity and in some cases to own and manage wildlife preserves. The ecosocialists—Greenpeace, Native Forest Council, Maine Audubon Society—want to dislodge the market system with public ownership of resources run by environmentalists in an ecological welfare state. The deep ecologists—Earth First, Native Forest Network—want to reduce industrial civilization and human population. Eco-ideologists fetishize nature to where we can't permit ourselves errors with the environment. It's easy to throw rocks at industry, because everybody can think of a corporate abuse. But there are also problems with ecoterrorism, both in giving too much and not enough power to law enforcement. Under the Patriot Act the FBI can't keep a database of people suspected of being subversive or



Snowmobiling in Yellowstone: Is it wise?

working with enviro-terrorists unless they've been convicted. Some nonprofits have assembled databases on ecoterror. The mink farmers have done it. We want to be able to make this information accessible to police.

PLAYBOY: Have environmentalists fired up your grass roots?

ARNOLD: Our grass roots include fur farmers and construction types. Construction guys deal in barroom politics—it's usually just chitchat. But when somebody burns down your \$50 million apartment complex two weeks before it's supposed to open, it's not chitchat anymore.

The career of rugged individualism in America has run mostly to absurdity, tragic or comic. But it has also done a certain amount of good. There was a streak of it in Thoreau, who went to jail to protest the Mexican War. And that streak has continued in his successors, who have suffered penalties for civil disobedience because of their perception that law and government were not always or necessarily right. This is individualism of a kind rugged enough, and it has typically been authenticated by its identification with a communal good.

The tragic version of rugged individualism is in the presumptive right of individuals to do as they please, as if there were no God, no legitimate government, no community, no neighbors and no posterity. This is most frequently understood as the right to do whatever one pleases with one's property. One's property, according to this definition, is one's own absolutely.

Rugged individualism of this kind has cost us dearly in lost topsoil, in destroyed forests, in the increasing toxicity of the world and in annihilated species. When property rights become absolute, they are invariably destructive, for then they are used to justify not only the abuse of things of permanent value for the temporary benefit of

legal owners but also the appropriation and abuse of things to which the would-be owners have no rights at all but that can belong only to the public or to the entire community of living creatures: the atmosphere, the water cycle, the wilderness, ecosystems, the possibility of survival.

This is made worse when great corporations are granted the status of "persons" who then can also become rugged individuals, insisting on their right to do whatever they please with their property. It becomes worse still when, because of the overwhelming wealth and influence of these "persons," the elected representatives and defenders of the American people become instead the representatives and defenders of the corporations.

It has become more clear that this sort of individualism has never proposed or implied any protection to the rights of individuals but instead has promoted a scramble in which more and more of the rights of the people have been gathered into the ownership of fewer and fewer of the greediest and most powerful "persons."

I have described so far what most of us would identify as the rugged individualism of the right. Now let us have a look at the left. The rugged individualism of the left believes that an

individual's body is a property belonging to that individual absolutely: The owners of bodies may, by right, use them as they please, as if there were no God, no legitimate government, no community, no neighbors and no posterity. This supposed right is manifested in the democratizing of sexual liberation; in the popular assumption that marriage has been "privatized" and so made subordinate to the wishes of individuals; in the proposition that the individual is autonomous; in the legitimation of abortion as birth control—in the denial that the individual in the community, the family, one's spouse or even one's own soul might exercise a legitimate proprietary interest in the use one makes of one's body. And this too is tragic, for it sets us free from responsibility and thus from the possibility of meaning. It makes unintelligible the self-sacrifice that sent Thoreau to jail.

The comedy begins when these two rugged (or autonomous) individualisms confront each other. Conservative individualism strongly supports family values and abominates lust. But it doesn't dissociate itself from the profits accruing from the exercise of lust (and, in fact, of the other six deadly sins), which it encourages in its advertisements. The conservatives of our day understand pride, lust, envy, anger, covetousness, gluttony and sloth as

virtues when they lead to profit or political power. Only as unprofitable or unauthorized personal indulgences do they rank as sins, imperiling the salvation of the soul, family values and national security.

Liberal individualism, on the contrary, understands sin as a private matter. It supports protecting the environment, which is part of the world that surrounds, at a safe distance, the privately owned body. The environment does not include the economic landscapes of agriculture and forestry or their human communities, and it does not include the privately owned bodies of other people—all of which appear to have been bequeathed in fee simple to the corporate individualists.

Conservative rugged individualists and liberal rugged individualists believe alike that they should be free to get as much as they can of whatever they want. Their major doctrinal difference is that they (some of the time) want different sorts of things.

"Every man for himself" is the doctrine of a feeding frenzy or a panic in a burning nightclub, appropriate for sharks or hogs or perhaps a cascade of lemmings. A society wishing to endure must speak the language of caretaking, faith keeping, kindness, neighborliness and peace. That language is another precious resource that cannot be privatized.

**"EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF"
IS THE DOC-
TRINE OF A
FEEDING
FRENZY.**

MARGINALIA



FROM A CONSENSUAL-SEX CONTRACT sold

online by SW Designs for \$29.99: "This agreement supercedes any and all written and oral agreements heretofore entered into and represents the entire agreement between the parties. (1) It is acknowledged and agreed that the parties are fully aware of and understand the contents, legal effects and consequences of this agreement and, being fully advised, enter into this agreement voluntarily, free from duress, fraud, drunkenness (as defined by the laws of this state), undue influence, coercion, mental incompetence or misrepresentation of any kind. (2) The agreeing parties are of legal age according to the laws of _____, the legal venue of the agreement. (3) It is agreed that parties hereto are now, and must remain, willing participants in the sexual act fully described under separate and confidential document [a list of sexual activities that includes entries such as intercourse, sex toys, other insertion, adultery and cross-dressing, with definitions for each] and that the signing of this document is not to be constructed as an obligation to fulfill the contract. (4) The parties agree that consensual sexual activity is privileged information and is not to be discussed with any individuals who are not parties to this agreement unless prior written permission is granted. This agreement is not to be used for financial gain by either party herein."

FROM A LIST OF 1,200 NAMES

that the official North Korean broadcasting station says have been used to refer to leader Kim Jong Il since 1974, as reported in the South Korean newspaper *The Chosun Ilbo*:



Lodestar of the 21st Century, Peerless Leader, Beloved Leader, Great Leader, Dear Leader, Sun of Revolution, Sun of Life, Sun of Hope, Guiding Sun, Sun of Socialism, Sun of Humankind, Fatherly Leader of All Koreans, Great Human Veteran, Matchless Hero Who Rules the World With Virtue, Creator and Symbol of the Good-Ruler Philosophy, Outstanding Military and Political Activist, Great Leader Who Opened a New History, Top Representative of Revolutionary Integrity, Eternal Heart With Great Love and Faith, Marvelous Strategist, Perfect Military Expert, Strategist for Victories, General-like Politician, Best General, Symbol of Unchallenged Victory, World's Best Military Artist, Invincible Commander, Great Master in Philosophy, Master in Literature, Art and Architecture, Genius of Human Music, World's Great Author, Walking Computer Who Surprises Experts, Hero From Heaven.

FROM AN INTELLIGENCE

BULLETIN issued by the FBI Counterterrorism Division: "Investigation has revealed that terrorist operatives may rely on almanacs to assist with target selection and preoperational planning. The use of almanacs or maps may be

(continued on page 55)

5 WAYS TO FIX

...THE DEATH PENALTY

BY SCOTT TUROW



(1) Narrow death penalty crimes

Illinois has 20 crimes that can be punished with death. The death penalty should apply only when two or more people are murdered, the victim is tortured or the victim is a police officer, firefighter, correctional officer or someone with a role in the defendant's trial. If the conviction is based on a single eyewitness or a jailhouse informant, the death penalty should not apply.

(2) Videotape all police questioning

Record station house interrogations of suspects in capital cases. Repeat to the defendant on tape any statements made elsewhere (such as in a squad car). Change police lineup procedures to reduce the chance of error.

(3) Establish an independent lab

Because many capital cases are overturned on suspect forensic evidence, states should establish labs that are

independent of law enforcement. States should also create DNA databases.

(4) Establish fail-safes

The state attorney general, three prosecutors and a retired judge should review each death penalty decision. The trial judge should agree with the jury's finding for the sentence to be imposed. Finally, the state supreme court should review every death sentence to ensure consistency with other capital sentences.

(5) Spend more money

Every state with capital punishment should spend more to train lawyers and judges to handle death penalty cases. The fees paid to defense attorneys should reflect market rates, not the whims of legislators.

*Turow is the author of **Ultimate Punishment: A Lawyer's Reflection on Dealing With the Death Penalty**.*

READER RESPONSE

GETTING OUT THE VOTE

As Ishmael Reed notes ("Keep America From Voting Act," February), the 2004 election may not be as flawed as the last election—it may be worse. Communities across America are buying electronic voting machines, but the technology has serious security problems. Congress is considering a bill (HR 2239) that would require openly reviewed voting



A Fulton County, Georgia employee helps poll workers with voting-machine problems.

software and voter-verifiable paper audit trails for all new e-voting machines.

Cindy Cohn

Electronic Frontier Foundation
San Francisco, California

In a country where everyone is given a Social Security number at birth regardless of race, creed or financial standing, how can asking for ID at the voting booth be a bias? How hard is it to get a state ID card or driver's license? I know of one Southern state that hands them out to anyone, citizen or not. What happened in Florida was a shame, but it's ridiculous to view it as a Republican plot to disenfranchise black voters.

Lisa Martin

Alta Loma, California

VOTING WITHOUT A HOME

While reading "Voting With Conviction: How a Few Ex-Cons Can Swing an Election" (February), I was struck by the similarities between voting laws that disenfranchise prisoners and felons and those that keep many of the 2.6 million homeless adults from the polls. Twenty-seven states refuse to allow anyone who doesn't have a mailing address to register. Twenty states have only verbal policies on homeless registration, leaving county officials with the discretion to

determine eligibility. Only 10 specifically give the homeless the right to register, though in a survey of state election officials, all 50 insisted a person can register to vote if he lives in a shelter, and 48 (Louisiana and Virginia were the exceptions) said a person can register if he lives on the street. Since 1992 we have sponsored a You Don't Need a Home to Vote campaign. We will never end homelessness unless homeless people are involved in the political system.

Michael Stoops

National Coalition for the Homeless
Washington, D.C.

No other democratic nation takes away voting rights for life for a felony conviction, as is the practice in 14 U.S. states. In recent years courts in Canada, Israel and South Africa have affirmed the right of prisoners to vote. Yet many states are now reconsidering these policies. Since 1996 nine states have scaled back or repealed aspects of their laws, with both Democratic and Republican governors endorsing the changes.

Marc Mauer

The Sentencing Project
Washington, D.C.

CHONG'S BONGS

Tommy Chong got nine months for selling bongos ("Extra: Feds Jail Chong for Bongos," February). The 19-year-old son of our mayor, busted for trying to deliver six pounds of marijuana, got two years' probation.

Eric Hartman

Sterling Heights, Michigan

I've smoked pot using Pepsi cans. Do the feds plan to go after Pepsi?

Dusty Hubbard

Rantoul, Kansas

FIXING THE ENVIRONMENT

After reading Christine Whitman's "5 Ways to Fix the Environment" (February), we want to remind everyone of some of the things the Bush administration has done to "fix" the environment in ways that benefit corporate cronies. Here are "5 Ways the Bush Administration Is Trashing the Environment":

(1) Kyoto Protocol: President Bush disgraced the U.S. when he withdrew it from the Kyoto global-warming treaty negotiations. An embarrassed Whitman, then head of the EPA, was sent to deliver the bad news to the world after earlier pledging constructive involve-

ment. Dick Cheney labeled her a "good soldier," while Colin Powell called her a "wind dummy," referring to the sack that bombers threw from airplanes to test the wind.

(2) Energy Bill: Crafted during Cheney's infamous backroom corporate powwows, this legislation provides tens of billions of dollars in tax breaks for dirty sources of power such as the coal, oil and nuclear industries while doing virtually nothing to promote efficiency and renewable energy sources that might free us from our oil addiction.

(3) Chemical Security: The Bush administration has done next to nothing to protect citizens from terrorists who might turn U.S. chemical plants and transport trains into weapons of mass destruction. The administration has failed to push for safer chemical alternatives or enact any regulation to force such change. Safety and security matters are left to the discretion of private industry.

(4) Healthy Forests Initiative: This offers up our national forests to the logging industry under the guise of forest fire prevention.

(5) Clear Skies: Developed under Whitman to repay major donors to the administration, this bill would rewrite the Clean Air Act. The result will be more soot and smog in our air and lungs and more toxic mercury polluting fish in our lakes and streams.

Whitman missed one important thing



that Americans can do this year to fix the environment: vote.

John Passacantando

Greenpeace USA

Washington, D.C.

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

NEWSFRONT



Dangerous Opinions

NEW YORK—Lucky Cheng's is a cabaret-restaurant that features floor shows with cross-dressing waiters. Zagat Survey, the restaurant-guide publisher that bases its reviews on diners' ratings, reprinted snarky customer comments and gave Cheng's nine out of 30 points for food quality. The restaurant sued for \$10 million plus \$30,000 for every week the book was in print and another \$250,000 in compensation. The owners claimed libel and negligence and asked a judge to restrain Zagat from printing more copies. Zagat responded that "public opinion is protected by the First Amendment." In a similar case, Sharper Image sued *Consumer Reports* for reviews in which the magazine found the Ionic Breeze Quadra air cleaner "ineffective." The magazine calls its assessment "fully accurate, as Sharper Image well knows."

Everyone's a Suspect

COLRAIN, MASSACHUSETTS—A woman took her 10-year-old, an aspiring pilot, to an office supply store and asked a clerk if the store carried software for learning how to fly a plane. The clerk told her that it was illegal even to ask such a question. Police later visited the woman at her home. An Air Force Reserve pilot herself, she took the intrusion in stride, saying, "What saves us is that people are paying attention."

LOS ANGELES—Michael Ramirez, a political cartoonist for the *Los Angeles Times*, drew an image referencing Eddie Adams's Pulitzer Prize-winning photo of a Vietnamese general executing a prisoner. Ramirez's version depicts President George W. Bush as the victim and a figure labeled POLITICS as the shooter; the backdrop is labeled IRAQ. The next day an agent from the Secret Service went to the newspaper to interrogate the cartoonist, ostensibly about his "threat" against the president. The newspaper turned the agent away.

ATLANTA—While waiting in line for coffee, a bookstore clerk read an editorial his father had printed from the Internet for him called "Weapons of Mass Stupidity." A few days later the FBI stopped by for a visit at the bookstore where he worked. The agents told the clerk that someone at the coffee shop had reported him for reading suspicious material and that they wanted a copy of the article and to search his automobile.

Brownie Points

SEATTLE—College Republicans at the University of Washington held a bake sale to protest

affirmative action. They offered cookies to minorities starting at 25 cents each while charging whites \$1. An angry crowd gathered, and two students tore down the price list and began throwing cookies at the sellers, prompting the administration to shut down the sale. Similar sales have been stopped at other schools. The Foundation for Individual Rights in Education, a watchdog group, alleges that universities "have sanctioned criminal violence to silence political debate."

"I Like Being Naked"

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA—Melissa Harrington is like a lot of young women. She enjoys going out with her friends and having a good time. She also has a website on which she charges horny surfers to see her naked. For one set of photos she posed nude in a secluded area of a local bar. "I like being naked in public, even more when there's a lot of people there to

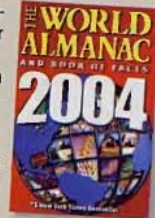


watch," Harrington said. "If you have a beautiful body, why not show it?" Acting on a tip, police visited her site, examined the images and cited Harrington for public nudity. She has enlisted four attorneys to fight the charges.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 53)

the product of legitimate recreational or commercial activities; however, when combined with suspicious behavior or other information such as evidence of surveillance activities, these indicators may point to possible terrorist planning. Indicators of the use of almanacs for this purpose may include suspicious notations concerning high-profile locations such as tall buildings or landmarks and references to specific dates."



FROM A DEPOSITION taken during the prosecution of a man accused of posting 37 photos on an adult website. The transcript appeared in *Adult Video News*. In this excerpt, defense lawyer Jeffrey Douglas questions Steven Takeshita, head of the Los Angeles Police Department's Organized Crime and Vice Division, about the images.

Q: Would the definition of *fisting* include four-finger insertion if the thumb were not inserted?

A: Yes.

Q: How about three fingers?

A: That would depend on how they are inserted. If the person has these two fingers and just the tip, that is actually three fingers. But if they are inserting the finger all the way, that would be more of a fisting-type activity.

Q: If you were to see a film in which the only sexual act was the repeated insertion of three fingers, would you go to the city attorney?

A: No.

Q: Would you conduct further investigation?

A: Yes.

Q: If you saw three-finger insertion, what information could an investigation provide that would lead you to seek prosecution of that movie?

A: If I saw a three-finger insertion on the cover, that would indicate there is a possibility of the act of fisting occurring.

Q: If you saw a movie in which the only act related to fisting was the insertion of four fingers, would you bring that to the city attorney?

A: No.

Q: Is that because the guidelines indicate that five fingers have to be inserted?

A: To the web of the hand, yes.

Q: If the last knuckles are outside the orifice, the city attorney says that is not fisting?

A: The city attorney says he will evaluate that case by case.

Q: Is it your understanding that if the four fingers are inserted beyond the knuckle, then the city attorney is more likely to file?

A: Yes.

Q: And do you know what the basis of that distinction is?

A: That sexuality appeals to an abhorrent interest in sex.

Q: Do you understand the basis of their arguing that the insertion of knuckles versus the knuckles being exterior—what the basis of that being abhorrent is?

A: No.

THE BIRD IS THE WORD

A LEGAL HISTORY OF THE FINGER

BY CHIP ROWE

1977: A Connecticut appeals court overturns the conviction of a high school student who gave the finger to a trooper from the back of a school bus. The officer had stopped behind the bus at a red light.

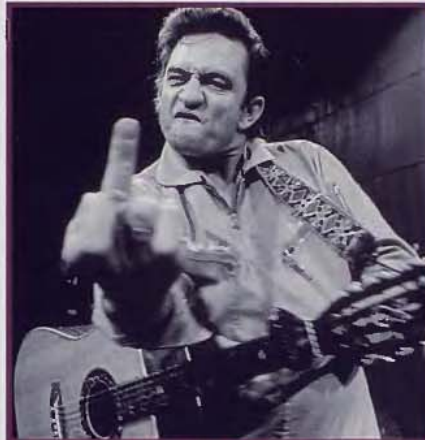
1980: Police arrest a contractor in Hammond, Louisiana after he paints on a supermarket wall a 30-foot-high image of Mickey Mouse flipping the bird, with the caption "Hey, Iran!"

1983: A Texas court upholds the conviction of a student who flipped off his principal during graduation.

1990: In the case of an Arizona man pulled over for flipping off a cop, a federal court rules that "no matter how peculiar, abrasive, unruly or distasteful a person's conduct may be, it cannot justify a police stop unless it suggests that some specific crime has been, or is about to be, committed."

1990: When a police helicopter hovers 800 feet over a home in Oceanside, California, the owner aims a flashlight at the chopper and flips off the police. Minutes later a dozen cops converge on the home, hog-tie the owner and arrest him and his wife. The prosecutor refuses to charge the couple, who later win \$300,000 in damages.

1991: Police arrest a driver for giving the finger to Santa Claus as Saint Nick speaks to a little girl and her parents in Portsmouth, Rhode Island. The perp is busted when Santa, who happens to be an off-duty cop, writes down his license-plate number.



JOHNNY CASH GIVES IT TO THE WARDEN.

1995: Jimmie Wayne Jeffers, being executed in Arizona for killing his ex-girlfriend in 1976, flips the bird to the warden from the electric chair. According to witnesses, his finger is still raised as he is electrocuted.

1998: Police fine a Pennsylvania woman \$25 for yelling "Fuck you!" and flipping off a roadside construction worker. In 2000 the state superior court reverses the fine, saying the gesture cannot be considered obscene. "It would be a rare person who would be turned on by the display of a middle finger or the language it represents," the court rules.

1999: A jury awards an Arkansas junkyard owner \$2,000 in damages against a state trooper who arrested him for flipping the bird as they passed on a county road. Earlier that year the man's nephew had received a \$2,500 settlement after being arrested for flipping off a different cop.

2000: After being interrupted, a school board member in Allentown, Pennsylvania gives the finger to the board president. During his trial the member argues that his gesture had not been sexual and therefore was not obscene. But a tape of the meeting shows he later threatened to "put some Vaseline" on his bird. A judge fines him \$100.

2001: An officer in Florida arrests a man on obscenity charges for two stickers on his pickup. One shows a foot-high Calvin of *Calvin and Hobbes* sticking up his middle finger while urinating on the names of the man's ex-girlfriend, her husband and their daughter.

2001: Robert Coggin allegedly gives the finger to a slow driver on a Texas highway. The driver calls the police, and Coggin spends \$15,000 getting the \$250 fine reversed. An appeals court rules the *digitus impudicus* ("impudent finger") is protected speech, especially if its target is not "violently aroused."

2003: Administrators in Ontario suspend a 12-year-old after he gives the finger in a class portrait. "I didn't even realize that my middle finger was sticking out," he claims. His mother says of school officials, "They're not anthropologists. They can't look at a picture and determine someone's intentions."

2004: An American Airlines pilot, Dale Robin Hersh, irritated that São Paulo Airport officials had fingerprinted and photographed him, gestures at the camera. Police arrest him for insolence, and a judge fines him \$13,000 for "his insult to Brazil's national pride."

IS THIS PROTECTED SPEECH?

Baroness Thatcher



Marshall Mathers



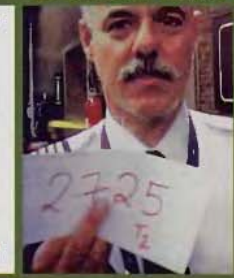
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHNNY DEPP

A candid conversation with the brooding actor about growing up, getting sober, being a middle-aged sex symbol and smacking the hell out of the paparazzi

Johnny Depp has one of the quirkiest résumés in Hollywood. After starting his career as a TV heartthrob, he reinvented himself as a serious actor in offbeat and usually brutally uncommercial movies: He was critically acclaimed box office poison. But now, thanks to his role in last year's \$300 million-grossing smash *Pirates of the Caribbean*—a big, goofy Disney family film that is the antithesis of Depp's indie work—he has at last emerged as a mainstream star. He notched his first Oscar nomination. People magazine dubbed him the sexiest man alive for 2003, even as he turned 40. And the actor with a penchant for getting in trouble—and landing in jail—has been replaced by a kinder, mellow Depp, a family man who has given up drinking and drugging in favor of days in the park with his kids. Who the hell is this guy anyway?

Depp's early days are well documented. As an undercover cop on *21 Jump Street*, he emerged as an instant teen idol in 1987. But a future as a lunch box icon scared him, and he quickly fled to movies. He turned down star-making parts that later went to Tom Cruise, Keanu Reeves and Brad Pitt, but he found a niche playing idiosyncratic misfits. He became a muse for director Tim Burton, who first cast him in the title role of *Edward Scissorhands* and later in *Ed Wood* and *Sleepy Hollow*. He played a tormented intro-

vert in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*, a drug-addled Hunter S. Thompson in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and a conflicted undercover FBI agent in *Donnie Brasco*. There's barely a normal guy in his repertoire.

Born in Owensboro, Kentucky, Depp was an indifferent student. At the age of 16 he dropped out of high school, began pumping gas and joined a band that opened for Iggy Pop and the Ramones. In 1983 the band moved to Los Angeles but struggled to find gigs. For a while Depp sold ballpoint pens by phone. His then wife, Lori Allison, introduced Depp to Nicolas Cage, who arranged a meeting with an agent. The rest is history.

Flash-forward a couple of decades, and Depp is the hottest actor in town. His latest film is *Secret Window*, and future projects include J.M. Barrie's *Neverland*, in which he plays the author of *Peter Pan*; *The Rum Diary*, based on a Hunter S. Thompson novel; and *The Libertine*, in which he will play a debauched 17th century poet. More is on the horizon, including a Burton-helmed version of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and the inevitable gazillion-dollar sequel to *Pirates*.

Depp's run-ins with paparazzi are tabloid fodder, as are his bad-boy exploits involving drink, drugs and a long list of beautiful women, including Sherilyn Fenn, Jennifer Grey and Winona Ryder. He and Ryder were

serious enough that he emblazoned himself with a WINONA FOREVER tattoo. (When they broke up he had it laser-altered to WINO FOREVER.) He was dating model Kate Moss when he famously trashed a New York hotel room and was arrested. Depp co-owned a popular Hollywood club called the Viper Room. It was there on Halloween night 1993 that rising star River Phoenix died of a drug overdose. The tragedy contributed to Depp's image as an actor teetering on the edge.

Depp has since settled down with his girlfriend of six years, Vanessa Paradis, the French actress and pop singer. They have two children, Lily-Rose, four, and Jack, two. The couple divide their time between Los Angeles and St.-Tropez, France.

PLAYBOY sent journalist Bernard Weinraub to meet with Depp in a suite at the Chateau Marmont Hotel in Los Angeles. Depp arrived decked out in a cowboy hat, with a Che Guevara charm, an amulet and a tiger's tooth around his neck. He promptly opened a bottle of water and rolled a cigarette.

PLAYBOY: You've been through quite a few changes lately, not the least of which is that *Pirates of the Caribbean* has made you one of the hottest stars in town. You were even nominated for best actor.

DEPP: It's really weird. [laughs]



"I was never a cokehead or anything like that. I always despised that drug. But I was poisoning myself with alcohol and medicating myself. There was a danger that I would go over the edge. I thank God I didn't."



"There was this vicious woman, a teacher. One day she told me to do something. She got very loud in my face and tried to embarrass me. I turned around and walked away. As I did, I dropped my drawers and mooned her."



"I looked down at the ground, and there was a wooden plank. Instinct took over. I picked it up and whacked the guy's hand. The next thing I knew I saw flashing lights around me. And a paddy wagon."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

PLAYBOY: What impact did *Pirates* have on your career and your life?

DEPP: I'm the wrong person to answer that. For one thing, four- and five-year-old kids and people in their 50s, 60s and 70s—a broad spectrum—loved that movie. That hasn't happened to me before. That was great. I just want to continue getting good jobs.

PLAYBOY: Has Hollywood's view of you changed?

DEPP: I don't know if Hollywood's view of me has changed. I'm certainly getting calls from people and filmmakers who maybe didn't know my name before. That's all right. My next film has been planned for a while. The story takes place in Restoration England. I play John Wilmot, the Second Earl of Rochester, a debauched poet. He killed himself with drink and syphilis at the age of 33. A real piece of work.

PLAYBOY: You're now considered a bankable movie star.

DEPP: I've always been some distance from that game. I guess there have been times when I was on the brink of being bankable. But that's all so weird. All these weird lists—top five stars, top 10, "Let's get this guy because he's bankable." I don't think about that. You're on the list two weeks and then—*poof*—you're gone. It never jarred me that I wasn't on the list. If I'm considered bankable this week, that's great. Next week I'll be totally off. I'm used to that. I've never had an allergy to the idea of commercial success. When you put a movie out and it's successful, that's great. I just wanted to get there in the right way, in a way that's not too compromising or demeaning or ugly. Whether I'm there as a bankable movie star or not, I don't know. If I stay there, who knows?

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a star?

DEPP: Well, the real movie stars were Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Spencer Tracy, Montgomery Clift. How could I put myself in the same category as Clark Gable? Tom Cruise is a great movie star. Do I consider myself a movie star? I consider myself a guy with a good job, an interesting job.

PLAYBOY: Maybe better than a good job. You've become big box office. You're spending less time in France and more in L.A. to be closer to the action.

DEPP: Well, I still live in France part-time.

PLAYBOY: Are you as at home in France as you are here?

DEPP: Now I am. It was amazing at first, because I didn't speak the language. I loved that, because I didn't have to talk. It was great just to be out among people

and not have the responsibility to say anything. I wasn't thrown into the spotlight to be the novelty or to entertain.

PLAYBOY: Are you often in that position?

DEPP: Yeah, and this was nice. I could sit there and drink wine. Ultimately, though, what I love about being over there is the culture, which is very old.

PLAYBOY: What's your life in France like?

DEPP: Simplicity, really. We have a little house in the country. We wake up in the morning, the sun's coming out, we make coffee, and then we make breakfast for the kids.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're back in the public eye in a big way, do you feel more exposed?

DEPP: We've always had our run-ins with



I do have an affinity for damaged people. I don't know why. We're all damaged in our own way.

the paparazzi. That hasn't changed. They are very ambitious. They're looking for God knows what. You think, Why that kind of intense invasion?

PLAYBOY: Did it cause you to question making *Pirates of the Caribbean* in the first place?

DEPP: No, I'm not going to complain. When we're in a public place, like at some opening or a premiere, I don't mind the press. It's the nature of the beast. But when you're shopping for Christmas presents for your kids, I just don't understand the fascination. The other day I had a lunch meeting in the San Fernando Valley. There was a literal convoy, with seven or eight vehicles, behind us. My girl took my kids to the park

the other day, and the paparazzi surrounded the perimeter just to photograph her playing with our children. It's ugly. I don't mind so much when they do it to me, but when it's my kids, that's another story. It's evil.

PLAYBOY: Is there less harassment in France?

DEPP: Not necessarily. They fly helicopters over our property, in front of the kitchen window. They have these long lenses.

PLAYBOY: Here's another big change: You recently turned 40. Are you surprised that you made it?

DEPP: It was questionable for a while.

PLAYBOY: Were you genuinely worried that you wouldn't?

DEPP: In your teens and your 20s, you're immortal, you're untouchable. It's only later that you begin to realize you are mortal.

PLAYBOY: You once said that everyone thinks of you as a drug-addicted, brooding, angry and rebellious mental case. How apt was that description?

DEPP: Well, for many years they said I was a wild man. Now they say I'm a former wild man, former bad boy, former rebel. I guess "former" because now I'm a dad. The media tries to stuff you into a mold. It happens to everybody. He's the new bad boy, the new James Dean, the new whatever. It's both amusing and annoying. My mom reads that stuff. So do my nieces and nephews and all my family. At times it was flat-out fiction.

PLAYBOY: At one point your life did seem out of control. Was it drugs?

DEPP: Mostly alcohol. There were drugs, too—pills—and there was a danger that I would go over the edge. I could have. I thank God I didn't. It was darkest during the filming of *Gilbert Grape*.

PLAYBOY: What were your drugs of choice?

DEPP: I was never a cokehead or anything like that. I always despised that drug. I thought it was a waste of time, pointless. But I was poisoning myself with alcohol and medicating myself. I was trying to numb things.

PLAYBOY: What things?

DEPP: I was trying not to feel things, and that's ridiculous. It's one of the dumbest things you can do, because all you're doing is postponing the inevitable. Someday you'll have to look all those things in the eye rather than try to numb the pain.

PLAYBOY: How far did it go? Were you ever an addict?

DEPP: No, thank God I was never hooked on anything. I never had a monkey on

my back. I just wanted to self-medicate, to numb myself through liquor. It's how I dealt with life, reality, stress, change, sadness, memories. The list goes on. I was really trying to feel nothing.

PLAYBOY: What led you to stop?

DEPP: Family and friends sat me down and said, "Listen, we love you. You're important to us, and you're fucking up. You're killing yourself. You're killing us in the process."

PLAYBOY: Did you listen to them?

DEPP: Not right away. You don't listen right away because you're dumb. You're ignorant. You're human. Finally it seeps in. Finally the body and mind and heart and psyche just go, "Yeah, you're doing the wrong thing."

PLAYBOY: Did your family and friends actually do an intervention?

DEPP: At a certain point they intervened. At the time I said I appreciated it. I went through the motions. I said I was okay, and I went for a couple of months being a dumb ass. But I could see things turning into a nasty tailspin. And then I thought, Maybe I'm slow, but this is ridiculous. Fuck it, just stop! So I stopped everything for the better part of a year. I guess I just reached a point where I said, "Jesus Christ, what am I doing? Life is fucking good. What am I doing to myself?" Now I drink a glass or two of red wine and that's it.

PLAYBOY: River Phoenix died of a drug overdose outside your club. What impact did that have on you?

DEPP: It was devastating. I can't imagine the depth of pain that his family and close friends felt. It was rough for me, but for them it must have been unbearable.

PLAYBOY: How well did you know him?

DEPP: We knew and were certainly respectful of each other. There was always the sort of promise, "Hey, we'll get together and do something sometime." I liked him. I liked his work ethic, and I liked his choices. He was a sharp guy. He had so many amazing possibilities before him. Fuck, what a waste. For what?

PLAYBOY: Did it affect your drinking and drug use?

DEPP: That was 1993, when I was doing *Ed Wood*. I was completely sober—no hard liquor, no wine, no nothing. Even so, all the tabloids started saying we were having drug parties. The whole thing was weird, awful, ugly and sad. The incident is seared onto my brain, onto my heart.

PLAYBOY: Are that and the other darker times in your life reflected in your work? Tim Burton once said you had an affinity for damaged people. Do you?

DEPP: I do have an affinity for damaged people, in life, in roles. I don't know why. We're all damaged in our own way. Nobody's perfect. I think we are all somewhat screwy, every single one of us.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel damaged as a child, or was yours a relatively normal childhood?

DEPP: Normal? I wouldn't go that far.

The Two Worlds of Johnny Depp

No one bounces back and forth between art-house flicks and mainstream movies like Depp. Which is his true niche?

THE ART HOUSE



MISFITS

◀ **What's Eating Gilbert Grape** (1993) A long-suffering caregiver to a 500-pound mom and mentally challenged brother finds time to fall in love. The movie cemented Depp's rep as a guy who didn't give a shit about conventional stardom.

Edward Scissorhands▶

(1990) A long-suffering loner with scissors for hands trims hedges, cuts hair, falls in love and is banished to isolation. This fractured fairy tale became a cult classic.



SLEUTHS

◀ From Hell

(2001) A 19th century sleuth's opium-powered visions fuel a hunt for Jack the Ripper. The movie got slashed by horror junkies for being too timid and by brainiacs for being too gruesome.

Sleepy Hollow▶

(1999) Squeamish, prissy, super-logical 19th century Ichabod Crane loses his head to a witchy wench. Depp made a box office killing with this gory, goofy gothic.



RUNNING MEN

◀ Dead Man

(1995) An 1800s accountant kills a man in self-defense and then embarks on a journey of mystical enlightenment guided by a Native American. Critics were puzzled. Audiences stayed away in droves.

Nick of Time▶

(1995) A nerdy accountant is given 75 minutes to assassinate the governor of California or lose his daughter. Depp as a bland action hero? Isn't this Keanu Reeves's turf?



RASCALS

◀ Chocolat

(2000) A studly, earringed, free-wheeling Irish river rat shocks a village of French stuffed shirts by macking the new babe in town—a shop owner whose chocolates turn prudes into horn dogs.

Pirates of the Caribbean:▶

The Curse of the Black Pearl

(2003) As a scene-stealing, woozy, mascara-wearing swashbuckler, Depp finally became a mainstream stor. —Stephen Rebell



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PLAYBOY: Then how was it abnormal?

DEPP: It was strange, though then again, it was normal to us. It wasn't until I started going to other kids' houses and hanging out, having dinner, seeing what a family is supposed to do that I saw that we weren't normal.

PLAYBOY: How was it different?

DEPP: Even down to sitting around a dinner table together—it wasn't an everyday occurrence in my house. At my house dinner easily could have consisted of a bologna sandwich, and then you'd split. You might come back later and grab a few peanuts, and then you'd split again. That was it. I would go to my buddy Sal's house for dinner. I couldn't understand what was going on with everyone sitting down together. I'll never forget seeing romaine lettuce for the first time. I thought it was weird—I was afraid of it. There was salad and appetizers and soup. I had no idea about that. I grew up on hillbilly food.

PLAYBOY: Apparently you were no more at ease in school. Were you a problem student?

DEPP: Yeah, in high school.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

DEPP: There was this vicious woman, a teacher. If you weren't in her little hand-picked clique, you were ridiculed and picked on. She was brutal and unjust. One day she told me to do something, I can't remember what. Her tone was nasty. She got very loud in my face in front of the rest of the class and tried to embarrass me. I saw what she was doing, that she was trying to ridicule me. I turned around and walked away. As I did, I dropped my drawers and mooned her.

PLAYBOY: How did she react?

DEPP: She went out of her mind. Then of course I was brought before the dean and suspended for a couple of weeks. At that time it was coming anyway. I knew my days were numbered.

PLAYBOY: What in school interested you?

DEPP: I was more interested in music than anything else. Music was like life. I had found a reason to live. I was 12 when my mom bought me a \$25 electric guitar. I had an uncle who was a preacher, and his family had a gospel singing group. He played guitar in church, and I used to watch him. I became obsessed with the guitar. I locked myself in my bedroom for the better part of a year and taught myself chords. I'd try to learn things off records.

PLAYBOY: Which records?

DEPP: I was very lucky to have my brother, who is 10 years older than me and a real smart guy. He turned me on to Van Morrison and Bob Dylan. I remember listening to the soundtracks to *A Clockwork Orange* and *Last Tango in Paris*. I loved Aerosmith, Kiss and Alice Cooper, and when I was older, the Clash, the Sex Pistols and the Ramones.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't your music career pan out?

DEPP: At a certain point I realized that, in terms of a job, maybe I didn't have the passion for it.

PLAYBOY: What effect did your parents' divorce have on you?

DEPP: I was 15, I think. It had been coming for quite a long time. I'm surprised they lasted that long, bless their hearts. I think they tried to keep it together for the kids, and then they couldn't anymore.

PLAYBOY: How were they as parents?

DEPP: They were good parents. They raised four kids. I was the youngest. They stuck it out for us all those years. But we lived in a small house, and nobody argued in a whisper. We were exposed to their violent outbursts against each other. That stuff sticks.

PLAYBOY: What led you to acting?

DEPP: Opportunity. I never really had an interest in it in the beginning. Nicolas Cage—we had some mutual friends—introduced me to his agent. She sent me to a casting director, and I auditioned for the first *Nightmare on Elm Street*. I got the job. I was stupefied. They paid me all that money for a week. It was luck, an accident. I did it purely to pay the rent. I was literally filling out job applications at the time, any kind of job. Nic Cage said, "You should try being an actor. Maybe you are one and don't know it." I began acting, and I thought, Well, this is an interesting road; maybe I should keep traveling on it. I didn't know what the hell I was doing, so I started to read everything I could about acting—Stanislavsky, Uta Hagen, Michael Chekhov. I started soaking it up.

PLAYBOY: Then you landed a starring role on *21 Jump Street*. How do you look back on that experience?

DEPP: It did great things for me, and I'm thankful for the experience. It was a great education, but it was very frustrating. I felt like I was filling up space between commercials.

PLAYBOY: Yet it was very successful and launched your career.

DEPP: Yeah. I'd been evicted from an apartment and had moved into a friend's place. I was scrambling to pay the rent, waiting for residual checks from other things that I'd done to pay the bills. I went from that to making a bunch of money. I went from anonymity to going to a restaurant and having people point at me. It was a shock. But what really bothered me was that I could see the machine. I could see the wheels turning. I could see where it was all going, and it scared the shit out of me.

PLAYBOY: Where was it going?

DEPP: Fox was creating the Fox network, using *21 Jump Street* to build it. They were shoving my face out there, selling me as this product. It made me crazy. I thought, After this you'll be in a sitcom. You'll be on a lunch box and then a thermos and a notebook. And in two years

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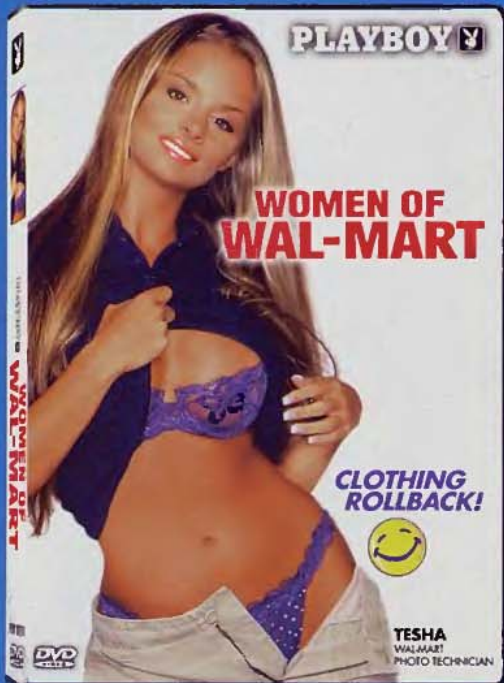
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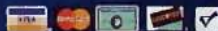
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you'll be ridiculous. It paid good money and was a good gig, but I wanted something else.

PLAYBOY: What did you do to change your career?

DEPP: I waited and waited and waited to do a movie, because I wanted to do the right one. I wanted to go as far away from the series as I could. The first film I did after *Jump Street* was *Cry-Baby* with John Waters. That was a great experience. After that I did another season of the series, and then I did *Edward Scissorhands*. During that movie I got the phone call saying I was out of the show. I felt like, Ah, possibilities. I was freed up. I swore to myself that I would never again compromise to the degree that I had. I swore that I wouldn't just follow the commercial road. I wouldn't do what was expected of me or what was necessary to maintain whatever it is—a popular or financially rewarding career. I promised myself that I wouldn't do that.

PLAYBOY: Has the success of *Pirates* changed that attitude?

DEPP: Years ago I said to myself, I'll never do television again. No way. Nothing in the world could get me to do it. And then somewhere in the back of my mind I'm thinking that it might be cool someday to do a television series, just to be in one spot for a while. You never know what's going to happen. One minute you're doing one thing and people are interested, and the next minute they're not interested. It's just an odd game. I mean, I may want to do dinner theater. Maybe it's not so bad. I've always said I might end up being forced to do McDonald's openings dressed as Edward Scissorhands. You never know.

PLAYBOY: You've turned down roles later played by people such as Brad Pitt, including a part in *Thelma & Louise*. Was that a mistake?

DEPP: I don't regret any of the things I didn't do, and I certainly don't regret any of the things I did do, down to the dumbest. Everything happened the way it should happen, even ridiculous things that I did in the beginning. I don't regret any of it.

PLAYBOY: You've starred with some impressive actors, including Al Pacino and Marlon Brando. What did you learn from them?

DEPP: I watched them like a hawk. I sponged as much of an education as I could. Ultimately it solidified what I already knew from being a musician: Do what's right for you. Whether you're a musician, an actor, a painter or a writer, there's some degree of compromise in what you do, but don't compromise unless you think it's right. Stick to your guns, no matter what. Don't let them step on your toes, man.

PLAYBOY: And then there was Traci Lords

in *Cry-Baby*. Is the former porn star a method actor?

DEPP: I remember meeting her. I could sense she was a little bit protective of herself, wary of people. She was a little closed off in the beginning, but soon she was incredibly sweet and really professional. Kind of adorable. I loved her, man. I love her to this day.

PLAYBOY: These days how do you choose which movies to do?

DEPP: I can tell in the first 10, 15 or 20 pages of a script, sometimes in the first three pages. I can tell if it's something that's going to be right. I start getting images in my head, then I start writing things down.

PLAYBOY: What are you looking for?

DEPP: I just want something different. I want to be surprised. I want something that doesn't feel formulaic or beaten to death. For *Secret Window*, I read the script, and I loved it. The ending is great. I didn't see it coming. It's based on a Stephen King novella. It's extremely well written. Even the screen direction is entertaining: "Looks left, looks right, walks to the fridge, grabs a Cheeto and splits." The story has a great twist.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you based your *Pirates of the Caribbean* character, Captain Jack, on Keith Richards?

DEPP: And Pepe Le Pew.

PLAYBOY: The cartoon?

DEPP: Yeah. When I was a kid Pepe was one of those great Saturday morning cartoons. Pepe is a French skunk who hops along, the most happy-go-lucky guy in the world. As he's hopping along, people are falling over from the stink, but he never notices. I always thought, What an amazing way to go through life.

PLAYBOY: And why Keith Richards?

DEPP: When I decided to do the movie I started thinking about pirates of the 17th and 18th centuries. It came to me that the modern-day equivalent is a rock-and-roll star.

PLAYBOY: How are they like pirates?

DEPP: They live dangerously. They're wild and capable of anything, just like pirates. And once I made that connection,

I thought, Who is the ultimate rock-and-roll star? Keith Richards.

PLAYBOY: Do you know Richards?

DEPP: I've been lucky enough to spend time with him over the years, and yes, I have gotten to know him. And he is kind of a pirate. For the movie, I didn't want to do an imitation of Keith, but I wanted to take the spirit of Keith, the beautiful, laid-back confidence.

PLAYBOY: Since when do pirates wear all the makeup your character wears?

DEPP: Actually, for a while Keith did. Bob Dylan did too in the 1970s. He went through a period when he wore dark kohl eyeliner. I looked into the kohl thing. It comes from the nomad tribes in the desert in Africa. It's protection for

PLAYBOY: And President Reagan?

DEPP: Ed Wood was based on Reagan, yes, but also on the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz*. And Casey Kasem. It was a weird little soup of those three.

PLAYBOY: Why those three?

DEPP: I remember watching Reagan make speeches. He had this kind of innocence and a naive, blind optimism—"Everything's going to be fine." You're like, "Well, it's not! It's not going to be fine." Jack Haley's performance as the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz* is one of the strangest I've ever seen. Watch that film and think about a grown man giving that performance. It's really astounding.

PLAYBOY: What about Casey Kasem?

DEPP: [*Doing a Kasem impression*] What I always liked about Casey was that he had a delivery that was so upbeat.

PLAYBOY: Are you the only actor who uses such weird inspirations?

DEPP: I don't know. Something happens to me when I'm reading a screenplay. I get these flashes, these quick images.

PLAYBOY: You received some unfavorable press last year during the war in Iraq. You said that America is like a dumb puppy that can bite and hurt you. Were you surprised by the reaction?

DEPP: I would never be disrespectful to my country, to the people, especially the kids who are over there serving in the armed forces. My uncle was wounded in Vietnam, paralyzed

from the neck down. I would never say those things the way they claim I said them.

PLAYBOY: What exactly did you say?

DEPP: I essentially said the United States is a very young country compared with Europe. We're still growing. That's it. I wouldn't say anything anti-American. I'm an American, and I love my country.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of President Bush?

DEPP: What can I say? He's somebody's kid. He's somebody's father. God bless him. Good luck. You know what I mean? I don't agree with his politics, and I'm not going to pretend to, but I don't agree with a lot of people's politics.

(continued on page 152) 65

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**GUNNING
FOR THE
BIG
GUY**

By Jonathan Littman

KEEP IN A COLD PLACE
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THE EXCLUSIVE INSIDE STORY OF THE BALCO STEROIDS INVESTIGATION AND THE GOVERNMENT'S ATTEMPT TO BRING DOWN BARRY BONDS

It's early June 2003. The man in the shades guides his black Pontiac Grand Prix down a side street near the 101 freeway. Overhead a jet on its final approach to San Francisco International Airport roars in, nearly drowning out Tupac on the car stereo. In a single extended motion the man flips off the music and switches on a tiny black electronic device.

He pulls into the parking lot of a colorless two-story warehouse draped with a banner for Bay Area Fitness. He's early enough to snare his favorite spot, right next to a Chevy SUV with tinted windows and the vanity plate *W8 GURU*.

He leaves his shades on the dash, the thunder from the freeway hitting him when he opens the door. He's wearing gang-neutral colors—black sweats, black tee and black shoes (all Nike)—10 grand of gleaming gold on one wrist, a diamond ring and a \$7,000 Rolex. Ronnie Gerald Allen doesn't do the locker room and doesn't carry a bag. He begins with chicken teriyaki in the gym's cafe, watching a bit of the box. At 11 A.M. he saunters through an open door into a bodybuilder's heaven and hell—a cavernous warehouse nearly as long as a football field and crammed with factory-style rows of barbells and machines. Massive steel roll-down doors pass for windows, and black rubber mats pass for a floor.

Greg Anderson, San Francisco Giants superstar Barry Bonds's personal trainer and the guy with the *W8 GURU* vanity plate, awaits him. Anderson doesn't look like much—he's short and squat, with cropped brown hair and a dimpled chin. His long sleeves and sweats make it hard to gauge his bulk. He starts off with Ronnie by targeting his shoulders, requiring four subtle movements—more than 40 reps—just for one major muscle group. Anderson insists they execute each lift at an excruciatingly slow pace—10 seconds so demanding that by the end of a 10-rep set the trainer is cradling Ronnie's shaking triceps, helping him finish. After a ferocious round of weights and sit-ups, it's upstairs onto the treadmill for a 45-minute slog and then another 45-minute churn on the bike.

"Good workout," Anderson tells the sweat-drenched Ronnie. "We're going to hit it hard tomorrow."

Ronnie can barely think about tomorrow. The week's workouts have taken their toll—on his way out he grabs at a twinge deep inside his shoulder that feels like a torn muscle. But there's no stopping now, because Ronnie G. is on a mission. He is actually Iran White, a top undercover cop sure that he's about to crack the biggest case of his career. He has worn a wire and kept a Glock stuffed in his waistband for two months, all in a daring attempt to get close to Anderson and, ultimately, to Bonds himself. White is armed because he's looking for juice: He's on a hunt for steroids.

That evening White has a headache he can't shake. His wife nods off, but White sits up in bed watching television, his gun on the nightstand. On the wall hangs a photo of him with fellow agents posing in front of a light armored vehicle used to ram a drug dealer's gate. He stares at it as the hours pass. Sometime in the early morning he feels a chill go up his spine. Then he has trouble breathing, as if someone has punched him in the chest. He tries to sit up, but his right side won't cooperate. He shakes his wife awake and barely gets the words out. "Call 911," he says, his eyes full of despair and surprise. "I think I'm having a heart attack."

The words tumble out like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle. I'm dying, he thinks. Then something worse: *I can't move. I can't talk—I'm paralyzed.*

A FEDERAL CASE

This is the story behind the investigation into the illegal drug habits of elite athletes and a company known as BALCO (Bay Area Lab Cooperative)—a landmark case that Agent White



Barry Bonds's legendary workout regimen transformed his body.

GOING DEEP, FROM LEFT: UNDERCOVER AGENT IRAN WHITE, FEBRUARY 14, 2004; VICTOR CONTE, HAWKING HIS WONDER SUPPLEMENT, ZMA; GREG ANDERSON AND BARRY BONDS WORKING OUT ON AUGUST 5, 2002 AS BONDS CLOSED IN ON HIS 600TH CAREER HOME RUN.



helped build from the ground up. The BALCO case would eventually attract the highest levels of government. In February 2004 the top lawman in the country, Attorney General John Ashcroft, announced the indictment of four men—including trainer Greg Anderson and BALCO founder Victor Conte—for money laundering, possession of human growth hormone and conspiracy to distribute steroids. Accompanying the indictment was a 52-page affidavit backing up the charge that BALCO had been supplying performance-enhancing drugs to professional athletes.

A month earlier President Bush had attacked steroid use as a plague upon the land in his State of the Union speech—a huge gesture in a campaign year. Combining federal, state and local authorities, the BALCO investigation was unprecedented in size and scope. So too was its focus—not addicts or dealers on the streets but some of the biggest names in pro sports, including Bonds.

Few people, even in law enforcement, know of Iran White's existence. He has never before spoken to the media about Bonds and BALCO. This article is based on extensive interviews with White, the case's key undercover man, and on more than 60 interviews with dozens of sources during six months of reporting, from which a picture emerges of how the government assembled its case against BALCO, Conte and Anderson. It's the story of a highly motivated IRS agent who, according to White, was determined to expose the home run king as a cheater. It's a story that strikes at the heart of American athletics, with twists and turns compounded by the intersection of fate and human failings. And it's a story that marks a turning point in how we judge record-setting celebrities whose exploits, attitudes and bodies defy logic.

GOING UNDER

California's Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement, or BNE, is one of the country's oldest and most respected drug agencies, ideal for a talented cop like Iran White. He came of age in the war zone of north St. Louis, where his mom had bought him martial arts lessons. After moving to California he became an

instant success working undercover with Stanford's department of public safety and the Santa Clara sheriff's office and was soon recruited by the BNE. Few undercover assignments exceed two or three years, but White had been assuming identities and upending drug dealers since 1987. He could play the thug or the suave dealer, and he intimidated people with his strength and his martial arts skills. What kept him alive was his uncanny ability to act cool at the point of a gun.

White worked crack, heroin and meth cases with drug task forces and did 10 major operations with the FBI. He talked a drug lord into fronting him 20 pounds of meth with no money down. He also teamed with U.S. Customs and the Drug Enforcement Administration. In 1997 the FBI drafted him to bust a ring of computer-chip hijackers led by a gang of Crips. On that case White teamed with an IRS agent named Jeff Novitzky, and they grew friendly. No paper pusher,

Novitzky was part of the agency's Criminal Investigation group, a position that allowed him freedom and leeway in choosing assignments. He was respected for his persistence and his signature move—rifling suspects' trash for evidence.

The hijackers' prosecution lasted nearly two years, running through 2000, and White met with Novitzky several times at court hearings. Novitzky had played basketball in college, and he and White, another ex-jock, who had run the 100 in under 10 seconds as a teen in Palo Alto, passed the time by talking sports. Novitzky, assigned to the San Jose IRS office, belonged to Bay Area Fitness in Burlingame and often saw Anderson and Bonds there. He told White he was astonished by Bonds's seemingly unnatural size and strength.

To White, Novitzky—who did not participate in this article—seemed to have an unusual interest in the ballplayer. He mentioned Bonds frequently after a sighting or a Giants game. One day at court Novitzky struck up a conversation with White that went beyond the usual talk-radio banter.

"That Bonds. He's a great athlete," White says Novitzky told him. "You think he's on steroids?"

White took a moment before replying, in his bourbon-and-





cotton voice, "I think they're all on steroids. All of our top major leaguers."

Novitzky seemed to care only about Bonds. "He's such an asshole to the press," he said. "I'd sure like to prove it."

To the average fan, cheating in sports is worse than lying in politics. To men who believe in law and order it's particularly galling. Bonds's possible steroid use became a frequent topic of conversation between the tax man and the undercover agent during the next two years. They were hardly alone. Bonds was the major sports celebrity in San Francisco, the high-flying, in-your-face \$90 million man; whether he used steroids had become a local obsession. By 2000 Bonds, after embarking on a strength-training program under Greg Anderson at Bay Area Fitness, was putting up some of the best numbers of his career. He looked as if he had added 25 pounds of pure muscle since his rookie year. Something didn't seem right.

Novitzky began to make formal requests to put White undercover on a steroid case that involved Bonds's associates. White's superiors resisted; their unit focused on street narcotics that were more dangerous than Schedule III drugs such as steroids, which carried low penalties and got scant attention for a bust. But Novitzky persevered. He had been given information from a three-year probe by the San Mateo Drug Task Force on allegations of steroid distribution from Bay Area Fitness. He had also gathered intelligence on the business practices of a sports-medicine lab called BALCO, which Bonds had used since the winter of 2000. Inspired, Novitzky continued to apply pressure.

His politicking paid off. Novitzky's appeals to senior BNE men, federal prosecutors and his own bosses—always with Bonds as the lure—culminated in a deal for a complicated sting operation involving agencies at the federal, state and local levels. By February 2003 White's superiors had given the green light. White was handed a new identity and a new driver's license. He began to hit the iron in preparation, bringing his compact five-foot-seven frame up to a muscular 200 pounds. He was going undercover. This would be the 46-year-old agent's final case, and he was determined to make it work.

To the average fan, cheating in sports is worse than lying in politics. To cops it's particularly galling.

OUTLAW, LEGALIZE OR LOOK THE OTHER WAY? THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON HOW MAJOR SPORTS DEAL WITH DRUGS

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL

SUBSTANCES: The league lists 27 banned steroids, but until recently it focused on recreational drugs such as cocaine and LSD.

TESTING: Last season the league tested all players for steroids for the first time (the test could not detect THG, however). If overall use had been found to be below five percent, testing would have been suspended. But five to seven percent of the players tested positive.

CONSEQUENCES: The first positive test result for steroids places a player on a "clinical track," according to the league's Joint Drug Prevention and Treatment Program. Penalties for subsequent infractions involve some discretion on the part of league officials. Generally a player faces a one-year suspension or a \$100,000 fine after five positive tests. Suspensions are unpaid.

NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION

SUBSTANCES: The league has a separate (and fairly lenient) penalty for marijuana use. The penalties are much harsher for steroids, as well as for cocaine, PCP, speed, LSD and opiates.

TESTING: Veteran players can be subjected to testing once a year, during training camp or the first 15 days with a team. Rookies are subject to a slightly more rigorous regime.

CONSEQUENCES: One positive test for recreational drugs (except marijuana) results in disqualification for no less than two years (one for rookies); the first positive test for steroids brings a five-game suspension, the second a 10-day suspension and the third a 25-day suspension. Pot use? The first positive means treatment, the second a \$15,000 fine and the third a five-game suspension.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

SUBSTANCES: There have been several high-profile steroids cases, including ones involving Bill Romanowski and three other Raiders who tested positive for THG. Steroids, growth hormones, ephedrine, stimulants and masking agents are all banned, but the cat-and-mouse game continues.

TESTING: All players are tested at least once a year. Random tests are conducted weekly during the season and periodically during the off-season. The league can also test players who've had prior infractions or who exhibit behavioral evidence of steroid use.

CONSEQUENCES: The first failure results in a four-game suspension, the second in a six-game suspension and the third in a minimum one-year suspension. Players are not paid during drug suspensions.

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE

SUBSTANCES: The league does not maintain a list of banned substances.

TESTING: None. "It's not part of the collective-bargaining agreement," says the NHL. That agreement is up in September, and some sort of drug policy may be part of the negotiations for a new agreement with players.

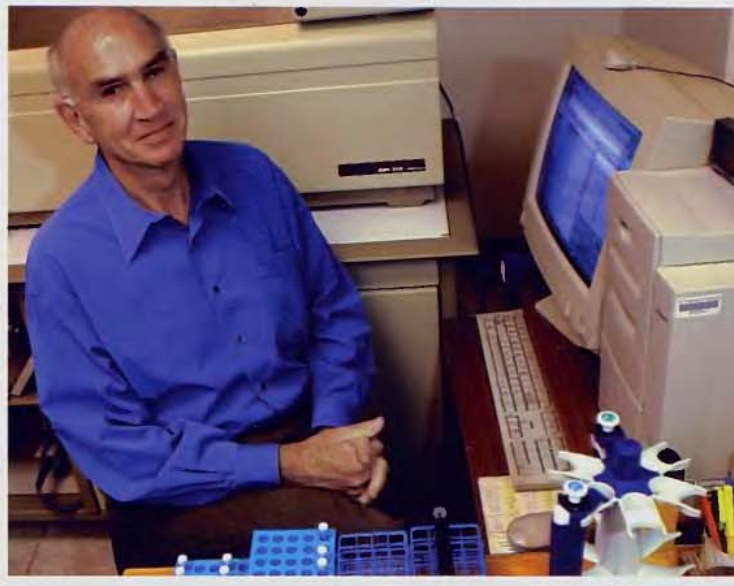
CONSEQUENCES: There is "no chapter and verse," according to a league spokesman. Drug use is addressed through an employee assistance program, which focuses less on performance enhancers than on helping players deal with alcohol, recreational drugs and emotional or mental problems. Players can enter the program voluntarily or at the request of team doctors.

OLYMPICS

SUBSTANCES: The most notorious are human growth hormones (think East Germany) and steroids (Ben Johnson's juiced 1988 gold medal 100-meter run), but the banned list includes stimulants, anti-inflammatories and masking agents. Five world-class track-and-field athletes were implicated in the BALCO THG scandal.

TESTING: Testing is complicated by being conducted by many different bodies, including national—rather than international—agencies that don't want to see their athletes disqualified.

CONSEQUENCES: Nearly all Olympic sports' governing bodies have signed on with the World Anti-Doping Agency's landmark guidelines, which enforce a two-year ban for any athlete who tests positive for listed substances.



ABOVE, SUPER ATHLETES MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE GRAND JURY: JASON GIAMBI, BILL ROMANOWSKI AND MARION JONES. RIGHT: DR. DON CATLIN, THE ANTI-DOPING SLEUTH WHO CRACKED THG'S CODE. BELOW: THE JUNE 2003 ISSUE OF *MUSCLE AND FITNESS*.

THE CHEATERS

Ever since the East German women's swim team used a spectrometer to evade steroid detection in 1976, a black-market network of coaches, chemists and athletes has developed to facilitate doping at the highest levels of sports. In this high-tech cat-and-mouse game, the stakes get bigger every year. The goal for dopers is simple: improved performance without getting caught. This basic premise has driven cheaters to search for new designer drugs and masking agents that will help them avoid detection. And their resources—fueled by ever-inflating salaries—are considerably greater than those of the scientists trying to catch them.

The archenemy of the elite American sports doer is the United States Anti-Doping Agency; based in Colorado Springs, Colorado, the USADA is charged with drug testing, research and adjudication for U.S. Olympians and other top athletes. Until the BALCO case, the most athletes had to fear was the humiliating loss of their reputation and income. Governance came from within the sport itself and was open to second-guessing by players' unions and international bodies—and the penalties were rarely severe (see sidebar, previous page).

Signs of cheating abound in baseball. Dr. Charles Yesalis, a Penn State University epidemiologist and the nation's top expert on the subject, calls steroid use in the major leagues an epidemic. Steroids build larger muscles, but they are also believed to create strain on ligaments and joints, increasing the risk of such injuries as hamstring and rotator-cuff tears. From 1997 through 2001 the total number of days players spent on the disabled list increased by 20 percent, leading to the adage that there are now three major leagues in baseball: the AL, the NL and the DL. Though he later backed down, former MVP and admitted steroid user Ken Caminiti once claimed that at least half of the bigs were doping.

After Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson was stripped of his 1988 Olympic gold medal for testing positive for the steroid stanozolol, Congress passed the Anabolic Steroids Control Act. It enacted more stringent controls and serious criminal

penalties—five years for possession and intent to distribute—for steroids and human growth hormone, and it established them as Schedule III drugs. Even so, government agencies have never considered steroids a priority. The only headlines since the act was passed involved two low-profile NFL players swept up in a 1992 Atlanta steroids ring and a failed 1994 attempt to prosecute a weak case against Vince McMahon for allegedly distributing steroids to WWF wrestlers. Until now the government has turned a blind eye to steroids, despite their long-term and short-term risks, and has never truly monitored their spread.

Iran White and Jeff Novitzky had no idea what they were about to turn up.

THE TRAINER

White opens a dossier to a Department of Motor Vehicles photo of a smiling Greg Anderson. "This is the guy," says a fellow agent on the drug task force. "He lives at the gym. He's pals with Bonds."

White and three other agents are meeting at a crowded office on the San Francisco peninsula. The date is April 17, 2003, and White is about to go under. Considerable resources have been assembled: Jeff Nedrow, an assistant U.S. attorney, has been assigned to head a complex multiagency

investigation. White has been lucky while working with Nedrow before; he feels good about his selection. At the federal level Novitzky will handle an IRS support network and direct the operation. He has already enlisted Dr. Don Catlin, the doping expert who heads UCLA's Olympic Analytical Laboratory, the premier testing lab in the nation. Dr. Catlin has given Novitzky a primer on steroids and drug cheating. White represents the statewide BNE, and local law enforcement will complement his work. The core group of investigative agents will remain small and secretive. Their goal: to infiltrate BALCO and Bay Area Fitness, find out if Bonds is taking steroids and, if he is, discover how he's been beating the system.

Agents hand White \$300 to open a six-month gym membership and give him an electronic wire to record Anderson and other suspects. He notes Anderson's (continued on page 78)





"I've heard it called many things...but never an hors d'oeuvre!"

A TRIBUTE TO PHOTOGRAPHY'S KING OF KINK

REMEMBERING HELMUT NEWTON



Whether Helmut Newton was shooting fashion for Italian *Vogue* or the famous for *PLAYBOY*, his photographs were always edgy, unpredictable and uncompromisingly erotic. His death in a car accident early this year at the age of 83 represents the loss of one of the world's great visual stylists.

Born in Berlin, Newton bought his first camera at the age of 12. His taste in women was influenced by the Prussian maids who worked in his family's prosperous household. He fled the Nazis as a teenager, landing in Australia via Singapore. There he acquired a down under accent, but his view of the world, and of women, remained profoundly Germanic. Fashion magazines in Europe and the United States began publishing Newton's work in the 1950s. His signature images of statuesque models clad in leather and high heels were sensuous, sometimes decadent, often criticized by feminists and widely emulated by other photographers.

Newton's fascination with photographing beautiful women led him to *PLAYBOY*, where his work first appeared in the mid-1970s. Actresses Charlotte Rampling, Debra Winger and Nastassia Kinski, and supermodels Grace Jones and Carla Bruni all posed for his lens. But his favorite *PLAYBOY* subjects were Playmates, shot not in the typical Centerfold style but in highly charged and unconventional settings. As Newton would wryly remark on accepting an assignment, "Let's try something a little kinky this time."





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THE BIG GUY (continued from page 70)

When a reporter asked about steroids, Bonds replied, "You can test me and solve that problem real quick."

1966 birth date—making him 37—and shakes his head at his 225 pounds. "He looks like a big boy," White says.

Anderson's role in beefing up Bonds has been known since the 2001 season. After breaking the home run record, the superstar thanked his trainer before a packed stadium. If you want Bonds, the agents reason, start with Anderson. Three years earlier small busts in San Mateo revealed that individuals were selling steroids out of Bay Area Fitness. If Anderson is supplying Bonds, agents conjecture, he is getting the drugs from another Burlingame operation—BALCO.

White's supervisor points to a photo of a trim, proud man with a receding hairline: Victor Conte. "This guy is the owner of BALCO. We think he's the guy supplying the steroids." White scans head shots of the gym's owner and the front-desk girl as he gets the rundown.

The empire of the 53-year-old Conte consists of two parts: a medical testing lab for athletes, BALCO; and a nutritional-supplement company, SNAC, which licenses and markets a vitamin supplement called ZMA. (Apparently little more than zinc, magnesium and B6, it sells for \$25 a bottle.) According to his website, Conte, a former musician with no formal training in chemistry, began offering athletes blood-test analyses in 1984. Using an "inductively coupled plasma spectrometer," he claims he can study the mineral levels in elite competitors' blood and theorizes that "magnesium supplementation" might significantly improve athletic performance. Conte also claims to do mineral analysis and custom nutritional supplementation for Olympic sprinters Tim Montgomery and Marion Jones. Bill Romanowski, the notoriously violent Oakland Raider, was one fan of the popular ZMA. (Conte later tells the *San Francisco Chronicle* that SNAC earned \$10 million over the years from the sale and licensing of ZMA.)

To White it sounds like quackery.

The specter of steroids hovers above Conte. One of his prominent clients, Olympic shot-putter C.J. Hunter (then married to Marion Jones), flunked tests for the steroid nandrolone at the 2000 Sydney games, and Conte rushed to his defense. During a 1999 prescription-drug probe in Colorado, Romanowski's wife claimed that BALCO had given him human growth hormone (she later said she meant ZMA).

Conte, who took on Barry Bonds as a client the winter before Bonds's huge 2001 season, uses his website to claim that ZMA helped the slugger shatter Mark McGwire's single-season home run record with 73. And then there is Barry Bonds, who does things unheard of for a 37-year-old, belting homers farther and more often than he ever had before. The payoff is huge: In 2002 the Giants signed Bonds at double his previous yearly rate—\$90 million, spread over five years. He responded to the suspicions about him with pure arrogance. When a *Sporting News* reporter asked about steroids, Bonds replied, "You can test me and solve that problem real quick."

A few weeks after the April 17 meeting, White, Novitzky and a handful of other agents meet at the San Jose Federal building. According to White, Novitzky names Bonds, Jason Giambi and other major leaguers as targets of the investigation. Cracking down on BALCO just for money laundering would never merit such energy from law enforcement, but a connection to Bonds would launch it into headlines around the country. Prosecutor Nedrow sets the tone. "Gentlemen, this case is going to have to be done by the numbers," he says. "With all of the attorneys and the athletes, everything and everybody will be under scrutiny."

FREAK SCENE

Within minutes of walking into Bay Area Fitness, White has concerns. The local police academy sends its recruits to the gym, and it's not unusual to see 20 or more of them there. One innocent wave could blow his cover.

During his first few trips, however, White doesn't run into any familiar cops. It isn't hard to spot Anderson. Seven or eight pumped-up roid boys hover around him. Their exaggerated grunting, squared-off chins and premature baldness betray signs of too much testosterone. They all cater to Anderson, and just like their guru, they are sheathed in sweats. They hang on his every word.

White goes about his business, waiting for a natural opening. The perfect opportunity comes as he's eating his pre-workout meal of chicken teriyaki. Anderson walks in, trailed by a woman nervously probing him about her exercise routine. White decides to make his move.

"You must be a trainer here," White says, rising from the table. "You sound like you really know what you're talking about."

The opening line takes. He talks easily for a bit before he makes his pitch.

"If it's okay, I'm going to come and ask you for help," he says, "just to tweak my workout."

"No problem," says the trainer. "Anytime."

It's only a matter of weeks before he gets tight with Anderson. White doesn't push it. The next three times he sees Anderson he just casually waves. Before long Anderson flaunts his connection to Bonds.

"I'm not here certain times," the trainer says as he helps load iron. "I'm not here when there's a game. I'm gone for an hour or two."

"Why?" asks White.

"I train a professional athlete."

"Who?"

"The big guy."

"You mean Bonds?"

Anderson just smiles and shrugs his bulky shoulders.

"Shit, you're pretty heavy."

THE BALCO CONNECTION

Anderson isn't the only suspect being watched. The IRS has a court-ordered tap on Victor Conte's e-mail. BALCO's founder corresponds with an A-list of international sports stars and coaches who are surprisingly transparent about their involvement with performance-enhancing drugs. Some professional athletes ask Conte relatively straightforward questions about supplements but then suddenly turn secretive. Romanowski openly e-mails Conte about his vitamins. "Then it would get vague," says an agent. "He'd shift gears." Some of the players use single letters such as *L*, *C* and *S* as substitutes for drug names.

The e-mail contains rumors about new doping tests in track and field. In one e-mail to an elite track coach, Conte lays out how testers caught wind of athletes cheating with norbolethone, a never-marketed steroid from the 1960s. Conte tells the coach not to worry: "We already have a new one we're working on that should be available in a couple of months." Conte's communications to track stars and coaches include schedules for when athletes should take certain substances. Conte and the athletes speak of cream, a traditional steroid rubbed on muscles and joints, and a liquid drug called clear. In an e-mail to a top track athlete Conte declares, "Cream is the safest form to use, because it will not cause a spike in the testosterone level." Chances are that Conte's cream is cut with a masking
(continued on page 142)



David Lauder

"I can't tell what they're selling."

RAISING THE B·A·R

AS YOU SIT THERE
CLUTCHING YOUR
FAVORITE DRINK—
THE SAME ONE
YOU HAD LAST
NIGHT AND THE
NIGHT BEFORE THAT—
A NEW GENERATION
OF YOUNG MIX
MASTERS IS HARD AT
WORK, STIRRING
UP THE ICONIC
COCKTAILS OF THE
FUTURE. HERE'S A
TASTE OF WHAT
THEY'VE GOT
ON THE MENU

By **JAIME WOLF**



It's Tuesday night at the Blue Water Grill, a swank New York nightclub housed in a lofty 19th century bank building, and a crowd has gathered around the copper bar—clusters of moneyed suits, Prada-clad babes, a few downtown punks, everyone melting into an evening soaked with potential. We've saddled up in a far corner. You might say we're here on business.

Like many of tonight's patrons, we've come to visit the bartender. Eben Klemm is the current It guy among a new wave of mixologists who approach the art of intoxication the way painters look at canvases. Traditionally bartenders have had outsize personalities defined by shawmanship. The new generation—five of whom we serve up on the following pages—are true scholars of libation, serious-minded mixers intent on creating tomorrow's martini.

A 33-year-old former MIT grad student in molecular biology, Klemm is the mad scientist of mixology, known for experimenting with strange, food-based ingredients. Habanero peppers, tamarind, Pop Rocks—nothing is off-limits. As the

head drink innovator for a company called B.R. Guest, he has created menus for hot spots in New York and Las Vegas, as well as the new James Hotel in Scottsdale, Arizona. Our thought: With all that hype behind him, these cocktails had better be good.

One by one Klemm begins to push them our way. His version of a calvados manhattan hits the spot. His clouds over Havana is a Cuba Libre, but the foam on top—the "clouds"—isn't from the cola. It's actually the essence of a mojito, sweet and sour flavors that get washed away by the cold rum and Coke beneath. The James is a vodka drink served in a frozen cocktail glass dipped in a blue-raspberry ice-cream-cane sauce, which instantly hardens around the rim. "Maybe it's a fruity little bitch drink," Klemm says, a bit defensively. "But its history is sound."

By the end of the night we've discovered what all the buzz is about. Some of these drinks are fantastic; others are bizarre. Not one of them is boring. Wanna taste? Here's a Klemm concoction you can whip up at home—the stonefruit sling (pictured above, in his hand). Down the hatch.

Stonefruit Sling

1 ounce gold rum
½ ounce cherry brandy
½ ounce peach schnapps
½ ounce fresh lime juice
½ ounce apricot puree
1 dash 7UP

Shake the alcohol and lime with ice, and pour over ice in a rocks glass.

Pour the apricot and soda over the top.



FOR THE BLUES



Marco Dionysos was born to be a bartender. The sure-handed 34-year-old shares a name with the Greek god of intoxication. (We'd hardly blame you for doubting that Dionysos is his real name, but it is—we saw the birth certificate.)

A native Californian, Dionysos wields the silver shakers at Harry Denton's Starlight Room in San Francisco, a bastion of romantic retro chic on the 21st floor of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. But he came of age working in Portland, Oregon near the legendary Powell's bookstore, from which he built his library of vintage bartending guides. Studying them, he began modifying some neglected classics and building a repertoire of new drinks that pay respects to the richness of cocktail history. His ginger rogers, a tweak of an old rum drink he found in a 1914 book, is now a popular sipper all over San Francisco. "It's a mojito, backwards and in high heels," he explains. Sort of. Dionysos conceived the cunningham (left) as a tribute to Scottish fiddler Johnny Cunningham, who reputedly played so fast that "only dogs could hear him." When Cunningham died last December, the last drink to have passed his lips was Benedictine. Dionysos added that ingredient to the liquor of Cunningham's homeland (scotch), incorporating notes of cherry and lemon. The result: a smoky, wistful blend, like Cunningham's playing, equal parts melancholy and joy.

The Cunningham

1½ ounces scotch whiskey
 ½ ounce fresh lemon juice
 ½ ounce orange juice
 ¼ ounce Benedictine
 ¼ ounce Chambord or cherry liqueur

Shake well and strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with a brandied or maraschino cherry.



FOR DERBY DAY



A great cocktail should do more than give you a buzz," says Julie Reiner, part owner of New York's lush 1920s-style Flatiron Lounge. "It should lift you up and take you someplace." A perfect martini, she says, can make you feel as though you're at the bar of the Algonquin Hotel circa the late 1930s. Her own creations, however, set a scene in the South Pacific—like Trader Vic's tiki culture without the cheese factor.

If you accept that a bartender can be a genuine artist (an easy argument to swallow after you've had a few), then Reiner is the Gauguin of the bunch. She was born and raised in Hawaii, and the islands remain her touchstone. While she has worked to perfect her renditions of the classics, her own creations feature guava, kiwi, hibiscus flower, youngberry, a variety of exotic teas and some other stuff you've never heard of. She dreams up her drinks in the Flatiron's basement lab (the last time we dropped in, she was making fresh ginger beer). Among her signature intoxicants is the juniper breeze, a stiff gin drink that inspires an overwhelming desire to put on a bathing suit and dive off her bar.

"I get people addicted to drinks you can't get anywhere else," Reiner says. Oh yeah? Not anymore. We managed to steal a secret from her playbook—a twist on the mint julep, the official drink of the Kentucky Derby, which runs this month. She calls it the mint jules (left).

Mint Jules

3 lime slices
 10 mint leaves
 2½ ounces Maker's Mark bourbon
 1 ounce simple syrup (equal parts sugar and water, boiled and cooled)

Muddle lime slices with mint leaves in a shaker. Add bourbon, syrup and another dash of lime. Shake with ice, and strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Top with soda, and garnish with fresh mint.



FOR HIGH ROLLERS



When Las Vegas casino mogul Steve Wynn began constructing the \$1.7 billion Bellagio, he planned to create “the most ambitious and elegant resort ever built in any century on any continent.” Guests would be treated to the finest artistic masterpieces (Picasso, Renair, Matisse), restaurants (Le Cirque, Olives)—you name it. When the time came to hire a head bartender who could be trusted to properly lubricate the resort’s ultra-indulgent crowd, Wynn and company plucked Tony Abau-Ganim from Harry Denton’s Starlight Room

(where Marco Dionysos now works—see the previous page).

A stickler for precise measurement, fresh-squeezed juices and high-quality ingredients, Abau-Ganim designed menus for the Bellagio’s 29 bars with a fifty-fifty balance of classics and original creations. When dreaming up new concoctions, “I always start with the base spirit,” he explains. “It should always come through, and flavors should complement it, not cover it up.”

The stocky 43-year-old recently left the Bellagio to act as a “beverage consultant.” But his genius lives on. Of all his drinks, the cable car (left) has gained the biggest following. A simple blend of three ingredients and a bit of garnish, it captures the essence of Vegas in a chilled cocktail glass—golden-hued, extravagant and incredibly dangerous if you overindulge.

The Cable Car

- 1½ ounces spiced rum
- ¾ ounce orange curaçao
- 1½ ounces fresh sour (2 parts fresh-squeezed lemon juice, 1 part simple syrup [see mint jules for syrup recipe]; you can also buy sour mix in most liquor stores)

Rim a chilled cocktail glass in a bit of cinnamon sugar. Shake ingredients with ice, and strain into the glass. Garnish with a piece of orange peel.



FOR LUBING HER UP

Nothing gets a woman to let her guard down quite like the right cocktail. Properly executed with a dash of sweetness, it’s seduction in a glass.

Tony Conigliaro specializes in rich drinks that can sometimes be mistaken for desserts—such as his elegante (vodka with lemon sorbet and some other things, pictured left). The head barman at London’s hyperfashionable Shumi (co-owned by Roger Moore’s son Geoffrey), Conigliaro has been called an alchemist by the British press. While all the bartenders in this story have taken a cue from trends in haute cuisine, Conigliaro has made it his raison d’être, regularly raiding high-end cookbooks and the world’s finest restaurants for inspiration. He’ll caramelize lemon and add it to tequila and incorporate licorice in a whiskey sour. The inspiration to heat and combine fruits (blackberry and apple, for example) led to a series of acclaimed, envelope-pushing bellinis, redefining the traditional champagne cocktail—a quintessential love potion. “You can get fruits and cook them at home,” Conigliaro says. “It’s not rocket science.”

Of all the drinks on his menu, the coffee sazerac (right) caught our eye. And the courteous alchemist was kind enough to cough up the recipe.



Coffee Sazerac

- 4 parts rye whiskey (Jim Beam yellow label is readily available)
- 1 part simple syrup (see mint jules for recipe)
- 1 dash coffee liqueur
- 1 dash dark cacao liqueur
- 1 dash Angostura bitters

Shake ingredients with ice, and strain into an empty rocks glass.

A·L·L M·I·X·E·D U·P

The problem with most bartenders these days? They don't know how to make drinks. A toast to some of today's greatest cocktails, as they were originally mixed by the masters themselves



MANHATTAN

- 1 ounce rye whiskey
- 2 ounces sweet Italian vermouth
- 3 dashes Angostura bitters
- 2 dashes curaçao

Shake with ice, strain into a wineglass, and garnish with a slice of lemon.

It's a cold winter day, circa 1882. You walk into a saloon to warm up—not just any saloon but the Thomas's Exchange, one of the most famous in New York. Behind the bar a stout man with a handlebar mustache and two pet rats on his shoulder is holding court—Jerry “the Professor” Thomas, the world's first superstar bartender, a man as revered for his talents as were most statesmen of the day. You've glanced at his book—*How to Mix Drinks, or the Bon-Vivant's Companion*, the first cocktail bible published in America—and chosen the manhattan (named for the renowned Manhattan Club), one of the Professor's signature drinks. As he works his magic, you zero in on those pet rats, and the thought hits you: Jesus, just how clean is this place, anyway? But once you taste the thing, you don't give a shit.

Forget the maraschino cherry—you don't need it, pal. The original recipe calls for a lemon slice and lots of vermouth. You'll need two to get the job done.

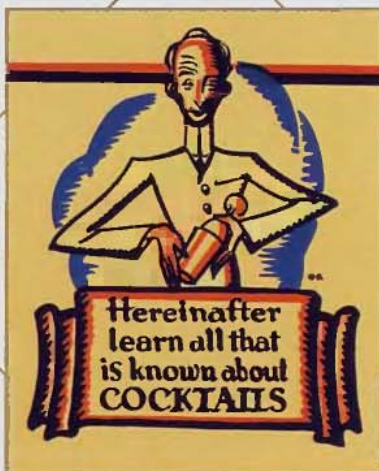
Like the daiquiri, this cocktail has been so butchered by incompetent barkeepers through the years that the poor thing has completely lost its identity. The recipe first appeared in the 1895 cocktail book *Modern American Drinks*, by George Kappeler. It was a simple libation, a cocktail in the old sense of the word. A bit of liquor with a dash of sugar, it was meant to be consumed on waking in the morning. (That'll take care of those cheese-grated nerves.) But by 1933 mixologists were violating the drink with all manner of indignities. As Crosby Gaige, a pissed-off liquor writer and playboy of the time, put it, “Serious-minded persons omit fruit salad from old fashioned, while the frivolous window-dress the brew with slices of orange, sticks of pineapple and a couple of turnips.” You can still order this beauty in five different bars today and get served five different drinks. What

the hell? Here's the real number, as originally printed in Kappeler's bar guide.



OLD FASHIONED

Muddle 1 lump of sugar in a little water in a whiskey glass. Add 2 dashes Angostura bitters, a couple of ice cubes, a piece of lemon peel and 1 jigger rye (if you're using bourbon, make it with half a lump of sugar). Stir with a spoon, and leave the spoon in the glass.



Some guys cringe at the mention of this cocktail, as if the word itself were an affront to masculinity. Fact is, the daiquiri as it's meant to be poured is a shrine to manly indulgence. A word to all bartenders: This drink should never glow in the dark, nor should it be served dressed in a tutu. Its secret? Simplicity.

An American named Jennings Cox invented the daiquiri, naming it after the Cuban town where he concocted the first one in the 1890s. But bartender Constantino Ribalaigua perfected it at a Havana joint called El Floridita, later known as the Cathedral of the Daiquiri. Each evening, Ribalaigua appeared behind the bar dressed in a white shirt, a bow tie, a stylish vest and an apron—“like an acrobat making his entrance onstage,” as one historian put it. Among those who flocked to El Floridita were Gary Cooper, Tennessee Williams, Jean-Paul Sartre and Ernest Hemingway (the greatest daiquiri fan of all time). If ever there were a pick-me-up that was easy to make at home....

October 28, 1919 was one of the more shameful days in American history: The Volstead Act passed, banning the sale of alcohol. But in a case of unintended consequences, Prohibition sparked an incredible period of cocktail innovation. To mask the taste of the rotgut that was available, bartenders started mixing it with all kinds of strange ingredients.

Drinks such as the between the sheets and the scofflaw emerged, not to mention a barman who is still regarded as the king of Prohibition mixologists. Harry Craddock rose to prominence in New York; five years into Prohibition he left to ply his trade at London's Savoy Hotel, where he served as a beacon for traveling Americans who longed for the taste of home but could no longer find it there. In 1930 he published *The Savoy Cocktail Book*, still popular today. On its pages you'll find the blue monday, a classic Prohibition-era mood lifter that's fallen out of style. Time to bring it back. How to drink it? As Craddock said, “Quickly, while it's laughing at you!”



DAIQUIRI # 1

- 2 (okay, 4) ounces white rum
- 1 (not heaping!) teaspoon sugar
- Juice of half a lime

Shake with crushed ice (you want it really cold) and strain into a cocktail glass. Garnish with a thin lime slice.



BLUE MONDAY

- 3 parts vodka
- 1 part Cointreau
- 1 dash blue vegetable extract (food coloring, which you can leave out if you're lazy, since it has no taste)

Shake with ice, and strain into a cocktail glass. No garnish, which (let's face it) is refreshing.






SEE YOU IN PARADISE

SURVIVE THE TROPICS AND WIN A RICH GIRL AND HER FORTUNE. WHAT A DEAL

Fiction by J. ROBERT LENNON

 Brant Call was a pretty nice guy. He lived in a small rented house on a quiet street in the town where he went to college. He always shoveled his walk when it snowed, and he always said hi to passing neighbors, and though he was young (he'd graduated only a couple years before), he acted like he was 37, and everybody liked him for it.

And Brant liked that everybody liked him. When somebody told him how much they liked one or another of his good qualities, he reacted by striving to enhance that quality so as to become nicer still. Nobody ever pointed out his bad qualities—which included gullibility, impatience and a creeping smugness—because they thought it might upset him, and in this they were right. In Brant's world, people did not point out others' bad qualities. He grew up in the suburbs, took out old ladies' garbage and was named after a beach in New Jersey. He was not introspective. It didn't occur to him that being universally liked might be a bad thing, or even illusory.

He still worked at the college he'd attended, as managing editor of the alumni magazine of the business school. The year Brant started working there, the magazine had been rated one of the top five business school alumni magazines in America, and he took pride in this honor, though he didn't have much to do with it. He referred to the magazine as "we," as in "We gotta up our donations this year," and occasionally when he did this the person he was speaking to became confused and had to ask whom he meant by "we." He said this very thing once to a woman about whom the magazine was running an article, and the woman tilted her head, smiled microscopically, tucked a blonde lock behind a pink ear and said, "We you, or we who do you mean?"

The woman was named Cynthia Peck. She was a senior at the college, and her father owned one of the 50 largest corporations in America. The article was to be a rich-heiress's-eye view of the business school, in which Cynthia would be portrayed as being in training to assume her rightful position (as Leyton Peck's only child) at the helm of Peck, Inc. Brant had volunteered to write it himself because he hoped to secure a big, honking donation for the magazine, and the editor in chief agreed because he thought Brant's niceness might actually cause this to happen. And so, at the end of an hour-long interview during which it became clear that Cynthia Peck was not going to be at the helm of anything complicated in the near future, he made the comment about having to up the donations. And when she said, "We you, or we who do you mean?"

he said, "We me, or I mean we us. The magazine. I was wondering if you, or rather your company—or I mean your dad's company—might consider donating some, you know, money, so we can go on doing what we're doing in terms of work, which is being one of the top five business school alumni magazines in America."

Cynthia Peck's tiny smile became a slightly larger smile and then a kind of smirk, and when the lock of hair fell over her eye again she didn't move it. Instead she peered around it, discreetly licked her lips and said, "Are you trying to ask me out?"

Brant almost said no. Instead he tried to blush and found that, to his surprise, his face was already hot and his head already half turned away, and he said, "Well..."

"Well what?"

"Well, I guess I am. You want to go out?"

"Be more specific."

"To dinner?"

"More specific."

"My place?"

"Try again."

"A restaurant."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Seven Sisters?" he said, because this was the only place in town anybody could conceivably take the daughter of one of the richest men in America, a Frenchy sort of sit-down place up on the hill with turrets and flags and prices that could make your hair stand on end. And indeed the name made her sit up straight and nod her head in congratulations, and she asked, "When?" and he said, "Uh, tonight?" and she said, "Friday," and he said, "Friday." He asked if he should pick her up around eight, and she said eight-thirty, and he asked if she wanted to go anywhere afterward, and she said, "We'll see." Then she handed him a little card with her name, address and phone number printed on it and walked out the office door.

Later on, the editor in chief asked him how it went and would they be getting the money, and Brant, in response to both questions, said, "I have no idea."

Looking at her over dinner, Brant realized that he found Cynthia pretty attractive, though she was generally known on campus as the General's Horse because of her bulky frame and equine features: a broad nose, an elongated face and wide-set eyes. But her face was open and expressive, if not entirely intelligent, and she had nice hair, a sexy walk and a terrific bosom, the exposed cleft of which, invitingly peeping out from behind two unbuttoned

folds of silk, he tried the entire evening to keep his eyes off. They talked about the college, about roommates they'd had, about New Jersey, where both of them had grown up (vastly different New Jerseys, sure, but they both used to drive an hour to visit the same mall). In fact, they got on just great, and after dinner they went back to her place and mashed on the sofa, and Brant got to stick his hand down her bra and the back of her underpants.

A sort of courtship followed. Brant and Cynthia were seen around together, holding hands and kissing on benches. The magazine got its donation, and Brant asked for and received a raise. Six months went by and graduation was coming, and Brant considered buying Cynthia an engagement ring. Ultimately he decided against it: He had to prove to her, somehow, that he didn't want her money. The problem was, of course, that he did want her money, and this seemed wrong to him, though he was certain he would want her whether she was rich or not.

This was entirely different, this elasticized guffaw, and he didn't much care for it. She looked like Seabiscuit, for crying out loud.

Of course, her being rich was part of what made her who she was and was the reason he met her in the first place, and so trying to extricate her wealth from his affection was pointless—and yet he tried it anyway. Of course.

In May Brant got his suit dry-cleaned and went to her commencement. It took place in the football stadium. The speaker was Ellen DeGeneres. This had been a controversial choice for many reasons, but she didn't talk about being a lesbian or about being on TV, and everyone seemed very calm and attentive. For most of the speech, Brant scanned the rows of seniors with the binoculars he'd brought along. When he finally found Cynthia, she was whispering and giggling with her friends. He watched her whisper and giggle for the rest of the ceremony.

That night her father threw a party at Seven Sisters. Brant had rented a tux, but when he arrived he realized that nobody else was wearing one. So he went home and put his suit back on and arrived late to dinner. There were

10 large round tables filled with people just getting started on their glasses of wine, and one of them contained an empty chair. Next to the chair was Leyton Peck, and on his other side sat Cynthia, looking not just attractive but pretty, her skin ruddy from the sunny commencement, her eyes subtly made up, her lips lipsticked. She saw him and motioned him over, and he took his place next to her father.

Peck was in the middle of a story to which everyone was intently listening, their shoulders thrown forward over their plates, their faces frozen into expectant grins. Peck spoke in a cigar-roughened baritone, his hands curiously out of sight beneath the table, which Brant felt privileged to know was the result of prematurely blossoming liver spots. This small bit of inside information enabled him to listen to the story with something approaching the appropriate level of attention.

"And so I say to the guy, 'Look, I know this task sounds boring, but the reason our company has the number one industrial-coatings division in America can be summed up in two words: *quality control*. So what I need you to do is keep your eye on each patch of paint through every stage of the drying process.' The guy nods, like he's getting it all, so I keep on talking. 'Drying doesn't just happen; there are a series of crucial aridity thresholds that are passed, and any number of microscopic fissures can appear. These fissures close quickly, but they negatively impact the long-term stability of the coating. So I want you to get your face right up on there and make sure no cracks appear and disappear. If any develop, you mark it there on your patch diagram, and below each crack you detect I want you to mark its duration. Have you got that?' Okay, sure, the guy's nodding, nodding, it all sounds very important to him, right? So I tell him, 'Each of these cans behind you represents a production run. I need you to test every one of them; the paint dries hard in two and a half hours, so you'll be able to do three a day. So get to work.'"

Peck looked around the table, faintly smirking, for several seconds before he delivered the punch line. "The guy watched paint dry for two and a half months!"

Brant laughed along with everyone else, but mostly he watched Cynthia laugh. He was shocked to discover that he had never seen her laugh before (not with true abandon, anyway—giggling didn't count), which is to say that he himself had never made her laugh. Well, why not? He was funny, right? Couldn't he do a wide range of voices, including Old Jewish Lady, Old Black

(continued on page 146)



Bruce Brown

"I thought you'd like to know, sir, she's not part of airport security!"

“I LEARNED THAT MY
BODY IS CAPABLE OF
REACHING HEIGHTS
OF PLEASURE
I'D HERETOFORE
CONSIDERED
UNATTAINABLE.”



Sex PISTOLS

To learn what all the buzz is about, our sexiest correspondent (left) road tests nearly every vibrator on the market. She gets exactly what she bargained for—and then some

By ANNA DAVID



And there you have it: the largest pile of sex toys ever constructed. Buzzing silicone insects, undergarments fitted with remote-control massaging nubs, pulsating penises fashioned out of the same materials used to manufacture prosthetic limbs. All this and more is piled on my living room floor. I'm alone in my pajamas, up to my knees in the stuff. For the third time in as many seconds I find myself wondering what the hell I've gotten myself into.

When I first set out to explore the world of sex toys, I was, practically speaking, a vibrator virgin. Sure, I'd been the proud owner of a Pocket Rocket for years, using it solo and with a boyfriend or two. But—confession time—the closest I'd come to the iconic Rabbit Pearl was seeing it featured on *Sex and the City*. I didn't even know the difference between a vibrator and a dildo. (Sex Toys 101: Vibrators vibrate; dildos don't, unless they're vibrating dildos. For our purposes we're sticking with the vibrators.)

I'd noticed a recent surge in chatter about sex toys among friends and acquaintances. It seemed everyone was

using them, singles and couples alike. According to reps from some of the nation's high-end stores, consumers are buying about three times as many vibrators as they did five years ago. Chalk it up to a happy confluence of high-tech advances—these whirling dervishes get you off faster, harder and more creatively than ever before—and the anonymity of Internet commerce. These days anyone can log on to a trustworthy website and have high-quality orgasm-enhancing products delivered discreetly to her door.

It hasn't always been this way. The early vibrators weren't even considered sexual aids. An American physician named George Taylor patented the first—a steam-powered monster called the Manipulator—back in the 1860s to assist women suffering from hysteria. (No surprise, he had plenty of return patients.) Mechanical toys weren't available for private use until the 1960s. Since then, design and marketing improvements have grown exponentially. Despite a few remaining bastions of stick-in-the-mud puritanism—sex toys are still illegal in six states, where cops actually set up sting operations to bust people selling them—we appear to be entering the golden age of the vibrator.

Optimistic industry bigwigs predict that these pulsating playthings will soon be as commonplace in American homes as toasters. "Twenty years ago lingerie was sold only in sleazy catalogs, but Victoria's Secret made it a mainstream, acceptable product," says Sandor Gardos, a clinical psychologist and sex researcher. "Sex toys are moving in the same direction."

In the name of journalism, I decided to tackle this trend myself. After weeks of research and preparation, I devoted five days to a round-the-clock sexual expedition. I tried every product on the market (no matter how bizarre), sharing the wealth with a few trusted girlfriends to get a well-rounded view. I visited factories, warehouses and vibrator stores, and spoke to doctors, researchers—even my own mother (explaining the use of that strange "novelty" she'd



Writer Anna David (left) and a few trusted friends took the vibrator industry head-on. Among their top picks: the Good Vibrations Itty Bitty Bump-N-Grind (top), which, when used as a cock ring, buzzes the entire pleasure zone—his and hers—while zeroing in on the clitoris. The Doc Johnson Pocket Rocket (bottom) offers total portability and discreetness. "I used it while I was driving, and I almost crashed," says one tester. "Finally I just pulled over. Love the Pocket Rocket."



More of our testers' vibrator favorites, clockwise from top left: Pure Bliss; California Exotics' Impulse Flirtatious Dolphin (which has a range of pulsating options); and Hitachi's Magic Wand—the most heralded 12 inches in the business.

received as a wedding present nearly 40 years ago).

Through it all I came to some surprising revelations. I learned that my body is capable of reaching heights of pleasure I'd heretofore considered unattainable. I also found that it's entirely possible to become emotionally dependent on the battery department of the local drugstore. Whether I'll continue with the pace I had to set remains to be seen. But I know that what I've embarked on is a lifelong project—and I'm nothing if not dedicated to the research process.

Day One: Ladies and Lipstick

My first task: to recruit a few women who can help round out the study. I remember that Kate, my half-Asian, half-Jewish writer friend, took me vibrator shopping the very day we met. And surely Emily, blonde and angelic, with a former life as an S&M chick, will be up for it. Finally I ask Jill—an Ivy League-educated, curly-haired sales rep who reads three newspapers a day—if she can think of anyone else who might help out. When she offers her own services, I'm surprised.

"I never would've thought this was your kind of thing," I tell her. She informs me, ever so casually, that she typically

makes herself come six times a night, more often than not with the aid of some kind of external device. I'm shocked, so I accuse her of exaggeration.

"It's true," she swears. "It's almost an obsessive-compulsive thing, like I won't be able to sleep until I get to six."

What have Jill and I been so busy talking about that I didn't know this?

That afternoon I sit down in my living room and scan the mass of plastic and rubber devices. Where to begin? The lifelike Vibrating Tongue? The purple-and-green bendable unit surely modeled after an alien's private parts? I decide to start small, picking up something called a Classic Hide-a-Vibe. It's an inch-long pink bullet—phallic only if you were, say, an Oompa Loompa—designed to look like a miniature lipstick. (In fact, it comes with a lipstick-like case so you can carry it around without tipping anyone off.)

With the afternoon sunlight peeking in and R. Kelly's "Ignition" remix blasting from my computer speakers, I lean back on my couch and reach under my flowing pink skirt with the "lipstick." The tip finds its way directly on top of my clitoris, buzzing through my panties. A little roundabout, an adjustment or two and I can no longer feel the mess of scattered C batteries wedged uncomfortably against my outer thigh. My cat is looking at me, terrified, but I forget about her as the tiny tickle grows and spreads down my legs. In just a few minutes I'm there. The little sucker makes the grade.

Day Two: Sex-O-Phone

When I give my phone number to Carol Queen, she literally yelps when she hears that 6 and 9 are the last two numbers. "Our number ends in 69 too," she remarks excitedly. "Did you request it?" (I didn't.)

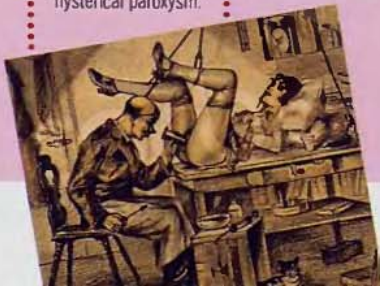
Queen, who has a doctorate from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, is the "resident sexologist" at Good Vibrations, a chain of stores in northern California that's been around since 1977. (Good Vibes perfectly represents today's clean, well-lit place for sex toys, where the packaging is elegant and the employees are approachable—and not much freakier than those at your local Kinko's.)

She gives me a rundown of the store's best-sellers: the Pocket Rocket (my old favorite); the Vibratex Rabbit Pearl, a Japanese-made cutie with a see-through, pearl-filled silicone shaft and a clit-tickling "bunny"; and the Hitachi Magic Wand, a 12-inch body massager originally made for sore backs and necks, which has become one of the best-selling vibrators of all time (PLAYBOY recently named it among the

GREAT MOMENTS IN VIBRATOR HISTORY

1653

Dutch physician Pieter Van Foreest recommends a new treatment for female hysteria. Doctors should "massage the genitalia with one finger inside" until the woman experiences "hysterical paroxysm."



1869

To help physicians treat more hysterical women—with fewer resulting finger cramps—American physician George Taylor patents the first vibrator, the steam-powered Manipulator.

1899

McClure's magazine runs the first vibrator ad, for the Vibratile. Other women's mags follow suit.

1906

The Shelton Electric Company releases its Shelton Deluxe-Wayne Vibrator (below).



1910s

Sears, Roebuck begins hawking a home appliance with attachments for a vaginal massager—and a mixer, grinder, fan and buffer. The Swedish Vibrator Company of Chicago begins advertising a product that provides (whoa!) "30,000 thrilling, invigorating, revitalizing penetrations per minute."

1920s

As vibrators start appearing in stag films, they start disappearing from doctors' offices and the pages of women's magazines.

1931

Sigmund Freud postulates that women have both clitoral and vaginal orgasms.



top inventions of the past half century). The Pocket Rocket and the Wand are for external stimulation only, while the Rabbit works simultaneously on the vagina and the clitoris; as Queen says, "it brings both to the party."

Back home I proudly lay out my goodies on the bed. I'm ready to give the Wand a whirl, but just as I'm about to get down to it I receive a call from Gardos, the sex researcher. After I review my products with him, a note of concern creeps into his voice. "A lot of people find the Wand too powerful," he tells me as I hold the giant thing in my hand. "Keep in mind that you should place several towels between you and it."

The towel news is shocking—and slightly alarming. I glance at the Wand and realize that *gargantuan* is really the only word to describe this white plug-in device. It occurs to me that the Wand would make a tremendous weapon.

The Rabbit, on the other hand, is pink—my favorite color—and kind of cute. And the control device has separate buttons for the penetrating shaft and the clitoris-tickling part.

Conveniently I've recently met a special someone who lives across the country. Though my impersonation of a 976 operator usually makes me cringe, somehow phone sex seems inevitable from the beginning of our conversation. It starts innocently enough—a clarification about a work project, really. I mention that I'm in bed with the lights dimmed and the Rabbit Pearl next to me.

"You mean you're just lying there? With the vibrator?"

"That's right."

There's a pause. Then, in his naturally deep voice: "That's the sexiest thing I've ever heard." Another pause, and then: "Is it turned on?"

It is. And I am.

This guy—usually the model of smooth control—sounds as if he's breathing a bit fast. And once he begins to describe



what he'd be doing to me if we were in the same room, he's not the only one. His words and the Rabbit Pearl's clitoris massager and burrowing shaft are a perfect combination, though I'm not sure I appreciate the pearls as much as I would if they were, say, around my neck.

The Wand watches it all. If it could talk, I feel certain it would taunt me.

Day Three: Panties From Heaven

I spend the morning sifting through a dizzying array of penetrators and massagers—products that resemble penises, dental drills and Xbox controllers. By now I've determined that California Exotics takes the prize for manufacturing the most bizarre stuff on the market. Its Impulse Computer Accessory, a bullet vibrator that attaches to a computer via a USB cord, would come in handy if I were into Internet porn. And the Vibrating Pleasure Periscope,

1952

The word *hysteria* is dropped from the American Psychiatric Association's books.

1960s

Vibrators are again openly advertised and sold as novelties, though their sale remains illegal in many states.



1973

Author Betty Dodson begins teaching masturbation workshops for women that focus on how to use vibrators. Her film *Selfloving: A Video Portrait of Female Sexuality and Orgasm* (right) gets gushing reviews from feminists and pervs alike.



1977

Sex therapist Joani Blank opens Good Vibrations in San Francisco. Blank creates Joani's Butterfly, the first clitoral-stimulating vibrator.

1994

Susan Colvin becomes the first female CEO of a sex-toy company, the Chino, California-based California Exotics. The six-foot blonde becomes a driving force in changing the mainstream image of "novelties," using tasteful packaging and products that appeal to more women and couples.

1998

On an episode of *Sex and the City* Charlotte becomes a fan of the Rabbit Pearl. Sex-toy stores nationwide are inundated with orders for the Japanese-made vibrator.

PRESENT

Studies show that roughly half the women in the U.S. have tried or regularly use a vibrator during masturbation.



with its see-through tip and series of mirrors, actually allows you to look between your legs into a viewing window to see what's going on inside. ("We sell a ton of them," says a company rep. "Even gynecologists buy them.")

As my afternoon coffee brews, I slip on a pair of Cal Exotics' Vibrating Panties, a black polyester G-string with front pockets containing a battery and a bullet vibrator. I like that the panties have a remote control attachment, enabling a partner to activate them from across the room. I also know that unless I can teach one of my cats a fancy trick, I won't be experiencing that today.

Wearing nothing but the panties, I slide onto my couch. The mini bullet hits just the right spot, and I do my part by moving it in circles. I think about how amazing these would be on a plane ride, assuming you could get it through today's airport security without humiliating yourself.

Afterward I call Emily, my former S&M-worker friend, who tells me she came twice while wearing hers in her office with the door shut. We conference call Kate and then Jill, the multi-orgasmic Ivy Leaguer, who tells us she pranced around in hers while making lunch. "Oh," she says, "and I used the Wand today. I came like 20 times."

Emily and I are silenced. Kate announces that she found the Wand's "jackhammer-like sensation" overwhelming. "I kept thinking of that line in *Sex and the City* when someone tells Samantha this Sharper Image massager will burn her clit off," she says.

My Wand fear has now reached new heights.

"I think it looks more like an instrument of torture than a vibrator," I say.

They all laugh, and I don't bother to ask about the towels.

DAY FOUR: FIELD TRIP

It's Doc Johnson factory tour day. With more than 450 employees and 2,000 products, the Los Angeles-based company is a leader in the sex-toy industry, known not only for quality but for the most gorgeous packaging this side of spa products. Donna, a no-nonsense former New Yorker who spent most of her career working in the garment industry, greets me at the door. Just as I'm shaking her hand, J.C., a cheerful young guy in research and development, walks up holding three jelly cocks. He hands them to Donna and asks what she thinks.

Donna's fingers graze appreciatively over the pink, purple and white dongs. "Oh, I can really see the iridescence in this," she comments while holding up the white one.

"Which do you like best?" J.C. asks me, his eyes twinkling flirtatiously. He has no idea who I am—all he knows is that I'm a woman in the target demographic, so my opinion about these things is highly relevant. I tell him I'm partial to pink. He grins proudly, as if he'd invented the color himself.

Because J.C. is in R&D, he's an expert in T&A. As Donna takes me on a tour of the warehouse, where hundreds of factory workers calmly pour liquid plastic into copper dishes shaped like penises of every size imaginable, she informs me that J.C. is in charge of all the castings. This means he's the guy who slaps the mold on, say, Jenna Jameson when she's allowing her vagina and ass to be used to create a product. And I always thought movie casting directors were the ones who had it good.

For someone in the industry Donna seems remarkably innocent. She uses words like *gynormous*, tells me she "just wants to make a product that looks pretty" and blushes when I ask if she's ever tried Doc's G-spot-, clitoral- and

Jill was thrilled with the Flirtatious Dolphin: "I moved the switch from high to pulsating when I started to come, and my orgasm lasted literally minutes."

anal-stimulating Trigasm. When she informs me that the company is known for its Ultra Realistic 3.0 material—UR3 to those in the know—she adds that customers are warned not to cook or microwave the products (which certainly cuts down on the hors d'oeuvres options).

As we tour the factory, Donna begins to sound like a Food Network host: "The ones that are dipped are cooked in the oven, like pizza," she explains. "After they cool they're put on a sort of hamburger griddle to make them smooth."

We pause next to a group of Mexican workers who are adding amazingly lifelike hair to UR3 penises. An older woman with the name MARTHA sewn on her work apron says something in Spanish, and her co-workers all laugh. Though I don't speak Spanish I feel certain that Martha's joke has little to do with the gynormous John Holmes cock she's holding. In fact, everyone in the room seems so indifferent to the leg-size penises they're decorating, they

may as well be packaging mustard.

When I get home I decide that, among the dozen products I'll be playing around with tonight, I should probably road test a vibrator that resembles an actual penis. In fact, the Hank, made in the factory where I spent my morning, is more penislike than actual penises I've come across, except that it can be propped upright on its flat half-ball-sac bottom.

Sitting on my couch, I place the apparatus at the base of my nether region and turn it on. Slowly I move it around and push it inside me, gripping tightly (it's not like I'm going to hurt anyone). The buzz begins to make me quiver but not for long. Something about the experience makes me long for a heartbeat. It's both too much and not enough like the real thing. This dick gets the shaft.

DAY FIVE: CLIMAX

With about 30 products down and roughly 20 to go, I invite over my three partners in crime. Time is running short, and I want to get a feel for how these women are making out. Sitting in my living room, the place trashed with empty vibrator boxes and battery packaging, we get down to business.

Emily announces that she adored the Good Vibes Rock and Roll, a life-like penis vibrator. "I used it in combination with the Wand," she says as she tucks a few blond ringlets behind her ear. She also liked Cal Exotics' Infra Red Massager, with its on-off heat button. "The heat didn't enhance the orgasm per se, but the overall feeling was highly enjoyable," she says.

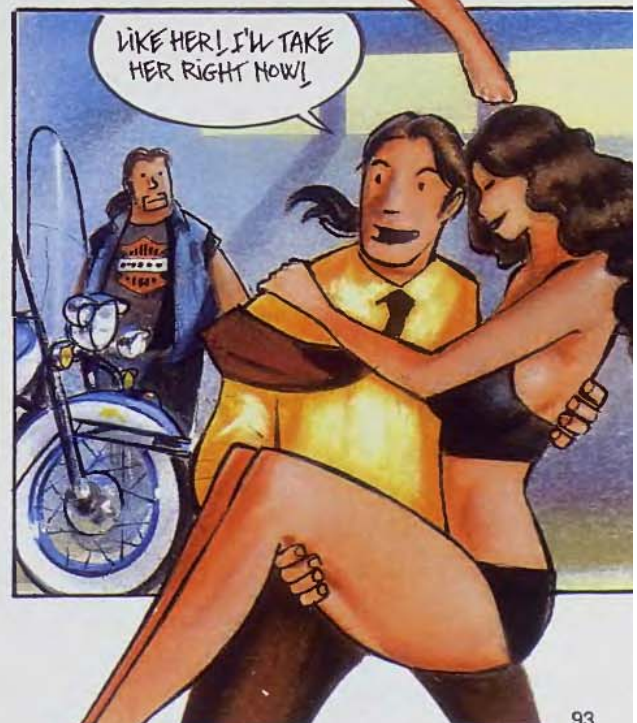
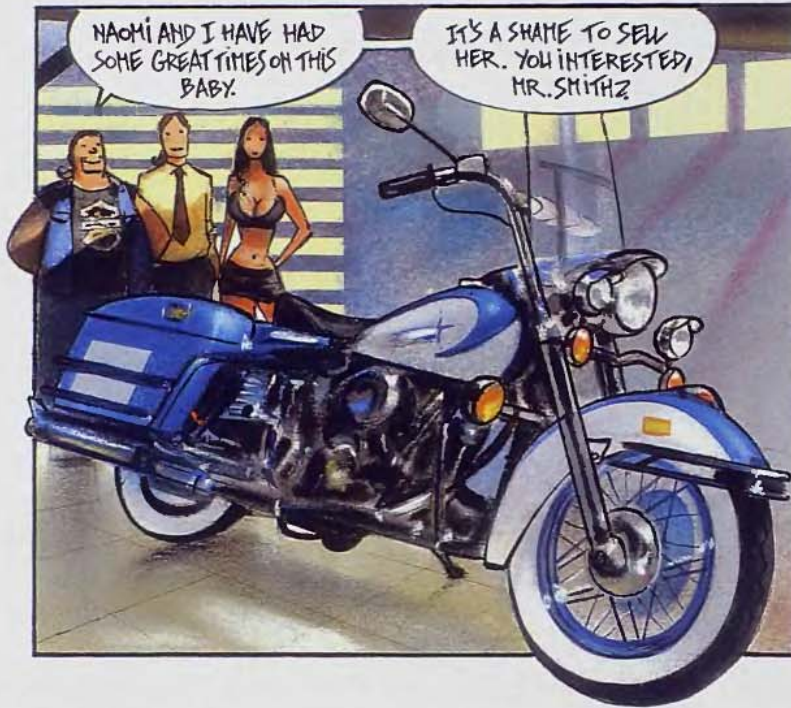
Multiorgasmic Jill was thrilled with Cal Exotics' Impulse Flirtatious Dolphin, a sea-blue jelly tube molded in the shape of a miniature sea mammal. Though I found it off-putting, she loved everything about it, especially the various speed options: escalating, pulsating, low and high. "I moved the switch from high to pulsating when I started to come, and my orgasm lasted literally minutes," she gloats.

Emily also flipped over the Dolphin. Her orgasms were so strong, she tells us, she cried. "But I'm completely PMSing," she adds. "I cried during *Friends*, too."

The thing that really got Kate buzzing was the Itty Bitty Bump-N-Grind, a rubber device with a bunch of tiny spaghetti-like ticklers hanging off it and a bullet that vibrates them. Of course Kate has an accessory the rest of us do not: a boyfriend who lives in the same city.

The Bump-N-Grind slides onto a
(concluded on page 154)

Test Drive



JUAN AVARIZ • JORGE



Strap yourself in—

Miss May is taking you
on a wild ride

READY FOR TAKEOFF



Licensed pilot Nicole Whitehead—yes, she flies airplanes—is absolutely fearless. “The first time I flew a plane was also the first time I went skydiving,” says the 23-year-old. “I literally dived out the plane door—they couldn’t open it fast enough. When I was free-falling I could see all this amazing scenery at one time—the ocean, the city and the area where the NASA shuttles take off. It was so pretty, I think I started to cry.” Back on solid ground, Nicole, with ample Southern charm (she’s from Alabama and lives in Florida), explained to the pilot that while skydiving was a trip, she would be even more excited actually *flying* the plane. How could he resist? “He took me up and let me take the controls,” she says. “It was the best day I ever had. I knew right then that I had to fly for a living.”

Nicole earned her pilot’s license last August and is currently chalking up solo flight hours. Meanwhile, to help pay for flight school, she works at a local bar (most requested drink: Alabama slammer), models (you may have spotted her on the 2001 cover of *PLAYBOY*’s Natural Beauties special edition) and steals the spotlight in music videos (in Ricky Martin’s “She Bangs,” she dances—or bangs—herself into a frenzy). While definitely a girl on the rise, Nicole isn’t going after red carpet megafame. “I would be perfectly happy

Coffee, tea or me? “I hope to get into the charter business and fly Learjets,” Nicole says. “When I’m ready to settle down—like in 20 years—I’ll have enough hours to go to an airline, where I can have a steady routine. I could have a family and a dream job.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARMY FREYTAG





flying other celebrities around the world rather than being one myself," she says.

Nicole may literally have her head in the clouds, but she credits her upbringing with keeping her grounded. "Nobody comes before family," she says. "We're a bunch of crazy Southerners. I live on a ranch and have a tomboy side. Nascar is my religion. I like to go mudding in a truck. I can clean up and be a lady, but the everyday me wears Levi's, cowboy boots and a tank top."

Those boots come in handy when she tends to her three horses, her admitted first loves, which live on her ranch in Orlando. "When I was six I visited my grandparents in Florida," she says. "They took me to see a dinner show called *Arabian Nights*. I loved it. The day I graduated from high school I moved there and tried to join the show. I had no formal training, but I'd barrel raced and worked with cows." Once again Nicole put her wiles to use: "I pulled the show manager aside and told him, 'Look, I can smile really big, and I don't fall off horses.' I got the job and worked there for the most incredible two and a half years of my life. I was a trick rider—I stood up on the back of galloping horses and would flip off them and do crazy stuff."

A rodeo clown could figure out that when it comes to guys Nicole is into the adventurous type. "I definitely like guys who are rugged and strong," she says. "It's sexy when a guy can help me work the horses or fix my car. I'm attracted to cowboys, but I haven't figured out how to find them yet. Maybe hang out at rodeos?"

When we tell her that someday her space cowboy will come, Nicole smiles. "In five years I'd like to be in the pilot's seat, 43,000 feet above everyone else and going 500 miles an hour. My heart is definitely in the sky."

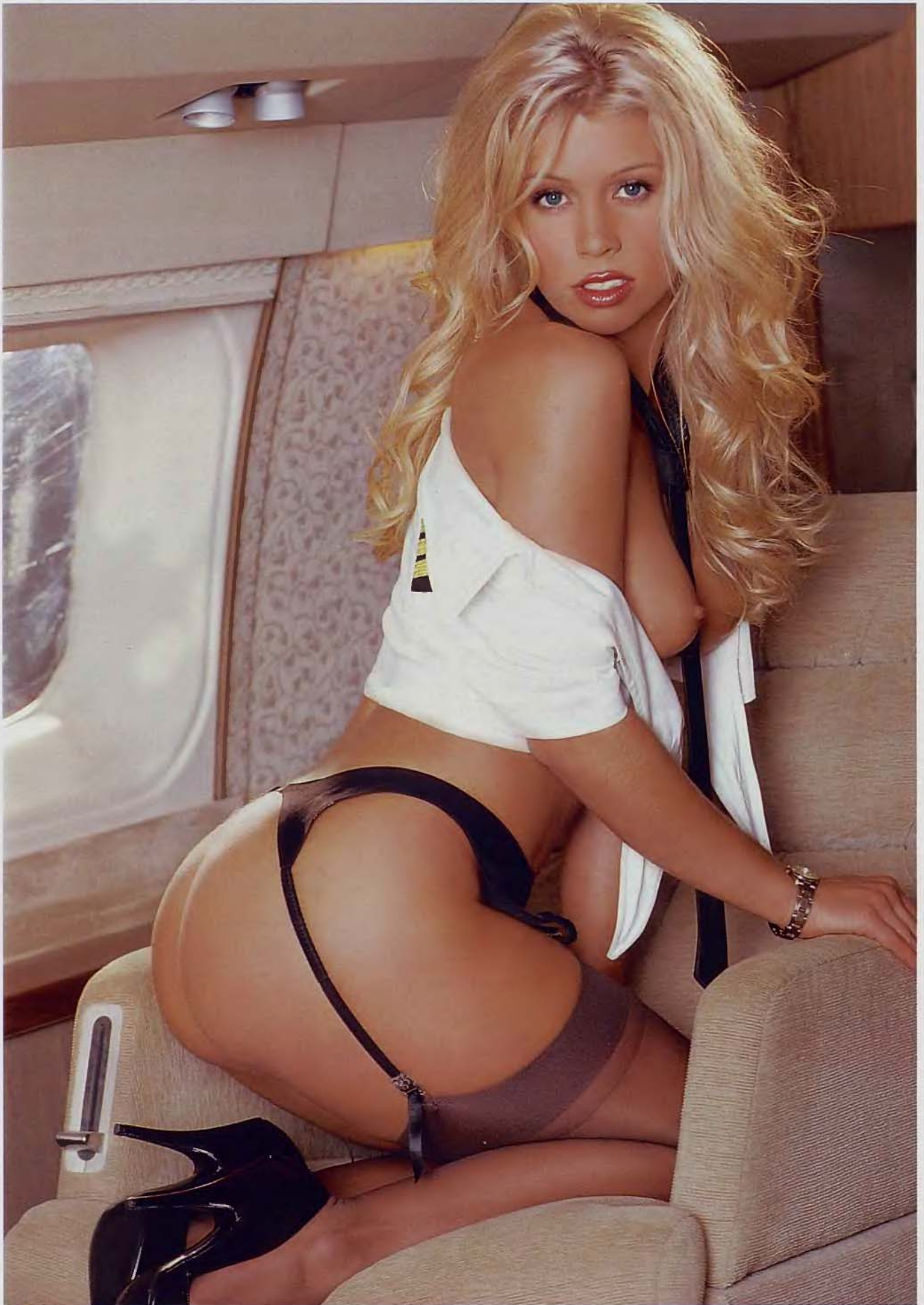
Always the creator of her own destiny, Nicole sent a home video to the Playboy TV show *Sexy Girls Next Door*. "I taped myself bathing my horse—wearing nothing but boots," she says. "I normally don't do that in the nude. It was an experience."







SEE EXCLUSIVE VIDEO OF MISS MAY
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM





MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Nicole Whitehead

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Nicole Whitehead

BUST: 32 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 11-5-80 BIRTHPLACE: Birmingham, Alabama

AMBITIONS: To be a successful Learjet Captain + someday fly home from work to a family of my own.

TURN-ONS: Cowboy hats, monster trucks, horseback riding on the beach, I being proud of who you are + where you came from.

TURNOFFS: Violence, lack of ambition, + someone who gets airsick pulling a couple of g's!

SOMETHING I DO EVERY WEEKEND: Saturday nights I'm getting wild on a mechanical bull. Sundays I'm all about Nascar. The rest of my time I'm up in the clouds - my favorite place to be.

MY FAVORITE MOVIE: The Crow

SOME PLACES I'D LIKE TO VISIT: Austria To see the famous white Lipizzaner stallions dance. These are some of the most talented horsemen and beautiful horses in the world.

BEST REASON TO LIVE IN THE SOUTH: Southern Rock + my "Sweet Home Alabama"



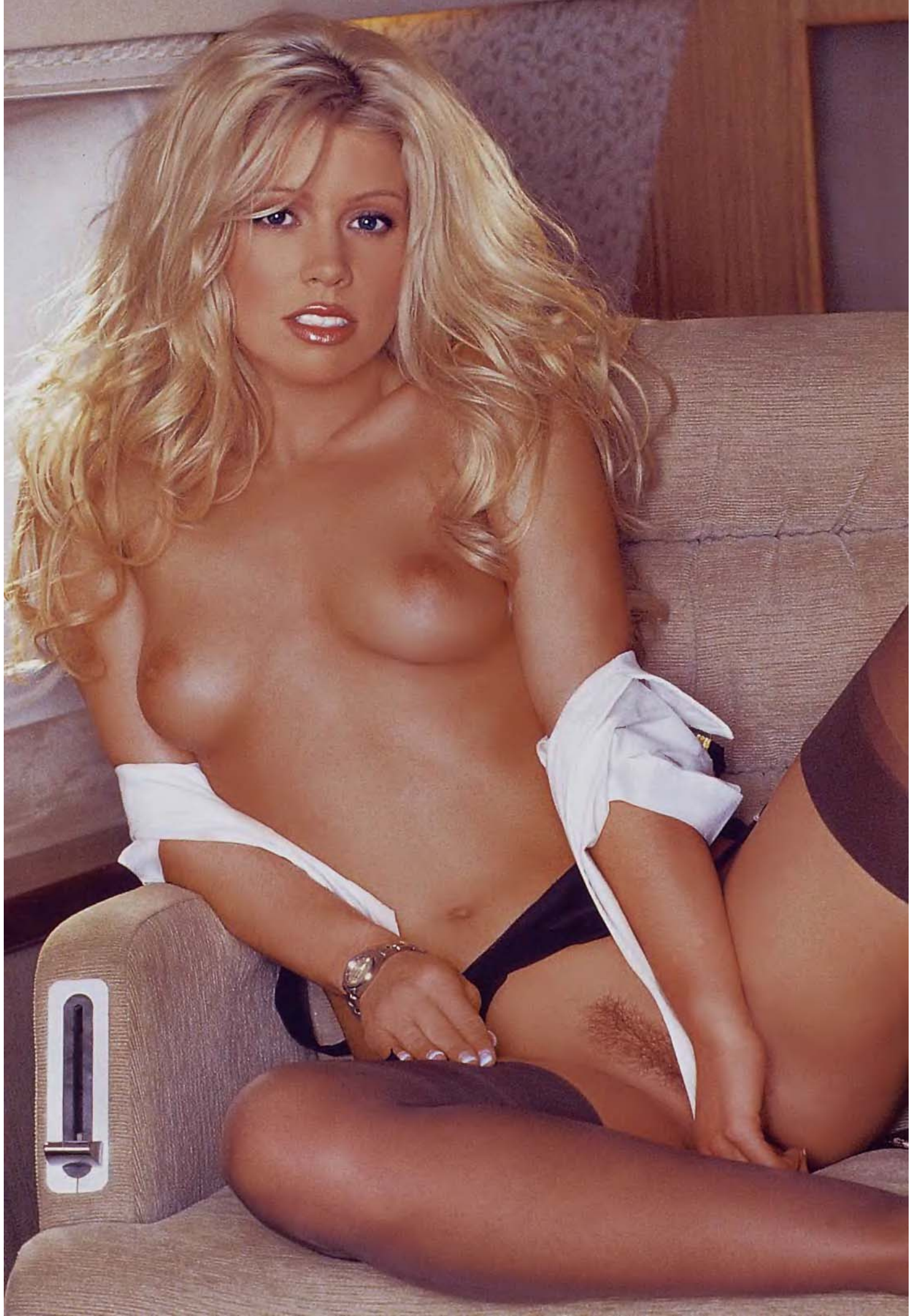
My Senior Year



Beauty Pageant Winner



1st time flying a jet - my best day!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why did Jennifer Lopez dump Ben Affleck?

Because he finally admitted, "Your ass *does* look big in those pants."

A car hit a 10-year-old boy and drove off. The boy was lying injured in the middle of the road. A passerby ran up and asked the boy, "Do you want me to find a priest?"

The boy replied, "How can you think about sex at a time like this?"



George W. Bush recently wrote this letter to John Hinckley:

Dear Mr. Hinckley,

Laura and I hope that you are continuing to recover from your mental problems. We were pleased to hear that you are now able to have unsupervised visits with your parents.

I have decided to seek a second term in office as your president. Since I am a public servant, please let me know if there is anything that you need at the hospital. By the way, are you aware that John Kerry is screwing Jodie Foster?

Sincerely,

George W. Bush, president

What do you get when you take ecstasy and birth control?

A trip without the kids.

A man owned a farm in Kansas. The Department of Labor received a tip that he was not paying proper wages to his employees. An agent came to interview him and said, "List your employees and tell me how much you pay them."

The farmer said, "I have one ranch hand who's been with me for three years. I pay him \$600 a week plus room and board. Then I have a cook. She's been here six months. She gets \$400 a week plus room and board."

"Anybody else?" the agent asked as he scribbled on a notepad.

"Yeah," the farmer said. "There's a half-wit here. Works about 18 hours a day. I pay him \$10 a week and give him chewing tobacco."

"Very interesting," the agent said. "I want to talk to that half-wit."

The farmer replied, "You're talkin' to him right now."

Why did Scott Peterson want to move to West Virginia?

Everyone has the same DNA.

A man who reeked of booze flopped on a subway seat next to a priest. The man's tie was stained with liquor, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a bottle of gin was sticking out of his coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes, he turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

The priest replied, "It's caused by loose living, sleeping with wicked women and drinking too much alcohol."

"Well, I'll be," the drunk muttered, returning to his paper.

A few minutes later, the priest nudged the man to apologize. "I'm very sorry," the priest said. "I didn't mean to come down on you so strongly. How long have you suffered from arthritis?"

"I don't have it, Father," the man said. "I was just reading about the Pope."

A new car stereo comes equipped with voice-activated software. If you yell out "rock," it tunes in to a rock station. If you say "classical," it switches to a classical music station. If you say "country," it changes to a country music station. But one unhappy consumer complained that while he was driving, some children ran out in front of his car. Hitting the brakes, he muttered, "Fucking kids." The radio started playing Michael Jackson songs.



BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: Why should a boss give his blonde secretary only a half-hour lunch break?

Because if she were gone for an hour, she'd have to be retrained.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Where does an Irishman go on vacation? A different bar.

Why are nurses so bad at giving oral sex?

Because they always wait for the swelling to go down.

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.



"Great form, Ms. Blythdale! Next week we'll try it in the water!"

DEATH AND DISHONOR

FIVE SOLDIERS FOUGHT SHOULDER TO SHOULDER IN THE MOST BRUTAL BATTLE OF THE IRAQ WAR. HOME AGAIN AS HEROES, ONE OF THEM VANISHED, AND THE REST KEPT THEIR SILENCE. AS A FATHER SEARCHES FOR HIS SON, THE CLUES LEAD BACK TO THE BLOODSTAINED STREETS OF BAGHDAD

BY MARK BOAL



PROLOGUE: WELCOME HOME

The red-and-yellow sign outside the Platinum Club advertises HOT WOMEN, COLD BEER. Inside are wall-to-wall mirrors, \$3 drafts and two dancing poles, around which young women, some still in orthodontic braces, dance naked except for G-strings. This is the classiest strip club in Columbus, Georgia, home of the U.S. Army's Fort Benning, and it was here on the evening of July 14, 2003 that Richard Davis, Jacob Burgoyne and three fellow veterans of the Iraq war—Mario Navarrete, Douglas Woodcoff and Alberto Martinez—decided to celebrate. It was their second stop that evening, after burgers and many, many beers at a Hooters over on Adams Farm Road, on the day they were all together again after returning from Iraq.

Two months earlier these men of the third platoon of B Company had fought side by side in some of the bloodiest battles of Baghdad. Now they sat together, close to the center stage, talking to the strippers. Around midnight, after several more rounds of drinks, they became so rowdy and loud that the bouncer told them to leave. Typical soldier stuff, a waitress who was working that night recalled, just guys "shouting and being disruptive." They swigged the last of their beers and stumbled outside into a small parking lot behind a gas station and a Waffle House restaurant, and then, flush with alcohol in the warm Georgia evening, they began to argue.

Tempers flared over who was at fault for getting them kicked out of the club,



A MILITARY FAMILY



according to two of the men. But the argument could have been about anything. These soldiers had fought among themselves with fists and knives in Kuwait, where they were stranded for two weeks in sweltering tents after two months of intense urban combat. That night Burgoyne, who was known to possess a vicious streak, went after Davis. Navarrete says he joined the fight.

What happened in the next hour may never be fully known, but this much is certain: All five soldiers piled into Martinez's car; the doors slammed, and they sped off into the summer night.

And then Richard Davis disappeared.

PART 1: LOST

Staff Sergeant Lanny Davis, retired, a United States Army veteran, husband, father and proud owner of a tidy ranch home in serene St. Charles, Missouri, lives a life you could call squared away. The lawn is mowed, the white Chevy pickup in the driveway is spotless. In his speech Lanny is courteous in the slightly formal manner of a career military man. His hair is close-cropped, his loafers polished and his slacks pressed. At the age of 55 he keeps himself lean enough to get back into uniform if he's needed.

Up and down the block in this suburb of St. Louis, American flags fly outside the well-kept houses, and the sense of community is so strong that front doors are rarely locked. Behind such a door on the morning of July 16, 2003 Lanny spoke into the telephone and patiently corrected the caller: "Look, you're not—you're not talking about my son."

"Yes, sir, Richard is AWOL," said the caller, an officer from Fort Benning.

"If anybody went AWOL, it wouldn't be my son," Lanny repeated. "My boy is pro-military."

Having served 20 years in uniform, 16 of them as a military policeman investigating all manner of crimes and misdemeanors, Lanny has sharp instincts about the truth, and this story rang false. He had raised his boy on war stories and patriotism and found it impossible to believe that Richard would run from his duty. Why would he go absent without leave? Why didn't he call home? When the caller added that Richard's clothes and toothbrush remained undisturbed in his room, Lanny felt sure that something was wrong. His son, he thought, must be in some sense lost.

Earlier that day, 700 miles southeast of St. Charles, on the expansive grass parade grounds of Fort Benning, there assembled the 150-odd men of Davis's unit: B Company, First Battalion, 15th Infantry Regiment, Third Brigade, Third Infantry Division (Mechanized). They stood in professionally precise rows, highly experienced soldiers, veterans ages 23 to 29. They had led the U.S. assault on Baghdad, having formed the "tip of the spear" that raced up the western bank of the Euphrates, and they had killed in greater numbers than perhaps any other unit in the theater.

Home for less than a week, many of them still wore their tattered uniforms. The smell of burning flesh lingered in their nostrils. Their sleep was disturbed by nightmares. They had been given a two-day pass and ordered to relax and recreate—an order their sergeant was now saying one man had followed to excess.

"From third platoon we have a man out of range—Davis. He is probably fucked-up drunk," said First Sergeant Jon Sabala, standing at the head of the formation. "If any of you assholes see him, you better drag his ass back to work." No one spoke. These men had spent six months in Iraq and Kuwait, living in close quarters with Davis. They knew what he was like in the crucible of combat and the tedium of occupation, knew him in a way that most people never would. And four of them—Burgoyne, Martinez, Navarrete and Woodcoff—knew Davis's precise whereabouts that day. But not a single man spoke. When the truth came out four months later about what had happened to Richard Davis, the witnesses described a crime of such savagery that it left the survivors of B Company wondering what the war had done to their humanity.

WAR STORIES

Four months earlier, somewhere north of the Iraq-Kuwait border, an Army Humvee raced across the bright, endless desert, leaving dust clouds in its wake. At the wheel was Specialist Robert Sapitan of Jacksonville, Florida, and bounc-

Like father, like son (from top): Staff Sergeant Lanny Davis celebrates his 29th birthday in Germany with three-month-old Richard, in June 1978. Richard's mother, Remy, a U.S. Army medic and behavioral science specialist, in 1973. Richard the road warrior, photographed by a platoon mate in the Iraqi desert in early March 2003. Richard (kneeling), training in Kuwait in 2002. Richard (left) and a fellow soldier in Kuwait in February 2003, waiting to move out to Iraq.

Many of them still uniforms. The smell lingered in their was disturbed by

ing in the passenger seat was a scowling young soldier, Specialist Richard Davis. The men traveled in silence. They were strangers, thrown together at the last moment when Sapitan's usual passenger, his commanding officer, decided to ride in a Bradley Fighting Vehicle. Neither Sapitan nor Davis was happy with the assignment, which put them just behind the leading edge of the convoy. "We wanted to do our part in the war," Sapitan recalls. "We wanted to feel that we earned the recognition."

As they plunged deeper into Iraq, the landscape changed from bleak to macabre, the horizon now littered with the first casualties of the American invasion. They drove past smoldering heaps of twisted metal, inside of which sat blackened immolated torsos with elbow joints protruding straight out, missing forearms or hands. In sandbag bunkers they saw what might have been the charred remains of a conversation circle, a chat that had been interrupted by a fireball. Nicknamed "crispy critters," the dead became objects of wonder and amusement for the troops, many of whom took photographs with digital or disposable cameras. (Davis carried a couple of the disposable kind.) In one particularly sharp close-up that made it back to America, a pulped head with blood-matted hair wears the sticker of an American skateboard manufacturer.

Taking what they called "crazy photos," though, hardly compensated for the grim march, and the men felt, perhaps for the first time in their young lives, how sudden and instantaneous death can be in battle. "Those Bradleys and Abramses, they can kill from very far away," says one soldier, "and I always wondered what it

**wore their tattered
of burning flesh
nostrils. Their sleep
nightmares.**

had sunk into the sand. Davis was especially eager to see combat. He wanted to collect his own war stories. An enthusiastic fighter, he subscribed to *Soldier of Fortune* magazine and bought all the high-speed gear that commandos carry: flight jackets, pistol grips, extra ammo pouches, grenade clips, knives. He'd already been in the Army for five years—five years spent learning to kill. He'd toiled in the gym until his body was brick-hard, and he could crush a man with his bare hands, elbows or feet. He was a weapons expert, having spent thousands of hours firing howitzers and rifles, machine guns and pistols, detonating grenades and plastic explosives, mutilating mock targets. But never once had he trained his sights on a live enemy.

He had enlisted at 19, in 1998. A year later, while peacekeeping in freezing-cold Bosnia, he'd manned a .50-caliber machine gun, but his closest contact with a foreign power had been when he loaned a pair of winter gloves to a Russian grunt. In 2002, stationed on the Iraq-Kuwait border, he spent five months trudging around the Kuwaiti desert. Now he was back in the dunes, pissed off. "All I'm doing is training. That is all we do," he complained in a letter to his father before the invasion began. "We sleep in a 60-man tent with no water—the last shower I had was two weeks ago. The only thing that keeps me going is hearing the REMFs [Vietnam-era slang for "rear-echelon motherfuckers"] complain about the conditions."

And now he was riding with a stranger in a glorified jeep behind the front. "Not out of harm's way by any means," Sapitan recalls, "but we weren't getting shot at every day like our buddies were."

It was a terrible disappointment to Davis, who grew up on his father's stories of Vietnam, an entirely different kind of war, one in which American soldiers found their self-assurance gradually worn away. Lanny Davis had volunteered at 20 and turned 21 in the jungle, with a bottle of Johnnie Walker in one hand and 33 men under his command. A buck sergeant, the highest-ranking man out where it mattered—"where the road hit the river," he'd say—he had "the power of God." Patrolling at night, taking whole villages, he saw enough enemy fire to come home believing that "the most beautiful sight in the world is a fleet of B-52s flying overhead."

Richard inherited his looks from his mother, Remy, a Filipino American medic, but he took into his soul his father's love of the military, a Davis trait for two centuries, he was told, ever since Jefferson Davis had battled the Union. The military,

DEATH OF A SOLDIER



One night, many questions still unanswered (from top): The classiest strip club in Columbus, Georgia, where Richard Davis was last seen. The defendants (from left): Jacob Burgoyne, Alberto Martinez, Mario Navarrete and Douglas Woodcoff. The isolated area of Milgen Road where Richard Davis's body was left from July to November 2003. The funeral of Specialist Davis, December 13, 2003, in Apple Valley, California. "How could they do this to a fellow soldier?" the coroner asked.

SHELL SHOCK AND AWE

Forget calling in an air strike. Even the personal weapons wielded in Iraq have amazingly lethal capabilities



M4 CARBINE

JOB: The rifle is issued to squad leaders, sergeants and other field personnel.

HISTORY: Colt's M4 is basically a shortened M16, which has been the standard-issue infantry rifle since 1964. The M4 weighs 1.3 pounds less than the 8.8-pound original, with which it shares about 85 percent of its parts.

FIREPOWER: It uses the same 5.56-millimeter ammo as the M16, which the Army, when it adopted small-caliber rounds in the early 1960s, specified must be able to pierce a standard-issue helmet. The gun can spit out 800 rounds a minute.



M249 SQUAD AUTOMATIC WEAPON (SAW)

JOB: A portable machine gun issued to squad leaders, it can lay down high-volume support fire for both offensive and defensive purposes.

HISTORY: It weighs about twice as much as a standard-issue M16 or M4 but is two thirds the weight of the Rambo-era M60, which it began to replace in 1987.

FIREPOWER: Using light 5.56-millimeter ammo at a rate of 750 rounds a minute, the M249 can do the job of 10 to 20 infantrymen, pierce thinly clad vehicles and mow down groups of enemy soldiers.



M242 BUSHMASTER CANNON

JOB: The cannon, mounted on armored personnel carriers such as the Bradley Fighting Vehicle, is used to shoot at comparable enemy vehicles.

HISTORY: Instead of being powered by gas from its muzzle (as are the above guns), the M242 has an electric motor and a chain, a loop that drives the bolt back and forth. The cannon first appeared in 1983 and is employed by the Army, Navy and Marines.

FIREPOWER: Blasting 200 rounds of 25-millimeter ammo a minute, it can pierce armored vehicles—including tanks—from more than a mile away.

Richard figured, would be a haven from the perpetual crisis that marked his adolescence. Richard was not big, and he was picked on because of his Asian features. "I hate to say it, but we got a lot of backward people here in Missouri," says Lanny. "Richard took a lot of flak for the way he looked."

Richard was the kind of kid who'd draw ghouls and devils in his school notebooks, but there was a certain sensitivity to his line, an artistic touch. He was in "gifted" classes in grammar school, wrote poems both bawdy and sweet, and developed a passion for popular culture (a SpongeBob tattoo decorated his forearm; a naked female anime character wielding a tommy gun strutted across his shoulder), as well as for video games and fast imported cars.

The military bonded father and son. After boot camp Richard eschewed the duffel bag that the Army issued to new recruits and instead carried the tattered nylon one his father had taken to Vietnam, Korea and Germany. Even when Richard was stationed overseas, he called for advice about keeping warm during patrols in the frigid Eastern European winters. Lanny told him to wear panty hose—"the nylon kills the cold"—under everything he owned and then stand in the truck in a heavy sleeping bag up to his waist. "Gee, Dad, I don't know if the commander is gonna like that," Richard said. Lanny replied, "Just do as I tell you, son. I don't think he'll say a word." A few weeks later Richard called to say that the commander had the whole battalion following his improvised cold-weather dress code.

"You see, there's lots of things I tried to teach him," Lanny says now. "I sort of showed him how to be resourceful. I said, 'Son, wherever you go, if you need certain things, look around you. If it means cutting down a tree to make a hammock or something, that's what you have to do.'"

THE MIDTOWN MASSACRE

For two weeks the convoy drove north toward Baghdad, roadside corpses and mangled cars now part of the daily reality. Davis and Sapitan "realized we were stuck with each other," Sapitan recalls. He told Davis about his home in Florida. He recalls that Davis was "really funny" and "always making a smart-ass comment about something to keep your spirits up." Davis told Sapitan about his father. "He said he was looking forward to telling his war stories to his dad when he went home," Sapitan says.

Sapitan thought Davis was "an all-right guy," and even though it was Sapitan's Humvee, he let his passenger sleep in the cab at night while he stretched out on the roof. Sapitan would later label Davis "one of the most creative guys I ever met" after Richard tinkered with a Bradley headlamp he'd seen discarded in the desert and mounted it to the Humvee so they could read or write letters in the dark. Then Davis found a portable TV-VCR and videocassettes in an abandoned Army truck on the side of the road. He wired the unit to the Humvee's battery, and when the men camped they watched Bruce Willis blowing away bad guys in the *Die Hard* trilogy.

In early April 2003, after a two-week rumble of 250 miles over rough roads, the convoy circled the wagons. Then Davis received orders to return to his platoon. Overjoyed, he grabbed his pack and ran. "Hey, be careful," Sapitan shouted to his back. Davis spun around. "Yeah, you too...be careful," he said. Reunited with the members of B Company's third platoon, Davis would soon take part in the action he had always craved.

On April 11, three days after President George W. Bush and Prime Minister Tony Blair met in Belfast, Northern Ireland to declare that the end of the
(continued on page 134)

THE BRUTAL ROAD TO BAGHDAD



The Third Infantry Division's armored task force moves past a burning Iraqi tanker in northern Baghdad (top). An Iraqi casualty of American firepower, viewed from the convoy.



"It strikes me this book is pretty hard on wolves."

Dressing the Part

SIX HOLLYWOOD UP-AND-COMERS LAUNCH

THE SUMMER MOVIE SEASON IN STYLE

fashion by joseph de acetis



PLAYBOY
FASHION

photography by timothy white / produced by jennifer ryan jones


SAMUEL BALL has landed one of the year's most enviable roles: He'll star opposite *Alias*'s Jennifer Garner in the upcoming *13 Going On 30*. Ball grew up in West Virginia and has mined the indie film scene for his biggest parts, debuting in *Urbania* and starring with Christina Ricci in *Pumpkin*. He's also worked in TV, appearing on *Dawson's Creek*, *Sex and the City*, *CSI* and *Law & Order*.

Sam's suit (\$300) and shirt (\$49) are by ORIGINAL PENGUIN. Leave your shirttails out this season—untucked says easygoing. She's in a dress by JUST CAVALLI (\$675).



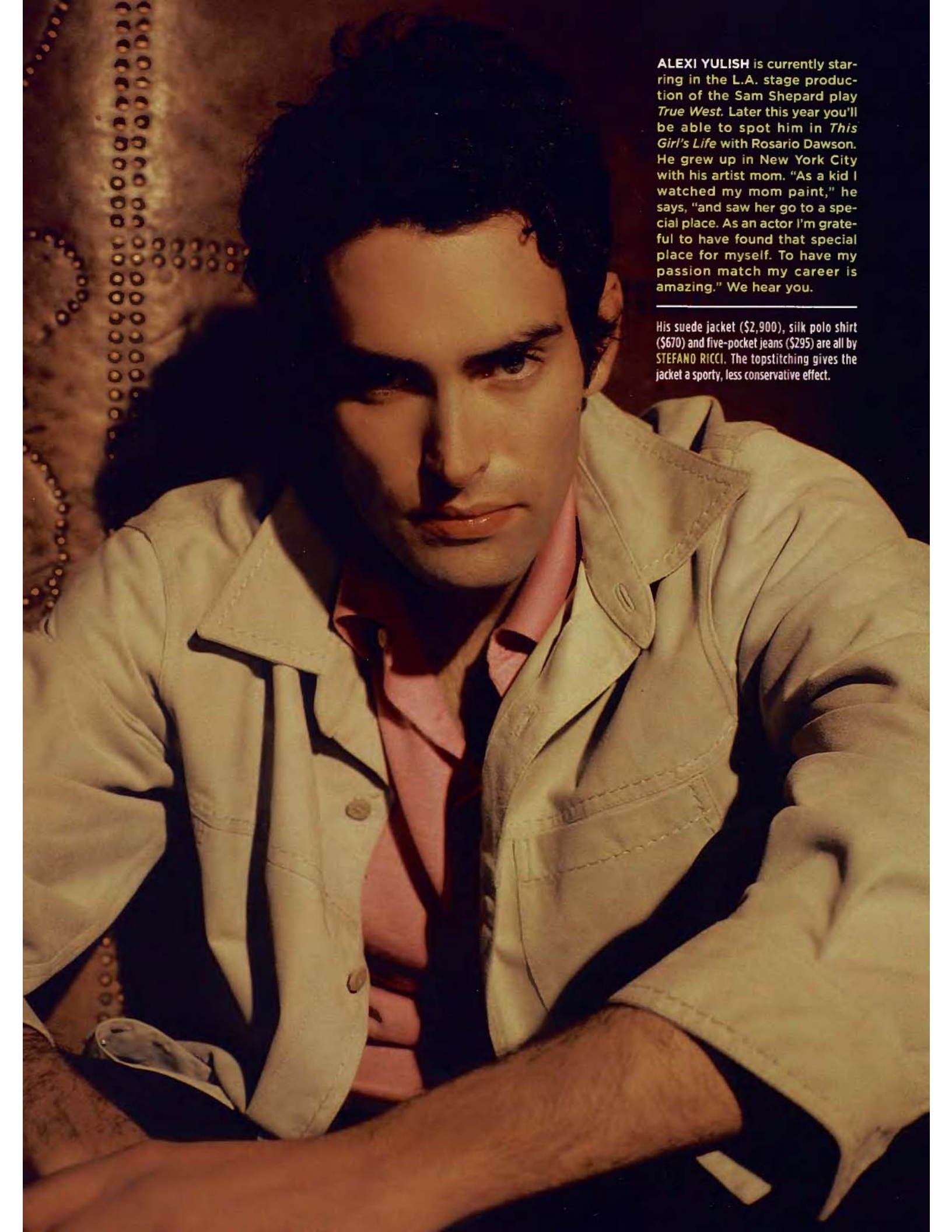
DWAYNE ADWAY will star alongside another of our favorite boob-tube babes, Katie Holmes, in *First Daughter*. Here's hoping we catch a glimpse of the Oval Office. Adway should look familiar—he's had a recurring role on *The Steve Harvey Show* as well as guest turns on *ER*, *NYPD Blue*, *CSI*, *Arliss* and *The District*. He's also in this month's *Soul Plane* and just wrapped *Into the Blue*.

He's wearing a silk shirt (\$115) and lounge pants (\$80) by **NAT NAST** and a hat by **BORSALINO** (\$275). His watch is by **RODOLPHE OF SWITZERLAND** (\$4,650).



ALAN TUDYK studied at Juilliard—no wonder his Broadway résumé is so impressive. He even won an award for best New York stage debut in 1997. His big-screen career took off when he played a coke addict in *28 Days* and got medieval in *A Knight's Tale*. That's when the fun began. This summer he's in *Dodgeball: A True Underdog Story* with Ben Stiller and *I, Robot* with Will Smith.

His leather jacket (\$1,495), tank top (\$155) and trousers (\$310) are by DSQUARED2. His drinking buddy's dress is by GF FERRE (\$350).



ALEXI YULISH is currently starring in the L.A. stage production of the Sam Shepard play *True West*. Later this year you'll be able to spot him in *This Girl's Life* with Rosario Dawson. He grew up in New York City with his artist mom. "As a kid I watched my mom paint," he says, "and saw her go to a special place. As an actor I'm grateful to have found that special place for myself. To have my passion match my career is amazing." We hear you.

His suede jacket (\$2,900), silk polo shirt (\$670) and five-pocket jeans (\$295) are all by STEFANO RICCI. The topstitching gives the jacket a sporty, less conservative effect.

RILEY SMITH has one of the Olsen twins fawning all over him in their latest movie, *New York Minute*, released this month. We're pretty sure it's Ashley giving him the eye, but don't take our word for it. Smooching with the Olsens more than makes up for the twinless turn he took in his first major role, the bad high school jock turned good in *Radio*. Kiefer Sutherland also pursued Smith—on TV's *24*.

His silk knit shirt is by **VERSUS** (\$345). The top has a passementerie neck—it's like built-in rope necklaces.





MATTHEW CAREY has been acting professionally since he was 11. He found a foothold in Tinseltown with roles in *Old School* and *The Banger Sisters*, but he's really hitting the big time now. Three major pictures will project Carey onto cinema screens this year as he stars with Courtney Cox Arquette in *November*, Sigourney Weaver in *Imaginary Heroes* and Robert "Freddy" Englund in *2001 Maniacs*.

2004 SL500 Roadster by Mercedes-Benz

He's in a jacket by ENNIO CAPASA FOR COSTUME NATIONAL HOMME (\$1,900), a shirt by PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND (\$165) and pants by DSQUARED2 (\$310). Her dress is by ZANG TOI (\$4,000).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143



"Apparently the open house is tomorrow."

Centerfolds On Sex

ORAL EXAM

When a man goes down below, he should try to spell out the ABCs on a woman's most sensitive region. Some guys like to wander around with their tongues because they think it turns a woman on. Here's the truth: They should get to the clitoris and just stay there. It's also nice if they sing and hum, which adds vibration to the area. Alternate between using the tip of the tongue and sucking. Not too hard, though. I like when a man combines this approach with a creative use of his fingers. It's bound to get any woman off.



Angela Melini

HOW TO BE A PICKUP ARTIST

Picking up a woman is tricky. I often feel that if I weren't in the room, the guy would just be hitting on some other woman. So many pickup lines are cheesy. For instance, "What's your sign?" is really annoying. I once wore a pair of jeans to a Vegas nightclub. A guy walked up to me and said, "You put the 0 in the 501." I looked at him and just laughed. The one I really hate is "You have the most beautiful eyes." One guy even told me I had the most beautiful green eyes he'd ever seen. I said, "Oh really? Because they're brown." The eye line is the worst because it's so common. I don't think men are really looking at my eyes. They're looking below my chin and above my belly button. I may dress sexy by showing cleavage, and I expect men to look. But I don't want all their attention focused there. I prefer a direct approach, like "Hi, I think you're really pretty, and I'd love to buy you a drink." A guy has to prove that he's not too aggressive but very sure of himself. That's a turn-on.





Matthew Perry

20Q

The ex-Friend is going *The Whole Ten Yards* to make sure you'll see him somewhere besides reruns

1

PLAYBOY: Now that *Friends* is over, what would you have had Chandler do differently?

PERRY: I would have had him rethink the sweater-vests.

2

PLAYBOY: Listen closely and you can actually hear the ulcers perforating at NBC over the prospect of a *Friends*-free Thursday night. Can you name all the failed must-see wannabes?

PERRY: I'll do my best. There have been about 20 of them. *Coupling*, of course. *Boston Common*. And *Pig Sty* on UPN, which I auditioned for and did not get. Nobody can find the "new *Friends*" because, for lack of a better word, magic occurred in 1994 when these producers and this cast were put together. It's luck—and timing. *Friends* was my sixth television show, and I think it was Jennifer Aniston's seventh. Two weeks before I shot *Friends* I had no money, and I did a pilot called *LAX 2194*. It was about baggage handlers in the year 2194, and my job on the show was sorting aliens' luggage. Two weeks later I was playing Chandler.

3

PLAYBOY: You were raised in Canada. What are trips home like for you now? Has anything been named after you?

PERRY: Yes, the Toronto Blue Jays are now called the Toronto Perrys. For the most part trips back have an initial kind of strangeness with my buddies, and then 10 minutes later we're right back where we were. My pals don't care that I'm in people's living rooms on TV. I can just hang—and that's nice.

4

PLAYBOY: So who are funnier, Americans or Canadians?

PERRY: I think ordinary, everyday peo-

ple in Canada are funnier than people in the U.S. Canadians have a certain dry humor. Maybe it's so cold up there that we have to be funny, but everyone, even the bank teller, can make you laugh. That's why we have the Jim Carreys and Mike Myerses and Michael J. Foxes. I think their success has a lot to do with the fact that they're Canadian.

5

PLAYBOY: You attended a private boys' school in Ottawa. What did you learn there that you wouldn't have learned in public school?

PERRY: The desire to have women around, always.

6

PLAYBOY: Did you get hazed much?

PERRY: I was a pretty popular kid, but when I needed a defense mechanism, I had one: If anybody got really mad at me in school, I would just try to make them laugh. I had a little trick—if somebody was coming at me on the sidewalk, I would trip over the curb and the guy would just laugh and walk away. It's a defense mechanism that I'm trying to get away from now, by the way.

7

PLAYBOY: The show has made you insanely rich. You were in the *Forbes* top 100 celebrities last year.

PERRY: I believe I was actually number 25. I was surprised to see Bruce Springsteen at 26. That was a very surreal moment for me. Britney Spears was number one the year before and then wasn't on the list. That was odd. It suggests how strange the list is.

8

PLAYBOY: Who can you now get on the phone that you couldn't if you hadn't been on *Friends* for the past 10 years?

PERRY: Short of the president of the

United States, just about anyone. If I placed a call to Tom Hanks, it would probably get returned eventually. That's very interesting. I placed a call to Steve Martin a few weeks ago, and he called me back after about 20 minutes. That's not normal. There's a lot of giggling under my blanket about what I'm able to do now, and I have taken advantage of those things. I can say to a group of people, "I want to see the French Open. Let's go to Paris tomorrow." And that's amazing. But in order to stay sane, I have to *realize* that it's amazing. I realize I won the lottery.

9

PLAYBOY: You were a top-ranked junior tennis player. Who was your favorite pro?

PERRY: Jimmy Connors, my favorite athlete of all time. I love McEnroe, but I was always a Connors guy. I had the same temperament as Connors when I was a kid—and the same bad haircut.

10

PLAYBOY: Which female tennis players do you like to watch?

PERRY: I have to say Jen Capriati, of course, because I'm friends with her, and that changes everything. I mean, there are pictures of me having mental breakdowns while cheering her matches. I was with her seconds after her big semifinals loss at the U.S. Open. I said, "The only way you can handle this is to go into the press conference and make a joke." So when the reporter asked, "How do you feel?" she said, "What do you mean? I won, didn't I?" It's also fun to watch the players who are just beautiful athletes. Jelena Dokic, of course, is great-looking. And it's awfully nice that they wear those outfits for me.

11

PLAYBOY: What is must-see TV for Matthew Perry? (concluded on page 157)

INSIDE PAM

Any star can take it off. Superstar glamour icon Pam Anderson opens up

Pamela Anderson is lounging in the backyard of her beach house in Malibu, California. She got home late last night from Las Vegas, where she attended her friend Elton John's extravaganza, in which he performs "The Bitch Is Back" in front of a 30-foot-tall screen that shows Pam pole dancing.

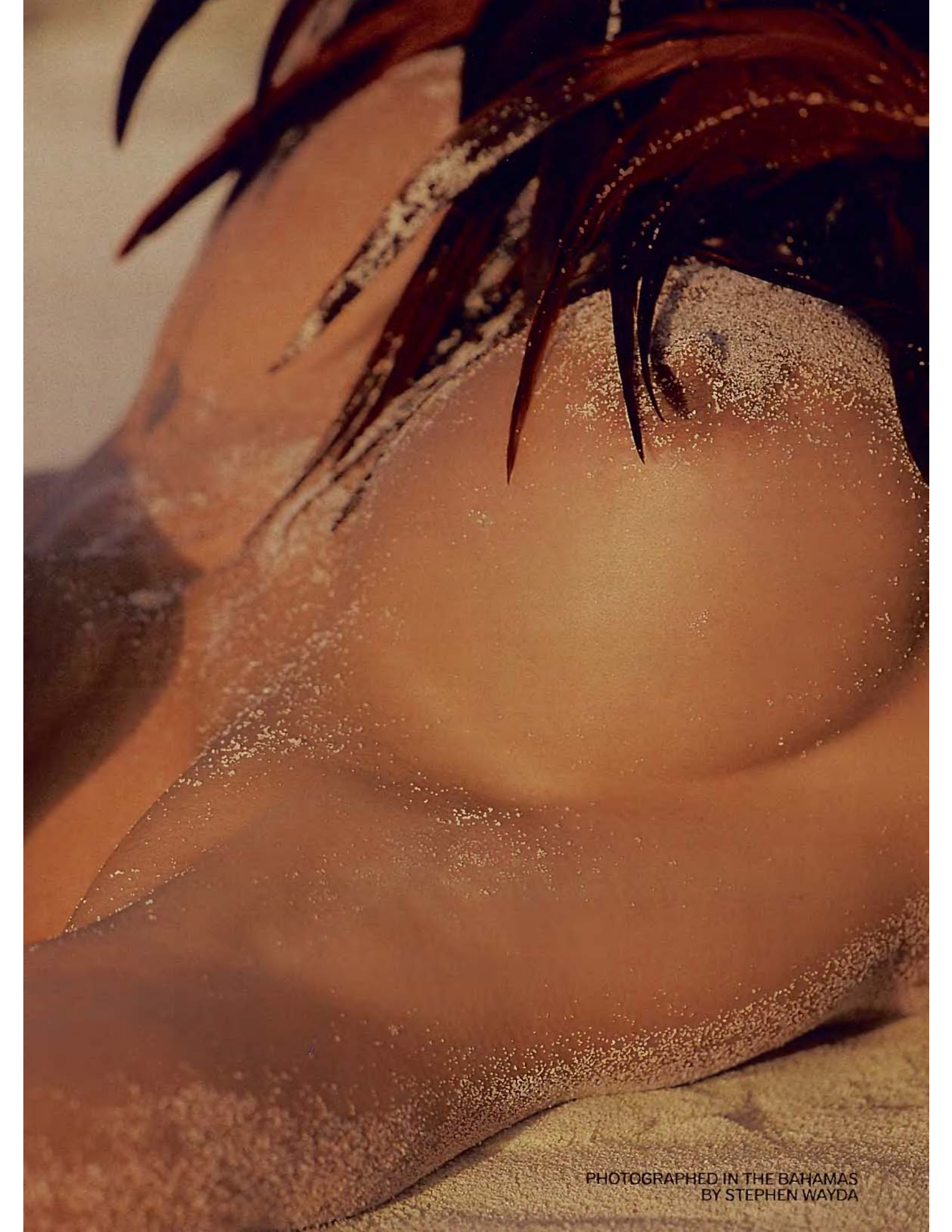
That's just one place she is appearing

these days. She has one of the web's most visited sites (pamelaanderson.com), and the cartoon series she created with Marvel Comics legend Stan Lee, *Stripperella*, depicts Pam as a superheroine who can cut glass with her nipples. A devout vegetarian and animal-rights activist, Pam also recently appeared in a pro-vegetarian ad wearing a bikini made

of lettuce, which caused even devoted carnivores to crave salad.

Pam is single and spends much of her time doting on her two children with ex-husband Tommy Lee, but she's also busy with a new clothing line, for which she recently shot a catalog. "It was very strange having to keep my clothes *on*," she explains. "My





PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE BAHAMAS
BY STEPHEN WAYDA



instinct is to fling them off." Thankfully she reserved that pleasure for us—in this, her ninth pictorial for *PLAYBOY*. She also breaks her own record for the most covers in the magazine's 50 years. Editor David Sheff got the latest from America's greatest glamour queen.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean to you that this is your 11th time on our cover?

ANDERSON: I love that I can still do it, especially because some people don't approve. After all these years people are still hung up about it. Look at the reaction to Janet Jackson's nipple.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by that reaction?

ANDERSON: I understand that you aren't expecting to see a breast while you're watching the Super Bowl, but I don't understand the outrage—the fainting, the "My god, I'll never be able to have sex with my husband again" and "My kids are destroyed." Over a nipple? Come on. It's got to be the Bible Belt people, for whom everything about sex is repressed. When people pretend that sexuality isn't a part of our lives, the ugly stuff comes out. I've never understood why our children can see violence but not sexuality. *Lord of the Rings* is fine but not *Lord of the Nipple Rings*.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever experienced a wardrobe malfunction?

ANDERSON: Everything is always popping off me. Clothes and I are like two magnets opposing each other. Many times it could have been my Janet Jackson moment, though without the nipple ring.

PLAYBOY: You don't go for that?

ANDERSON: Tommy used to tell me to get my nipples pierced, but no way. He talked me into too many tattoos as it is.

PLAYBOY: Your divorce from Lee was well covered in the press. Some people can't understand how, after all that, you claim that the two of you are still good friends.

ANDERSON: We are good friends. We'll always love each other, plus we have a connection with our children that we take seriously. It's true that there was a time when I had to stand up to him for myself and the children, but he loves me for it. We're there for each other. It makes it tough for anybody else who comes into my life.

PLAYBOY: Is that what got in the way of your relationship with Kid Rock?

ANDERSON: If I'm going to be with someone, he has to bring stability to my life, not the opposite. Being on tour with someone isn't good for my health, and I just had to make a choice. I adore Kid Rock, but I'm better off being on my own here in Malibu.

PLAYBOY: After your experience of having the private sex video of you and









"I like doing photo shoots," says Pom. "I guess I'm a bit of an exhibitionist. I'm a ho in front of the camera, but I'm not really into seeing the final product. I never want to see the pictures. It's funny, since I like doing them. I don't have my PLAYBOY covers. I don't have anything. I hope my mom does."



Tommy released to the public, do you have any advice for Paris Hilton, who is also featured in a stolen sex tape?

ANDERSON: She should have kept her shoes on.

PLAYBOY: Is another lesson not to tape yourself?

ANDERSON: Not at all. What people do in private is their own business. It's fun to tape yourself. Put these things in perspective. Save your energy for caring about the important things.

PLAYBOY: Such as, we imagine, learning that you have hepatitis C. Were you devastated?

ANDERSON: At first. When the doctor told me, I said, "Okay, how do I get rid of it?" And he said, "You can't get rid of it. This is something you could die from." I would think of my kids and break into tears. Since then I've learned about the disease. They grade the liver from zero, which is healthy, to four, which is cirrhosis. I'm a one, so for now I'm fine.

PLAYBOY: Are you getting treatments?

ANDERSON: Only homeopathic medicine. If I were in a later stage, I don't know what I would do. They use interferon, which can have great results. But I'm not big into Western medicine. I don't even like to take Tylenol. If it got really bad, I don't know if I could get a liver transplant. I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you contracted it from Lee when you shared a tattoo needle.

ANDERSON: We don't really know, but it's very hard to get. You can't get it through sex unless there's blood-to-blood contact. It's usually through drug use or tattoo needles. I've tried to bring awareness to the disease and let people know that it doesn't discriminate. Kings and queens and bums and addicts and rock stars and actresses all have this. So I just take care of myself and keep my immune system strong. Since I've had kids, I've been uninterested in partying much. Usually I'm in bed with the boys at nine, though Elton's show was an exception.

PLAYBOY: We wouldn't mind seeing a 30-foot-tall screen of you pole dancing. How was it for you?

ANDERSON: I sat in the front row, and Elton was singing right to me. We've had some great fun. For one of his birthdays I wore a strawberry bikini and carried in a strawberry cake. And he kissed me. He actually stuck his tongue down my throat, which you wouldn't expect from Elton John.

PLAYBOY: What inspired *Stripperella*?

ANDERSON: Stan Lee and I wanted to do a sexy, campy cartoon. She's a stripper at night and a superhero later at night. It's just one of the things I've been doing. I also have the clothing line,





which is 100 percent cruelty-free—no animal products, no animal testing, nonleather. I like that I can do so many different things, from helping educate people about the cruel way we treat animals to writing a column for women's magazines to posing nude in PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: Most women who are lusted after by men are loathed by other women. And yet you write a column for *Jane*, a women's magazine.

ANDERSON: When I did TV shows and movies, the studios did demographic research. They were shocked to find that my audience isn't just men who are too drunk to turn off the TV after football. It's women, too. I don't know

exactly why, other than that I've tried to remain true to myself for all these years. I have gone through a lot, and I've been open about it. Maybe they look at me and can see how you can grow up, have children, continue to be sexy, get married and divorced and, though you grew up poor, live the American dream. I'm very blessed. I'm happy for it all.

PLAYBOY: Even for the painful times?

ANDERSON: Absolutely. Pain just gets you to yourself faster. I look around and see that I've made good choices. My kids are happy, and we're sitting here in my dream house on the beach. Hopefully I went through it all

with some grace and dignity.

PLAYBOY: You recently asked, "How long does it take to become a virgin again?" Are you trying?

ANDERSON: Yeah. How long does it take? I must almost be there.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss sex?

ANDERSON: It's just not at the top of my list. I'm sure it will be shortly, but I've had enough sex for a while. Who knows what will happen? If I don't have a relationship until my kids are 18, that's okay with me. That's not where my head is at right now. I'm content doing exactly what I'm doing. I'm 36 and I'm on the cover of PLAYBOY. That's not too bad, is it?



DISHONOR (continued from page 112)

The street was shrouded in smoke, slick with blood. The Iraqis weren't so much shot as shredded.

Iraq war was near, B Company geared up, strapped on extra ammunition and headed to what the soldiers called "ambush alley," an eight-lane intersection on the east side of the Baghdad airport, where U.S. troops and convoys faced a near-constant barrage from rooftop snipers. "We heard there were 50 Syrian fighters up there, and we went to take the knuckleheads out," recalls Sergeant Frank Linda, a member of B Company's second platoon and a close friend of Davis's. "It seemed like it was always B Company cleaning up other people's messes. Other companies would just roll through these places, but if we were getting shot at we'd stop and level everything in a four-block radius—we didn't fuck around in B Company."

The firefight that followed lasted five hours and would turn out to be one of the most hellish and controversial engagements of the war. The fighting began as the formation of Abrams tanks and Bradley Fighting Vehicles swung into the street, where a tank gunner had spotted snipers on the roof of a tall office building at the northern end of the intersection. The gunner fired a 120-millimeter shell, and the wind force it generated as it hurtled through the air blew out all the windows along the street. The round struck the office building, pulverizing the middle stories. The enemy fighters on top of the building were blown into the air and then were sucked back down into the flaming rubble.

A second or two passed in silence. Then the entire street exploded with gunfire. Bullets and rocket-propelled grenades struck the convoy from every direction. Sitting in their Bradleys, the men watched the metal armor dent inward from direct hits by RPGs. "Holy fuck!" one of them cried out, his voice drowned by the deafening explosions. Trapped inside the hot metal interior, sandwiched together on narrow seats illuminated by the glow of LED lights, the men looked wide-eyed at one another and wondered if the armor would hold.

The American vehicles opened fire, pumping rounds into every building in the intersection. The Bradley gunners—one of whom was Private First Class Jacob Burgoyne, a 24-year-old from Middleburg, Florida—entered the street. With the 25-millimeter Bushmaster cannon clicked on autofire, Burgoyne and the others unloaded a

barrage of 200 rounds a minute. Iraqis at close range hid behind cars and bunkers that offered no protection from these armor-piercing, depleted-uranium rounds, which were designed to penetrate tanks. The Iraqis weren't so much shot as shredded, sliced to pieces.

After several minutes of steady firing, the commanders ordered a "hold fire." The street was shrouded in smoke, slick with blood and body parts. "You saw legs, arms and just meat," one soldier says. "There was—I don't know what it was. It looked like a big steak stuck to the side of our Bradley, and later we had to peel it off.... We took a picture, though."

"Dismount left!" shouted the commander in Davis's Bradley. The six-man squad released the gangplank and sprinted to their left, into the rubble of the nearest house.

As they assessed what remained of the office building, a suicide attacker wearing an explosive vest ran toward a squad farther up the street; he detonated himself before reaching the squad, but shrapnel struck a captain in his arm and hand. "That's when the gloves came off," one soldier reportedly said afterward. All combatants taken prisoner were thenceforth treated as potential suicide bombers. According to an Army investigation, the battle's field colonel, after smoking two cigars during the fight, aimed his pistol at a combatant lying on the ground whom he suspected (falsely) of concealing a live grenade and shot him. (An investigation into the shooting was reopened in February.)

The Army has not released Iraqi casualty reports, but it's estimated as many as 100 enemy died during this exchange, and bodies were reported to be "piled in the streets." The hours following the initial gunfight saw such carnage that the men of B Company were calling ambush alley "the midtown massacre."

Late in the day Davis and his team buddy, Specialist Greg Pruitt, were paired on a house-to-house search. The two were momentarily separated as Davis climbed a wrecked staircase with two other men while Pruitt guarded the front door. A second team, made up of Woodcoff and another man, went down to a dark basement flooded knee-deep with water. From his position Pruitt could hear shots coming from above and below. Suddenly an Iraqi whom

Woodcoff had injured crawled out from a basement window. Pruitt shot him twice with his SAW, a light machine gun capable of firing 750 rounds a minute. A few moments later Woodcoff returned from the basement, pushing two prisoners in front of him.

"I guess Woodcoff made them strip, because one of them had no pants, and the other guy was buck naked," says Pruitt. "The one with no pants, he'd had his arm blown off from a Bradley round. Richard came down and the sergeant told us to guard them, so we punched them to the ground." Then Davis did something strange, according to Pruitt. Whether the madness of the moment brought on a primal response in Davis or he was simply enjoying the prerogative of the conqueror, he "messed with the guy's shoulder and dug his hand inside the wound" as Pruitt watched.

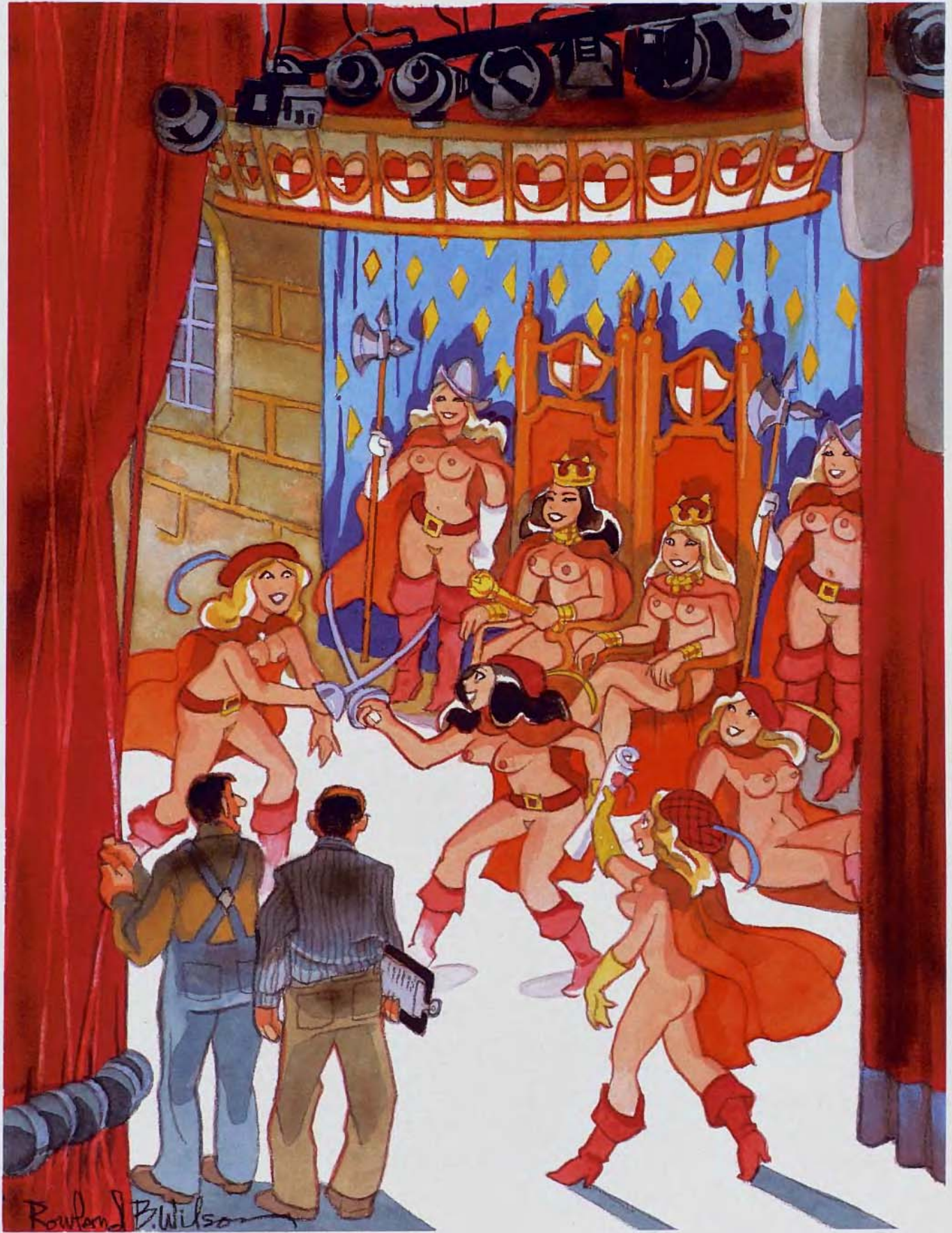
"Fuck you, you Iraqi puke," Davis screamed, according to Pruitt, spitting on the wounded soldier. "I should kill you, you puke!"

Later, back at Fort Benning, attempting to put Davis's behavior in context, a soldier who spoke on the condition of anonymity said, "You know, it's not like what they tell you, the Geneva Convention and all that. When you're in a fight, you don't try to take prisoners or help the wounded. You finish people and keep moving. *Tap-tap*, two in the chest. At least that's how we did it." Still, of the four Iraqi POWs who survived the midtown massacre, two were under Davis's watch.

B Company's next mission was to guard more than 30 tractor trailers packed with rockets, ammunition and high explosives that the departing government had left parked in the middle of Baghdad. For the next several days Davis's platoon had orders to protect this cache from suicide attackers. The men cordoned off the area and took up positions on the roofs of the surrounding buildings. The job: Create a perimeter around the vehicles and disable any car that passes the safety zone.

"If a car had hit a truck, it would have blown up the entire area," says Specialist Donald Duncan, 27, who was stationed on a roof adjacent to Davis's. "We'd all be dead."

The days on the roof passed slowly. The soldiers watched the street below and waited. Then the first car approached. A blue sedan ignored their warning shots and sped straight toward the parked trucks, at which point Davis's and Duncan's squads opened fire. Their M16 rounds perforated the car's sheet metal roof, blew through the occupants and exited the other side. They would continue to shoot at a steady trickle of vehicles—sometimes



"Ordinarily I don't like Shakespeare!"

one, sometimes two a day—and remained edgy from hearing radio reports of more soldiers killed by suicide bombs.

"There were women and children in those cars sometimes, and you wondered if they didn't know what was going on when they heard the shots and just kept going or if they really were trying to get us," says Duncan. At that post for a week, he estimates that he went through eight magazines and that Davis, who had reason to fire more often, went through 11 or 12—more than 330 rounds.

When a car stopped moving "we just left them there," a soldier in Davis's squad recalls. "What was there to check? Everybody inside was dead. People would come and take out their relatives or whatever."

OCCUPATION

On May 1 President Bush declared victory from aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Abraham Lincoln*. For the next two months the men of B Company remained in and around Baghdad. They constructed a temporary base in the rear buildings of a technical college. At the entrance was an Iraqi skull that Davis had stuck a knife into and mounted on a stick as a kind of mascot. "We saw it

every day," recalls Pruitt, "but nobody wanted to take it down. The officers weren't going to take it down, man. They didn't even come back there. They were scared of us."

The Bradleys were "total wrecks," one soldier recalls. Nerves were fraying. Morale had slipped. The euphoria of conquest had given way to the dispiriting reality of occupation: having to carry 60 pounds of gear and protective armor for eight-hour patrols day after day. Rations were short, so two men had to share one ready-to-eat meal. They were fatigued, hungry, 15 or 20 pounds lighter than they were before the invasion and shrouded in dirt—their last hot shower was a lifetime ago, in Kuwait.

The men of Company B patrolled dusty streets lined with high cement walls behind which lurked both curious children and dangerous snipers. Davis took his usual place in their snaky single file, third of seven, as they looked for "suspicious shit," especially weapons and fedayeen, the elite Iraqi fighters. Nearly every day the platoon would find weapons caches—a crate of 20 rifles lying in an alleyway, a box of grenades under a tree. In a school gymnasium they found machine guns

neatly stacked from floor to ceiling.

The Iraqi leadership "left hoping the people would take up arms," says a soldier who was there. "It's a damn good thing they didn't, or a lot more of us would be dead."

Going from house to house presented temptations for the Americans, especially when the homes belonged to Saddam's family or members of his regime. Some men took small weapons, knives, night-vision goggles, silver, gold, cash, jewels—whatever they could find and fit in their pockets.

One day at a crowded corner near a marketplace, Davis's squad approached a cluster of older Iraqis and asked, "Fedayeen? Fedayeen?" A frail white-haired man wearing a turban spoke English, and he began to reveal the location of a fedayeen group nearby. Before he could finish, a young man in Western clothes ran over and berated him in Arabic, struck the man as if to silence him, then took off running in the opposite direction. "We shot that idiot in the leg," Duncan recalls, "then dragged him back to the Bradley," where he was hog-tied and thrown in the hatch. "Can you imagine looking up in that dark, tight space and all you see are seven American soldiers staring down at you?" The entire squad "waled on him pretty good," kicking and smashing him on the floor of the Bradley. They dropped him, still hog-tied, at a meeting point for military intelligence to pick up. As the prisoner lay there Davis poked him, pretending to be a medic. "Does this hurt here?" Davis asked. "Yes, yes, it hurts," said the Iraqi. "What about here? Does this hurt? How about here? Here? Here?" One soldier recalls, "He kept poking that guy." He laughs at the recollection. "Yeah, Richard was an idiot."

As conditions worsened, Davis "started isolating himself from the platoon," says one soldier who knew him, speaking on the condition of anonymity. "It wasn't like we hated him or anything—he just became a loner." He was always running off somewhere. Recalls Pruitt, "You could never find him when you needed to, because he never hung around. He always went out looking for stuff."

Davis's solo raids were annoying, but ever the resourceful soldier, he always returned with useful items—hoses and clamps to improvise a shower system, Iraqi flags, swords, AK-47s. One day, searching an underground palace, Davis found a bathroom richly appointed with pink-marble sinks, a solid-gold toilet and a silver tissue box encrusted with jewels. "He said he wanted to try to take the toilet," recalls his friend Sergeant Linda, "but the captain came along and said no." Davis took the jeweled tissue box instead. Duncan recalls his reaction: "Whoa! That's nice. Where'd you get it?" Davis squirreled his souvenir away; it was the last time anyone reported seeing it.



"She's the new antidepressant his doctor prescribed."

On May 5 Richard Davis called home and spoke to his father for half an hour. He was in a good mood, Lanny recalls, because he believed he'd be coming home soon. "He was looking forward to working on his car."

Fifteen days later something had clearly gone wrong. Davis borrowed a cell phone from a reservist. The excitement that had characterized his early calls home was now gone, replaced by terror and anguish. "Dad, you gotta get me out of here," Richard said. He was crying. Lanny said he couldn't do that. "If I had, Richard would never have forgiven me. I figured he was going to have to work it through." But the call haunts Lanny; he would hear it in his head over and over and try to discern in his son's jumbled plea the exact nature of his distress. "He said he was afraid of everybody, that he couldn't trust nobody. I don't know if he was talking about the Iraqis or his own people, but he was scared."

Six weeks passed, and finally, during the first week of July 2003, the men of B Company were sent back to Kuwait to be decommissioned en route to the States. They weren't treated to a welcoming reception. "When we got back to Kuwait," says Duncan, "we all walked into the chow hall together, with our dirty uniforms, looking all banged up. It was like a movie. Everybody stopped eating and stared. Nobody would talk to us. They were told to stay away from us. They said we were crazy murderers and rapists." Duncan pauses and looks at his hands. "Well, I can see the murder part, seeing as how we did kill a lot of people."

The men were supposed to relax in the relative safety of the rear camp in Kuwait and "get out of God mode, where we could kill anyone," one soldier recalls. But the hot tents and close quarters, combined with the sudden absence of an enemy toward which they could channel their aggression, had the opposite effect, and the men took to fighting among themselves. "Everyone fought in the

desert," says one soldier. "People were getting into it all the time. It was a pretty bad scene."

According to Lanny, Richard confided in a friend in Kuwait, a medic named Edward Wolf. "Don't mention this to anyone," Davis pleaded before showing Wolf his hand. It had been deeply punctured by a knife, the wound still open. Wolf applied a bandage. Richard told Wolf—according to Lanny, who had spoken with Army investigators—that the stabbing had been "a gang-related ritual" he'd suffered at the hands of two fellow soldiers in his platoon: Alberto Martinez, 23, a father of two from Oceanside, California, and Mario Navarrete, 24, of San Juan, Puerto Rico—buddies who were always seen together. The two were thought of as reliable and levelheaded soldiers, but Martinez had a reputation as a gangbanger. "He bragged about having greased people before joining the military," says a B Company soldier. Greg Pruitt recalls an incident in Iraq that took place when he and Martinez returned to the makeshift base after guarding a shopping mall. Martinez was lewdly rocking his hips, Pruitt says, and holding his hands as if he were grabbing a woman's waist.

"I know you did something, or you wouldn't be smiling," Pruitt said. Martinez hesitated, then responded that he and Navarrete had just "fucked two Iraqi girls" in the shopping center. "I bet you didn't use a condom," Pruitt said. Martinez said he had, but Pruitt didn't believe him. He did not think much about this conversation until many months later.

FORT BENNING

B Company reassembled at Fort Benning, its home post, bound on one side by Victory Drive, a six-lane wasteland of used-car lots, tattoo parlors and strip clubs near the small town of Columbus. Later, those who knew Richard Davis and Jacob Burgoyne would remark that it was strange these men didn't head

their separate ways once they returned, for they disliked each other from the instant they met. They had a lot in common—both were raised by idealized soldier fathers and had grown up in the shadows of their fathers' exploits—but perhaps they were too similar to be friends. When they met at Fort Benning in early January 2002, each was busy proving to his drinking buddies that he was capable of screwing around with the military's restrictions. Davis climbed a balcony railing, leaped to a narrow ledge and playacted a suicide. "I can't take it anymore," he shouted, laughing. "I'm going to end it."

Burgoyne, who had struggled with depression and suicidal thoughts, was not amused. He told Davis to get the hell down or he'd "smoke his ass." Davis laughed, jumped down from the railing, got right in Burgoyne's face and laughed again, and he continued to laugh as Burgoyne grew livid and then sucker punched him.

Burgoyne is over six feet tall, thick in the chest and back with a boxer's rounded shoulders. In fact, brawling was his specialty: He fought at every opportunity, never lost and once punched a fellow soldier so hard the man fell into a coma. "Burgoyne was a friend of mine," one soldier says, "but he was pretty erratic. He could flip on you quick, so you tried to stay on his good side."

"Everyone was afraid of Burgoyne," Linda says. "But Richard wasn't."

Davis and Burgoyne were assigned to live across from each other and share a bathroom in Fort Benning's dormitory-style living quarters. Burgoyne had flown back from Kuwait two days before Davis. He'd come home a deeply troubled man, having attempted suicide on July 5 while in Kuwait. Army medical records uncovered by United Press International show that Burgoyne had expressed "homicidal and suicidal" thinking and been diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder.

"Patient views his role in killing enemy



soldiers in a poor light, inquiring if he should feel like a murderer," according to a hospital note written in Kuwait on July 7. Army counselors ordered that Burgoyne be kept under watch at all times and not be allowed near a weapon. Back at Fort Benning, though, a different conclusion was reached. After a 40-minute interview in which Burgoyne said he was feeling better, he was released to do as he pleased, which included going out drinking at a strip club with Davis, Navarrete, Woodcoff and Martinez.

PART II: FOUND

By mid-August, back in St. Charles, Missouri, Lanny and Remy were growing frantic; an entire month had passed without any word from their son. Lanny abandoned his gravel-hauling business to devote himself to the search. The first step, he knew, was critical: convincing the military to list his son as a missing person rather than AWOL. The distinction is an important one. Missing-persons cases are investigated—they are entered into a national database that distributes information to police departments across the country—whereas AWOL cases are not. The Army doesn't chase AWOL soldiers. After dozens of phone calls, Lanny, exasperated, told his wife, "I think I better go down there, because they're not giving me any information whatsoever on the phone."

If I surprise them, maybe they won't give me a line of crap, Lanny thought to himself on the afternoon of August 19, 2003 as he got into his truck and headed east. All he wanted, he kept telling himself, was a level playing field. "Fair is fair," he likes to say. "I'm not looking for special treatment because I'm a veteran, but I don't like it when people treat me like they don't have to bother. Hell, I'm educated. I'm not dumb. Some people act like because you were in the military you're stupid."

Lanny had grown up dirt poor, the son of a sharecropper, living in a rickety shack on the Arkansas plains, eating peanuts out of the ground, hunting and fishing for food. He was one of 10 kids, four of whom joined the military. The Army helped him climb into the middle class, but the journey left him sensitive to inequality. He spoke out often, his demands for fairness articulated in a hoarse and scratchy voice, a condition resulting from an encounter with a Viet Cong soldier who jammed a rifle butt into Lanny's trachea, crushing his vocal cords. Lanny shot the man at close range, killing him.

At the Fort Benning checkpoint Lanny flashed his retired-military ID and was waved through. He tracked down First Sergeant Sabala, his son's superior officer, but got nowhere. He asked Sabala for someone who might have been "close with his son," but the sergeant told him,

"Richard was a loner. No one really knew him. He kept to himself, so I don't think there's anyone here who could tell you much. I myself hardly knew him. I was pretty new to this platoon. We're doing all we can to find him, though."

At these words, Lanny boiled over. "I don't know what you're trying to pull, First Sergeant, but I'm retired military police—I know the situations. If my son was the worst guy in the battalion, he would be known as the worst guy in the battalion, *but he would be known.*"

Lanny stayed in a hotel room near Fort Benning and spent the next three days canvassing every authority and every department at the post. He slammed into one bureaucratic brick wall after another. He asked to see if his son's bank account had been tapped, and no one called him back. He went to the personnel office to see his son's effects, looking "for simple things...maybe evidence of what happened to him or where he might have went." The presiding officer told him it would be an invasion of privacy. "Well, *I am his father,*" Lanny replied. "I'm not going to take anything." Increasingly frustrated, Lanny went "off-post" to the Columbus police station, where he tried to file a missing-persons report. The desk officer was sympathetic but told him that only the military handles military-related issues.

Lanny drove home in a state of deep despair. Groping for a plausible explanation, he surmised that Richard might have developed post-traumatic stress disorder, from which Lanny himself has suffered since Vietnam. "Maybe he had a touch of amnesia or a blackout or something and just kind of wandered away," he told his wife. This was a thin theory, Lanny knew, but at least it was somewhat optimistic and comforting. In his gut, however, he felt that the truth was far worse. As he steered his pickup onto the highway, back toward Missouri, one conclusion kept pushing the others aside: Richard is probably dead.

On September 8 Lanny called his congressman, Kenny Hulshof, and got results. The congressman contacted the office of Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, demanding that the Department of Defense investigate the disappearance of Richard Davis. By September 16 an inquiry had been launched. Army detectives began interviewing the men in Davis's platoon.

The men of B Company stonewalled. Nobody knew where Davis was. But when detectives began to cross-examine them more seriously, threatening jail time if the men withheld information, there was a break in the case. A single soldier came forward and repeated the rumor he had been hearing for weeks: Four men—Burgoyne, Martinez, Navarrete and Woodcoff—had left Davis lying in the woods near the 4400 block of Milgen Road.



MILGEN ROAD

During working hours there are only two reasons to drive to the 4400 block of Milgen Road, a two-lane street intersecting Manchester Expressway, one of Columbus's busiest strips: to look for a bed or a weapon. The mattress store (DOUBLES ARE ONLY \$99) is next to a gun store and range called Shooters. Both businesses have small parking lots in front, but when these are filled customers park across the street on a gravel shoulder about as wide as three vehicles and twice as long. At night this part of Milgen Road is dark and quiet, and the wooded area behind the gravel shoulder, though only 100 yards deep, can seem like the most secluded place on earth.

"We came up here, and the funny thing is, we started seeing bones, little bones along the pathway as we were walking up—even before we got to the corpse," says Detective Bernard Spicer of the Columbus Police Department. "There was a piece of a leg, a thigh bone here, a bone there. The torso and head were lying there, next to that log, and you can see the burn marks on the log from where they burned the body. That was all that was left of him—the head and the torso. The ribs and such, everything else, the animals got to and was scattered all around."

It's a month and a half later, and as Spicer walks the crime scene, the trees are bare and the ground strewn with garbage: a Budweiser can, a refrigerator, pieces of furniture. Peeking through the other side of the woods is the mowed lawn of a public park, a walking trail and a lake where a brood of ducks waddles and swims. "We found a knife at the scene and a set of keys, too," Spicer continues. "And there was some kind of cap—like a skullcap—on his head. I don't know why he would have been wearing that in the Georgia summer, so all I can assume is that they put it on him."

Spicer, who has spent 14 years with the Columbus Police Department, adds, "Sometimes you see that in a homicide, where the victim's face or head is covered. It's a sign that they cared for the victim, an expression of love or something like that. It's when they hate the victim that you find the face battered in or desecrated."

The same day the skeleton was discovered, military police arrested the four men of B Company while they were training at Fort Benning. They were delivered to the Columbus police for interrogation. Detective Drew Tyner, a 17-year veteran of the Columbus Police Department, took control of the case. A large man with a basketball player's build, Tyner speaks slowly and deliberately, as if inspecting every shade of meaning before allowing a word to leave his mouth. Tyner had already interviewed members of Davis's platoon and had heard stories about the fearsome

Burgoyne, but he was disappointed to find instead "your typical bully," puffed up with false bravado. Three days later, after questioning Burgoyne and Navarrete, Tyner appeared at the November 10 Recorders Court hearing to testify about how the men of B Company described what they had done to Specialist Richard Davis.

"Once they got outside into the parking lot, the guys were upset with Mr. Davis for getting them thrown out of the club," Tyner began his testimony, choosing his words carefully. "Mr. Burgoyne and Mr. Davis started striking one another and got into an argument in the parking lot. They got into the car that they had come in. They drove around for a bit. At that time they were all still arguing with Mr. Davis. They came to a location where he didn't know exactly where they were. The driver stopped the car, and they all got out."

The fighting continued. Burgoyne and Davis were duking it out; Navarrete joined in. All of a sudden, and with no apparent motive, Martinez pulled a knife with a three-inch blade, rushed Davis and stabbed him, at which point there was an emission of "frothy blood" from his side, Navarrete told police. Davis fell to the ground. According to Burgoyne's statement, he began to talk to Martinez, trying to get him to stop. Martinez refused. According to a lawyer close to the case, Burgoyne told Martinez it wasn't too late, that they could still take Davis to the hospital. He told Martinez to think of his family, his son. But Martinez continued to stab Davis. At this point, according to his statement, Burgoyne turned his back on Martinez and walked away as Martinez stabbed Davis over and over.

Navarrete's statement mirrors Burgoyne's up to this point but then differs. He said he tried to stop Martinez but that Burgoyne stepped between them, blocking his way. "He's got to do what he's got to do," Navarrete recalled Burgoyne saying. Then both Navarrete and Burgoyne turned away, allowing Martinez to continue the killing. (Woodcoff refused to make a statement, but Burgoyne and Navarrete agreed that Woodcoff had not taken part in the assault.)

According to police, Burgoyne and Navarrete said they, along with Martinez, then dragged Davis's body into the woods, near a fallen tree about 50 yards from the road. The four then drove to a nearby convenience store and gas station and purchased a container of lighter fluid. They returned to Davis's body. At this point lighter fluid was poured on Davis. Burgoyne struck a match and threw it down. Davis's body was engulfed in flames.

Burgoyne, according to his own admission, suggested to Martinez that he change the tires on his car and wash the interior. Three or four days later,



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planning to bury Davis, they returned to the scene minus Woodcoff, who couldn't be found. The ground was too hard for their shovels, they said, so they left the body lying in the weeds and returned to their post.

Davis's remains puzzled the coroner. "He'd been stabbed at least 32 or 33 times. That's what we counted on the bones," the coroner says. "But we didn't really count the legs—we concentrated on the torso and the head. He might have been stabbed a lot more than that, because we'd have no way of knowing about the fleshy parts of the body." But the coroner is sure of one thing: The coup de grâce had been a stab to the head that pierced Davis's skull. "It was over then for sure," he says. "I just can't see why anybody would do that to a fellow soldier."

THEORIES

Four against one. A bloodstained car. The more Lanny turned the story over in his mind, the more he became convinced that Burgoyne and Navarrete

were lying. There was only one version that made sense to Lanny: His son was jumped, ganged up on in the strip club parking lot by all four men and shoved, bleeding, into the car. "It doesn't make any sense otherwise. You're going to tell me that my son would willingly get into the car of someone he just fought?"

The way Lanny sees it, when the five soldiers pulled to the side of the road, four of them had already conspired to murder Davis. And Davis did not lie on the ground, quietly bleeding for 15 minutes while Burgoyne tried to persuade Martinez not to take Davis's life. Davis was restrained while Martinez repeatedly stabbed him. One law enforcement officer believes this version as well, especially considering Davis's physical condition. "I don't find it credible that the first stab wound would have put him down," he says. "Davis would still have been able to flee after one cut. Unless he was held down.

"He was fighting for his life," says Lanny, "and he was scared for his life. And these other three that were with

Martinez said they tried to stop Martinez several times by telling him not to do it. Well, I'm here to tell you straight up, that's not how you stop someone from either beating someone to death or stabbing them to death. You don't just stand there and say, 'Oh, I better stop it.' My god, there's a murder being committed."

On the last day of November an e-mail was posted on a conservative open-forum Internet site. It was addressed to Davis's cousin Jennifer Lapuz, who had built a website commemorating his life. The writer said he had heard at Fort Benning a "soldier stating that the reason your cousin was murdered was because he had some information on the suspected individuals who were involved in raping a young girl in Iraq and that your cousin was going to report them." The author of the e-mail, who remains anonymous, went on: "It sounded sensible to me, because I doubt that your cousin was killed over something as stupid as insulting a stripper in a nightclub."

A Columbus law enforcement official with knowledge of the case, speaking on the condition of anonymity, said he considered Burgoyne's and Navarrete's testimony "the biggest load of bull I've ever heard. But if that's the lie they want to tell, and it's still going to get them convicted, and we don't have nothing better, then that's what we go with." The official doesn't put much stock in Lanny's theories, however, dismissing them as Internet chatter. "It was probably over something stupid. They didn't like Davis to begin with—and to tell you the truth, it was easy for those guys to kill. They probably did it for the pleasure of it."

Still, the rape theory had been circulating in the platoon for some time, long before Lanny heard about the anonymous e-mail. One soldier says, "Even before we heard Richard's dad talk about that, me and some of my friends were saying that it might have been over an Iraqi girl."

But when Pruitt, Davis's team buddy, is asked about the theory that Davis had witnessed a rape involving Martinez and Navarrete and was killed because he planned to report it, his answer leaves no ambiguities. Sitting on his bunk at Fort Benning, disassembling his SAW, Pruitt says, "Even if he did see something extravagant like that, I don't think he would've cared too much about it. Not Richard."

Three of the men who on that warm July evening left the strip club with Richard Davis were charged with his murder. Martinez, Burgoyne and Navarrete were also accused of assault and armed robbery. Now, as the case winds its way through the courts, Lanny Davis feels he is close to cracking up. Conspiracies and hidden agendas pull



"How would you like to appear on a new reality show I'm developing? How it works is you and several other women will have sex with me. I won't bother you with the rest of the details."

on his mind. Why, he wonders, did First Sergeant Sabala lie to him, tell him that Davis was a loner, if he wasn't covering something up? Why did the Army send a lieutenant colonel to deliver the news of Davis's death when that job is normally reserved for a captain or a high lieutenant? When an old Army buddy recently called, a man Lanny had not heard from in 30 years, he felt "strange about that, too" and couldn't help but wonder "if he'd been asked to call me, you know, to keep an eye on me."

Troubling financial questions have yet to be answered. Davis's room was broken into after he was listed as AWOL (military police suspect one of the four defendants), and when Lanny received his son's effects nothing among them was of value—no jeweled tissue box, just a marble bathroom tile. According to Davis's bank statements, during his last afternoon alive he withdrew \$1,000 in two separate transactions from ATMs in Columbus—yet the receipts found in his room suggest he purchased only a pack of tube socks and a pair of shorts.

SQUARED AWAY

Richard Davis was laid to rest on December 13, the day before Saddam Hussein was discovered hiding in a hole. He was buried in a civilian cemetery in Sunset Hills Memorial Park in California—Lanny's decision—but the Army conducted the ceremony, with a 21-gun salute and all the pomp and ritual befitting the passing of a warrior.

Lanny refused to wear his uniform. "I should take it out and burn it," he says. He paid close attention to the proceedings. Several soldiers said kind things about Richard during the service. "He was resourceful" and "gave his last cigarette and meal away." He was "creative" and "reliable," and they told stories about how Richard jury-rigged a stove so the men could eat hot food. They said Richard always talked about going home and sharing his war stories with his father. Lanny felt these feel-good tales were patronizing, again believing he was being treated as a grieving father and not as a fellow soldier who knew something was amiss. He wanted to know what his son was really like in the field.

Lanny was even more bothered when Richard's captain called him a "brave and valiant soldier," because he knew the captain had never even met his boy.

At the conclusion of a military funeral, the bereaved are given a velvet-lined oak box containing a folded American flag. Tucked inside the folds are three live M16 cartridges: two for defending the flag against the enemy, one for yourself if you are about to be captured. Lanny was grateful for the flag, and he noticed it had been folded perfectly, every line taut and symmetrical, squared away. "It's got to be just right," he says,

"and those boys did a terrific job."

At the airport a security guard became alarmed by the bullets and reached for them before Lanny warned in his menacing croak, "Don't mess with that flag."

"I have to have those bullets, sir."

"No you don't, son."

Lanny's voice turned cold and threatening: "Keep your hands off that flag." The security guard stared at Lanny, who refused to concede. Lanny edged forward, putting himself within striking distance of the guard, and spoke. "That's all I've got left of my son," he said. "And right now you are desecrating his remains."



On a mild January day in St. Charles, Lanny unfurls the canvas dust shield covering his son's souped-up Honda. "She sure can scat," he says. He gestures to a few slight dents on the body panel of the car. Kneeling, he traces the contours of the metal. "You can see he got a couple of ouches here," Lanny says. "I was going to take them out, but now I think I might just leave them be. Because he did it.... Oh, I don't know."

In the basement of the Davis home, his son left behind five storage boxes of belongings. As Lanny opens one of the boxes, he takes a breath and says, "Boy, if he knew we were doing this, he'd say it was an invasion of his privacy. I never seen half this stuff."

He flips past piles of LPs, posters, Army recruiting magazines and military comic books, pausing when he comes across an orange fright wig. "Rich, what the hell you doing with this?" he says, full of mirth.

He lifts up a pair of black paratrooper boots and gives them a thorough examination. He inspects the density of the rubber sole, pushing his fingers into the leather and feeling its suppleness, then tugs on the laces. "Yeah, they got them speed laces on boots now.... Richard had wide feet, size 9EE. Had to have his boots special ordered."

At the bottom of the box is a framed three-by-five of Richard in what can be described only as a state of pure bliss. He's wearing a T-shirt and jeans and is sprawled on a couch, grinning widely. His eyes are half closed, and whipped cream is smeared across his lips, presumably applied by the busty naked woman who is leaning suggestively over him. "Pretty good-looking girl, Rich," Lanny says in his gravelly drawl. "Yeah, he's probably inebriated here. I remember after Bosnia they went over to Turkey for like two weeks. And he told me, 'Dad, the girls here let you do whatever you want.'"

Lanny pauses and smiles. "I told him, 'Yeah, son, I been in some countries like that too.'"



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THE BIG GUY

(continued from page 78)

agent called epitestosterone. Dr. Catlin informs Novitzky that sports dopers often take epitestosterone right before a drug test.

As White grows closer to Anderson, Novitzky continues his late-night trash runs. In the back alley behind the small BALCO offices, located in a commercial strip 100 yards from Bay Area Fitness, he opens a big green Dumpster with his gloved hands, swipes the trash and drives away to scour his take. From among the soiled lunch remains he pulls out papers indicating that Conte is shipping more than mineral supplements. Though routine ZMA supplements are mailed to athletes such as Romanowski at their home addresses and under their real names, other packages go out to players via Fed Ex under colorful pseudonyms.

Novitzky also issues a subpoena for the medical waste pickup from BALCO Labs. Several loads of medical castoffs reveal a treasure trove: dozens of used syringes containing clear, oily substances; vials of nutropin, a human growth hormone; and vials of epogen and epocrit, drugs favored by cyclists and long-distance runners to improve endurance.

The forensics lab at the San Mateo County sheriff's office tests the syringes and quickly identifies traditional steroids such as testosterone and stanozolol. The testers are stumped by three or four other samples, though.

One day Novitzky scores a revealing piece of paper. "A blood test was done at an outside laboratory, Quest Diagnostics in L.A.," alleges White. "It was labeled B. BONDS." Shortly thereafter investigators retrieve correspondence from BALCO to the lab about a reputed error. The notice explains how B. Bonds's blood-test results should have been labeled as Greg Anderson's.

When Novitzky shares his find with the undercover men at one of their periodic meetings, they laugh in triumph.

Now why would BALCO want Bonds's blood work changed to Anderson's?

ANDERSON OPENS UP

By May White is part of the gym's inner circle, and the undercover cop is facing the physical test of his life. The third member of his training group is a six-foot-seven behemoth of a college lineman. Anderson is deadly serious about lifting, and if White wants to get to Bonds, he's going to have to keep pace with the big boys.

Anderson does his reps, grunting and breathing, and then they follow along. It's nonstop, except every once in a while Anderson's cell phone rings and he steps a good 15 feet away. From the trainer's body language it's clear these are business calls.

Even this close to Anderson, White finds it hard to guess his bulk. He knows he's bull-strong, but his long sleeves and sweats mask his build.

"Do me a favor," Anderson says to White one day after finishing a lift.

"Yeah?"

"Get rid of your short sleeves."

White understands. Old-school bodybuilders don't let others see how ripped they're becoming in the gym.

The role Anderson and the gym play in the BALCO scheme gradually becomes clear. Anderson doesn't just run a business by phone; elite international athletes come to the gym. One afternoon in the cafe White notices a black man with an imperious attitude and a British accent conferring with Anderson. Later White's fellow agents say the man is Dwain Chambers, the European 100-meter champion, here from Britain to train with Remi Korchemny, a Russian coach with ties to Conte. For all Chambers's visits, White never sees him work out.

Little by little Anderson opens up to White, who catches everything on his wire. Soon he confides how he trains several major league players. White casually asks how he can train so many different athletes during the day, and Anderson replies that he often counsels them "over

the phone." Those words, White knows, could be the legal basis to support an application for a wiretap.

Agents keep Anderson under a microscope. White tracks him in the gym; when he leaves, drug agents and Novitzky have him under surveillance. Mostly he's a gym rat, but the agents tail him on his frequent forays to Pac Bell Park and notice that he is waved into the secured players' parking lot—often for just a 30- to 45-minute visit. When Bonds is at bat, Anderson can often be seen in the tunnel behind home plate.

TIME TO MOVE

One day in late May White climbs wearily into his black Pontiac, still wearing his wire. He utters his closing bit of dialogue to himself—"This is Special Agent Iran White—the time is..."—and switches off the recording device.

He drives to the designated rendezvous at the rear of a nearby building. As White rolls out of his car he overhears Novitzky talking excitedly to one of the drug agents about a book deal. They've brought White a copy of the new June 2003 issue of *Muscle and Fitness*, which to their amazement features a cover story linking their three suspects—Bonds, Anderson and Conte. They can't believe it.

"You're in on him!" exclaims an ecstatic Novitzky. "Buy some drugs from that fucker and I'll buy you a steak."

"Don't worry," whispers White.

White hands his wire to the drug agent and takes a look at the magazine article. "I'm just shocked by what they've been able to do for me," Bonds declares in the article without a hint of irony. "I visit BALCO every three to six months. They check my blood to make sure my levels are where they should be.... Maybe my zinc and magnesium intakes need to increase and I need more ZMA."

White looks up from the article and draws, "Do you have a problem with me going to the park with this guy?"

"To see Bonds?" asks Novitzky.

"Yeah."

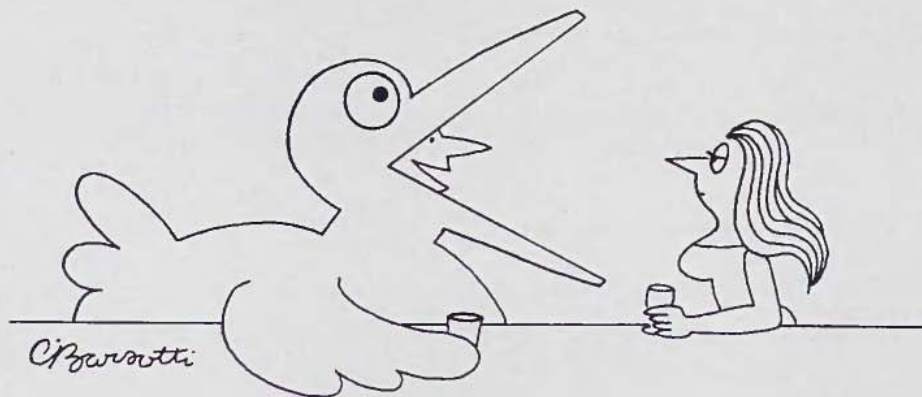
"Hell, no."

DOWN AND OUT

White never gets his chance to go to Pac Bell Park. The night of June 7 he wakes up paralyzed. His wife calls for help, and within seven minutes two firemen are standing in his bedroom. In the intensive care unit of San Jose's Kaiser Hospital doctors tell White he's had a stroke.

Three hours after the incident he slowly begins to revive. He can move his limbs slightly, though he feels as if he just ran a marathon. I'll be back in the gym by Tuesday, White thinks. It can't be that serious. Then he slumps back in the bed, stricken again.

Terror sets in. He's trapped inside his body and feels as if he is underwater. He can see his family and doctors. He can even hear them exhorting him to hang



in there. But he can't move the right side of his body or speak. His mother anoints him with holy oil.

He lies in his hospital bed, wondering whether he'll ever be able to move again. Hours blur into days. On the fifth day, Friday, June 13, White wiggles his right toe. A little later he manages to shift his leg ever so slightly. By the eighth day he can move most of his body and speak.

White has been moved to Kaiser's rehabilitation center in Vallejo. He refuses a walker. Slowly balancing on his stronger right leg, he begins to shuffle along. Doctors tell him he must have torn a muscle while lifting, and the blood clot traveled up his left side and lodged in his brain. They show him an X-ray of the stroke, a dark spot a little bigger than a poker chip.

Two weeks have passed, and the task force is in shock. It's become clear that White won't be able to return to the case. The drug investigators push for a new undercover agent, but the IRS wants to bring in its own operative. When a couple more weeks slip by, the investigators repeat their request. They even offer to get someone from out of state. No, says Novitzky, the IRS has someone.

The tap on Anderson's cell phone is never initiated. There are no intercepted calls of what the trainer had described to White as his "consultations" with all sorts of star athletes. The IRS says it won't support a wiretap application, a response that stuns the investigators. A request to bring in the FBI or the DEA to sponsor a wiretap is denied—Novitzky doesn't want to bring in another federal agency. Given no explanation, the agents remaining on the case begin to feel squeezed out.

Then there's a plain old-fashioned screwup. The swiped BALCO trash finds its way to another company's Dumpster, leading to a complaint from that company. BALCO replies that it didn't move the trash and files a report with the Burlingame police department. Agents fear Conte has been tipped off to the entire investigation.

DECODING COMPOUND X

While White is in the hospital, the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency, the drug tester of U.S. Olympians, receives in the mail a cardboard box containing a nearly spent syringe. An anonymous whistleblower—a high-profile track-and-field coach—calls to say the substance is an undetectable anabolic steroid that came from BALCO.

On June 13, the day White manages to move his right toe, the mystery substance arrives at UCLA's Olympic Analytical Laboratory, and Dr. Don Catlin begins his detective work. A graduate of Yale and a former Army major, Catlin pioneered athletic drug testing in the U.S., launching the nation's first sports lab in 1983. Catlin's team runs a droplet

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 36, 43-44, 114-119 and 159, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



find local dealerships at porsche.com.

DRESSING THE PART

Pages 114-119: *Borsalino*, borsalino.com. *Costume National Homme*, 323-655-8160. *Dsquared2*, 212-940-2608. *GF Ferré*, gianfrancoferre.com. *Just Cavalli*, [\[cavalli.net\]\(http://cavalli.net\). *Nat Nast*, \[natnast.com\]\(http://natnast.com\). *Original Penguin*, \[originalpenguin.com\]\(http://originalpenguin.com\). *Pringle of Scotland*, \[pringle.scotland.com\]\(http://pringle.scotland.com\). *Rodolphe of Switzerland*, 310-271-0000. *Stefano Ricci*, 310-858-9595. *Versus*, \[versace.com\]\(http://versace.com\). *Zang Toi*, available at Nordstrom.](http://roberto</p></div><div data-bbox=)

ON THE SCENE

Page 159: *Acer*, acer.com. *BMW*, bmwusa.com. *Dunhill*, dunhill.com. *Jeep*, gear.jeep.com. *Mercedes*, mbusa.com.

GAMES

Page 36: *Capcom*, capcom.com, 408-774-0400. *ESPN Videogames*, espnvideogames.com. *Koei*, koei.com. *Namco*, namco.com. *Sony Online Entertainment*, everquest.com. *Ubisoft*, ubisoft.com. *Wired: Alienware*, alienware.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 43-44: *O'Brien*, obrien.com. *Panasonic*, panasonic.com. *Pioneer*, pioneerelectronics.com. *Porsche*,

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of the mystery drug through a sophisticated test, but the substance breaks down, avoiding detection. Compound X, as they dub it, clearly belongs to the steroid family, but that is about the limit of their knowledge. By late August, however, they've cracked the chemical code and developed a test for the drug they christen THG, or tetrahydrogestrinone. "We didn't know what we were dealing with at first," says Catlin. "We kept adding people to the team as it became apparent we were into something complex. It kept escalating. Then we got it on paper. It was a big moment."

Months before, the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency instructed Catlin to retain the hundreds of samples collected at the June USA Track and Field Championships at Stanford University. On retesting for THG, several samples test positive. Catlin informs the USADA of the results. Doping regulations require that the USADA must dispatch letters informing athletes that they have tested positive for steroids. Their samples will be tested again two weeks later, and athletes and their representatives must be allowed to attend the second test. But the letters also imperil the secret investigation.

On August 19 Novitzky and another investigator fly out to USADA headquarters in Colorado Springs to see how much time they have left. They gain insight into the likely motivation behind the man who sent the syringe—an apparent feud between two gurus. The BALCO garbage runs produced torn versions of a letter Conte had addressed to the USADA and the International Association of Athletics Federations. In

them he alleges that a celebrated track coach has been providing his athletes with steroids; the USADA tells the investigators the letter was never received. Amazingly they believe that the man Conte was about to report is the same coach who mailed the tainted syringe. The case has come to a breaking point.

"The time had come to toss Conte's office and see what we could come up with," says White. They would have to move before any evidence could be destroyed.

CONTE'S CLIENTS

Shortly before noon on September 3, 2003, helicopters pound the air over BALCO's tiny offices. A pack of unmarked sedans surrounds the building. In a move other agencies would later question, IRS agents are told to place IRS placards on the dashboard of their cars. Nearly two dozen agents, several in black IRS flak jackets, along with a doctor the USADA has sent, crowd through BALCO's front door. Down the hall is a refrigerator for blood samples and a machine that resembles a mass spectrometer. A gym is farther back, its walls covered with framed signed jerseys of Bonds, Jones and other athletes.

Inside Conte starts talking and won't stop. As investigators start laying out the evidence against him he stresses that he isn't in it for money. He is doing a public service, he says—helping athletes use performance-enhancing substances in a healthy way. He cites Arnold Schwarzenegger as a case of a bodybuilder now suffering physical ailments because he took steroids. Conte also points to Lyle Alzado, who died of

a brain tumor, as a steroid casualty.

"When Arnold and Lyle were shooting steroids," Conte allegedly tells agents inside BALCO, "they were shooting recklessly. I've added all sorts of supplements. [My clients] are all at safe levels." Conte has a stamp with a doctor's signature to order blood samples drawn at a nearby hospital "to see if the substances his clients were taking were going to be detected," says White. Quest Diagnostics in southern California also tested clients' blood samples for steroid levels.

Then Conte begins to give up his clients, the track-and-field athletes and major league baseball players he says he supplied with juice. "He started naming the athletes on THG," says White. Conte names a few Yankees and some current and former Giants, including Benito Santiago. (David Cornwell, Santiago's attorney, says Santiago "gave truthful testimony about what he thought he was taking for nutritional supplements and what he subsequently came to learn had been provided to him by Greg Anderson.")

Conte turns on Anderson, too, telling cops the trainer is supplying baseball players with testosterone cream and THG. He agrees to take investigators to a storage locker across the freeway, where they find THG, cream, human growth hormone, other steroids and files on athletes. As Conte leaves the BALCO offices a wave of news cameras and reporters engulfs him.

"Are these TV cameras?" he asks, clearly stunned. "How did this happen?"

Many agents—everyone, in fact, who doesn't work for the IRS—are angered by the publicity. The search of BALCO, which was supposed to remain secret for countless investigative reasons, now resembles an episode of *Cops*. Members of other law enforcement groups are furious at the publicity stunt. The search was designed as a pressure tactic, not as the end of the investigation; there are no plans to arrest Conte, who walks free.

There is also a more immediate concern. The jig is up, and Anderson has yet to be served with a search warrant.

Investigators find Anderson two days later at Bay Area Fitness and present him with a search warrant for his residence and vehicle. (The IRS has to return lamely a couple of days later with a second warrant to get the laptop listing Anderson's clients.) Agents escort the trainer to his nearby condominium, where they find the steroids and a safe in the kitchen holding \$67,000. In a box on the mantle is a ring that makes cops gasp: a massive gold piece with the magical number 73 glittering in diamonds. It was a gift from Bonds. They interrogate Anderson in his bedroom, and he is at first reluctant. He changes his mind and offers a list of players identical to Conte's.

He is asked about Bonds.

"Big Man's my friend," says Anderson. "I'm not saying anything."



"Can I call you back, Robin? I'm in the middle of a sandwich."

Lying in bed at home, recovering from his stroke, White is startled to see the faces of three fellow undercover drug agents exposed on television. The made-for-TV searches trigger an avalanche of media coverage. Then the news breaks that some notable track-and-field athletes have tested positive for THG: U.S. sprinter Kelli White, hammer thrower John McEwen, shot-putter Kevin Toth and Regina Jacobs, who at 39 had recently shocked fans by breaking the 1,500-meter indoor world record. Dwain Chambers also tests positive but claims he took only legal BALCO supplements.

Although the NFL refuses to comment publicly on whether it is retesting urine samples, the league notifies four Oakland Raiders that they have tested positive for THG. Three of the players—Romanowski, Barret Robbins and Dana Stubblefield—are starters on the 2003 AFC champion team. In mid-November, after testing players for steroids for the first time, Major League Baseball announces that five to seven percent tested positive during the season, triggering the weak 2004 regular-season testing. Major League Baseball doesn't retest a single player for THG, however.

In October 2003 a grand jury convenes to hear secret testimony from dozens of former Conte clients, including Marion Jones (three Sydney golds), Gary Sheffield and Barry Bonds.

As the testimony plays out, leaks from the grand jury reveal that some athletes have testified under oath that they used clear and cream.

"The lower-profile athletes are forthright," says a source close to the proceedings. "The higher-profile athletes have been more vague and guarded."

Some athletes are also naive about any trails they might have left behind. This being an IRS investigation, money is key. Several athletes paid for steroids with checks, and at least one football player was foolish enough to write Conte one for \$6,200. Many others paid for their steroids in cash.

In February 2004 the grand jury subpoenas baseball's drug-test records, catching league officials, including commissioner Bud Selig, off guard. No one had dreamed the federal government would order the league to turn over the names of doping athletes. A few days later the grand jury produces a 42-count indictment charging Victor Conte, BALCO vice president James Valente, Greg Anderson and track coach Remi Korchemny with illegal steroid distribution and money laundering. Though many of these carry penalties of five years or more, lengthy prison time is unusual in a steroid case. And the amount of money alleged in these instances is not large for a money laundering operation. (From January 2000 to September 2002, for example, Conte withdrew less than

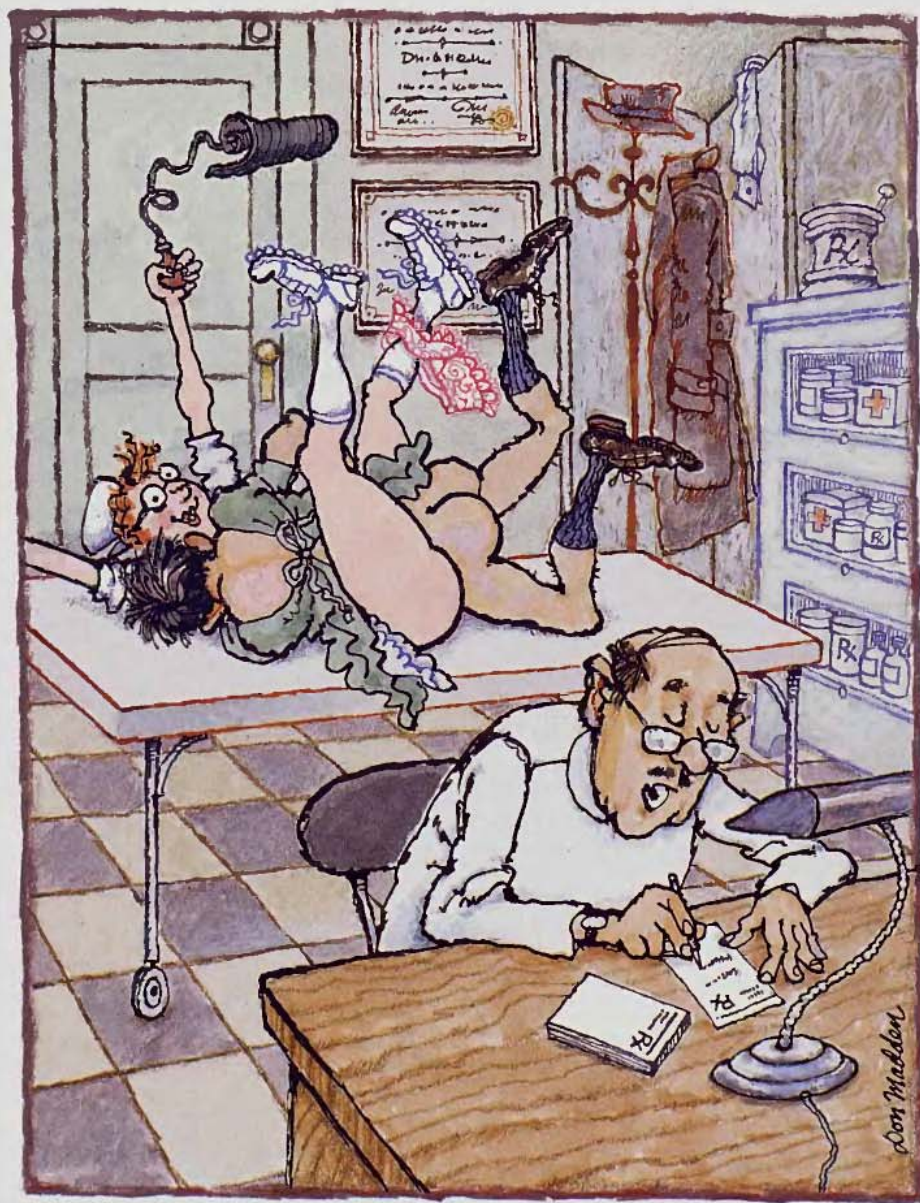
\$500,000 in cash from his personal and business accounts.)

The investigative star of the groundbreaking case is Jeff Novitzky, whose 52-page search warrant affidavit for BALCO is unsealed on September 3, 2003 and quickly becomes front-page news. Novitzky documents in painstaking detail evidence found in BALCO's garbage and medical waste. The warrant is unusually long, but there is no mention of Iran White, the undercover investigation or the rest of the team. Missing is evidence Novitzky found to suggest that Bonds was being tested for steroids—the paperwork mentioning that "B. Bonds should read G. Anderson." Indeed, missing in the affidavit and the indictment are the names of any athletes. Another affidavit is released the following week, and a copy later sent to *The New York Times* inadvertently mentions that the Yankees' Gary Sheffield had sent mail to

the supplements lab. A day earlier Sheffield's agent, Rufus Williams, had told *PLAYBOY*, "There is no connection between Victor Conte and Sheffield."

These days White wonders whether political headlines weren't grabbed over the possibility of larger and broader charges. Was Novitzky's intent to shape his investigative exploits into a book? Or did ego and one federal agency's desire to control the investigation determine the focus of what now plays across TV screens?

By February 2004 White seems fully on the mend. He hopes that for all the BALCO investigation's human failings, the case will send a stern message to kids and young athletes. "If Bonds took THG, he shouldn't have," says White. "He's a phenomenal athlete. He probably would have broken the home run record anyway."



"I'm reducing your dosage of testosterone, Mr. Sackmann."

"Don't worry about the details. A packet will be waiting for you in the car. Go kiss your honey and vamoose."

Guy and Duck? Wasn't he good at sneaking up on squirrels and then shouting "Booga-booga-booga"? Didn't he own the entire run of *Monty Python's Flying Circus* on DVD? He could, he was, he did! But he had never seen Cynthia like this: her hands clutching her cleavage, her mouth gulping air, her eyes wrinkled shut like a prizefighter's. She looked...indecorous. He was loath to imagine what kind of hideous air-guitar faces he made when they were porking, but as for Cynthia, she always looked serene, sleepy, disappointingly pleased, as if there might be a hidden camera somewhere recording the moment for inclusion in some kind of X-rated home furnishings catalog. This was entirely different, this elasticized guffaw, and he didn't much care for it. She looked like Seabiscuit, for crying out loud.

It took a couple of seconds for the hilarity to wane and for the guests to realize that they would now be expected to amuse themselves. During this awkward silence, Peck turned to Brant and, loudly enough so that others should hear, said, "You must be that Brant."

"Yes!" Brant replied brightly.

The two stared at each other for a moment, and in that moment Brant saw his chance with this man roar past—flag-waving revelers shouting out of bunting-underslung windows—and recede into the distance. It was gone before he even knew what it was, a distant speck leading a dust cloud.

Peck was smiling at him. Brant had seen this face before, of course, in flash photographs in magazines or pen-and-inked onto the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*; it was familiar but unmemorable, like a second-rate old pop song. And the eyes: You'd expect the eyes of a man like this to be direct, penetrating, alive, but instead they were furtive, blurred, facing in slightly different directions. The skin was sallow, blotched, creased; the cheeks cadaverous. But the forehead! This, Brant thought, was what did all the work, this gleaming hemisphere that looked like it had been dragged here by a glacier. It bore neither hairs nor pores, this wall, and behind it the killing thoughts cozied up against one another. As Brant gazed at it, the mouth beneath it opened and words came out: "Perhaps we ought to shake hands, Brant."

"Oh, sure!"

Peck took Brant's hand but took it limply, making Brant's strong grip, intended to express a marriageable masculine confidence, instead seem like a

withering critique of the old man's waning virility. Peck actually winced, and Brant jerked his hand away. "Uh, I ought to thank you, sir, for the——"

"Please," Peck said, secreting the hand back under the table, "there's no need to grovel. Now, Brant."

"Yes, sir?"

"You're diddling my daughter."

"Yes, sir."

"You're thinking of marrying her, right?"

"Uh, yes."

"Getting yourself a piece of the family fortune?"

"Well, that's——"

"Don't be ashamed, Brant. That's how I got started on mine. I took one look at Cynthia's mother, at that stunning horse face and that glorious udder, and I said to myself, 'There's a 24 karat cunt if I ever saw one.' You can believe I got in there but quick."

There was nothing Brant could say to this. If he protested, he would be branded a liar; if he agreed, he would be a prick; if he said nothing, he would be a weakling. He said, "Uh-huh!"

"But I'm not a pussy, Brant, and neither are you. I had to work for my supper, and so will you. I did my time at her father's company, and so will you."

"I will?"

"Yes. You're going to man the home office."

"I am?"

"Yes. You're going to become chief of operations at headquarters."

Brant didn't get it. He said, "In New York?"

Peck laughed. It was what he wanted to hear. "Guyamón."

"Guyamón?"

"It's a Lesser Antilles. A tax dodge. We have to have an office there. Staffed by a staff of one. The job is currently occupied, but if you say yes, he's fired." Peck removed a cell phone from his pocket—a rather large one by present standards, late-1980s vintage, a charming affectation. "If you say no, you can get the hell out of my daughter's graduation party, and if you ever again so much as fondle a tit I'll have all your arms broken. And don't think I can't do it."

Brant looked past him to Cynthia, who, though theoretically engaged in a conversation with an avid middle-aged couple, was glancing his way, her eyebrows expectantly arched, her mouth tilted in a hopeful, nervous smile. To be honest, for the whole night up until now, he was not feeling super about Cynthia. The entire affair had cast a tawdry light

on her; she did not seem worth all the hoopla, which in turn felt excessive. She had begun to seem like a passing fancy, unfair as that was. But now, after staring at her father's creepy mug for minutes on end, Brant experienced a loosening of critical faculties and saw Cynthia as lovely and strong, and remembered her playfulness, her sexual enthusiasm and her beautiful car, and suddenly he felt that he could not do without her. Something about her laugh, the one her father had drawn from her, made him hesitate, but it wasn't enough. He wanted her. Hell, he loved her! He turned back to her father. He said, "I'll do it."

"Great," Peck said without much enthusiasm and pushed two buttons on the phone. "Serkin? Peck. You're fired. The plane leaves at seven P.M. Thursday. Get on it or you're stuck. Good-bye." He pushed another button and then two more. "Book Brant's flight," he said and hung up.

"Go home," he said now to Brant, tucking the phone back into his jacket pocket.

"Home?"

"To pack. You're leaving tomorrow. A car will pick you up at eight. Good luck." He cleared his throat and fell upon his meal, which had been placed before him by a napkin-draped arm.

"But don't I——"

"Go," muttered Peck through a mouthful of broccoli. "Don't worry about the details. A packet will be waiting for you in the car. Go ahead, kiss your honey and vamoose."

He rose, went over to Cynthia. "I have to go," he whispered in her ear.

"So you said yes?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Brant!" she said and craned her neck to kiss him. When he hazarded a glance at her father, he could see that he was paying no attention at all.

He left a message for his boss on voice mail. "I'm sorry," he explained. "Peck's making me take this job. I'll send you an e-mail." But he wondered if there would even be e-mail on Guyamón, or restaurants, or television. He would miss restaurants and television—would miss delivery food, football. But surely Guyamón had these things—it was the Antilles, it was a tourist destination. Probably there would be cool mixed drinks served at rattan taverns on the beach. There would be friendly natives in colorful shirts and drunk Americans and crazy birds that made crazy sounds. "Don't worry about your house," a voice had said on his answering machine when he got home from the commencement dinner. "Don't worry about anything. It will all be taken care of. Bring only those things you can't do without." For Brant, these were: his PROPERTY OF shirt from the business school, his Bob Marley CDs

(and wasn't Guyamón near Jamaica? maybe he ought to have an atlas), a picture of his mom, a picture of Cynthia (presented to him on his birthday, it was taken by a famous fashion photographer Brant had never heard of and tucked into a neat silver frame) and a toothbrush. He brought along three suits and seven shirts, as well. All the next morning he tried to get in touch with Cynthia, but she wasn't home. He left five messages. His boss called him and pleaded. He called his mother and sister, both of whom told him he was nuts. That was okay. In fact it was great! He felt, briefly, as if he were on the threshold of a fabulous future. "We thought he was nuts, but in the end Brant was right."

A dented Lincoln picked him up; the driver wore an old-fashioned driver's hat and called him sir. He checked in at the airport, got on a plane and flew first to New York, then San Juan. There, a gangly black man wearing aviator sunglasses (and why not? he was an aviator) led him across a steaming tarmac to a little four-seater with a picture of a turkey stenciled on the side.

"What's with the turkey?" Brant shouted over the buzz of the engine, a buzz that seemed somehow insufficient.

The pilot pointed to his ear, shrugged.

In an hour they were above Guyamón, circling what appeared to be a volcano. Smoke was issuing from it in long windless streaks. The air was hot as hell, even inside the plane. Brant was pitting out big-time. It was evening. They landed on a cracked strip of concrete, the pilot swearing all the way in. Brant shuddered in his seat and conked his head on the roof.

"Hey, man," he asked the pilot as he got out, "that thing's inactive, right?" Meaning the volcano.

The pilot laughed good and long.

There was a car here, a jeep actually, U.S. Army issue as far as Brant could tell, repainted with what looked like yellow latex house paint. The driver was a fat white man wearing a spotless white shirt and a gigantic straw hat.

"You gonna need a hat for that bald patch," he said.

"I don't have a bald patch," said Brant. "Do I?"

The drive took half an hour. They traveled a mudded and potholed road to the base of the volcano, then turned right and edged around it. There were a lot of trees and ferns, except in the areas where fresh lava had mowed them down. In places, the lava covered the road, and the jeep bumped jauntily over it. At last they arrived somewhere—a small stretch of paved cement before which stood a long row of cinder-block huts, about 15 in all. They'd been built 20 or so years ago and since then had been treated variously, some clearly abandoned and the windows and doors removed, some dolled up like vacation

cottages. The jeep stopped in front of a middling one, its terra-cotta roof cracked and mossed, its walls in need of paint. The driver didn't bother turning off the engine. He handed Brant a key. Brant took it, then waited for instructions.

"You're supposed to get out," the driver said.

"What then?"

"Then I leave."

When the jeep was gone, Brant stood before the door, sweating. He put the key in the lock and turned it. The door creaked open.

The place had been ransacked. The mattress was slashed, stains that appeared to be red wine covered the walls. A dresser that stood at the foot of the bed seemed to have been urinated in. And in the middle of the floor sat a small pile of human feces, holding in place a handwritten note that read, "Enjoy the tropics, whore!"

A few days later, though, Brant was feeling pretty good about the whole thing. The cottage was equipped with a telephone, a computer, a fast Internet connection and satellite TV. He had spent most of his time so far watching baseball games, talking to friends in America and enjoying soft-core pornography. He'd never liked pornography before. He hated to cave in to such base desires, but there didn't seem to be any girls here, and nobody he knew was likely to burst in on him, and so from the computer's tiny speakers could be heard, at all hours of the day, the quiet moans of nude actresses as they masturbated before the masturbating him. Three times daily a little truck came clanking by, and the denizens of the cottage row—six in all—would amble out of their dens and eat the food their respective companies had paid for. There were burgers and french fries and imported beers. There were omelettes and apples—apples! in the Antilles!—and DoveBars and club sandwiches. The six men were always in because they all had to answer the phone if it rang, although the phones never rang. After the truck left, they would stand around and talk, clutching their brown paper bags of loot. They didn't introduce themselves to Brant but acted like he'd been there for a hundred years.

"See the Yanks?"

"Nah. Drooling over Nudie Village."

"Ya see the chick with the giant thatch?"

"Hell yeah!"

"What'd ya get today?"

"Ham."

"Everybody got ham."

"I got yesterday's Molson if anybody wants it. I hate Molson."

"Hell yeah, I want it."

"What'll you give me, then?"

It took Brant a couple of days to find the courage to jump in, but once he did

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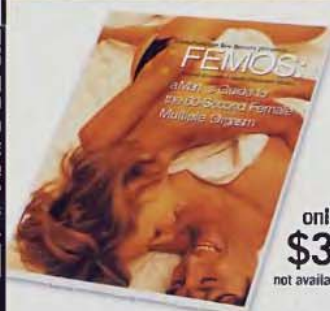
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It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

he was one of the guys. He caught a couple of names—Ron, Kevin, Pete. Pete was a cheerful man of 30, thick around the middle, with dark eye bags that seemed genetic rather than circumstantial. He held down the fort for an agribusiness conglomerate. One afternoon Brant was left alone with him after the others had gone home. Brant said, "So does anybody go to the beach? Like, on breaks?" For he was allowed breaks, one hour out of every eight, and he had Sundays off. Sunday was tomorrow, his first here.

"There's a path out back. But it isn't much of a beach. Like 10 feet; the rest is rocks."

"Is there a bar or something? In town?"

"No town. But there is a bar."

"Wanna go sometime?"

The question seemed to send shooting pains into Pete's head. He winced. "Ah, it's kinda far, and there are no girls."

"Oh."

So on Sunday Brant went to the beach, and Pete was right, it sucked. The rocks were sharp, and everything stank of fish. He went home, dejected. It had been only four days, and he could feel himself, his personality, shrinking to more or less nothing. He was Friendly Brant! He needed to greet passersby, to shake their hands! He wished there were some leaves to rake, some weatherproofing to do. But there wasn't any weather here. A little rain, a little sun. A little rain, a little sun. By noon he had already jerked off twice and played 40 games of *Donkey Kong*. He decided to go visiting. He washed his hands and walked down to Kevin's place. Kevin had seemed okay to Brant. He told a joke once after Breakfast Truck. He had a 1990s beard. He knocked. "Yo, Kev!" he said.

From behind the door came sort of a muffled mumble that Brant thought was an invitation to enter, but when he opened the door Kevin was busy covering his and another man's (Brant hadn't gotten his name) naked, sweating bodies with a sheet.

"Buzz off, asshole!"

"Sorry, dude!"

So much for dropping by. He had begun to prepare himself mentally for another encounter with his girl of the hour, Mandy Mounds, when he heard an unfamiliar noise coming from inside his cottage. What the hell was it? He opened the door and found that the sound, a kind of urgent, grating buzz, was emanating from his phone.

"Hello?"

"I got a surprise for you!" The voice, though drunk, was recognizable as Cynthia's. It was coming to him through a haze of crackling interference.

"Hon bun!"

"I am having something delivered to your door," she said. Something about her tone seemed almost sinister, like the

duplicitous sexpots in James Bond movies. He had to admit he liked it.

He said, "Where are you? You sound so far away." Duh!

"I'm on my cell. In a—whoop!—car."

"Isn't it illegal to talk on the phone while driving?"

"It's illegal to drive drunk, too, dummy. But I'm not driving."

"So what are you sending me?"

"S'posta be a surprise."

"Is it delicious?"

"Yyyyes!"

"So you eat it?"

She snorted. "No, dipshit. You do." And with that she hung up.

Well. That was unproductive. He figured if she was sending the present now, he'd get it in what, two weeks? He booted up the computer and a couple minutes later Mandy Mounds filled the room with her delighted squeaking. He'd just gotten his shorts off when his door flew open and Cynthia came roaring in, hiking her sundress up to her waist. "You got yourself all ready!" she said, climbing on, and for 10 or so minutes it was difficult to distinguish the sounds she made from the ones coming out of the speakers. Then they were finished and lay on the bed, unable to stop perspiring. At the computer desk, Mandy Mounds said, "More! More! More! More!"

"Scuse me," said Cynthia, and she staggered naked across the room to switch off the computer. But first she paused, turning her head this way and that, checking out the competition. "I got better legs," she said.

"Sure."

"And her boobs look like saddlebags."

He didn't have much to say to that. She turned everything off. "I bribed Daddy's people. They bring me down here whenever I want." She hopped back onto the bed, sending him several inches into the air.

"But this is the first time you've been down here."

"Right. Hey, you wanna go to town?"

"There is no town."

"Who told you that?" she said.

They went to the other side of the volcano. The fat white guy drove them there. The little jeep shuddered and rumbled around lava flows and fallen trees, tossing them from side to side against the doors of the jeep and each other. Cynthia laughed the entire trip until they arrived at a little tent pavilion at the edge of what would have been a tourist paradise if any tourists were there. Instead there were handsome black people in loose-fitting clothes, dancing to the music from a little amplified calypso band, and beyond them was a bar that was little more than a rusted metal cart covered with bottles and plastic cups, and beyond that was a dirt road leading to a lot of little houses. Cynthia paid the driver with a thick stack of bills,

which he folded and stowed like a pro. She told him to wait. He said, "I'll be easy to find," and lurched into the fray.

They danced and drank all afternoon and then ate parts of some kind of giant pig roasting on a spit, and they ate some kind of spicy thing wrapped up in leaves and some sort of reeking but impossibly sweet fruit, and then they danced and drank some more, and the people, the villagers, didn't seem to mind their being there. Cynthia paid for everything and then some, handing people money at the slightest pretext—the band for playing something more up-tempo, the bartender for giving her a clean cup, a random bystander for letting her get ahead in the roasted-pig line. Soon after dark she took Brant by the hand and led him into the woods, where she fell to her knees at the base of a palm tree and puked, and then when Brant bent over to help her up, he puked as well. Then they sort of fell over on their way back, then they seemed to be asleep for a while, then they got up and found the jeep, which the driver was asleep in. They woke him up and he drove, drunk, back to the cottage row. Cynthia and Brant stumbled into his cottage and collapsed on the bed and woke up at noon. They tried sex but were too queasy to finish.

All day Brant lay half in and half out of sleep. At some point he opened his eyes to find Cynthia staring at his face, as if looking for something she'd misplaced. When he woke again, she was gone. Brant noticed the voice mail blinking on his phone. He picked up the receiver, supporting himself with a trembling hand, and punched in his code.

The first message said, "If you aren't there in 15 minutes, you're fired."

The second message said, "If you aren't there in 10 minutes, you're fired."

The third said, "Five minutes."

The fourth: "You're fired. Your plane leaves at seven P.M. Miss it and you're stranded."

It was already 7:35.

Back home, behind his desk at the alumni magazine, the sounds of neighing, whinnying co-workers interrupted his concentration, causing him to fumble his pleas to donors, to forget the phone numbers he was dialing. He had to stand up in his cubicle and address the crouching, tittering crew in a strained, pleading voice: "Look, you guys, it isn't funny, okay? I was stranded for almost a week with no home, and I don't think I would be laughing right now if it was you it happened to." He thought about quitting—that would show them—but the thoughts never got much past the vengeful-fantasy stage. Besides, you never got anything out of losing your cool. People respected you for taking their shit. He just decided to take it, and he took it, and eventually,

though he couldn't have told you when, the whole thing would just up and blow away. The day after Cynthia left, he was awakened by his replacement, a man, or rather a guy, about his age, deep-voiced, clean-cut, sweating respectably little in his white oxford shirt. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I was under the impression that this was to be my cottage."

Brant had not given his next move much thought, beyond stopping by one of the other cottages and asking how often the plane came. Not very often, he learned. Now he gathered his things and shoved them into his bag while the new guy checked out the computer. "May I erase these files?" he said, clicking around aimlessly.

"No," said Brant. "If you do, the computer will melt."

He took his suits—never removed from their garment bag—and slung them over his shoulder. Then he walked around the volcano to the pavilion, looking for the locals' party. It took all day to get there, and when he arrived he found that the tent had been taken down and everyone was in their houses. He sat on the paving stones, where he had danced two nights before, and panted, his tongue thick and dry as a towel. He almost cried, he was so sad. Eventually he got up and knocked on somebody's door and blurted out the whole story, and the family that lived there gave him a drink of water and let him sleep on their floor.

They were nice, this family—a man, a woman, two little girls. They spoke English but mostly said nothing at all. They sat around all day making things—the man, thin and dark and thickly bearded, carved driftwood into interesting little sculptures, and the woman, who might have been the most beautiful human Brant had ever seen, embroidered miniature tapestries that served as the facing for the macramé shoulder bags the girls made. Every once in a while they all paused for a meal—fish and fruit, delicious beyond imagining, which they shared with him—and in the evening they watched the sun set, visited their neighbors, drank homemade beer made from bananas and generally had a good, solid time. Each morning a man burdened by giant army duffels arrived on a bicycle, and forms were filled out and exchanged, and the things the village produced were stuffed into the bags and taken away to be sold to tourists.

Through all this, Brant did basically nothing. He had a fever and the shits, slept in the daytime and lay awake nights gasping for breath. He slept on the floor next to the girls' bed and listened to their indecipherable whispers, to their quiet laughter as they talked themselves to sleep. Eventually his host told him that the plane would come the following day and the jeep would go only as far as the cottage row (he called it the Business

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Village), so he had better get back. Brant thanked the family profusely; he told them he would repay their kindness. "Like, in money, I mean," he added. "American dollars."

The man smiled. "No need for that." "Seriously, no, I will."

The man shook his head. "Don't worry. We are rich."

"Yes, of course," Brant said, shaking his hand. "I can see that your lives are very rich here. Thank you."

"No," the man said, "I mean we are rich. Your corporations pay us money. The cottages are ours." He smiled. "I could, what is it you say, I could buy and sell you a hundred times."

"Oh," Brant said, dropping the man's hand.

"Oh," the man repeated in apparent mockery, though his voice, his face, retained their earnestness.

Brant walked all the way back, fortified by a canteen of water the family had provided. When he got to his old cottage, he knocked and entered. His replacement was sitting in the swivel chair, watching a Mandy Mounds video. His

hand shot out and turned off the screen. "What do you think you're doing!" he shouted.

"Relax."

"This is my cottage!"

"I'm just gonna sit here by the fan until the jeep comes, all right?"

"No you're not!" the replacement said, his arms flailing. He had cut off his chinos and the sleeves of his shirt.

I should have shat on the floor, Brant thought, while I had the chance.

In the end, he sat next to the road and dozed. The sound of the jeep woke him up. The fat guy unloaded the sack dinners and demanded money for the ride to the airport. Brant forked over what he had left. He was back home by morning, his house (thankfully, he had retained the lease) exactly the way he had left it. He took a shower, curled up in the hot and musty bed and slept until the middle of the next day.

And that, he decided, was that. He got his job back, having after all secured the magic donation from Leyton Peck—who had not, contrary to Brant's worst fears, reneged on the deal. He reclaimed his

cubicle, endured the jokes and tried to forget about Cynthia. He stayed off the Internet and enjoyed the cool weather.

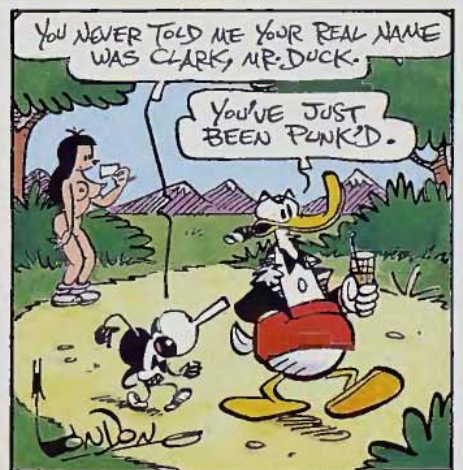
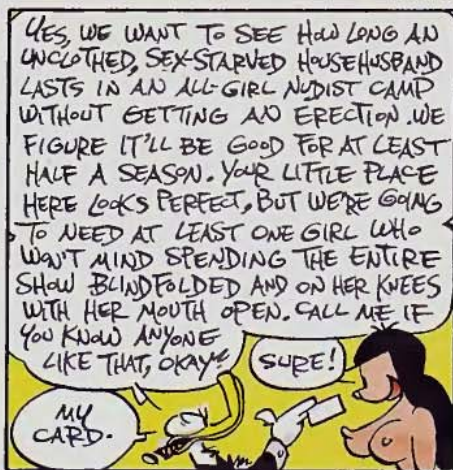
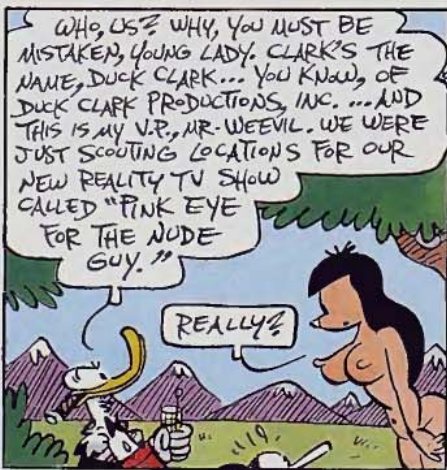
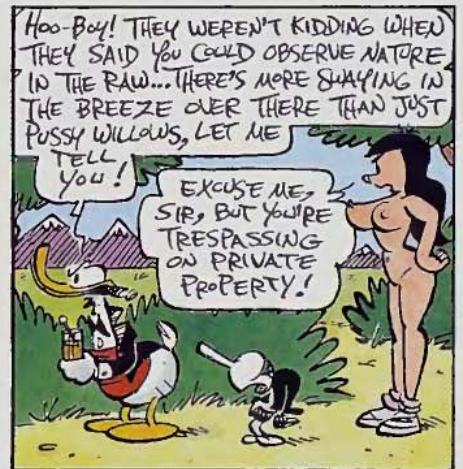
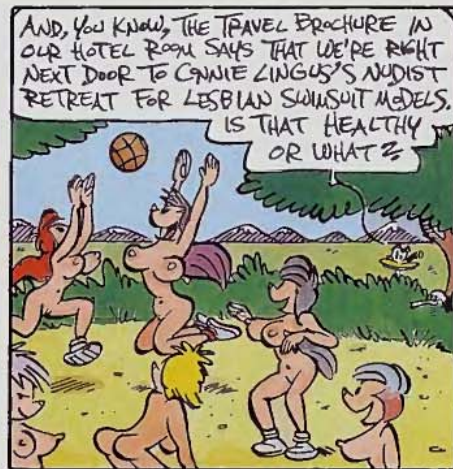
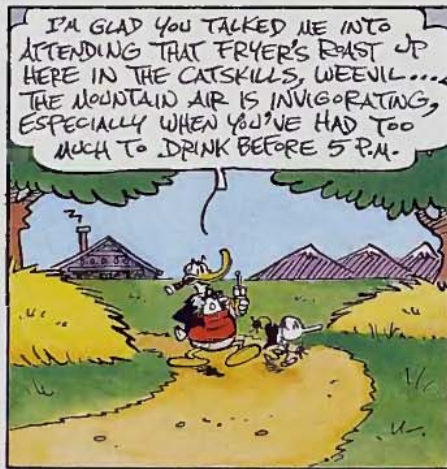
At some point guilt got the best of him, and he tried to write a thank-you note to the family who had helped him through that terrible week. He managed a few lines about how grateful he was and how maybe someday they would meet again, and stuffed it into an envelope and then sat at the kitchen table trying to figure out how the hell to address it. He got as far as

"The family,
First cottage
behind the volcano,
Guyamón"

before muttering, "Fuck it" and tossing the whole thing in the trash. And then he had a change of heart. He reached into the trash can, picked out the crumpled paper and smoothed it flat, then he dropped it into the recycling bin. After that he felt a lot better.



Dirty Duck by Bobby London





Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

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Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his



satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with

Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

Individual results may vary

JOHNNY DEPP (continued from page 65)

They were shoving my face out there, selling me as this product. It made me crazy.

PLAYBOY: You've had other public troubles, including the time you trashed a hotel room with Kate Moss. What happened?

DEPP: Very simply, I had a bad day. I'd been chased by paparazzi and was feeling a little bit like Novelty Boy. Obviously something wasn't working in my life. For a few years I wasn't angry but just sort of frustrated and upset because I didn't know what it was all about.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

DEPP: I didn't know what it was all for. When they said, "Come on, do this movie. You can make tons of money," it just pissed me off. Fuck that. What does that mean? That's not what it's about. So it built up, and I lost it. It was the culmination of many things, a bad spark, and I went off. I did what I felt was necessary. Thank God it wasn't a human being but a hotel room that I took it out on. It was a weird incident. There was a hotel security guard who was really kind of pissy and arrogant. I wanted to pop him. But I knew that if I did, it would obviously be a horse of a different color—lawsuits and God knows what else.

PLAYBOY: What happened exactly?

DEPP: I did my business, and they came up to the room. By that point I had cooled down. I said, "I'll of course pay

for any damages. I apologize." That wasn't enough. The guy got snooty and shitty. The next thing you know, the police were at the door. As dumb as the incident was, I don't have any regrets about it. I don't think it merited the amount of press it got, and I certainly don't think that I needed to go to the Tombs in New York City in handcuffs. I was in three different jails that night. But it was all part of my education, you know?

PLAYBOY: You had another run-in with the police, in London, this time directly related to a clash with paparazzi.

DEPP: We were at a restaurant, and Vanessa was extremely pregnant. All they wanted were photographs of me and Vanessa and the belly. At that point I thought, Man, I'm not one of those whiny actors who says, "Oh, the paparazzi, they won't leave me alone." I could give a fuck about it. However, on this particular night I just decided, "Look, this is my girl. This is our first baby. I'm not going to let you fucking people turn this into a circus. You ain't turning this deeply, profoundly beautiful, spiritual, life-changing experience into a novelty. Not without a fight." I went out and talked to them. I said, "Look, guys, I know what you're after. I

understand you have a job to do. But you're not going to turn this into a circus. Just give us a break. You're not going to get what you want tonight. I'll see you another time."

PLAYBOY: To which they of course said, "We're sorry. We'll leave."

DEPP: Right. They were very aggressive: "Fuck you, Johnny." That kind of shit. I swung around and told Vanessa, "Go out the front door, get in the car so they don't get us together or get your belly." She did. She was in the car, so everything was going to be cool, but they were so shitty. One guy was trying to hold the door open. He had his hand wedged in there. I looked down at the ground, and there was a 17-inch wooden plank, a two-by-two or something. Instinct took over. I picked it up and whacked the guy's hand. I went outside and said, "Now I want you to take my picture, because the first fucking guy who hits a flash, I'm going to kick his skull in. Let's go. Take my picture." They didn't take my picture. I was livid. They walked backward down the street. I walked them away from Vanessa in the car and down this other street. It was beautiful. It was well worth it. It was kind of poetic. The next thing I knew, I saw flashing lights on the buildings around me. And a paddy wagon.

PLAYBOY: How long were you in jail?

DEPP: It was brief. It was around 11:30 or midnight, and I was out by five or six the next morning. No one filed charges against me, because they didn't want their names exposed. Had they filed charges they would have had to give their names and would have lost their anonymity. The cops were actually terrific, real sweet. As I said, I didn't mind as much before I had kids. Everything changes when it comes to my children.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

DEPP: Everything. The way you sleep changes. Your whole life is changed. Every inch of it is different.

PLAYBOY: How are you different?

DEPP: I think it just wakes you up and kind of gives you the opportunity to be who you really are. Before my kids came along I was freaked out to hold a kid. When I was a teenager and my brother had babies, I was always freaked out to hold them. They just seemed so fragile. I'd hold them for a minute and then, "Okay, here. Take the kid." So I was surprised how quickly, almost instantly, I was okay with my own baby. Within 24 hours I was fine with it all—the diapers, everything. One of the most amazing moments in my life was holding my brand-new baby, Lily-Rose, just after she was born. She wasn't three hours old, and I was holding her. Her little eyes were kind of half open. She was drifting into sleep. Looking into those little eyes, I thought, My God, I'll never be closer to another human being in my life. And



"Take me to your Leda."

you're not, until your second one comes. Before the second one came, there was this strange thing, a snippet of worry. I thought, How can I love the second as much as the first? Is it possible? And when little Jack arrived, it was instant. Instant. They just seem so fragile.

PLAYBOY: Who gave you parenting tips?

DEPP: One of the greatest pieces of advice I got was from my brother. When I told him Vanessa was pregnant, he said, "Congratulations. You'll never sleep the same way again. You'll never have another calm day as long as you live, but it's worth it." He said it just off-the-cuff, but it was right on the money.

PLAYBOY: Has parenthood influenced the movies you'll take on?

DEPP: Yes. I actually feel as though I make choices with my kids in mind. It helps me to be clear about what I will and won't make. I want to have my kids say, "My pa did only the things that he felt he should do." I don't want them to be embarrassed. I think maybe they can be proud of some of the work I do. Maybe they will be proud that I decided to go against the grain a little bit and fight the good fight. When you're older, drooling, and your children are changing your diapers, they will know that there was integrity.

PLAYBOY: Vanessa is French. Are French women different from American women?

DEPP: They speak French better.

PLAYBOY: Beyond that?

DEPP: You know, Vanessa could have been anything—Icelandic, Armenian, Egyptian, whatever. It would have hit me with the same force. I wouldn't say that it was the French thing.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet?

DEPP: We met briefly years ago. I remember thinking, Ouch. It was just hello, but the contact was electric. That was in 1993. It wasn't until 1998, when I went to do the Polanski film *The Ninth Gate* and was in the lobby of the hotel, getting messages. I turned around and across the lobby saw this back. She had on a dress with an exposed back. I thought, Wow. Suddenly the back turned and she looked at me. I walked right over, and there were those eyes again. I knew it

was her. She asked, "Do you remember me?" I said, "Oh yeah." We had a drink, and it was over with at that point. I knew I was in big trouble.

PLAYBOY: What was different about this relationship?

DEPP: Everything. After we started dating I worked a long, long day and night, and I came home, back to my apartment in Paris, at three or four in the morning. Vanessa was there, and she was cooking for me. That's not to say that a woman must cook for a man—that's not what I'm saying—but it took me by surprise. It was a whole new ball game for me. I'd never experienced that before. It was like she was a woman not afraid to be a woman. I hope that doesn't sound weird or sexist, because it's not. I'm totally in

DEPP: Both, actually. I had a fake one for the movie, but I moved it and flipped it to make a real one for my son, Jack. My daughter's here, on my heart.

PLAYBOY: How many tattoos do you have in all?

DEPP: Let's see. [counts] There are 10, I think.

PLAYBOY: The WINONA FOREVER tattoo is somewhat famous.

DEPP: Yeah, it's here on my arm. It was the kind of thing you do on the spur of the moment—"Fuck it, let's do it." Then you break up, but it's still there: a girl's name on my arm.

PLAYBOY: Did it put a damper on new relationships following your split with Ryder?

DEPP: Yeah, it can turn a situation a little

sticky. I changed it to WINO FOREVER, which is actually a bit more accurate.

PLAYBOY: How painful is it to have a tattoo removed?

DEPP: Painful. The guy said, "I should give you a local anesthetic," but I said, "No, I'm fine." He hit me with a laser and it seemed as though someone had stretched an electric rubber band all the way to Mars and snapped it on the end. Your skin burns and bubbles up.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it ironic that after your public relationships with people like Winona Ryder, it's only now—when you're married and have children—that *People* magazine pronounces you the sexiest man alive?

DEPP: I suppose.

PLAYBOY: Who gave you the news?

DEPP: My sister called me and said, "Hey, guess what." It's so odd. I was glad I was in Paris at the time, because I thought nobody would know. Then, at the bar at the Ritz Hotel, a guy goes, "Hey, man, congratulations." A friend of mine ran into Gérard Depardieu. When I saw my friend, he said, "Oh, by the way, Gérard says to tell the sexiest man alive...." I mean, if somebody actually believes it, I'm deeply flattered, but I don't get it myself. It's mortifying. You think, Where does that come from? Why did they choose me? Why now? I guess it's just my time.

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agreement that women are the stronger, smarter, more evolved sex.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered marriage?

DEPP: Sure, but it would be a shame to ruin her last name. It's so perfect—Vanessa Paradis. So beautiful. It would be such a drag to stick her with Paradis-Depp. It's like a flat note. But for all intents and purposes, we are married. We have two kids together, and she's the woman of my life. If she ever said, "Hey, let's get hitched," I would do it in a second. We'll do it if the kids want us to, or maybe when the kids are old enough to enjoy it with us.

PLAYBOY: Your kids' names are tattooed on your body. Is the JACK tattoo after your son or the pirate in *Pirates of the Caribbean*?



Sex PISTOLS

(continued from page 92)

penis and acts like a kind of cock ring, delicately vibrating against both partners' organs. "We felt a little like 15-year-old virgins because we were bumbling around so much at first," she says, "but I really think it's the undiscovered hero of missionary-style orgasmic sex." (She typically can't come during sex unless she's also touching herself.) "It excited my boyfriend, too," she reports. "He had a tough time lasting as long as he usually does."

Once the girls leave I realize that Jill's multiorgasmic abilities have stirred my competitive nature. Plus, I'm growing resentful that even with all this practice, I'm still just a one-time-only girl. I feel as though I've tried everything short of

the anatomically correct Cal Exotics Tera Patrick love doll, whose voice box is activated when a finger or penis is inserted into her vagina or mouth. Surveying my trashed living room, I spot the Wand. I can't avoid it any longer.

If I'm going to do it, I may as well go full force, so I skip the towels I'd been instructed to layer between the Wand's bulbous tip and my skin. I plug the sucker in and switch its one button to high, leaving on just my G-string. Despite the Wand's blenderlike sounds, its head doesn't seem to be moving. When I touch it, however, it feels as if I'm being electrocuted. I decide to slip into something less comfortable—men's tightie whities—and surrender, lying back in my bed.

Immediately the shock waves jolt up my spine. It is, without a doubt, the

strongest, most titillating, most fantastic thing I've ever felt (barring, of course, the touch of someone I love). Typically I need to be in a thoroughly sexual state of mind to get myself going, but here I am, with all the lights on and the dull blare of CNN in the background, and the sensations in my body are overpowering everything else. The first orgasm hits in less than a minute, and I come a second time without even trying.

History has been made, and I have the Wand to thank.

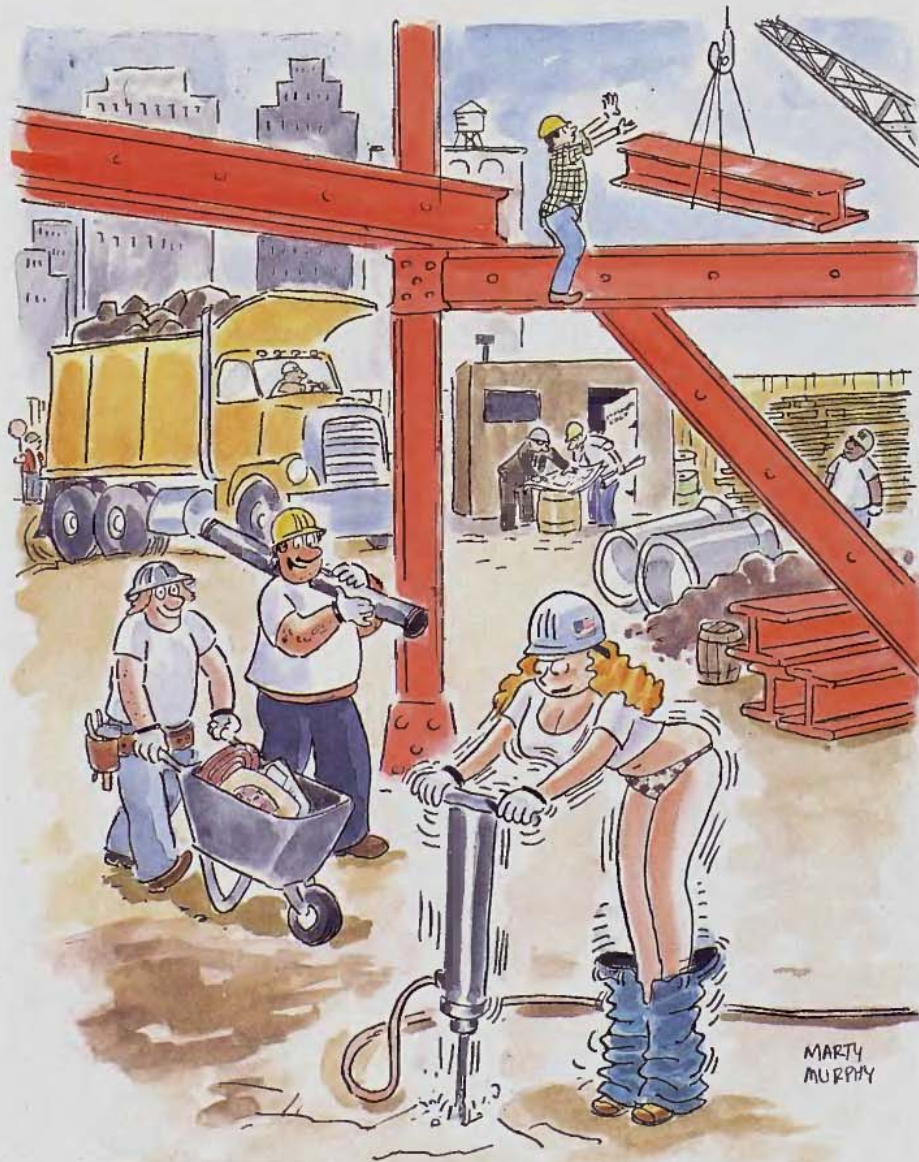
JUST DESERTS

When I sit down to begin writing this story, I find myself bewildered. Everything except the Wand has meshed into one big pulsating silicone animal or some kind of vibrating, lifelike cock. As the pressure of my deadline mounts I seek ways to procrastinate—which are readily available thanks to the device that is now permanently plugged in next to my bed. (Writers who work at home surely play with themselves more than any other sector of society.)

So what have I learned? My head is filled with interesting, if useless, information. For instance, a man having his penis molded for a vibrator or dildo must maintain his erection sans stimulation for three minutes—no easy task. (That one goes in the FYI folder.) More to the point, I've learned that women are just as dedicated to the fine art of self-gratification as men are, though the distinct female body-mind combination makes reaching nirvana a matter of personal preference—as evidenced by each of my friends having an altogether different take on the best product for the task. I catch myself wondering whether I'll get addicted to the Wand, whether any man will ever top its magical powers.

The famed sexologists Masters and Johnson claimed in 1982 that women who rely on "intense mechanical means" to reach "instant orgasm" will eventually find their ability to achieve higher pleasure with a partner more difficult. Generally speaking their claims are probably true. And so it seems that—as with so many other things in life—the end of this story is another beginning. No matter how gratifying a week spent with a pile of vibrators can be, a week spent with a pile of vibrators and another pair of hands can be only that much better.

Unfortunately men aren't packaged in plastic and sold in high-end sex stores the way vibrators are today. But judging by how far this industry has advanced, the day when a woman will be able to order up a human who meets her specific needs—with extended warranty!—could be just around the corner. Make mine a tall one.



MARTY MURPHY

"Maybe allowing chicks into the construction trade wasn't such a bad idea after all."



PLAYMATE NEWS



WILD AT ART

Victoria Fuller's art career is off to a colorful start, and she says she owes it all to the man who named her Miss January 1996. "Hef has inspired me to follow my dreams," says Victoria, who recently showed her PLAYBOY-themed pop art at galleries in New York and Los Angeles. Inspired by Andy Warhol, Peter Max, Roy Lichtenstein and "all that pop culture has to offer,"

Above: Victoria's work. Right: At a gallery with Cara Wakeelin and Lauren Michelle Hill.



Victoria spends anywhere from one day to one week completing each piece—and she's always scanning the streets, TV and the movies for her next subject. "Pop art is a reflection of pop culture," she says, "so I get inspired by icons,

the media and pure color to create an energy." Art aficionados are snapping up her work. "I have gotten an amazing response," she says. "People love PLAYBOY, so when they see my work for the first time they're like, 'Wow, that is so cool!' They haven't seen fine art and Bunnies together on one canvas since the work of LeRoy Neiman." As a Centerfold, Victoria is accustomed to fans stopping her on the street, but she admits to being blown away by people who recognize her as an emerg-

ing artist. "It's amazing to hear people say, 'You're that artist!' because I've been known for being a Playmate first and foremost for so long. It's great to be acknowledged for something I've created." To see more of Victoria's work, including her signature piece, *Back Bunny*, and one of her portraits of Hef, *Movie Time*, go to victoriafuller.net.

30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Fans of Miss May 1974 and PMOY 1975 Marilyn Lange

are still talking about the way she twisted a tuft of her pubic hair—and pushed the envelope—in her June 1975 pictorial. Marilyn, who was refreshingly outspoken about sex, had this to say at the time about porn movies: "It's nice when there's a little room left to the imagination."



LOOSE LIPS

"As a child I was painfully shy. I followed my brother and sister everywhere, even though they would do crazy things to me—like putting me up in our tree house and running off for hours. I came out of my shell in high school. I was voted Best Figure and Biggest Flirt."—Angela Little

RED CARPET REWIND



Playmates out on the town, from left: Victoria Silvested at the Monte Carlo World Music Awards; Shauna Sand decked out at a *Girls Gone Wild* costume party; Corinna Harney at the CineVegas Film Festival screening of her movie *The Road Home*; Vanessa Gleason looking the part at Glamourcon 30 in Los Angeles; Jenny McCarthy at L.A.'s Shrine Auditorium for the 31st annual American Music Awards.



HOT SHOT



JENNIFER WALCOTT

THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT NIKKI ZIERING

1. As Matthew Perry's abusive personal trainer in the movie *Serving Sara*, she did all her own stunts.



2. The Lingerie Bowl, which featured Nikki as the Team Dream captain and aired during halftime of the 2004 Super Bowl, was declared a bust. "It was about as titillating as tossing a football through a tire hanging from a backyard tree," wrote an ESPN.com columnist.

3. She did, however, rock L.A. Fashion Week when she wore a bikini made of Guns N' Roses guitar picks. "Nikki stole the show," said one onlooker.

POP QUESTIONS: LANI TODD

Q: When did you realize you were beautiful?

A: When I was 17. I don't try to use my sexuality as a form of power, though, because your beauty can be taken from you at any time.

Q: What's the most fun you've had with clothes on?

A: Kissing! It can be more intimate than intercourse.

Q: We're making you a romantic dinner. What's on the menu?

A: Wine, a nice steak and some asparagus—it's my favorite vegetable.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Richard Moll

"My favorite is Miss April 1999, Natalia Sokolava. She drinks her milk—she's down toll. I like o woman I can see eye to eye with—even lying down! She gave me o tour of the Monsion



once. I proposed to her, but then I let it slip that I was morried. So that didn't go over very well."



NICOLE LENZ: BEST FRIENDSTER?

What's the latest trend in Celebrityland? Posting eye-popping first-person profiles on Friendster.com. After the New York Post published a story about Johnson & Johnson heirless Casey Johnson's salacious missives, we found o profile of Nicole Lenz (here, left, with Kimberly Stewart), in which Nicole divulges some personal info. Some excerpts: "Interests: Finding sexy people to play with, getting drunk, break dancing (yeah, right), smoking weed." "About Me: Retard is my game, and genius is my nome." "Who I Want to Meet: People who wanna sove the frickin' world, man!"



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Animal rights activist Pamela Anderson felt so bad that paparazzi had caught her wearing sheepskin Ugg boots, she introduced fake Uggs at the Magic fashion trade show in Las Vegas.... Congratulations to Julia Schultz, who recently married San Francisco Giants pitcher Brett Tomko.... Seven Centerfolds, including Marketa



LEIFER/RETNA



From Russia with love (and a big limo).

Janska, Divini Rae, Serria Tawan, Cara Wakelin, Karen McDougal and Irina Voronina (pictured above) traveled to Moscow for PLAYBOY Russia's celebration of Playboy's 50th anniversary.... Bunnies Nicole Wood, Lani Todd and Cara Wakelin signed autographs at Henri Bendel's New York Bunny Boutique during a guys' shopping night.... Donna D'Errico and her husband, Nikki Sixx, are featured in a JVC "Are You Experienced?" print ad.... The newly svelte Anna Nicole Smith, who has reportedly lost more than



Hef and Colleen Marie getting totally Justified.

80 pounds, was seen busting into Betsey Johnson's Los Angeles store to buy armfuls of dresses.... Colleen Marie (above) partied with Justin Timberlake and Hef at the Mansion. No word on anyone crying anyone else a river.

Matthew Perry

(continued from page 123)

PERRY: *SportsCenter*. Inside the Actors Studio, because of what I can learn from it. And any of your porn stations. I really don't watch much. I stopped watching *Friends* a long time ago, just because I was there and I knew what was going on. Sometimes when I see it in syndication it's a nice look back and I remember my Charlotte Rampling hairstyle.

12

PLAYBOY: What is television doing too much of?

PERRY: I think television is getting lazy. Sometimes reality TV is fun to watch—I admit I watched the first *Joe Millionaire* every week. I had people over to the house. But producers are getting lazy and cheap, and if it continues that way there won't be another *Friends* or *MASH*. It's so much more inexpensive to use real people—you whisper to them what to say and then they say it, which is what I believe happens on reality television shows, frankly. I don't buy the "I love you" and "Let's get married" and all this fake craziness.

13

PLAYBOY: What's the weirdest story line discussed but never used on *Friends*?

PERRY: There was a discussion about Chandler going to a male strip joint every day just because he loved the sandwiches. It's very funny, but that's the one story line I nixed.

14

PLAYBOY: Besides the added yard, how is the sequel *The Whole Ten Yards* different from *The Whole Nine Yards*?

PERRY: It has a different style. It's more of a *Midnight Run*-style movie than the first one. We tried to tap more into the chemistry between Bruce Willis and me. Who knew that this man who saves the world in other movies would be able to ping-pong funny stuff with me? The first one was mostly me. I was the pitcher to whoever came up to bat, and this sequel has a lot more of Amanda Peet, Bruce and me. This time we have Kevin Pollak playing an 85-year-old who steals every scene he's in. He made me laugh so many times that we had to cut the camera because I was making involuntary sounds—not all of them oral.

15

PLAYBOY: Does Amanda reprise her memorable topless scene from the original?

PERRY: First, I wasn't allowed on the set that day, which was a terrible experience for me. She didn't want to do the scene in the first place, and I said, "You've got a great role in this despite that scene. And you're going to get a lot of attention, not

just from that scene but from the work you do in the movie. Do it." Amanda is one of my favorite people in the world. She is dorky and beautiful and wonderful and talented, with this innate sense of timing that I really respect. So without taking her clothes off this time, she is probably sexier than she was in the first. Amanda, I hope you read this.

16

PLAYBOY: You're one of the few celebrities we see regularly wearing glasses. Why don't you just get that operation?

PERRY: I'm a little wary of laser surgery because of the earthquake that could potentially occur right when it's happening. I'm nearsighted. As I'm sitting here with you I can see you completely clearly. But if you were 20 feet away, you'd look like a black woman.

17

PLAYBOY: Who will be the first *Friends* cast member to guest-star on Matt LeBlanc's spin-off?

PERRY: I guess the correct answer is whoever is asked first. Oh, probably me. Matty and I are very close, and I support him in all his endeavors.

18

PLAYBOY: How will Matt let you know

that it's *his* damn show now?

PERRY: He won't.

19

PLAYBOY: What's your post-*Friends* career nightmare, the one that wakes you in a cold sweat?

PERRY: That I won't be able to continue the creative growth that I have experienced as an actor in the past 10 years. I was so inspired watching Bill Murray in *Lost in Translation*. If that went away all of a sudden and I went, "Wait a minute—carpentry!" that would be a nightmare. To be honest, I don't want to star in any more what I call *Love Boat* movies—boy meets girl, they have some kind of problem, maybe on the fiesta deck, and then they make up and kiss and the camera pans out to the entire city. I think I've been in three or four of those. On the fourth I was like, "Really? We're going to end this way—again?"

20

PLAYBOY: It seems every hit TV series is remade as a movie these days. Can you cast the *Friends* movie for us?

PERRY: I think the idea of recasting *Friends* is absolutely insane. That said, I think Matthew Broderick would be fine as Chandler.



"But almost everyone is rejected by *'The Bachelor.'*"

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PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SHIFTING GEAR

So you can't afford that \$600,000 Ferrari Enzo? You poor, pathetic bastard. Lucky for you, automakers are now littering showrooms with lifestyle products—knives, stereos, watches, computers—branded with their company logos. The idea? To apply the kind of pleasure you get from joyriding a high-end car to other parts of your life. Stay tuned for future products such as Chrysler cauliflower and BMW kittens. No, seriously.

—SCOTT STEINBERG



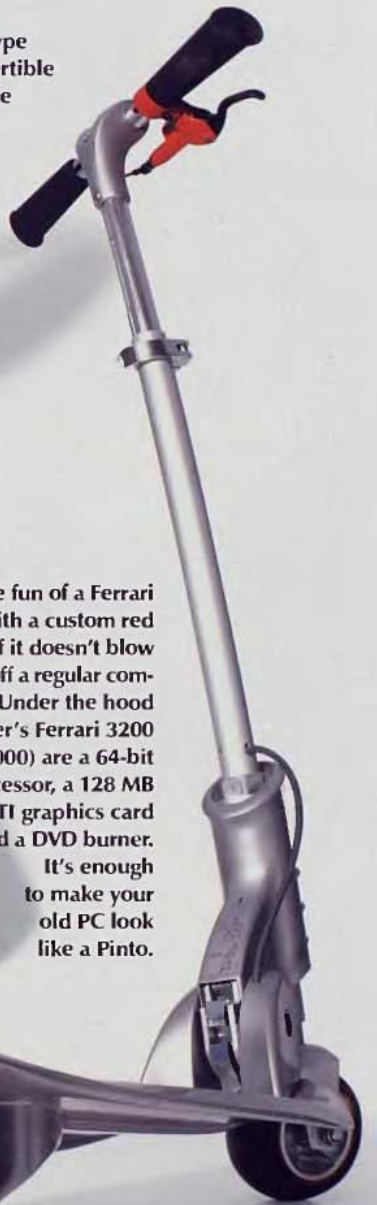
◀ There's no telling what kind of trouble you may find yourself in while off-roading. Pack the Jeep Z Case Sing Along karaoke system (\$100) and you can croon until help arrives.



◀ Jaguar's D-type racing convertible dominated Le Mans in the 1950s. Now Dunhill's d-Type MkII (\$1,270) lets you put the winner on your wrist. Its brushed-steel curves are a loving homage to the big D.



◀ What's the fun of a Ferrari laptop with a custom red paint job if it doesn't blow the doors off a regular computer? Under the hood of Acer's Ferrari 3200 (\$2,000) are a 64-bit processor, a 128 MB ATI graphics card and a DVD burner. It's enough to make your old PC look like a Pinto.



◀ The suspension on BMW's Slide-Carver Scooter (\$695) is based on the one in the 5 Series sedan, plus it has front and rear steering and twin-disc brakes. Warning: May cause skateboarders to pound the crap out of you.



Carry ▶ this carbon-fiber knife-and-pen set from Mercedes (\$785) and you can gloat about your Benz long after it has been valeted. For maximum effect, use the utility knife only to uncork \$500-plus bottles of wine.





Carey Goes Literary

MARIAH CAREY (seen here at a recent L.A. concert) is hoping to turn her life story into a book. Can we judge it by its cover?



Campbell's Coup

NAOMI CAMPBELL, the first black model to appear on the cover of *Time*, has transitioned into acting and singing. On the catwalk, however, she still outshines the other girls.

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Your Buddy Is a Wonderland

JOHN MAYER got some pointers from BUDDY GUY, often called the world's greatest blues guitarist, when they played at Irving Plaza in New York City. While the screaming teenage girls were there for Mayer, the fellas were in Buddy's pocket.

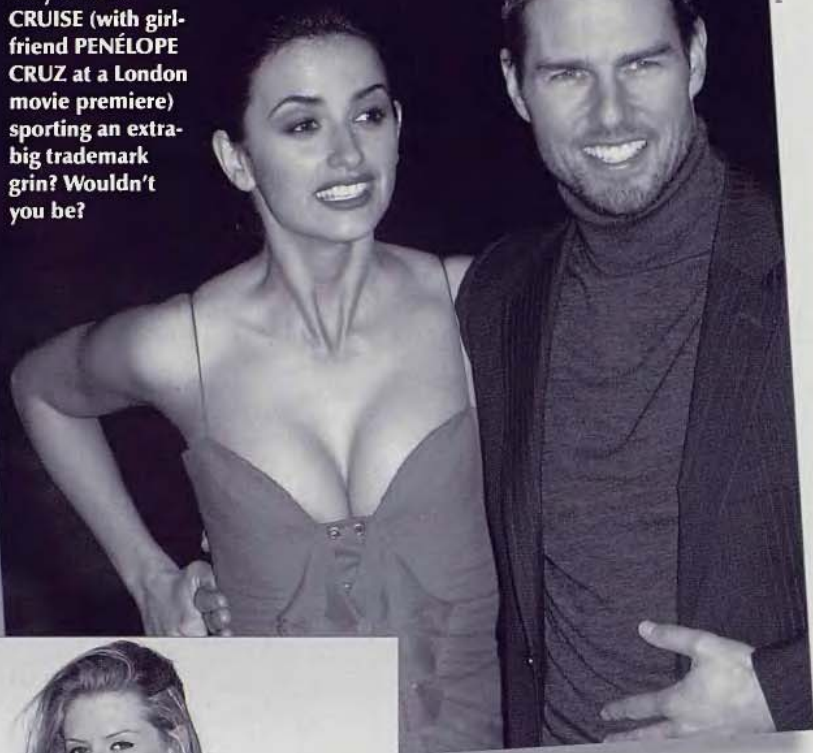


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Pop Cruz

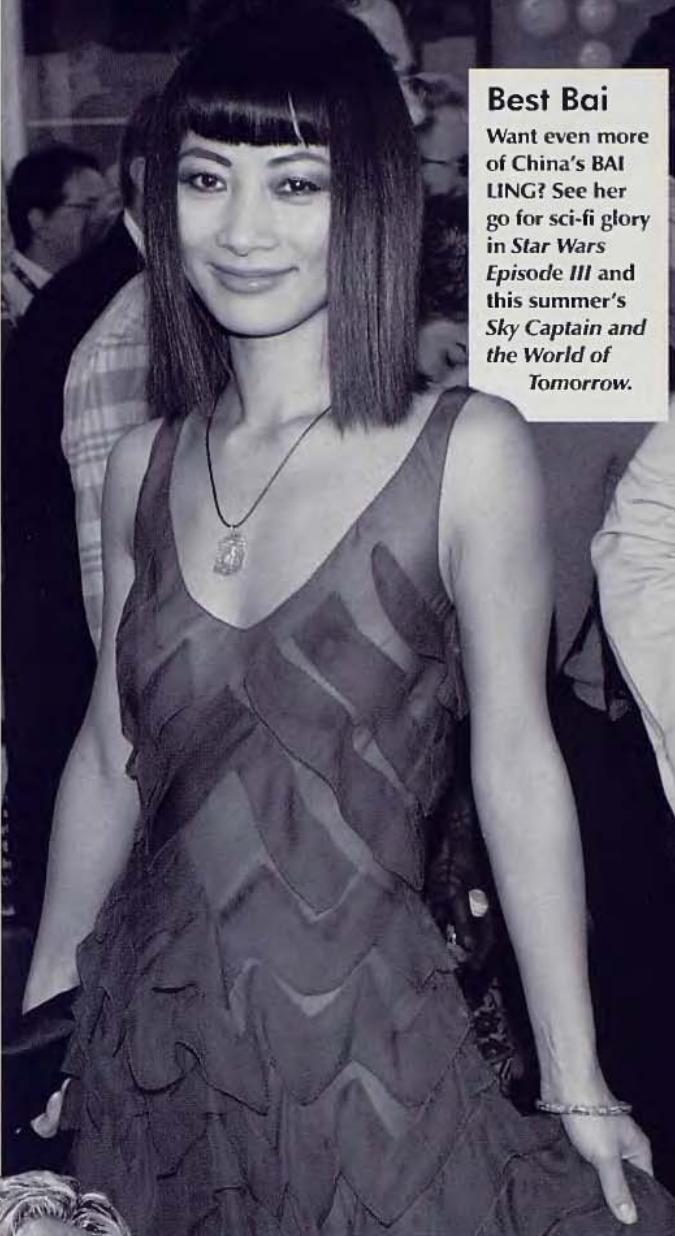
Why is **TOM CRUISE** (with girlfriend **PENÉLOPE CRUZ** at a London movie premiere) sporting an extra-big trademark grin? Wouldn't you be?



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER

Best Bai

Want even more of China's **BAI LING**? See her go for sci-fi glory in *Star Wars Episode III* and this summer's *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*.



ELISA G. COHEN/OUTLINE PRESS

Desert Flower

Nevada's **KASSIA ROSE** has a few hot zones on her résumé, including *E!*'s *Wild On* and print ads for Reef Brazil. She clearly knows about (un)dressing for the heat.



GETTY IMAGES

Hawaii 1-0

The spot: Oahu, Hawaii. The gig: the 21st annual Miss Hawaiian Tropic International Pageant. One of the top four finalists: Florida model **ELAINE ARIAS**, who never met a bikini she didn't like.



SPINZ CAVIARO

Potpourri

GOING DEEP

The clubhead on the Deep Red II Maxx (\$449, wilsongolf.com) is the largest Wilson has ever produced and comes with a host of performance tweaks. Designers seated the center of gravity farther back from the clubface to improve stability (think rear-wheel drive) and stiffened the shaft, resulting in less torque and a higher launch. Sure, it will feel like you're swinging a dinosaur femur, but if it gets you on the green in one, do you really care?



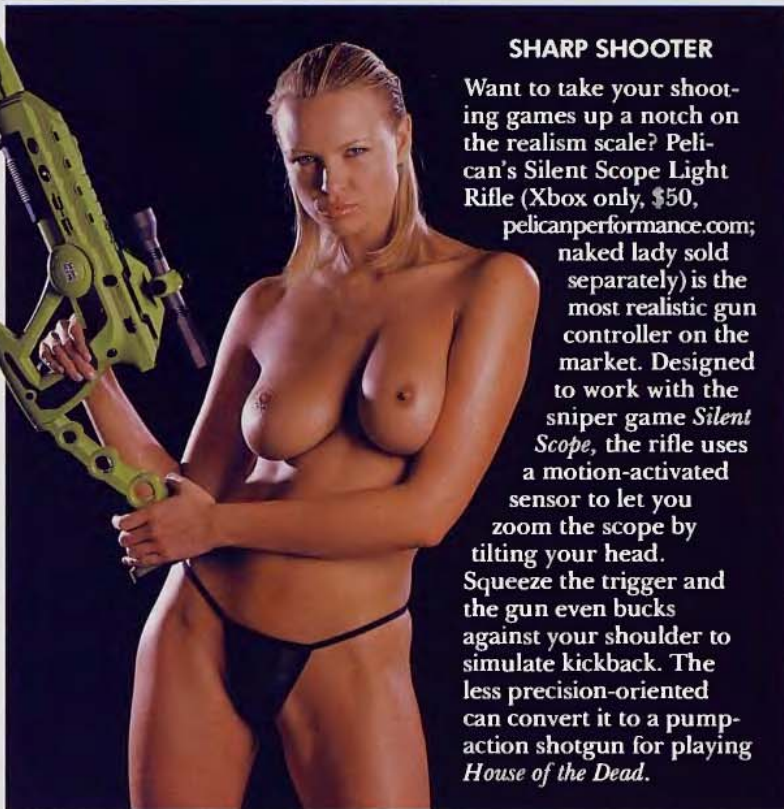
CHECK THE OIL

Pressed from rare olivastro seggianese olives, Italian film producer-photographer Armando Manni's olive oils are some of the most expensive in the world (\$30 for 100 milliliters, manni.biz). You get a lot for your money, though. Their flavor is so intense, you need to add only a third of the amount you would with other oils. And as those who've had one can attest, you can't put a price on a truly stunning virgin.



SHARP SHOOTER

Want to take your shooting games up a notch on the realism scale? Pelican's Silent Scope Light Rifle (Xbox only, \$50, pelicanperformance.com; naked lady sold separately) is the most realistic gun controller on the market. Designed to work with the sniper game *Silent Scope*, the rifle uses a motion-activated sensor to let you zoom the scope by tilting your head. Squeeze the trigger and the gun even bucks against your shoulder to simulate kickback. The less precision-oriented can convert it to a pump-action shotgun for playing *House of the Dead*.



THE CUTTING EDGE

You never know when you'll need to slice something—whether it's a lime at cocktail time, the flesh of your enemies or the 15 pounds of packaging that comes with every consumer product these days. Our picks from among Spyderco's latest batch of stainless steel sharps, from left: The Persian Folder (\$135) is an all-star utility player—a perfectly weighted “gentleman's knife” that shares its name with a contortionist we once knew in Tehran. The D'Allara Rescue (\$80), named for an NYPD officer who perished in the World Trade Center disaster, is designed for emergency rescue use. The little Cricket (\$65) weighs just an ounce and doubles as a money clip. More info at spyderco.com.

TIME IS MONEY

Timex's new line of Speedpass-enabled watches (\$35-\$50, timex.com) lets you strap cash-free purchasing power to your wrist. Link the Speedpass account to the credit or debit card of your choice and items at participating McDonald's restaurants and Exxon and Mobil gas stations will become yours with a regal wave of the watch. All of which leaves your hands free to pump gas (or scarf burgers).



DADDY, WHERE DO CARS COME FROM?

In the 1990s the Big Three car manufacturers all installed new top designers in hopes of reviving their moribund aesthetics. Those seeds are now bearing fruit in the current American car design renaissance. If you want to impress the ladies with your auto-geekitude, C. Edson Armi's *American Car Design Now* (\$35, Rizzoli) will get you up to speed, thanks to high-octane interviews with such luminaries as J Mays (Ford) and Wayne Cherry (General Motors), along with photos of their top models.



ROCK-AND-ROLL UPGRADE

Thanks to multimedia PCs, people now listen to far more music while staring at a monitor than while, say, eating dinner or fornicating. The result? High-end computer audio equipment such as the Xhifi Xducer 2.1 (xhifi.com), an \$800 speaker system that plugs into your 'puter. The subwoofer and 50-watt amp will more than fill your office with thump, and two 360-degree satellites offer stunning high-resolution sound.

WILD CARDS

The Breast King's signature deck (\$10, breastking.com) may be the most realistic and socially conscious set of nudie cards ever created. Featuring winners of the King's weekly open-entry best-natural-breasts contest, the subjects are diverse, to say the least (from flat-chested and tattooed to enormous and pierced). Plus, a cut of the profits goes to breast cancer research.



FROM SCOTLAND WITH LOVE

We don't have to tell whiskey fans what a treat a special bottling of Laphroaig is. Though the crusty distillery is known for rarely deviating from its hide-bound ways, this 10-year-old straight-from-the-wood cask-strength brew (114.6 proof, \$60) is evidence that the old dog has some new tricks up its sleeve. Add a splash of water and hang on tight. And speaking of new tricks, Johnnie Walker is bringing its 15-year-old Pure Malt to America. Green Label (\$50) easily competes with J.W.'s other top-shelf offerings (Blue and Gold), though it's mellow and a touch fruitier. Not that there's anything wrong with that.



Next Month



THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR'S BACK!



SINK-OR-SWIM FASHION.



SUMMER FLICKS: SPIDEY'S HERE, AND SO IS KIRSTEN DUNST!



MISS JUNE, HIROMI OSHIMA. OH SO HOT.

THE VEGAS CHAPEL WARS—LONG BEFORE BRITNEY SPEARS STARRED IN A QUICKIE SIN CITY WEDDING, FOLKS HAD BEEN FLOCKING TO LAS VEGAS TO GET HITCHED WITHOUT A HASSLE. BEHIND THE GARTER BELTS AND THE ORDAINED ELVIS IMPERSONATORS, HOWEVER, LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD. A CROP OF CUTTHROAT CHAPEL OWNERS IS COMPETING FOR BUSINESS—EVEN IF IT MEANS TURNING HONEYMOONS INTO HELL. BY **KATE SILVER** AND **SCOTT DICKENSHEETS**

PLAYBOY'S SUMMER MOVIE PREVIEW—NO AIR-CONDITIONING AT HOME? THEN YOU'LL BE SPENDING A LOT OF TIME AT THE MOVIES. BEFORE YOU WASTE YOUR MONEY ON BIG-BUDGET, SPECIAL-EFFECTS-LADEN FLOPS, GET IN LINE FOR OUR BIG-SCREEN GUIDE. WE HANDICAP EVERYTHING FROM *SPIDER-MAN 2* TO *THE STEPFORD WIVES*. YOU BRING THE POPCORN.

THE NAKED PAGE PROJECT—IN OUR 50TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE, AUTHOR **JONATHAN SAFRAN FOER** SHARED HIS COLLECTION OF BLANK PAPER FROM FAMOUS WRITERS. THEN HE ASKED READERS TO CUT THE EMPTY PAGE FROM HIS ARTICLE AND MAIL IT IN. WE GOT HUNDREDS OF THOUGHTFUL, FUNNY AND JUST PLAIN WEIRD RESPONSES. FOER SHEDS LIGHT ON THE PAPER TRAIL.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR 2004—WE SPENT MONTHS NARROWING DOWN 12 PERFECT CENTERFOLDS TO ONE INCREDIBLE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR. IT WAS A TOUGH JOB, BUT WE ROSE TO THE CHALLENGE. NOW WE'VE GOT A BRAND-NEW PICTORIAL OF OUR WINNER. WANT A HINT? SHE LOOKS BETTER NAKED THAN YOU DO.

THE DIGITAL REVOLUTION COMES HOME—WANT THE ULTIMATE TRICKED-OUT LIVING ROOM? AN OFFICE EVEN YOUR BOSS WILL ENVY? THE COOLEST STUFF TO TAKE WITH YOU ON THE ROAD? EMBRACE YOUR INNER GEEK AND PLUG INTO OUR PICKS FOR MORE THAN 20 NEW HIGH-END PRODUCTS, INCLUDING PLASMA TVS, PERSONAL VIDEO PLAYERS AND PC GAME CONTROLLERS. THEY'LL BLOW YOUR MIND, YOUR FUSE BOX AND YOUR WALLET, TOO!

WET HOT AMERICAN SUMMER—THE BEACH IS HOPPING WITH GIRLS IN BIKINIS. WE'VE GOT SWIMSUITS AND FLIP-FLOPS THAT WILL LOOK JUST AS GOOD ON HER CABANA FLOOR.

PLUS: A FRIGHTENING INVESTIGATION INTO GENETICALLY MODIFIED FRANKENFOODS, AT BAT (AND IN DEPTH) WITH YANKEES SUPERSTAR **DEREK JETER** IN A HOME RUN *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW, **GORE VIDAL** ON THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE, THE SUPERCOOL LOTUS ELISE, AND MISS JUNE, **HIROMI OSHIMA**.